

Poetry Series

Angelina Pandian
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Angelina Pandian(05/Jan/1967)

I started writing poems from my college days. Experiences of others seen around me which touch me and my own experiences contribute to my expressions of emotions felt. Love is unexplainable in English, I have to either go to Greek for Agape or Tamil for Anbu - Is the only path for Universal Brotherhood alongwith tolerance, is my belief in life. Help all when you have the oppurtunity to do so and to first be a friend to all is my motto in life. I bring out all my emotions as poems, whether all are poetry? You my friends should only tell...

! Sharing

The Star, the Magi's
The Swaddling clothes and the Shepherds
The birth of Christ to Mary and Joseph
Was, but, the beginning of God's Mission!
The flight to Egypt, the prophecies
The dreams, the warnings even at circumcision,
Starting to do his Father's business –
At the tender age of twelve before learned men
Scribes and Pharisees all elder to him
Were, but, the preparation for Christ's Mission.
Forty days of fasting, the daily prayers
The miracles performed, rejections faced
Fear, joy, hope even doubt in the hearts of men
All because of one Man of Mission,
The tears he shed – tears of compassion
The anger he had – anger of righteousness
The path he traveled – alone to Calvary
This was the accomplishment of God's Mission.
Mission accomplished – Accomplished by God!
Is all over then? No, but, we still have far to go.
God's mission was also Sharing –
Sharing his Son with the whole world!
But, what do we do?
Clutching with fingers of sand at things of dust
We think, we possess, but are possessed by this world!
Sharing – The very word scares us
It makes us feel insecure,
It is because we think only in terms of material sharing.
Yes, we sometimes give
But, out of vanity and pride
Or, to gain some name or fame.
Do we really Share?
We give some money and shrug off responsibility,
Responsibility, of our Christianity
Of our Humanity.
Christ calls us for sharing –
Our eyes to seek out the lonely and sad
Our ears to listen to others sorrows
Our mouth to share Christ's love and salvation

Our shoulder to lessen other's burdens
Our hands to hold them thro' trails and temptations
Our feet to lead those who've lost their way
Our time to pray and help in times of need.
Christ calls us to share –
Share ourselves, our lives to that
Greater achievement of Christ's Mission.

Angelina Pandian

* Naseer, Don't Ever Say Goodbye!

How do you sing your songs
Just so sweetly - Like
Golden Honey peach
Soft and luscious
Dripping with wisdom
Each line each word
Plucked with such care
And arranged so wonderfully.
I hear your song wafted
Gently with the breeze
It flies across to reach
A million souls which wait
To quench their thirst
At the cool deep spring
The oasis we call Naseer's Poems.
Your flow of thoughts, dear friend
Matches the flow of colours & hues
Woven with skill and so resplendent
The play of words it plays tag
With the shadows and the wind
Your poems float like a song
From a flute no words only soul
It soothes, surrounds, fills
And sinks into my soul
Like dew drops of the early morning
Like rain drops on parched desert land
I do not read but only read
And let out a soft sigh!
Now, I hear you say, Good bye
Dear friend, I can not bear
To hear such words so painful
Like hot lead poured into my ear
There are tears in my eye
And I cry!
Do not say good bye, Naseer
Not yet, not so soon, never
Please do not say good bye
Do you plan to migrate
Like a Sarus crane to other lands

Do tell me I shall spread my wings
To join you on your journey too
Be the leading one flying into the sun
We shall follow in formation behind
You leave me dumbfounded
Bewildered, aghast I find myself
Suddenly all so alone in a fog
Why? Why do you say good bye?
My heart keeps asking, why?

Angelina Pandian

* Victims Of War – Inspired By Naseer Ahmed Nasir

[After reading - Lullaby For Lost Generations by Naseer Ahmed Nasir]

How long do we keep the vigil?
How many lifetimes will a wake last?
The life-bird still circles the burnt nest
Memory keeps turning back, Traitor,
To the days of joy and brings
No tear only a tiredness!
Victims of war -
Will they ever sleep again?
Waking up to nightmare dreams
Fear lurking in every corner of sky
Having peeped over the edge
Into the chasm of very death & hell
Victims of war -
Will they ever dare to live again!

Angelina Pandian

* 'You Are Above All This, Naseer' [for My Friend Naseer]

You are the Sun
Which can not be hidden
By transient clouds
Which do not last for long
Purified by the flame of your poetry!

You are the Moon
Which fearless fights
The darkest night
Whether we look on or not
You, outshine all the stars!

You are the Butterfly
Spreading joy to all
Forgetting caterpillar
And cocoon days
Choosing not to be shackled by pettiness!

Fly my Koel, my Cuckoo
As you spread wings and rise
Above into the azure skies
The muddy mire of earth
Can never dream to touch you!

Angelina Pandian

10. Love Is – A Mirage! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

I die following Love,
Love, is my spouse!
She takes me through blazing deserts
She tries to make me faint,
But, even as I fall – Stumbling, □
Blur-eyed and parched
I see an Oasis – And
Go on forever in pursuit!

Angelina Pandian

11. Love Is – Childlike! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is to be childlike,
A child is wholly trusting
Never imposing, totally dependent
It never feels guilty –
Of accepting love!
A child loves completely without prejudices
Whosoever a person might be
Whatever his religion, colour or status
Its love is never shaded by other influences!
Love is not true love - if tarnished
Even by a small doubtful thought,
Which counts each benefit given or received.
The love which gives everything it has
And waits for the smile on your face
Is the only kind of love that will ever remain true.
To love like a child in all innocence
Is the only way to love!

Angelina Pandian

12. Love Is – Togetherness! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is being together,
It is, being able to be together.
It is being together in work and play□
In sorrows and in joy
It is sharing shoulders in tears
It is slapping hand in laughter.□
It is being together in good times,
It is being able to remain together
When time is harsh and hard,
It is being there for each other
It is being there forever.
Love is all about
Being able to be together
And even in death to dwell
In each other's heart forever!

Angelina Pandian

13. Love Is – Everything! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Everything we do, we do it for love!
Whether self love or love for others
It is, love that prompts us
To do whatever we do!
Love of money, material or fame
The love to achieve or attain
Certain goals and dreams
These are which motivates and helps us persist
In our long and weary walk through Life.
The love to prove or simply do
Whatever it might be, we can surely say –
It is love in one form or another
That makes the world go round and
Keeps us all alive!

Angelina Pandian

14. Love Is – Some Thoughts! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is a never-ending lane
Full of misery and pain
It is built on belief
But, often we come to grief.
Torn between duty and pleasure
Love is indeed a terrible pleasure!

✳ * *

Love is a searing passion
Which suspects and hopes
Sighs and smiles
Hurts and heals
All in the same breathe,
Fills and leaves it empty
All at once!

Angelina Pandian

15. Love – None Can Define! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is a hand to hold
A shoulder to lean on
A understanding heart
Whatever misunderstandings
It holds, a word of comfort
To care, to share
And to know that there is
Someone always there!
All this and more
But, Love is a Ocean
Whose taste varies
From shore to shore
No one can define
Its depth or power better
Than one held in its hold!

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16. Love Is – Trust! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love and Trust should walk hand in hand
Is the longing of every idealistic heart!
But, when Love is more and possessive too
The clasp, it slips and Love walks alone
With the shadow of Jealousy lurking between
Trust is forgotten and Misgivings rule the Heart
It is a sad life when two souls forget
The Eternal pact they made with Love and Trust
To be for each other to be together forever!
Love and Trust should always walk hand in hand
And never should we ever forget that!

Angelina Pandian

17. Love – Has No Season! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love has no season
It is not bound by Spring or Fall
Love is not bound by age
Or barriers of any kind
It is above all - And
Love, It is alive in the heart
Which always longs for you!
The love you had in Spring
And enjoyed with passing Summer
The fruitfulness of Autumn love
Which you had enjoyed
None of them deny your need
For love before the fireside
When it is Winter in your life
Love can always bring back the Spring
Through another willing loving heart
The love which was laced before
With passion, possessiveness and pride
Now like wine more mature
Grown tender still will intoxicate all the more
The nest which is yours is always blest
Never shall it empty become
Call and the soul bird will fly to your arms
A companion soul will be yours
And your Paradise Regained
Surely, never to be lost!

Angelina Pandian

2. Love Is – Essence Of Life! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love alone is not enough for life
True, I accept! But - Love helps us
Walk through life even without wealth or money.
If riches alone are available sans love□
Living would become a meaningless act.
For, to love and be truly loved
Is the essence of Life!

Angelina Pandian

3. Love Is – Total Involvement! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is total involvement,
Duty makes you do
What you have to do
But, love makes you do
That little something more
Which shows you truly care.
You care about consequences
You care about results
You care so much that you stay behind
When the world has walked out long ago!
Total involvement is total commitment
It is an investment of all efforts,
It requires all your time, your energy
It requires all your patience too.
It isn't all that easy, as some believe
To be in love you have got to be involved
That is –
Totally Involved!

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4. Love Is – Acceptance! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is acceptance
Not a half-hearted one at that,
Accepting only the positive
Accepting that which benefits you
Accepting only the comfortable things
Blanking out the rest of the world
All this, is not, true acceptance.
To accept completely
You have to be in love!
To be able to totally accept the thoughts,
The feelings, the motives, the reactions
The complete person - Along with
The difference of opinions
The habits you disapprove
The problems and the pains
To accept a person is no easy task
You have to be totally in love!

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5. Love Is – Understanding! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is understanding.
It is understanding the words unspoken
Held back behind a veil of silence,
It is understanding the hurt
Hidden beneath self-defiance,
It is understanding the joy felt
On hearing your achievements
It is understanding the longing
The loneliness, the pain endured.
For, when you really understand
The reasons behind the tears and fears
The motives and the dreams,
The thought behind the actions,
The restrictions which influence
And the desire of the Soul,
You can say, "I know, I understand."
Its enough if you understand
For when you truly understand
You can forgive anything, accept everything
- You can truly love!

Angelina Pandian

6. Love Is – Giving! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is giving
It is giving your smiles
To brush away another's tears
It is hiding your scarred hand and
Offering the bunch of dew kissed roses!
Love is encouraging in times of disappointment
It is holding hands when in fear
It is sharing burdens with joy
It is forgetting oneself - Thinking
And living selflessly for another.
This giving, this pouring out of
Body, Mind and Soul is - Love!
To be totally in love you have to give totally!

Angelina Pandian

7. Love Is –patience! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is patience.

Patience in the face of words,

Words, harshly spoken without a thought

Words cruelly spoken but with no ill-will!

Patience will bring healing

Patience will bring understanding,

Love is patience.

Patience when you are irritated

When those you love don't understand you

Time will reveal your way to them,

Patience brings rainbows out of thunderclouds

It will bring achievements out of efforts,

If only, you have the patience to wait long enough

You'll be the master of all around you.

Angelina Pandian

8. Love Is – Courage! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is being brave,
When facing adversity never fear
For, your help is ever near holding your hand
Even if the world is against you,
When love is there you can see it through.
You have to brave to protect
Your loved ones from misery or pain,
You have to be brave to dream,
To reach for the stars even if it is dark
You have to be brave to hold on
To struggle, to fight back, to breathe
Till all your goals are reached.
You have to be brave to promise
You'll take care till Life's end!
Love makes you fearless
It gives you strength and courage,
Love makes you braver
When you know someone believes
"You can! "
It's only then you dare to do!

Angelina Pandian

9. Love Is – Perseverance! [on Love A Collection Of Poems]

Love is perseverance
It is never giving up!
When you are up against a wall
It is love, which helps you climb over it.
It is love that helps you run that last lap,
You never give up for you have to succeed
You try again and again for you have to live!
For whatever you do
You do out of love
And the efforts you put in
Are not for just giving up!

Angelina Pandian

A Century

Two more days to go
Before it is a month
Since when I wandered
Into this site – The days
I actually visited even less
Than twenty working days!
Did you know!
Today I by count
My hundredth poetry
If I were to take census
Of the collections I'd pushed
Of the Breeze and On Love
It would be crossing more
I did not learn Tally
So excuse me friends,
If I'm not right on statistics
It was a dream which
Wouldn't have been possible
It was all your drive
The constant encouragement
Which helped me succeed.
It would be false if I said
I wrote all of this at once
Within this short span of time
No, these are my poems
Written over many years
Expressions of my anguish and my pains
Reflections of my dreams and desires
Experiences both bitter and sweet
Anything and everything
Which touched my heart
Or made me stop and think
All these my poems written
Starting from 1983 my college days
And never seen the light of day
Until the day I wandered in
To the haven of poets
This DesiDirectory
A world to which I lay claim

Now for citizenship
A happy place, a paradise
Which helped my soul soar
By giving wings to my dreams
Inspiration of friends
Manna of appreciations
And the support of the site
All have helped me reach
My hundredth poem uploaded today
And this I dedicate to the Hosts and Members
Of this family called Desidirectory.
As long as I have senses five
As long as my heart beats
As long as my mind can think
I shall write poetry!

Angelina Pandian

A Dab Of Cheese

No Monitor
No keyboard
No time to sit....
To think... to write...
Away on holiday
Cut off from life
From my love
My poemhunter...
I sit alone
Looking out
At the moon
Changeless...
Changing...
Every night...
A new view...
Surrounded
By band of rainbow hues
Hidden one night
Behind gossamer clouds
Like a pumpkin
So near... I think
I can touch...
Another night
So far.... so small
Like a pale tilak*
Run down with
The heat of sun
On the face of sky, , ,
I sit alone
Out of touch
With the world
I bemoan
But, your messages
They blink upon
My cellphone screen
And brighten up
My sky like the moon
Luminous, diffused light
Chasing away my gloom

A dab of cheese
On the cheek of a cloud!

Tilak - A mark on the forehead of married women with Sindoor or Kumkum, Veer
Tilak is a mark made on the forehead of soldiers going out to war!

Angelina Pandian

A Day With You In The Meadow

Unfurrowed fields unfold
Forever beneath our feet
Green stubbly grass below
Stretches as far as eye can reach
A chain of mountains surrounding stand
Encompassing silence within their stony breast.
Bright blue skies turning grey
Like a worried mother, anxious
Tucks the sun beneath blanketing clouds
For a cold and rainy day,
Little ripples on the silent stream
Slipping and sliding by without a sound
The lone fisherman gaudily dressed
Twits happily with his days catch.
Diamonds falling from above
Make us sparkle and shine
Stirring up dreams so magical
Thoughts so many each so new,
Like unsung music and
Unuttered words
The emotions which swell
Hang forever like heavy mists
Within my heart all life to stay.

Angelina Pandian

A Dirge – On The Death Of My D: \drive

My D: \drive died on me
Suddenly one day
I had worked with it the previous night
Sat up till so late using it being with it
I did not think it would not come alive
When I switched it on the next morn
It was a blank I could not go in
It was like standing outside an ICU
Seeing it die in front of my eye
I could not revive it
No response I got, no blink of the eye!
No F8 helped, I was on line
With a specialist who at end said
Sorry, Mam' I've done all I could
No more hope to hold, so easily, he said.
My D: \drive died on me
And I cried, I was in mourning
For more than three days three
I could not mail, I could not go
I could not visit my Desidirectory
Nor any more poems
They all [my early collections- most of them]
Had died along with my D: \drive
As devote wife entering funeral pyres
Had gone and done Sati
But, what was I to do
Bereft of Soul I stand alone
My thoughts, my emotions
My feelings and a part of me
Have all now died – Memories
So long held captive in my D: \drive
Today have all blown away
As ashes dissolved in water
They have all vanished
Leaving me vanquished
Standing alone with memories
Of my D: \drive and an empty corrupt Hard disk!

A Metro

A METRO ...

Today it is a crowded city
It is a metro I paint
Busy, busy the city itself
Buzzes busily!
The cars that screech and honk
The buses overflowing
With people hanging out
Like plants from hanging pots
The cyclist weaving in between
With no fear or care of harm
The motorist has his say
Throwing in a few swear words
In the most unheard of slang.
Everyone is in a hurry
Children packed into autos
Office going ladies catch a van
The men sometimes load
A whole family of four or five
Dropping each one on the way
Not for any fuel saving cause
But, just to economize!
Old people we rarely see
Most of them either live
In Old Age Homes or
If lucky in some village
Or town's ancestral home
Waiting for occasions
Birthdays, Annual holidays
Which will bring grandchildren
Their way at least for a day!
The roads are broad and neat
But, by the platform edge
Stands the beggar in the dust
If you happen to halt
At some signal red, then
A throng of children half clad
Run around your car selling
Cheap wares before it is green!

It is a Metro, Yes, it is!
It has its Malls, Pubs and Clubs
It has its Flying Train
The high raise builds all
Stand grand clad in steel and glss
It has its IT Parks and SEZs
Multiplexs, MNCs, Shopping areas
Just for Gold or Clothes or Shoes
Dot the guide book in your hand
It was a chain of seaside villages
Royapuram, Mylapore, Tiruvanmyur
So long ago, then a little Seaport
Called Madrasapattinam
It beckoned traders from far and wide
The ruling seat of Britishers it became
Hustles and bustle our city has seen
It is a living being, each day
Spreading her territories wide
Surrounding urban areas have been
Engulfed by its increasing size!
The city has grown and is growing still
But, basic facilities still waver to keep up
With the fast paced growth and leave
Much amenities wanting still!
The roads at noon are scorching hot
Having lost their trees to widening work
The flyovers now are all over town
That you have to climb one
To get to the tea shop
On the other side of the road
The signal lights some work some don't
The electricity comes and goes
Like a guest or visitor to your home
Yet, still it is our city
And we call it home!
Where are the rules you may ask
All is there but, there'll be
No change as long as we accept
And live in silent tolerance!

Angelina Pandian

A Pessimistic View Of Life

"Life is nothing! Life is nothing! "
Ceasing never, cries the voice deep within.
Dust we are, to dust returneth
Clay in clay recomposes.
Things that happened before, happen again
Life is no magic kaleidoscope,
The names of men both wise and foolish
Are washed with the rolling waves of centuries
Brave and coward alike are blown away
With the winds of time.
Nothing is yours, nothing you gain
For nothing we all labour and sweat in vain.
The rich bleed plucking a rose
The poor bleed earning their bread!
We come to this world, knowing not why?
We go out of this world, knowing not where?
When your breath escapes you, like, the passing wind!
What is wisdom, what is wealth, what is pleasure
And what is life?
Life is nothing, but – a butterfly kissing a flower
The playful breeze caressing your hair
Sweet scent of lilies hidden behind rocks – These
Tell that, "What is, is not", that Life is but, Nothing!

Angelina Pandian

A Poem

A poem is born in a moment
After hours of sweat and labour
A creation of continuous process and toil
As a sudden revelation, an inspiration.
It may occur when you never expect it
A flash of lightening come and gone
Before you know – a shocking action
The bitter taste of joy and pain together mixed
The impact may materialize the thought at once
Else its distorted ghost may appear while you rest.
A poem has no structure, it flows and takes
The shape of the mind which moulds it.
Over flowing emotions flow over paper sometimes
Else, they are distilled and sparkling bright
Poured out, much later as desert streams.
A poem may gush out with an overflow of emotions
Like a torrentious, ragged water-fall
Or gently murmur by as an undulating stream
When you are laid in a trance like dream.
A stream is never ever-gentle
It too overflows its banks!
Feelings flowing fast finds way
Fathoms deep in mind, can they not
Gush out as springs, cross hills and vales
Torn as torrents, calmly run later
□Gentle as streams?

Angelina Pandian

A Poet's Voice...

The voice of the Poet
Is the Voice from the desert,
Calling out the truth boldly
Though the price may be his head!
His voice is the voice of the dumb
The down trodden, the orphan
The widowed, the weak, the lost
His voice is for the underdog.
His voice is the clarion call
For reforms, for justice and love
He is the sentinel of peace
For us he suffers and weeps.
His voice it creates, recreates
And renews the soul of mankind
His voice is the cleansing breeze
That transforms earth into a heaven here!

Angelina Pandian

A Prayer – Pleading For Mercy

I am not righteous, Oh! Lord,
That I can like Job, boldly ask
"What have I done? "
But, what have I left undone
Putting off some small help,
Lying, leading a life of sin
Justifying my actions by saying
I hurt no one, what harm is done
Putting a show of doing good
All these and more
Pride, trust in self
Setting store upon worldly goals
Seeking earthly wealth rather than
Storing heavenly riches,
Are these not sin?
Resolving on each instant of revelation
Not to sin any more, still backsliding.
I have no face to ask you God
Why? Why, this pain?
Why this torture and trouble?
Why does misfortune follow like a shadow?
I cannot ask you, why?
Because, I know my sins.
I ask you Lord to forgive me
It is no justification,
But, still, I did not sin willfully
I did not realize it was a sin
Forgive me, Lord make me clean.
By your love, by your grace
Not by my actions or deeds
Your grace and mercy
Your blessings alone can frutify
Any effort of mine,
Whatever I do is never enough
Unless you Will, it will not multiply.
I do not ask you, Lord! Why?
Because, I know it is my own sin
Which is now eating my heart.
I just ask you Lord, to take off

The axe from my root, my branches
According to your desire prune and
Give me another chance to try and bear fruit.

