

Poetry Series

Arvind Ilamaram
- poems -

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Arvind Ilamaran()

A Clueless Joy

open your eyes to the swollen rainbow,

standing undrenched in the morning light.

I started for the sky with the face in a bright glow,

Knowing that I won't fear to do what is right.

If living in the moment is so nice and sweet,

I wonder why there are the ones who weep.

Hopping over stars with our hands in one,

We shall find the justly way to be gay and fun.

run in to my hands oh ceaseless wonder,

grasping with the golden hands of bountiful reason.

when the sun sets again on the ceding west,

we shall all live life like never and rest.

Arvind Ilamaran

A Different Day

The moon just came up bright,
and the world was filled with light,
I woke up to a different day.

No one had got killed,
and the youngsters stood naught still,
I just couldn't let it away.

While the hungry got some food,
which they offer never could,
a small morsel smile on my face.

The pain was empathized,
the tears were off the eyes,
life's gone to different stage.

Living life without a fear,
oh my darling when you are here,
has always been the dream when awake.

Now the world is filled with light,
and with men that do right,
happiness is yours to take.

Arvind Ilamaran

A Feminist Smite

swift does the radical feminist smite,
a gentle reminder everywhere to repent for crimes not done,
perpetual hatred for a forgotten purpose,
whilst shout for empowerment drowns the call for equality,
a compounded interest man owes for living memories of dead deeds,
where is salvation when not peace but penance that she seeks.

Arvind Ilamaran

Death

An unbroken line of endless silence,
Seeping through the formless pores of time,
The conscious, unconscious of itself,
The end of both the start and the end,
Fear of this eternal heartsease,
Seeping into the veins of felicity whatsoever,
Shall denude the joy of any for time lasting ever.
If fear none not, mind is away from that you do,
The mind when away shall savvy not the truth,
If truth nay in heed, illusion in nascence.
The illusion of non-causal beingness,
A life without end breeds moments without purpose,
A moment without purpose seeds thoughts without substance,
A thought without substance keels to acts of ignorance.
Such act be evil so, germinates anarchy.
Fear not death, the friend at end,
For the fear of yin shall veil thy yang.

Arvind Ilamaran

Freedom

They blinded me,
saying the world has none but evil to see.
They took away my tongue,
saying the world has just poisoned tongues to hear,
They cut away my limbs,
saying I shall be spared from working for evil.
They took away my legs,
Saying I don't have to run away from protection.
They still couldn't take away my freedom,
For they realized it is that which I breathe.
Hence I stare at the long darkness of the gun muzzle,
Waiting for the certain death at the other end with a smile.
the bullet can take my life but not the meaning it held,
it can take my soul but not the light it spread

Arvind Ilamaran

Moment Awaited

I am waiting for that one moment,
When I live fearless and happy,
When my laugh is innocent and people are kind,
When I don't get killed because I believe in a different god,
When people help others even it is not for profit,
When science and religion hold hands together,
When guns and bombs become extinct as dinosaurs,
When food and education becomes the common human denominator,
When freedom and justice are just not principles in words but convictions in action,
When love and marriage both have meaning,
When you don't have to die saving your woman's honor,
When 'terror' becomes a word without manifestation,
When facts win over opinions,
When majority stop deciding the virtue,
When I can go to sleep,
To wake up to another beautiful day.

Arvind Ilamaran

My Love

neither as dark falling down ceding time,
nor the light showing the truthful lies.
element none alive can live this fact,
for am the one with the sourcing act.
behold my love you are true like none.
our love and kiss stays the only one...

Arvind Ilamaran

Rape

Moments when fancied dreams are lost to fiery flames,
Seconds seeded with sultry songs, unheard screams,
Hazy moments lost in your bosom,
Suckling turns to strife, the damned damsel in dread,
Dream lost to vile vandals of beguile feminine,
Spear tears the chalice apart, sanguine song squandered,
Thy hollering fails to reckon the hallowed in the beast,
Moment too long for the wasted womb, moment too short for the vicious virility,
Naked but for the cloak of distress, her wailing wanes,
Prayer for a lost sentience is answered,
As justice gets mired in morass,
Singed trice gets sutured into an eternal commotion,
Until Dike lends you her wretched ear, prevail,
Regret nay over the ravaged runes,
Sullied souls will writhe on the spiked plinth,
By their screams your pain shall rise,
For the world to see, for the world to feel.

Arvind Ilamaran

The Lonely Travel

A treaded path of crumbling gravel,
With scent of roses in humble travel,
locked on pain are my tainted senses,
tightly bound in unmade fences,
a distant grumble of hidden menace,
hollering the call for vital seance,
in the fading light of quondam day,
i heard the vox of conscience say,
relieve the onus of binding past,
relive the life that's yours at last.

Arvind Ilamaran

When She Said No

a million lifetimes,
those moments of silence,
hanging between your question and her answer,
like a train rushing towards the suicide wish,
on comes the rising calamity yet hope comes abreast,
here sentencing precedes crime,
culprit becomes victim,
future self warned against it,
hope and vanity defied the voice of sanity,
in those fleeting moments,
A thousand swords would have been braved
the ends of her eyebrow my compass arms,
the rhythm of my heart her forehead crease,
No one's to blame and no one's to curse,
but life's own jibe couldn't be worse,
I took fine time to till my heart,
by bled and sweat did plough my soul,
her smile didn't shine and love didn't pour,
withered I stood,
weathered by pain,
love was lost and ache was found,
past her trace,
my journey's bound.

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