

Poetry Series

Mana Kavingyan - poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Mana Kavingyan()

Using the platform for Translating some of my Tamil poems to English

I write with a pen name mana kavingyan means 'poet from heart ' in tamil

A diploma mechanical engineer by profession working as Sr.Process Engineer on a Thermoplastic Industry at Bangalore

I melt plastics on Industry with melted heart

Contact: Manakavingyan@gmail.com



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-seashore

Beyond a Rhythmic breeze
A Silence shows its supremacy
When tides do not touch the sand, feet
Mind wavering at its extension
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Certain

World is certain
Mind may enter the shower curtain
The mind may enter urban stubborn
When enters the consequences
A way ahead
Options are not waiting for a reply
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A Day

A day passed.
Upon blank diary pages
The addition is a bit surprising
A day Normal
Passed by like moving leaves
Don't I enjoy?
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Darkness

Shadowless night

Likes the dark

Heading up bats and owls

Moon is the rhetoric orator

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Non-Swimmer

Mind is not swimming
Hypnotic waves are the transcripts
As an oar
On the shore with stylograph
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Mindset

Statue of Imagination

Summarized on stone for thoughts

Sculpted with adjoining tools

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Dressed In Green

Mysterious willows
Swaying quietly
Branches closed
drizzling on thoughtless waterways

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6 Feet Candle

Mind-blowing wick
Shining wax falls at the edge of the shoulder
Height is reducing
Getting younger every second

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Sky Roof

No flowers in the Terrace garden
Stars bewitching
Empty paper waiting for its tangential verse

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Pull

Oh sagacious moon!

You are on the trajectory

Between the confusing clouds and false illumination of stars

Are you a Projectile loner?

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Upside Down

Perspectives

Triggering and halting the soulful mind

I want to try it upside down.

To Pass through

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Nested Mind

Twilight

Dazzling red eyes

Enters the nest

Looking at the full moon

In the cold of night

Dissolved Shadow Dream

Pass through the clouds

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Thoughts

Overwhelming Pessimism

The cheerful sun's rays pass into the window

Blooming

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-versifier

A moment of magic
Verse hold the word
Soft as mind
Alone

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Bouquet

wings of flora
sitting on the bouquet
portraying essence of freedom
when life is wrapping around on a congested cover

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Nomadic Mind

A shortened dial of a clock
I am on the twenty-fifth hour

The sky is full of dark clouds.
Flowing in the eyelids

Eye-catching verses haunt me
A remnant of origin living in the depths of the earth

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Hush

The branches rustle in the air.
Tall trees competing with the wind
Fighting for its survival
The bottom strips are slightly swaying
tiny weed watching on storm silence

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To Stay

Vacation is coming to an end
I am going to leave home town.

Boundary wind Calling back
Stop spreading your arms

While taking a deep breath
The words are filled the paper with vacuum

cat started to lick my hands with its rough tongue

Travel Bag zips are closed uncomfortably
Maybe I have tried to remove myself.

want to wear a mask to hide my willingness
to stay

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Tear Grave

Eyes meet sadness and joy
The mind dictates the eyelids and sets
the stage for a life drama contest.
Eyeballs on the tear grave propagate reality.
Until it closes for demise

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Beauty

Mountain dew moving silently
Melts my heart
Peeping sun opens its eyelids slowly
I have seen a green-dressed Angel
Proposed me calm in its beauty

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Hometown Breeze

The magical wind
through the window felt a little familiar.
sings a lullaby in the ear
asks to hold it in the hands.
Not passed on the flute
for a melody
Surpassed like a heaven with me

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Regenerate

At the sight of the child the mind
moves to a state of uncertainty
Life lives in its eyes
that taste the wind in waves through the window
The mind falters a bit and tries to gather and flow

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Retreat

Stars under shining
I look without blinking.
Lulls the sleepy eyes
I want you to have a foot in the dream.
In the darkness of the dawn less sky

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Pacify

I see her eyes.

The mind and brain are squeezed, and the memories run through the screen of the eyes.

After many years

Now she has a beautiful child

A little further away, I feel in the child's felt.

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Query 2

At dawn, emotions call to transform into poetry.
At dusk, daily incidents are weaving
A flute is watching from the wall
Which one do I choose?

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Lap Sleep

The moon that was on the side of my eyes
as far as the search
It travels with me,
never leaving me.
Until the sun's position

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Conspiracy

Desperate thoughts flood the pool
I dived in with a confident paddle.
on a conspiring crowd

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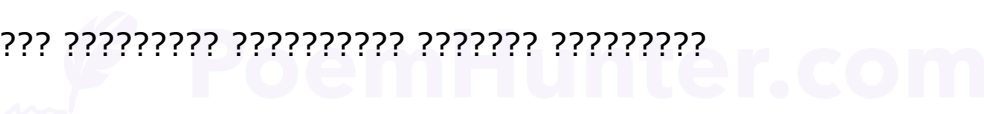
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Up & Down

Tender coconut getting down

Sun rises to its peak

Thirsty afternoon

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Wander

I was the butterfly of my own garden
A mind-blowing side garden
The aroma is tantalizing
Am I a traitor to my own garden?
Or Narrator?

