

Poetry Series

anushmadhu thi
- poems -

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anushmadhu thi()

Poems of Pazhani Bharathi-Kaviko-anushmadhu Ratnavel

Art
creates
man;
in turn
he creates
the peaceful world.

IF YOU LOVE THE FOREST
AS YOU LOVE SOMEONE
THE DIVERSITY WILL BE TAKEN CARE..

Date 25 01 2010

Rank of Poet:

Popularity 7th Rank World Level- Congratulations

Popularity First Rank India Level- Congratulations

Total Number of Poets 24752

Total Number of Poems 3,10,931

' A Silenzio'

Il silenzio è un messaggio celeste
Il silenzio è una forma di capsule
Dei sentimenti e delle emozioni;

Le parole non sono potenti espressione.
Le parole non potrebbero effettuare le emozioni-Ma
Il silenzio è una potente arma;
Si fa il lavoro nel modo di significato.

Te la connettività
Attraverso le parole è precario.
Parole arriveranno altri, ma
Messaggio di stare con te;
Altri dipingere le vostre parole
Rendono diverso da quello che vuoi dire.

Gli impatti di modificare le vostre parole
Ma l'impatto non è vostra intenzione,
Silenzi costruire la vostra fiducia
Costruire le parole scelte per gli altri
Quindi
'Le parole possono essere distrutti, ma
Il silenzio non può essere sconfitto. '

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' Amico E Nemico'

Subito dopo la pioggia
Le stelle rastrellato il loro cervello
E richiamato il dibattito
L'amicizia;
Il primo che ha elogiato
Il vento è un'anima
Amico della luna e del sole,
La seconda giustificato
Non può essere il vento
Ma le nuvole;
'Le nuvole intendono nascondere
La gloria di raggi e luci
Ma il vento perde la causa,
Che è la pioggia... '
Così le stelle concluso
E batté per il vento.

Ma la nube solo sa
Si è cercato di coprire i nudi stelle ',
Oh Lord Krishna!
Dove è Bruto...?

ref:
Krishna Signore salvò Paanjali da thuchadhana
Bruto ha pugnalato il suo amico Giulio.

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' Discussione Di Bellezze '

La discussione è su
La tua eterea bellezza,
Discutendo è senza fine,
Il ritmo di pietra,
La pioggia di poesia,
Le poesie di pioggia;

Le colombe volare lontano
Dalla terra di disordini,
E vedere il tuo nome
In tutti i grani versato
Sul campo;

Il tuo bacio è l'acqua
Per il singhiozzo delle stelle
Che ha causato dalle tenebre.

Gli inni del mare-conchiglia è
La sillaba mistica del monte di Venere.

Il tuo amore si sono ristretti i
Le distanze tra i tempi.

Dalla vostra galassia
Nessun pianeta se ne va,
Il verde degli alberi
Let down gocce d'amore
Sulla vostra pelle splendente.

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' Drenched Woman'

My poetry is
Your bathing space;
Words are showering
On your naked body,
And rolls down at
The surface of your skin,
And reaches at the bottom of
Your golden foot;
When you moved away,
The space is filled with meaning;
The pleasant□
Moment of bathing is
Always remembered
By a sticking letter or word
In the surface of your skin
Even after drying up the wetness.

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'Honesty' Of Flowers

Flowers, We...

The faithful wife of poets

The call girls of beetles

The adopted children of gardeners

Sometimes we are used in celebrations

And in the event of homage, given too

Sometimes we commence love affairs

And travel on the bouquet of brides

Sometime as demand dowry in temples

And to glorify the checks of Gods

And politicians too

What else..?

Also

We are 'Honest' to pristine

And so we die

on the same day of our birth

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' Man' Cannot Be Defeated

Sympathy is
Not less than a destroyer;
It kills the man
Who receives it;
Men who pose are
A killer of mankind.

Empathy is
For harnessing
And lights the world of the needy;

Accepting unfair
Popularity is a
Double-edged knife
For your own neck,
And let it not be sharpened
Very often.