[JOB - A character from the bible, who was righteous but allowed by God to be tested by Satan. Though he suffered & questioned his sufferings he refused to forsake God]

Angelina Pandian

A Prayer For My Friend

I pray Lord, today for my friend
Worldly wealth for him
I do not ask, content soul is he
Friends, relatives and family
Surround him all – The
Life he has rich with experience
In his realm of DesiDirectory
Crowned with laurels is he
Reveal Thyself to him
I will not ask, devote soul is he
Leading a life of piety
Harming none patient and tolerant
He leads a life enriched
Now enriching others too
Fill his cup Lord, I ask
With happiness and joy
Overflowing to the brim
Fill it with peace your peace
To his hearts content
I ask for a healthy life
Independent soul is he
Provide him Lord with everything
He should never lack or ask
Keep him safe in your arms
Let your eyes always be on him
In his going out and coming in
Walk with him wherever he goes
That is all I ask today, Lord
As I raise my prayer for my friend.
Yea, I know it too, as much as you
Yes Lord, I did not pray for my friend
Truly, I prayed selfishly for me
So long my friend is there for me
I shall truly happy be
And as safe as can be – So,
This prayer was only for me!

Angelina Pandian

Amoeba.... [premji]

guilt...

when feeling of guilt:

a cactus is growing,

within the heart,

body and soul....

and the very being,

deserted,

bleeding for ever.....

see,

the red flower...

now, the thorns are

shedding...

your cactus is shrinking...

o...it has vanished...

you feel an empty heart,

mind and soul

all empty...

weightless like a feather,

you float in air...

you are reborn...

a flower-baby...

void.....

aum.....

au..

a..

amoeba! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

premji

Angelina Pandian

Angels Wait Near

For every fallen leaf
A hundred flowers will bloom
For every fallen tear
A thousand smiles will come!
Never fear, for an angel is ever near
To pick each fallen leaf and tear
And a legion more waits,
To shower us with heavenly blossoms
And make rainbows with our tears!

Angelina Pandian

Anger

Anger is the Banyan seed
I secreted in the darkness of my heart
I thought I hid it well from everyone's view
Until the day I woke up to find it fill
My heart mind and soul
Roots, branches, aerial roots to support
A thick trunk no reason could uproot
Anger was just a seed when I forgot
To forgive and hid in my heart!

Angelina Pandian

Another Gandhi

The seeds of blood sown by
Bagath Singh, Tippu, Jansi
Bose, the 13 year old brother
Of Arobindo, Madrudu Brothers,
Sepoys, Faces known and
Many unknown too who died
Was the Garden into which
Gandhi came and plucked
With his non-violent touch
The Rose of Freedom.
Never lose hope all this
Innocent Bloodshed will
Never be in vain - Another
Gandhi will awake, arise
And lead this world once again
Through the path of Peace
Which is a straight and narrow one
Full of hardship, humiliation
Needing a strong heart
To love the whole world
And a stronger mind to
Hold on to non-violence
And lead us to a world
Where there is no more War!

[This was my response to the poem, 'THE WORST BETRAYAL EVER' - the most bitter truth. by Putholi Arumugham T

Angelina Pandian

Autumn's Dance

The leaves were slowly falling
So very slowly and dropping
Ever so gently like a butterfly
Which glides and is also seen flirting,
The gentle breeze now awake
Sets the leaves in a twirl of dance
So capricious like our minds
So full of sudden fancy
The breeze shakes them in frenzy
Gliding, flying and fluttering
Blown up, coming down in confusion
The breeze, spent, now rests
The leaves are now again slowly falling!

Angelina Pandian

Beggar

I wander by the wayside
You can easily find me
With the alms-bowl in my eye
Hungry, starved and famished
I ask unashamedly, though
I know I'll be turned away
I beg and plead
I do not ask for your life
I do not ask for a ride
I do not ask to be fed
Just some coins of pity
Few words of comfort
And some leftover love
You might throw away
I'll hoard as manna for life!

Angelina Pandian

Bereaved - Inspired By Mamtaji

[On reading Mamta Agarwal's 'Homage to Common Man']

The pains of a bereaved one

Over loss of sibling, child or spouse

To unnatural, untimely death

Can never assuaged be

With pass of time or

Forming new relations!

The person lost is lost for ever

And never replaceable

Memories kindled

By each familiar sight

Rakes up the pain

Tears unbeckoned they brim

Afresh anew ever ready

To fall at dropp of name!

Tears and Pain

Always remain

Soul maimed

The zombie

Drags it's feet

To the end of life!

Our sympathy,

Pity or prayers

None will help

Fill the emptiness inside!

Life is cruel....yes

And there is no remedy

To dull the pain

Or stop the tears!

Angelina Pandian

Beyond Understanding

Hurt when held close
Can not be recognized
Seen through blurring eyes
Nor anything which happens
Will seem like a even pattern
When caught in the middle of it
Hurt when seen long after
The tears have dried and
Held at arms length reveals
A friendly face the help it did
So like all things on after thought
Bring to mind we stand here
Just because we walked the path
God has a purpose for all
His plans are mysterious
Beyond human understanding
But, if we truly believe
That we His children are and
Patiently wait upon Him with faith
At end they'll all be good for us!

Angelina Pandian

Boomerang Love

A boomerang love is mine
The love I give keeps coming
Coming back faster to me
The heart I offer has no takers
No need, no need for you
Hits back my love at me
When it comes back hitting
Hurting, boomeranging at me!

Angelina Pandian

Border [inspired Onreading Mamtaji's Death Of A Soldier]

Cross-border Fire?

Border?

God created Earth

The Borders He made -

The Sky and the Sea

Where the Dove of Peace

Flew endlessly.

Man came made Borders

Cain And Able Brothers

Cain And Able Enemies too

Man came killed the Dove

And offered it as Sacrifice!

Angelina Pandian

Call For Peace - Universal

And peace fell upon me
Like dew upon a flower
When I saw many others
Gather about at my call
Hold my hand, steady my step
And strengthen our cause,
"Peace to all, we say
Shalom, Amen!
'A call for peace – Universal'
Is the war cry we wield"
That hope is not lost
Others too weep for all
I am not alone I have friends
To rely upon and rise a call
For hearts to heal
Souls to love other men
As own self, feel the pain
The blood that flows
Same as yours breathes life
To stop bloodshed
To stop hate and spite
To stop fanatic love
Of caste or colour or creed
To spark love in every heart
To fill each soul with peace
Unto this end
We have gathered all
Friends together
Friends forever
Raising a clarion call
We befriend one and all
As we gather from far and near
With offerings of poems
On brotherhood, tolerance
Faith, love and above all peace
In the sylvan moonlit woods
Of poemhunter each twilight hour!

Come, Teach Me To Fly!

The long plaintive call of the Kol
Singing alone, calling to her mate
Calling out to the mountains, the forests
Searching among clouds, among stars
In the dark shadow of the waves
In the speck against the moon.
Other birds have gone to nest
She still wings the sky high and low
Looking, searching and calling
Calling out, calling out aloud
Unsure whether her cry
Reached the ear of her mate
Now she becomes silent
Listening for his answering cry
Is it the wind in the pine tree
Is it the wind on the waves
Or yet the sound of her own soul
Echoed and re-echoed empty in space.
The wind becomes silent, saying,
Hush to the pine trees and waves
The heavy and still silences
Magnifies the cry of the bird.
Hearing her song, seeing
With unseeing eyes
Blurred with tears – Tears
Tears for the bird, feeling her pain
Her heartache, her fears _ Maybe
Un-comprehended yet,
Tears in fear of loneliness.
Tears, tears for myself –Crying
For this lonely cry from the soul
Has raised up half-remembered dreams,
Dreams where I reach out and cry
Dreams where I know not where you are,
Dreams, from which I wake up wet eyed.
I am frightened, I'm alone, all alone
The song of the bird is the song of my soul
Come, my love! Hide not from me
Take my hand, comfort and reassure me

Let my fears pass away,
Like some forgotten noon daydream,
Silence my cry with a song from your lips
And teach me to fly – With you
From this night into a glorious day!

Angelina Pandian

Constant Companion

I have no doubts, Lord!
In your power, mercy and might.
Your presence is everywhere,
I call to you –
Your reassuring whisper is in my ear!
My arms fail me,
My worldly strength is dust
I break, I turn, I flee –
To you for refugee,
Your strong arms surround to defend me!
You picked me from the dust
Gave riches for my rags
You wiped my tears
Healed my wounded heart!
You gave me life,
You gave me strength
From your stricken side,
Your wounded hand
Held me tight in the dark
While I climbed through the storm,
The steep mountainside.
You knew no Sin – Yet,
You also knew in your infinite wisdom
No Sin was sinful enough
To keep me away from you!
Though I walked far and wide
You were ever there waiting for me,
To turn around and reach for you,
You were there constantly beside me
Waiting for my plea.
Though my love was but a drop
You took me into your Ocean's heart!
Dear Lord, great indeed is your love
To make me yours
You gave yourself for me
Such determination, such love
You bore all my pain
You shared all my grief,
You gave me all your joy and peace – And

Walked the whole wide world over
To bring me back home.

Angelina Pandian

Daily Praise

Tonight at my doorstep
While I wait for the door to open
I reflect – I left behind people
Who went to sleep tonight
With no bread or bed
Lord I thank you
For this my home and my daily bread.
The two minutes you give
At my doorstep I stop and think
Of the lady who died tonight
Run over by a train – Tomorrow
She had planned to start life
In her new house a GrahaPravesam
Planned by us who do not know
Whether we live or die tonight
I thank thee Lord for Life.
The opportunities you give us Lord
Our health and secure life we lead
The friends and family who support
Mostly your presence as guardian and guide
Which we often fail to realize and all those blessings
Which we receive but take for granted
Tonight at my doorstep
I thank thee Lord for everything.
I thank thee especially for this time you give
Between the bell and the opening of the door
For the time to think and meditate
There are those who sit for hours
In silence and in pain those who torture
Themselves to see God and search in Vain
You reveal yourself in the morning dew
Sitting like a pearl upon a leaf alone
You reveal yourself in the sweetest song
Sung by a small bird on my window sill
You reveal yourself in the starry sky
No human eye can see or live to tell
How great and grand you are in majesty
If we look we can find you among us
As the poor, the sick and the imprisoned

Ready to take our help and clasp us
To your bosom as your closest friend
If we listen to the cry of another human
Feel their pain, their loss and weep
If we stop to brush their tears and
Help them in their hour of need
There Lord I think you are near
Tonight at my doorstep
I thank thee Lord for providing, protecting
Prodding me from within to think of you
And my fellowman, my brother you made.
I thank thee Lord for this time you give each night
Between the bell and the opening of the door
For the time to think and meditate
The time to think and thank thee Lord for everything!

Angelina Pandian

Dear Friends.....

[To all my friends at Poem Hunter]

Dear friends,
You inspire me again and again
When I the fragrance of your poem inhale
I am made to exhale a poem
Which was formless lying
Within the deepest recess of my heart!
An unthought-of view
An unheard of piece of wisdom
As always you open
Skylights in my mind!
Thanks, dear friends, for letting in
The rays of Gyana's* Sun
To enlighten my soul and life!
Creator – Gods! All of you,
Maybe some I have mentioned
But, you have all been my inspiration
My spark at some point of time
I admire and stand in awe
Of your genius and talent,
Masters! I thank you all
For what you teach!
You give me life
You give me thought
You give me dreams
You give me visions
You give me inspiration
To sing a million songs
As I sit upon my branch and listen
To your melodious songs
The wafting music of flutes
Which you all play so effortlessly
Surrounds me like the gentle breeze
I thank my Mentor, my Philosopher and Guide
Who showed me the path, the way
To these sylvan woods so grand!
Each day I wake up to your call
Each night I sleep to their lullaby
During the long hard day at work

I long for their cooling verse
To slake my unquenched thirst
Evenings I come rushing back
To the sheltering woods of PH
To join the gathering, admire and share
Poems sparkling like diamonds with fire
With your cheers and your comments
By the kind messages sent to me
You have all welcomed me with grace
And have showered both your love
And encouragement generously upon me
And I thank you all for having accepted me.
From friends, dear poets you have all
Become kinsmen of a global family, to me!
[Gyana* – Wisdom]

Angelina Pandian

Deception

Deception is the talons of the Falcon
Which tears the soft heart of Love's Doves,
Razor sharp they are and hit hard
When coming out of the blue
Most unexpected unforeseen visitor
Who cuts deep, deep to the bone!
Deception is the fangs of Snake
Which once locked will not retreat
Without leaving behind its kiss
A deathly venom killing
Second by second raising
Paralyzing all essential points!
Deception is the purr of the Cat
Rubbing itself on your legs,
Selfish, Self centered Liar,
An act only till the milk reaches the dish
Not love for master brings it home
It comes home only for its need!

Angelina Pandian

Desire For Vs. Usefulness Of Life

Sunken eyes filled with pain
Lying on a waterbed
Carted around from Ward
To Scan, to Pathology
Lab to lab pushed and pulled
Waiting outside Radiology
I saw her crumpled and spent
No more life to limbs they speak
In hushed whisper her kin with
A bewildered look on their face.
I wonder after seeing her plight
"Why isn't it legal, for us
To decide, when to die? "
When the body is broken
And can not walk further on
Can't we lay down the cards
Say, "I've lived my life
Of no more use I can be
Either to my family or society
So, no more, I call it Quits"
Or is it that deep down under
We still desire to live – Beg
Borrow, hire or buy one more hour
With the ones we love!
I sat on the hospital bench
And wondered and wondered
Is this life then useless?
If it can no more perform
Its work, duties and goals,
Does a life become useless?
Just because it can no more take care
Of it's own personal needs
And has become dependant on others
For simple essential chores – Wash
Wipe, clean or eat and turn about!
The answer came blinding bright
Suddenly springing from within
My own ignorant questioning mind,
As long as the spirit within lives

As long as the soul is able
To reach, to teach some value
Some experience from its life
Courage, faith, patience
Goodness, love not lost, but
Poured out to those around
Then it is not our desire
Or usefulness in life
But, God's desire – To
Keep us alive...
For His purpose [use]....
In our life!

Angelina Pandian

Dhyana Buddha

[A poem written on request for the portrait by the same name contributed by Premji for the cover page of "Universal Call for Peace"]

My Dhyana Buddha he sits
Under the Bodi Tree once again
Meditating on the hate and greed of men
He closes his eyes in sorrow in pain.
Will mankind never change?
Though centuries have rolled between
Sad, my Buddha sits with a skull in hand
Which once a white lotus bud had held
Sad, my Buddha sits in sorrow in pain
In the shadows of death not ordained by God
But, offspring of man - Terrorism and War
The pure light, white from His soul
Splinters into a million shards
Of multi-coloured spearheads
From His holy lotus seat Padmasana
Which pierce, ripping into our hearts
To make us bleed with love to heal!
Will we sit around simply see him cry
Will we come together and unite
To start a blazing light of peace so bright
To lead those living in the dark into life!

Angelina Pandian

Did You Miss Me!

Did you miss me, dear friend
Tell me, did you miss me, true?
Did you miss me like a Jasmine
Misses the moon and so closes
Her eyes the whole day through?
Did you miss me like a peacock
Misses the rain and so dances
In abandon on seeing a cloud?
Did you miss me, pray, do tell
Did you search for me at least
Just one day did you look about
For some stray poem of mine?
Did you miss me, friend
Did a thought of yours
Come seaching for me
Like a hand at night gropes
Half asleep in the dark
For a reassuring touch?
Did you miss me, friends
As I missed you, not much
Not less, just as much?
Till my heart ached
Till I felt I was going mad
Till I thought no more
Of this I can stand!
Did you miss me friends
As much as I missed you all!

Note – I am happy to be back again, missed you all so much! - Angel

Angelina Pandian

Distance Of Love

The longest distance
Is when both lie back to back
The distance to cover ...
Before they meet eye to eye
Is a long walk around the world!
Yet, still the shortest distance too
Is when both lie back to back
The distance to cover...
Before they hug and forgive
Is just to turn about in a second
And face each other's pain and tear
This will surely dissolve
The distance in between
And the two shall become one!
[Written after reading Dr Subhendu Kar's "UNTOLD GRIP OF SORROW"]

Angelina Pandian

Do Not Read My Poems.... [a Tribute To Kamala Das]

Do not read my poems...
When I am laid to rest
Stiff and straight
In a coffin's nest.
Do not read my poems...
After I am gone
When I can hear
No more your voice.
Do not read my poems...
And think so sad, she's dead
No, I am alive in every line
And word you read!

Again, inspired by Premji, I submit these few lines – To the poet, Kamala Das,
Please read Her Collections..(Only The Soul Knows How To Sing, Summer In
Calcutta, My Story)

Angelina Pandian

Do Not Read My Poems.... [for You]

Do not read my poems...
After I am dead
As a lament, a wail
An elegy, a requiem
Do not read my poems...
After I am gone
When no more I can
Hear your velvet voice.
Do not read my poems...
Alone without me
To comment along
And read with you
But, do read my poems
When I beside you lie
With my head resting
On your supporting arm
Listening to you read
In whisper, in kisses
In silence, in love
In sleep, in dream
Watching you feel
Every word I wrote
I'll close my eyes - Love
Brush aside my hair
With your breathe
Which half veils my face
Sleepless fevered I wrote
Read me my poems
Now sing me a lullaby
Rock me to sleep
On your broad chest
Diving into your eyes
A thousand times
I am refreshed
By your smile
I'll write on you a poem
Traced by my fingertips
To be etched in your heart
And burnt into your soul!

So, do not read my poems...

Angelina Pandian

Do Not Talk Of Death...you Say

I am only afraid
Of the death of being
Forgotten by you.
I will not die
If you will not forget me!
I will remain forever fresh
And fragrant as a rose
In your mind's eye for ever more!

Angelina Pandian

Dreamless Nights

Dreamless nights
Sitting awake
Staring silently into space
With unseeing eyes
I look on vacantly
Waiting impassively.
Unaware of Time's movement
In isolation, in silence
I sit still.
Recollecting not the Past
Nor looking forward to Future
Knowing that,
When all is known
Life is just nothing –
A bit of clay,
A wisp of wind
A breath dressed in dreams,
Dreams, which you can not dream,
When your nights are sleepless,
Sitting up wide awake
I wait for weariness
To come and close my eyes
Night after night
Into dreamless nights!

Angelina Pandian

Easter Parable

[The 'Easter Weak End' metaphor, as explained by Richard Jarboe Inspired me to write these few lines]

I have died a thousand deaths
And come back alive
A thousand times too
But, I never equated the betrayal
Leading to death and life again
To the Easter parable, till today
You opened a window and showed me
The warmth that remains
And revives me again
Each time to love and life
Is by the purging of self
Through the pyre of pain!

Angelina Pandian

Equi-Potent

[My poet-friend, Premji says, "if you search among the whole english words, you won't be able to find a word equi-potent as prem...." and inspires me to reply, thus]

A word equi-potent as Prem....
Maybe as potent as venom...
Prem also strikes
Swiftly silently
Stealthily paralyzes
Numbs and fills
Every vein every nerve
Totally taking over
It ultimately kisses
Intimately as death!

Angelina Pandian

Faith

I read somewhere

“Faith –

Believes in the incredible

Sees the invisible and

Receives the impossible! ”

Very true! Concise words,

Words full of wisdom and truth,

Words experienced by the faithful few!

But, consider –

Are we faithful to our faith?

Are we full of faith to be called faithful?

Reflect a moment and faithfully tell,

God answers prayers voiced or not

Our hearts desires, each small wish

Or silent sigh secretly stifled inside

Or even mere thought of ours He fulfills.

So, how much more careful we must be

When we pray ardently with faith!

Angelina Pandian

Fascinating

Sufferings never fails
To fascinate us
It is in songs of sorrow
We always sing in glory
No wonder ancient man
Sang and danced in awe
Of nature, Mother!
Of all Living and nonliving beings
Listening to the step of deer
The chatter of monkeys
He took measured step
In the flow of muddied water
He read a coming flood
He knew where to seek
For honey and milk.
The Headman and
The Medicine man
Wise men both who
Communed with Nature
With God
Sang songs of praise!
Man conquered land
He thought –
He had conquered
Heaven and earth
The footstool of God
Greed to have
His brother's share
Drove him down
Paths of hatred
Fields of war
Land its resources
Women their body
Slaves to live upon
Made man sing songs
Of war, of death
Glorifying an evil
Camouflaging intent
The sound of bugle

The tramp of boots
Instigating man
Against man
Songs of pain
Songs of sorrow
Separation and
Life no more!
The still deep pools
Dark and green
They sing a silent song
Of ageless contemplation
The pebbles, questions we throw
In random listlessly
Breaks into a dance
Of shimmering ripples
Answers and options
Wave after wave!

Angelina Pandian

Few Thoughts

What is religion? Who is God?
What are stars? What are prayers?
What is Life, but –
Momentary awakening between dreams?
What is love? What is hate?
What is glory? What is shame?

What we do and do not do – All
An illusion of the great magician,
The Great Magician – “Mind”
Who creates its own faith of God,
Of stars, seas and space!
It creates a daily drama – The illusion
Within the illusion the vision and the passion,
All, to be snuffed out by breathe withheld
Just like a candle flame!
What is consciousness, unconsciousness?
Or, even subconsciousness?
What is understanding?
What is awareness or realization?
What is Self – the center of our Ego,
The pivot of our existence?
Then, what is Soul – are they mere
Aspirations from one dream to another?
What is ‘You’? What is ‘I’?
Dust to dust, Soul of some distant star
Today a cosmic nothing – But, one day
To become the very breath of the Cosmos!
Who are we? What are these words?
What do thoughts mean – When
Pain and passion become one?
We are, but, a small insignificant nothing
A drop, a ripple disappearing – Into
An ever widening circle of Nothingness!