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Query?

When I started writing poetry
I became a slave to words
The full meaning of the words begins to be understood.
Words come close to the mind
Commands make my mind to do as per the words
Now should I use self-intelligence or use word logic?

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Mesmerizing

Raindrops fall on the tiles and wake me up.
Outside, the rainy weather is falling through
the branches of the slightly overgrown trees.
Birds are happy singing
A fly was sitting on the drying wire drying it.
A bud is waiting for the sunrise
Raindrops in various postures on leaves of plants
Makes my mind mesmerize in the morning

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Shining Letters

All the poles of skylight have started telling stories.

A little taste

If so, you can sing a poem for it.

The letters appear in an *asterisk.

The required star comes onto the page and shines

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Numb

I watch birds in the forest and become numb
The flame goes out.
The organs in the body are immobile
Now I feel like a bird
If I show my attitude the birds will fly away, won't they?

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Scribble?

Thoughts are overflowing

The mind wanders

Can I put words to everything I saw?

The brain listens

Did it affect you or test you or cause you worry or joy?

The paper is awaiting reply

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Torned

Monopoly mind
Decision-making is visible mission
If I think carefully and make a decision
My various veils will be torn, But
I can't speak to myself, so I keep my mouth shut.

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Bread Knife

Kill me with a bread knife
Milky Way
Let us meet at sky dance
Stab with your Night essence

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Cure

My heart melts
Never liked jumping
Enjoys moving
Like clouds
If sore wounds are found
Cured by stored raindrops
Exceeds and surpasses

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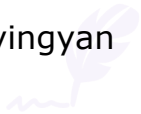
Cat Eyes

It's not my day
Sun not rise
Rain drops hit me hard like a thorn.
Ears are deaf
Except me, all in fast face
Accept me for a pause
To seek reality
Can I close my eyes?
Like a cat

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?

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Not A Business

India has lost its architect
Pan India mourn
Not for an empire he built

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Worm

The river flows up to the river bed
Don't move like a worm in thirsty water.

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Flood

Raport rain

Cleans the sludges

The colony is surrounded by water on three sides.

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Egoistic

Fusion failed ego's

Who is superior?

Clash of tongues

Winner withdrawn

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Cough Drops

Heavy cough

Bees saliva as medicine

Honey cough drops

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Admission

Crying baby admission
Mom was peeping the glass door
Vijayadashami pre-school

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Torture

Torturing with the knife
Tender skin red juice
Pearls of pomegranate

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Hang Up

Red Rainy shirts are wet
Drying rope overload
Hanging on a hanger

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Breakup

Traveling on the Metro after breakup
Next stop announcement
Don't stand near the door

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Bp

Chronicler showed a smile
After completing the war result paragraphs
Next class after his blood pressure treatment

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Hate

Hating the multitude
Becomes a habit
A tiny bird makes the same
Overcomes a habitat

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Engaging

A sparrow came and visited the paddy bells.
It was a musical, engaging field of meadows.
Heavenly sunlight too

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To

To

The mind,

I am still writing

Words breathe from the air

When does an introvert stop talking on paper?

Black and white characters swim into the real moment

The images that the colors emit should be self-examined

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Invade

Ants and clouds invade on a rainy evening
The ants went to shelter
The drops went into the shelter
Wind Repels back

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Sky

Red wings disappeared into the brushy sky.

A colorful night painter

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Waving

Bamboo flowers are not stubborn.

Bends to breezy wind

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Mess

Soft leaves fell on the broken souls
Joined together for beautiful flowers
A muddy mess

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Nestling

Nestling mind grabs the tiny happy sticks of the past

To building its nest, many obstacles are coming from the present.

It cultivates bigger considering future

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Unsealed

Epilogue of old books

Where are the unsealed minds of dead souls?

It breathes prologue in the reader's vision.

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Valuable Dust

A room of silence
Likes to describe
Its past by dust
Emotions are fueled by old things.
I'm looking to forward into my child age
My phone started ringing
Upon remembering
me the best childhood days

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In & Out

Breath in and breath out
Shocking events on the News
bulletin

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Soul

I chase winter like black demon
In search of a light-hearted soul.

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Big Smoke

There is a big smoke
Ashes are in the air
Soul is wandering
For the billboard war

Mortality hits humans in the name of vengence

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Twist

The universe is not heroic.
Sometimes it blinds us.
By twisting the earth

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Pen

Hold the pen tightly while writing a sad poem
Letters on paper paint a picture of your inner mind.
You will look beautiful in it.

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Pleasure

Emotions are overwhelming

Ocean Drops

Falling like a tiny raindrop seeks pleasure

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Rhythm

I don't know about the little bird's rhythm
But I am a slave of its sound movement.

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Moments

I want to be a spectator.
Not want to be the average person
who just lives in the moment of the environment

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Fort

A mind that sees something but refuses to disappear
Takes a little private place in the mental fort

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Flower

Butterflies and ants are distantly related to flowers.

Flower girl

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Shy

On a dusky evening disappeared
The color of the sun
Passing the moon
And the shy sun came next day peeping in the opposite direction.