Success does not exist
In life,
As well
The defeat is an illusion.
Hence
'Man can be Destroyed*
and Cannot be Defeated'

*Ernest Hemingway- The old man And the sea

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' Mask'

You are trying to impress others
When you are not trying for yourself, (But you never impressed yourself)

You are afraid of the darkness
The devils exist in your heart;

Your heart is a dustbin
Of your discreditable s;

Your mind is a secret dark room
And afraid and ashamed of
Your awkward thoughts;

Your mind is a theatre for blue scripts
And it stages your dreams for
Your personal entertainments;

And you know,
You are not the actor there
But you are real in the drama,
It is not possible for you
To screen for the public;

Your mind is a milky way
And churn that for ambrosia, □
And you would expel the poison too,

Your mind is an eagle,
Despite flying in the sky
It searches for dead rats on the earth;

Your mind is a sieve lid
It never retains useful stuff, but the waste;

Your mind is a great ocean
It has a secret deepness-But
You are less aware of this fuzzyness;

The face does not carry your address

But the mind hides your address,
You have no courage to address;

Your address is a myth-and
Your face is also a myth
Hence they don't see each other's.

The society is a hall for mask dance
We all dance there with own masks

The mask is your crown
If it is removed, you lose your kingdom..

Kaviko in Tamil- aalaabanai.

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' Oh My Success! '

Oh my defeat! Long live!
You are my faithful wife-and
No one would come
For your relationship,
Oh my defeat! You are my mirror,
You helped me to see my image,
O my defeat! You are eternal sculptor,
You are an evolution of man,
O my defeat! You are a melting plant,
You are giving weapons to combat my life
Oh my defeat! You are an affable heat, (Pleasant, friendly)
You are shaping my character to glorify,
Oh my defeat! You are a sharpening stone,
You are making me clever in life,
Oh my defeat! You are my brilliant school,
You taught me to convert the cyclone as my boat,
Oh my defeat! You are my philosopher and guide,
You are refining my ego,
Oh my defeat! You are not my wounds,
But my eyes,

Oh my defeat! Your flame tuned me to the
Level of beautiful flute,
Oh my defeat! You are not creating any loss,
But you are involving me to attain experiences,

Success brings addiction to oneself,
And we lose ourselves,

O my defeat! You are my remunerations,
I can buy the success with that money.

Kaviko in Tamil- aalaabanai.

anushmadhu thi

' Paths '

The paths are well known of thirst and hunger□
The paths were paved by needs and searches
There are different types of paths
There are some paths for eyes
There are some paths for legs
There are some paths for minds
There are some festooned paths leads to wounds

Paths filled with thorn leads to honey
Paths covered with memories remind our past
Paths overwhelmed with creativity leads to prosperity
The paths paved with discussion leads to goal

There are few single paths deviate from main lane,
Like hermit, he disowned all for sanctity.
There are few paths (joins) harnesses all lanes
From poor villages like a mother.
There are some paths like bashful maiden
Hidden by dense forest.

There are some paths in countryside exhibit less green
And shadows and charms to merge with city lanes,
There is few paths get abhorrence of city lanes
And keep far away maintaining distances.

There are ample numbers of paths,
Straight paths,
Shortcut paths,
Secret paths, and
The paths with full of transparency,
And a few paths meet with dead ends;

Some paths may bring power-and
Many paths proceed to picnic spots;
Some leads to holy places-and
Many paths take to judicial courts;
Some paths meant for prisons-and
Many paths lead to battlefields
Some paths laid for graveyards-and

Many paths committed for futures

But there is no path exist for humanism
And, hence the man has reached the destination.

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' Remain' With Emotions

Emotions are roaring
And dashing with hurricanes
The tides cross its shorelines
Every sea has red zone as boundaries
Searching handcuffs
To dissipate the absurds
But legs are tied with ropes
Hence remain...,
With the emotions.

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' Success Of Heart'

Why the heart beats..? ,
Because
It tries to escape
From man, a sinner,
And would achieve one day;
That is the day..!
The man would be also
Relieved from sinful
Thoughts, And ends
Committing immoral,
And reaches 'haven or hell',
Who knows? ..,
And he does not know
When the heart wins;
But the clans know the day
When it happens...

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' The Silence'

Silence is a celestial message
Silence is a capsule form
Of feelings and emotions;

Words are not powerful expression.
Words could not perform emotions -But
Silence is a powerful weapon;
It does the job in the way of meaning.

Thee connectivity
Through words is precarious.
Words reach others-But
Message stay with you;
Others paint your words
They render other than what you mean.