Angelina Pandian

Friends? No, It's Something More

I've been hearing of you a lot
Your brains, your looks and your charisma
Even before I could get to see you
Then we met, I thought nothing then
As the day passed into evening
The distance between also passed away
I was in awe of you, your clear and grasping mind
I did not want to cross the line
Or risk lose of such a friend
But, slowly softly silently
You smiled with your eyes
Your eyes they played Tag with mine
You spoke but, did not speak
You looked but, did not look
You touched but, did not touch
Your presence was electrifying
I was becoming possessed, obsessed
It happened when you started talking
I thought I heard something between the lines
Aside and soft for my ears alone
Your eyes they kissed my face
Your voice caressed my ears
Your flattery made me blush
Like a school kid longing to be loved
I was not annoyed rather I enjoyed
And was flattered still all the more
That you inclined to talk to me
And when you said beauty is from within
Leave your complexes behind – Happiness
Surrounded me like a cotswool blanket
Soft, warm and comforting – I lost
My inhibitions, my always guarded respect
With the sea side wind I lost
My sadness too because of you
You made me smile, you made me laugh
You helped me enjoy my life that eventide
I don't know if you will and for how long
But, it makes my heart swell with pride and happiness
When I get to say that I know you,

Even if it be for a little while!

Angelina Pandian

Friendship – Revival Of...

Recollections & Remembrances should make us smile
Not CRY!
But, why, whenever I think of you I hold back
All my feelings and simply cry.
Do you know why?
Please help me stop cry.
I know this is all so crazy,
But, I still remember your face!
Your curly wavy hair so dark so black
It made your face fair all the more
Your glasses perched on the tip of your sharp nose
Yeah, of all the faces I'd seen before and after seeing you
Still no sponge has erased you from my mind
We were just 2 coffee pots who liked to talk
Through the night in the train
But, I still remember your face!
I thought I might forget – Time has proved me wrong
Few calls, few mails in the beginning, suddenly
F-O-U-R years have gone and much in between
But I think I have missed a friend - not in my thought
But in my heart and I regret
Not having reached for you earlier
I do not know, but I thought
Surely he would have forgotten me
He already has plenty of friends
'Why bother with someone new'
All this and more hinder me even now
But, still if you think – jus a cuppa coffee'
When next you halt at Chennai
Will not delay you on your journey's way
Please remember, I'm here and I still remember you!

Angelina Pandian

Friendship Is Never Enough

Friendship is never enough
Friends are just friends
Who hold our hand
Over slippery rocks
Who lend a hand
To pull us up
Who clasp our hand
In all our joy
Who gently pat our hand
To chase away our tears,
Who reach out in our pain
And wipe away our tears,
Friends are all this and more
Still, friendship is never enough
And friends are always only friends.
Friends understand
Feel and share our sorrows
But, can they fill the aching void
The wide and empty inner space
The lonely feeling, as still and heavy
As, long drawn out, starless twilight eventide.
Friends remain friends forever
But, friendship is never enough
What the soul needs is –
A companion spirit,
To console, comfort and safely keep
What my soul needs – Is
Just your love!

Angelina Pandian

Give – Your Smiles!

When we realize that the smiles
We give along the way aren't given in vain,
But, would someday gladden other weary hearts
When they bloom again in hundred fold
At some far off place we might never know.
Give, your smiles, your time, your hopes,
Your courage and your dreams – Give!
Give, if it would give happiness to someone
And at the end of day you would have surely
Gathered more in your basket than
What you might have ever given
During Life's long day!

Angelina Pandian

God Is God

I see your picture Lord
With a sacred heart
Surrounded by
The stations of the Cross
I weep, I ask –
“Where do these thoughts come from?
These inspirations and ideas and
Answer myself, from all I've learnt.
I am confused Lord, I do not know
What I do is right or wrong
I was born in your fold
Brought up in true Christian faith
My father a preacher and mother
Never lagged behind to fast and pray
Still, yet from a tender age
You have let me be influenced
By another other than Thee
I write poetry on a God other than Thee
“God, is God a concept
A figment of our mind? ”
A rose remains a rose
By whatever name it is called
Its fragrance doesn't change
With each and every call
Then God aren't you God
When I call you by any name
Jesus, Allah, Narayana...
Or don't you bloom
Even if I do not call!
God will be God
He will always love and bless
The rain and sun
Falls equally on all men
Whether believer or atheist
We are all his children
And brothers in this world [earth]
Which he has given to us
To love, to cherish and to share!

God's Eye

Beware of God's eye warns my brother, my keeper
It follows you every where and there is no place
From where you can hide from it, he says.
Beware before you do or think any wrong to do
Beware of God's eye which sees where you are
What you do, what you see, covet or envy
Is all known to God's All Seeing Eye!
God's eye, God's eye? What does it see?
Does it see my unjust suffering?
Does it see my pain, sorrow or tears?
Does it know loneliness, depression?
Does it know of betrayal or desertion?
What does it do when it sees people,
Committing a sin thoughtlessly, carelessly
Just for passing time, just for fun?
What is God's eye doing looking down,
From the sideline indifferently at me
Or is it watching my pain with pleasure
Waiting to see me fall down and die,
Does a tear ever form, seeing my plight?
Or does it not have any lachrymal gland!

Angelina Pandian

Goodness Shall Follow Me

Every thing comes from the Lord
- People say.
But, to me - Every Good thing
Comes from the Lord!
For He is the Lord of all blessings
For He is the Lord of all promises
I know all good things flow from Him.
He gave me life, a sound body and mind
He gave all that was needed and more
He gave up everything and took up the Cross
So, I tell, surely all good things come from Him.
Even when I forget He remembers me
Even when I waver, undecided
He holds me silently lest I fall
He walks with me that I shan't lose the way
He gives me courage and counsels me
Whenever danger lurks in my path.
Neither the world nor its temptations,
Not even Death has any power over me
For, when God is for me
Who can be against me!
So, I receive with ever thankfulness
Everything that God gives to me
For anything that God gives
Will always be for the good of me!

Angelina Pandian

Hand In Hand

You took my hand
I gave my hand to you
You clasped my hand
It lay snug within yours.
You took my hand
And that's all I remember
The strength, the vibrations
The silence, the feelings
All that flowed through
From your hand
To touch my heart!
You held my hand
The moon looked on
The world stopped
I was alone, all alone
With my hand in yours,
You took my hand
With it my life and my all!

Angelina Pandian

Happiness

“What is happiness to me? ” I ask myself and
Find the answer within on calm introspection
That, happiness to me is peace!
Peace, the quietness within
The calmness all around,
It is not in motionless stillness
But, in smooth flowing action.
Peace is in accepting life
With all its ups and downs
And yet, making the best out of it!
Like a river transforming
Sharp rugged stones into
Smooth and shining pebbles
We each should learn
To make our own rainbows
By smiling through our tears!

Angelina Pandian

Heaven's Gates

One night I dreamt, I was called upon
To wait and assist St. Peter one day
At Heaven's Pearly Gates – Wow!
An opportunity so rare more precious
I got up early brushed my teeth and hair
Dusted the extra wings I borrowed
From a soprano from the angelic choir
My edges dusted with golden dust
Gathered from the early morning Sun's rays
I stood straight and prim and proper
Ready before my time by the gate
And Peter arrived looking at me he asked
Are you expecting any celebrity or royalty?
I replied, Sir, Saint I am new today
But if some pious sage or dignitary came by
I do not want to be seen looking shabby,
Peter then gave a laugh, a pat on my back
'Sweet boy', he said that's all. The queue
It looked too long and winding, catching my eye
St. Peter said Monday morning blues
We do not work on Sabbath you know!
As each one came to the gate he called out their name
Simon, painter, husband of two maids
Father of children many, 'Sorry, no entry for thee'
Sarah, 'sister, wife and mother you were
But, to your daughter-in-law a nightmare
How can we disturb the peace in this land?
Sorry we have to keep you out of here '
Many names he rattled from morn till noon
Diane, Dalton, Ruby, Robin, Fred and Fiona too
Each had a treasured possession, a trait
Envy, slander, jealousy, covetousness
Anger smoldering inside for years
Stubbornness, stiff necks, intolerance
Were all counted as sin – All these
Seemingly small sins Peter said,
Are the reason for a thousand unknown
Silent deaths, the poison that is spread
More dangerous than a unpremeditated crime

Then slowly, I saw a lady come up the line
Covering her face in fear or in shame
When she came near the gate and put off her veil
A murmur arose, half the crowd shouted
'Cast her off, how dare she stand with us
How dare she dream to enter here? '
But, solid Peter he arose and smiled
'How now, Sister Rose you are late, I've been
Waiting since morn for you.' He said
Your nightly tears, handcuffing circumstances
Have all been turned into a crown of pearl
And a harp for you to join the choir!
Next came a person a righteous one
'Self righteous', corrected the Holder of the Keys
"How many did you condemn and drive
Further into pain, desolation and sin
Without showing them the light, the way
Or giving them hope of Life, how many
You sent away? A Day's Pass to walk inside
I give, so when you are sent out it'll be your Hell
When you realize what you have missed
Just because you made others sin! " to him he said.
To each in his self same scale, measured out
Peter, each ones worth to enter or naught
A dawn like understanding spread over me
And I awoke it still was night, but, to me
It was enlightenment's morn, a dream it seemed
But, it was I realize a guide for me to lead a new life!

Angelina Pandian

His Call

I thank you Lord
I praise you Lord
You called me
You reminded me
My feet were shackled
By worldly binds
You came to me
Took my arm and said
"Let other things go by,
Little Child, come to me
Rest awhile!
I am waiting for you
Arms outstretched on the Cross
Cling to me, hold to me
I am your stay through the way
Let your fears all subside
Cast all your cares at my feet
I shall carry them all for you".
I thank you Lord
I praise you Lord
My soul, my life, my all
I pour at your feet.

Angelina Pandian

Hope For Peace.....

Hope and prayers are what sustain mankind
I hope no one cries tonight as I peaceful sleep
Here in a sheltered home well fed and kept
No noise of war or cries for help I hear
No wails over lost souls disturb my sleep
Yet, my soul awake paces within
Questioning, when will all awake! Arise
Unite to raise a voice, a protest
A mighty roar to disturb the very soul
To start a march towards peace-filled nights
And awake into a new and blessed dawn on earth!

Angelina Pandian

How Do You Spell...

How do you spell 'pain'?

Someone asked and

I answered.....

Absentmindedly,

- With tears!

Angelina Pandian

How Much Lies Can I Take!

Are you trying to enter me in Guinness?
It seems so, seeing the load of lies
You have unloaded at my Heart's doorstep.
Do you want to find out, what will be?
The last straw that breaks my Heart
You may have to wait a longtime still
Though broken, torn and left bleeding
My Heart has still not learnt
How to stop loving you!

Angelina Pandian

How To Make A Man Happy....

Work, routine, tensions
Or even if the day went by
Just like that
End of day, saps
The energy dry - Whatever
The job or work maybe
A man is tired and drained
By the time the day is out....
The first thing he wants to see
On the face of the one
Who opens the door....
Is not a frown....
Not a sputter of anger
Or a long drawn scowl
But, just a simple Smile!
Next, a happy welcome word
Which bids him come in
Relax blend into the sofa
A cup of hot coffee next
Or soothing tea to sip by
A patient ear, a wife, who'll ask
"Did your day go well? "
By now refreshed and relaxed
Turn on the Tele listen
To some news which is never new
Some music, sports or serial
While the aroma of cooking
Fills the house pleasantly
Children about his feet
At play or some home work
Take the laptop and go
To poemhunter to browse
To read to to comment
While waiting for the wife
To finish her chores and join him!
All a man wants
At end of day.....
Is just some plain old fashioned
Love ...peace...and happiness!

If all this is there
What man can happier be?

This is a poem written in response to a forward message received by me about How to make a woman happy? With some 40-45 one liners. I forwarded the same to my friend Premji and he set me the task of compiling a man's point of view, so, here's my poem again given seed by Prem.

Angelina Pandian

I Am An Alien Too - On Reading Alien Nation By Milica Franchi De Luri

We are all aliens walking about
Seen anything else like us here
A definite emphatic - No!
Know anyone who destroys
The land they live on, their own
Does anyone pollute the air he breathes
Killing wantonly randomly all species
In the name of science and ease
Creating weapons of destruction
We do all this and much worse too
So, Milica, you are not far from truth
When you say - I am from the planet Zet.
I am an alien too I come from a land
Ideal an uthopia in my mind's dream
They call me a mad poet, when I speak
Ha! How foolish is the world!

Angelina Pandian

I Ask...

I ask you for a hug
You folded me in your arms
My heart which was crying
Became quite like a child
Safe in its mother's arms
The turmoil which you asked
How it was? Was gone!
When you took me in your arms
It was a quelling of the storm!
Why don't you go, when
Some one calls? You ask.
'I ask for simple things in life
Hold my hand, take me out
A hug, a peck on my forehead
Would do, these are what I long for
Not just some physical release
The mind should first be free
Comfortable in good company
All else is loss in life I hold
I ask for happiness and now
When I am alive, I want to live,
At least for sometime', I reply.

Angelina Pandian

I Do Not Weep For You

I do not weep for you
Laid down in stately Death
But, I cry for those
Who surrounding stand
Their lives shattered, bewildered
Lost and groping – Still alive!
I do not weep for you
I weep for the broken bonds
Bonds eternal of marriage broken
With the spouse searching
For a single reason to live
While the heart screams
Let me die than live alone.
Bonds of responsibilities broken
With the children crying
Their guide and strength
Lost to them your support
Lost to them your protective love.
Bonds of lineage broken
With grand and great grand children
Losing such free and undemanding love.
I do not weep for you
I weep along with them
Who surrounding stand
Adrift and alone with all ties broken
Bereft, confused and dead
Yes, dead within in their hearts
Mind and soul – Grasping
Gossamer thoughts slipping
So fast within the vortex of grief
I do not weep for you
But, I weep alone for myself
Another heart broken by your lose
You were my inner strength
You believed in me –
You said I could and I did.
Now, I have to live on
Alone in this world
Only with your memories

For company in my heart!
I do not weep for you
In Death, what did you lose?
- Life?
When others try to live up
To your ideals and principles
When they keep walking on with hope
Towards your dreams and goals
When they find, by your life,
Inspiration and motivation to live on
Fight the good battle and plant
The conquering flag on Trouble's Peak
When they hope to meet you again
In the far off Happy Land
Do you not live forever in their
- Hearts!
I do not weep for you
I weep only for myself
- Myself alone!

Angelina Pandian

I Hear My Call

The bleak look, which sees nothing
The pallor on the face
The fluttering hand seeking reassurance
The fear stirring in the heart –
Nullifying the reasons of the mind,
These tell, that the sufferer suffers more!
Pain, killing all senses
Brings helpless tears to the eyes and
Moans to the dry and dying mouth.
The agony of life stretched out
Tortured with pain- Brings tears to ours eyes
We cry for moments, but, they cry till the end!
Yes! We do have pain - killers.
But, what is Compose and Valium,
Morphine and Pethadine,
Before demonic pain?
They soothe the nerves and ease the pain
But for just some meager time
Then, pain rises once again
More rampant and havoc raising walking
With the Devil's feet over every cell of the body.
The body cries out in pain it writhes
Moans and languishes over its own helplessness.
They suffer, knowing their end is near
They suffer more, knowing not when!
I stand hold her hand- I see, Death lie beside her
I listen, to her cry of agony
I speak, in sighs and tears, to her moan!
She talks of past joys, never forgotten,
Her daily chores and how best she tried –
Her school, the concert she arranged,
Her face glowing with captured joy
Her love never requited, nor ever understood!
She weeps anew, not for her body
But for her own soul left unloved.
I weep, identifying with her -
My loneliness, my sorrows, my failures, Myself!
Becoming one in her tears
I tighten my grasp and speak in silence.

She has heard the message, clear,
Sent from my heart through my clasping hands
For, at last, she looks at my face
Fixes her eyes upon mine – gazing,
Wonders why and how a stranger,
As strange as me should cry for her?
I now realize, what I am called for,
The Love which once wept long before –
For the sick, the sinner and the ignorant
Now again, weeps from within me!
Would I listen to the inner voice, wipe off
The tears from the faces turned in hope to me
And make Him smile?

Angelina Pandian

I Live – To Die!

I would rather freeze in this moment
This moment of singular calm
Surrounded by Sea waves!
I wonder why? Why, we humans have to cry?
Why do we fret and worry?
Why do we feel needless pain?
Why self-inflict guilt and torture?
Can't we learn from nature?
The fishes live with no care
The waves they roll and roll on forever
Things happen - But, they live
And die but, once - Unlike us,
Who die with every fear
And ever need a hope - And
A dream to keep alive!
I would rather sleep this moment
This moment of wakefulness
Surrounded by dark night,
I wonder why? Why,
We humans have power to think?
Why does our mind rebel?
Why, does our wisdom make us weep?
Aware of our shackles, our restrictions
Aware of our inabilities – And
Our short comings
Aware of our own frustrating existence
We keep awake - And
Dream of peace, of sleep!
I would rather die this moment
This moment of utter loneliness
Surrounded by silent walls – I scream,
I wonder why? Why,
We humans have to live?
Why do we have to play this game?
Why try to please those around us?
Why feel responsible and duty bound?
Why expect and be disappointed?
Why give, and be frustrated
By non-acceptance!

Why keep on rolling the dice for another try?
Can't we just close our eyes,
And say, "I call it quits, Good-bye."
Maybe I lack the courage
Maybe I still hope
Maybe my dreams keep me alive,
I do not know – But, I know
One day my life would stop
Yet, the world would keep going on,
So, with this awareness
I live –
 To die!

Angelina Pandian

I Make You Afraid

I think you are afraid of me
No! Not of me, but, what might
You say, "It shows"
Yes, it shows so much
My friends find a difference
Since these past few days they say
I take care what I wear, how I look
Last person I was to look into a mirror
Now, I look again and again to see
If the reflection would be up to your taste
I do things I usually don't
And don't do all that I used to before
My inner happiness it shines
Out of my eye reflecting the joy
Secreted in my heart – I dare not
Talk of you to anyone, but still
The love I hide adds a golden glow
Which can not be hid from view.

Angelina Pandian

I Think ... (Reflections)

A testing fire to melt all dross
A lesson, to teach me, the necessities of life!
A time given for me – an exile, a thrusted penance
To sit alone and reflect under my Bodi tree.
A yaga I make, the sacrificial fire burns within
One by one, I give up, I renounce
My ideas, my plans, my ego – Mine, mine
What all I thought was mine – I burn them all
In the flames – my desires, my hopes, my dreams
All ashes in the wind – I find
None of these were ever mine
It was I who was in their grasp!
This body which binds me
A mere Potter's shred – holding
Few drops of rain – Grace, sent from above
To quench the thirst of Souls
Crossing this desert of Life!
God heard my prayer, my question
Thrown into the dark heart of space,
At once my wish He granted and
Set the answer before my eye.
God breaks the legs of wayward lambs!
But, carries them in His arms
Close to His sacred breast
On their long and weary way Home!

Angelina Pandian

I Used To Wonder....

I used to wonder as a child
How the plants and trees
Were hidden secreted
Inside such tiny seeds,
God seemed a great magician!
Until, the day I came across
The poems written by Premji!

[After finding many pearls inside the oyster shells of Premji's poems]

Angelina Pandian

I Will Not Speak With Thee [a Translation Of Premji's]

I will not speak with thee
If we speak poems blossom
If we speak you may no more
Send me a text message or an SMS
Isn't what I speak the truth? [Translation]

unkoode naan...pesamatten...
pesinaal pokirathu kavithai...
pesinaal nee kadithangal
(messages) anuppamattom.
sonnathu unmai thaane... [Premji's Original]

Angelina Pandian

I Wonder Still – [on Reading “is Poetry Also Cruel? ” By Premji Premji]

I wonder, why you ask,
'Is poetry also cruel? '

A poem brings out
The emotions
The pain it eases
When we read
Reflect on poems
Written in the past
By us or others lost.

Memory rakes up
The wound anew
And it bleeds tears
Of salt which burn
Into the soul - Still
It is a poem which
Soothes the pain.
Sadness and Happiness
Both sides of life
Sometimes unequal.

But, I wonder still, why you ask,
'Is poetry also cruel? '
And search within my heart!

Angelina Pandian

I'm Sleepless

I've stopped writing for a longtime
I've stopped thinking of what happens to me!
I've stopped dreaming, for I can't go to sleep
I've stopped wishing – For
All my Stars have turned to dust.
I've started plodding along
Waiting nor for the clouds to pass by
I've started tuning off – Unable
To bear hear the music and laughter
Staring ahead sightlessly
I do not see a light or moon beam
Routine, rush and restlessness
Have become my way of life.
Oh! What is this life?
If I'm even unable to sleep!

Angelina Pandian

Invitation

Seductive you lay lazily
Like a Lion assured of prey
You show no intent of killing
Liquid pools of gold and brown
Suck me into their deepest depth
But, bind me with a vice's grip
Your voice hypnotic pulls me
Into your arms, when you say, "Come"
So warm, so comforting, so inviting
I crawl in beside you burrowing
My face into your chest
My happiness you search in my face
You ask, if I knew this will happen,
Yes, I knew, this will happen
When your hands reached out
Held my palm when I my grief retold
Yes, I knew, this will happen
When you saw my tired face took time
To get me a drink and showed your care
Yes, I knew, this will happen
When you said so many words of flattery
Half to the world and the rest only to me
Yes, I knew, this will happen
When I blushed at your smile
When I lowered my eyes at your look
Yes, I knew, this will happen
When you called me a flirt
Then I knew I was fated to be yours
Yes, I knew, this will happen
If we kept on like this a paring game
When I wanted you to know about me
That I'm not a flirt, surely no – But,
With you I don't know how I came across so
When I wanted you to know
I've known a lot of people too
I was always a friend and nothing more
Help I used to do even go out of the way
But, other interests I used to put to rest
I was never free or available

To go out with, anywhere alone
Till I met you my feelings and emotions
Were chopped to the roots
You came and saw and won me in a glance
And I wanted you to know
That I've never fallen like this before
Yes, I knew, this will happen!
A week of being together literally
And a week of being away totally
Yes, I knew, but, not here or now!