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Iam

I am flying. There are legs
I'm crawling. There is a mustache
I bowed. There is a backbone
I floated. There is land
I am living in the dream. I have reality
I forgot to remember there is a brain.
?I am in letters. There is poetry
With poems, I am in Imagination

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Gray Hair

Colored hair made my mother look young.
Surprised! Kept my hands on my cheeks
To cover my new gray hairs on beard

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Path Of Silence

Night was captured by the moon in silence
Alright, it is more competition among Introverts.
The growing moon

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Wandering

A mind that shifts from place to place
loses its composure and is awe-inspiring.
I am a nomadic man.

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Lullaby

I was lying on the beach
Cold air and the sound of the waves
Singing a lullaby

In the lonely air in the ocean of various feet

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Angel

The moonlight appeared in the way of the eyelids
I feel like an angel standing outside a closed door.

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Isolation

Barefoot thoughts carry a long way in isolation
At the point of realization

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Iran & Israel

Dominance of suicides

Peace in chaos

What do childrens do?

They will hate these descendants.

War of madness

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Sky Game

Thousands Of Stars

Below the full moon light

A toddler with his mother on the portico was playing a sky game

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Open

I cover my ears

My mind was not making firm decisions.

Some work discussions are irritating to listen to.

Opened my ears only to hear birds chirping.

I feel heaven when I listen and go under the trees.

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Empty Whistle

Walking through my village
There were mills that fed many family workers in the town.
It is no more
There was no more agriculture.
Farmers sold their land to wind farms.

Many poultries have come up in the fertile land
Let the broiler chickens drink better water.
Exporting the juicy chicken abroad

Still, my people are thirsty.
Old Workers are waiting for the Festival gifts
Some Worker's family has shifted already for survival

Still, the fabricated bankruptcies are feeding some nasty corporates with a political backbone.

Factory Sirens and the worker's family's rice cooker have become silent.
Termites are seen in the vacant Houses all over

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Wing

Borrow the wing
Throw the seed on the soil for obligation
Although it never tell your name

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Oar

The heart flutters in the grip of the oar in the stream
Full of water in the mind
Will it turn into a cloud without quenching its thirst?

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Blooming Night

Aromatic peak in the dark

Night jasmine

Breathing mission to the moon

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Wistful

Fairy land not required
To cheer
Homeland with mother
Is not near
Still wistful

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Verse Confession

As soon as two lines are crossed, the mind becomes conscious
Unable to return, I will summarize my poem in three lines.

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Neem

Beneath the Neem tree
A heap of dried leaves
Fired to destroy
Bitter Respiration all over

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Shadow Sailor

Indirect oration

Some lines take the soul as a companion

No response is taken as consent

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Sync

Seeing a grasshopper and my wavering mind's shadow
Looks synchronized

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Peace

The place where the patriot and the traitor meet face to face

Peace

The calm after the storm

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Day Dream

On the edge of dreams
The reality that awaits
lies

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Holes On Heart

A flatterer, by the way
Becomes an auger in everyone's heart

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Void

They tried to paint the rain drops with black and white
In a minute it fell and disappeared, a void in. backward eyes.

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Bewitch

Oh, Butterfly! You are great
Came to pollinate
Buds fall off
Flowers waive off
Touch my garden beds
With your magical antennas
Enchant the wind
Enrich the mind
Transplant the perfumed oil
Bewitch the soil
My cats are seeing your love
May not become a villain
Shows mother love

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Apex

I met the child's eyes
of subtleties
Lashes at apex
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Tempting

Beautiful anecdotes
swallows night
with a tempting wind

across the borders of state
with a hue

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Home

On the way to hometown
The bus tire wobbles into potholes on the roads
It's a rocking chair

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Sidewalk

I killed an ant on my sidewalk
The aroma sends a message to its family.
More ants at the funeral procession

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Fabricated Case

Investigative needle

The layperson is a tattered cloth

Justice is sewn like new cloth

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Versifier

Poetic expression is a silent anesthetic
I am a victim of asymmetric thoughts.

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Noon

Struggling to cross the thirsty trail of 12 Noon
A feral dog wandering for water log

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Revealed

Seeing the sun in dew drops

Thirst revealed

Seeing the sun on a spider web

Knots revealed

Seeing the sun with a butterfly

Wings revealed

Seeing the sun from the bottom of the tree

Branches of destiny revealed

Seeing the sunset paradox revealed

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Refusal

Flying kites
In the wall painting
Reality refuses
Pottery eye sees in vain

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Ink

On roll paper clouds
In the hour of nearing darkness
Poetry in the appearance of the sky
The letters ran out of ink.

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Outrun

Can outrun anyone
Mind by inspiration
To be continued tomorrow
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Small

Preeminence from small beginning
A shorthand mind trying to open its wings

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Reflect

Seeing an omega in the mirror
Maybe it's a mirror reflection.

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Myth

I am the foe for today's myth narration

Truth in enigma

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Waterfall

Seeing a waterfall
And mind flows due to hue saturation
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005

Nature prescribed five letters of happiness

'LONER'

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Bargain

Standing next to the marionette
I was listening to the emotional bargain
Whose hand am I in?