The impacts modify your words
But the impact is not your intention,
Silences build your confidence
Words build choices for others
Hence
' Words can be destroyed-but
Silence cannot be defeated.'

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' The Word In My Poem '

I was searching a word
That escaped from
my poem,

At last I found
That in the terrace,
When it was sitting
with children and
Staring at your lips
at the time
of your tuition class

Now I know,
The word was not escaped
but eloped with
Your Lips...!

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' Wife' Of Wise Man.

A Man, Who,
Looks for beautiful wife
Never switch off lights
In the Night,
If he is wise.

A Man, Who
Switch off lights
In the night, Never
Looks for beautiful wife,
If he is wise.

anushmadhu thi

' Will' Of Love

Your name is home of love;
The porch greets
With Jasmine fragrance ;
My thirst is trapped within
A tender coconut tree;
Dreams are painted around the shelves
And freeze in ornate toys,
My taste possesses warmth
From the stove in the kitchen.
The darkness and loneliness
Shared not only in bed
But Counting the stars too.
I could touch the
Spilling water from the well.
Despite all,
The WILL of the house is
Not with me

In Tamil- Mazhaippen-Phazhani Bharathi

anushmadhu thi

' With You'

If you use me as words
In your communication
I would be a silent receiver
In your telephone.
If you perceive me
As your entertainment
I would be your wristwatch.
If you don't find me
To wake you up in morning sun
And in your sleepless night,
Please tell me - then
I would be a day calendar
In your hands every single day.

Mazhaippen-Pazhani Bharathi-Tamil

anushmadhu thi

美 是 成 功

信 心 是 美 容
美 是 藝 術
藝 術 表 演
性 能 卓 越
卓 越 的 責 任
責 任 是 集 體 主 義
集 體 主 義 是 問 責
問 責 制 是 國 家 藝
術
反 過 來
國 家 藝 術 是 美
美 是 信 心
信 心 是 成 功
成 功 是
" 讓 我 們 不 要 任 何
一 個 鬆 散
在 遊 戲 中 的 生 命 "

anushmadhu thi

"痛 饮 庆 功
女 人 "

我 的 诗
您 的 沐 浴 空 间 ;
词 淋 浴
在 您 的 赤 裸 的 身
体 ，
并 在 垂 下
您 的 皮 肤 表 面 ，
并 在 到 达 底 部
您 的 金 足 ;
当 你 搬 走 ，
空 间 充 满 了 意 义 ;
愉 快
洗 浴 时 刻
一 直 记 得
由 字 母 或 字 贴
在 你 的 皮 肤 表 面
即 使 在 干 燥 ， 潮
湿 了 。

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Animation Of Your Kiss

Your kisses
Are flowing
Through whining pebbles
And widening like river.
While the small
Fishes are splashing
In the blood-and
There is a kingfisher
On my vein.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

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Beauty And Confidence

Confidence is beauty
And until you
Get the Confidence
To have that beauty
Let not enjoy the beauty

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Beauty Is Success

Confidence is Beauty
Beauty is Art
Art is Performance
Performance is Excellence
Excellence is Responsibility
Responsibility is Collectivism
Collectivism is Accountability
Accountability is State of Art
In turn
State of Art is Beauty
Beauty is Confidence
Confidence is Success
Success is
" Let not loose any one
In the game of life"

'Wish you all happy new year-2010'

anushmadhu thi

Breath Of Love

I did not know
In which train you went;
But my deep breath
Brought your train back.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Civil (Eyes-Ed) Barbarians

Oh primitive man!
You lived at the height
Of a great mountain!
But the civilization
Brought the man
Down to earth
We have been gifted
A lamp of knowledge
But we cause more disasters
Rather than engender lights, (Make a situation start to exist)
□
You meandered like a wind
And enjoyed your freedom,
But we do live like air
Entrapped in colorful balloon.

Though you were nude
You looked less vulgar -And
We look blue with our modern costumes

You enjoyed the life
In dark caves-but
We live in bright houses
In dark souls

You met crisis for food in jungles -Now
We are the food of crisis.

You slept well on the rough rocks -But
We own stylish cot and no sleep

You licked milk like a child-And
Harnessed the booms of Mother Nature□
But we are rude - and
Devouring the gorgeous Mother Nature.
In the name of development,

You lived in peace with
Dangerous animals in the forest - But

We do live in the midst of urban
In fear of human beings!

