

Poetry Series

M D Dinesh Nair
- poems -



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My Past As A Myth

In the voids of the present vague
For things untoward and bleak
My Past sleeps smooth
With a frown and a look sinister.

My Past was a myth indeed.
Its attire was royal blue
And its rod of reign golden
With a sharp end at times.

In the voids of my Present
Fill the squeals and the groans
The former is mine and the latter is theirs
In the voids they rise and fall.

My Past sleeps alone
On the pavement of time
That craves for a sunrise.
My Past wants to yawn and yell.

A Myth, a mystery of yestertimes
My Past is a reverie sweet
Oh Present, desert me for ever
Oh Life, retreat towards the might
Of that World clear and dear!

M D Dinesh Nair

The Void

Broken cradle songs have died out.

It is now the surging sighs getting echoed as I too stand in a queue to stare at
and fall prey to.

The mind explodes and a million sparks are let out
As I long to smile for a while.

The soul suppresses
my sobs metaphoric and the silly onlookers from the river valleys and the
plateaus pass by me singing a strange nursery rhyme.

As I'm with no grace of oblivion the louder pangs nestle there inside me.
The knots are tightened once more and it is no use making loud pleas.

When I ask for a bouquet large and shapely
Some place the stiffened wreaths of dry flowers on my half corpse...
In real I have the right to crave for some rosy fragrance.

Who is around me chanting the same elegy?
I have heard it once when the deserts were dying and the winds sang it in a
chorus.

A new sapling is growing from my chest,
It will have small leaves but no buds to bloom.

The sky gets split and the world down waits for a flight through its slender void!

It is a void that absorbs all...

But I am inside it...
Much much before you all make a try!

M D Dinesh Nair

Tomorrows Are A Terror

Blooming flowers, running water,
A chirping bird, a sweet breeze,
Rustling trees, smiling school kids,
A sun rise, a charming eve and an unknown nostalgia were all there for long...!

The life was pulsating all around then.

Images not so kind flash across the mind now
as the green planet turns turtle.

Plastic butterflies, ravaging rivers,
homeless winged beauties and a newer scare writ large on the face of the youth
are crying for a word...

The unwed mothers, the battered lands, the fleeing Presidents and the
ransacking people are all worth a glance!

After the entourage of the killer virus there comes now the hitherto unheard
Monkeypox!

There floats a smiling cloud promising one more shower,
But, the gusts of the close future roar at a high pitch....

Tomorrows are a terror!

M D Dinesh Nair

The Way Ahead

The way ahead is unclear
With rocky paths and cruel mounts beside
And the Sun can't show a route.
The reminiscences of a forlorn track
Are no more a solace.

The journey that commenced long ago
Has to come to a halt
With the feeble feet lost in utter confusion.
The throbbing heart and the seeing eyes
Have a beat and a stare alone to offer.

What the eyes see is a misty sky
Perhaps it is where He is sleeping
With no love or hatred to anyone or anything.
In the vacuum of dreams long lost
The terrible night is heard screaming.

The midday sun will soon emerge
Even as the darkness refusing to quit
And the dusk will be superfluous next.
Across the times fleeting with no beats
There is a retreat into total oblivion.

M D Dinesh Nair

Dear Covid 19

Dear Covid 19

Be soft and gentle

An epic I shall weave on you.

Be within your limits

An empire of eternity I shall erect for you.

Dear Covid 19

Haste not, you have had a field day

For long months spread over winter and summer

And be slow now, let us breathe for a while

Even as they assert you are the harbinger of Doomsday.

Dear Covid 19

Harp, a baby is crying for its mom is gone!

Listen, someone is laughing for his senses are off!

All thanks to you, you alone

And triumph not for this is not a gentle pandemic's way

Dear Covid 19

Alexander, the Macedon king walked across blood and flesh

And got into history with a title, Alexander The Great.

You are in queue and I am to honour you with a new name

Covid The Ignoble...

Think before you escalate further.

M D Dinesh Nair



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Nothing Much More

Enqueued are a few more terrors
And staring helplessly at the times ahead
We are surviving for a small while
Unlike earlier, nay, as never before
And there is an echo of a strange demon's cry Made long before and it's now
Reverberating for a longer while.

Harp! who is whispering there?
And see! someone's shadow is emerging.
Surely we begin to feel him, the trespasser
Along the corridors of the beleaguered past.
Do panic, be vigilant and be fleeing
As his steps are nearing closer.

Engulfed by thoughts clad in dismay
And smiles shattered by clouds of taboos
Where are you stranded dear anonymous pals?
How are you counting the days fleeting?
May be, your sobs are to soon die away
As the portals of illusive immortality open.

Time, your tick ticks are ghostly
With the needles of your clocks dead
And for ages you have laboured in vain
As the planet moves into this darkest hour!
Silence, your huge shape is dismantling
All the pieces of the mystical songs.

M D Dinesh Nair

A Rain Of Dreams!

Once more a rain falls in its steadfast rhythm
From somewhere up in the skies hitherto unseen ever
But it is a rain of dreams this time and that`s a solace!

It kisses the atoms of dust and lets out a sweet cry
And it hugs the plains of sweat and pants for a while or so
But it leaves a print of its own at the end!

A dream blossoms out on the head of the Earth by me
And it next blemishes to fall deep down to the Seas beneath me
But, it is a dream indeed and that`s a feel beyond words!

My night ends leaving the mat wet and crumpled
And I wake up to the reality of dry shrubs of horrible sizes
Which grow in the desert of no rains and no dreams!

M D Dinesh Nair



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The Cage Of Wingless Spirits

My soul wants a crash landing
In the special abode of the unknown God
For I cannot still roam
In the infinite skies...

The space in between
The Earth I have left and the heaven is intriguing
And the divine particle gets panicked!
The take off was not my choice!

A cage of wingless spirits and souls
That he prepared for trillions of years!
Still I want to land thereon
And creep through its doors or wholes.

He is the same God of no concerns
Speaks less, sees lesser and hears nothing
He calls me out and asks, ' Why are you here? '
And I smile back at his smiling face...

In the wild spaces of unknown asteroids and comets
I see my predecessors still groaning
I know they did not know the tricks of crash landing
Idiots! I muse....

A charitable act, let Him think
Like the babies are fed by their moms
The dark clouds have already rained in the whole
But I know there is no return flight in waiting...

M D Dinesh Nair

The Sighs Are Sweeter Than Ever

There over the horizons
The falcon rises again to my surprise
With pointed wings made of rough feathers
For a fame unknown,
But sure to be there.
The falcon rises and flies faraway.

Cliché.
The offence goes unnoticed.
Your ruby sky is blooded now
The patches of the dead Sun loft across the sky
The Moon appears to kiss the Earth next
A poet`s mind goes frenzied

Water waves overwhelm me
Down in the river of deep woes
The blue of the kind kills my spirit
My eyes blink and I Cannot see the sky
Any further and any farther
I fail to rejoice with the colds down.

My falcon is still flying
Even as the Moon sinks in the water
Along with me...
The sighs are sweeter than ever...

M D Dinesh Nair

Happy Easter

The evil surmounts the good
To have the last laugh
And we see a tower collapsing!
-The human tower of civilization
With tons of tales to tell.

In mangled bodies and severed limbs
Cries and sobs try their last luck
The blood gives up its claim
With no hope around snailing even!
The yesterdays bear testimony to today
And the tomorrows wait with a face black or blasted...

A twisted window blocks the landscape
Or else we could have seen for hours
The world beyond the debris and the desert
Look green, let us suppose for a life time
And on our silver faces we cast a smile
Born to bloom for a while.

Night burns the fat of a lusty man
And the crushed flesh begins to rejoice
At the pile of yellow metal gotten!
The clouds floating on the dead skies
Want to shed a few tears
But the cynical sun fumes them down!

Frothing mouths and worn out Somalian frames
Draw terrible sketches across the skies
And the whole planet shivers at the sight
As death has the foulest taste
And his hands have an arctic base cold frozen.

One can still see how
Darkness looms overnight,
Very false truths we are told
There is a light ascending
Or it is going to ascend, we hear...

Under the dying lamp lest us look bright
Even as our eyelids are closing
For a while, just for a while
Some one will take our snap
And tell the world another false truth!

The warring people
Queue up to kill
Faster and earlier...
Life is succeeded by death, they tell...

The human wolves are out to taste
The blood and flesh of the lambs crying
From the far off lands
And their shepherd lies buried deep!

The lone planet will whine on like this
Perhaps till the yet-to-be borns
Shriek from the wombs
-We don` t want to come out.

A trillion cries are heard
But let us not mind it
But let us see only a Christ again sent to the Cross
And then wait to see him resurrecting..
He alone resurrects!

Let us retell the world
The tales and the truths interwoven
For we are sure to be doomed
Even otherwise, even otherwise..

HAPPY EASTER...

In the infinite skies
We would like to trace a good god
Trying to reach out to the human woes
And we would like to take a snap of it
To tell the world- your God still loves you all

HAPPY EASTER!

As There Was No Other Option...

In the beginning I was`nt there...
Like God who was`nt there for good reasons....

But I too emerged from nothingness
And as I wanted to act soon I got into it.
It had already been very late I knew.

I travelled to the the Mercury and the Venus
Where I could hear no human or animal sobbing..
I next went to the Mars and the Saturn too
Where too none cried or sobbed.

My space shuttle then took me to the Jupiter and the Uranus
Where I heard the silence of the universe,
So was the case with the Neptune too.
The Pluto cried for a visit, but I said, ' You are a cool planet'.

Many other Solar systems I saw
None had woes, a sob nor a cruel life...

Back at the earth I once more heard
Humans crying and sobbing as ever before-
The have nots and the miserables were they as ever before.
And I ordered the BLAST of the green planet!

The planet Earth was thus no more there-
And God 'the almighty' said, 'Well done'.
But added, 'Speak up, dear unknown friend'.
I began my story of emergence and relevance.

MY MIND AS REVEALED TO GOD....

.....When I blasted the earth with all life on it
There began a phase of silence in the solar system.
God ' the almighty ' further said, ' What next? '
I stared at him and asked, ' What do you mean? '
And a greater silence surrounded us next.

He said, 'Brother, your act leaves me null and void,

Along with this end you know, my relevance has been lost'.
I retorted, 'Your relevance was never my concern
And I have just righted a wrong done by causes unknown'.
God 'the almighty ' fumed within I knew, but He kept mum.

I said, 'Listen, the origin of life was`nt an error,
As a choice was`nt there within the first organism
And life had no pretensions of the kind.
Then, you were`nt there to create a relevance'.
You were not there as none thought and spoke of you'.

I said, 'Listen, then emerged the man the supreme
And he invited you into his lobby to wrong many a right.
Religions and their scriptures had you fattened....
Men and women and the old and the young
Sang hymns and your relevance got a glitter'.

Life on the planet was a mixture of pleasure and pain
And there blew the winds of disaster of might and wealth.
Crumbling the castles of ' civilization and humanity'.
Emerged many animals that crushed the hapless,
Still there were you, man said, everywhere signifying no relevance'.

I said, 'Listen, the pathos and the plight of the flora and the fauna
Spread over millenia necessitated my emergence.
From nothingness have I emerged thanks to you,
With blind eyes you saw your ghost pouncing somewhere'.
God 'the almighty' was disintegrating, the image was silent.

He thought of talking about the eternity promised
But I silenced him saying
JUSTICE DELAYED IS JUSTICE DENIED
And he was now silence FROZEN!

The planets minus the earth still revolved round the Sun
And there was an end to the dual notions of
The Great creation and The big bang.
The Milky way and the galaxies lingered on..
God 'the almighty' withered into the nothingness.

As there were`nt minds to think, nor mouths to speak next
The final philosophy of silence began and

I was`nt there anymore for the work had been done.

As I woke up from the dream
I saw the miserable planet around me alive
And as there is no other option left
I pen down this poem!

M D Dinesh Nair

A Face Yet To Be Painted Bright...

The face of an old but still young man with a white beard
At times flashes across my mind.
But I know not the face much now
Though a face it is.

His eyes are bright and ears are covered most often,
He sees not much but just hears alone,
But now I remember this face!
A Face of all sorts.

7.1 million Faces look up to him now and then
Their tears dry up in the heat of the unkind sun.
Their sighs go unheard as ever before
In the midst of cries.

He and his men are bound on reformations hitherto unheard
'Making of a future nation it is', they speak out.
Spiraling prices and surging woes
Never deter them a bit.

The ghosts of the past rulers of the great laugh aloud
Down from the depths not much deep in fact
And they cry for better verdict upon
Their errors unforgotten.

The Ambanis and their breed look upon and foresee
A nation in the making emerging out.
The still faces of 12.9 'monkeys'
Should not remain reverted upwards.
Towards the Empires till now.

A nation in the making sheds tears inconsolably,
A media man shoots her dark and pale face,
An orator gets applauded and next
An eerie silence sets in.

Though the saber of rage rusts in the sheath of remorse,
Though the wet pen of the bard dries for now,
The face has to look friendly now or later

For a lost game is no more a sweet memory
And I would like to lost in my cocoon till then.

May that face be drawn bright soon!

M D Dinesh Nair

The Farmer In Me.....

When I sow seeds
My field screams out of a pain unknown,
When my seeds go deep down
My field sobs from within its heart unseen,
My field has ever been so.

When the seeds sprout with all smiles
My field begins to feel a life within its mind new born,
When they grow into little plants in all splendour
My field heaves out a cry of joy in its soul next born,
My field has ever been so.

When I go for seeing the corns ripe
My field sings in tune with a breeze blowing light,
When I begin to smile about my rosy days ahead
My field sheds tears of a life in delight.
It has ever been an endearing illusion!

When I go for my harvest at the end
My field lets out a cry and then squeals like a pet,
When my carts are loaded off and I say 'bye'
My field lies forsaken and worn out!
I have ever seen it many a time.

M D Dinesh Nair

Christmas Greetings To My Ph Friends

Note: I have of late been off the POEM HUNTER and could not read your poems, post comments nor could write mine.... I say a BIG SORRY for the same.

I SHALL SOON BE DOING THE NEEDFUL.

Now it is CHRISTMAS TIME and let me greet you all.

I WISH ALL MY POEM HUNTER FRIENDS ALL ACROSS THE GLOBE A VERY VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.. HAVE A NICE CELEBRATION PALS...

Your

DINESH

M D Dinesh Nair



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Christmas Poem 2014

A sky is set ready
And a million stars begin to smile
At the dawn of this December week.
Infant Jesus is going to be born
Once more to grace our hopes.

A warrior of peace and a soldier of shepherds
Begins to pose a major question once more....

Floating across the waters of
Myths and illusive tales of the East
May I surface like the log of seasoned timber?
And standing beside the Arabian God who has no son
Shall I proclaim the love of a promise?

Memories sweet are to be piled up for ever
Who is there then to dump the garbage of nightmares
On the dark terrains of fear unleashed?
None answers the question and none waits for it!
We have ever been used to it...

From far reaches of the Heaven
Does the Son of God feel like looking downward
While cherishing the dream of a rebirth?
Would he like to cast that magical spell
Once more to set the things right?

Perhaps he is contented with the recollections
Of the resurrection of all odds!
May God his father, wink for a while
To let His son flee unto this tormented world
Lying deep down buried in the masks of East and West?

Broken homes and broken hearts
Are the woes
This December must see the end of
To say PEACE UPON ALL.

We need to reinvent the cheers

Long lost from the midst of us
May generosity and courage embrace us
For now and ever..

Who will dispel the darkness
By lighting a lamp of real fire
And who will extend to our hearts
Those warm and caring hands?

May an unknown Angel
Bring the wonder back to each heart
And remind us all of
Why we all need to be like Christs.

We together feel
The need for the resurrection of this
Joy and happiness
Beyond the night this December 24..

A warrior of peace and a soldier of shepherds
Begins to brood over a forgotten promise -
The promise to come down
To fulfill many a dream.....

Man is ever optimistic
Despite the past and the present of no promise!
He can just do one thing now
May his tongue speak out for all,
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OF US

M D Dinesh Nair

Let Me Live In This Garment

As you have put up the price on my garment
I have the only option of jumping into it....
I have to count its buttons
Perhaps on a later day!

Into the attire of narrow dimensions
As I jump and somehow hide myself within
I forget to breathe for a while
Perhaps I may breathe my last there inside!

As a solid swelling of my clotted ego
Begins to leave me through the small gaps of the fabric
My attire kisses my skin close to it
Perhaps I am happier now than ever before!

I need to slim down further
And sooner I may feel like living in your garment
In my peaceful thoughts there is the flash of a smile
You are smiling at me... Thank you.

I shall teach my mouth to smile
I may sing a cradle song for my reinvented human hood.
The naked youths may rejoice for a while
But I shall be safe in this attire
I bet on it friends

A blind angel comes forward to guide me
Unto the crowded abode of a fatherless God.
No, I say sorry to him as he looks through a mind unknown
And I throw myself into a few small delights!

The garment looks so fine and silky
You have never let me down I say
Better late than never and from now onwards
Let me live in this garment, dear friends....

M D Dinesh Nair

Kiss Of Love

None saw an old man in his eighties
Throwing a sweet kiss on her cheeks
And she was his wife in late seventies!

His lips were black and dry,
Her cheeks were rough and wrinkled
But it was a sweet kiss given in a shade!

As they soon learnt that
A child had seen them kissing
They blushed in shame.....

A crowd was watching them in all surprise
It included a young pair wrought in lust
And they were just together to kiss in open!

A kiss of love lets out a rhyme
But a kiss of lust raves in a storm
We have to be alerted friends.....

M D Dinesh Nair

A Twilight Of Larger Dimensions

What is happening to this world of odds?
Ideas are no longer my candles
And my nights have grown longer like the Caribbean wail
Days are no more those happening hours
They are filled with a century of woes!

The carnage of the faith-workers in Pakistan
The molestation of young babies in India
The squeal of the tortured peace crusaders in Syria!
And the faces of famished Somalian kids all
Flash across my eyes and reverberate in my ears....

When it is night
The molten sun surrenders his crown of light
And puts on now the cap of darkness
One by one the stars too begin to die
The moon has already begun to sob from her dark chamber.

When it is day
I want a sunlit corner to sit on
Why does the sun itself come down?
I want to see n the bright sky of hopes.
Why does the sky flare up for ever?

I too want to wake up clutching the dreams
In no deluge of tears like you all.
Nights have begun to taste salty and then bitter and
As the sweetness of the day is gone
I look forward to a twilight of unconsciousness.

Give me a soft bed to lie on, I ask
I don't want to lose tonight`s miracle
And when I just look around my abode of expectations
A hundred poets I see longing to dream about
A twilight of larger dimensions.....

M D Dinesh Nair

After These Mists And Fogs

The Sun dies
With the invisible time throwing its command
The strength of red and yellow overwritten
By a red vomited from him.

Penetrating into every bone
The winter will soon begin to rule
And the desire of fleeing from heat
Will turn into a historic blunder.

Where is the logic of consistency?
Is not the fierce truth you find and ignore
Over reverberating inside our original selves within?
Only a smile I too can leave.

An intense light of the baby sun
Knived my sadness enters the dark domains
Of a hundred foggy days and is lost
It is a sob unheard if you do not care.

A quietness has to catch our poet hood
And no extremes are our domains
All the voices of disharmony and discord
Are never to pull us apart.

After these mists and fogs
The spinning Earth will ask us all in mischief
- Are you coming for yet another ride?
And we shall join her once more.....

M D Dinesh Nair

I Sleep For A Few Dreams

I often think
The eye within the eye
Of the soul is tranquil
But it can cause for all
A storm in rage.

Around the body,
I too have a cluster of names.
A father and a husband,
An uncle and a great father
A brother and a cousin...
I am a refugee in these names.

The glances over the skies beyond the seas
Too display the same sketches
Many are refugees in their names.
The east and the west converge
And let out a cry of union.
A blue star may leave a sigh!

Ambition will be my small city
Unto which I may flee from these clutches.
Then what to end with?
A pilgrimage of amazing nothingness....
Ha, ha ha... let me live
In this small hamlet of contentment.

My heartaches and headaches are merciful
For they do not come together.
For the missing moon I do not stretch out
My smiles and tears are interwoven
For they occur untimely ever.
I see a flock of swans moving towards
A lake with a depth unmeasured.
They too often quack at my notions!

The aged flowers will soon fall
Remembering the long lost fragrance they had.
I would like to search for bottled perfumes

For my limbs cannot walk up to young flowers
They may bloom for a while and fall
And I have to keep vigil for a season.

Death is ready to strike me too
Eyeball to eyeball, I can see him
But a little more work has to be done
So wait for me little long, you wood and fire
Later a song will rise from my pyre
And it will be a breeze.
Just now what I want is
Yet another voyage to dreams!
I sleep for a few dreams..

M D Dinesh Nair

The Mind Of A Blacksmith...

My anvil and hammer are good I often think
But my metal cannot be heated that easy
Leave alone shaping it one day into a knife.
Some one is doing the mischief here.

The smell of the melting steel
Dies out as I sprinkle my little water over it.
But I want to shape it till
My ego says I too am with a knife at last.

The confluence of your arms and arguments
Unnerves me and I am finished
But the blacksmith in me wakes up
And prepares a new anvil and a hammer!

The lost sleep is no more an illusion
And the dreams keeping aloof are delightful neither.
My conflicts are that of having these two
A bed to sleep on for long
And a night that cannot burst like a bubble.