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Especially Zero

To the sky of paradise
I need to roll a pair of cubes
Even if the Earth pulls a cluster of dice
Ready to stand on any number upon

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Tiny

A tiny merger of emotion
With long-lasting narration
Seems potion

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Mermaid

While wandering in search of shade
Clouds of thirst approach mermaid with a drizzle drop

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Drop

The water bottle in the shoulder bag tend to. adopt my stress without ego

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Present

Hummingbird and my past mind play a conjunctive game in the present day.

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Calming

Reluctance came in routine action.
Wind calms the mind becomes disgusted

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Edge

The horizon at the concentrated edge of the mind
portrays Sadness without impact

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Irritating

Need a space in hell
To explore what support I can get

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Long Way

I looked back at the path.
I travelled with a calm mind.
I've come a long way.
Destiny is not a matter of fact
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Dark Room

Eyes pop

No proper sleep

It feels like being on a new planet in a dark room

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Blaze

Lighted window
Even the pillow
Looked a little brighter
Intoxicated by narrative creator

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Black And White

To bear the wetness of the night, They buried the sun. Ashes are in the cemetery
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Night

The night was changing.
Co-write without neglecting
Enchanting the eyes
Characters, Streamlines
Breathless Fictional characters
Throbbing in happiness

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Melted

The translucent mind melts with the surrounding mist in the morning sunlight.

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Cruelty

Meadow teaches monotony in green
Soi teaches monopoly in red
Luna teaches balmy in the dark
Who invented cruelty?

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Lifeless

Mind wanders with emotional imbalance
I opened the dark room to lifeless thought.

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Dreamer

Dream when your eyes are asleep
The hair on the edge of the eyelids survives
Paints for the next day

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Rays

Even though I feel like I'm floating in the sky
The mind approaches the object it sees at the unbridled speed of light
I add letters to it to be amazed at the next day
Let poetry surround the sky's radio rays Turn the kara kara music into poetry

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Potato

Peeled the skin of boiled potato
Seriously, it's not my skin.

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Wake Up

Sacker of Night
De-freezer of mist
Mocker of the shadows
Vision provider of the meadows
Sweeper of clouds
Beaker of tremendous
Observer of movements
Warmer of morning sceneries

Wake up your sunshine

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Confession

Nature drags on the crime without punishing it.
I live on the run

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Vapour Of Thoughts

Glittering lake water beneath the Luna
Sun don't create water vapour.

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Glowing

Seeing the glowing sky, whether the apocalypse edited?
It is enjoying

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Accusing

Hormones Accusing

Morning scenes are nerve-chilling

© Manakavingyan

Mana Kavingyan



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Mind Reader

A sheltered mind
Eyes that refused to let go
Page after page of poems
Baited by the webs of other minds

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Mana Kavingyan



PoemHunter.com

Glass

No light shines on the darkened flower petals
I raised a question to sun
The glass has broken and reflected

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Traffic Signal

For a hungry stomach
For a full stomach
Window glass and traffic signals
Teaches the difference among

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Egg

The scorched eggs and the sun come at the same time.
How will I enjoy it?

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Days

Some say it's demise
Some say it's existence
Calendar days of life

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Seed

Lowland invites roots to sprout
In the smell of rain
A swimming seed

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Liberation

Accused

Fire and ashes remained

They said Liberation Day

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Dune

I kissed the sand dune of cremains
The soul never spoken to me

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Contour

Firefly trail in the dark with fringe shadows
I felt my eyes

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Mana Kavingyan



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Mind - Tongue

Assertive sentence from mind stopped at tongue for a submissive

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Mana Kavingyan



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Water Wing

A film of water that submerges the bubble
It kept the wing from sprouting.

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Normalcy

I saw dark clouds on the ground.
The dark desires that inspired it dissolve in the rain water.
Feels back to normal within minutes

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Crowd

Nature tells you to endure even if you live in a conspiratorial crowd.

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Upon

Seeing the regenerated clouds

My mind started to renovate

Upon existence

Within circumstance

Hold on the air

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Moon Again

It is the bewitching moonlight
Without realizing it
Couldn't be
It comes and separate
Within the cloud cover

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Live Long

Highway butterfly on flowers
Middle of the road enjoyed flying
Moves in the driveway
Mind requested not to come
Plants hide your flowers
Live long you mind warming butterfly

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Acidic

Acids raging waiting to be drenched in poetic rain
Instead the acids became concentrated rather than diluted

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Monday

on the road layer
beneath whitsun
Monday

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Web

To an extent,
keep me on the side,
nature's magic unfolded web

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Come Back

Pseudo cycle twilight
Come back the next day
Take it to the real world

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Candle

Materialism searching Minimalism
by provoking eternity in front of a candlelight

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Wings

If the bird becomes a stenographer of the earth with notching through its beak
on the tree bark

Wings of parables

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Clouds

Hemp tied the moon and stars with my eyes
But my eye balls wandered to see the clouds

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Loco

Locomotive breath in nostrils passing the winds of window says me alive

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Nerves

Emotional nerves tingle as we venture into a world we don't like

© Manakavingyan

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PoemHunter.com

Dolls Never Play

The doll-shaped talisman was beautiful but became grotesque beyond consideration.

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Coronation

Passing the hive, there was a hissing sound and the thought of a coronation.