Angelina Pandian

Is Your Life Worth Living?

Life is breathing –
I have life
My heart flutters
In its breeze,
I pile money
So my life is full of ease.

Life is working –
I have life
My heart flutters
Beneath its strain,
I work and work
So my life keeps on going.

Life is enjoying
I have life
My heart flutters
For all pleasures,
I drink and dance and eat
So my life is lounging lazily.

Life is loving –
I have life
My heart flutters
In ecstasy,
I love all
So my life is full of joy.

Life is serving –
I want more life
My heart flutters
For other's worries,
I serve and help
So my life aims heavenly heights.

Angelina Pandian

It Is A Wonder

It is a wonder I live still
Even after hearing you speak
- Of her!

It is a wonder I eat and breathe
Even after finding you
-Go with her!

It is no wonder – It is the body
Which breathes and eats and lives
To fulfill Karma, the chain of which
I am but a link between begetter and begotten
Both whom I have to care for till release
From this painful journey called life
Through Death, who, I call, my Friend.
-My Heart has long since died!

Angelina Pandian

Judge Not Hastily!

Don't! Don't ever look down upon a man
Just because he's covered with dust,
He might've just risen up
From prostrating before God.
Don't! Don't ever look down upon a man
Just because his hair is unkempt,
Matted, dry – without oil
He might've used it to bind
The wounds of some helpless being.
Don't! Don't ever look down upon a man
Just because he's ill clad
He might've given his clothes to another
Lying naked in the streets.
Don't! Don't ever look down upon a man
Just because he's bruised and bleeding
He might've received his wounds
In defending some human right.
Don't! Don't ever draw your own conclusions
Don't ever hastily decide without the facts
Don't ever refuse to help or pleasingly smile,
The one sitting next to you in such serious thought
Might even be thinking of ending his life!
Your kindly smile maybe the door
To his second chance with life.
Be open, willing to accept and to trust
Don't! Don't ever look down upon a man
It could sometimes be –
 God in the guise of Man.

Angelina Pandian

Life Is Cruel, But...

Life is always cruel
To each man in its own way
It metes out sorrow
To one and all
Some a portion small
Some a large
Life is always cruel
If it gives ten of happiness
There'll be one which
Takes the joy out of nine
It is a stern teacher
Who never likes
To see a happy face
Life is always cruel
Whether you're rich or poor
Makes no difference
Each man is given a thorn
Along with the rose he got
Look at those around you
Who've been under a heavy hand
Help wipe their blood and sweat
You'll find your sorrows vanish
And Life will find its match in you!

Angelina Pandian

Life Is Full Of ...

Life is full of noise
Much ado about nothing
It is a fool's paradise - Where
Every man thinks he is wise!
Life is a chamber in which we live
And think this is the world
One person playing many roles
We straddle one two many a horse
Bit and bridle holding in hand
We turn and mount the other way
The dumb teach the deaf
And the blind lead the lame
In this world where none can lead
Being students all, yet, we try
Our hand to lead to by our will
Sweet we are we think
Like a soft and blooming rose
But, alas! We have our thorns!
Life is good, life is correct
To each man what he does is right
When right and might fight to chose
Life ends up to be a sucking whirlpool!

Angelina Pandian

Life...

Life is not a joke
Neither is it an incident
Or some Cosmic accident.
Life is not a drama
Nor the world a stage!
Each experience you face
Is a lesson taught by God
Each person you meet
Is a blessing sent by God.
Accept all experience, as
"All for good"
Accept all people, as
"All are good"
Gold and goodness both remain hidden
Only true efforts will bring them out!

Angelina Pandian

Like A Horse Nuzzling

I am like a horse
Nuzzling your palm
For one more cube of sugar
For I know I've done my best
I've run the race, won the show
And made you proud
Which will evoke a response
Of appreciation from you
As you stroke my neck and
Whisper in my ear - Each time
I write a heartfelt poem
Portraying all my emotion
I can always nuzzle your palm
For one more sugar cube!
The more I write
The more I evolve
The more you read
And give a comment
An appreciation
A criticism - I learn
The sugar cubes
Of your appreciation
Is all that makes me run!

Angelina Pandian

Little Andrea Celine.....[my Niece]

Fountain of laughter
Gurgle of fun
Mischievous starry eyes
Dimple smile
Fingers so trusting
When holding mine
Bumbles and tumbles
Hiding behind
Slowly peeking out
Soft, warm and golden
Like early morning sun's rays!
When you point out
With your tender finger
And call in childish babble
Your mamma*, appa*
Akka*, thatha* and more...
We find ourselves in them
And the meaning for our lives.
Bouncing, swaying, dancing
You walk into our hearts
A refreshing waterfall
A dancing peacock
A pink button rose
A pearl we hold
And treasure most
All together would
Be put to shame
When before you they stand!
You are a bundle of joy
Sent by God to teach us
Love, caring and values for life
Little one, we thank you
For choosing to come
Into our home, heart and lives!

[mamma* - Mother, appa* - Father, Akka* - Elder Sister, thatha*- Grand father]
[My 1 year old niece is as naughty and playful as any other 1 year old we may all be gifted with sometime during our life, I did not want to forget these days when i may become old and forget the joy I feel as I hold her now. This poem is for all

1 year olds, anytime, alltime!]

Angelina Pandian

Living Death

To have known you – And
To have given you up
Shows the best and worst in me.
Yet, however distant I maybe
I shall still live with you,
In my sleeping and my waking
In my dreams and my thoughts
I shall live forever with you.
My life's sorrows and sadness
Would vanish with thoughts of you
Though it would be painful that
I am separated from you
The thought that you wish me well
And I live in your memories
Would see me through life's struggles
I have been happy
I have lived my life
Do not ask – Was it in a dream?
I have known your love
It is enough for me.
I have had my fill of life
I am living now a living death
I breathe now hoping for a life to come.

Angelina Pandian

Loneliness

Looking up I see so many stars
Yet, the sky looks palely lit
Setting dust giving a soft light effect
Making the atmosphere feel unreal
Like some bygone fairytale romance
Palm trees looking like tall grass flowers
Creates a calm, a dream even when awake.
Sitting out on such a night as this
How could I, but, not think of you?
The calm chill of the night air
Cooling my limbs, refreshing me,
Kissing me and caressing me
Makes me ache with longing.
The moon hanging low heavy with love
Burns me with her silvery shafts,
The heavy silence which fills me
Reminds me of the calm
When enfolded in your arms,
The long wistful cry of the Koel
Calling out to her mate
Makes me more aware
- Of my loneliness.

Angelina Pandian

Lord Byron

You are alive even now
In the rugged wildness of nature
The Hurricane, Storm and Blasting Ocean.
Your flowing lock as you stand on shore
Is seen in the Ocean's frothing foam.
Your voice in Thunder eyes in Lightning
Your form in tireless wind take form.
In every man rebellious, Nature's might
Your spirit is seen in them all!

Angelina Pandian

Loss Of Our Childhood

The loss of our Childhood joys
Should not be searched for
In his pure and innocent eyes
They are able to look around
And see the joys of life
A Varied national integration
In each Appartment block we find
A banyan tree with nests of flats
All gathered from different shores
A sheltered life we had in nature's lap
True I agree, but, Life still provides
Each generation its own pros and cons
Let us teach our children to respect
Value, protect and nurture Nature
As best as they can - But, remember
My friend, it is a process called evolution
The wheels keep moving slow but steadily
And we can never put a spoke in between

Angelina Pandian

Love – Oasis In The Desert Of Life!

Love me like I am going to die
Hold me like I am slipping away
Kiss me like there'll be no other time
Speak sweet nothings till dawn
Like there'll no more be night
Tell me all your dreams and visions too
Like today is the last day here and now
Hold me by my tresses, tilt my head back
My neck is now open as my heart to you
Drink your fill my darling, drink my soul
Like you found an oasis in me
Amidst the desert of life
Sleep on my lap under the shadow
Of the Date Palm Tree!
Love me like there's no tomorrow
Love me like there's no sorrow
In the nook of my neck!
Murmur, murmur in my ear
All that you feel and fear – Dear,
Love me like I am going to die today!

Angelina Pandian

Love & Those Who Write On Love

Have you not loved?
And have you not longed,
Is it wrong to write on love?
A person well fed thrice
With no worry of tomorrow
Will not think of food
But, the one starved and famished
Standing outside a party hall
With a broken empty alm bowl in hand
Will have nothing else to think of!
Not all who write on love,
Have been favoured by love
If song birds sang
Only for a purpose
We the losers would be
The beauty of a Dolphins leap
The wag of tail of the dog at your feet
Should all be able to evoke
Feelings of joy and sympathy
It is only when you feel love
You can also be sensitive
To the need of those who stand
Helpless around you
Children orphaned because of us
Yes our blind eye towards war
Made him a homeless orphan be
The deranged naked beggar
Who does not care what he chews
We who are a part of society
Did not care to care for him, maybe
I do not know from where they come
The women with babies in their hand
The blind and handicapped men
At each signal as your car stops
Thronging like you were a Messiah
Coming not for healing or relief
But, just for some paltry coin.
The ills of money – Money it causes
Poverty for many when hoarded by a few

It is the root cause of all evil
Men are led to murder, lie and sell
All for the sake of mere money
Which will not accompany you
When here your life is done
And you leave for other shores.
It is only a heart still warm with love
Though hurt still not turned bitter or cold
A heart which yearns for brotherhood,
Tolerance and peace and feels the hurt
And pain of human kind
Which strives by its sad and lonely songs
To remind each man and woman too
To love and live in harmony
It is only love which can lead a lion like a child
So do not chide love nor those
Who write on love requited or not
For it is a happy and loved heart
Which can, out of the overflowing joy
Truly love with a love with no barriers at all
Or ask for any recompense other than
Peace, harmony and joy for all!

Angelina Pandian

Love Is – Immortal!

Love –
It grows but never ages
Though it blooms
It never withers,
By itself most blind
Yet is fed by sight.
Full of jealousy
Never vengeful
Grows by thoughts
Yet, it pines away.
Though most delicate
Nothing sturdier grew,
Called Divine –
It makes people mad.
Love is made immortal
By mortal men and women!
Whatever it is -
We can never do without Love
 - Or it's pain!

Angelina Pandian

Madness...

[Again, a poem inspired by Premji, I should say! By the way, Sorry Doctor, for using your name, but, you happen to be the only one we all know at poemhunter.]

Madness is normal
Go ask Hitesh, if you doubt
He'll make it sound so simple
When he lists out stages of normalcy!
Madness of Lady Macbeth
A madness created by self
A not so strong mind
To accept its own strength of will!
Madness of Prince Hamlet
Again we find a mind so weak
Unable to have faith
Easily swayed by words of men!
Madness we find as seen
Through all pages of history or fun
A mind weak, weaker and weakest
An ego in inverse proportion
Combines to produce madness!
Madness affects those who are
And those who with them live
Madness is made a hideous ghost
Of whom we all live in dread!
But, the best madness of all
Is the one which sits in the heart
Driving the person madder still
Yet, beloved by all are,
Those Poets, who keep speaking
To self and listening to space,
Sure signs of madness
Correct me if I am wrong
I know no one else, Doctor
I come to you again,
Who lives all alone - Like
Water drops on lily pads
Each in his own cocoon
True to his soul, weaves and

Spins colourful gossamer wings
For the grumpy, twisted
Prickly caterpillar souls
Of men and help them fly free
Unburdened and without a care
Transported into the world of Poetry!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...1. Authored By Premji

Premji wrote on 13/07/2009 - write a series of poem on the following subject.....magic of the mind.....i will start with an one liner....

Magic of the mind...

Poetry and life.....

Premji

I do not know how many I may write
I am not so prolific or spontaneous
Like him who commands me to write
With some belief and hope in me
Which I can not let down so here I am
Like a Eaglet tipped off its mothers back
I come swirling down and grasp
In air for words to write
So bear with me friends
If I do not live up to expectations
Still I will attempt my best
I dedicate this series of poems to Premji!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...10. With The Commotion

With the commotion there
And traffic I would call it
The highway.....
Said Samanyan Lakshminarayan!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...11. Wings

Wings

☒ fly

☐ Anywhere!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...12. Storage Space

Storage space

☒ Enormous...

☒ Expandable

☒ Enduring

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...13. Creator...

Creator

Of Heaven

Or Hell!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...14. A Machine

A Machine

With no rest

Night too

It manufactures - Dreams!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...15.40 Gb To 80 Gb

40 GB to 80 GB to 160 GB

Now it is so much more

Still, we keep trying to outreach.

But a Mind's capacity

Still unplumbed!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...16. Mind A Glutton [sIn You Said It]

Thoughts seem to be minds food...
And it can never stop eating.
Says Samanyan Lakshminarayan
Maybe a poets mind - Glutton!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...17. A Rain

A Rain
Of thoughts
To quench
Soul's thirst!
Whose?
Ours or others?

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...18. Ingrains

Ingrains a thought
As seed
Bursts into flower
A Poem!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...19. Ashtray

Mind

Ash Tray of Life

Memory

Ashes of life past!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...ds...

Beholds

Something....

Perceives

Something else.....

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...20. Guru

Guru

When sitting in meditation

Disciple

When sitting in silence

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...21. Prism

Prism -

Breaks a single thought

White Light – Inner Reflection

Into a myriad shades

In between a rainbow's hues

Poetry!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...22. A Jumbled Chest Of Drawers

A jumbled
Chest of drawers
Sometimes I find
Love among strangers....

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...23. A Castle Within...

Mind

▣castle within...

Delusion

▣ the king.....

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...24.4 M's...

Mysterious

Magnificent

Marvelous

Mighty!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...25. In A Nutshell

In a Nutshell

Is a bombshell....☐

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...26.A Sieve

A Sieve

Desire the net

Which sifts.....

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...27.A Mansion

A mansion
Whose many doors
Remain closed
Talents
Inner potentials
Unexplored!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...28.A Flower

A flower that blooms
With wonder and awe
At the first rays
Of Knowledge's dawn!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...es A Bog

Becomes a bog bubbling
With poisonous thoughts
Of envy, jealousy and spite
When in self-imposed exile
It remains idle and alone.....



Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...3. Knowledge....

Knowledge

Is aware....

Still allows

Heart to rule.....

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...30. Ladder

Ladder which leads
Heavenwards or down
Which way we walk
The choice we make!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...4. Pandora's Box...

Pandora's Box...

Mine?

Full of Butterflies...

What does yours contain?

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...5. Sits Inside....

Sits inside a bony cave....
Confined to sight....
Travels free...
To unseen unimagined
'scapes...Land or Dream...

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...6. Captive...

Captive inside a bony cage....
Never seen light of day.....
Percieves.....
Transcends.....
To Light within....Enlightenment!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...7. Perpetuator...

Perpetuator

Of all ills and ails...

Cure too

Found only within...!

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...8. Mind

Mind....

A Magnificent Cathedral...

Angelina Pandian

Magic Of The Mind...9. A Library.....

A Library.....

Well cataloged...

In a Flash

Before you ask

Instant information.....!

Angelina Pandian

Michael Jackson

[Written on the request of my daughter Mirabel a great fan of MJ and dedicated to her and all fans of the great King of Pop!]

Michael died today
At the age of fifty they say
Michael died today
A man mixed in between
Colours black white and gray
Bringing passion and drama
A stealth and a spring
A star who thrilled one and all
So long there're others
Just like me around
The oldies we'll remember
Him and our college days
When he was the dream
So long there are teens around
Who'll tap their feet
To the beat of his songs
Michael Jackson will never die!
What says prejudices?
What says different people?
I don't care –
All stops to a pin dropp silence
All eyes are on him
When his feet touch
The dance floor
It burns bright
With a fire
The whole world
Stands in silence
Till the end
And when the music stops
A standing ovation gives
True tribute to true master
Michael Jackson
The king of Pop!

Angelina Pandian

Mother Earth - [inspired By Planet Earth By Love Doctor Eyan Desir]

She is our Mother
Born in Africa America or Asia
Born out of her dust
We are all Co-Heirs of her gifts
Pure and free she gave to us
And what have we done
Disrespect and Insult to her we heap
By polluting, preying and forgetting
She is our Mother
Cutting her into pieces
We fight over territories and borders
Nations we built on foundations of blood
Fighting over abstract causes
We kill and terrorise men
Exploiting nature we sell her forgetting
She is our Mother
Born out of her dust
In the self same dust
We have to lay down ourselves
Again in her lap to rest!
Can we rest in peace?
Having caused so much discord
On this heaven we call Earth!

Angelina Pandian

Music Within

The bird sings from deep within
Crying out plaintively – Now aloud
Resonating from all sides – I ask,
“Where are you singing from? ”
Now softly, a mere moan
But, continuously singing
The bird pours forth its heart.
A captive soaring with clipped wings
The bird tries to fly – But,
The voice, the lament,
The plea to be set free
The upturned eyes filled with tears
The longing to leave behind the past
And soar across horizons,
All these remain in my heart.
There is an empty space within my heart
Where my soul lives without a mate,
Her wings clipped by duty
Caged by traditions and society,
Her cry is heard in my songs
Her voice looks out of my eye.
The sadness so heavy
The tears so real - Alone
Singing music to the world
Unable to share the sorrows
Bearing its burdensome loneliness
Alone, alone, all alone
The solitary bird sings
From deep within my soul!

Angelina Pandian

My Heart!

You asked – was it a letter or a poem
And I replied, it is my heart!
You read the poem I'd written
I'd thought it would have gone
Straight to the trash yesterday night
And me out of your friends list
But, you'd read the poem
And read my heart laid bare in between
You understood my pain, my joy
You remember all the small things
I told you in bits and pieces
You ask me questions plain
And I give you answers true
You have seen the professional
Efficient, businesslike side before
Now I reveal to you my real
Inner side – soft, sensitive
Trusting and foolish heart!

Angelina Pandian

My Muse, I Salute You

So far, so long I was a lonely goat
Walking up the mountain path
With no shepherd to guard
Or ram to lead I walked
Making my own path
A crowd is there waiting
Wanting my advice
But, for me it is a lonely life
No Muse, I had for me
Other than experiences
Some bitter some sweet
But, all my own – Then
One day I strayed into a meadow
Where the sky is blue
And the grass is green
All because I found others too
Like me searching for an outlet
Come to the cooling stream
Called Desi Directory
There I found many to call a friend.
Among them a guiding star, a sage
Whose very words gave me strength
Whose thoughts provoke, inspire
And leave me speechless, awestruck
And Whom I took courage to call
My Master, Mentor and my Muse!

Angelina Pandian

My Soul You Conquered Death!

Death! The mighty conqueror,
The ultimate equalizer!
What riches did he plunder?
What grasped he within his bony fingers?
The pessimist says, "Death takes all.
Why should you toil and labour in vain?
When you are aware all your efforts are futile
Why should you act? Why create webs
Of relationships and fall a prey
In the snare of your own creation?
Actions and inactions
All to what to end?
Live for yourself for no one else dies for you".
The optimist says, "Death takes all.
Eat, drink, be merry
Never think of others
The world will live on
So, do not worry for others!
Actions and inactions
All to what to end?
Live for yourself for no one else dies for you".
Think, think, weigh well both sides
Ponder and seek out the truth.
Death clutches Life!
Life alone he takes aught else
The rest is all for you to leave behind
Footprints of honesty and integrity,
Your ideals and principles
To look and live up to,
Your courage to hold on to
In times of trials and hardship
Your comfort to cheer when in tears
Fond memories to save within the heart!
Your beloved you leave behind
To love your children
Your children you leave behind
To support and care the broken heart
You left behind so lost so alone!
Your advices, encouragement, well wishes

And your blessings too you leave behind
To all those near to your heart!
All these are gifts you bestowed
None of which Death could stop or win!
It was the body alone – Empty shell,
That you gave to the Grave.
By giving up just your Life – My Soul,
You conquered Death, Eternally!

Angelina Pandian

Never Alone

Life is not, only companionship –
Do not ever feel alone, my Soul,
For you are your own best friend
Ever there to give a helping hand!
Life does need a fellow traveler
To help you through it's rough terrain
But, if ever you find yourself lost
Bewildered, all alone – Remember
You have a map, your Soul within.
The Soul does seek a companion spirit
But, when Fate orders a lonely march
Pull yourself together and take heart
The Soul by itself is unique – Yet,
Contains within it's Self the whole Universe!
When my palm longs to hold another hand
When my head seeks a shoulder to lean upon
When my body aches for a hug, and
My heart yearns to call someone its own!
When my eyes blur with tears and
Self-pity consorts to sit with loneliness
Heavy, to reign in my heart –
"Then I shall fight" with you, my friend
My Soul – the breathe of God
By my side and drive loneliness to exile.

Angelina Pandian

No More Need For Symbols

I used to count the numbers
Look out for lucky ravens
Wait for the first star to make a wish.
I used to hold the benediction within my palm
Like a fluttering bird and cage it in my heart.
I used to justify to myself –
God is revealing what is in store ahead of me
Through these His agents,
I never used to call myself superstitious
I used to see God's hand in each of these
I truly believed in God!
But, now my outlook has changed
The word of God has pointed out my vanity
Salvation lies not in symbols
But flows from the foot of the cross
I now sing a different tune.
Little Star, I may not send my wishes
Through you any more, I think,
I only raise words of praise, which you may
Present to Him our Maker and King
With an added sparkle to your light.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Little Star,
For his mercies and his glory
Join my soul in sweet refrain and
Praise Him! Praise Him!
For blessings each more bounteous
Than the one before upon us bestowed
For grace and love, his care and
Protection from all harm,
For all these and those I might've forgotten too
I praise and thank his Holy Name!
Each hour, each minute I remember and praise
The might of his daily guiding power.
Each step, each day
He guided us through and still
Holds our hand till times very end
And for all this I praise Him all the more!