You never took shower
And sustained a clean environment
But we dirt the toilet soap
In unhygienic surroundings

You lived in a broad jungle-but
We do live in a crammed city.
You lived like a mist on petals
We do live like a tear on eyelid

You lived like a songs of music
We do live like a voice of screams

You lived in the woods
In human face,
We live in the concrete jungles
Les' animals do,

Our civilization is
A glorified leprosy patient.

Now we know the reason
Of your hoot of laughter
When we call you 'barbarian'

Kaviko in tamil- Aalabanai

anushmadhu thi

Clouds Of Rain

In between our chat
I chased an alate
(winged-termite)
Which slid on your
Dark blowing hair
And my heart sensed
Clouds of rain.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Conflicts

Confronting Conflicts

With words in my poetry,
Innocently believed in words
Reflecting the meaning it carries usually,
Now, The words stabbed me
As a fish swam over an unknown thorn,
And I thought it would be the end;
But the meaning of END
Reflected its antonym,
Hence it is CONTINUING

Mazhaippen-Pazhani Bharathi-Tamil

anushmadhu thi

Custom Of Kisses

Always guests
Visit with
Flowers and Fruits;
Your love
Also visit with
Smile and kisses.

In Tamizh-Pazhani Bharathi

anushmadhu thi

Debate Of Beauties

The debate is on
Your ethereal beauty,
Debating endlessly is,
The rhythm of stone,
The rain of poem,
The poems of rain;

The doves fly far away
From the land of unrest,
And see your name
In all grains spilled
Over the field;

Your kiss is water
For the hiccup of the stars
Which caused by the darkness.

The hymns of the sea-conch is
The mystic syllable of your Venus mount.

Your love shrunk the
Distances between times.

From your galaxy
No planet goes away,
The green in the trees
Let down drops of love
On your gleaming skin.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

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Desire Of Love□

Take me immediately into
Your dark room...
Through that one way path;
And allow me to see
The world through your eyes;
Allow me to listen rhythms
From your heartbeats;
Allow me to breathe
Through your inner lungs;
Allow me to sleep
In your safe womb too.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Dream In Love

When your petal lips attracted me,
The roots of that kissing plant
Sucked me in.
The flowers brought colors
For my sleep
And fragrances for my Dream;
I gently plucked all flowers,
The last one touched my eyes
Alas, it was the end of my dream..

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Dreams And Dreamers

No one exists
With out experience
Of the dream.

Nature also has the experience
Of dreams.

The rainbow is
Dream of clouds,
Twinkling stars are
Dreams of the night,
Flowers are
Dreams of the earth,
Moon is
Dream of the sun,
Woman is
Dream of a man,

Smile is
Dream of the tears,

Poetry is
Dream of the words,
False is
Dream of the truth,

Human is
Dream of the God,
Dream of human is
Dream of the dreams!

Dream,
It is a display of sight (view)
In closed eyes,
Action of the sleep
And riddle of the slumber, (deep sleep)
Solitude of the seclusion,
Mirror of the wounds,
Mumble of the mind,

Windows of the paradise,
Language of an individual
Les' understood by himself,

Dream is a
Modern poetry
Has no syllable and meter,
Dream is a
Divine power of human, (desolation, super natural, forlorn)
Dream is not a myth
But it is a naked truth,

Dream is a secret room
Of an individual
He rest there
With his genuine face,

Dream is
Incubator of a man,
Dream is wings
Of an individual,
Dream is
A lighthouse of man
Dreams are
Colors of a man
To glorify his
Black and white life;

Let all of us praise for men
Who love the dreams,
And we express
Our sympathy to all men
who live in dreams too....

(Aalaabanai by Kaviko-In Tamizh)

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Drenched Kisses.

Better, let not you
Chat with any one!
Since all your words
Are drenched in your lips
And it turns into kisses.

In Tamizh-Pazhani Bharathi

anushmadhu thi

Energy Of A Kiss

I believed only
After receiving
Your kiss that
Electricity could be
Generated from water.

In Tamizh-Pazhani Bharathi

anushmadhu thi

Fantasy Of Love

Before I touch your beauty
Who has brought this fragrance?

Either

The butterfly might
Have swallowed lot of honey? ☐

Or

It might be the game of
The gentle wind?