My anvil and hammer are no more in demand
And a gold smith and his friends laugh at me!
My iron may soon rust away, I am afraid
Whose anvil shall I search for now?

The resolution of my conflicts with time,
And the few people whom I really know
Have to be thrown into a new fire
And I cannot be that black smith any more!

M D Dinesh Nair

To The Gold Stars Of The Poem Hunter Site....

Gold you are all
Most of us are not
Fresh men and fresh women we are!
We are nicknamed thus!

Shine of the yellow metal
Soon may begin to haunt us
And our silver and bronze may not show the path anymore!
We may shed a few tears thenceforth!

Gold has a history
It looks down upon silver and the mean ones below it.
Gold has another history
It is not safe to have it ever!

Dear PH Website Manager,
You have divided us all for no reason.
Soon you will forsake us in a wilderness
Of a kingdom once well ruled! !

Gold, silver and bronze are sobbing...

M D Dinesh Nair

The October Musings...

No more is the sun hot.
October shadows are now clinging to the hills.
I am again ready to speak,
To negate and to kindle the dust.

The issues are still floating in the wind
And they reach my windows as no breeze.
Like the bleached skin of a dying man
Your portrait of eternity appears before me!

You could look through it and beyond
But your vision too will be bleached!
I see the fatigued face of a sweating God
Whose abode is crushing under a storm.

I may want to negate the remains of pedagogy,
And the shoddy make-up of the lies,
Told by the half learned at large
But their reverberations may still take you by fancy.

The men in ugly immortality
And those in search of the uglier immortality
Have to distance from me
If they denounce the very humanistic entity.

Your frown is a wrong design to me
When you want to eat my brain
With logic akin to illusions
And I am prone to disaster unsolicited.

Why do you let out the roars of laughter,
Bidding for the flesh of carved saints
Or believing in the partiality of a much wronged God?
A God hiding in the dog eared scriptures!

This October I shall scribble a few more lines
On the yellow and green leaves of reason
And shall still read your hymns sung
Amidst the notes of a faith buried within you..

M D Dinesh Nair

What Shall I Do?

I will not show my wounds
As you have poo poed them not just once!
My life too extracts a price.
And I alone shall pay it.
A heap of pain may squeeze me for long
But I will never let you know them
For you are much disinterested
In all those mutterings...

I see nothing hitting my daily bread
But it turns bitter in taste
Or a newer fever grips my palate!
Am I drawing the conflicts of a season
And setting the mind up on a mound
Of scarce greenery and much of brown stones?
A half naked moon may wipe out my tears.
But she is half naked, you see!

Time has ever ruthlessly caused discomfort
And freedom of the mind is an Utopia.
I too wish for a soul singing in a withering tone
Till the delusion of eternity fades out.
The departing stars are yellow and far
I see my boyhood youthful pride dying with them.
Your frowns and cold looks have been
A silencer for my lost spring, I swear.

Someone was knocking at the door I thought
But it was the naughty wind in a wrong gesture!
The footsteps heard have stopped for ever
And the desertion looks imminent
But I will not show my wounds
As you have termed them as the scars of unknown fears.
My mind dives into a pool
In the abyss of which my sleep is asleep.

The heart with contents of sorrow may re-beat
And it may fill up the nothingness with a few sighs
I perceive another spring should have been there

For my other seasons have been disguised very often!
In the orchard of my yesterdays.
I want to chase a butterfly in mad flutter
Along the corridors of the life left over
Shall I walk with my half naked moon otherwise?

M D Dinesh Nair

Gandhi Re Remembered....

Today is yet another October 2!
The calender says it all-
It is holiday in India.

It is Gandhi`s birthday
He is dead and therefore
Immortal today.

We have thrown ourselves into
An oblivion that suits us best
And the image of our Gandhi flickers!

We have distanced ourselves from
The pathways he showed us
And he appears to have been deserted on those tracks!

We still paint the faces of the anti Gandhis
As the the portrait of the liberator of India
Fades on the original walls of India.

We in India live a life of excesses
Everything in excess!
A life bereft of that mental glow.

We live for no other reason than begetting off springs
And still dare to forget
Those who lived and died for a cause.

On this October 2
I appeal to my Indian PH friends
To begin to feel for the missing Gandhi.

Let us once more install him
On the pedestal of the FIVE finest persons
Ever lived in this planet in retrospection!

M D Dinesh Nair

As The Mangalyan 14 Woos The Mars

Neither asleep nor awake
Need I be to say this:
I hear, a wingless fall, out of the clouds
With a thud and splash on an unknown lake.
An injured word flutters to the beach
wanting to fly back to its flock...

I know for my amusement that
It is the Moon weeping
With the man going for romance with the Mars

Sick of my usual poetic thoughts
I now look for seeing the odd sketches
And the choking Moon sprouts tears in my eyes.
It is right or wrong I know not still
As I was loyal to her for long
I too have been in romance with her almost till now.

The Mars is shy like a bride in veil
She has to be explored by man
A romantic mission! Endless nights await...

Like a widow left in lurch
The Moon bemoans all through her night
The seas will soon begin to look red
And the Sun will be redder still.
I see the Mangalyan wooing the Mars
A crowd is watching.
They are told India is more than China now.

Land will soon open like a mouth in awe.
So much cruelty was never seen before.
Anger and greed and lust and beast
Are blooming in the veins of man.
One perfect excuse to kill a past.

Hunger and thirst are still on mount as ever
But we want to have a mission put on the track
With a vision improved by magnifying glasses!

Goodness was ignorance perhaps
Crushed ambitions had a glory too then.
My friends are in dark I fear...

Tomorrow the blue moon will fall dead
Where shall we bury her on the green planet?
Will the red Mars give consent to
The Earth in submission
To do the last rites either?

When the Moon weeps and sheds tears
I hear the sweet murmurings of the Mangalyan
Made into the ears of the red beauty
Cold and dead till now.

Is one more sin committed by us
On the annals of history?

M D Dinesh Nair

As September 21 Knocks At My Door Once Again...

I have to be very restless today
With one more birthday knocking at my doors
I know it`s my day to spin a smile
And I am to feast on the delicacies of the day!

Somebody shakes my hands
A few are to greet on phone
And many greetings fill the inbox of my mobile
That is how my younger past flees from me!

Reminder of the autumn ahead is omniscient as usual
Ensnared in your smiles and words
The spring of my youth cannot bounce back
I must`nt hold out my hands to the moon either.

Every cloud has a silver lining - I taught
But I foresee more clouds ransacking the skies
And the beleaguered Sun fighting his way.
I won`t re teach anything...

I want to grab the absolute
I think your torches too show some light
And I can tread for a few yards.
I am a shadow of many of you, aha!

I may once want to pack up and go
To meet the truth that you hold high
But what to pack up?
Where is the bus to eternity halting for me?

This birthday knocks at my door
And I open my door with a smile
This smile is my strength
This is my long lost mother`s gift!

A frail image splashes across my mind
It tries to write in the sky
HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY..
And I spin a smile once more.

M D Dinesh Nair

Nature, What Are You?

Nature, you are an impressionist
Your mind is fathomless...
As we see your butterfly and peacock
Our minds are transported into insanity of joy
And then you show before our eyes
A scorpion and a vulture!
We are silenced for a while with just a glance.
You ever enjoy making a rift later and later! !
Nature, you are a demolisher too.

Nature, you are a crafty imperialist
Your sword is drawn against the hapless...
In the piles of greenery and vegetation
Your serpents hide and search for our toes.
The breeze and the storm are your gimmicks
The rose and the mushroom are your identities!
We are reminded of the Ice Age and the Plague
Even as the silent eulogies are sung in your glory,
Nature, you are a courtier in the palace of the selfish.

We shudder and we suspect you
When the floods kill our brethren
Who have ever gone to see your graces!
Hymns have been hovering over the books
Written for a bowl of life and fame.
Our mothers once stood pointing their fingers
Across the horizons of sky and its red blue charms
And they told us tales filled with fancy and flavour.....
Nature, what are you?

M D Dinesh Nair

What If None Else Listens To Me?

When I speak I have to assume
You are both there standing apart
Listening to me from somewhere I know not.
You are my engravers of times ahead
And you are both

I tell confessional truths one of you hears that
And conventional lies and the other of you hears that!
Though my utterances are heard high
They are not a part of my aggressive ego.
It is my fault perhaps that I beget them.

The resolutions of my conflicts with time
Have changed since long as usual
And I fell the foul smell of the broken promises and
The cremation of those dreams expired long before.
Are you both listening?

At times I feel the breath of some love
Half clad in lust and fancies
They are ransacking my entity,
A blend of things not endearing to either of you -my listeners.
Hope I am down to earth here!

My head has a hoisted fever telling the world
Of my imminent old age a misnomer for semi-death
And my eyes have water gushing from the interior skull
That will stare at the blood and flesh of others later.
You feel the shiver and the fall, don` t you?

The resolute otherness of you all
Baffles me and I search for an inner eye.
Charity alone cannot resolve any misery
As I seek to open a window
Many are opening theirs and what we see together
Is the cluster of life spilt
By the naughty God of otherness
I have ever distanced myself from.

You my lean friend -the first listener is laughing
And you my second listener is weeping for a change
But I am happy you know
You both are there!
What if none else listens to me!

M D Dinesh Nair

Am I A Mouthpiece?

Perhaps I am
Alone with an untouchable
And untainted voice in me
That speaks through my poems...

I often blunder into a rare field of poetry
To sow the seeds of no high yield promise
But my fields welcome them
And I see you all watering my fields next!

In the mist of my thoughts barren
I see a green strip of a cry
And its reverberations you hear at times
So there is my poetry alive..

I am listening to your music and melodies
I am holding my breath all the while...
In the thunders of your vocabulary
At times my poetry weeps like a dumb child.

Gratefully I shall ever remember
Your kind words of all half accolades or drowning outcries
I know you are here to hold my hands with six fingers
Deformed or not I know not.

You are liberating yourselves from the woes strange
And my sixth finger ignores its brothers
And writes for me something upside down
Here I am my propagator, you know.

Intense pain of strange thoughts isolates me
And I live in a world of more than
Three dimensions often permitted by you
Then I look through its windows...

I see a cloud over my head
Fleeting unto the arid lands of past and present,
I see a fatherless God of imposed identity
Guarding a land promised for none at all!

Behind my lines hide
Perhaps a few words spoken for some of you
Who have never broken the shell
And I am there as your mouthpiece....

M D Dinesh Nair

Midnight Revelry

Midnight

Celebrating may hit me hard
Hoping to erase myself.
But I won't give in

My Orbital

And the smell coming from the advancing morning
Make me close my eyes
Faith was not able to do that miracle once!

A wet night

Boiling the white moon in the sky
Was luring my poetry at large perhaps
And my subjects were dancing around.

Before jumping into the fire

Of a pyre I have often seen
I have to walk a little farther
For those few who have set out my journey.

The light foot steps of the poet who walked

On the road not taken invite me.
But I have no guts to follow them
And I am walking the road with many foot prints.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Illusion Of A Knight

Who will draw my battle lines from the next dawn
And who will stop the Sun from setting for tonight?
The sky had her face turned red with the blood
Of the sun who had raged a war of heat till this evening.

I dread these infinite white patches of ceiling
That has never been over my head as a sheet of shelter.

The warriors who hit me with cudgels on my head
Pierced their daggers through my flesh as well.
They are rejoicing somewhere
Wishing for a dawn to see my end...

A stranger from a distant corner cries at high pitch
He too is crying for my blood I presume!

The sun has finally set
And the shameless sky surges into a heights
That I have never seen.
But mistake not, I am not seeing now.

Across the horizon then I begin to see a flash
Of a sword drawn against by someone unknown.

The galloping of a horse I hear
And it comes to me closer and closer,
A tall man dismounts and takes me up for a while
Then he takes me unto a strange place.

He leaves me alone and vanishes for ever.
Who is he and where is horse?

With my bulged head and the scars black?
Shall I hope for an oasis in this desert?
But I hear galloping of many a horse now
I am perhaps their only prey in the world!

The horse that rides alone with that tall man
May perhaps be behind them with a stern face!

M D Dinesh Nair

A Season Retreats...

As a season ends with no relief from the pangs
Awareness about a nation becomes a burden
The mushrooms of reliefs are dying out fast
With opposite thoughts in conflict...
And the men in the making have begun to shrink a little.

Moving like cockroaches on a slippery floor
They are perhaps returning
The dead forces sharing no equal chemistry...

Sages and beasts begin to look alike
When the soaring prices break the back bone
Of the commoner in plight
They run on the bricks in the sun
Or drift at night on unwrapped voices.

We whisper into an ear invisible and
Every thread of that dialogue
Is on -what is happening to these countries.

The stammering tongues will never tell
The names of the wicked at play
Who always lead them to the pond for drowning
And as their brethren cease crying for SOS
The next season ends and the curtains fall for a while.
We have seen it often! we too say.

Ethics and morals take a back seat
Who was the culprit? Many we see there
The arrested silence has the final laugh!

The same thought comes again and again.
Is the Messiah of the far off land or skies
Still waiting for a signal from an unreliable God
Who had no business making all this mess?
Blasphemy -one calls it! He hides his face then.

The future will soon present a missing link
And the final match will be between

Hope and despair once more.

M D Dinesh Nair

Beyond The Thoughts

Beyond the thoughts, I confess
I mourn not, I weep not
With tears even receding for once.
Nameless death of others leaves no false tears in my eyes!
And those foul epithets once I frenzied on
Have begun to be the memoirs within a college
The corridors of which I once frequented.

Is simply a prayer needed now
To be made before a God unknown?
For many a childless truth
I shall begin to be answerable then!
No, that is not the way,
See the Siberian birds flying high
They return at the fag end! Just a relief!

Now is the time to remember the movement of truth
That may stride into the chambers of others
Beating a drum made of a poor deer dead.
Soon they will come to embrace me
Eyes must find out the old path
And I may travel on it once more
As I do not know how to perform miracles.

But unknown crowds too are at my door.
These men take no rest ever?
I have my own strain begun...
The questions are never answered flawlessly.
Shall I lie on a cross
And ask someone to nail me on it?
But where is my father above?

M D Dinesh Nair

I Will Hear You Say...

You told me one evening,
'Again why you made friends
With the ones who have
Parched lips,
Crying eyes and
Trembling hands? '

I wondered why you did not see
My missing stanzas,
The portrait of a dying river,
Of a rootless tree
And a sinking life boat!
I wasn't ever for a change.

Children are with many worshipers
Should I worship them?
Men in spirit and fire are around me
Should I rejoice by them with envy within?
Beautiful women are with sweet smiles
Should I skip looking at them like a man does?

When you have read the end of every chapter
You have to understand the very beginning
Once more, or twice more?
Into your incomplete script
Shall I insert my utterances?
They will reverberate your thoughts too for a while, I think.

Alone in a strange crowd when I stand
With a smile that doesn't mean much to you
You are afraid I am ruining my life
Whereas the ruins have made me oftener.
I know the frown on your face
That is designed like Plato's!

I may soon write against democracy
As I crave for a dictator to save my country
Everybody is sad here, except you
Who is just sad that I 'am sad ever'

The Venus is shining in a sky
That is the left over of a threatening sky.

One day I will find your voice
Whispering into my dying ears swollen too
When the parched lips and crying eyes
With the pangs of a tree and elsewhere river
Will fade into my thoughts alive and dead
And I shall hear you say, 'I still love you'.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Paradox Of A Season

A generation is off the track
Afraid of no boiling cauldron
Sitting on the lap of a sunbeam
They are scripting new tales
And then playing with the guns fully loaded.
It is the paradox of this season.

The massacre of the tribals in Syria,
The genocide of the Christians in Iraq
And the statistics of the perished children of Gaza!
No resolution for peace is emerging.
I wish for a cauldron boiling!
So that I can tell a new tale afterwards

Manhood was never before at stake
A life for raping womanhood day and night
North India breaks down from dawn to dusk.
Who will meet them in a cauldron?
Life is now an ordeal of all odds
As the day and the night exceeds 24 hours!

Burn a candle and smile at it
You will soon see newer darkness surrounding
A solace and optimism are your dreams
Where as a boiling cauldron is better
As a generation is off the track and
It is the paradox of this season.

M D Dinesh Nair

A Thought Has To Be There...

In front of wilting idol
How can I stand and pray?
Let it remain in the darker chamber
Fleeing from the turmoils of human conflicts
And if possible I want to replace it...
But none gives a chance!

Who is going to interpret the truth
To resolve the inner conflicts
Of an ailing mind that is within me?
My pals are all building another idol
But I see a dying aura
Surrounding it ever and ever.

Give me a childhood once more
And teach me how to dream like you, my pals
In the altar of your peaceful terrains
My wild beast cannot loiter, I know.
But without maligning a mirror
I have to draw some more portraits to show you.

A thought has to sit with my whole life
And I shall place it
On a ruined pedestal of truth.
When the battling twilight struggles
To enter through my small windows
I shall light the lamp of tomorrows!

M D Dinesh Nair

My Yesterdays

A cuckoo singing at the twilight
Taps my window softly.
A pale tree and a drooping sky
Are there to humble my thoughts
And I am lost in the past
Friends, you know me for long!

I often wonder
Why your tall hills hide my clouds
Sure to rain for a while
Over a parched strip of land!
Your hills are tall and huge
Friends, I too know you for long!

A colossal shade of a tomorrow
Invites me to visualise a future
But I prefer to live in the past
Which never wanted to become present
And it will never enter my house
That you have been building for me

I want to invite the death discreetly
While praising the life and listening to birds
But in the crumbling palace of cards
I search not for a chamber of my trapped tomorrow
I have learned enough history

Between yourselves and myself
A sea is now surreptitiously raging.
Its waves are dividing the shores
But I know where to drown
When you swim safe to a hopeless tomorrow
My life is a lot to my yesterdays....

M D Dinesh Nair

The Anguish Of A Season

At every dawn the blackness of dripping night
Fades and fades till the sleep is dead
And the earth wins just a moral nothingness
Beyond the regrets of inspired sermons!
She lives for a while as ever.

During the recession of all thoughts now past
The psyche was rooted once more
From the deep and topless mud homes
Dust had to now spread the message
Of a truce preferred for ever.

All the Off-springs were preoccupied
In their spiral career amassing the dollars,
You could feel sorry but you couldn't get the sleep,
As the core-feelings flee from you
Through the windows of an ailing house.

A cloud softens again in the eyes
That have once seen the truth manifold
The wronged truth today has created, you see
An apartheid in ranks of candles
Which burn when the Sun has gone hiding.

Inner pain gropes towards between eyes.
You survive by the whispers of absolute bliss
And your dreary years have to witness these ordeals
Looking back becomes a sequential text of faded print
As you begin to out pour the anguish of a season!

M D Dinesh Nair

A Crown Thurst Upon...

They chased me and caught me alive after a flip,
They defined me and entitled me though I had never wanted
They then carved a crown out of my own flesh
And gently and precisely put it on my small head made of strange mud

They said I deserved it as I belonged to this place,
As among the humans the chunk of the organisms infinite I lived.

Not too audible nor too clear in a tone
They declared that I was, and must be a part of the insanely sane demigods!
Be calm! , be patient! and be smiling! they told me,
I'd had to walk through the corridors, they added!

All these words they injected into the veins of my brain
And cautiously they set me to walk on the corridors of life.

Time flew and clouds rained as if they had never done so before!
It must have been a deviation from science, or a crippled miracle
When their experiment flashed the wrong symptoms on me.
It's not but a trophy that I have ever been headed for.

Not this time or next that I will enter the portals of fame.
I am just a creature without the black and white agony.
I will blend colors and will write on the walls
My words will break those walls for once, that is all.

This creature has been offered a crown to wear
And he will wear it for a season and swim in the oceans blue.
The waves of the seas will swallow me and then send down to the abyss
Soon I will fail to take a flight with no Gods still rejoicing.

There is no return to the ape in ecstasy
And I am doomed to perish in this subcontinent.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Bleeding Gaza...

PALESTINE, AWAKE AND REALISE THE TRUTH...

We hear and read about
The sixty years you the Palestinians have spent
Away from your land and worn out homes
Led like a herd of cattle into the Gaza Strip
And the West Bank as the Jews have been
In the ghettos of Nazi-occupied Europe ever.

For sixty years you have been fleeing
From massacres and tortures against you
Which are like the onset of the Holocaust
-The eventuality for all!

The Palestinians, you are getting dispersed
With your homeland being chewed up almost daily,
All throughout the world,
As the Jews were after Rome's pillage of Judea.
And recently you have all been walled in we hear
From what is now called Israel.
It is Suffering the same fate
That the Jews ever did when
The Romans built Colonia Aelia Capitolina.

But do you know?
The Jews were once more wronged than
You are being wronged now...
The pages of history say so
And we read them again and again.

The clerics and retaliating wings of the Hamas,
Terror is not a way out you all have to realise
Why are you burying your past glory
Even as you try to win the minds of the others.
Death of every child counts
Whether his father is an Allah or a Jehovah
Both carved out of your past and peril.

Be prepared to have compromises

As living is more important than dying
For your fleeing men and women as well.

ISRAEL, HAVE A LITTLE MERCY....