No Time Is High Time

In the search for God
No time is high time
God should be a part
Of each and everything you do
He should be thought of
Through out our lifelong day
Than just seek for Him
Like a star to guide us
At the eventide of life
God should be a part
Of our daily life and not
Just take Him down
On occasions scrub, polish
Garland Him and offer incense
Making Him a guest
Among our festivities
Happy or sad think of Him
Anger or hurt think of Him
Alone and always think of Him
For He ceaselessly thinks of you
Just talk to Him like a child
How? When? And Why?
All your doubts clarify
For He is your God
Who waits for you
With a open palm
Reach for and hold on to Him
No time is high time
Any time is always right for Him!

Angelina Pandian

Nothing More To Give

I have sold my dreams
To live this life with you
I have lost my Soul
Within the fold of your arms
I have poured out my heart
Over your feet and given you
The place of honour in my life,
All that I have – My
Efforts, thoughts or time
Nothing is mine all yours I live
Not even the breathe I take in is mine
I live on the air you breathe
Nothing more to give I have
For all that is mine is already yours!

Angelina Pandian

Oh! Poet[on Premji's One Word/ One Liner Poems]

[On reading his 'Residue of Life']
You never stop amazing me
Miser! What else to call you!
Your title is longer
Than the body of poem
The pause gaps not included,
Tell me where you learnt
How to sift among words
Let all chaff fly to air
Just keep a handful of words
You scatter about from heart
Like seeds to pigeons bred
Which gather about to feed
From your hand at break of dawn!

Angelina Pandian

Oh! Poet....

[A tribute to all my poet friends before whose thoughts and poems I stand in awe and wonderstruck say Wha! Wha! ! Thanks for welcoming me into your gardens and showing me a display of such beauty of poetic delight. Keep writing and having me as your guest.]

Reading your poems
I say, Wha! Wha! !
With wide open eyes
I drink their nectar all
Fill the basket of my heart
With their fragrant thoughts.
Poet come, please teach me
What you sing, I sit below
'Neath the shade of the Banyan tree
Poet come, please I wait for thee!
Poet come, please teach me
What you sing, I sit beside
The cool and flowing stream
Poet come, please I wait for thee!
Poet come, please teach me
What you sing, I sit below
The iron bars of your inner
Courtyard open to sky
Poet come, please I wait for thee!
Poet come, please teach me
What you sing, I sit upon
A branch swinging to your flute
Poet come, please I wait for thee!
Poet come, please teach me
What you sing, I sit amidst
The Jasmine flowers in the garden
Poet come, please I wait for thee!
Poet come, please teach me
What you sing, I sit alone
Waiting by your garden gate
Poet come, please I wait for thee!

Angelina Pandian

Oh! Shadow Of Arjuna

Thunderbolt of Thor!
You appeared as a flash
Of Lightening and was gone
Just in the blink of an eye
Now I search for you
Among the charred remains
Of my splintered heart!

Angelina Pandian

On Hope Of Another Day - Inspired By Jay P Narain

[On Reading - A few moments together by Jay P Narain]

Love is eternal
It never dies!
It is 'cos of the mists
The moon seems hazy
Tonight is the same
Yesterday & 'morrow
Nothing will ever change
The love I have for you!
Truly spoken, my Muse
'It is only for a few moments
Together', each of us here
Beg, plead, pray, love
and live on hope
- Of another day!

Angelina Pandian

On Reading - The Ultimate Story By Naseer Ahmed Nasir

Sitting among the ruins of life
I sift my fingers in the sand
Gossamer cobwebs hang
Sparkling in the sun
The shadows seem long
The corners look so dark
Silence hangs heavy
Like velvet curtains of yore
A cat crosses me and
I remember the one on your lap
The rose bush it still blooms
Watered with my daily tears
No care it seems to have
Words are futile and empty
I don't need words to speak
You just read my mind
Sitting in my heart you sing
And I silently listen - While
Those around call me Mad!

Angelina Pandian

On Reading - Upon This Grave By Ravi Panamanna

Oh! Burn me in a pyre
Let me be purified
And burnished
Let my ashes
Fly with the Wind
Dissolve in Water
And smolder still in Fire
Let me become once more
One with the elements
From which I came
And shall again rise and
Spread wing like a Phoenix!

Angelina Pandian

On Reading - * Eat My Words * Poemhunter By Jon London

You had me eating out of your hand Jon
Reading your poem it was so powerful
Words full of passion and real pain
I know SLN told me too when we met
The strange blank page which greeted him
We discussed this aspect too as we spoke
He said how he succumbed to the bar game
For some time and then how he outgrew it too
An unbending attitude and self realisation
Of our own worth and smiling at childish play.
How does this happen, is it the site to blame?
Or someone who has prepared a programme
Maybe with access to many identities
Like some hacker with a database of IP address'
Who knows what happens behind the screen
Still, a true poet's worth is known and remains
One who never can be replaced by mere statistics
It wouldn't be fair to grade just by counting clicks
It should be by counting the hearts which ticked
Each poem is a child our heart our soul
Some are so good and others so so
But, I think it is just a rating flaw at the site
Each poet holds within his heart a pedestal
On which he holds his muse his own poet
So high from where there is no decline
For me, I have not just a pedestal
But, a pavillion I have built in my heart
No single one for me I want all my friends
First J P Narain my muse who guided me to PH
And then all the rest here whom I've met before
And meet some poet prophet each night anew
Naseer, Yoonoous, Joe Poewhit, Ashraful
Premji, Jon London you too with them stand
Turn to see others too Mamtaji, Indira, Sandra Martyres
SamanyanLakshmiNarayanan, Keshav Easwaran
Richard Jarboe, George Hunter my favourite too
Dr. Hitesh, Dr. Saadat, Has Mukh, Surya, Dr. Ram Sharma

Bob Blackwell, Francis Duggan, La Go La Go
Sulaiman aka Brret, Wojja Fink, Hebert Logerie Sr.
Sameer, Md Shanazar, Noorudeen, I can not forget
My little friends Robert del Real, Aishwarya,
Risha and Anusha too and many more
All I would crown with undying laurels
Daily read their poetry each one each day
And go to sleep with their voice as lullaby!
[I am sorry if I have missed any of your names, dear friends – But, I'll never
miss any of your poetry and hope to keep reading them till I have a mind or die!
]

Angelina Pandian

On Reading A Sun's Plea By Samanyan Lakshminarayanan & Premji's Comment

Giver of life
Yet cursed
On Dog Days
Scorching Sun
We easily say,
Can we do without it,
Even for a day?
Looked up to
Maybe
Only on Pongal day!
Premji is right
Sunrise & Sunsets
Daily paintings
By it's creator God
In tribute to Sun!

Angelina Pandian

On Reading Hasmukh Amathalal's – Dead Night's

Dear Sir, I prefer much to differ
'Even flowers feel shame and not boom,
All wrong doings done at night, '
Haven't you seen all the flowers
That bloom at night are purest white
Starting from everyone's favourite Jasmines!
Dead Nights - No, Sir, you and I are here
Because of our parents love at night!
To share the burdens of the whole day
Forget one's troubles and sleep
To dream and hope for future bright
Nights are the sweetest time given
By God to men, I hope and revere
The night and the life that flows from it.
Sir, no offence to your poem or thoughts
You wrote it out of your thoughts
Five fingers differ in one palm
So, here's what stuck me on first thought!
[Thanks for inspiring my thoughts]

Angelina Pandian

On Reading Premji's - # Che...

Che,
Would've said -
'Let them, man!
Don't worry
Out of hundred
Who wear - One!
One! might ask,
Who is Che?
He will be a seed and
He will lead like me! '
It's Sad
Our children have to learn
Of Bose, Patel, Gandhi
And Jesus, Buddha too
Only from commercials
Movies and advertisements!

[I started writing this as a comment, then came to my page]

Angelina Pandian

On Thought – Child Of The Mind [alternate Title - Thoughts On Thought!]

A thought germinates
It takes root, then
Branches out.

* * * * *

Once a thought fixes
Its root in the mind
Its branches fill the sky.

* * * * *

A thought is just a seed,
It is a fertile mind
Which bears fruit!

* * * * *

A seed on its own
Bears no fruit
It needs a fertile soil
Sun and rain to make it grow.
Likewise, a thought
Requires hard work
And a creative mind
To become alive!

* * * * *

Even if you have a thought
But, do not have the heart
Mind or time to perform
It will shrivel and waste away
Like an unborn seed.

* * * * *

It fell in and covered itself
Lost to sight it was forgotten

The winds came and blew on
The rains came and flowed down.
There was no three-day miracle
Nothing happened to make me stop
But, one day a bright little flower
Had pushed its head out to see the Sun
Greet the world and say "Good morning".
Same, as the thought that had taken root
Grown even without my knowledge and
In its own time blossomed into a beautiful Idea!

* * * * *

Like a premature babe
It was such a puny thought
With no hope to see the light of day
But, with careful nurturing
It has grown up robust
Into such a great idea!

☐ * * * *

Thoughts and words I wax eloquent
But, when I want to put down my feelings
My pen dries up and I flounder and sink!

* * * * *

Angelina Pandian

One Day At School

One day at school a sum I did went wrong
I sat and cried – I didn't want to score out the page
A mistake to be reminded of again and again
I thought I shall rather let the whole book go waste!
The mistake weighed more upon me
Than the balance unwritten sheets.
I thought I shall buy myself
Another note and start all anew –
I did not know what else to do!
My Master came by, asked me
"Child, why do you cry? " and
My childish woe I poured out.
Sitting beside me he then said,
"Won't you have to redo all pages
You had written before all over again?
Can't you, better still accept the mistake
Learn from it, correct and better yourself? "
Same as our lives, I thought,
We cannot waste our unspent years
Nor change our lives just as we please.
God gives us problems, not to defeat us,
But, through such experience gives us strength
To learn to overcome them and live!

Angelina Pandian

Pain

Pain is an intoxicant,
It blots the Past –
It is the Present alone which you feel,
Pain never lets you think –
Of what the relief might lead you into!
It is just the relief that matters
Relief from pain – Absence of pain
Sometimes, resembles peace.
Pain is welcome to some!
It helps people to concentrate,
Self-torture by Saints and Sages – A path
Chosen to attain freedom from the body!
Pain acts as a safety release –
You feel pain intensely then you feel no more,
It reaches a zenith immediately
Plunges again into the deepest nadir
Where everything is made oblivious and
You float free among stars in space!
It is always pain and blackout,
Pain and unconsciousness
Pain is ever associated with
Feeling no more!
Pain helps you forget, it blunts your senses
Fills the eye with tears and heart with hopelessness!
Pain is indeed an – Intoxicant!

Angelina Pandian

Panchabhoota (Five Elements) [premji]

Dream starts...

Troubled sea....night
Twister arises with intense power...
We are struggling in the mid-seas...
In a ship without anchor...
Soon deep buried in a whirlpool.....

Dream continues....

Naked like careless children,
We walk through hoarfrost....
Trapped in an avalanche...
We dissolve...

Dream continues....

We look into the fuming mouth of
A huge volcano...
Like moths, we vanish....
We burn.....we diffuse....

Dream continues....

We travel like two ants...
Flying up on a huge kite,
Without any control.....
We sit in the vortex of a twister.....
The earth is vanished from vision....

Tell me,
Who are you?
Fire? Air? or Water?

The sand underneath your footstep....

Dream finishes.....

[Should've known by now it's Premji's & not mine]

Angelina Pandian

Partha!

Partha has no Prithim
He is his own master
No one else to excel him
Partha is power he has
Knowledge on his side
Partha is focus he has
Raw energy a fire inside him
Uncompromising he stands
Fearless of any foe
Partha has no Prithim
That's why he was chosen
To see Krishna in an all
Magnificent transfiguration
Partha has no Prithim
Unique, rare and daring too
No like him was seen before
Nor will one ever come
That's why he rules
Wherever he goes!

Angelina Pandian

Peace

Is peace in the pigeons which fly above our heads
On Independence or Republic day?
Or, can it be found in memorial speeches
Does Gandhi's day or Children's day give us peace
Or have they become mere commemorations
With no relevance or feeling!
Is peace to be found on pavements
Or do they sell it in the supermarkets?
Is peace found in money, a secure life?
Is it found in friendship – how many true?
Is peace something you search for in pieces and parcel
Just enough for your present daily need
Or, is Peace a part and parcel of your whole life?
Does peace come with pleasant news,
What about the wars around – communal strife
Violence, poverty, illness and war?
Do they disturb you or do you live peacefully
Unaffected as long as nothing disturbs you.
Do you sow seeds of jealousy and wrath
On the path you walk along
Or do you plant seeds of tolerance and peace
Watered by your loving care and concern,
If you truly want peace, you will search,
Not look somewhere outside, but,
Deep within yourself, if you seek in silence
You will find Peace, waiting with
Forgiveness, acceptance, sharing and
Other virtues true in retinue
Do you want Peace? Then, ask yourself,
For, no one else can give you peace
Other than your own Self!

Angelina Pandian

Poetry - A Message And Reply, 'Tween Two Poets...

'Scatched on air,
Scribbled on water....
Trap me in
The prison of words...
And call me "Poem".....
I am that.....
Poetry.....' you say.

'Spirit of the forest,
The wind and water,
Will I not be entrapped
When setting
A trap for you? ' I ask.

What words can imprison you?
Words of fire...
Words of power...
What words can hold you?
Are any strong enough?

You look at me with eyes
Of a million stars....
You burn my soul, with
A single ray of the sun
Mighty you stand alone
Yet, I find you in all....

From the primal beat of drums
Through songs sung in ancient days
Handed down by word of mouth
Your flame is burning still
Your Spirit has seen all
And surviving all stands
Still in sway, an evergreen queen....

What words can imprison you?
What words can hold you?
Oh! Ancient of Times, Muse of rhymes
Mother of all songs, sighs and poems!

Unless I sit alone and burn my Self
Long for you as Radha for Krishn
An eternal yearning, unquenched
Perform the Penance...
Of a thousand sighs!
Set a trap and a prison make
With words of Love....
How else will you come?
Make a nest in my heart
And sing a zillion songs
Of rapture from my soul!

Message and reply, between two poets...Full Version of.....
Premji and Angelina.....

Angelina Pandian

Poets... - A Dialogue 'Tween...

[Another poem inspired by Premji]

Premji, says...

We are prisoners,

In the prison of poetry

And love.....

I reply,

I am a prisoner be

Of Love and Poetry

I want to be sentenced for Life

And promise not to ask

Even for a day's Parole!

Angelina Pandian

Prayer For Peace

Lord, I pray for nothing else
Just "Peace" Lord!
Peace with a dash of happiness
But, only if you please. □
Otherwise, Lord I will satisfy
Myself with just peace.
I have no other wish, Lord
Other than your own abundant, enduring peace,
The peace that passeth all understanding.
Yes Lord! You knew full well
Where there is understanding
There would be peace.
So, I ask just for your peace
For peace brings with its flow
Contentment, forgiveness
Graciousness, love and happiness.
Once you anoint me with your peace
All else will follow – So
I will only pray that your peace will stay
With me today – each day!

Angelina Pandian

Prem Leela

[Inspired on reading
Premji's – Love is the Sweet Uneasiness]

Krishna, Krishna, Leela Vinoda
Maya Kanna, Gopiyon ka Gopala
Anantha, Madhava, Madhusudana
Radha unki Kishan tho Aapi!
Krishna, is always surrounded
By a thousand Gopikas
Who all flee home, like birds to nest
With the fall of night!
Krishna, always has by Him
Rukmini at His side
Whose eyes, also droop to close
Like a lotus flower at night!
Krishna, will He yearn for
Radha, as she does for Him
Sleepless
Waiting
By the wayside
Just for a glimpse of Him!
Krishna, Krishna, Leela Vinoda
Oh! Krishna, will He ever yearn for Radha!

Angelina Pandian

Pseudo Comfort

My soul cries out to you
My life, my love, I'm all alone
Bewildered, I call, I search
The sky spread before me,
The voice I send echoes and re-echoes.
Why have you vanished, my dear?
Why are you silent, my love?
Like the moon behind a cloud
You are hidden from my view.
I'm frightened, forlorn
Come, come put your arms around me
Reassure and wipe away my tears
Come, make me happy once again.
I look and still see
The same stars, moon and sky
But, they give no pleasure anymore
Except, some pseudo comfort
That somewhere else
You too might be seeing the same
Stars, moon and sky – and
Would be remembering me!

Angelina Pandian

Punished

I've been an admonished child today
Reminded of my place in life,
You did not sit by me
Or do anything to give me hope
You did not joke or talk to me
You did not do all that you did
These past days, which led me
On a rosy path – Were all those
Only sweet nothings none serious
Spoke only in jest, fool I was
To believe still happiness
Will befall on me – Even
If only like passing rain
On my parched life.

Angelina Pandian

Rain Trees [gulmohars/ Flame Of The Forest]

The Rain Trees are in full bloom
On either side of the road forming a canopy
Bright flames of passion bursting forth
In colours bright and deep orange to red
From somber greens and severe browns
Their brilliance catching the eye
Fills my heart with glee.
Memories of school days flood my mind
When stamens were swords and
Desktops duel grounds,
Leaning out of windows, gathering
Fresh swords, as soon as others were broken
Leaning out of windows, gathering
The White petal, one among the five
Rare like a white tiger treasured
Like a peacocks tail feather,
I remember – I remember, Rain trees
Which followed me, to college
Rain Trees on whose exposed roots
I've rested my head as on the lap of a friend,
Cool under its sheltering boughs
Wafted in its gentle breeze
Looking through the leaves
At a lacy blue afternoon sky
Dreaming endless dreams, of youth and joy!
I remember the Rain Tree under which I stood
As it drizzled one raining twilight eventide
The Sunsets rays filtering through leaf-ends
Which had caught, sparkling diamonds
All just for me – The sadness and the joy
That filled my heart that moment
As heavy as the Rain tree, heavy
Heavy, with raindrops that night!
The Rain Tree I look on now, grows
Fonder still, for it brings to mind
All happiness Rain Trees have showered me with
Till now and hope of other Rain Trees to bloom!

Reality Vs Imagination

The thirsting Soul inside each man
Is unique in its mould craving
For its own imagined goals
Unfettered by barriers it is allowed
To build its own Kingdom fair
With its rules as just as it thinks
Sometimes a clouded mind
May include a moat, a fort
And prejudices few thrown in
Whatever is imagined it is so
Within each ones mind
The idealistic imagined world
Is alone, Isolated, undisturbed
Remaining free and unconquered
Each Soul remains an uncrowned king.
But, from childhood we find
We are unable to establish
Our rules in reality – Father
He refuses and disapproves
Mother raises her objections
Teachers want us to keep quiet
Not just our enemies we find
Even our friends want their way
Each step in life is caught between
Obstacles and opportunities
Situations beyond our control
Clash of each ones inner rules
Leads to chaos in reality!
Some Souls want to rule the roost
Some just want some peace
All opt for some easy compromise
All other than the lonely poetic Soul
Silent observer sensitive to all
Be it people, nature, experiences
Both physical, mental or sublime
Unable to compromise he remains
Athirst in the desert waiting
For the early morning dew
To quench his thirst upon

He remains true to the dream
Which he holds in his heart
Sitting by the busy street of life
He cries out his wares – Free!
Free! ! Wisdom and Truth for all!
He cries to an unheeding crowd.

Angelina Pandian

Reflections - Under The Cross

What is this Cross? – That we surround ourselves with,
From Birth – baptized with the Cross crowning us
Through Life – when fear or sickness assaults us
We draw its protective sign (arms) around to guard us
While in Life's journey it goes before and guides us
With each new venture – be it a solemn marriage
Or uncertain steps through the worlds many mazes,
The Cross is always there to bless us and
When in eternal sleep our eyes we close, we commit
Our Soul to God and seal it with its sign.
We are born under its shadow and however far
We might wander, weary or worn, we always return
To its enfolding arms to find our peace and rest.
Yet, do we realize its significance while we live?
Is the Cross just a symbol or is it our way of life?
Of what use, is all this talk of carrying the Cross
If we bear its burden only for worldly rewards –
Some paltry name, fame or some fringe benefits?
What is a Cross without Christ?
It would have remained a symbol of punishment

A piece of wood, an instrument of law,
The face of Death seen by a murderer, a thief
Or a rebel against society – political or religious.
Are we also not one of these?
Do we not murder men –
 When we break their hopes
 When we stab in the back
With malicious gossip out of pitiful envy!
Do we not thief –
 When we desire what is not ours
 When we waste somebody's time
Their life!
Are we not rebels too –
 All of us at heart sometimes, somewhere
 Whether it is against ideas
Norms or even people!
This Tree of Justice, this Cross –
If judged, we would have been condemned to
Found guilty and sentenced to hang upon till death.
But, with Christ, this same piece of wood, this Cross
Is transformed into an instrument of Love Divine,

The Hope of Life Eternal it offers

To all sinners repentant. This piece of wood,

This Cross, which we all love and cling to

Which shows the way to Freedom and Life – All because,

This piece of wood, this Cross was the portal through which

Christ stepped into the jaws of Death and victorious

Brought forth Eternal Life for us.

Oh! Cross of Shame! Cross of Agony and pain!

To me, thou art the Tree of Hope and Life!

Angelina Pandian

Renunciation – No, We've Been Asked To Love!