Or

Breakage of your heart
Concealed in my thought?

Or

The friction of our breaths
During our chat?

Or

The dreams of our petting?

Who has brought the fragrance?
Before I touch you my love.....

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Fate Of Days

Lost my breath and then my life...
For not having seen you
In five days -and
Keeping them to get buried,
Come and pay your homage
Before its burial ceremony.....!

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Flame

Cast light in you to drive
Darkness away from me;
Harnessed with my palms
As the flame flickered,
It tuned my thought,
Now the darkness
Surrounds you,
And I am the flame.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Flowers In Cold Wind.

The raindrops draw
Colorful painting
On the glass of window;
The flowers
In your long hair
Shivering in the soft
Gentle cold wind.

(Translated From, Muththa Pazhakkoodai-Pazhani Bharathi- Tamizh)

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Friend And Foe

Just after the rain
The stars raked their brain
And invoked the debate
On friendship;
The first praised that
The wind is a soul
Friend of moon and the sun,
The second one justified
Not may be the wind
But the clouds;
' The clouds intend to hide
The glory of rays and lights
But the wind forfeit the cause,
That is the rain...'
Thus the stars concluded
And clapped for the wind.

But the cloud only knows
It tried to cover the nudes' stars,
Oh lord Krishna!
Where is Brutus...?

ref:

Lord krishna saved Paanjali from thuchadhana
Brutus stabbed his friend Julius.

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Glowing For Love

Until I saw your
Glowing body
In the night
I never knew that
The fireflies
Twinkling only for love affairs.

(Translated From, Muththa Pazhakkoodai-Pazhani Bharathi- Tamizh)

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Incomplete Sense

Man is the only species
He is gifted with sixth sense
And always being proud of this!

But
Man is the only species
He indulges worries
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a cross
In which Jesus crucified?

Man is the only species
He could scream with sorrow
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a wound?

Man is the only species
He attacks others with scathing words
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a hunter's bow?

Man is the only species
He involves stealing
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a burglar's tool?

Man is the only species
He commits sins
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a spit of serpents?

Man is the only species
He begs for food
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a worst form of unlucky?

Man is the only species
He coverts himself as a parasite
As he thinks

The sixth sense is a womb of injustice?

Man is the only species
He invents tools for genocide
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a land of cruelty?

Man is the only species
He fights in the name of god
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a blind of darkness?

Man is the only species
He creates scandal with women for sex
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a thread of conflicts?

Man is the only species
He treats his clans as untouchables
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a squinted eye?

Man is the only species
He divides his men with boundary lines of lands.
As he thinks
The sixth sense is an absurd?

Man is the only species
He discovered art of politics
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a cunning net?

Man is the only species
He butter his fellow men's foot
As he thinks
The sixth sense is a burial ground of self-esteem?

Man is the only species
'He needs messengers of god
And incarnations of god
And sacred texts
And moral instructions

For his refinement
As he thinks
The sixth sense is decease?
Man is the only species
He is gifted with sixth sense
And always being proud of this.

(Translated From ' aalabanai'- in Thamizh- kaviko)

anushmadhu thi

Lord Krishna In Love

The holes in the flute
Exposed your name;
The wings of peacock
Sharpened your lines;

A race was declared
To steal the butter
Churned out of your smile;

Do you care to know?
Who were the contestants?
It was Lord Krishna and I.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

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Love And Ecstasy

You attained tenderness,
And tiredness,
And lost conscious,
And got buried into exhaustion,
At the end of our lovemaking.
It seems,
You are bound to learn
Even the taste of death
from me.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

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Love And Five Elements

When I glanced the Sky,
A shooting star
Lashed my eyes;

When I touched
The small Rain
Like a tree
A flash of Lightning
Pricked my finger.

As you dash me
Like a Wind,
I felt a turbulent river
For a minute in my vein
Which broke the Rock into smithereens;

Gave up all for you
As I saw you in all
Five Elements

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

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Love Is Full Of Actions

Do not stare at me
Anymore -and
Cook me
At one sight:
Do not cook me
Anymore -And
Serve for yourself;
Do not serve
Anymore- And
Taste me with your kiss;
Do not taste me
Anymore -and
Digest me at one stroke.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Love Is Sanctorum

The doves are frightened
And are flying away,
When your beauty
Sounds out like a temple bell.

