

Poetry Series

Anish mutum
- poems -

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Anish mutum()

It Is Life

Full of cares, full of tensions,

Naught 'tis but only life.

Full of sweet scents, full of cool sounds,

'Tis life.

'Tis like a garden

Full of captivating flowers with

Couples of birds singing harmoniously,

Besides, thousands of bees working hard.

Naught 'tis but a war of pre-eminence

The world is the combat zone; temptations, the opponents;

We, the soldiers; actions, the armaments;

Hell and heaven the conclusion

Naught but a tedious journey 'tis

For the idlest.

Naught but a peaceful lake 'tis

For the ablest.

Anish mutum

Ode To My Life

From womb I set out
Passed nurse's arms and then
The stringent governance of the learning temple.
As I moved on, halted
On the way for something
though aware of many a task ahead
couldn't help myself staring wide-eyed
at the pulchritude of a vista.

The garden of life it was
Replete with flowers- hues and scents of all kinds.
Bees travail for the best nectar and
no exception I was
setting my heart on a beauty.
The travail moved on with me as a part.

After losses, finally came the prize of my utopia.
Unlike most contemporaries mine was a *Lotus
Bloomed on a single stalk
Amid crystals lit by sunbeams.
All at once **zephyr disturbed the tranquility
Slurring if she withers.

***Too long have I enjoyed this transitoriness
But, I have tasks ahead
Tasks to garden my own life
And a pool to create for my Lotus.
Tasks to garden my own life
And a pool to create for my Lotus.

Anish mutum