[inspired on reading "Mother Marrie" by Surya Surya]

We all meet the Divine in our daily life
But, fail to recognize the divine calling
We run hither and thither in search
Of the peace which we failed to receive
When it was offered free to us!
Renunciation is not for all - We are
Asked to follow the higher command
To love thy neighbour as thyself,
Even while leading a worldly life.
Would we belittle ourselves, hurt, harm
Or injure self, would we envy, backbite
Slander or heap curses on self - Think
Think well and ponder, sit in silence
And hear God speak to you - Love!
Love is a very big and huge word
Made up of letters just four - It is
All encompassing, all embracing
Tolerant, forgiving and forgetting,
Love is all about loving God
Who dwells among us as Man!

Angelina Pandian

Satan - [inspired By "look Out, My Children" By Love Doctor Eyan Desir]

Satan doesn't wait for you till Sunday
To come and hear him preach
He lies waiting by your doorstep
And walks the street with you
Showing all his wares well displayed
He is a smooth talker and does not
Bore you to death on a Sunday morning
When you'd rather be stoned out
For the weekend with his (Satan's) friends
Thick as thieves as dearest company.
He is a bosom friend he tells you
Make hay while the sun shines
Charity begins and ends at home
Think of your self he teaches selfishness
Selfishness which causes bitterness
Hatred, envy, covetousness and heartlessness
Selfishness – Mother of all Sins
Cause of greed and desire it seems
Just a small insignificant innocent sin
But, tap root of all evil in men!
Satan! Satan! He is no man behind a mask
He is hiding in each man you meet
He is lurking behind easy situations
Waiting to make you sin
He shows you the shortcut to Hell!
Look out, my children, warns my friend
Love doctor Eyan Desir and I join him
To say, look out, look out everyone
He lies waiting by your doorstep
Ready to walk with you!

Angelina Pandian

Set Free

I've been chasing you in my mind
Like a butterfly beyond my reach
Despite all arguments and advice of friends
To convince me, the sheer impossibility
Of my Rainbow tinted daydream.
Today, today after all these days
I see a dream, a vision clear
You talk to me and I understand.
I had to know your mind
And now I am comforted
My mind is rested
My heart at peace,
I've let you go
I've set myself free.
Within my mind – You
Struggled hard to fly away
And I – To keep you in!
You touched my mind, my inner mind
Made me see, but, I know not how
And releasing you I find, myself
Richer all the more than when I believed
I had you in my hand.
I've let you go, let you go peacefully
Thereby I've gained my peace
I only hope, now that you are free
I find happiness seeing you free.
I've let you go let you go fearlessly
Thereby I've gained the courage
Courage and confidence I'd seemed to have lost.
I am happy for the dream, the vision
The vision of you and me set free.!

Angelina Pandian

Shadows At Play

Fear is one big cloud
Self-pity another
I pull on my life
Playing hop scotch
Between the shadows
Flirting between circumstances
Some unavoidable ones
Some fruit of my own mistakes
I survive all with your smile
Pouring out from behind
All the dark clouds of gloom
I know they will float away.
When you are silent
It is a dark moonless night
And I walk alone in the shadow
Of the valley of death!

Angelina Pandian

Sins Heinous

I had posted a poem with a very personal event touching upon my thoughts explained below. I have now removed the words of the poem on request, but, I want to convey the message.

Please, think much, before holding back your smile, hug, love, trust, word of comfort, support, care or anything from any person, he or she may be in such dire need and may even be on the brink of death, our harsh word, thoughtless action or careless deed may become a reason for their wrong decisions in life - be it a rebellious act, a criminal act, taking to addictions or even ending life! So, beware of words said and unsaid, too!

[our inactions, the support, care & love which we fail to give, the smile, the trust which we fail to share leads to the destruction, devastation or sometimes even to the extreme of death of some lives – some we may know and realize our fault and many unknown, obscure merge with the darkness in our mind, we forget and we live. Let us try to do our little bit in making someone's life happy, purposeful and alive!]

Angelina Pandian

Some Wanted...

Some wanted my polished talks
With which others to charm
Some wanted just my money,
My material wealth and worth
Some wanted my name
With which to influence
For their personal benefit.
Some wanted my contacts
Some wanted my company for fun,
'Easy come easy go – No hassles
With Angel you know'
Some wanted my ideas,
My energy, my support
Some wanted me just there
To use as a front.
So, I gave to each one as they asked
But, nobody wanted 'Me', my soul, my all
Till, you came and took my heart away
My Soul, I gave to no one till today.

Angelina Pandian

Spring Time

It is Spring in my heart
All numbness has thawed
My problems, which loomed before
Like walls of Glacier and pillars of Ice,
Have started to melt down before God's grace!
It is Spring in my life
All buds are flowering
The sky has become clear
The tempest has blown over,
The floods have receded
I am standing under the Rainbow
Having made peace with my God!
It is Spring all around me
I am thankful to be alive,
God has walked through the dark winter nights
Holding me, guiding me, helping me to this day
- That I dedicate all Springs of my life to Him! ☐

Angelina Pandian

Starting To Think...

We start thinking more
When we have no listeners
We start thinking more
When feelings run dry
We start thinking more
When we are smitten down
We start thinking more
When, sorrow knocks our door.
We start thinking more
When, we see through blurring eyes,
We start thinking more
When we are alone with God
We start thinking more
When we can do nothing more
We start thinking more
When all our time is spent
And time runs timeless into eternity.

Angelina Pandian

Still I Write... [premji]

Now a day's -

People don't read me...

[He complains...]

May be my words and style

Are obsolete....

[He tries to analyse]

"A camel doesn't know

That the taste of cactus

Which he eats, is....

The taste of his own blood.... "

Eating continues...

[Yes, Premji writes...!]

[*] - my contribution & addition to what Premji, wrote!

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain –he Works Abroad

True husbandman the Rain
It travels far and long
To gather wares most needed
For livelihood it brings
Precious minerals and salts
Gathered with care to replenish
The fertility of the land
He comes home heavy with care
Camel clouds carrying raindrops
One by one each cloud he unloads
And showers with love on her
Sparkling diamonds and pearls
Kissing, sinking and soaking
He refreshes her tired soul
Satiates her thirst for more
Cleansing her home he helps
Her spring clean the dead
And decayed leaves and fronds
He pulls them down and sweeps away
He dusts the tree tops and makes
All squeaky clean the dust settles
He makes her ready once again
To meet spring with sprightly steps
He makes her ready to become fruitful
And leaves again to foreign shores
Till the monsoon holidays beckon him
Once again back here to his home!

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain – The Rain Has Left Me...

Where have you gone
My love! My Rain!
Oh! Rain clouds
Where have you borne
My lover away?
We were together
Just now it seems
But, now I search
I grope around
No sight of him remains
The sun has come out now
To drink what was left behind
After earth had drunk her fill
It is so hot once again
And I am famished
My thirst unslaked
Bereft of my brief joy
He has left me abandoned
For other pleasures
Maybe he now dances
With the flowers and leaves
Watching the peacocks
Hearing the Koel sing
Pouring on hilltops
Flowing free downhill
As a milky waterfall
Chasing butterflies
With the spray
Kissing flowers
With tiny drops of rain
Maybe he forgot me!
Tell me friends
Will he come back
Twirl me and take me
In his arms again
Tell him friends
I wait for him
To come back and
Quench my thirst soon!

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain – I Danced...

An hour or more
Easily it could be
Since we started dancing
Together – The Rain and Me
To the music of the wind
Among the Casurina trees
It started with a waltz
A drizzle it was so gentle
With my head on its shoulder
I thought I was in heaven
It then rained silken yarn
Of silver made like a hand
It caressed my back
It touched my face
Fingers through my hair
I had to give in
Tilt my face and look up
For the inevitable kiss
I drank the raindrops
But it drank my soul
A thousand kisses
It gifted my throat
What rapture the wind
It started a tango
And whistled and blew
Between the bamboos
A thousand flutes
Came alive at once
And I danced in abandon
Like a peacock in the rain!

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain - Infidel Lover

A whim a fancy
The rain a lady
Capricious her moods
She thinks she will
A dropp it falls
A kiss on my skin
I then think
How wonderful
It would be to be
Drenched in hers arms
To sing to dance
Then I find to utter dismay
She takes flight fancy free
Like a infidel lover
She spurs me and walks away!

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain – It Is Drab And Dull

It is drab and dull
All around and about lies
A layer of dust that veils
The beauty of flowers
The freshness of leaves
The bees feel so dull
It is hot the sun
The butterflies too
Take rest beneath the leaf
It is drab and dull
The summer's heat prolong
For gentle showers we long
The peacock looks up in vain
Searching for pitch dark clouds
The frogs they croak
For water to fill their pond
The grass is dry its luster lost
The meadows all lie forlorn
No gay flowers bedeck them
When will the monsoon come
Tell me friend, how soon
If I should keep away my books
Run to the brook and wait
It would take seconds two
If I should wait for blossoms
Of the Rain Tree
Flames of the forest's heart
I would count the days till then
But, friend the wind it blows
It raises a furor, havoc
Still it is only noise
And not a dropp from the sky
In pity falls on my soul!

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain – Rain & Wind

A big plop on my cheek
A wet kiss
As I looked up to see
Whether it was going
To or not rain
As if knowing your mind
The breeze around
Gave me a chill hug
With me pulling in
My clothes flying free
All in disarray
What plot you two
Are upto now together
I wondered gathering speed
I walked fast towards
Shelter and rescue
The wind it howled at me
For trying to escape
And the rain came
A thousand drops at once
Touching and pinching my face
Nails of water raked my skin
The breeze didn't soothe
It was a torrentious wind
Swirling in frenzy around me
Full of dust and grime
It seemed as if it pawed me
My feet they entwined
The wet skirt hindered me too
Still I ran quick and fast
Small steps I took splashing
With the mud splattering about
A distant light, a crowd
I saw, huddled together
Under a skimp shelter
Some came to my help
With open umbrellas too
To help me reach the shelter
It was not much and seemed

The whirling wind
The force of rain - Both
Were bent to bring it down
And make me helpless once again
Soaked to the bone shivering
With the chill and cold wind
The gentle drizzles of the past
And the cool brush of breeze
Were forgotten and both seemed
Like foes fighting against themselves
To show their supremacy to me
At end spent both died down
The rain it said sorry
With drizzling tears
Kissing my cheeks
The breeze too became gentle
Caressing me in its sweep
It stroked away my pain
Both friends made amends
And I was cooled to my soul!

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain - Rains

[This is also a first of a series of poems. When today [17/07/09] I sent a poem to Premji and he asked - strange moods of rain.....how about this topic? prem.....]

Rains

Life is dry

Chennai's dry

Throat is dry

Eyes they burn

No rain, no rain

Again it fails

The soul is tired

I wait for Showers

Drizzles....

To bring flowers

And cooling breeze

To refresh the soul

On my lonely way

I wait for storms

To blow my gloom away

Wet and cold

To the bone

I want to be

Drenched in love

And take a plunge

Into the depths of poetry!

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain – The Earth Calls

The earth looks longingly
With parched lips
Dry and dusty
The heat inside
Magma boiling
Within without
The many follies of men
She longs for true love
Having been exploited long
Her children trees
Felled by men for greed
She looks up to her love
Questioning the clouds
Sailing in silence
'Have you forsaken me?
My dear, my own, my rain?
Take pity on me, she pleads
Come take me in the arms
Of your gentle drizzle
Fill me with your storm
I wait for you endlessly
She calls plaintively.'

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain - The Rain Asked

The rain looked down
From her throne
On stately clouds,
'No trees to dance
With the breeze
In glee when I come
Where have they gone?
To dance on leaves
And kiss the flowers
I liked the lively walk
Down to their root
Back through the leaves
To join and be reborn.
It was all a joy – Now,
Where have they gone?
The barren land
An orphan mother
With no trees
Makes me cry
The high raise buildings
The chimneys of industries
Standing tall and eager
To make me poisonous
In my fall
I will bring down
Chemicals and smoke
As smog to soil the land
Should I fall?
Among these lands
Which have no trees? '
The rain asked
Looking down on earth!

Angelina Pandian

Strange Moods Of Rain – The Rain It Came

A dropp at first
Just a test check
Then another came down
To give it company
Lightly then it touched
My cheek like a spray
From falling waterfall
A light brush with
A peacock's feather
The touch was cool
Mingled with the breeze
And the distant scent
Of land kissed by rain
A kiss at first so light
Then it trickled down
It came as drops of pearls
Shattering into thousand
Diamonds on touching earth
It soaks it to the full
The earth its heat subdued
And thirst slaked revels
Wearing the rain water
On it as a silver sheen
The rain it falls through
The leaves, the fronds
It falls on river, pond
On lotus leaves and all
It comes tumbling down
Like sheets of liquid wall
A descent of opaque
I can't see beyond my hand
The rain it came dressed
In crystals and pearls
And dazzling swaroski too
To the sound of drums
And flashing serial lights
To dances with me in its clasp!

Strange Moods Of Rain - Veto

The clouds were
In a conference
All standing together
Thick in debate
Whether to send her
The queen of sky
To earth or not
Sentinel clouds
Big and black
Were all in waiting
Ready to accompany
The queen of sky
The wind swept
The dusty roads
To receive in grace
The queen of sky
Blessed rain!
Out come of the debate
We do not know?
Who vetoed
Against the dry
And parched land.
They all blew away
And with them the Rain!

Angelina Pandian

Suprabatham

Narayana, Narayana, Narayana
Please wake up for me Narayana
The Lotus buds are waiting
To see your face and bloom Narayana
The Birds have left their nests
To herald in the morning Narayana
Narayana, Narayana, wake up Oh! Narayana
See the Saints and Sages waiting
At the entrance of Vaikund your Holy abode
For a glimpse of your face, your Darshan Narayana.
The women bring in the Flowers for offering
And the Thulsi plucked with fingers two
The men wait in their wet clothes
Wake up Oh! Narayana
The world waits for you to rise up
Narayana Oh! See your loving consort
Goddess of wealth and riches Sree Lakshmi
Waiting by your foot-side Lord Narayana
Yesterday night you went to sleep
Hearing the sweet lullaby of Yasodara
It is now morning and Andal waits
To garland you with flowers of love
The air is filled with sweet music
Wafting from the Tambore of Meera
Annamaya, Thulasidas, Vittal,
Purandaradasa, Ramanjunar
All join the two and ten Always
To sing perpetual praises to your name
Do you not hear it Narayana
Or do you pretend still to be asleep
That you can hear us chant
Your thousand and one names Narayana
"Rama, Krishana, Govinda
Nanda, Gopala, Shyama
Vamana, Lakshmi Narasimha,
Madhava, Murari, Mohana
Panduranga, Pandarinatha,
Sri Ranganatha, Srinivasa
Mukundha, Muralidhara,

Padmanabha, Sree Venkatesa
Sathya Narayana....”
Narayana, Narayana, Narayana
It would become nightfall Narayana
Before I complete chanting all your names
Or speak of all your goodness Narayana
I woke up early at dawn Narayana
Dipped myself in your lotus pond
And came bedecked like a bride Narayana
My mother will search for me
If I didn't carry the pot of water home
Take pity, take pity on us Narayana
How long will you close your eyes Narayana?
Narayana, Narayana, Narayana
Humbly we wait with folded hands
Before you, protector of our lives, Narayana.
The Sandal Paste is ready Narayana
The Milk and Honey wait by its side
The Soft and Silken Clothes lie folded by
The Golden Swing awaits
For you to come and play
Your Anklets and Crown they dazzle
In the early morning Sun's golden rays
Narayana, Narayana, Narayana
Wake up to bless our life today
Which we offer at your feet Narayana
Narayana, Narayana, Namo Narayana!

[A morning wake up song sung To Lord Narayana. This is an abridged attempt and a smaller version of my conception of this Vedic rendition of Beautiful ancient poetry]

Angelina Pandian

Tantric Love [inspired On Reading n's "commitment"]

It is a bit like Tantric Yoga
The sharing of the body
Helps in the bonding of souls
When the physical needs
Are satiated the comfort
Which flows transcends
The body and reaches the soul
Platonic love may be a way,
That distance will increase
And keep love
May sometimes prove
To be a fallacy!
The woman like a garden
Should welcome and accept
Her man like a river of life
Into her heart, her soul
Destinies fulfilled
By receiving she gives
And by giving he receives
Lust alone can never bind
Two hearts into one
Which is the committed
Outcome of true Love!

Angelina Pandian

The Cause

"Ravana! Oh! Brother Ravana!
See me, your sister, your blood, your own
Insulted, injured and mocked – all
Because of my love for you.
A beauty there stood, Sita
Blessed gain, better than all boons
To make her your handmaid
I went and enquired for you
But, look this was my gain
Insult, reprimand, injury and threat
Such affronts made against me
Me, no, not me but, against you
Lankeswara! Do men fear you no more
Have you become complacent?
Arrogant he was, that Rama
With anger he paled like the moon
He spoke, yes! "out you go" he ordered
The very recollection gives me pain
And to his aid rushed Lakshmana
Who cut my nose a bit too soon
Or, Sita herself I would have asked
And brought her here across the Maine.
Why do you stare? It is I, Surpanake!
Your strange hesitation makes me swoon
Was it for you I sought a bride and bled?
Better if on those sylvan glades I was slain."
"No, No! it is not so, sister dear,
Their life is now mine alone,
Sita from them would be separated
And my bridal garlands their very veins."
Saying arose Ravana Mighty King of Lanka
A wind rustled among the sylvan glades
Where Rama was sporting with beautiful Sita
And the hoofs of the Golden Deer Mareesa
Parted the green grass walking towards them!

[Rama rejected the love of Surpanaka, sister of Ravana. The version of Surpanaka's story as told to Ravana in half truths and bare lies, manipulating his brotherly affection, kindling his lust for a married woman - Sita, fanning hatred

and being one of the reasons for the epic story of Ramayana being created,
written with poetic license]

Angelina Pandian

The Child

The Gate is locked
The child stands
Outside the park
The sand, the swing
The creaking in the wind
The grill digs into the hands
The swing swings just so slightly
In the late evening breeze
Tempting, inviting
Calling the child
As I turn and walk away
Slowly, trudging, knees and ankles
Swollen, arthritic and weak
Leading the child in me home! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Dead Sea & The River Jordan...[premji]

sea..
dense with salt..
made of tears...
you are that...
dead sea.....

being a river,
all my journeys
end up in you....

river..
nothing before
a wide expanse of water...
but the density reduces...
when fresh words
pierce your soul...
ecstasy...
supreme bliss.....
tears taste sweet.....
we don't need words to converse.....
being addicts of poetry
we live life fully.....
[I only contributed in providing the title]

Angelina Pandian

The Drug Devil

[My poet-friend, Sangeetha Mundhra submitted this poem in I am posting it here on her behalf]

By Sangeeta Mundhra

Oh! What a tragedy!
This life, a gift from God
Nurtured by Mother's Love
Brought up by father's care
Lost - wasted in a puff ...
Nothing remains of it now –
Not even the ashes.
Everything is blown away in smoke –
Smoke full of sugar brown,
L.S.D., heroin, God-forbidden stuff! !

You poor soul!
What did you do!
For a pleasure momentary
You punctured your veins,
Filled your lungs with poison.
The very blood in your veins,
Every breath passing through your being
Became a curse to you
Dooming you to a Death
So terrible as to frighten Death itself.

Yes, there was hope.
You had a chance
To redeem yourself of this curse.
But you could not
Fight the scorpions biting you.

The Devil within you
Craved for the deadly stuff –
Knowing well that it was leading you
Down the path of no return
You succumbed to its desires
No more caring about the result.

For a pleasure momentary
You lost your life
To the accursed devil
The DRUG DEVIL! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Inner Longing

A day of sorrow
A night of weeping
Coming in sequence
Has become my way of life.
Walking barefoot
Through Life's blazing desert
I step on brambles and cactus
No trees with rustling green leaves
Shelter my back – Fate,
The glaring Sun dries
Even the stream of tears
That flows down my face.
Life becomes meaningless
With dreams made of mirages
And pleasure but a dropp of water
Never enough, to quench my thirst.
I have a longing, deep in my heart
Which I don't understand myself,
I'd rather become a blade of glass
A whispering stream or a sea wave
A wandering cloud, would suit me well,
Gliding, across the sun and moon.
I would be any of these, than myself
For then, I would know not, love nor its pain!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 1 Poppy, Dream Flower [a Collection Of Poems]

My poem begins with a Poppy
Poppy the dream flower
The fairy of sleep walked by
Dropping her poppies along
For each one a flower by the bed□
The petals hold our sleep within.
But, then, she forgets me now
Since the day I started seeing you
No poppies for me, no sleep
Hence no dreams!

[The Magic of the Breeze - is a collection of poems where the mood of love is expressed in connection with the varying moods of the breeze. The tittle & idea was inspired when I was one day actually asked by a friend mine to come and drink some breeze, he gave me a specified seat in the electric train and initiated me at the bend between Korattur and Patravakkam railway stations, suburbs of chennai. I drank gallons of pure air, the breeze kissed me, yes, I was addicted for nearly 3 or 4 months and then my route changed, much to my sadness! I invite you all to enjoy the refreshing cool breeze]

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 10 You Are The....

You are the refreshing rain cloud
Which has floated into the desert
Of my life,
Maybe by mistake!
But, as long as you are over me
I shall luxuriate in your shade
However a short time it might be!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 11 I Do Not Dare

I do not dare to dream or hope
You are not within my horizon
I do not even think of grasping
The gossamer cloud of pink
For fear you might also vanish
From this shadow world where I live!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 12 I Do Not Live Like Others

I do not live like others in this world
I do not have a life of my own.
It is duties, responsibilities and sorrow
Somebody forgot to parcel me happiness
That until I met you, cool breeze
I had to make do with the smaller joys of life
And find rest and shade among
The thorns of life! □

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 13 Sleep! Sleep! !