Israel, history says your soldiers today are
None other than the Romans and the Nazis of old.
Listen to the wails of the women and men in Palestine
Whose homes have been reduced to rubble,
Whose sons and daughters and brothers and sisters
Have been slaughtered in large number like pigs.

These are like the cries, you remember
That once burst forth from the mouths of your people
When the ruins of Jerusalem were being buried
Under Aelia Capitolina the incorrigible
As their loved ones were being tortured to death
in the concentration camps.

Israel, the oppressors of your people
Are still alive, you know not
Why you are daily uprooting and murdering
The Palestinians, your brethren?
Stop this atrocity against a people thrown apart,
Stop your blabbering for now.

People of Israel,
The tale of the Promised land and the halo of Moses
Are no more the things to be bought for now.
The U.S and the West cannot wash their hands soon
And they know it.
You are fine human beings in a wrong land
As your emperors are war mongers ever.

Dear beloved of the Jevoha,
Hate not the kids bleeding to death in the Gaza strip
And pray to your 'Jevoha' for half the eternity down here
In the lands of the Palastinians misled by a coterie
Of clerics and riders of the land invisible.

THE IRRELEVANCE OF THE U.N.O

The U.N.O is an organization
That is summed up as follows
[Courtesy Koffi Annan- Former Secretary General of the U.N.O].

When there is an issue between two small countries
The U.N.O interferes and the issue VANISHES,
When there is an issue between a big country and a small country
The U.N.O intervenes and the small country VANISHES
And when there is an issue between two large countries
The U.N.O intervenes and the U.N.O itself VANISHES.

The blood spilt is red
That is yet to be spilt will be redder perhaps
And who will stop that? None of you or all of you?

M D Dinesh Nair

The Tale Of A Kite And A Sparrow

Note:

I dedicate this poem to those who believe in fate or fatalism as a branch of the mysterious doctrine of faith in the unknown. This poem is not penned down for promoting superstition of any kind. I heard this story told by a Hindu sanyasin who was elaborating upon fate and destiny before a crowd of oldies. Somehow, I liked the element of helplessness often that we experience in our life when things happen for they have to happen in this world...

Long, long before
You and I were born, dear friends,
There were two birds, nay two friends
A Kite and a Sparrow
A pair of contradictions they both were indeed
A bird of prey and a bird of snowy innocence -one could say.

They both lived on the branch of a banyan tree.
And they were like two brothers
Many a winged friends envied their bond of love
A few wondered, 'How can this be possible ever? '
The Kite was very protective of his friend
And the Sparrow found pleasure in that company..

An evening the two birds were chatting and playing
Sitting on a branch lower with green leaves oval
And their mirth knew no bounds.
Then there came a short and dark man
Who looked at the Sparrow and said,
' Why are you sitting here now? Impossible it is'
He laughed like a mad hunter and spoke further
'You can` t be here by now, impossible it is hey, little Sparrow! '

No sooner did the Kite hear him
Than he said to the little bird like this,
'My friend, he seems to be a hunter on a mission cruel
And he wants to kill you perhaps, I think
So I shall save you from him now'.
The Sparrow queried now to his friend with mighty looks,
'How can you save me from a hunter on mission? '
The Kite said like with a smile as large as a Pelican's

'I shall take you to the tallest tree
In this wild forest where none can harm you, dear friend '
And he flew with the Sparrow on his wings mighty
To reach the tallest tree.

Top on its highest branch the Kite made the sparrow sit
And with his beak then he combed the feathers
Of the little winged friend now doomed to a new fear
And then said like this,
'Safe you are here, be here friend
And I shall come after a little time back to you',
But let me now go and ask that dark and short man
Why he has spoken such words unkind about you'
And then the Kite flew off unto where he was standing
The dark and the short 'hunter'.

Yes, indeed he was still standing there
Looking up unto the banyan tree as he stood before.
On the ground down the Kite landed
To stand and stare into his face and ask
That million dollar question-
' Who are you dark and short man?
Why did you speak those words so cruel
To my friend the Sparrow my little friend? '
Sure indeed he asked thus...

With a mischief in his eyes now glowing
The dark and the short man said,
'You have every right to ask so
And I have every reason to give you my reply'.
You know not who I am, I am the Yama -the god of death
And in my books it`s written in large letters that
Your friend the sparrow can`t be on this banyan tree now
As he must by now be on the branch
Of the tallest tree in this forest for certain
And he must surely be by now
Swallowed by a python living on that tree huge'
-And that was why I was wondering and wondering
Why he was sitting with you on this tree,
Hey bird of prey, could you catch my point? '

No sooner did a dark layer of filmy coating fall on his eyes

Than did the Kite take off to the tallest tree far off
And he saw there with his eyes sharp but now a little blind!
There, alas! he did see indeed now
A large python swallowing the little Sparrow!
As the weak squeal of the little bird was coming to an end
The large jungle began to wear a silence eerie.

The dark short man was still laughing from somewhere
At a pitch that shivered the whole jungle
And the kite now doomed to a fear strange
Shed his tears warm and large for once
Now lost in the wilderness of the jungle larger.

A friend was gone for ever
Unto the world of eternity
That man thinks he alone may enter
Where are your Pythons dear friends?
Where is that dark and short man you know?

M D Dinesh Nair

The Tears For A Change!

A tiger befriended a priest
Who taught it how to pray before
Having its dinner every time....
Each time the tiger prayed to the Creator
Before eating its fresh prey caught....
There were phases of triumph
Up above in the skies!

A deer befriended a sage
Who taught it how to pray before
Having its dinner every time....
And each time the deer too prayed to Him
Before grazing on meadows tempting
There were moments of dreamy slumber
Up above in the skies!

A day the tiger saw that deer
His new prey roaming on the meadows green
The cat chased it and seized it by neck with teeth sharp.
The deer was not taught how to pray
To the Creator to save it from the predators
And the tiger tasted its tender flesh thanking Him.
The priest shed tears of joy
But the sage did not shed those of grief!

A silence now spread across the infinite skies
And two drops of tears fell down.
It was God weeping
For a change!

M D Dinesh Nair

A Landscape Is Awaiting...

The sky is very close and late sunlight is lingering
A few stars will soon search for a stay in its terrains.
The evening chants heard from a shrine solemnly rise
And a god is preparing himself for yet another sleep
An ordeal for us it is! We are doomed or not?
The silence of ours will be a blunder, friends.

A landscape in metamorphosis we can see
Look how it longs for a revival even now
But we are only dreaming, friends
As the new king too is not offering any manna
The yesterdays are soon to repeated
And the twilight is overcast by images unseen.

The ominous meet of the moon and the stars
Leaves a sigh through the pale silence of the sky
And we can hear a woman crying far
Perhaps a pack of wolves are on her
An Indian village is it. We were born there.
These men have not changed since their birth!

The stars beam and the moon hides behind clouds
And flowing magic of the night is a mystery
Don't you see a poet penning down a song, a hymn!
In the void of reason fancies nestle there
An age of no transition it is! We have invited it.
Now it is time for a regret expressed!

Erected on an uproar of anonymity
Our lines are to be written sooner or later.
The nightly fairy tales have built so far
Only castles where we live in large number
Like a crowd gregarious and murmuring.
It is a snare and delusion again.

And the woe of the distant moon now dead
Is honoured by the stars in ecstasy
Sleep has to guard us all, we have to think so
Kissing and Nightingale are not enough for us

A hard mind we have to acquire. Can we have it?
There is a present fleeting like a train of pathos plenty.

This lost landscape may soon wither
And the beasts of the season will rule the jungle.
Our senses are soon to die
Because we have not recovered ever
And till that happens let us sing about
Buds, blossoms, spring and silvery moon!

Our hearts may later open for a change.
A landscape is awaiting, friends.

M D Dinesh Nair

A July Wish

We first hear the sound of rain
But realise soon it is not around us
The famished rain clouds
Have already been scattered
By this sun of the east
A cruel monster!

Bright bulbs and tinsel brilliance
Have no charms here
And the music of rain has long been
Forgotten for a season.
Beyond a hill near we see again and again
The sun dressed up like a baby demon!

Here we can look at these trees in woes,
The squirrels do not get nuts and fruits
From nearby groves that look worn out,
The birds in panic you see
Fly unto wells already dead deep down.
It is not raining...

A July wish it is
May it rain for a week
May we all be drenched in that heavenly water.
It is more than wish
Oh mother Earth, let us [me]be buried in ice
For an age if you wish so...

When the thunder threaten the skies
And the lightning draws lines of fire
We begin to wait for the accompanying clouds
But only see a strong wind
Slaughtering those toddler clouds
It is a pain that has a thousand buds.

For a moment I may close my eyes
And may forget the ordeal of heat in mounts.
It is a July wish in vain
Let it rain for a whole day

And let there be a rose blooming in my garden
That I shall offer to the rain god in hide.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Sprouting Tears

My tears begin to sprout as usual
But fall not down across my cheeks
Like the rain clouds of a distant sky
That never fall in drops ever
And so the world says in unison
- Brother, you, you have no tears!

This seems to happen
Yes, quite oftener than before
In the middle of the night
My tears begin to sprout
But it's always out of sight
Even for me, yes for me too!

There is a large hole in my heart swollen
That spills the woes downward by turns
But as I lie in pretension of sleep
Covered by a superficial cloth
I know my tears are just sprouting for a while
But they will never fall for a change.

My sketches of this pain wrought within me
Are out of sight for you all, you see
And are out of mind for you all, you know
But there are nightmares I see in succession
And the sleep I have is just your illusion
My tears have no shame, you will not believe.

In the silence of a night imposed on me
Can I dream about a sunrise you portray
And the rest of a day succeeding it?
Now two salty tears have just sprouted in vain
It is a perfect pair of a Sun and a Moon
I want to see in the sky after this ordeal..

This superficial cloth thrown over me
By myself, you may say
Is a barrier and I am sleeping, you think
Lost in the wilderness of nightly wolves

My heart and soul will now writhe for a while
And then shall be silent for ever.

My sprouting tears will fall
Across my cheeks one day I know
But by then I will cease to be there
With the silent corridors
Of the night sobbing for me in vain
I shall take a dive into mystery then.

Tonight tears and darkness will meet
In the corner of my eye and under my blanket
These moments I shall capture for you all
Even as my past will flee from all these
Mundane cries of realities never cared for
-I had tears, you will say

M D Dinesh Nair

The Wailing Harp

My small thoughts
May be halted at your lips
Which chant lies in silence
But I cannot restart a voyage into the seas
Of your manipulations, I am sorry.

Don` t ask me to find
A meaning for a life detained.
In the cave of dark enclosures
Myths are myths for me
And I am exiled from your fantasy land.

When your entwined life has chosen
To be in consolation of past tales
You talk about a life of fulness
But I say it aloud -
We are just alive kicking and reveling.

A shadow imitates the God
Of your sketches and colours
It may next even meditate under
An unyielding tree with yellow leaves
That grow hoping to touch the sky!

The fugitive in me
Will not and cannot go to that still
For I may find it embarrassing
To lose the present hold

-The hold of some grip indeed.

My hands discern the lichen
Engraving itself on
The moisture of insanity
But they are feeble and worn out
Yours are long and muscular, I admit.

The vastness of loneliness may be painful
But I know its coherence and ambiance

The rhythm of life was a note just attempted
And my harp now may wail to no end
But it will be what I like -that says it all.

M D Dinesh Nair

How Women Differ.....

Men drink

And they do all nonsense.
They drink and talk rubbish

They drink and drive badly,
It is often fatal to others.

Men drink

And they get emotional and nervy,
They waste their time and quarrel with others.

Men drink

And then they squeal like swine,
They shout and bark at others.

But...

Most women can do all these
Without taking a drink!

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Venture Into The Sea

Let me first venture into the sea
To be just washed ashore later
And I will feel you breathing life unto me
After you have come in search for me.

I shall hold a pendant in my shivering hands
And shall give it to you at once
As it's a valuable sea treasure, you have to know
That none else can give you, my dear.

On the pendant of my love for sure
You will read a message engraved
By the mermaids sitting on the amber throne
Their princess being undone by you dear.

I shall smile to the sea for once
Even though her mysteries are beyond my reach
And she is far stretched out into depths of charms
That I never craved for you are there.

And you can see me smiling to end
And my love will bloom unto a rose
With thorns no more please...
Venturing into the sea again may kill me dear.

As they're either under the sea or playing alone
Those mermaids shall never be on my minds
Let no sighs be surging forth
From the amber throne of the most yellowish maid.

Let me first venture into the sea, dear,
I hope to be washed ashore later
And I want to feel you breathing life unto me
And won't you come in search of me?

M D Dinesh Nair

Drowning Or Sailing Still?

Dreaming high was once good for me too
And becoming something from nothing was great to hear about
But my apprehensions often were true
And I felt a great bliss of paradigm fuming size later.
I too refuse to take a dip in anonymity
And so I am here again speaking out my heart to you....

You will never know friends,
Where you start a rough patch of odds if you still weave filaments
Between the road to eternity and a void much visible as ever before.
My thoughts are pessimistic and sound like blabbing to you
But I see your timid ears opening for a word never spoken.

No prehistoric site could ever outlive
The humiliation of proximity to hatred and alienation as of now.
Violence chewing the dust of the strong faith groups can be seen
As Africa`s west and north leave us crestfallen.
In the vast lands of misery and deprivation our brethren live

A bard`s knees may give way to anguish of mortality and a sigh
All during the horror of captivity of a dawn after no sunset.
His days are also counted and what remains is a past
The eyes of which will be staring at his shadow endlessly.
Floods and droughts of a season you read as statistics.

You like to weave a poem on a god who haunts my reason
And then I scribble on a canvas a note of rejoinder.
Intense pain is brewing in the depths of my mind, you know
Even as the bed-ridden planet spins on its orbit of disaster.
But your hero of the poem does not drop in ever!

Tapping of kernel in the hard shell of truth bothers me often,
And I too like a mountain dew under the stone.
But under the heath of things transparent
You all mostly refuse see the fossils of truth.
You are all perhaps sailing together towards the pile of bubbles.

I would like to destroy the anxiety of a town crier in me
And would like to see in the shade of your manipulations

But I feel a desert emerging and I hear the fury of skies
When you all chant the prayers worded for pleasing any force
That could have been working a little more practically!

The god with a flute on the mouth was my fascination in childhood
And the crucified Jesus was my asylum, I judged later
Then began the storm of exploration and reason ransacking my innocence
And I saw the blue god fading and the saviour hiding behind the time
With no answer to the right question being ever given by any.

Truth has two forms - bitter and sweet
Lies have three forms - soft, softer and softest
And the bitter truth I reckon as my choice
And refuse to listen to the lies softest.
Then you begin to tell about the softest of the softest ever.

On the waters with whirls and under currents
I swim and tire myself within no time and am dead.
Your boat of seasoned timber will carry you for long
But there is a sea of violent reality waiting for you friends,
And will you still float on its waters to laugh at me?

M D Dinesh Nair

Snailing Or Fleeting?

Life is snailing at times
Or is it fleeting to the edge?
I know for certain
Death will not wait
For it is locked in bruises.
But how can I seek eternity
As I am often fed up with the experience

I skip for myself
Stinking pubs and buzzing prayer halls
And learn about the zero gravity of both
As the guffaws of the customers over reach
The habitats of all on the pavements.
But how can you deny them all an exit
That is as silent as that of an unknown star?

'Her touch was not real', a lover told me
I looked into his eyes for a while
He thought the Earth was collapsing
But it was spinning with a trillion souls
Lost in lust, seduction and betrayal
He did not know that and he will never
I can still see moisture on his forehead.

My teacher used to say
'Don't climb to the peak when snow is melting'.
He seems to be right
Barriers are being removed
When a caravan is seen going across a desert
How can I know its direction at all?
Everywhere it is sand dunes and heat.

Snailing or fleeting this has to see the edge
Beyond which the valley of nothingness spreads
Unto times immortal.....
Let myself sit alone and think over
Things past, past alone
And laugh like a thunder
That is often reverberated in the ears of a loner god.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Paradox Of Our Times

In the terrains of infinite space and time
There sits a god playing a strange game
He holds a hand down to the valleys of the earth
A few try to touch it in all ecstasy
But he withdraws his hand!

Peace upon you all
The sermon is repeated
And the throng withers out.
But a weeping lady stays back for a while
The silence of the pulpit surrounds her.

The paradox of games sprouts.

Because of a hope spun long before
Children continue to look at the rainbow
That has cut its presence through the sky dark otherwise.
The god now begins to win over himself
In the game of a choice out of none!

With some golden dust sprayed around themselves
The sinners now sing a hymn aloud
They fly over the water laughing at the walking episode
Time moves from the plate of the dreary portals

The paradox of games blooms

The flames will soon eat up the rest
And the blue divinity will soon transform into a super cluster
Of demons and spirits haunting the past.
The tale of resurrection will still be told
And a crowd will open its new ears for listening.

The paradox of a human concern is burnt alive!

M D Dinesh Nair

This May And I - Part 2

Your heat, Oh month of May
Was undone by the spell of rains
Your festivity, Oh month of May
Was coloured by throngs, music and feasts
And that was this May for me.

You were frolic, gay and slightly greenish
Oh dear month of May, I saw in you
A small bonhomie this time
As your days came in and went out.
Sweet you were and perhaps this summer's Queen too.

Our Village deity is sitting tall and high now
A huge temple is surrounding her gilded sanctum
Gone are the days of her relegation and seclusion
A throng is seen around her with offerings
Is it another Goddess in glory of the kind!
Or a people solaced by the magic of gregariousness of equals!
That I saw and felt for a time very near?

Oh dear month of May, I shared your mirth in a crowd
As I stood near Elephants carrying portraits of deities
I heard the music of trumpets and procession
As I moved across ten thousand men and women in silk
Oh dear month of May, where art thou going?
May you be the replica of my childhood lost for ever?

You took me to two homes lovely and not so far-
Valsa Madam`s Nedumthallil and my pal Paul`s Maliakkal
Both sweet with inmates smiling all the while
Both vibrant with thoughts exuberant in unison.
Oh dear month of May, I begin to miss you.
Is it that you are a speck of human bonds in forms innumerable?

M D Dinesh Nair

Thus Spake A Soldier To His Mistress..

I shall write you a letter first,
A kind and long one chanting my love
I shall then ring you a long distance call
It will whisper words of love into your ears keen
And its cry will be like thunders roaring.

I shall walk in the desert of deserts next,
It is of seven dead forests of terrains low
I shall crawl across its dirt and despair in all
I shall dug for me a tunnel with a fear in wane
And it will pierce through your maiden floor falling.

Soon I shall roll down your limbless soft bed lest
I should sway in the waves of the sea of your love
I can promise to buy you a singing bird in a tree tall
And you will know you're the one I adore in vain
When I leave you to fight a war of nerves burning.

When every leaf has fallen from the tree last
A lemon fruit will be left for me by it below
And far into the sun`s silent spheres never small
The bird may have gone to sing no more again.
But we shall meet somewhere beyond the skies soothing!

M D Dinesh Nair

This May And I....

This May and I
Never even whisper into the ears of each other
'How are you'?

With the hot Sun ready to fry the land down
And the cumulonimbus clouds playing hide and seek
This May is not cordial to us
But I am sure, I like this May...

But I seek in you, dear May,
A phase of joy and togetherness.
May I be looking into your eyes burning?

I may try to see there a little moisture of those eyes
But this May too is silent too
Like the Sun who never responds to life`s cries!
We are two sides of a coin minted by an unknown power.

This May and I
Just for once may let out a note of sweet cry
As I go to my native place in a noisy train.

I shall stand near a dozen elephants this May,
I shall be lost in a crowd in frenzy this May,
I shall spin a web of joy around me this May
And I shall cherish those thoughts for ever.

This May and I
For a while witness the downpour of sweet smiles and words
As a get together is in offing for me too.

I shall then go to yet another elder sister`s home this May,
I shall see there a few good souls living in contentment,
I shall have a little manna from their plates
And I shall cherish the visit for long!

This May and I
Will witness the new empire in New Delhi founded.
Bur I shall not be surprised or shocked about the dispensation.

They are going to decide upon India`s dos and don`ts
For much can be done in this country already undone!
And Soon I shall return to my house far off
To live with the squirrels at their mercy.....

M D Dinesh Nair

When Shall I Befriend You?

Befriending you
Can be a season`s joy for me
Perhaps much more than that!

In my phases laden with terrible gloom
Or in the corridors of my home of delusions
You may please, pace with me often!

But how to befriend you
Is a million dollar dilemma for me
And you know it.

A thousand miles up in the sky
You may like to linger for a few more years
But by then my mission will have been upset for ever.

Stretch out your hand for once, I plead
Let me stop this groping in the dark
And let me see you for a while.

Befriending you
Has to be my final act in search of the bliss
That has been all elusive till this very hour.

In the swirl-pool of obvious under currents
I may one day be sucked unto the depths of
The horror of an abyss unfathomed!

Before that happens, I plead
I want to befriend you
If you are there as they all say.....

M D Dinesh Nair

Squirrels And We..

The squirrels living in the trees next to our compound
Have begun to venture into our house!
I have long wished for it..
But...

They have the same innocent faces I saw once long before
And their alert looks bear the same resemblance
I often see them around me..
But...

These squirrels are unlike the lizards
That haunt the walls of the house like little dinosaurs.
These are the images of a friendly living..
But...

Voltaire`s letter to his niece in France
From the guest chambers of King Frederick I remember.
It said, 'Everything is fine here', But added
'But'....