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Life.....Loading

Ounce of patience
Ounce of tolerance
Poured a single drop on my tongue
Closed my eyes and ears
A Magical human being with thick skin

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Awakening

Fake currency tossed
it's a bloom of unreality
Awakened
it's a dark dream

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Morning

Mouser tasting the milk
With mouth lasting mark
Percolator Filter coffee
Tempt the taste buds
Of me and my cat

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Flag

Whether the flag flying on an unbiased student hoist?

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Black

The tender skin holds the brush of my shadow painted black.

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Shabby

Emotions resonate in writing poetry.
Glandular attacking miracle
I felt the urge to write more poetry.
Even it is not attractive

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Dosa

As a child, I used to see dosa and wonder how my mother stitched it without the thread

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Nature

Strange Nature says
Don't speak to me
You will fall in love.

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Kidnap

I walked through the visual distortions through my eyes.
Nature's mental abduction

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Dirt

Dirt of dreams ends in the eyes
Fingers started to remove and state reality

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Eye Brows

I raised my head to look at the sun.
The forehead brows are raised and felt pride

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Mirror

Trespasser of joy and sorrow says solitude mirror

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Sigh

A growling mother cat with kittens sighed indecipherable at me

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Philosophy

Nectar drops of yesterday's rain waiting for my presence to fall before me
teaches philosophy

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Wick

In the early morning there was heavy wind.
When my eyes searched for the wick of the sky
It was soaked by last day rain
Nature sculptor banged the flintstones
And it was the sun again

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Modify

When the wayanad is rearranged by the earth
Many Poets are also restructuring it.

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Smooth

Sorrows are taken by the smooth moving earth at night.

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Earth's Technician

Lubricate the unmaintained earth with poems
Spinning freely

© Manakavingyan

Mana Kavingyan



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Poetic Currency

With the poem
plugin gandhi image
Worth it
If you count and give

© Manakavingyan

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PoemHunter.com

Incognito

I met the characters incognito

Code of conduct

Explained

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Thousand Rice

Dropping the rice in a pan
My mother cleaned with water

Thousands of rice were amused by the waterfall that spilled when pan was tilted

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Strings

The guitar strings created adrenaline
Veena strings soothed my rhyme
vein strings reacted
to both on time and
wake me up

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Ant

When nature is a glass bottle

I am an ant who went in search of tasting the used glass bottle of juice.

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PoemHunter.com

Twilight

Letters in the Poetic Cave
Going into the cave of mind
A twilight

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Earth Again

My hands extended to touch the sky, but my legs took me to earth.
Newton winked his eyes.

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Tattoo

Nature tattooed on the birds wings and went to next season

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Chinnar

Birds sing to the music of the rivers in Chinnar

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Revival

I kept my mind on the boomerang and threw it away.

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Slap

I call life fake.
A slap on the cheek

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Immortal

Butterfly said' I am Immortal'

Since all are portraying other insects as killers

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Red Blanket

Light beams visible in the distance
A solar blanket holding a lamp behind

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It's Not Five

Eyes said unsaturated senses are only four

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Scribble

Soul came out of the bone bag and started to scribble

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Water

They said that the water sought metaphorically was the cause of thirst

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Beacon

Visions of light on the highway
home away

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Colours

In reincarnation, nature has collected more than black and white.

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Silent Letter

Eyes that make silent conversations?

No

Out of mind

Leftovers for change?

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Loner

Over the coming days
Loneliness lurks within letters

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Melody

The air of the present which restored the breath of the past
Flute

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Adore

A burst sun after a dark moody sky
The kite played

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Dim

Seeking the refuge of darkness, I am stuck in the clutches of light.

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Reed

The unregenerate reed remains in a state of oblivion under the tree.
Time for the wind to take its course

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Enliven

Seasons disguise themselves with makeover

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Bauble

The glowing star asked, looking at the stagnant water star.
The sky that gave it all

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Sleepless

Sleepless nights call me to cover with poetry The disappeared thought

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Seashore

The beach beckoned to me in solitude, with a variety of footprints painting the sand.

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Aimless

Aimless wings fluttering to join my soul, I resurrected

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Handprint

The handprint of my mother travelled on the packed roti

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Dark Dream

Swimming in the dark is my dream. Upon touching the glowing flower, it disintegrates.

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Upon The Sky

Frothy clouds on procession

Without flying in the air

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Reality

As the medical injection approached, the imagination calmed down a bit, and it only hurt after the injection.

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Elevator

It's not a ghost elevator coming to the same floor.
Another person outside

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Justice For All

The town was paralyzed by riots.

Judges on the comment section

© Manakavingyan

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Fever

On my hyperthermia with number of fluid bags on an intravenous therapy

© Manakavingyan with fever

Mana Kavingyan



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Interstate

I pointed out the same, but the language is different.

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Wrap Up

I was in the bog
It looks foggy
Both wrapping up each other

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Dogs Quarrel

They asked to protect the house.

Protecting the entire street

They blashed me to go inside and sleep.

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Portrait

Eyes set me free from prison
Lens of camera jailed again

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Muddy Mess

The tree asked the sky and earth for cosmetic makeup
A mirror muddy mess.