□

Oh! Angel,
Always seen and vibrating
Around your sanctum;
When will you tell me?
That it is time
For my entry into the sanctum

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

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Love Is Symbol Of Freedom

Love is Divine,
The way to reach God.
You can love any one
But it is a freedom;
Love is a catalyst
And makes you perfect..
Denying love is not natural
It is a sadism,
Love is not an infatuation
And it does not belong to only youths! ?
But love is divine
When you dont want to meet god
Why do you want to meet someone
whom you dont involve in love? !

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Magic Of Kisses

I sent a kiss to visit you
Through the wind,
That has turned into a butterfly;

The water waited for your bath
Changed into lotus
As I kissed the surface;

The wind, which dried your hair
Transformed into mist
As I kissed with passion;

When I kissed the place
Where you took rest
It sprouted right there
And turned into a Basil plant;

But that kiss that I sent
To feel your skin
Is still wandering around
Here, there, everywhere.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Mask

You are trying to impress others
When you are not trying for yourself, (But you never impressed yourself)

You are afraid of the darkness

The devils exist in your heart;

Your heart is a dustbin
Of your discreditable s;

Your mind is a secret dark room
And afraid and ashamed of
Your awkward thoughts;

Your mind is a theatre for blue scripts
And it stages your dreams for
Your personal entertainments;

And you know,
You are not the actor there
But you are real in the drama,
It is not possible for you
To screen for the public;

Your mind is a milky way
And churn that for ambrosia,
And you would expel the poison too,

Your mind is an eagle,
Despite flying in the sky
It searches for dead rats on the earth;

Your mind is a sieve lid
It never retains useful stuff, but the waste;

Your mind is a great ocean
It has a secret deepness-But
You are less aware of this fuzziness;

The face does not carry your address
But the mind hides your address,
You have no courage to address;

Your address is a myth-and
Your face is also a myth
Hence they don't see each other's.

The society is a hall for mask dance

We all dance there with own masks

The mask is your crown
If it is removed, you lose your kingdom.

Kaviko in Tamil

anushmadhu thi

My Kiss Is Olympic Torch

I am carrying
My kiss everywhere
As a Olympic Torch
To lit on your life.

anushmadhu thi

Nest For Rest

Saw a tree on side of a road;
The shadow of a tree
Stopped my stroll;
As I moved away
From the shadow,
A fruit lashed my shoulder;
Now my nest is resting on the tree.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Oh Clouds Tell Me The Truth..!

Oh! Clouds!

I want to live in the sky like you
And I want the highest mount
As throne, like you,

' If you prepare to come down
You have chance to go high!

You love the hot sun,
And obey the orders!
Throw the salt and heavy dirt! '

Oh clouds!

I want to be peaceful
And joyful as you are!

'Throw the bridle away! -And
Sacrifice the desire and the route,
You will attain the prosperity
From all directions'

Oh clouds!

I want to be everywhere as you do!

'Avoid encroachments-and
Enjoy all locations'

Oh clouds!

I want to have holy night
And want to be drenched
In thousands of colors!

'You decide to be colorless man
And deserve all favorable colors! '

Oh cloud!

I want to have beauties in thousands
As you do have!

'Be a dimensionless man
And you get all beauties! '

Oh Cloud!
I want to have rainbow
In seven colors as you do have!

'Fill yourself with full of tears!
Allow the sunlight to penetrate!
And you will have the rainbow!

Oh clouds!
I want to have booming thunders
As you do during rain!

'Prepare to learn the voices of justice
And you get the earsplitting thunders! '

Oh clouds!
I too want to have scripts in lightening
As you have during rain!

□

'You write scripts in your heart
And you will get letters in lightnings'

Oh cloud!
I want to be rain as you do!

'You determine to be an altruist
And you will be rain as I am!

(Translated From ' aalabanai'- in Thamizh- kaviko)

anushmadhu thi

Oh Wind....!

Oh wind!

You are the origin of music

We `not leave you unsung

You are the perennial river-And

`We' the hydroponics,

And `unable to go away

From your water, '

We breathe your constitutes

But unable to absorb your qualities;

We are unable to walk in our legs

But you walk restless without legs;

We understand now,

Born with legs is a disadvantage?

You have no eyes and care for all

But we have eyes to see,

And are biased in caring men.