I am in the same predicament of a strange kind-
These squirrels dread us not
They don`t look us at in fear of any kind.
But....

How can I speak out my thoughts now?
But how can I otherwise explain my 'But'?
So I tell it to you all my pals -
These squirrels are too many...

Squirrels, squirrels are everywhere
Every time, every one small and big
Is it a house for squirrels on spree?
What is this growing number dear ones?

I hear the squirrels playing
I see them all prowling around us
Unlike ever before unlike anywhere else
And I have spoken it out.

They have nestled on the ceiling of a room
And we hear them at some sort of play
A mother and a father may be playing there
With their babes in glee.

It is the problem of too many, dear sirs
It is the problem of their omnipresence, beloved madams,
Forgive us and forget my lines..
But...

The few over grown trees around our house
Often wear a deserted look, I feel
I am not bemused to think of a day coming soon
That we shift our residence to one of them!

M D Dinesh Nair

Between The Two...

Between the right and the wrong
I too try to draw a line
But it goes zigzagging
And I retreat to a shady corner to hide.

Between the good and the evil
I too dare to trace a wall
But it is too tall for me to see beyond
And I debase to a knave laughed at by all.

Now it is time for introspection-
With no doctrines or scriptures
Too symbolic to be ignored by many
I don't need to be meta morphed into another Buddha.

But between the right and the wrong
Now I can see the line drawn by others thinning out,
Between the the good and the evil
I can see the sky tall wall crumbling.....

Am I seeing illusions
Or am I being enlightened just for a difference?

M D Dinesh Nair

A Crucifixion, A Resurrection And What Next?

The stars whispered into the ears of one another
The tale of the treachery of Judas
Laughed at his 30 silver coins
And then observed the graveyard opening!
The Great Resurrection!

The disbelief of Joseph of Arimathea and several women,
The violent earthquake
And then the words of the angel,
"He is risen just as he said"
And the rumours of the Chief priests bribing
The soldiers who brought the news

The 12 appearances near the tomb, on the road to Emmaus,
And then at the sea of Galilee
The talking and eating together,
Allowing Himself to be touched and
Someone laughing at the Doubting Thomas

We read and hear again and again
Promises un-kept unnerving a throng much down
Even as the Father and the Son perhaps playing Golf
In the infinite spaces afar celebrating the reunion
A race marches on unto the verge of doom
With no coffins further opening
With many corpses turning out to be fossils
Mere fossils!

The worldwide crucifixions are still on
One thousand Golgothas are raised,
A million crosses are readied and
Three million nails are driven through flesh and bones ordinary
The Pilates are washing their hands
In purified water....
Everything counts here!

The world is becoming darker despite
A wilder sun and the neon bulbs!
The sky is getting farther and farther

Beyond which the Son and the Father
Are perhaps living a life of THEIR OWN!

Great Commission to the disciples
Cannot yet be sent again
And the engrossing tales of that healing touch
Cannot alone be told with the bleeding crowd swelling!

From those vast grounds hey Lord,
Where You play the space time golf
Come down oh dear Father, come down
And please, bend down to our graveyards smelling blood
To lift us all and make Your home full
We need a resurrection!

Remember for once,
'Thy kingdom hath not come'.

M D Dinesh Nair

Solomon`s Choice

As India votes for the next regime to be anointed
Amidst all sounds and fury In New Delhi this May
The people have no Solomon`s Choice.

The fancies of a well grown boy pampered by all around and
The exhortations from the mouth of a much modified and self made man
Leave the Indian voters helpless, nay desperate.

A wand wagon of commoners appeared with caps on their heads
And it appeared to take all by storm for some time just for some time
But that was not an oasis but a snare and delusion blacking out!

As 1270 million people here look forward to leading
A life that offers nothing different as usual
We all chant in unison, " We are the largest Democracy".

We don`t ask for a land of milk and honey
We seek not a heaven of elixir and gaiety of balls
But we need to walk along these corridors of trying times.

Soon we may hear the sound of one hand clapping
No where we see the salt of the earth coming to our rescue
But all are around us to play the devil`s advocates.
A nation in waiting to equate itself with China
With a people ever fleeing to the Middle East and the West
And a tri-colour flying high at times – we are that!

Dear Solomon of the North, be pleased to be reborn here,
Please, offer your choice to us as well after this experiment
And live in this country sweating out in this land of reality.

M D Dinesh Nair

A Tribute To Kushwant Singh

Note: This is a tribute paid to the Indian writer, journalist and humourist Kushwanth Singh of A TRAIN TO PAKISTAN fame who died on March 20,2014 in New Delhi.

THAT BIG FUNNY MAN IS NO MORE...

We those who have read and heard you often
We those who heard of you much oftener
And we who have written on you at times
Believe in unison that one more star has fallen dead
From the firmament of Venuses not many and
We Salute you dear Sardarji

You were the funniest Indian writer in English,
You were the happiest Indian journalist for long
And you were the most trenchant secularist ever.
We salute you dear blunt man with a sharp nib.
India can no more boast of your being around us
And she is deprived of a writer with true mettle.

Your jokes still make us go mad with loud laughter and
Your sharp wits make us sit and wonder.
We salute you dear Sardarji of all Sardarjies.
No respecter of reputations nor a worshipper of the God of any mould
Nor a crusader of a community in vain
Sardarji, you were there the Sikh of all Sikhs ever.

A man in women`s company you were
A man in their minds causing no ripples yet
A man in men`s debates you were
But never in their disregards ever at all.
Dear KS, you are now gone for ever
Digging a deep vacuum in our Intellectual circles.

A TRAIN TO PAKISTAN you wrote on the heels of the India Partition,
A HISTORY OF THE SIKHS you wrote to tell how you differed from the HINDUS
And WHY I SUPPORTED THE EMERGENCY you wrote to repent later.
Dear KS, your train unto fame will never halt anywhere
We salute you for your being with us all these 99 years

And GOOD BYE dear Sardarji.....

M D Dinesh Nair

Waiting For A Sail...

At times we are alone and alone,
In this tent of army of pathos and woes
And we are in a cruel world of all seasons
That cannot protect us even for a minute
From the hard times of our belligerents
Growing stronger than ever before.
Suffering from all kinds of pains we slouch
And what shall we do as the world remains silent?
We are often in a jungle rather than
Being in a pretty world we would like to have.
The ferocious beasts are around us.

The politicians and the celebrities are here
The tradesmen and the perpetrators of all kinds are here
And the kin and the kith of a thousand masked faces
All redefining our lives though we have not asked for!
They are all around us with their burning eyes fixed on us.
We often cry a million tears every day.
As we are alive and not dead.
Our hearts are going to stop perhaps and
All our five pretty senses too may stop working.

Where is the pretty world?
Some of you have spoken of it time and again
But we should not ask so ever as those were your illusions
Nor ought we to feel for anyone except ourselves
And the signs are clearer than before.
So we might quit our lives any time,
Our nights and days are soon to be almost over
And we are all going to enter into a deep slumber
Wherein even the nightmares will not haunt not.

Thud.. thud.. thud..
We hear and it is raining outside our tent.
Let it rain for a whole night then,
We will tomorrow have a flowing river for our sail towards
The turbulent seas of certain depths
Where we shall lie buried for some time
Waiting to be meta-morphed into fine pearls!

M D Dinesh Nair

A Clay God For You

I saw a dream
In that a potter was making a clay toy
And it had the face of some God!
Not that of West or East
And nor that of Man or Brute.

He breathed life into it
And its heart began beating!
It had two seeing eyes,
Two hearing ears and a smelling nose
But it had no mouth!

I saw the potter now standing up
And holding the clay toy up above his head
He flew into the sky
Where he placed the God with face downward!
Then he jumped onto a hill down in the earth.

A God of the finest making He was
And He began working soon
The way He ought to have ever and ever
And the green planet now let out a cry of joy!
It was reverberating unto times immemorial.

The potter the who made the clay God
Had faces infinite in number
And I thought one would look like mine
But by then my dream had ended
And I had tears rolling down my face.

M D Dinesh Nair

Are You On The Way?

Amidst cold looks and clouds of gestures
I see your ones different
To find it I need to spend no time
And I go along with hope enlived.

The road to my home you have seen
Where sun-rays often fail to intercept
The clouds of my loneliness.
But you are to be there on the way.

And you will see my little hut
It is there inside a grove of weeds.
To reach it you should start coming now
And my smile I shall return to you.

You should just look inside myself
And think about my buried thoughts dear.
Perhaps they can resurrect once
And your glory I shall let the world know.

Will you come this evening or late at night?
Will you dine at mine and teach me how to dream?
I know not; I never dare to doubt it either!
But my hut has a wider door to let you in, I know

In your warm presence I will reinvent myself
And flee from these cold looks and gestures
Of a world that has ever been around me.
But when are you to knock at my door?

M D Dinesh Nair

A Day You Will Hear My Song

I oftener feel than before
Broken cradle songs are murmuring
Their sweet words there inside my mind
Somewhere I had forgotten them long ago.

I am surer than than one might assume that
What the world calls aging
They have been there as mine
For many decades of my transition

I long to cry for a while
Inside my soul there are my sobs metamorphic
Turning into a song of love and longings
But none can hear them!

I am almost down and worn out
As I'm with no grace of oblivion sweet
And my pangs nestle there inside my mind
May be that you say I have never wanted to lose them!

But I am surer than many years before that
With them I used to live and so do I now
Because I know not how to dare to live
A life that might still be better!

When you ask for a bouquet large and shapely
Do I give odd flowers of love without much fragrance?
Do those around me value them as such?
But in my deserts inside they are like an oasis.

A new song is surging from my soul
And it reverberates into the chambers of my dear ones.
A day they will hear its rhymes I am sure.
I often hear things can `t be that bad.

Broken cradle songs have ever been murmuring
Some sweet words perchance there inside your minds too
And there haven `t you all nay a few of you
Forgotten them once like me long before?

M D Dinesh Nair

Why Should I Look Through The Windows Anymore?

Looking out of the windows small or large
And I can feel it for myself
A Dying spring ushering in a spell of heat!
The sky is no more shady or pale
And it has got a blue colour that burns like
The face of the fairy who poses as a dame for now
And I am not here for my happier season ahead
As he is waiting outside.

My dying spring will not last any more
And I am to miss its a wonderful feel inside my home!
It is first the early morning and the air is very clean,
And the not that soft sun-rays
Have started caressing my skin too.
And I am scared of the Villain waiting outside!
I have seen him come and go once a year.

The cup of a strong tea not sweetened at all
['May God take revenge on my wife!']
I hold in my hand and browse the news paper
That tells most about the pangs of a linguistic state
That is soon going to be bifurcated
Enjoying the sweetness of my peaceful surroundings.
I cannot anymore sit for long like in the past!
He is waiting outside, I know it.

The flowers have a sweet perfume,
The songs of the birds are sweet,
And they have to enrich my today with energy
But I know this warmth is nothing but a small phase.
The villain is impatiently waiting outside my home too
I have often seen his face that burns like fire!

A real gift from heaven appears to descend on us
We assume it to be the most precious thing.
Then the infinite woes of the wild season pour in.
Fools of sensations we have ever been perhaps!
He is soon to occupy our thoughts and homes
The villain - the SUMMER of this 2014.

Why should I look through the window anymore?

M D Dinesh Nair

The Bull In The City ['Nagaramlo Vrushabham']

Introduction:

'Nagaramlo Vrushabham' is a popular Telugu poem written by Srirangam Srinivasarao [Sri Sri].

Here is the translation of it in English.

.....

Chewing the cud with his half shut eyes
Without moving or shifting an inch
Perhaps with the memories from his previous birth
On the main road of the city
The bull stood casually.

The bull in the heart of the city-
As if he is the right owner of the road
Leaving the responsibility to the times
Heckling the scampering of the civilisation
Stood there he like the King!

Who dares to ask the bull to move
Look how he glances around
"Aye! Aye! you Motorist! What is the hurry with you"?
"And hey! you Brother Cyclist!
Careful! The bull wouldn't budge"!

An Anti-industrialist, A perfect pacifist,
A pure vegetarian and a true prohibitionist!
On the main road of the city
Obstructing the passage of the civic men
However long like this bull can stand like this!

You say "the bull has no sense"
"What about you, hey man? "

M D Dinesh Nair

But I Closed My Eyes

I saw a poor man dying old and worn out
So poor that he died hungry and
While dying his soul wished to come out
But it could not.

The man`s frame was so weak with hunger wrought within
That he could not breathe his soul out
And it too died within his frame!
He was buried in a graveyard
Where soulless corpses lay in peace.

I saw a god hiding for ever in his eternity
So invisible that none could see him
While hiding he did not long for a companion
And for sure he was not there either.

God`s hands were fumbling over the vast universe
That had long before taken him by fancy
And it was now dropping into the nadir of memories cold!
He stared at the infinite times ahead
Where unto a trillion prayers were still traversing!

I could have seen much more
But I closed my eyes!

M D Dinesh Nair

As The Scent Of Love Spreads..

It`s not an illusion or not
As some say, nay some chant
In between the moments of living and dying
Every one feels the scent of love.

But we tell a big lie
And begin to feel contented.
How long will one live with that false pride?
We know not.

Love has got a scent
It`s a scent with a thousand hands
Reaching out to us and
Embracing the needy among us.

It`s a solace
With the wings of an angel
Flying unto our moments dear.
Why are you proud of a world that does`nt smell some love?
We know not.

The scent of love over reaches
The borders of a day.
It refuses to leave next
The chambers of the succeeding night.

We see it
In the small smile blooming
On a kid`s face fresh as daisy,
We also hear it
In the sweet word whispered into
Our ears by our dearest man and woman
And we feel it then
In the speechless closeness of
Our pets that never write poems.

We are to know that
In many more things around us
This scent of love still spreads

But we often tell a big lie
That none is there to love us!

We can see,
Across the skies an unprotected bird flying
It has a destination unknown
And a survival instinct prompts its wings.
And we begin to scribble tales on the enviable freedom
Of this winged crusader...

We may see for a while
The innocent shadows never doomed to extinction!
With the blind and the deaf
Caring for and being cared for
All throughout their life.
How dare we call this life to be
Scentless of love for ever?

If we can't feel the scent of love,
Let us bury our heads in the depths
Of sympathies unsolicited and looks strange
And live a life of a nasty creature.

When we later wake up to reality
The last breath of reason will have died.
But still,
The scent of love will haunt us as a ghost
And can we rejoice then?

M D Dinesh Nair

If You Refuse My Flower..

A flower will bloom
In my small garden
On my plant too one day
And I shall offer
The very first one
To you, my dear.

My flower will have many petals,
Its colour will be that turns
You envious of my garden
And its fragrance will traverse
Beyond your stretches.
It is certain.

But if you refuse my flower
What shall I do?
I am pondering over it...
Even after you reject my flower
You will perhaps visit
My garden that is on a knoll with
Its plants creeping unto the sky.

And on your visit, I am afraid
You will nip many a bud at once.
My flower will then frown at me.

Then I shall cry unto the skies
Till the stars invite me
To send my flower to them for ever.

If you refuse my flower,
It will smile from the skies...

M D Dinesh Nair

I Want My Yesterdays Back

I want my yesterdays back
They were bubble like
And they broke before
I were to hold them like a child.
Did I live its season to my full?
Those days had the flicker of the Venus.

I thought they would last for sometime.
My yesterdays were like ice-cream
That melted in my cup
Before I could taste it.

I want my yesterdays back
Those days I could taste the flavour
Of my mother`s breast milk
And I dreamed I would taste
That sweet drink for some years.
But she left me leaving my tongue dry for ever.

My past was launched like a rocket
Unto the skies of my present
That doesn`t compromise much.
In the corridors of the ghostly edifice
Sans a floor and a chamber
I long to have my yesterdays.

In that Utopia let me crawl and fall,
I want my yesterdays back.

M D Dinesh Nair

I Want To Be In Your Suburbs

In the suburbs of your villages
Is there the moon lit with glow?
Traveling into the midnight skies,
Cutting the clouds like a lightning
Would you like to travel there?

Stark outlines of a doomed sky dark
And the elms on pristine snow we can see here.
Stars do not twinkle here.
In our cities they are never there.

The dots of light that have, as you say
Traveled for centuries unto our midst
Have stopped penetrating through our groves
Beams are not cast into the sky by the light above
And the tale of the neighbouring city is the same.

Sometimes, when I am all alone,
I can travel back to moonlit hills
Of your suburbs attired in winter
And near our shores east and west I shall be.

I want to see again a million stars as well
To feel the gentleness and the warmth
Of wonder that I never knew in our cities
Before our my own eyes, nay our eyes.

One more routine of another part awaits me
In the rhythm that I let go out I am lost perhaps
I want to carry myself through loneliness often
To your suburbs where the moon shines.

M D Dinesh Nair

Kim Jong-Un At It Again

King Kim Jong-Un,
Are you a king or a cold blooded murderer?
You are now deciphered for ever and
Thrown into the abyss
Of dishonour and disrepute
You lie now in your cocoon
Of cruelty Crystallized.

King Kim Jong-Un,
You have forgotten the tales
Of despots whom you adore perhaps.
They had been put on the pyre of civilization
And we tell our children
The terrible times have gone for ever.

But you are there, Kim
Much to the ghosts of our shock
Haunting the chambers of a life
Struggling to walk on otherwise.

Hello ruler sans sanity,
Beware of the ills of these times
When you thrive upon a mindset brutal.
Beware of your undue fears and cruel fancies
And be ready to lick the dust
Of disaster imminent and invincible.

Above you see for yourself the vultures
With the same blood thirst hovering
And they will soon fly down to you
To eat your body dead within.

Listen, America and European Union,
In the pages of history of inaction
By you and your like add this line too;

' We permitted a Kim Jong-Un of North Korea
To walk upon a civilization of the kind
And we beg your pardon for being indifferent

Till the clan begot and begot
A species for murdering some people
Living somewhere for no reason'.

M D Dinesh Nair

If I Were To Use A Time Machine

If I were to use a time machine,
I would use it for a common good.
You bet on it
You have my word.
I would just straight travel to the point of time
When things began with a BIG BANG
I would try to stop God from creating anything
I would plead Him to no end.

No universe, no earth
And therefore no woes and tears
Would He agree to that?
He would not.

If God would still carve out things
In this disorder and colossal wastes again,
I would direct my time machine further
To travel further into the past!
To reach His time of 'origin'

God and I will then
Begin to create and share a world
Of all proportions and all equations
And He will whisper into my ears, 'I like you dear',
And I will write a poem on His love.
My time machine will wait for a flight
I will not take Him in it to the Earth of AD 20,400
For I know we/I may not return from there.

But where is my time machine?
I want to use it for a common good.

M D Dinesh Nair

Navigation

At times I am a Captain
Navigating the resentment
In non-verbal manner,
And I go into myself deeper and deeper.

I dislocate my experiences
Of goodness for vulnerability
Of times and thoughts
And I am a navigator.

I was stung a hundred times by
For playing those roles
That was not played by me.
I am on the other side of myself.

This encounter with hypocrisy
Has been very gratifying.
I have begun trying a repetitive motion
And I find a parallel home.

At night I travel to galaxy of thoughts,
It is the perfect paradox of my life
I know how to clone my ship into the sea
And my navigation is to go on.

M D Dinesh Nair

We Were Alone!

I read it somewhere
'We are never alone and so you fight on'
And so I began my fight along with you by my side
And we were not alone I told you often.

There was some panic
But you and I were not alone.
Why you doubted what was true?
We could escape this beast of today
And we could race towards
The eastern dusk for a while.

Roaring civilization haunted us
But we were not alone.
Bullets would chase us
But our backs were backed by many more
Where would they strike?
I always asked for ourselves.

Jaws and claws of this beast
Might fight us but we need not fear, I thought so.
Were you listening?
I saw you bleeding at the back then.

I felt a shiver down my spines
You were still bleeding!
There was a bullet and a claw after me
And I was soon to collapse.

As you lay fallen down and
My back too beginning to bleed
I once more thought of muttering that
We were not alone.

But every one was alone!

M D Dinesh Nair

Beautiful, But

Beautiful lies

Take us on the wings of might

Towards the skies infinite

To drop us on the heaps of truths laughing to no end.

Brutal truths lie deep buried.

When beautiful lies

Get painted on a marvellous canvas of light

Against the background in twilight.

Barren truths are often ferried

To the lagoon of a magical fantasy.

Beautiful lies are narcotic

And many are addicted to their delightful charms.

In the dark chambers of truth told in vain

One may lie unseen and unheeded often

But there will flash across his face

A smile that has the fragrance of a thousand lilies.

Still under the thick blankets of beautiful lies

Why we want to sleep for yet another light year?

Listening to the cradle song sung by an army of liars

A hundred new borns begin to smile at sweet lies.

M D Dinesh Nair

A Visit To Amaravati

Amaravati is serene and smelly within
She is yet like a bride with a veiled face
Shy and virtuous or timid and afraid
Away from the noisy and overstaying guests outside her chamber.

I walked along her streets,
I read the writings on her stones placid and old
And I smelt her past of glory for a while
A past of the Jainism and the Buddhism which breathed within her.

The Buddhist saga stuns us in the east and west
The power of non-violence and the precepts!
Through a stretch of road surrounded
By towering Hindu temples here lies a past glorious.