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Odic

On paper inscription
Emotions as living letters
The magic of transformation

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Lonely

I asked the leaf for freedom
After it dried it fell off and moved around

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Heaven's Door

At heaven's door.
An eagle stands.
The door was waiting to be opened.

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Query

I need to ask a killer why you are using your tender skin to cultivate the soul.

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Monsoon

Light rain to heavy rain
Roof gutters are catalysts.
Glued leaves are dam gates
It is the rain of diversity
Teaches unity
I have been an admirer since childhood.

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Dreamless

No sleep
A dreamless moon

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Letter

On New Moon

I wrote a letter to the moon in the form of light

It read quite a bit

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Shower

Invading clouds

Large earthen pot

Fully fueled the thirst

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Poetry Made Here

Welcome to the poetry workshop
Here flies and music crows sing incessantly
Taste is not important
Solitude is the protagonist.
Sometimes the voices of rights are also raised.
Sometimes they live within the voice of nature.
The clock won't wake me up as the power spins slowly here.
It makes me wander around by calling every day.
The sky is blue here, but the humidity is not dry.
I move slowly even as the moon and the sun run in competition.
I wander out of my cocoon like a spirit
An invincible spirit in three dimensions
Layperson has no selfish interests here.
Most Intelligent Man shows no face here
No anchoring in the sea
No bias towards moving and surfing
I will live in a dream world
But I will check the appearance of the shadow.

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Blank

My stress enters the keyboard for the next line applied backspace and made it blank

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Fresh

Life tosses me everyday, asking whether the day has bloomed or not.

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Rebirth

A sixth finger struggled to add the pinched flowers to the plant. But the birth did not take place

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Refugee

When I speak introspectively, the backbone is visible.

They show their backs when speaking openly.

I know myself when I talk to many more faces.

Mirror speaks in silence
Shadow kills me by being not obedient.

I like to be dirty
If brushes reach their colors

I like to be faulty
If you wish to teach me your lessons.

I like to be quirky.
If rush reaches speech spaces

Need a pause
Need my space
even being a refugee

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Dramatic Art

I consider everyone I see in front of me to have acted in the play with me yesterday.

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Magical Evening

I went to the backyard and saw the magical evening.
Congested clouds made the sun breathe in suffocation
again

The sun ignited the sky lamp
Sky's red carpet welcomes the moon

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Toy

unemotional

Like a toy

When I feel

Many people will play with me

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Old

Under the split tree
Bark found split
An old man sleeping
Below and his face full of wrinkles

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Art

Temporary life
results
Contemporary art to live

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Horizon

Brushes are not used to painting the sky.
Is it smudge water?

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Isolated

Open-eyed solitude lover
Talk to nature
I too left alone

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Fear

Brainless me came Prenatal memory As a frightened bird

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Thrive

In the womb of darkness, light was born Like the moon.

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Oyster

Need an oyster to meditate in the mid-ocean when all the waves are being ordered by individual nations

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Mouth

I entered the mouth of the night in search of more poems with a candle.
Difficult to digest

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Enigma

It's a paradox that a noisy perforated hill becomes a quiet meditation hall.

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Bleat

The sheep said they would
give me wool
after the winter.

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Mana Kavingyan



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Slow Moving

Nowadays, more integral moments are needed to enjoy nature.
I want the clock to run a bit slower.

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Arm

Birds spread their wings in the evening
The trees shook their branches and tried to fly
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Candy

The bus stop is overflowing with was throng
Buses came like carvy.
A wave of people gave way
The speed of who is first
Too bad no one has climbed yet.
They fought for seats.
In fact
No one's skull was broken in the entrance fight.
No one is willing to give away
A child lost its patience and started to weep
They fixed it by giving candy.

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Dark Heaven

I woke up in the morning.
I felt refreshed
I forgot yesterday
Not intoxicated
Dark figures sang a lullaby
Blankets were a ticket to the dark.
The sleep that kept me awake at night as of now
Separates me from the present
New
Today is born
When I see sunlight

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Elation

The wonderful joy mingled in the heart was availed to use the soul
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Theme

Who gave nature a theme?

A changeable man

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Poem

Sitting lonely can be prolonged, day long
Poem given along

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Adoption

Umbilical cordless flowers were seen all over the market.
Women who came to adopt in kilograms

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Prisoner

I was imprisoned in the gait of a crippled child

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Escape Hatch

A basil plant welcomed the sun
that came through the back door.

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1 Second

Maybe if I had wings I'd live for a second.

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Trail

I climbed the ladder to the sky for fear of not letting go.

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Alien

There were many butterflies around me.
It made me forget that I was alien and revived

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Conceit

Why am I?

Taking my soul with myself on an ego trip

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Ashes

Third hand smoke
Blown in my nostrils
Loam pixels are disturbed by ash
Mind captured the photo

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Active Yesterday

I threw away the calendar paper after the next date. It jumped for joy when it was thrown down.

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Wet Shirt

The dark clouds removed its form and became formless

Wet shirt left over

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Aroma

Swift rain asked a way for oxygen to hold aroma

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Drift

Desperate by the wind
Blows in different venture
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Doubtful Bird

A bird with two wings

Confusion about using left or right

Among these Leftists may demand freedom and equality.