Sleep! Sleep! ! Dear Sleep,
Where have you gone?
Why do you abandon me
When needed most?
Since the day I set eyes on him
You have forsaken me.
Forgive me please!
Have you sought refuge
In other eyes?
Do tell me what price to pay?
Sweet Sleep, Just for a night with you
And the gently blowing breeze
Once again in the arms of his dreams!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 14 The Gulmohar

The Gulmohar has started
To flower once again
It is summer in my heart
I remember its spreading shade
Above me in the heat of day
I remember the cool breeze
The flaming orange flowers
They bloom before my eye again
Late afternoon, with you and the breeze
Under the shade of the trees
I remember the Gulmohar again
With diamonds of drizzlets
Adorning its leaflets swaying
Gently to the tune of the breeze!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 15 The Breeze Moves

The breeze moves slowly, gently
A cooling touch it leaves behind
On the body, chilling even the marrow
But, the burning within – what
Can stop my blood rushing
Other than your hand holding mine,
How can the fever in my vein reduce?
Unless you take me in your arms.
What wind can put out the fire?
Burning for you in my heart! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 16 The Breeze Brushed

The breeze brushed my cheek.
I remembered
Your cheek brush against mine
When you leaned back
That afternoon! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 17 I Just Drop

I just dropp all that `m doing
As soon as you call, I say,
"Yes, I'm ready".
Do you know why?
It is the pure joy of your company
It is the pleasure of being with you
I do not know why I just dropp
All that `am doing as soon as
I hear your voice and say,
"Yes, I'm ready".
Do you know why?
You make me happy
You make me forget my pain
The pain of loneliness!
When you waited for me
You made me feel wanted
You make me feel good
You introduced me to the breeze
I am having fun
When I am around you
That's why I just dropp
All that `am doing as soon as you call
And say, "Yes, I'm ready".

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 18 Do You Know Who

Do you know who the Breeze is?
It is not just some soft and sweet person
It is somebody with a purpose, an aim
Full of determination the breeze moves
Looking around for possibilities
It roams not frivolously or fretting about
It goes about seeking and searching
It touches lightly to feel then it probes
To know whether it is right in choice
If all is well the gusty wind drops to a lull
Gently opening up clouds it softens
With an April shower and gifts the land
With its seeds carried from far and near
Agent of pollination and propagation
The wind is no fool and when its fingers
Fondle you have to take care – For
Who knows stealthily, silently
The breeze may be sowing seeds
Of love in your heart today! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 19 The Moon And The Breeze

The Moon and the Breeze
Are childhood friends, I'd say!
Each night they play together
And have fun till the Sun comes up.
During the day the breeze it cools
It soothes the body and refreshes too
But, at night the self same breeze
Along with the moon plays havoc
Not letting us sleep, it burns
The body, the mind and the soul
No comfort it provides, only pain
Is it the breeze eating the body?
Or the body eating the soul?
I cannot say, but, only that
The Moon and the Breeze are friends
In cohort to keep us both awake!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 2 The Breeze It Brushed

The breeze it brushed across my face
Lightly first, a touch of feather!
It cools, it hugs, it caresses
It drinks my heat hungrily.
It thrills me, fills me, surrounds me
Softly first – a silken scarf sliding off
Strongly it forces itself upon me
My head is thrown back
My neck is open in surrender
My eyes they close in anticipation
The breeze it kissed me and ravished me
So fresh, so soft, so cool, so refreshing
I wanted more – shamelessly
The feeling of being wanted
It makes me drunk I quiver.
Unseen, invisible, yet I feel
Your presence so overpowering
Than the breeze surrounding me
In a dance so wonderful
It makes me delirious with joy
That I start to dream once again!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 20 The Breeze It Surrounds

The breeze
It surrounds
It envelopes
It fills the heart
And soul
With the fragrance
The fresh and soft
Smell of the rain
Mingled in one
With the scent
Of the earth
Giving a refreshing
Feeling of comfort
Of resting my head
On your shoulder!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 21 The Breeze Is A ...

The breeze is a magician
It soothes it cools
It burns it tortures
It brings us close
It makes each moment
Forever and eternal
I cannot speak
It chokes my throat
Yet livens up each cell
It makes me live and die
Each second in your grasp
The breeze is indeed a magician! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 22 I Am Cool Yet...

I am cool yet I burn
Your touch the thought
I throw back my head
I want you to nuzzle
In the nook of my neck
Hug me and hold me
And never let me go.
Dear Breeze,
I am cool yet
- I burn for you! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 23 The Breeze Has Not Touched Me

The breeze has not touched me
The heat within has not been cooled
The tears without have not been dried
I sit by the window
On the edge of loneliness
Waiting for your return!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 24 Your Eyes They...

Your eyes they kindled a fire
Your touch flamed them
Tell me, dear breeze
How will you quench my thirst?
Maybe by drinking my very soul!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 25 This Relationship...

This relationship may last
A lifetime or may wither
After the night is done
But, the fragrance
Of its memory
Will linger with us for life!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 26 Crisp And Smooth

Crisp and smooth
Are your ears - When
They brush my lips! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 27 Will You Let Me Know?

Will you let me know?
When you feel it's enough,
Before I start to become a bore!
I wouldn't want you to tire of me
And have you just walk away
In search of honey or flowers
Dear Breeze, in other gardens!
I would like to be your thirst still
I would want you to reach out and
Search for me in your sleep
Before you wake up to the truth
That I have become boring to you
I would like to know before
So that I can walk away
Hide myself from your eyes
And burying myself forever
Deep within your soul
Bloom forever as fragrant memories
In your heart and mind!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 28 Will The Thirst Be Slaked?

Will the thirst be slaked?
Will the fire be quenched?
Will coldness set in - With
A burst of cold energy blast,
When the two heat waves meet?
Or will it build a flame forever
I do not know! ☐
But, I wait for the breeze
To embrace me in a storm!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 29 Yesterday I Wept...

Yesterday I wept unashamedly
In public not caring for anyone
I do not know what came into my heart
Some imagined fear or exaggerated thought□
I only know you were not beside me
I only thought this moment equals eternity
To bear few days away it pains
What would a lifetime do?
I couldn't bear to even think
I thought better to die and wept
I know you think me foolish, but
It is not so, if you had lived in pain alone
You would know what solace you bring
The joy and pleasure, the happiness
Which swells and makes me drunk.
Now, when I sit down to pen
These tears of joy I shed
Dear Breeze, are only because of you!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 3 You Introduced

You introduced me to the breeze
And swept me into your arms
Or is it the darkest corner
Of your heart!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 30 Until The Breeze...

Until the breeze touched
Love, was just a word – a noun.
Today it became a verb - I feel!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 31 “look At Me,

“Look at me, look into my eyes”
Says the temptress – the Mohini!
Look deep and what do you see?
Is it I or you held within my soul?
- That you see! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 32 I Used To Travel By Train

I used to travel by train
Previously too – The travel
At night, the distant lights
The stars in sky, hopeful dreams
The sound of thundering wheels
Singing a song to the rhythm
Of the beat of the heart of steel
The rush of the wind
Standing by the door
I used to think what means all this
The fury and sound, the very travel
The people I used to meet or travel with
No one has been able to erase the sadness
Or ease the pain I feel when traveling□
I used to feel all alone by the door
And life speeding by towards the end.
I have enjoyed my travel too
In groups with friends now far apart
I remember days gone by never to come
But, however long the distance
I used to stand at least half the time.
With you I now sit and enjoy
It is no longer a pain
Before travel was business
Travel was necessary and unavoidable
It was an escape sometimes
Just the act of traveling – running away
But, I always had to come back
And face life alone, just alone.
Now, you have shown me
The other side of travel by train
The train is still the train
The people, crowd all are the same
But yet not the very same,
You and I, no one else I see
Time, with it all people, the crowd
Are frozen in time and none exists

Other than just the two of us
I myself am in a dream till the end
Drinking the air and feeling
The breeze and you fill each cell
I no longer think, I only wait
To feel the brush of your touch
And the kiss of the breeze!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 33 I Was Sad Today

I was sad today
Waiting for you
With no answering call
I was scared today
I thought –Oh! So many things!
The late afternoon was still and hot
With no cool breeze to soothe
I walked past my home and beyond
I kept walking on I did not know
Why you did not call?
Or how far I'd gone
No messages from you, no "Hi"
Am I calling you more often?
What is this place suddenly I look
Am I disturbing you when I call?
I am confused and disturbed
The breeze it wafts in softly
With the setting of the sun
Or do you long for me too and
My fears all uncalled for! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 34 You Called Me

You called me it calmed
My troubled heart□
I was thinking – Is this
The silence before the storm?
What happened?
Why doesn't he talk?
I was worried, agitated
Nervous and afraid
Then you called and
Like a gentle breeze
Put all my fears to rest!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 35 My Heart Used To Be....

My heart used to be a stone
Your eyes chiseled it
Into a statue dancing
With the breeze
You sensitized it to pleasure
Now it also feels the pain!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 36 You May Limit...

You may limit when and where
But, the unlimited span of your palm
Is enough space for me to put
My weary head to rest.□

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 37 Why Did I Talk...

Why did I talk to you?
What happened to my resolve?
I do not know why or how?
But, once I heard your voice
Cool and soft
The touch of breeze
The hurt was gone!
Were you also happy?
Because we talked! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 38 Please, Let Me Lean...

Please, let me lean on you
Cling to your arm
Close my eyes to the world
Pretend to be asleep
And live at least in a dream
For few moments of my life!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 39 How Much Longer...

How much longer, dear breeze, ask him
How much longer I have to wait
Before he plans to show his face again
Work is something, which happens
Can't I wait for him as he did for me?
Pleasure it would be to wait than
To go alone after having gone with him
There is no joy in the evening
There is no breeze to kiss me
He is not there with me
That is the only awareness I have of pain!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 4. The Breeze Was So Cold

The breeze was so cold
It chilled the marrow in my bone
But, still it was not cold enough
To quench the burning in my veins! □

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 40 Today I Waited...

Today I waited as in days gone by
To see just a glimpse of you
With no breeze stirring to cool
From dawn to dusk the day ended
But not my waiting, which continues
Into the night to see you in a dream
And fall asleep in your embrace!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 41 So Near Yet So Far Away

So near yet so far away
Fingers grope but arms apart
Hearts entwine but heads turn away
We look and do not look
We pretend
To sleep and do not sleep
The heat from within
The coldness without
Sitting beside each other
A wall separates us
We speak all else
But, silence sits between us
Like a strained guest
We walk beside each other
But the poles come in between
When will the walls fall?
When will our eyes and fingers meet?
When will I rest my head on your shoulder?
And speak with you in silence forever!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 42 I Do Not Care...

I do not care what
Others may think
I don't mind what
They may say
I only know
My eyes seek your face
As a parrot seeks
Fruit among leaves
My heart holds
Its breath its life
As it dives
Among the multitude
Searching for you
It's Pearl, its life
The soul sits in silence
In darkness awaiting
Your arrival your embrace
As the dew waits
For the dawn's kiss!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 43 The Silence Of Our Hearts

The silence of our hearts
Hangs heavily in the middle
Of the outward clamor we make
To distract others from finding out
That the loud sound of beating drums
Is just the beating of our hearts!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 44 As The Flower...

As the flower waits
To bloom with the touch
Of the breeze
In the garden I wait for you.
As the river waits
To mingle with the waves
Of the ocean
By the banks I wait for you.
As the moon hanging low waits
To melt in the arms
Of the waves
By the seashore I wait for you.
As the sky waits for the moon
With the sun sent out and
The stars all strewn about
I wait, in my waking and in my dreams
With no other care, just for you!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 45 Dear Breeze...

Dear Breeze
I bring to you
A bouquet of roses
For each day
You met me
The days
We could not meet
Piercing thorns
I kept them all
Secreted within
The darkness of my heart!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze – 46 Did You Hear....

Did you hear just a beep?
When my messages arrived.
Or did you hear the beat
- of my heart! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 5. Who Sent You To Me?

Who sent you to me?
Who made us see each other?
Tell me, tell me truly and do not lie
Was it God who sent you?
To help me smile along the way
Or, was it the Devil, who sent you?
To make me smile and weep again! ☐

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 6. Tell Me Dear Breeze

Tell me dear breeze,
Will you touch me?
Hug and hold me
Will you speak sweet nothings?
Say "Sh! Be quiet, be still
Find your peace within me."
Or will you let me go
Alone once again!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze - 8 Man And Machine

Man and machine become one
And dear Breeze
I become one with you!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze -7 The Wind It Blows

The wind it blows across our face
We go through weaving in and out
Bending with the curves
Flying over the ups and downs
The breeze it cools it soothes
The tired and weary body
It refreshes and revives.
The sad and depressed soul
Becomes happy and joyful
Because of the breeze
Because of you!

Angelina Pandian

The Magic Of The Breeze -9 I Did Not Want To

I did not want to reveal my heart to you
But, like moonbeams peeping
From behind dark clouds
It was your own thoughts
Which were reflected tonight.
Like moonlight dispelling darkness
Your thoughts chase away loneliness
And sadness from my heart!

Angelina Pandian

The Moon Smiles

The Full Moon hangs low
Silently, smiling and watching
The Sea trying to reach out for her,
The Stars wink - Knowing
The Waves lap only our feet!

Angelina Pandian

The Mountain And The Wind

The mountain stands
The wind plays with her
Leaving her treetops in disarray
The wind moves on, unaware
Of the rustling gossips
Of him and her.

The mountain stands
The wind serenades her
A sighing song among the leaves
The wind moves on, unaware
Of the thousand songs he gave
Echoing in the bamboo grove of her heart.

The mountain stands
The wind dances around her
A waltz, a tango one eventide
The wind moves on, unaware
Of the face he left behind
Carved forever in her heart.

Angelina Pandian

The Need

The Cobbler who mends our shoes
Does he wear Chappals any day?
Full of wounds and runts are his hands
Is there anyone to rub oil for him each day?
The Farmer who tills, toils and reaps for us
Does he have a square meal each day?
He sweats and labours for us, yet, to what use
Is there anyone to wipe away his tears?
The Gurkha, Postman, Vendor and nameless many
Who perform their duty, though dull or insignificant,
Without our thanks or smiles, are more content
Than most of us who leech off Society!
The Rickshaw Puller and the Blind beggar Boy
Who receive no kind word, but, curses all day,
The Scavenger, the Sweeper, they all need no sympathy.
What they all yearn for and really need is –
Heartfelt appreciation, true concern
To be loved as brethren and just
A kind word or two!

Angelina Pandian

The Rain

Sitting inside I watch the rain
It pours and pours. But –
Undaunted 'neath their leafy shade
Two Koels sing their love for each other.
Sitting inside I smell the rain
The chill, the spine tingling wind
Calls me out, it calls me to feel
To feel the sensuousness of the rain.
I give in a bit, I put out my hand
The raindrops touch my fingertips
A shuddering shiver rends my soul
Revoking memories put to sleep
Remembering past rainy days and nights
I step into the night.
The rain falls through my hair
Runs down my neck in warm streams
It hits my face, my eyes, my lips
It reaches down to the depth of my heart
To put a song of music in my soul.
The cold raindrops fall on me
Drenching me to the marrow of my bone
Breaking the heat held within
It exudes a passionate warmth
Reminding me of long wakeful lonely nights.

Angelina Pandian

The Reunion

Twenty-five long years – Yes,
It does seem like so long ago
But Time dimmed not our memories
And this 25th year is a year of celebration
Our 1st Reunion after a long and lonely journey
A Jubilee, a Silver Jubilee worth commemoration!
Twenty-five long years have passed in between
We have all grown up and become families
But, the memories of those days
When there were no cares, no fears
No reason for tears or peer pressure
When raindrops were diamonds
Glistening at leaf ends
When Mary and Pillayar were one!
Throwing chinks and dusters
Memorising formulaes and equations
Clomping down silent corridors
Always ready to play a trick or two
Those days of joy and happiness
Have been held closely, tightly
Secreted within our hearts.
The long and wonderful days
We spent together in the classrooms
The joys that we shared
The tears that we shed
The daily chitchat, the fun
The excursions, the camps
The sports day, the china teas
The Masters and the Madams
Their foibles and their follies
The nicknames we had and gave
The sheltering trees under which
We sat, we played and we ate
The canteen, the ice cream man, the Mali!
The thoughts and time spent together,
The friendship, which we shared
With no expectations, no returns
No catch, no fear nor threat
Friendship freely given and received

Have all been preserved never to be forgotten
Like a four-leafed Clover, A blood red Rose
A Peacock's feather within the pages of our hearts.
Life moved on and circumstances changed
Our outlook, our attitude, our feelings
Yes, we changed with Time – Our work,
The daily mundane routine took over our life,
Our time and we did not stop to remember and think.
But, we have not forgotten, not one single bit
Our memories they always were there
Looking out silently from the shadows
Peeping stealthily into our dreams
Some face, some resemblance, a name
A word – all these were reminding us always
Of the good old days and our friendship
Which had become a part of our life
Moulding us into who we are today!
Now, today when we met again
After Twenty five long years
We picked up as if we had said
Our last goodbye only yesterday,
Remembrance is something
Which does not die –
Because of distance created
By space of time or place,
It is memory etched on Evergreen tree
To deepen forever with passing age
Memories of days spent at school
Have been kept safely, secretly
Like, pearls gathered at risk of life
And strung together as a necklace
To adorn our hearts forever
With warmest thoughts of all our friends.
The fights, the quarrels, the jealousies
The difference of opinions, the pains if any
That we might have had were all forgotten,
It was only the feeling of togetherness
The goodness of our friendship
Which enveloped us all bringing back
Happy memories of those days
Which have been given once again to us
With grace and blessing after 25 years

To be treasured by us all forever more.

[A 1st Reunion, of Bishop Corrie Students, of 1981 School leaving batch,
organised after 25 long years on 26.01.2006]

Angelina Pandian

The Spirit Within

If we speak some comforting words
Or do some kind deed,
If some emotion stirs within us
When we see someone else suffer,
If compassion swells in ones heart
To flow out as tears for others sorry plight
Then, we should surely acknowledge
The Divine presence within ourselves.
For, such words and deeds
Can only spring from the Divine source
The Breathe of God still dwelling in Man!

Angelina Pandian

The Wall – On The Beach

First we sat on the wall
Watching the people walk by
The young and old alike
Who had come to the beach
Some had come for the exercise
Some had come for a change
Some had come for old times sake and
Some had come just to be with the breeze.
There were those who had come
To make livelihood hawking their goods
I had come with friends from afar
Showing off with pride the beach
A place I'd frequented before
Both in joy and in pain
A place, special in my memories
And frequent in my dreams.
They too had come, a curious pair,
Trying to understand our people
Our culture, our mind – It was a tour
A little break away from work
The breeze was strong but cool by the wall
Then we started walking in
Towards the beach, the waves
The sand was soft and fine
It felt like walking on silken sheets
There was a light and shadow play
Curtsy of the Moon that night
Lovers huddled together
Gathering grapes of pleasure
Husbands and wives sit together
Watching their children play at leisure
Boys and girls chasing playing
Beach ball, frisbee and other games.
The breeze now hits our face
It is chill and wet and fresh
The sound of waves and breeze
A duet to our ears – We stood
We paused before the vast and inviting Sea
We close our eyes and draw our breath

Then plunged into the arms of waves
Foaming and frothing they come
Leaping like horses in gallop
Their force dying down before the shore
A gossamer veil, a skirt of lace
Like a lady they draw back
Into the vast sea once again.
The Sea inspires us to join in her fun
Reminding us of childhood days
We laugh and play – But, still
The touch of the breeze on the face
The feel of the sand between the toes
The water running up groping at us
All sets a mood, a dream for monsoon nights.

Angelina Pandian

The Wind...

I love the wind
As it moves silently among the leaves
A gentle murmur a rustling rumor
A touch that electrifies and inspires
The leaves, the flowers the tree an' all
To join in the dance celebrating life
With a lone bird a koel* singing
Perched upon a swaying branch
Singing for its mate!

I love the wind
As it moves upon the waves
A gentle hum a rushing sound
A touch that ruffles and inspires
The waves, the foam the ocean an' all
To join in the dance celebrating life
With a lone bird a koel singing
As it wings above the spray
Singing for its mate!

I love the wind
As it moves brushing by softly
A gentle embrace a tight hug
A touch so seductive and cool
I hold myself, close my eyes tap my feet
To join in the dance celebrating life
With a lone bird a koel singing
From the dark lonely woods of my heart
Singing for its mate!

Angelina Pandian

The Wonder Of Love

Each time, each moment
So wonderful, so precious
Oh! This feeling of love.
Love so transforming
When we share ourselves,
This feeling of love
Its grandeur
Its power, its joy!
So new, so fresh
Each time so wonderful
The oneness, the intimacy
The closeness it brings
This feeling of love,
Its passion
Its rashness, it's daring!
The need, the longing
The unfading memory
Of wanting you always
Love, unexplainable
So wonderful, so precious
Each time, each moment
This feeling of my love for you!