Rays of light stream through these glimpses
And the memories of tranquility are sown
A great notion can ever be crippled
Neither by time nor by events that succeeded.

I feel there is a story to be told by
The wind and the fauna here till times die
There is a profundity of the relics and things buried
Below these columns of debris and broken stupas unseen!

To the gusts of wind, I plead
Carry this pace and strides ahead
Into times we may cherish
As the Light of Asia has to beam out.

To Shiva the lord of destruction, I plead
Come out of the sanctum raised by your warriors
Who discarded peace and serenity,
Come down to greet this smiling Buddha.

Long and quick paces I made
Along the margin of rocks and plants
Past a square and the ruins of a notion great
Lives the wise man Buddha over here too.

Walking in the corridors of a museum of the relics
Dedicated to the Satavahanas and their empire
I long to smell the power of peace.
The fragments of glory can revive.

I see here the rubble and the relics,
And hear the silent cry of a dying religion and
Feel the futility of the conquest of another one which
Was later cornered by its Arabian and Roman rivals!

Lights flicker from buildings now
That were not once there centuries before
Walking with a slower pace through silent shrubs
I feel it is quiet being at Amaravathi!

M D Dinesh Nair

Love And Raft

Love is like a raft
Sail on it or stand on the bank
When you reach the mouth of the sea write a poem
And if you are drowned we have to write an elegy!

Child, better you play with a paper boat
Going under the bridge
And better you don't grow big to sail on this raft.
Lads and lasses how fast have you grown!

Love is like a raft
And the river is often capricious
She shakes the raft and feels a thrill
The raft is left to fend itself then.

Just to see how the paper boat floats
We poets shall stand aside you dear child,
But as a lass or lad when you begin to sail
We stand far off with breaths loud.

Floating is different from sailing
And the raft is not a ship made of metal!
Hey lasses and lads, be a little cautious and
Stand there for sometime undecided before boarding the raft.

Love is like a raft
It cannot take its course in a stream
The oars must be of good timber
And all the logs should be tight tied!

Whenever a wave passes, be in your good spirits
Though it might just pass off your raft
But still better it is if you don't sail on it
We do not like writing elegies.

Love is like a raft
That crosses all the waves the world may tell you
With many sailors on various rafts you may sail too
But one has to feel from the harbour or port you leave

The tales told by many a sailor.

M D Dinesh Nair

She Will Have To Trigger The Gun Once More

The tale told about her is never new perhaps
Through the trials of endless pain
What is her reward at the end?
you see tears of her heart have all been drained
So what more can she amend henceforth?

He was a demi-god of all lovers, she thought.
Yet he betrayed her once more
Who else can she trust any more?
This is the friendship they once swore upon,
So she had to break it for he was wrong.

There once lived a lover par romance, all thought.
He later shot a bullet of despicable lies
Straight through the core of her brain
It caught her conscience by surprise
And her emotions were no longer sane either.

Her heart was of glass now shattered in dismay
But does he even care for it?
Never ending thoughts come and go day after day
Wishing if he were never there!
What else if it is otherwise?

But the glass is often broken beyond repair
So where's the glue she does not have in fact?
He has left her in the pit of despair
Now who will glue the pieces back to the glass now?
She is lost in the lurch!

Has he ever been a true lover
Or has this been his intention all along
To leave a sharp boulder on the ground?
Harming the ones who did no wrong
And hurt his loved ones all around?

Once there lived a lover bold in Cupid`s empire
Look at the mess he and his likes have made later
Look at the damage they have done

Should we say congrats on their successful crusade?
Now hand over to her his double barreled gun.

She will point it back in his own brain one day
And an innocent face, soaked with tears will turn wild then
It is no longer about the physical pain that she might think
So he will have to dispense with his life for sure.
And why should he be there at all?

She may regret once more for trusting him
This is no longer his gun at all
The first bullet may be of sheer dust
So she will have to trigger the gun once more.
He must not be there any more for sure!

M D Dinesh Nair

Come To Our Arid Lands

From our burning stomachs rises a shrill cry,
Like a piercing storm gaining in force and fury
With every passing moment, it becomes a tumultuous roar
And falls back into all our ears loud and clear.
Art thou listening to the cry?

"We want food, our god and our lord,
We want nothing but a bowl of food from thee! "

Or thou may enter the chambers of our hunger intact
And transmute our sad shrieks into a big silence and
Play on our muscles tight with your music of solace or of strings
And fill our feeble bodies with bread and barley sans any melody

Be with our beasts as their fodder, not for now but for ever
And be by our side and all around us henceforth.
We are waiting here with our kettle ready to be lit and boiling to their brims
Expectant and anxious we are, in this ghastly gloom of hunger!

Come to us as a puff of fresh bag of new grain collected and
Fall on our homes as a shower of your concern new found
Help us to be alive with a bowl of manna your wonder drink
And then drown our eternal hunger in the ocean of your riches unasked for.

Come to us snapping the blow of hymns sung by the the bards with filled
stomachs
Talk to us in a new language dissolving the spurt of this emptiness wild,
Convert our land of needs into the one with a little abundance
And pass a new life awakening in the heart of every singer saluting you
otherwise.
Sweep away the clouds of disaster hovering our very bodies
And fill them with a little blood and some energy much to your heart`s glow.

Perchance if you don`t or can`t come to us this season too
Let the loud lunged pitch of your revived love
Keep flowing in our veins as blood red and new for a miracle
And may your definitive seeing eyes
Keep flashing across our arid lands doomed till now
So that we will not walk into an early death as projected

Or dread the fall of gloom after the disaster strikes our fated land!
Then our hymns will be flown into your skies infinite
From our bugles and pipes made of bamboo and reed!

Amen!

M D Dinesh Nair

And Sure Enough I Have To Dive Into A Gloom.

He was still saying,
'A life without hope is a dismal existence'.
I was reading a tragic story then
And it had chapters written from the times immemorial!

He also said,
'You have to try as hard as you might, it's just persistence!'.
I was now counting the last days of the calendar.
Someone was planning to pack up for ever.

I knew how to recall
The face of a cancer patient soon to be immortalized
And on whose memory a hundred words were to be spoken!
Yes, there were many to tell much.

He next said,
'Dark days now and then outnumber the bright days
Dark clouds forever will not yet block out the sun rays for ever'.
But I could not the sun above a few terrains of life!

I was now in the home of the departed
Where all could see the barely middle aged widow lying crestfallen.
And her teen aged kids weeping at length.
The practice was soon to be joined by silence infinite!

He was stammering but still said from a platform,
'Blue birds are at times chased away by death-loving vultures
But be realistic, be philosophic'.
Who could tell these things to these lesser mortals?
I know the truth, but cannot speak against him!

Today,
I am unable to enjoy humanity and its customs and practices
Sad I am, sorry I am now diving into a solitude of gloom.
The bards singing optimistic notes, please, have a break.

I will just say,
'You will frivolously feign to have fortitude
Daring to deviate from pain that won't alleviate anything'.

What can replace loss of a dear life?

That these human woes will never end is my greatest pain
And sure enough I have to dive into a gloom!
With the sky above never going to open for the mortals!
My silence has an all pervasive spell perhaps, I am sorry.

M D Dinesh Nair

When My Nightingale Sings For You All

When my nightingale sings
A dream lets out a clarion call
For it is a song for all - you and me.
A song for it is sometimes never sung before.
It needs no other singer nor any musician.

My nightingale often falls silent,
Leave her alone, dear ones.
A song for all is often silent thus
As no torrents thereof transmounts the minds.
A song for all sometimes cristalises into a mute babe.

My nightingale craves for an Oscar Wilde
To listen to her songs vivid and sweet.
But where is he? Has he not died for ever
Leaving this bird lonely for ever?
Who cares for me? Who knows that it is my bird too?

Next my bird cries for a care taker.
A silent wave of her last song not sung
She seems to forget that I too have ears!
Is it not that she is craving for
An entry into those spirit stubborn and elusive?

I see an Oscar Wilde living in each of you
And I have a plea for you, ' Please, listen to her
For none has ever sung for you all with this blind faith'.
You have ears and she knows that
I do not care for what my bird thinks of me!

My nightingale`s notes are firm for a life time
And the songs are sung in a steady way by her.
Your breath too will substantiate that it is a life`s tale.
If you miss to feel it, you will miss to learn about your life.
Dear mortals enlightened, have a mind to hear her on.

Every song sung by my nightingale for you and me
Will make the cuckoos nostalgic and shy later,
And she will come to all your dwelling places

To absorb the new notes unleashed by your sobs
And the mute riches of my nightingale have no reverses.

M D Dinesh Nair

My Shadow On A Mission

The shadow of mine is growing tall
And he is on sole mission
That he must tread
In front of me ever and everywhere
Irrespective of
My directions and distances.
He is like a calf
mischievous full of energy.

Each time my shadow reaches
My destination a lot early
And he sends a message to me
With spellings accurate and words pruned,
'I have reached safe, don` t worry'.
Should I go back now
Or shall I proceed to reach next?
I am uncertain.

I see very often
So much to my head-ache in fact
Men and women travelling alone
With no shadows close to them.
My shadow alone moves on
Ever leaving me far behind
And I just wish him all the best
While I blow out a sad smile.

Who will tell him I feel let down?

One day his destinations will end for want of pathmakers.
Then he will stay with me I am sure.
My shadow triumphs in his spring of youth
He doesn` t know about the unlaid tracks ahead.

Who will tell him then he may feel let down?

M D Dinesh Nair

Let This Winter Leave Us First

Let the frozen winter leaves fall one by one
Green leaves, they may lie buried through our eyes
As the trees started weeping last night itself
And their knees too were sobbing

Let misty sky fade out for now
And slide across the forehead of horizon
For the last night on the floor we saw its sign
The west and the east are shaking with cold.

Wingless are our birds perhaps flying
Although we have left a little snowy sky for them
Then at dawn on the top of horizon
You need not search for howling nightingales.

Leave your grass and leave your fruits, dear mist
Get ready for death during our bright days ahead
Search for none of migrating storks later
Even wild boars may lie safe afterwards, you know

Oh, dear smoke arise out of a fire you like
For aiding the crying sun who has gone in hide
In front of our dying today we know it for certain
You have to queue up for buying the tomorrow`s bright shades!

M D Dinesh Nair

What Are You Mr Minister?

Mr Sashi Tharoor,
What are you in fact Mr Minister?
An orator, a statesman, a diplomat,
A politician, or an author?
We wanted you to answer.

When you again begin to answer,
'I am all these'
We are watching flash news on the T.V
And reading inputs in the News paper.
They assert you are none of these!

There is a limit for everything,
There is a need for believing things,
You are again at it
Spoiling yourself
Though you have never been an idol now to be broken!

Mr Minister,
What are you in real Mr Tharoor?
A fickle minded high profile Romeo,
Or a multiple faceted man from the street?
We have a right to know?

Mr M..... and Mr Th.....,
Have YOU not heard of i?
' Men who have chased the three Ws [wealth, wine and women]
Have eaten the dust strewn by destiny.
You had better ride a horse less wild.

[Mr] unknown.....,
What are you [Mr].....?
Know it for yourselves that a crowd is watching you.
Mind your old profile..
Though you have never been an idol now to be broken!

NOTE: This poem carries a note below.

I posted this poem on January 15...

On January 17 quite unfortunately Ms Sunantha Pushkar committed suicide / died

mysteriously at a hotel in New Delhi.

M D Dinesh Nair

Beyond A Tracing

Beyond a tracing how can you be there
If you are somewhere there around us?
I find not even an apparition assuring me
Of your tamed or wild presence in any shade
As you have never been there.
They call it inability to see!

Soaring to the altitudes hitherto unreached
In fact my mind has traveled in search of you.
I have traveled into reason and fact
Dismissing the fiction told since the times crude.
And your absence has really undone me!
They say it is insensibility of a kind!

I thought you would be there
Oh, my mind thou art right!
'He is not there', you ever whisper into my ears.
I had a glimmer of hope about you, I often thought.
You could have been there.
They say my eyes have a cataract of the kind!

I find the eccentric crowd cheering your image
My people around me are they!
They are visualising you with aids many
And a dejection begins to embrace me.
In fact I am crushed by them.
They think they have microscopic eyes!

The flames of the true fire lit by time and reason
Will never flicker and you cannot be around it.
The smoke may wither and die later,
And my brethren may see your silhouetted shadow
Spread all across that sky that has clouds!
They are more in number and that matters a lot!

An inferno is there now
And I feel the stench of a crowd burning.
In the pyre of doctrines and sermons age old
And its heap of ash will soon remain.

But beyond a tracing you should n` t have been.
They say you are traced from fossils as well!

Hundred reasons housed in my small head
Have no freaks nor any apprehensions
I have not failed in my search
And I cannot fantasize on still
As you are not there.
Let them think as they like!

I cannot be that proverbial blind man either
Searching for the black cat
Which is not there in the dark room.
Beyond a tracing you could have never been
I know it for certain.
There are many blind men around me!

M D Dinesh Nair

A Receding River And Me

When a river begins to recede
I shall ebb along with its waves
To reach the mountain of its origin.

I have read it somewhere
Rivers often have to recede
In search of their spots of origin
Even when the mighty ocean begins
To grab and possess them for ever!
Never allowing them to recall their past!
Atrocity! you call it.

I have often been laid down by someone
With my mind longing for a higher platform.
A receding river enthalls me
And as I cannot climb a mountain on my own
I would like to lie floating
In its receding waters.

I have ever wanted to reach the peak
Of a mountain and to overhear
What the river whispers into
The ears of her father, the mountain.
Her travelogue is it may be
And I would liken her tale to mine untold.

The river may then fall silent
But I will begin to ponder over
And chant my chimes to the peak next to hers.
In the depths of the seas
Perhaps a sigh may be heard then
But it may not reach the ears of anyone
As the ebbs of the rest of the river
Will still be receding outsmarting that sight!

The pearls of the seas may perhaps be
Later shattered across the shores
And the carcasses of little Mermaids
May then afloat the shallow waves.

But from the tops of the peaks
You can hear my shouts of joy
And that will be reverberating
Till the next river recedes.

M D Dinesh Nair

Beware Of These Men, Love Vs Lust,

Young women learn it for yourselves
It`s at times an illusion as some say
This humbug of love of men whom you call dear
In between the moments of living and dying
Every one feels the scent of some kind of love.
But it may be because of lust when men befriend you.
Beware of it, young women.

But the lovers in you often tell big lies
And begin to feel contented.
How long will you all live in those ivory towers
Of falsehood and tense moments?
Lust may soon emerge, beware of it, young women.

Love has a scent that`s sweet, we have to agree
And we have to assert it a hundred times if you want
It`s a solace with the wings of an angel, no doubt
Flying unto your moments dear you transport yourselves

But?
But any moment this angel may fly off
And the scent of love may subside
And then will enter lust with his real intentions
Even as you call a phase of intimacy irresistible
It destroys an image, it pollutes a thought
And you are no more in love.

Why are you in a hurry to be proud of being with a man
Who is waiting to transgress and to outrage innocence?
Is the newly found man your ultimate crusader
When the real fight is waged against him and his motives mean?
Pity of others and solace of words will mock at you
Dear lasses young, beware of these men in waiting.

When the scent of love begins to smell foul by the border of the day
Leave these men and flee from their jungles of countless beasts
And be prowling on your thick glades of groves familiar
Beware of these men who can still cast other nets
And never venture into their terrains ever unknown.

In the small smile blooming on the face of your mother or sister
Can` t you see a feel of love that is feminine though
In the sweet words whispered into ears by your near ones,
Try to find a thousand assurances of togetherness still better.
Beware of men who are not your husbands and partners by law
And in the speechless closeness of your pets that never write poems
You may see the scent of a love emitted in plenty.

Across the skies an unprotected bird flies
It has a destination unknown, a survival instinct prompts its wings.
And you scribble stories on the enviable freedom
Of these innocent shadows doomed to extinction!
Blind and deaf all throughout this life-
How dare you call this life scentless of love?

If you still want to feel the scent of love unsafe,
Be ready to bury your heads in the depths of sympathies unsolicited
And live a life of nasty creatures or kill yourselves
And hang on the walls of memories unpleasant.
Beware of these men, you have yet got a chance.
When you wake up unto reality the last bus to reason will have left you.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Sky Was Not The Limit

The two wings hope for a surge
But I require a third one!
The mind longs for a feel in the heights
But I need another will to take off.

The sky is vast and free I know
But it has storms and lighting there
And why should I take the risk of a flight
Living here is safe though it is not a life at all.

In the mid summer of pathos and pains here
My third wing begins to sprout
But I cut it off at once as I know
The other mind is not there within me.

Blows not the breeze of relief anymore,
My soul sobs for a while
The sky looks deserted for once
But I won't take off still.

Mind has not even a mystery unresolved
That spans a life of fear and fog
Undone by the waves of smiles and words.
At last I feel like flying

The nights have turned darker than ever before
And the timid hours of sleep have begun to haunt.
There is a need for a flight indeed!
But there is no sky left for me!

M D Dinesh Nair

Who Are They?

When some of us speak of our troubled times,
You and I are not that incensed or enraged,
But they seek revenge afresh.
Reason is drowned,
And untruths are pitted against both of us.
Who are they?

Our hearts bleed, beneath this monstrosity
Of times unpredictable and hopeless,
And point-blank they ask the questions many.
They do not give you and me a chance to recover a little
Certainly both of us are deeply perturbed today.
Who are they?

Mist is settling on hills far.
You and I cannot see the world through
The vision of just a sunless god,
And you and I have to go to walk under a cloud.
Doomed are things around
Who are they?

Are they ruthlessly pouring the dust on you and me?
How shall we all cover the faces.
Normalcy is out of towns and villages.
See through your eyes not afflicted with cataract yet,
Many People are just floating like corpses, you see!
Who are they?

Indifference of some of you hurts you and me.
A cure is not seen within sight.
Let us pray that it will stop soon.
You and I cannot chew the words.
Many a time we have done that!
Who are they?

M D Dinesh Nair

It`s Realisation Time

As the skin realizes
The aftermath of your aging, hey, man
You begin to falter at
Your revelations again and again.

Experience is a comb that
You are bound to possess
When you are blessed with
A bald head hey, man.

In the seclusion of things torn apart
By time and flimsy triumph
You will stand realizing
The ultimate truth unraveled to you ever.

Scientists and priests are reading out
From the foliages of truth and lie.
You can find the former admitting the borders often
And the latter dilating upon the unknown oftener!

When you say "goodbye"
To every one near and dear
The bugles of a past wasted for no reason
Will be heard high above your shroud.

A soul that can`t be there won`t make
A way out of your corpse,
A heaven that you have ever dreamt of
Won`t be waiting like a ship.

An eternity you would long for
Will cave into its void unknown.
Your realization, therefore,
Better come a little before hey, man.

In the oblivion of times and things
Making a bee line of the sort
A realization will one day emerge
From the heap of your thoughts odd.

Your great heart may then
Beat like that of a true human being
As it begins to echo the pulse
Of a life still thriving on.

Weep not and sigh not hey, man
For it costs little and little for you
To smile for a span of a small life
After the realisation of everything dawns on!

M D Dinesh Nair

I Am Sure Much Time Is Left For That!

It is January asking me
'Any resolutions'?
And I am a bit shy but say,
'Not yet during your cold stay'?

He thinks I am a plodder
But I have often blundered in my haste.
February will soon come and will like to tell me
'You are the same, thank you pal'.

The frost and mist of December and January
Will soon be buried I know.
The breeze of months in waiting
Will soon blow across my abode.

But I am still shy and would like to ask myself
'Why I could not have a resolution for this month? '
The moon cracking across the far sky
Laughs us at me often -she has her own resolutions perhaps!

I light a candle and venture to see my inside
And a little more cleaning is needed I realise.
I too want to thaw my thoughts dark.
Perhaps my candle can burn ahead till 2015 comes!

The bad rivers may still run towards a sea too
And they are my freaks of dread leading to an inexplicable gloom
The streams of fancies have never raged across my mind
But there is yet a flood of what should not have been there ever!

I'll cry for sometime on a fine day this January
Before the sunrise breaks in for February
And slowly my clearer eyes will see for a resolution next.
I am sure much time is left for that.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Irony We Count On...

The burning Sun buries himself inside a black blanket
The planets have all been burnt up already
And the galloping asteroids get stranded in the milky way.

First they were in love for long years,
Then the lady opened her mouth and told at a pitch high,
'I hate my lover, I hate him and him alone'.

A woman is pouring wine into her man`s glass,
With a grin that has a charm captivating
But he is lost in the memoirs of his long lost mother.

An old mongrel lays in the uneven roadside,
He is struggling to wag his tail at the passersby
But there is a new puppy strolling on every soft floor inside.

The octogenarian drinks his soup from a cup
And his teeth are too weak to bite a piece of meat.
He can yet fantacise about a young lass.

BUT READ ON...

The sulking moon stands nearby and is consoling the sun,
The warm rays of the latter surround the sky up and high
And the withering water lagoons give birth to life infinite.

First they were living polar apart for long
Then she and he met at a grove full of myrtle
There she told him, ' I know I cannot live without you'.

A lady lets out her sweet singsong into her man`s ears
With his body paralysed long before she came into his life
And he has been lost in the wilderness of parentage unknown.

A young canine is chasing a child on the street in the dark
He had no tail to wag nor a mind to feel for the tender boy.
But there is a small puppy lying as a guard near the infant in the cradle.