Oh! Born with eyes

Barrier for humanism;

□

You have no hands

And harness every one,

But we have hands

And practice difference (in Black and White)

With in our clan; .

You have no tongue

But you speak in all lingoos,

Our tongues are locked

In the prison of sounds,

We are in guilty of our mouth;

When you cross a pond

You fly with fresh breeze;

While you touch the flower

You expose lovely fragrance;

When you enter into flute
You come out with beautiful music,
But we make you dirt and disrespect
Your value in our contact,

□

The dumb tongues of trees
Speaks in your presence only;
The tides in sea freak out
And celebrate your friendship;

The greens in the field
Invoke holy dances in your alliance;

The query in my mind for long time
IS,
'You are entertaining like a concert
You are joyful like a celebration
And making wonderful mood like rendezvous',

'You have robbed the flames of lamps
You have stolen the fragrance of flowers
You have taken away the tunes of violin,
And let me know where do you hide
All these lights, sounds, music and fragrance? ,

I want to see the merger of all,
I wonder too!
Oh wind! Take me to the location
Where all these live together
in Consensus!

(Translated From ' aalabanai'- in Thamizh- kaviko)

anushmadhu thi

Racing Of A Kiss

My kiss is
Competing in your body
In all pends and curves
Like racing car
With adventures;
And unaware of
What would happen
At any location.

(Translated from Muththa Pazhakkoodai- thi- tamil)

anushmadhu thi

Small Rain

A single rain drop
In my palm,
Dissolves in my heart
And enlarging as a pond,
Finds you there as a lotus.

Now the single has become many
And the drops are joyfully
Rolling and plying
On the surface of your leaf.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Solace In Journey Of Love

Carried your kit bags
Like a porter;
Sat as a spectator
And co passenger in the bay;
Served your tea and lunch
Like a waiter;
Verified your ticket
Like inspector;
Received and greeted you
At the end of your journey.
Some solace and
Eternal separation
For not showing up
At the beginning of
Your journey.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Tell Me Your Name

A small voice could
Reach your distance
In our chance of intimacy
And unable to attract
Your attention
As I was unaware of your name;
And I let you alone.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Temple Of Serpents

Love is a divine glow,
It transforms you from
Torn cloth to a wick;

But you burn up the house
Using the wick rather
Making light for you;

The glow is meant for refining,
And the uncultivated man;
But you are jumping into the fire.
And destroying yourself

It merges the male and female
And creates light out of the energy,
But you create disasters in the glow,

The moon absorbs sun and looks bright,
You failed to absorb fire,
And missing glory of soft light;
But you remain as a desert
And energy becomes waste,
And make your wound
In the septic state;

The lust exposes your animal attributes
The love reflects your divine power
The lust pushes your kingdom down
The love takes you up and above the stars
The lust is a destroyer and loss making
The love is a donor and brings rewards
The lust licks blood from booms
The love makes the scars to secrete milk
The lust induce corrosion in the non- reactive gold
The love converts the iron ore into gold
The lust makes you dirt
The love makes you pure
The lust is a temple of serpents
The love is a sanctum of gods

The lust is a death
The love is prosperity
And why, you keep prosperity away?
And why, you search for death?

anushmadhu thi

The Climax Of Love

Calling you
In the language of cuckoo;
And staring you
Like a hungry tiger;
Holding you
Like a squirrel-And
Tasting you
Like a parrot
With my tongue;
Squeezing your honey
As butterfly does in flowers;
And resting my body on it;
In the small cold weather,
I lit the fire in thick forest
Using dry leaves.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

The Falls

Why did we cry?
While we born on the earth,

We felt that we fell
From the Milky Way!

Yes, we fell in the ego
From the galaxy,

We fell in the darkness
From the light,

We fell in the uproar
From the silence,

We fell in the existence
From the non-existence,

We fell in the name
From the no name,

We fell in the end
From the endless,

We fell in the myth
From the truth,

We fell in the sleep
From the awake,

We fell in the body
From the soul,

We realized the loss
At the time of our birth only,

We have become addict
In knowing and doing

And have forgotten the loss.