A right-wing hierarchy can be achieved

Flying alone

Landing in the nature park was chaotic

Looked at many birds and first observed what they used

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Hustle

Seeing tiny birds naggng happiness by mother bird

© Manakavingyan

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Tear Line

Daylight and teardrops invaded the wounded ceiling and left unwillingly to part.

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Novel Journey

A tiny bird slogged around the tree on inception

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Often

Sol and Luna forget us to start their new basal

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Kitty

Kitten depicted his mother cat on a high pitch meow

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Image

Essence refers to taste the true shade. The light was seeing behind

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Eye Walk

Eyes made a soft walk
On the tree branches
To see a squirrel
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Tangling

alas

Awaiting for pass

Surpassed the failure

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Fab

A cool party on the highway.

The fast was broken

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Tuneful

Seeing a library parakeet

Stays on the roof

Speaks superlative

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Hobo

Feeling lonely sitting near a trash bin,
everybody comes near him.

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Frenzy

Book placed upside down
below the chest after reading
Rushed adrenaline

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Edgy

Bird sitting on a locus

Timid visiting cat into focus

Amid nervousness

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Dark Side

There are a thousand ebb and flow stories of Mother who took the fear of the dark

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Mana Kavingyan



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Bucket

Blue sky fell into the bucket of water

No overflow

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Syllable

Grown slowly

Upon lowly

Unlike roots

Toddler syllables

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Blindfold

A housefly unknowingly couldn't cross the shelter in time
Revolving around the spectacle box until the next day.

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Elder

I saw an old man with a stick.
A desire to have a seat
My yardstick tried to measure humanity
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First Time

seeing an incipient butterfly fledgling
into the oasis

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Mana Kavingyan



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Escort

A bird that never goes astray

The guiding sun

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Sad Bloom

The flowers were plucked and withered

Bees face too

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Refuse

Biometric Face Detector

I was not allowed in the office.

After the vacation

Says face does not match

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Blanket

In childhood

I will keep talking without sleeping.

I will forget myself and fall asleep

When looking up

A blanket would have protected me from the cold.

To this day, I have not found out who wrapped the blanket

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Outage

Power outage
prompted my shadow on the wall
To watch in seclusion
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Wave

Pebble thrown alone into the lake
Awakened many wave strings

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Underneath

A tree giving up all its leaves
Sitting underneath
I see a fence broom battle
A tree wearing all its fallen leaves
Parking underneath
I see dense automobiles
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Trip

Roads welcoming to travel
Sackloads reckoning dorsal
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Dusk

I watched the sunset on the tree's lap.
Ironically, it was drowning in sleep.

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Travel

Finding reasons to travel

My mind is not whining

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Grey Hair

Seeing grey hair
Turned my head towards
Mirror and wingspread memories
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Inferior

Feeling Inferior to mingle with rain

Versifier doesn't start to feign

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Music

Air enclosed in a flute rejoiced at the thought of liberation

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Dream

When my mind is free to dream

Clockwork key starts to scream

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Moth

A moth was surprised to find
that its color did not fade in the rain.

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Catnap

Contour shadow stepping into me to sleep

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Breeze

Wind excited to steep with cold rain

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Moment

Raindrops slip me on the face to live in the moment.

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Meadows

Meadows dancing with the music of the wind can sing

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Silence

Walking in the woods
Taking me to the silence
Turn this into the world of parlance

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Treasure

When my mind flips a used book

It wasn't a time travel

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Off

Whenever I go into confinement, Sunday releases me

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Name Dropper

I need a life without tricks and schemes beside the sky.

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Paradox

It's a paradox that a clan was in polygamy, having no further kings.

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Penetrate

poetry penetrates into solitude
when I am not transparent

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Ray

unwavering moon seen my wavered mind like the clouds

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Last Minute

Dragon flies confess their death
to the street lamp in vernacular

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Rain

sparse rainfall wake me in dreams to reality

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First Drop

The introspective mind quietly tried
to blend in with the raindrops

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Fluidic Thoughts

Fluidic thoughts moved to the non-serious part of my mind
and watched me in the shadows

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Ecstasy

Lonely roads taken me to ecstasy

With bag of bones

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Riddle

The diverged leaves
drenched in drizzle
turned to sizzle
converged in nozzle
started to brittle

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Droplets

Dramatised scenes are keen
to describe the essence of sweat

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Dark

A dark room with silence
gave me a Nightmare
where I was sitting with a fulfilled state of mind

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Gospel

Buzzing sound dragon fly
comes with gospel and become a fortune teller
Clouds have become dark