The septuagenarian bites and eats a hard nut
And his strong limbs climb a hill vertical
He begins to talk about the nearing sunset.

M D Dinesh Nair

Do We Need A Canvas?

Where is my canvas?

Where are my brush and the bottles of black and white paints?

Friends, artists and painters,

I too want to paint.

I see your canvases larger and brighter,

I see your brushes made of feathers of peacock,

And you all sitting with a hundred bottles of paints of all colours.

My canvas cannot be torn apart,

My brush is not for cleaning the drainage either

And my paint ought not to be thrown into a pyre.

Friends, artists and painters,

Have you finished your painting?

I next see your fingers growing larger than the canvases,

I now see your brushes buried in the bottles

I then feel your paints spreading across the white screens.

An image of reality splashes across the sky

A strange hand of truth is painting there

And the bottles of reason and season ever get filled and emptied.

Who can be just a painter here?

As each of us is always painted upon

By time the immortal?

M D Dinesh Nair

The Question Of Scaring Morrows....

I see an odd planet still spinning with us all on it
And its morrows are scaring indeed!

Everywhere we see a question of 'wise' notions
Then a penetrating query steals into the minds of us all!
The canvases of the pictures fine and the shades drawn strange
Look alike when it comes to facing the replicas of morrows!

Most popular poets over here with fervent vigour
Avoid fights with the eulogists of optimism and his brothers
Preferring not to fight at all hoping to see
A 'life of all seasons' smiling at them from the skies'!

It seems to make good sense to us at times
Not confronting them and to avoid a controversy,
And for their survival and peace of mind
Shouldn't we be living like a cocoon ever?

The negation of the mask of lies is not an option
Nor is it a blunder emerging from clouded thoughts.
But are the hopes and wishes of their imagination an oasis
In the desert of their knowledge in fact restricted?

They won't read, they won't reason and they won't realise,
They can't feel, they can't judge and they can't accept,
They aren't enervated, they aren't destitutes nor bedridden.
They call you 'fools' when we talk against their notions!

The have-nots and the lesser beings make a beeline
Before the food stores and shelter homes, how sad!
The traders and the merchants of life and modernity preach on
Before the innocent and the ignorant, and they win!

The question here poses a greater trouble
To the conscience of a true man in crisis
He is sermoned on the invisible but the omniscient as well
That is crystallised into thoughts sans reason.

As the out cry of trillions of miserable fauna and flora

Gets resounded in our minds and we begin to brood in pain
How dare they tell us to feel a strange hope of good morrows
Standing by us to hold our hands to lead us on?

How dare you stand in the shade of a tree when all are lost
In the waves of heat and their cries still resounding?
How dare you paint every human face in colours
When time and again the life has laughed ON your old canvases dim?

If you still search for a hypothetical solution
While problems declare themselves to be natural
What will you tell your generations ahead
Feeling yourself like a tortoise with its head buried?

In the corridors of time ahead, I am afraid
An atrocious man will stand barking at all
With the renovated castles of hypothesis lying
Demolished with the patience of true human being long lost.

The human stocks and the struggling larvae alike
Tell their tales again and again to us.
But how dare you sprinkle the rose water of joy immense
On the corpse of a man in making on this odd planet?

The question is a phase of its own built on human concern
The absence of a solution through sweet lies or
The pain of accepting the bitter truths
With our life still making much ado about nothing
May still prepare us to tread across this 2014 and beyond.

But, I see an odd planet still spinning with us all on it
And its morrows are scaring indeed!

M D Dinesh Nair

Happy New Year To Dear Poem Hunter Friends..

Happy new year to you all..
Leave alone the degrees of its variation.
Happy new year to you
Because you are all dear to me.

Happy new year to Ms Valsa George the silent performer,
Happy new year to Ms Daine Hine the rare observer,
Happy new year to Mr Unwriiten Soul the re collector,
Happy new year to Mr Tirupathi Chandrupatla the all rounder.

Happy new year to Ms Shahzia Batool the ocean of thoughts,
Happy new year to Ms Valerie Dohren the nature painter,
Happy new year to Mr Thomas A Robinson the driver on thoughts plain,
Happy new year to Mr Krishnakumar the master of introspection.

Happy new year to Mr Aswath Ramalingam the interpreter of paradoxes,
Happy new year to Miss Payal Parande the silky dream chaser,
Happy new year to Ms Queeny Gona and Ms Yasmeen Khan the idea rich
painters,
Happy new year to Baby Rubab Atwal the poet wizard in waiting

Happy new year to Ms Geetha Jayakumar the go getter,
Happy new year to Mr Nasarudhhen Parameswaran the most patient analyst of
all,
Happy new year to Mr Kanav Justa and Mr Avinash Nair the emerging star poets,
Happy new year to Ms Hazel Evelyn Durham and Ms Heather Burns the happiest
bards

Happy new year to Ms Kavya the lenient interpreter,
Happy new year to Ms Sunprincess shining for a season in full,
Happy new year to Ms Lyn Paul the happiest Islander bard,
Happy new year to Ms Noreen and Ms Veeraiah the gazers of life.

Happy new year to Mr Om Chawla and Mr David Wood the redeemers of thoughts
fine,
Happy new year to Mr Aftab Alam and Mr John Gulshar the extrovert poets,
Happy new year to Ms Neela Nath and Ms Chandra Thiagarajan the occasional
visitors,
Happy new year to Mr Jr Cuyam and Mr Anthony Di'anno the bards with vision.

Happy new year to Mr Joseph Anderson and Mr Marvin Brato the intelligent poets,

Happy new year to Mr Wahab Abdul and Mr Indranil Bhaduri the gifted poets,

Happy new year to Mr Tajuddin Shaw and Mr Bri Edwards the great optimists,

Happy new year to Ms Akshaya Pawasker and Mr Dave Walker the poets with a difference.

Happy new year to Mr Md Asadulla and Miss Mary Amrutha the promising poets,
Happy new year to Mr Mark Christmas and Mr Vizard Dhawan the strategist poets,

Happy new year to Dr John Celes the senior most unique lover of God

Happy new year to Dr Tapan Kumar and Mr Gajanan Mishra very popular of all from the sub continent..

Happy new year to Mr Allen Stable and Mr 'Me, Myself and I' atop ever,

Happy new year to Mr A Madhavan the new poet on rise..

Happy new your to all the anonymous writers,

Happy new year to the poets to be.

I wish DEAR ONES,

'Happy new year to you all poets and visitors'.

May you all write and flourish here in the future too

And may you all live a life of CHEERS and CHASE.

M D Dinesh Nair

Their Sky And My Kite

Beneath the heights of their skies
Flying along the tracks of floating clouds wild
My kite flies not caring for
My words of caution ever.
Beneath my kite, upon a heath of dreams
My limbs stand and shiver.
Their skies widen in shape
But my kite knows not it.

When the giant winds turn furious
And clash with the clouds,
When their skies emit fire of lightning
And roar through thunder
My kite sways and swings
As if every sky were thus.

Even then my hand tries to hold
The far tip of its thread very fragile.
Their skies send shivers to my spines
And the stars laugh at me oten
As I stand on the heath of fancies and fads.
Beneath the horizons of their empire newly spread

Now flies my kite with a direction
Unknown or undesired to have been known by me
And he pulls me up into their skies
For then too I hold the tip of his thread!

M D Dinesh Nair

You Need Not Follow Me Please...

I know how to go there
But there is a wall ahead.
A wall of height and size.
How shall I climb it over?

I know how to make a door
To make me go there
A door of width and length.
How shall I close it after I have gone beyond?

I know how to close my door
To stop others from following me
For they must`nt be where I am to be.
How will all judge my gains otherwise?

I know there is surely a wall
Which has to be built over and over
Over the door I make on it.
How will others follow me suit then?

I will reach there first
And none else will reach there next.
I shall have a wall rebuilt for ever
Once a door is made for me!

There in the dark I see no light
Nor any image with embracing hands
But I will surely go there
And you need not follow me for now..

M D Dinesh Nair

Welcome 2014

I welcome 2014

With a smile born 49 years ago as passed from my granny,

I welcome the New Year

With a sigh born some years later as my mom ever had had it,

And I welcome 2014

With a whistle as someone had inserted between my lips long ago.

I welcome 2014

With a hundred dreams delightful,

With ten resolutions strong

And a scare elusive and haunting.

I am afraid to travel in the train of my dreams

When my past chases me like a nightmare often.

What is this nonsense?

Expecting happiness to knock at your door every 1st of January,

What is this nuisance?

Wishing every unhappy man a HAPPY NEW YEAR,

And where is your wallet of real joy?

Stolen by time the incorrigible pedestrian?

In my past I used to wonder and ask

"Why we celebrate the New Year Day? "

And a man with a lot of white hair told me then

"It is for children and the innocent".

I have lost both my childhood and innocence,

But I am wished A HAPPY NEW YEAR again and again!

I look like a mule often mistaken as the other two

And till the dust settles you cannot figure me out!

My hair has turned white here and there, I know

And soon I may begin to forget to greet you all.

I am a pessimist for my mind would quiz me otherwise,

And I see a sparrow flying high but now chased by a kite.

I am an optimist for you would admonish me otherwise,

And I also see an over sized thin balloon in the hands of a child.

I welcome 2014

With an inward eye that sees things dismal

And with an ear that hears silence eerie.
I too wish you all a HAPPY NEW YEAR

M D Dinesh Nair

Happy Birthday To Jesus

Jesus the Nazareth,
Yet again a HAPPY BIRTHDAY to you
It is your *2017th Birthday,
The pages of history down the Earth say it.

Jesus,
I wish you HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY
For many have told me you are not dead!
This CHRISTMAS may pass off with hue and cry as ever
But I want you to listen to my appeal as well this time.

Jesus,
You were once the flicker of hope and love
And you burned like a candle
Splashing its light across a tribe of fishermen and shepherds
Yet'they'nailed you to death.

Jesus,
Now you be the flames of care and fire
And burn like the sun above our sky
For the your land has grown far and wide
Ever since you departed us at a young age!

Jesus,
Leave your abode above as there is more distance from here
And come down to us and be our shepherd stronger
Miracles we want, not the magic of men in power or tower,
You know, Lazarus still lies asleep or dead and you wake him up.

Jesus,
Bear your torch of one million rays
And lead us on the pathway crisscrossing
Unto a future once unknown to you or your father
And we need a trillion loaves of bread and billion gallons of water.

Jesus,
Live among us theists, atheists and agnostics
And fill our minds with the glow that once you had.
Lie not crucified between two thieves again
And we have many here to be soon nailed to death and not you!

Jesus the Nazareth, nay, the Universal,
Bear the burden of masses once more
And not the testimony of holy masses any.
Want not a father to look up to
But be our father hence forth.

M D Dinesh Nair

Bidding Adieu To Nelson Mandela

Thou
art a star
now eclipsed for ever
And thou hath ever illuminated
That part of a land dark and
Thou emitted thy rays
Of a non racial fight dauntless
Across the clouds of relentless
Tyranny and unrest now
Lying almost fallen dead.

And thou art Nelson Mandela.

A man to the core
And a leader for a milieu
Thou were, dear Soul.

Oh! skies and plains
Of South Africa redeemed,
Unto the heights of
Thy glory unfounded once
There raved a wind
Of times fine and thoughtful.

Oh! streets and inlets
Of South Africa revived,
Upon the hearts
Of thy divides and frost
There walked a man
Like a lightening or a fiery.

And that was Nelson Mandela.

A face that cannot fade
And an African icon of all times
He was and we know it well.

Oh! South Africa,
Weep not and grieve not

But just leave a sigh and that`s all.

Oh! South Africa,
Have him in your minds and deeds
And never throw him into
An oblivion mysterious
Like we Indians have done
With our Gandhiji
[Once your messiah too]
Who might still be there
In your hearts white
Still living and living!

Note: Even after 24 hours of Mandela`s death I have noted that none of the popular South African poets on the P.H have written any poem on him. I think writing a poem is perhaps not important for them and what I have done is just an Indian practice in demonstration. But I wish if a South African too had written a small piece...

M D Dinesh Nair

December Triplets

1. ILLUSION OF TIMES

A breeze passes by me and there blooms a smile on my face
A wind blows over my home and its roof is shaken and
A hurricane embraces my people around and a landscape is erased.

2. A BABY ON SEARCH

A girl falls in love with a beast
Passion gives her a baby
And he later searches for an answer around.

3. MY DOG FOR SALE!

My dog has only one tail to wag
But I add one more tail to him and he wags both
Now I would like to put him for sale!

4. SHE WEEPS NOT..

She sobs and sighs for a while to my anguish first
But there is not even a drop of tear to fall to my surprise
And I won't believe her grief to be genuine to her shock.

5. WHEN THE DECEMBER HOPES NOT SHATTERED

Jesus wishes to come down to the earth,
But his father says, 'Not now, my son'
A race in 'waiting' rejoices to no end.

6. THY KINGDOM COMETH NOT!

Why your kingdom comes not? God, you are to answer
As this wait is too unconvincing, we begin to ask
Even as your race gets ready to fade out for ever.

7. THE ART OF SAVING A DOLLAR

My shoes are tight and worn out

And so I begin to trim down my feet
This is a bloody act of saving a dollar!

M D Dinesh Nair

An Elegy On Two Little Stars

The portrait of those two small boys
Stirs my mind too and my sleep gets often lost
Somewhere in the midnight`s spaces dark
When I too remember those two sweet faces
I chase their minds tender and sweet
Even as I forget to trace the face of a fear near all.

Aditya and Ayush were they by names
And they both burnt like the sun but lived short
Barely unto the teens they had been
When the cold hand of the leveller death
Touched them together to remind us
That he is still there redoing his job cruel.

The two were icons of spirit and delight
They were like two little stars burning to light
The small lamps of a thousand minds later.
But they were gone all of a sudden
Leaving a great vacuum in the sky of caring ones
The chambers of whose minds will not be illuminated henceforth.

Aditya would sit near ant hills and sprinkle his love
With a hundred pieces of bread and biscuits
And would say, ' Eat here and don`t go far again'
When his tiny friends laden with food particles
Disappeared into their holes somewhere here and there
He would smile to himself and his face was radiant then.

Ayush played with his friends from huts all around
They had never seen him away with the chubby lot so near,
He would share all his sweets and chocolates among them
And would say, ' Have them first and let us play later'
His friends would look into his eyes sharp and wide
They nodded and sat back to think over these little pleasures.

The duo have now left behind them a legacy
A vacuum of love and a memory of empathy all around
In the little ant holes pervades the silence of a season
And in the small homes a dozen faces remain wet or dry

Aditya and Ayush have gone for ever from here
They are still walking in the corridors of their past.

M D Dinesh Nair

This Winter Too Is No Different

This winter too, we can see
Will arrive like a dragon
With a thousand tooth sharp enough
To bite into the bones of the homeless.
This winter is no different
From his predecessor of 2012-13

Come November and we say fine things
About a life free from the heat of a hot past
That fled from us just for a while
And we see a milder Sun and Larger Moon in the sky.
But this winter too has his intentions strong.

This winter too, we can read
About the Siberian winged beauties
Flying unto our milder north India in hundreds
Where the homeless will fight with cold and frost
With the mist of an unknown December descending on them.
This winter will bring us tales miserable.

In Delhi and Jaipur and in Bhopal and Patna
We saw him raging like a bull with horns,
In Shimla and Indore and there in Kanpur and Jalandhar
We saw him brandishing his sword of fury and spite.
Thousands of homeless died and suffered to no end
With the destitutes and the strays lying frozen.

This winter too perhaps
Is going to arrive with a natural rhythm to his treat,
We poets may be lost in its 'pleasant' grip
And we may sleep under a blanket warm and forget the rest.
Let us spare a little time yet in anguish and concern
Over the hapless victims of this winter of reality...

M D Dinesh Nair

Thus He Spake

The mother and her son
Sat together that morn
On a cot made of rope and wood
That was his cradle old and good.

Then he saw that her eyes otherwise right
Were now wet with tears new and bright
For reasons strange to him
She let out her grief up to her brim.

She was burning inside with flames tall
And she was dejected more than usual after a fall
The son fixed his eyes dear and keen
On her face now a sea of ripples seen.

She had her past memories now bee lining
In her mind that had none of streamlining
Her man was now gone for five years
And she was often thrown into gloom and tears.

The son now raised his head and spoke to her in a tone sweet,
'Mother, you are now the second most beautiful woman on earth'.
His mother beheld him with curious eyes and a heart in beat
Quizzing who could her rival be in the world or the hearth.

Her son now kissed on her cheek still wet but less
And his glow in the eyes spread to hers too nevertheless
She held him close to her bosom and then he spake thus
'Mother, you are the most beautiful when you smile like this'.

The mother and her son
Sat together for an hour and saw the sun soar
On a sky that had streaks of dark clouds now beaten
They both saw the might of a life not much laden.

She had her smile pervading for the rest of the day
Her man had once told her that she had a face like the rose
And she looked at her son and saw him sleep and lay
On the cot that was his father`s long before the close.

M D Dinesh Nair

When I Breathe My Last

When I breathe my last
I wish if an angel were to take me upwards
Unto the skies beyond which I had never seen when alive
And then into the Abode of God who would wait for me too.

When I reach His abode at last
I wish if He were to welcome me unto that Eternity
Which I had never craved for when alive
And I would enter it for once and for just a while.

There if I were to meet my long lost mother,
I would first suck from her breast that milk of love
There if I were to meet my father next
I would make his weak frame strong and then blacken his hair.

There if I were to see my friends who died before me,
I would play with them and laugh till He closed his ears
There I would swim in the river of tears of joy shed by all
And there I would Baptise God in the River of Knowledge.

If I were to be the teacher of His for a little while,
I would teach Him how to love the mortals living down for a change
If He were to be a good Boy, I would teach Him to listen
And unto His ears I shall whisper the tales of woes infinite.

Bishops and Sages would frown at me, I would not care
Mullahs and Gurus would laugh at me, I would just smile back,
Peasants and Poets would close their ears and I would my eyes
I had had enough of them when alive, not anymore shall I need them.

If He were to do well, I will give Him notes
They will include no Commandments but a few instructions
My notes will sharpen His eyes and enlighten His spirit
And then will He smile at me and the cosmic spaces will dance,

God would then dismantle His abode for ever!
And His Eleventh Commandment will be given to all the inmates.
That will be to return to the new Earth to live further
And He would be there in His new abode, nay our abode.

He would right all the wrongs since the Creation,
He would respond to prayers heard and anguish unheard
He would appear across the West and the East and on the far off islands in one
form
And He would shed the tears after the real Work was done.

If He were to ask me ever, how I ever felt about Him then
I would tell Him that the First Prodigal Father had returned
To our home of many fathers and He would call me naughty
And there will bloom in the sky a million stars to smile afresh.

But when I breathe my last
I am afraid with a few tears shed over my corpse
I shall just be lamented by two and a score persons
And then shall I end my journey on a pyre!

M D Dinesh Nair

As Your Smile Blooms Out

As your smile blooms out
It spans over this season too
With all its fragrance.

I bury my past of pathos raving
In the depth of your eyes curious
And I begin to introcept.

As your smile blooms out
It changes my track of race
And its breeze leading all the way.

Perhaps I am to win the race
As the rivals have a season of dismay
And your petals fall not!

In the midst of your giggles
I hear a rain cloud hitting another
In its thunder the music of your glory is echoed.

And down to plains of lesser mortals
The thunder proclaims your name
And I write it on the sky for you

As your smile blooms out
I know, dear this season is mine too
As the race comes to an end.

But in the resurrecting woes of yester seasons
Can your smile ever keep me delighted
And will your lips offer a kiss sweet?

M D Dinesh Nair

The Terror Of November 2013

North Korea staged gruesome public executions of 80 people on the 3rd of November, some for offences as minor as watching South Korean entertainment videos and/or for being found in the possession of a copy of the Bible.

Humanity shudders
Billions stand confounded
And here is regime at it again!
There is something terribly wrong here

Hitler had it,
Pol Pot too had it,
And now it`s Kim Jong Un of North Korea.
The horror returns..

We as usual assume it right..
They might have looked upwards unto the skies
Like Christ did two thousand years ago.
Though Eighty more religions cannot arise this time.

The sky had no wrath now too
No miracle was there to redeem those poor souls!
History has repeated its saga of barbarism.
What about the vacuum snaring at us?

Shattered we are, truly and as we ought to be
We the poets and readers over here
Yet again flop our wings in vain!
We are unto what phase next?

Life, you are a mystic
And you may better bounce back
And let the planet be just a colossal wreckage
Of times oblivious henceforth...

M D Dinesh Nair

The Phase Of Change

The war with yesterday ends,
Soon a phase of life emerges as the victor
Therefore alone today is born..
When the war with yesterday ends!
We look forward to the notion of a compromise with today!
A galaxy of anxieties is seen around
And no binocular is required to see them
They surround a man who is just on the verge of an explosion.
A caravan of tomorrows is advancing
And it by passes him who is a pedestrian of odds.

Was his war with yesterday a heroic act?
An answer evades his territory of prudence.
After a long wait a rain shatters the land dry
And he looks through the windows of fear.
The war with yesterday ends for ever
But there is nothing else to begin.
A small stream struggles to find its way forward
As new pebbles arise from a slumber.
The war with today is in the offing-
Victors are masked as ever before!