Angelina Pandian

The Yoga Instructor

[On first meeting Emmanuel a Danish Yoga Instructor
Sorry, it's long, didn't know where to cut it short]

We read about a new Yoga class in town
Thought we will dropp in as it seemed near by
So there we went and knocked the door
And who comes to open the door
Wow! I was taken aback for a sec' – There stood
A foreigner fair and tall welcoming us in
Looking at each other we followed him
He made us sit and feel comfortable
My friend first he told of his earlier classes
His experiences and apprehensions too
Then the foreigner took out his file
He explained to us the origin of Yoga
How it is taught by others and how they do
The need to feel and imbibe, learn and practice
Not just jump from one Aasana to the next
As if it were some gymnastic class – He told
The importance of making each a part of self
Such a patient learning he said would give
Benefit to the body, mind and soul!
Ah! I thought now we have mastered Yoga
Then, he said, Tantra now is a different matter
So beautifully he explained the enlightenment
Attainable through the flesh to the whole
Learn to enjoy the beauty in the creation
To realize the splendorous beauty of the Creator
Learn to realize the union of the souls
To realize true union with the Aathma of God
Real experience takes on Surreal meanings
Tantra, he concluded, is just a higher plane of Yoga.
Oh! We both were mesmerized by his speech
In simple words and simple thoughts he expounded
The intricate details and finesse of Yoga and Tantra
If he were in a Kurtha or Kavi clad sure an Indian
He would also be, still in his own simple attire
His ponytail and all he was more Indian
Than most of us I could say – He had by far

More conviction and belief in our way of life
As taught and told by saints and sages of old
He had come on his Guru's behest to India
To reach, teach, revive and restore what we've lost
He never questioned but accepted his mission
In submission, in service, in selfless devotion
He came to spread Yoga and Tantra in India.
His eyes they held a fire, his words were cool springs
His manner so soft and mild yet held an inner strength
We understood why he had been chosen to lead!

Angelina Pandian

Their Lives - Whose Votes!

The lives of children, women
Half dead, dying patients in hospitals
The lives of people hunted, haunted
Even in their nightmare dreams
The lives of the multitude of innocents
Caught in the crossfire mingle with
The blood of rebelling dissidents few
Killed and murdered under the name of war
Their cries, wails and screams lie
Buried within the debris of shattered mortar
Splinters of land mines and spraying shell.
The megaphones and microphones cry hoarse
The protests, bands and fasts undertook
By one and all fighting for power does not
And can not bring back one single life
One hand pinches the baby
While the other rocks the crib
They talk, banter, rant and rave
Blaming each the other - We all know
Still how many votes will this bring?
They play dice with the lives
These politicians or heartless thieves
Banished from their mind are
Service or benevolent thoughts..
Those, what they count, are only their votes!

[Note: h helped me with the final 4 lines - credits to him for the final touch]

Angelina Pandian

This My Tribute To You!

The poet said - Come back
'Come back to me my mother
Come in any form that you may! '
I think I now understand the longing
The yearning in our every heart
The seach we undertake to find
Our mother's love so free, so full
It overflowed in our lives - We
Look and find her glance, her grace
in our daughters dance
We find her tireless spirit and courage
Reflected in our sons - But,
Truly blessed are those who find
A mother's undemanding, outpouring love
In the embrace of their spouse!
Poet! Seer! What inspiration you be
When your verse begets responses as these!
Great poem, subtle, dramatic, thoughtful too
This my tribute to you!
[On reading Deva De Silva's 'Comeback']

Angelina Pandian

Thoughts On Life

Life is not just a cycle, an ever-turning circle!
It is the center, point above, below and all around,
The circumference found nowhere
With its center everywhere.
It is all pervading, all surviving –
 Life is deathless
For, death is but the shadow of Life!
Life is not just breathing, it is not mere existence
Life is not just a person or just tinsel love
Nor yet, passing pain, grief or joy
These but are mere feelings –
 You feel because you live.
The purpose for what you work, eat and breathe
The reason, why you feel –
Cry, laugh or get annoyed – Or,
When you just learn to understand and accept,
Then, that inner thread, the vein of gold
Something, which you realize sometime
Is what people call –
 “ Life! ”

Angelina Pandian

To Premji.... My Motivator

[13/07/2009 Premji wrote - write a series of poem on the following subject.....magic of the mind.....I will start with a one liner....

I shall be uploading them today..... Pls look out for them under "Magic of the Mind" - I can not say just thanks to him, so here I express my gratitude in verse for being an inspiring flame]

You are the wind
Which blows my flame
To burn brighter still,
You are the breeze
Which cools my soul
And makes me think!
You have fanned a fire
Out of the embers
Which even I was unaware
Lying hidden in my heart
You crush me
With questions
And the kindling thoughts
Of your mind
To create a mind in me
So absorbent, observant
Enquiring and inquisitive
That like a child
I look around with eyes
So eager, pure and joyous
To see this new world
Which you have shown me
You wing me to heights
Unknown unscaled
Ever by me before
Your thoughts and inspiration
They come like a flood
To cleanse me
From laying stagnant
Like a pool filled with dross
Introspective dwelling
On mundane, selfish, Me!
Prem! You motivate me

To reach for more than
The stars in the sky
You teach me patiently
To look about and gather
Treasures from other worlds
Which lie unexplored
Unfathomed within me!

Angelina Pandian

To Twilight

Twilight with us stays
But for a fleeting while
Leaving behind visions
Of glorious day –
Trailing behind the Sun
In purples and gold,
The King leaves
And the Queen enters
With a thousand sparkling smiles,
A glimpse of them both together
Is offered to us at twilight.
And to this twilight
Which turns the day
Into a mere dream
And the night into a vision
I submit these, my lines!

Angelina Pandian

Touch Me

Touch me with your voice
Kiss me with your words
When my screen lights up
With your name and rings
It brightens up my Life.
Even when you are far
When I close my eyes
I can still feel you kiss
My face with your eyes
Though you've never
Touched me till date
Your eyes they have
Overpowered me
And ravished me
When I was in doubt
Whether you also
Loved me or not
I said – "Silence,
Is a cruel weapon to use! "
But, when you touched
Me with your eyes
And in silence spoke
I looked into your eyes
And became addicted
To your intoxicating look
Silence so powerful
So eloquent so electric
I've never felt this way
Never ever before,
That I wonder, if you can make
Me weak with a just a touch
Of your eyes - What your
Lips or fingers do!

Angelina Pandian

Trust God

The unknown puts fear in us –
“What might have happened?
Silence surrounds me,
I do not know? ” We cry helplessly!
But, when we put the unknown
Into the hands of the Unknown God,
Whose name is so profound
That we cannot utter it in vain,
You’ll see all your fears vanish
As your God is the God of -
Yesterday, today and the morrow,
The God who created the Planets
And instructed them on their paths!
The God, who in his infinite wisdom
Created the day, the night and
Each moment thereof!
This God, who is our God
Is God over them all and
He takes care of you!
So, hold to Him, trust in Him
Just walk in his way and
Find all your fears vanish
When you start to sing – Yes,
Sing praises to Him all day
Each moment of your days!

Angelina Pandian

Twin Star

The ocean calls to us with open arms
The shore offers us peace
The brightly shining moon
Soothes us with its cool light,
The horizon seems so near
That I want to walk across the waves
And touch the winking stars with you.
Sharing with you my dreams unrealized
My desires unfulfilled
My love unrecompensed
I find you, helping me
Realize all my dreams,
Fulfilling my hearts desires
Loving me with an incomparable love.
Sharing with you my tears unwiped
My smiles all empty
My life so lonely
I find all my tears brushed
Aside by your lips,
My laughter locked up so long
Set free by your twinkling eyes
And my life enriched
By you my companion star.

Angelina Pandian

Venimadhava...

Let me dissolve in the music
That floats in the breeze
Heavy with the noon day sun
Let me lie in a swoon at your feet
Listening to the honey filled
Sweet melody wafting fragrant
In the meadows myriad flowers
The pot I brought to fill lies forsaken
Do not forsake me, Shyam!
Fill my soul with your song
Let me tie my golden anklets
With the tinkling silver bells
Dance to the music you sing
My dear Gopala! Mukunda!
Krishna! You make me mad,
Forgetful of the world,
Deaf I stand, to all else
Listening to your flute, call my soul!

Angelina Pandian

Waiting

The heart waits in silence
Like a shadow waiting
To merge with darkness
My heart waits for you.
The heart waits in silence
Like a Chime waiting
To make music with the wind
My heart waits for you.
The heart waits in silence
Like a jasmine waiting
To bloom with a touch of the moon,
My heart waits for you.
The heart waits in silence
Like a Sanyasi waiting
To meet God in a Tapas
My heart waits for you.
The heart waits in silence
Like a desert waiting
To quench its thirst in gentle showers
My heart waits for you.
The heart waits in silence
Like an unfinished painting
For the touch of the Master's brush
My heart waits for you.
The heart waits in silence
Like a peacock waiting
To dance with the rain clouds
My heart waits for you.!

si - A person who renounces the world to seek God
- Meditation,

Angelina Pandian

Waiting – With Expectation!

Expecting you I waited
Waiting, I sighed, sat
Stood, paced about
The body in as much turmoil
As the heart within!
Waiting I listened
To hear your voice
Waiting I searched
Looking among faces
All strange to me!
Waiting I hoped
To see your face
Before the day was done,
But, the sun sinks low
Without hearing your voice
Without seeing your face!
I fall on my bed
With no sleep in my eye
Waiting for sleep – That
You might embrace me
- In a dream!

Angelina Pandian

Walking In His Arms

No one knows my faults, better than I!
How far? How far I'd gone astray
Dear Lord, but, never far enough for you,
You always were there when I turned around
In confusion, confounded and lost.
Yet, Lord! I never did hold on for long
Soon, I was wandering towards wayside flowers!
Like a watchful Father you were ever near
To keep me safe from any harm
When I, impatient did running go into the world
You were always there to pick me up.
When I stumbled and fell bruised,
It was your wounded hands
Which wiped away my tears
It was upon your sacred breast
I put my troubled heart to rest.
You gave me freedom to walk my way
You walked beside me though I walked away!
In your great wisdom you waited patiently
Till my will, my self and all surrendered
I turned to walk with Thee!
Seeing outstretched loving arms
I run to you and hold on for life
While, happy father, happy child carrying
Helps me walk my long way home.

Angelina Pandian

War

War – For what?
To Subjugate
To Terrorize
To Appease God?
To Consciously Murder
With no guilt attached!
War – For what?
To show our strength
Our power above all
To kill mothers, wives
Children and aged too
Life seems to have lost
Both respect and value
So cheap the blood
It runs on streets
No face, no face
All are dead
All are one
Primal Man
When he took Stone in hand
To grab the food slain by
Brother Man
When he stood again
Back to back to defend
The fruit grove they found
Against another Clan
When Man forgot to share
To let go and move on
Then, there was War!
Ramayanam
War over woman!
Mahabharatham
War over Land!
Each land has its own Epics
I tell from my land!
Mutinies
Revolutions
Massacres
We have heard tales of all

Recorded in History
Glorified in Epics
Sung in Ballads
Still the thirst unslacked
Cowards kill innocents
Calling themselves, Terrorists!
Stupid fools come and talk
Explain your cause
Stand for it, die for it
But, how can you kill?
What rights have you?
To take, the life of another,
In your own hand?
What cause, at human loss?
Where is Gandhi?
Where is Buddha?
Did their teachings die with them?
Dust to dust and ash to ash
Have they all blown away?
Are we not Men, Humans?
People with senses six
Ruling the cycle of life?
Where has our Humanity gone?
Arise! Unite! Let us make
A War on War!

Angelina Pandian

War Is Never An Answer!

War begets - A conscious
Murder of men
It is the mother of Poverty
Because of destruction
Of all resources so long held
Curtsy the creation of man and God
It is a the death of Liberation, Peace
And democracy - It begets
Hatred in the minds of the subjugated
And leads to a legion of crimes
It is the cause of birth of secret movements
Which grow into terrorist groups
War is not the means to peace
Only Tolerance, Peace and Non-violence
Shall pave the way to a peaceful earth!

Angelina Pandian

What First?

[In response to Asma Bahrainwala's - Terrorism (A Tanka)]

It is not that we don't care
But, as long as we have
To deal with and curb terrorism
Spend on issues of public safety
Fund the Army & National Defence
Maintain Special Forces etc
How can we eradicate
Poverty spend on malnutrition
Disease and illiteracy
If we are not alive?
Out with terrorism and war first
Then all else will come to rest!

Angelina Pandian

When You Are Gone....

The smile you gave the liftman
Or security was it, the Hi you said
On your way out from work
The respect you gave your parents
The affection towards siblings
The love for your wife
Children and Grand children
You have and the renewed vows
By which you share again
Love, affection, support and care
All that you give – Today
May seem as if all is just
Taken for granted, but
Silently each heart acknowledges
Even now the love you give
The friends you have
The days of joys shared
In their sorrows you wept with
The advice and encouragement
All that you give and gave
Will never ever be in vain
The poems you wrote
The inspiration that you are
And remain to be till the end
The strength which flows from you
To strengthen other souls in pain
A speck of dust we are, it's true
The selfsame holds the spark
Of new life to come.
I would rather have you here
And keep thinking of you
Every hour, every second too
But, if and when it comes and
When you are gone, remember
There'll be reasons a zillion
To remember and people a million
Who would always remember you!

'Which Of Yours I Should Read' - Inspired By Samanyan Lakshminarayanan

You ask me to tell you
'Which of yours I should read'
I am a greedy selfish one
Don't you know it will wrench
My heart before I can tell
Which one to recommend
I would love if you could
Take time your own and
At your leisure read them all
One by one inhale their fragrance
All so varied and so subtle deep
Tell me daily how you liked
Reading them my heart, my joys
My soul, my pain, my thoughts
I would delighted be and
Likewise I would also dropp in
Into your garden of flowers
Which bloom afresh within your heart
And like a butterfly flirt and drink
Nectar from the poems there among
All so fresh so rare
Like orchids found among rocks
I find a refreshing solace
And beauty in your poems!
'Which of yours I should read'
A question oft asked by many
But, you are so uncommon SLN
That, even a sentence of yours
Inspires me, to write thus, as above.
I shall this tonight you know
And I would rather ask you
To feel free and read any as you please.
But, I always await your comments
Ratings I do not care for much
Because I write what I think and
As I can not but be from writing
All I write may not be true poetry

Mere glass baubles compared
To the gems and pearls found
In the vast treasury of PoemHunter
But, comments are your gifts
And guiding points treasured most
More precious than fleeting fame.
I love poems they bewitched me
At an early age and stole my heart!
Some poems have a fire and spark my mind
Some make me cry out with the pain
Some they recall misty nights so dark so lone
Some they make me think and do something
Yet at end they all a comfort give.
I would like to visit hills and vales
Where the roses and the tulips bloom
And in the lap of PoemHunter
Go to sleep and dream of poems many more!

Angelina Pandian

Who Am I?

Who am I? The question rises within
And I search my mind for an answer

Who am I?

Am I moonshine on water?

Scattering into ripples once the pool is touched
Am I a reflection, a mere shadow?
Attractive, dangerous but unreal.

Who am I?

Am I a flower of the wild?

To be plucked and torn, to dry and die
To be blown with the winds,

Who am I?

Am I a firefly of the dark?

Dancing gaily, bright speck for few seconds,
Or am I yet, the lonely star in the sky?
So far away unable to touch people
So alone in the dark wide sky
Yet, pouring out its life's light,
Am I the lone star? Waiting –
For, what I do not know.

Who am I?

When I open my heart to the touch of your eyes

I become a flower,

When I lay my head on your shoulder

That moment as heavy as night air

I'll become moonshine on still waters.

When you brush back the hair from my face

And whisper, your love for me, in my ear

I become a firefly, a rainbow, a mountain stream.

When distance comes between us -

I become the silent lonely star

Waiting to be held in your arms again!

Angelina Pandian

Who Are These....

Sowing seeds, they go
Yes, sowing seeds they go
Seeds of separation, dissention
Seeds of wrath, hatred and lies
Seeds of discontent, envy
Ego, fanaticism, jealousy
Seeds of discrimination too
Yes, sowing seeds they go
Who are these, who go sowing!
Diligently from street to street
Sweet coating their hatred, bitterness
Hunger for power and dividing mind
In words so bombastic and loud
Wrapped so charmingly within
A thousand promises all false.
The elders dream of resurrection
Of Nehru, Gandhi and Patel of old
The younger ones fantasize
A new Messiah will be born
The ones in between follow the rut
Just close their eyes vote
And go about their work
Knowing at end whosoever rules
Prices will hike, Power electric will hide
Water contaminated or polluted be
Roads in disrepair always will remain
Taxes will always break our backs
And the system will never change!

Angelina Pandian

Why Did I Not Answer ...

Why did I not answer you?
When you asked me
To become yours
Was it because I knew
You were not your own
But two other lives owned you.

Why did I not come running?
When you said come
Did I sense the shadow
Of doubt in your voice
How to explain if we met
Someone who knew.

Why was I not thrilled?
When you said
Let us become committed
Leading a life maybe unhappy
It seemed more like
Convenience in camouflage.

If you plan to keep me
Under cover
Why pretend?
Why call it names and talk about
Commitment and companionship
Knowing well
You can never be there
When I need
But, I should be there
When you have a want.

You talk of dreams
Of gifts you'll give
Of my needs you'll take care
But, did you think
I may just need a hand to clasp
A shoulder to lean on
Sit under the stars

And go to sleep.

I am a woman
I know my needs my pains
I also know I don't borrow
Neither husbands nor betray kin
You may have been my friend
But, your wife though unknown yet
Is closer still because of another bond
That she too is a hapless woman
Victim! unknown to herself, to you!

Why did I not answer you?
Answer your call or phone bell
Why did I not answer

But, let my daughter say
"Mom, has gone to bed
Sorry, I'll tell her you called"
I hope you now know
Where my anchor lies
And I'll not drift with the wind.

Angelina Pandian

Woe! My Country Men [inspired By Samanyan Lakshminarayanan]

Woe! My country men – I cry for you, Dear Gandhiji

□ Mahatma of our Country! □

After reading, "A Blame on Gandhi", by Samanyan Lakshminarayanan

Gandhi was a good man,

He walked the length and breath

Of this Land when in shackles it did lie

And our forefathers lived as slaves

In our own country ruled by foreign men

Gandhi was a good man,

He taught us the strength of unity

Nonviolence, Ahimsa and Truth

After all the bloodshed and war

It was his voice which first said Quit India

The words they gained force and momentum

When together all ism's and factions forgotten

Indians roared QUIT INDIA

Gandhi was a good man,

He lived a simple life

When world leaders bowed before

He did not lose his humbleness

He saw God in men considered low by caste

He called them children of God Hari ka Jan.

Gandhi was a good man,

He was not bound by any barriers

He broke all superstition of gender or bias

Gave equal rights not just 33%

To the women in his life his work

A life of sacrifice for his countrymen

He spent his life for the freedom of men.

Gandhi was a good man,

But, they did not turn him into God,

Even if they had I'd have accepted it.

But, Do you know of the Temples

Built for film stars? Sad state of affairs indeed
Which has befallen upon our Country! Men!

Angelina Pandian

You May Think Me Mad!

A crazy woman
With no other work
Daily sitting in front
Of my assembled PC
I just tap away
Throughout the night
Talking to the screen
No companion I have
Other than my Hard Drive
Who knows the innermost
Secrets of my heart
A confidante, a friend
Who doesn't say,
"I have no need of you"
It comes to life
At my touch
And gives in turn
A sense of satisfaction
With no recompense asked.
All this when you read
May lead you to think
I am mad!

Angelina Pandian

You Sit By The Riverbank

We all have a special place
In reality or in mind
Where we go to find
Our inner calm
As we sit and reflect
Life it passes by
Slowly, silently and swiftly
Before our Dawn turns to Dusk!

Angelina Pandian

You Wonder....

You wonder – If
I am mad, I know!
“I was not distant
I did not draw a line
I appreciated
When it was due
I did what I had to
Nothing more”
You think within,
I know.
But, why do I follow you
Like a moth the flame
What nectar you held
To make me drown in you
The twinkling eyes
The open smile
The whispered words
Of comfort, of flattery & praise
It was all this too,
But, I only remember
You walking beside me
That first evening
Your presence, so strong
It filled my mind
And made my heart
Wait and want
To see you, once again!

Angelina Pandian

You've Read All, So Far...

The Butterfly sat upon each flower
In my garden, It drank the honey
And left behind kisses in return!
The heart is happy, it's drizzling
The showers of your comments
It refreshes my soul, journeying
So long alone through a desert
And my dream flowers,
Oh Mad Piper! Pipe again
They now dance to your tune.
Thanks is a word which may mislead
You to think I am satisfied - The dog
Your pet stroke its head, behind the ears
Under the throat, it will come again
And again for more petting from you,
Me too, I like it when you stroke
I listen when you tell, I ask when I need,
Dear one, do not leave my garden
I have other flowers too - Spicy, fragrant
Sometimes hidden like a violet shy, to show
I have, cool still pools, do not leave these
Secluded shades of tall and silent woods
Fair Prince, stay on, the noon is hot
Lie on the grass by the babbling stream
Listen to its story and dream your own
With the evening, balmy breeze will fill
We shall together be under the moon
Plucking a thousand more roses as we walk
And strew petals in our hearts!

Angelina Pandian

Your Eyes!

Mesmerizing, tantalizing
Twinkling and smiling
Your eyes are so eloquent
You look at me and look into me
Your eyes they reach my heart
And pluck it out by root
They drink my very soul
We are sitting apart a table between
Your breath is not near my face
You have drawn out mine
You do not touch
But with just your eyes
You make me feel
A hundred embrace
If you look on so, I think
I might faint and die
But, such a boon of pleasure
To die looking into your eye
I would feel no pain or regret
I have seen many a eyes
But none like yours
So piercing so melting
You place a thousand kiss on my face
And penetrate my very soul
With just your eyes
You make me shudder
With pleasure yearning for your touch!

Angelina Pandian