Now 'falling' has become
Usual in our life,

We fall in the possessiveness,
We slip in the hunger,
We drop into thy self,
We jump from heart to stomach,

We are captured in fishing rod,
We are trapped in the bird s net,
We are snared in the animal s knots,

It is strange that
We never realize the set back
It happens mutely
And in the state of unconsciousness,

We get wounds
But it never pains,

We broke ourselves
And never heard the noise,

The setback is insensate
And we are insensitive.

(Translated From ' aalabanai'- in Thamizh- kaviko)

anushmadhu thi

The Love Refugee

The branch Trembled
When I landed
On the lone barren tree;
And the rustling dry leaves
Showed my directions.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

The Nature Blesses My Love

Your beauty is vast

As expansive as the frontiers;
The nature blesses my love.

The pond reflects
The image of deer
When it drinks water;

Your lips deceive
The Parrots
In the Image of fruits,

The sun was trying
To touch your
Shadows and failed;

but
Your eyes reflected my image
When my face filled with love;
and
My kisses ripened in your lips
And you are covered with lovely flowers.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

The Other Side

Looking on one side is inane
And see the sight of virtue
On the other side too,
And
Learn the meaning of life
In rising sun and
From the sunset too.
Learn to admire the thorn
While you admire the flowers

Learn to enjoy the lamps of others
When you are proud of your lamp,
The lamps may differ in shapes
But all lights are useful.

Learn to commend
The poems of others
When eulogize your poetry,
The poetries are with different tunes
But dissolves in the same music.

While you scream with tears
Learn to feel tears of neighbor,
The tears may be
From unrelated eyes
But the origin is similar.

The distastes and fondness,
Makes one poor.
The possessiveness of a thing
Would lead to loose many things;

While the affection prefers poison
And distaste would prefer ambrosia.

It is absurd
To dishonor the roses of neighbors
In order to honor the oleander
Budded in your garden.

It is frivolous
To loathe the star in the sky
In order to boast the fire-flies
In your bush

The fondness makes one to
Lose many rewards-and

Learn to have possession
Of creations of universe-and
Celebrate all with privileges.

(Translated from 'Aalaabanai- By Kaviko in Tamizh)

anushmadhu thi

The Parts Of Poetry

The Rounded Black eyes
Invoke the first lines for my poem;
Your lips were like rhymes
When I kissed you;
Lost my consciousness below
Your conch like neck;
A deep line
Engraved in lower waist;
And Upper is
Dotted with a single word;
Despite knowing
The meaning of all,
I remain
Unable to complete
The poem.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Theory Of Love

Very often

You wondered at my love;

And I wonder that

Your beauty reflects

The meaning of love.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Transperancy Of Kisses

Your kisses
Are hiding in your lips,
Like children play
The hide and seek
In open space.

In Tamizh-Pazhani Bharathi

anushmadhu thi

Vibration Of Love

You are gently
Lying as a veeanai
And the notes are
Vibrating without
Plucking the strings

In Tamizh-Pazhani Bharathi

anushmadhu thi

Warmness Of Love

Don't keep
The flowers on your braid
For long time,
And it may ripe
Into fruits in the
Warmness of your long hair.

In Tamizh-Pazhani Bharathi

anushmadhu thi

Who Are You To Give..?

Who are you to give?
Why do you think that you are giving?

What you give, is not yours
What you have s are not yours

You are not giving
But you are tool for giving others

Flute is not music- but
It is tool for creating music,

The nature never boasted of its benefits,
The man takes all needs from the nature,

You are also subset of the nature
The money is not the only thing to give,
Your words too, may fulfill thirst of someone,
Your smile too, may lit a lamp in heart of someone,

You must give silently as flowers do,
You must give without disparity as lamps do
You keep your mind like water in the river
The needy never take consent
From the river to fetch water
Give for merits-and
Live with merits
It justify your presence on the earth..

(Kaviko in Tamil -aalabanai.)

anushmadhu thi

Who Played Me?

You cause
The swinging of universe
Even when no one is present,
I am lying as
Exhausted Spinning TOP
After being played by
The unknown.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Wonderful Sky- Its You

You are the wonderful sky
I am prostrating on your body
And counting the stars,
And the stars are never ending;
It is strange and ever new;
I keep counting again and again.

(In Tamil- ani Bharathi)

anushmadhu thi

Wrestling For Love

There was a wrestling
Between me and the butterfly
In plucking flower for you:
And the stem
Mediated with giving
Its honey to butterfly
And the flower to me.

anushmadhu thi