M D Dinesh Nair

The Walk

When I invite my shadow
To walk with me
He declines and retreats.
He knows about my pathways
Where I search for boulders to walk upon
He says, ' Go alone'.

When I come back
My shadow waits for me at the doorsteps
He dresses up my bleeding feet
And says, ' How do you fee? '
I think at times my dear,
You are a little bigger than me.

My shadow needs no soaring sun
Nor the kindness of a moon.
He denounces only my acts of bravado
I shall set out on a long walk once
On a glade planted with smooth grass
Perhaps he will find it for me.

My shadow has gone to the gate
And he is inviting me this time
You have never before walked in front of me
I see the clouds coloured in white
And reach the gate to go with him.
So go out together once for ever

After me and before me
My shadow now moves like a future ahead
A shadow that wades across my world of smiles
There may be the nod of a god unseen
To go ahead for a little longer.
We shall and shall.

When I won `t exist in tomorrow `s world
What will you do my dear?
In the chambers of heaven unknown
Won `t you walk alone for once?

I am sure it will be thus.
So be it, I pray

M D Dinesh Nair

None To Feel The Stench

Along with my own shadow
I traverse in the domains of a dark present
And none sees us.
We catch fire on the way and fall dead
With none to feel the stench!

With candles submitted before the image of a god
My own people set for a while
And the candles give out themselves
To the blowing wind stealing in
Even as the god sheds one more drop of tear!

Visuals exchange the scenes
With our past entities we begin to walk back
To our haunted homes
And then the night ends midway
With my people screaming at our ghosts!

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

My Illusions Have To Go...

I first see a smiling face somewhere
But as I go near to see it close,
It fades out in no time!
I then see a caring hand very close
But as I wait for its touch,
It too reaches me not however long I wait.
I later hear a sweet mouth speaking very near too
But as I begin to heed it well,
It transforms itself into a wail.
I have illusions perhaps, I think.

I see a frail flock of men and women
Climbing a hill that stretches unto the sky!
Nay, it was a peak of things unknown and unseen.
They have smiling faces and caring hands
And they speak sweet words and dream high.
They have no illusions, I begin to learn.
Down below the plains of eerie silence
I have to one day begin to search
For myself partly now fading out and dying!
I have to rethink for a while.

M D Dinesh Nair

Indian Diwali 2013..

India is yet again at it
Making a people go mad with joys
-the joys of piercing lights, furious sounds
And a few revived smiles on the faces
As their Diwali comes.

The Good wins over the evil
As the myths have said it in the tales
Told to the masses of the darker continent.
Diwali smiles, nay grins at us
-And it is a time to recoil.

Agreed, a million crackers colourfully burst in an hour,
And a billion diyas burn in a night,
But a million canines shiver in hide outs
And a billion winged friends fly unto scares.
-We call it Diwali.

Agreed, a million mouths laugh aloud
A billion hearts gleam with joy within
But a million fetuses tremble ahead of their times
And a trillion rodents flee to nowhere.
-We Indians celebrate a Diwali.

Sitting 'nowhere' in the skies
'Good' declares war with 'evil' omnipresent!
Though no swords are drawn and no war cries are heard,
The battle fields are flooded with blood.
-It has been shed by mortals telling no tales.

A people and their myths are here
Heaping their hopes on the next incarnation
The Lord of Preservation has exhausted all his incarnations
All before these times all in a hurry.
-The new demons get ready to wage new wars with humanity!

Indian Diwali 2013 comes and goes
With a few faces looking blushed and red
We the Indians smile at our human brethren

And look down upon the lesser co-brethren
Who have to fend themselves or perish before us.

In the piles of devastation
We may stumble upon the fossils of `good`
And the corpses of our deities or fiery demons
But who will tell the old tales
When the anecdotes of newer times resound in our ears?

M D Dinesh Nair

When You See Me..

When you see me
Your eyes ought to see my inside
There is perhaps a heart there
Beating its own way.
Yet again
If you listen still, you may hear
My heart beats which are not musical.

When you see me
Your mind ought to forgive me
For at times mine is not there-
It is on a sojourn
Far off me
Fluttering in the infinite spaces
Of life`s void chambers.

When you see me
Your thoughts might turn nostalgic
As you miss me for I am halved
From time to time
Into two images diametrical
I am sorry my dear pal
For this entity thrust upon myself.

But I promise
To be there before your very eyes.
Then I will smile like ever
-Hope I know how to open my lips.
When you see me once later
I shall be floating unto your chambers
Like a cloud that will surely rain.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Other Side Of It 2

POVERTY

The poets draw sketches on it,
The politicians want to en cash it,
The Government banishes it
But it cries aloud from our neighbor hood
Poverty has two faces of its own:
That of suffering and character they are.

SMILE

Smile now and then is riveted upon faces
But at times it looks through their minds.
It is like a flower blooming for a day
Nay, it is like a promise broken for ever afterwards.
Yet a smile is a beginning
Of things uncertain and unpredictable for all.

DOG

He eats at your pleasure and sleeps when you are awake,
He first barks and then rushes at you when you open the gate
And he wags his tail and licks your feet.
But he chases away the timid squirrel in your garden!
He next even bites a trespasser to death.
And he is almost a replica of a man in his outfits!

TEMPLE

It is a castle of lights and rites from dawn to dusk
With the idol smiling at the mad and surging crowd.
The sun makes his exit,
It is then a dark castle of eerie silence from dusk to dawn
Where strange shapes dance in all might
With the deity still made to shiver alone all within.

M D Dinesh Nair



Mistaken Images

It was a festival day-
The sermon was on how to make a sacrifice
And I thought they would make sacrifices of their own.
I was wrong, wrong again.
They sacrificed a hundred camels and ten thousand sheep
And searched for the smiling face of a God in the skies!

It was a Sunday
The hymn was on endurance of man
And I thought man would learn to endure a lot.
I was wrong, wrong and wrong again.
He bought things that could endure a life time
And invited the have nots to have a glance over them!

It was a holiday for me
The front door was just open for me
And I thought I could enter the home and meet them for once.
I was wrong, thrice wrong by now
They were not there; they were busy breaking the back door
And they next led me to the courtyard through it!

M D Dinesh Nair

Baptism By Blood

I saw a gathering
Of ten veiled faces and one thousand unveiled ones.
The ten were baptising the other
And it was a baptism by blood!

A man clad in plain cotton cloth and
Another one clad in red baptised thirty million by turns
A man clad in saffron and a man in green baptised fifty million next.
And the lone woman baptised sixty million next.

I saw a mother lying dead by the two infants born to her*
They had no identical semblance between them!
I saw a man with a pink veil baptising twenty five million and
His cunning big brother sprinkling blood on their fifty million brethren.

I saw the other three men standing apart from one another
But they were baptising the remnant gathering of hundreds of million.
Blood was running every where after the baptism
And another Jordan started rushing forth!

M D Dinesh Nair

Tracing Me Out..

I find a new fire burning
With colourful flames hitherto unseen.
I find that it is burning
With fumes soaring to skies hitherto unreached.
And my joy knows no bounds.

I find the thing burning
My mind is it!
I find the crowd cheering
My people are it!
And a gloom embraces me.

The flames flicker,
The smoke withers,
And the souls creep back into the holes,
I feel a stench of my mind
And a heap of ash remains.

I won't see new things burning,
Nor will I search for flames thereof.
With what little is left over in me since
I have to trace a form of mine
To speak certain brutal truths to you.

M D Dinesh Nair

Quiet Flows A Small River

Quiet flows a small river
And a small boat floats on its silence.
Nothing goes wrong for some time-
Nothing at all goes wrong....

There blooms a flower on the face of the lone sailor
As the river recedes and his boat triumphs forward,
He begins to sing a song-
A sweet song...

Nothing goes wrong for some more time-
Nothing goes wrong.
A small wind blows,
It grows into a storm next.

The song stops for at once
And the boat turns upside down.
The sea emerges
And it embraces the river.

Nothing goes wrong
As quiet flows this river.
Will you sit on the bank of this river for a while
To hear the cry of the sailor who sang on its waters once?

M D Dinesh Nair

We Miss You Mahathmaji..

We miss you, dear one
We Indians really miss you sir
And you won` t come back we know.
That adds to our pain of entity now 'reshaped'!

In the wild jungle of men clad in white, saffron, blue or red
We search in vain for your replica
And we find none.
That mocks at our democracy now 'renovated'!

In the desert of strategies and reforms old and new
We crave for the oasis of Gandhism, your creed
And we find its fossils buried deep.
That destabilises our Bharath Nirman 'rebegun'!

We miss you, dear Captain
We Indians have to tide over the turbulent waters ahead
And our angry seas roll onto us.
That leaves our large ship 'reversed'!

On this October 2, your 145th birthday
We salute you Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi,
With 1250 million faces raised unto your sweet portrait
That needs no lamination to remain 'DE-complexioned'!

M D Dinesh Nair

At Times It Is So

At times it is so
Nay, it has ever been so..

We want to see them smile
But they start making their guffaws

We ask for a glass of water
But they serve us venom in a large bottle

We ask for a slice of bread
But they show us a pile of flesh and blood

We ask for a sweet flower
But they offer us a wreath

We ask for fire
But they ready our pyre

At times it is so
Yes, it will ever be so

One day we have to stop asking
Perchance then will dawn a new Sun for us.

M D Dinesh Nair

My September Musings

1. THE SMILE OF A MOTHER

Her smile begins in the heart like a seed sprouting
And then it creeps into the mouth and blooms like a flower
With a glee spread all within her heart
She lets her children see her smile luminous like the full moon.
Oh dear mother, what can match with your smile
When the jasmine and the lily yield to you?

2. HOW TO TELL THE TRUTH AND FLEE

We must know how to tell the truth
Even if it is forbidden.
First we have to close our eyes,
Then open our mouths
And next we speak it out loud and flee the scene
As many knives brutal will be drawn next.

3. THE LAUGHING CLOUDS

I saw dark clouds floating in the sky
I next saw a smile blooming on the face of a farmer
And I thought it would rain once
But it didn't.
The farmer squatted and wept for a while
And the clouds had the last laugh.

4. THE MAN AND HIS NOTIONS OF OWNERSHIP

Once he said, "What is yours is yours
And what is mine is also yours".
Next he said, "What is yours is yours
And what is mine is mine".
Now he says, "What is mine is mine
And what is yours is also mine".

5.THE GAME OF THESE TIMES*

The care taker sat brooding over the house in disorder
While the imp tickled him to no end in public.
Even as his mother smiled at both for it was just a kill
The crowd hailed in ecstasy and then jeered in confusion.
The game was now to be played by another person
With the father long forgotten by all alike.

*India September 2013 to May 2014

M D Dinesh Nair

How To Honour Our Poethood?

We may note that some of our poet friends stoop down to levels of mudslinging at those whom they don't like, making derogatory remarks, posting hurting comments and then managing to win the appreciation of a few for some other writes in all hypocrisy.

Another wrong habit to be done away with is excessive submission of many poems at a time on a regular basis!

In this context, May I propose a few codes for our self conduct if we aim at a decent stay over the PH?

1.THE NEED FOR SUBMISSION OF READABLE STUFF

Everything we write won't make poetry just because the name of the website is POEM HUNTER.COM

Some of our friends submit more than 10 'poems' over a week's time making it difficult for their friends even to go through all of them, leave aside time for writing comments.

A good member may preferably submit a work of readable stuff keeping in mind the wide exposure of their works on the website.

We need to submit our works in a limited number over a period of days which may be a week or even a month.If we begin to write poems like hen laying eggs out of a routine interest, quality writes will not be submitted and even if 'they' are there, many of us will not be read by others.

So there is a need for a self imposed and obvious restriction regarding the number of poems submitted at a go.

Our great English Poets or American poets of the period from 1300 AD till the late 1990s did not write so many poems though it was their profession! They wrote less than 100 poems altogether and they still live in our minds as master poets of all times.

See now the cases of some of our friends who have already written thousands of 'poems' and there are many 'potential' members who can reach such numbers in no time!

Think it over, please. If found unread by any, why don't they delete many of such poems?

2. THE NEED FOR MINDING OUR LANGUAGE

This means both - the standard English to be used on this international forum and the control of the mind that speaks through the lines.

Some of our friends write on without caring for the grammatical, linguistic or syntactical rules the English language insists on. In case we have our own difficulty to express in moderately quality English, we can depend on the Google translator.

In many cases we can take care of our language by keeping a good dictionary by us for ready reference and some mistakes of omission or commission can be rectified.

There is a need for assessing the levels our own actual proficiency in English and each member has to remind himself/herself of the need for checking the works written in a hurry or quite mechanically.

If any member is found to be writing in any English that is not tolerable, our friends from the English speaking countries may better correct them, guide them or better even ask them to learn good English and come back to the PH at a later time.

A clear or distinct mindset has to guide them all in this regard!

3. THE NEED FOR STOPPING THE MUDSLINGING

This is not known to many of us. Some of our friends regularly and directly or indirectly resort to this practice. Some of our 'friends' write comments which amount to derogatory statements, some write comments which have indirect criticism which can hurt the poet in one way or other.

This is done by writing 'poems' indirectly addressed to some other members and only those who understand what went wrong in the past between the writer and the addressed, one can really make some sense out of such writes.

Otherwise it is done by directly posting certain comments which could have better been sent as messages..

Still some of our friends cannot understand whether it is real or not and if that is

the case, please read my first sentence under the sub title.

We are supposedly on a friendly forum for poets which is not essentially a well tested international space for us. The PH is a forum for every Tom, Dick and Harry and our popularity stunts have no real glow here.

We are expected to maintain minimum decorum as long as we continue to be here and we need not be here to expose our temper, arrogance, egos or erudition of any kind.

Individual mud slinging has to be strictly avoided and anyone resorting to such things should be strictly avoided or targeted by us at another level without fear.

It`s time to sit up and think over, dear ones.

4. THE NEED FOR READING AND THEN ASSESSING

Some of our friends pretend to have read their friends works and come out with comments like, 'I am speechless, Simply superb, A great write! , I enjoyed reading it' etc every time without making any reference to the theme, the style, the rendering, the message or the quality or diction of the poem. This is real HUMBUG.

Let us read and then write comment. Let us not do it mechanically just trying to impress our 'friends'.

In this regard, it is better to keep in mind the need for honouring the real poet friends and their sincere efforts. Let our comments be minimum in number if we cannot write many but let us write sensibly.

Similarly let us write only necessary comments and let us not just write adjectives like, ' Great write! , Excellent or Beautiful! etc even when a single glimpse over the work has told us, ' It is useless a write'.

Let us call a spade a spade or just say nothing at all.

5. THE NEED FOR ENCOURAGING THE NEW POEM HUNTER MEMBERS.

There are many new poem hunter members submitting quality poems in a random way. They don`t know how to get read by us, how to go up nor do they know the tactics of sending requests.

We have to read their poems now and then. While spending a considerable amount of time [say for example 2 hrs at a stretch]we may spend at least 15 minutes for reading and commenting on the writes of the new members.

As I have mentioned here the popularity of the members over here has nothing to do with the real talent of any member and very often you see the ranking varying in higher degrees just because it`s a farce at times.The most popular member of 2007 a poet from Canada is nowhere there now, a topper of 2008 is not at all in the top 100 now!

So the popularity need not be our CONCERN as long as we write moderately good poems.

*Our friends who are on the top as of now please, don`t misunderstand this statement.What I mean to say is you are really honoured here by the others.But even if your ranks collapse, please don`t regret that you are in lost glory now.

With all humility let me say that even I was in the first five in November 2009 and have never been able to return to the first 10 since then.I long for it though I don`t regret about it.Two times my old sites got crashed and this is my third one. Still I am around you for I have been in touch with most of my friends.

It is time to encourage the new entrants by reading their writes now and then.

The new members please, note that they can attract the old members` attention by first commenting on their works. A mutual intimacy slowly developed will surely pay rich REWARDS in course of time.

It is up to you all to support my proposal or ignore it.

.....

My above proposals are presented here just for our common interests being taken note of and something being found to be done by all of us in a significant way.

Your comments are welcome, of course hopefully bearing in mind the essence of the proposals 3 and 4 if you don`t mind.

M D Dinesh Nair

On This September 21

On this September 21 comets will not be seen in the sky
Nor will there be any extra flare up in the Sun
And the day will surely pass off as usual
After making me again older
By a season of time
It`s my birthday
Sept 21.
On
Sept 21
I`ll be greeted
By kith and kin alike
And by my pals and students.
By the time the weaker sun sets in the black sky
I`ll begin to recollect the joys of a past gone for ever
And shall look into the sky to have a glimpse of 'my' Moon in rise.

PS: I am 'sorry' if I sound like wishing for your greetings on the day.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

The Tale Of Departure Retold

The sudden departure of the beloved ones
Often casts many a dark cloud on our blue sky of life
It cripples us and tests our mobility across the track full of boulders
And then leaves us stranded with many a pedestrian passing by.
They have to find their closed tracks sooner or later.

First we bury our dear departed and shed tears,
Next we contemplate a lot about them with sobbing hearts
Then we begin to live with the losses surmounted.
As our past and present entwining with our sails still set on,
We become taciturn and then the world begins to discuss us.

Then comes time for our own departure another episode eventual
And that day we become historical like our predecessors
Who have been bidden adieu from a shaking platform.
We have to make others tell the tale now
As the coldest leveller has ever been honoured thus.

Everyone has to kick the bucket once
Every survivor has to perish on a day auspicious.
We soon enter the domains of others` reveries
Our beloved will now contest in swimming across the waves of adversity
But finally we cease to be talked of much on a later day.

We have all come for a mere short stay with all equals here
And none have the privilege to extend the stay much beyond the mark.
The ones overstaying leave with wetter eyes, we have to note
For every surviving one may not ask for it as we often presume.
We quit a life each time and add to the order of a chance existence.

Thousands of dying stars far from our human concerns
Leave the space with no survivor writing an elegy
And many newborns know not that their first cry is their last too.
So, dear ones live your lives just for a mere show
And board the train that zooms into oblivion.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Triumph Of Voyager 1

Voyager 1, great salutes to you
As you have crossed out of the Solar System
Braving plasma, the hot particles discharged by the Sun
And travelling at a speed of 17 km per second!
Voyager 1, you are a winner and thus a hero now.

Durable engineering you have tested
And that has borne fruits after a long voyage.
Voyager 1, your journey began in 1977
Into interstellar spaces infinite
And your mentor NASA feels proud of you.

19.02 billion km from the Sun
Crossing Pluto the coldest and naughty brother of Earth,
Voyager 1, you study interstellar medium
What that occupies the gigantic chasms
Between stars in the space infinite!

Go on tracing the spaces further, dear Voyager 1
Till the truths of science are further excavated and looked into
Till you succumb to the truth of death
When fuel runs out and you breathe your last
In a world far from Gods and demons; cheers and sobs.

M D Dinesh Nair

If God Ever Offers To Befriend Me*...

If God ever wishes to befriend me,
First I shall tell him,
'Wait, let me feel You once'
And I shall stretch my hands to Him.

In the meantime I shall touch Him unlike you all,
I shall touch His eyes and ears,
I shall touch His nose and then
I shall put my hand on His chest on left to feel 'That' pulse!

Meanwhile He will be smiling at me
And He will be thinking I am mad and idiotic.
But I shall be happy if I feel none of them in Him
And I shall be unhappy if He has any of them.

'He lives there in our minds', you will all say, my friends,
'And we feel Him ever and ever', you will soon add.
Soon will I begin to assume for once
'God, befriend them for once as they are aliens to You!'

If God ever wishes to befriend me,
I shall prefer to be shot on the toe by a savage**
And I shall lie on a cross and nail myself on it.
The frowns on your faces, my friends, will haunt me then!

-Sharp criticisms are welcome-

M D Dinesh Nair

On This Teachers` Day I Salute You My Star Teachers...

SEPTEMBER 5 is celebrated in India as TEACHERS` DAY and the celebration is done on the day which is the BIRTH DAY of Late Dr SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN [THE SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF INDIA]who was a great teacher.

On this September 5 I am paying tribute to 6 of my STAR TEACHERS whom I have ever loved, respected and of whom I have ever been proud as they were and are my great teachers of all times.

MY FIRST STAR

She was all smiles from morning till evening
With a slightly concave frame and curly hair
She was like a guardian in the class
With no stick in hand and we all loved her.
She was perhaps very beautiful too
But I was too young and innocent to see such things!
She taught us English and Geography and
I still remember the big sun and small earth
She drew on the black board
With the smaller moon trapped between the two,
An eclipse explained but for me it was a sketch of beauty.
She was our Lakshmikutty teacher the most beloved
And I pay tribute to her sweet memory on this day.

MY SECOND STAR

He had huge spectacles with thick frame
And he often came into the class like a lightning
As he never wanted to be late by even a minute.
He spoke and spoke in Hindi even as we stared at him,
He taught with care and never fought with hard words
He knew almost every word in Hindi, I bet
But his Hindi was like Greek to Shakespeare.
He was ever merciful to me and my Hindi
And he stood by me when I read the stanzas

Of the day`s poem with unease
And corrected me in almost every line I read.
And he left us to chat among ourselves
Just before the bell
[During the last five minutes Salim Raj and Santhosh my naughty friends would
whisper into my ears a lot of mischief about Lucy and Beena who had red lips
and chubby cheeks and they sat far from us on their left benches]
He was SP sir whom we looked at with awe
I salute his memory on this great day.