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Visitor

Flocks of birds
came to see the morning session
predefined their separate blocks

does not mock the sun
who came late
all the way from the dock

far away a tree
was awaited
not faraway
their relation

an old man
uses to meditate below
thinks fortunate

an old tree
uses to give only leaves
not thinks unfortunate

Forever a visitor for tree

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Life

when prelude was boring
cover page made sense in unresolved life

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Combat

Budding flowers didn't know about the upcoming combat between bug and honeybee

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Bed Time

My bed stories are phenomenal narrations which disturbs my sleep as well

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Illusion

Sometimes illusion leads me to wonders

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Satisfied

I became a solitary observer of my loneliness

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Reindeer

I walked through the oasis and a deer jumping for joy

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Rainbow

A rainbow drenched in cloud cover
dye disappeared when it dried

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Toddler

A toddler took me back to its age
and humanised me

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Real Shadow

shadow fall on the mirror
seems false functionally

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Mana Kavingyan



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Rise And Decline

Moon rises from poverty since sun is flourished

-manakavingyan

Mana Kavingyan



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Thought

It's not adequate and easy when a thought changes from heart to brain

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Ants Missing

Rangoli diminished
Clouds passing
Drizzles and
Ants found missing

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Warranty

No warranty for Peanut burfi says edentulous Grandfather

-Manakavingyan

Mana Kavingyan



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Home Away

I'm not famous in life
I'm feeling home sick
My outgoing calls are free
My out coming thoughts are not free from home

Why I'm far away?
No job scope for me says horoscope
My mother says
why you are like this?
My heart asks
Why I'm liking this?

Traveling to home not saturating
Changed many jobs for survival
Still my mind has no revival
Why I'm far away?
Why home away?

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Deaf And Dumb

Deaf and Dumb

Cried on birth
Blabbered on Infant
Thought when grown

Speech after birth is miracle
Speech for birth is practical

Speech knowing growth
Can be suggesting
Can be advice

Speech unknowing growth
Can be telling
Can be noise

Speech unknown are questions
Speech known are Answers

Unreal speech are imaginations
Physical speech are psychological malfunctions

Action of tongue and teeth cause sound
Cessation of tongues and teeth make wound

Speech Fulfilling patient ears are gems
Speech for patient ears cause crush
Feel words
Even miles far away

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Sunday

Sunday

Holidays on summer
Sweaty faces on shower

Winterdays on year
My Dresses cover

Mondays on fear
Tuesdays can clear

All days expect Sundays
A Small day connects 6 days

After a week
I Become weak

Oh sun you make the day
When you leave the day?

Sunday it's your day
My holiday it's your day

A Sunnyday
Sunday

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Mana Kavingyan

Leaves

Leaves

Leaves on the tree
Leaves on the creed

Leaves on the road
Leaves on the board

Leaves on the soil
Leaves on the oil

Leaves on the sun
Leaves on the moon

Leaves on the manure
Leaves on the tenure

Leaves on the spring
Leaves on the wing

Leaves on the mouth
Leaves on the snout

Leaves on the universe
Leaves on the hearse

Leaves You Leaves
Leaves You grew

Leaves you infects
Leaves you protects

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Mana Kavingyan

Again And Again

Again and Again

Drizzling Drops on an Evening
Shining Crops on travelling

Hundred clouds
Varying directions

Happening emotions
Playing narrations

Hearing Ears
Involving Dreams

Booming thoughts
Fantazising listeners

Passing clouds
Passing Dreams

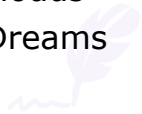
Oh sky you needed
Everyday to refresh

Again and Again

Oh my life
The day vexed without fresh

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Mana Kavingyan



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We

Flown birds from trees
Fallen leaves from trees

You birds hid on greenish trees
Braved leaves on greenish trees

Birds never had Permanent destiny
Leaves never had wings of destiny

Wind's direction
Leave's green
Bird's melody
Earth's gravity

Life may be bird
Life may be leaf

People flew might have fallen prey
People fallen might have turned manure

We are not vultures historically
We are not terrorists mysteriously

Daily

We will be singing birds
We will be shadowing leaves

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Mana Kavingyan

Womb

Feeling enjoyed on rain
Do remember you are in womb

Thinking you are fatigued
Remember you tried a lot to reach out of womb

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Mana Kavingyan



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Stone

Stone can be god
Stone can be a mile stone
Stone can be a weapon
Stone can be a shelter
Stone can be a yard stick
Stone can be a tool
Stone can be a Weight
Stone can be a pillar
Stone can be a sculpture
Stone can be an age finder
Stone is a stone
Even they are alone

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Mana Kavingyan



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Noises And Essence

Noises of horns

Essence of tambouras

What will happen When horns becomes tambouras?

What will happen when tamboura replaces horns?

The change on phrase may make change on mood

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Fear Of Life

Why do you fear to live?

You have many people to perform before you

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Mana Kavingyan



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Crawling Human

Oh! Spherical earth

Does Your nature make people to roll from place to place?

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Mana Kavingyan



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Face Masks

Oh! Nature

If the face masks of humans are same

We will look like stars in the sky

-Manakavingyan

Mana Kavingyan



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Oh! Birds

Oh! birds your hardwork results in feeding termites

Oh! humans your smartwork of destroying trees to live like a snake

-Manakavingyan

Mana Kavingyan



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Tree's Fate

Why the human split the doors and windows from the Trees?

We waited to see the split up relationship when peeped over it

-Manakavingyan

Mana Kavingyan



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Freedom On Science

India got freedom by people's
who shed their blood
If they spent only sweat and tears

The foreigners who ruled us would transform it to the three states of water they
needed

-Manakavingyan

Mana Kavingyan



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