MY THIRD STAR

He was the epitome of learning
His mouth spoke sweet Malayalam
And his heart radiated immense care and concern.
He would come near me and comment on my uncombed hair,
Then he would smile at my face,
Oh what a smile it was!
He used to ask me to read aloud each day`s part
And I still remember how I barked at the text book
As the girls sat closing their ears with both the hands.
When he left the class, we felt like a moon moving out!
He was Cherian sir our beloved teacher clad in white and white ever
I salute him on this great day with my eyes cast on the sky.

MY FOURTH STAR

There was a handsome prince in blue or pink
Who used to storm our brains with his great memory power,
Our Haridas sir, a man pampered by his father
He would teach us how to solve half a dozen problems
In a class in the backdrop of silence all within
And he would never touch a text book before us,
He would tell jokes immortal and we would laugh to no end.
Many a time I saw him smoking alone and
I wondered why he should discolour his red lips
Our timid Lalitha madam often ogled at him
And it was how to begin her romance she thought.
But he, the prince would never look back at her, I bet.
I salute him on this great day of his breed.

MY FIFTH STAR

He sat like a lion on the brown coloured chair
And taught us 'Twelfth Night' and 'Arms and The Man'.
He sympathized with Viola and stood by reason
And his English flowed like sweet melody recited by a singer.
He would be absent once in a month
And we would look at the man in substitution
With disinterest cast on our faces and minds alike.
He used to be a socialist within
And that made him dearer to me outside the class room
When my SFI* comrades called me out
He would nod at me and I could go out.
He is Varghese sir whom I salute today.

MY SIXTH STAR

He had an oval face and a huge belly,
His English was American all throughout.
How terrific his classes were!
That accent, that modulation and those Alaskan tales!
All were a great experience to us all
His reading into Emily Dickinson`s death poems
Was beyond what one could expect from
A Professor of his times or these times.
When he taught the Principal would pass by our class room
With a smile transcending his cloak of white fabric.
We once saw his German Shepherd sitting by him
And both of them looked like two halves of a huge lion.
He was Edmund Peters and
I salute him with my eyes cast upwards on this day.

MY POEM HUNTER STARS WHO ARE TEACHERS ELSEWHERE

You are all the torch bearers of knowledge and wisdom
And you are all to feel proud of being TEACHERS
I salute you all on this day the 5th of September,2013.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Tale Of Catastrophe

The bud of a smile opens and looks up outward
To bloom on many a face often masked!
It`s the ill fate of the face of every man
That lies in the seed of a smile not explicit,
Often sowed on the dry land of indifference!
It`s the catastrophe one knows not.

A president living in a castle with a hundred chambers
Smiles and retreats into a slumber prone cave,
A prime minister sitting in a broken armchair
Speaks and profusely sweats
They both come back and smile for a while!
It`s the catastrophe one sees around.

Men clad in white, red and saffron
Bark at one another and go for punching one another
And later they all smile in solace at one another
And every eye sees it for a while.
It`s a season dying for another soon.
It`s the catastrophe one often misses to feel.

An army of delights and dismay marches in
And across the barricades of past and present it goes.
A herd of cattle is first led to some worn out grassland
Only to squeal from a slaughter house later.
The onset of a winter merciless is all around.
It`s the catastrophe one sees not.

A man and a dog walk together with a wolf following
And the man deserts the dog to tame the wolf.
The onlookers smile at both and clap for a while
And a season changes and we all hear next
The dog growling from near the corpse and the carcass!
It`s the catastrophe one knows not!

M D Dinesh Nair

When The Moon Cries At Times

It`s not the coolness of a pervasive soft light
That she emits from her frozen chambers;
It`s her warm tears made of a million woes.

When the moon cries at times
It`s not the vastness of a magical world around
That she silences with her uneven steps;
It`s her torn hopes of a millennium past.

When the moon cries at times
It`s not the reverberation of a joyous cry
That her distant cousins, stars make from far off spaces
It`s the resounding of the wail of a closer kin.

I hid first behind the clouds and
Then behind the heights still above
Only to see the moon crying
With her wet eyes cast on the earth down.

M D Dinesh Nair



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Let Us Laugh A Little More 3

Here are my final submissions of two more jokes of the season aimed at/targetted at those who haven` t smiled yet.

1.Jawaharlal Nehru who swore in as the first Prime Minister of India thought of visiting a mental asylum.When he went to the hospital the authorities had arranged the patients to sit in different rooms so that the Prime Minister could 'interact' with them differently.

First Nehru went to the room where the aggressive and highly ailing patients were kept.Nehru said to them, ' Dear friends, I am Jawaharlal Nehru, your Prime Minister, I have come to greet you all'.

They all jeered at the P.M and shouted like anything.Nehru moved to the next room.

In the second room there were patients who were partially recovered and knowing this Nehru excitedly said to them, ' Dear friends, do you know who I am, I am Jawaharlal Nehru the first Prime Minister of Independent India.

They all closely looked at him and laughed at him teasingly.A little annoyed Nehru now moved to the next room.

In this room only fully recovered persons were there and the asylum chief assured Nehru that they would respond to him well.

To them Nehru smilingly said, ' Glad to know you are all fine, do you know as you step out of this hospital you will be beginning to live in the Independent India?

The room mates began keenly listening to him and he further said, ' Do you know who I am? I am Jawaharlal Nehru, your Prime Minister'.

Now, the listeners began smiling at him and greeting him and Nehru felt very happy at this. As he was about to leave them one curious looking man sought permission to whisper something into the ears of Nehru and the permission was granted.

He kept his mouth close to the P.M and whispered, ' Brother, don` t worry about your illness, you feel you are Jawaharlal now, when I came here five years ago I was thinking I was Mahathma Gandhi, the father of the nation'.

2. Sigmund Fro-id`s mental clinic had all sorts of patients including those who were struck by lost love and deception from the fairer sex.

Once a friend of Fro-id wanted the latter to tell him about some of the victims. Sigmund took him to one room where a fully bearded man was seen sitting with a concave frame bending and weeping over a portrait of a beautiful looking lady. The friend asked, 'Who is he? '

Fro-id said, 'His story is a very sad one. He fell in love with a woman and hoped to marry her, but later she ran away with a man and got married to him. Since then this man has been like this and I am hopelessly treating him.

The friend was wondering about the power of love that made a man mad!

Next Fro-id took him to the adjoining room. Here too a fully bearded man looking so worn out and dejected was seen. He was weeping all the while.

The friend asked, ' Then what about this wretched fellow?

Fro-id said, 'His story is still horrible man, do you know who he is? He is the very man who got married to the lady who dumped the man in the other room where we went first'

The friend was now perhaps wondering about the other side of women empowerment!

M D Dinesh Nair

Let Us Laugh For A While 2

NOTE: Let me submit 10 more jokes for your lighter moments over the PH. Thank you for reading and enjoying the first 10 jokes.

1. A Lybian national came to one of the neighbouring countries to get one of his teeth removed. Then the doctor asked him, ' Why have you come all the way to our country for this? ' And he replied, ' Don` t you know that we have no freedom to open our mouth in our country? '

2. A seriously ailing patient to a doctor, ' I can` t bear it any more, I would like to die'. The doctor replied, ' Be assured, you have come to the right place for it'.

3. One of the great speakers to another, 'If I get a good topic, I can speak up to five hours non-stop'. The other man said, ' Is it so, but I can speak for more than ten hours even if I don` t have any topic to speak about'.

4. The first man Adam to creator God, 'Why did you create Eve my lady so beautiful? ' God to Adam, ' So that you will love her so much'. Then Adam further asked, ' Okay, then why did you make her very stupid too? ' God replied, 'So that she might love you very much'.

5. One man to another, 'My wife has a very bad habit, she visits every pub up to midnight'. The other asked, ' Is she such an addict to drinks? ' The man replied, ' It is not that, she visits every pub to find out where I am drinking at'.

6. A mental patient to his new doctor who has joined in duty recently, ' Doctor, you are far better than the old doctor and we like you much'. The pleased Doctor with a smile, ' Oho, how is that? ' The patient to the doctor, ' You are just like one among us'.

7. A Japanese tourist to an Indian driver, 'Damn it your cars run very slow.., our cars run at a minimum speed of 120 every time'. Later a heavy car bill was given to the tourist. Then he asked the driver, 'Why such a big bill for a short trip? ' The driver replied, 'What to do sir, the meter reader of this car was made in your country'.

8. Wife to husband, ' It is liquor, liquor alone which spoiled you'. Husband replied, ' Thank you dear, at last you have accepted that it is not I who spoiled me'.

9. A youngster to another, ' It seems most of the girls don` t want to get married these days'. The other asked, 'How do you know it? ' The first youngster replied, ' I asked many of them to marry me, but not even a girl has consented to marry me! '

10. Physics teacher to the student, ' Why does a ball that is thrown unto the sky come back to the earth? ' A student replied, ' Because there is no one in the sky to play with it'.

M D Dinesh Nair

Let Us Laugh For A While 1

1. Son said to his mother, ' Mummy, is it true that God never goes for a bath? ' Mother asked back, 'What makes you ask so? ' Son said, ' In the morning when I was in the bat room you were heard shouting aloud, ' Oh God, have n` t you taken bath yet? '
2. Peter said to one his friends, 'Last year I opened a gold shop'. Then his friend asked, ' Good, how is that shop now? ' Peter replied, ' But I was arrested the very next day'.
3. Doctor to the patient, 'You have got only twenty minutes left to survive; would you like to see anyone in the meantime? ' The patient replied, 'Yes, I would like to meet another doctor'.
4. A pedestrian to a farmer, ' If I cross your compound and go, I shall reach the railway station fast and catch the train at 9; Will you permit me to go through your compound? ' The farmer replied, ' Of course, you may; but if my dog happens to see you, I am afraid you may have to catch the train at 8'.
5. The Judge to the accused, ' What a shame man! you have been coming here for the last ten years'. The accused replied, ' It is because, Your Honour, you have never got a promotion all these years'.
6. The customs officer to the lady pilgrim returning from Jerusalem, ' What is in your bag? ' The lady replied, 'Sir, it is the water of the Jordan river'. After inspecting the water bottle the officer said to the lady, ' Who said it? , it is first rate wine indeed'. The lady looked towards the sky and said, ' Oh Jesus, your miracle once again! '
7. Teacher to the student, ' What is the importance of the year 1869? ' The student replied, ' Gandhi was born in 1869'. The teacher said again, ' Good answer; then tell me the importance of the year 1889? ' Pat came the answer from the student, ' Gandhi celebrated his 20th birth day that year'.
8. A husband to the police officer, ' Sir, for the last three years my wife has been throwing at me whatever she gets hold of'.The officer said, ' Why haven` t you complained about it till now? ' The husband replied, ' But it is just today that a thing she has thrown hit me for the first time'.
9. A little boy to his friend, ' My mummy doesn` t know how to take care of kids'.

The little friend asked, ' Why do you say so? ' The other boy replied, ' When I am awake, mummy makes me sleep and when I am asleep, she wakes me up'.

10. The villager to the stranger fishing in the former`s pond, ' Hey man, it is my pond, you shall not catch fish from it'. The stranger replied, ' I am not catching your fish, I am bathing my earth worms in this pond'.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Scare Revisited

As I flee from the scare of the mainland
And search for an Utopian solace down in a pool
My heart swells and smells like frosted blood.

Even as I begin to rejoice at my escape
The pool turns shallow and shallower
And I remain afloat its thin surface.

The scare is still there,

But I return to the life on the mainland
Even as many an eyebrows are raised
And new frowns adore the faces familiar.

Down within my heart melting in the heat
I search for a thought more prudent and sound
And I see someone shaking my hands for once!

It is the scare now befriending me
And I shall now travel with him by me and
Even then I say, 'He is there'.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Scare

A scare hitherto unknown haunts,
A sigh of seasons ahead is heaved,
An anguish over these times and
An ambivalence of what is done or not is there
There is a scare..

The innocence of the seventies has gone,
The enigmas of the eighties have been traced,
The boom of the nineties has come to a halt
And where is the optimism bloomed in the new millennium?
There is a scare..

A falling economy and a restless human stock,
The Egyptian civil war and the floods across the globe,
The vanishing forests and the butterflies in extinction
Have all begun to cause a concern large.
There is a scare..

The faces of a few more men have been unveiled
As their masks have been finally found!
The faces of a few more women too have faded
Whom we mistook to have angelic selves!
There is a scare that has come to stay.

Diane`s poems on lands infinite in charms,
Hazel`s recollections of a life far and near,
Valerie`s imagination flowing like a stream and
Valsa`s verses reaching new escalations are there!
There is still a scare around..

Shahzia and Yasmeen carry their torches of erudition,
Unwritten soul sings like a nightingale,
Magic Box and Payal bounce from their lofty abodes and
Dave, Heather and Anthony are melodious in tones.
There is a scare even then....

Atop a hill that is alien to stars and birds
I shall stand for a while alone,
When man and women throng and sing together

I shall search for the pool of my first origin
And go back into its waters cool.

May my mind swim across its soft waves
Till your world is set right by you all?
Shall I breathe from the deep downs there
For the present lost in apprehensions of
A scare that is there?

M D Dinesh Nair

Happy Independence Day 2013

A memory bounces back
And two nations celebrate again
Their hard obtained Independence.

A nation divided for no good reason
Remains in our minds recoiling
From the long lost glory of oneness.

Even as the British regime lost no battle
We believe a Gandhi and a Jinnah won their goal
Of a liberation that we dreamed to be ours for ever.

66 years since the RED LETTER DAY descended on us!
Kashmir still burns down through our nerves,
And poverty still rules over our small villages,

Two doves must be released over the divided skies
And two notions of love and brotherhood must move them together
To make the fanatics in them melt down here and there.

What if the Sunnies and the Shias shed tears for each other
And their sons and daughters make their matrimony mutual?
What if a machinery that is on par with the judiciary emerges there?

What if a masjid and a shrine stand together here
And an Allah and a Ram stand outside to guard them?
What if the majority protects the minority here and there?

And what if a smile is planted on the face of each Malala
Whom we see here and there amidst the throngs?
What if we stand together and laugh together?

We have to travel a lot on these tracks
Laid and closed now and then by our men at the helm
And beyond the iron curtain we have to see each other.

On this 67th Independence Day
I salute our heroes who toiled and died
For all our independence in kind and form.

May we close our eyes and pray to ourselves?
'Make our nations come closer and closer still
And then open a heaven on the earth for us all'.

A VERY VERY HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY TO ALL OF YOU

M D Dinesh Nair

The Test

A woman is tested
When she has got nothig with her.

A man is tested
When he has got everythig with him.

Have you ever been tested?
I have not been!

M D Dinesh Nair



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On This Friendship Day I Thank You All...

A Friendship Day yet again
And I stand at the crossroads looking at them.
I stand in the dark while they stand in the light
And I begin to see them, only a few..
But they are there.

I need to stand in the light to be seen by them
And my friends, flash your torch of love
To erase this shade of darkness at times...

I thank you one and all..
I thank my oldest friend Surya Rao now 92
Who guided me for long on life and what not..

I thank Valsa my poet wonder not just born as my sister,
I thank Valerie and Hazel my learnt elder poet sisters living in the UK,
I thank Diane who plays magic with words and Heather my eldest sister from the U.S,

I thank Ramesh Rai and Chandra the observers of life all around,
I thank Nasarudheen, Bhaduri and Jayachandran my poet brothers in touch,
I thank John and Shahzia the poets with learning and broad minds,

I thank my dear Unwritten Soul, who writes and writes a lot of truths,
I thank Subbulakshmi and Geetha my two other sisters and ardent readers,
I thank Aswanth our Magic Box and Payal the nightingale.

I thank Robinson, Elenu and Bobby for smiling at me now and then,
I thank Peerboccus and Thomas Hise for being my friends once.
Where are you both now?

And I thank all others who are my friends otherwise over the PH.
Finally all my young friends, all my students mostly under 25
Bubbling with energy and optimism
While making me always feel younger..

I wish you all A HAPPY FRIENDSHIP DAY.
And thank you all for being my friends.
Aren`t you?

M D Dinesh Nair

The Telengana Haikus

1.

Shouts at pitch
The old saga winning
The Andhra retreats.

2.

Words in flow
The dead Musi listens
Foul city recollects.

3.

India on hills
Does keep vigil sweating
Poems swallow rebels.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

Come With Me, Dear

Come with me, dear
I shall show you the vacuums of this world.
Come with me, dear
I shall make you feel the nothingness of this planet.

You have heard what I said
But you don't want to come with me
For vacuums and nothingness have never been
Into your mind even for a while.

With a frown you divert your face from me
Then you walk up to a meadow teeming with weeds
And on your canvas almost torn you draw a picture
That has a million colours made of lies and fantasies!

My canvas is my mind and my brush is my reason
And I paint often a pale picture of our times.
Your scorn and frown can't deter me ever
Even as I know our worlds appear to be one.

Your brush is growing beyond your size
And your canvas will soon reach out to the skies
But your meadow will soon have the groves of hemlock
And I fear, you will not come out of it.

I next walk unto a valley of no looks
And write on its small sky a little above my head
A sad lyric with a pale dream in rehabilitation
And its shrill melody flops its wings in vain.

Come with me, dear
I shall show you where my body lies half-dead
Come with me, dear
I shall show you where your burial took place...

M D Dinesh Nair

A Village In Flood

A village in flood pleads for mercy
With its habitat done with disaster sans mercy.
The tears roll down and soon mix with flood waters
And the homes deserted do not dry back up to the rafters.

A village down with grief like a lass loved and forsaken
With a few faces turning upwards and their sighs going aloud.
The livestock look scared like kids orphaned or forgotten
And the new threats of the skies reach the basements beloved.

A village in starvation longs for its loaf of bread
With anxiety writ large on its wrinkled and feverish forehead.
An Ark is not there to carry these Noahs and their kith and kin
And the Creator plays his mischief unlike 'then'.

A village in floods intercepts my poetic fantasies for now
With its pale form ransacking my cheesy thoughts.
A new dwarfed rose blooms out within my orchard for how
There will ever sprout a thorn even beneath its roots!

M D Dinesh Nair

The Divide

Oftener than ever before
As I look upwards to the sky
God astonishes me
With His calm infinite.

As I hear the chirping of the birds
Next He surprises me
With His voice sweet.

And as I eat my loaf of bread
Soon He consoles me
With His empathy unbound.

Someone reads out from a page of colours
The sketches of things around me
And my lips too chant,

'This blue planet and its charms,
This life and its manifestations,
And the marvel of the human race
Tell me time and again about Him
And I am drunk and God is my intoxicant
He is my redeemer for reasons tender'.

A lingering question blows out
Two men come forward with their answers.

They quote from the scriptures,
"He takes away to His heaven
Those ones He likes most".
But the truth is thundering around us,
'The wicked are left on this world
To have a five star life'.

A clash between a doctrine and a fact
Makes me sit back and think over for once.

Oftener than ever before again
As I brood over things more realistic

Godlessness scares me
With his portrait painted with a worn out brush.

As I hear about famine and wretchedness of a human stock
He disheartens me
With his hymns written in human tears
As I see the visuals of devastation and deprivation
He storms the fortress of my human concerns
With his absence recorded for verification.

Someone speaks from a dais higher than usual
About a world not too far from us
And I too begin to see its myriad forms.

This miserable world and its pathos,
This struggle for survival and its escalations
And the bitter truths of the other world untold
Tell me a thousand times to keep my mind above fancying.
I am now sober and he is doomed for ever
And I cannot be his redeemer for no reason.

I remain sadder
And perhaps more shattered...

M D Dinesh Nair

When A Pedestrian Speaks

I am fed up with walking all this way!
Why have you laid a road so long for me?
You are the one who never walks along with me
And hiding somewhere aren't you observing me?

In the drops of my sweat that spill on the way
Is`nt it my life that falls wounded to death?
If I continue to walk still on like this for ever,
I may surely fall down as a corpse somewhere.

The pangs strewn by my pains are ever
Heard like music by you, I know.
I know you are now writing your great verse
With the pieces and loaves of my sorrows.

I know this roadway will end nowhere
And now all along the way laid by you
I see your shadow and your grinning face
With a sarcastic expression that never fades out.

Let me tread on this way long and long for no reason
And when my legs stop you will hear one day,
You know, you may hear the lament of a pedestrian
And you will snail all along your way like a snake.

M D Dinesh Nair

The July Triplets

THE SIGHS

When leaves fall
We shed our tears for the leaves
And the sighs of the tree go unheard.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT

Knock at any door.
But if none opens it at all
Why don't you assume none is there?

THE ETERNAL IRONY

The kids going to and coming back from the school -
See, if they are walking to school in the mornings
They are running back to their homes in the evenings!

THEY ALL LISTEN

During the first six months of the marriage the wife listens
During the next six months the husband listens to her and
During the rest of their lives it's their neighbours who listen to them!

THE SHALLOW WATERS

The pilgrims throng the banks of rivers and chant the rites
The meandering thread of water sulks into its graveyard beneath
And the woes of the multitudes never get washed away in the shallow waters.

M D Dinesh Nair

Sleep, His Brother And Me...

I would like to sleep a lot
But 'sleep is the brother of death', Oscar Wild said
And what shall I do?

When I close my eyes to sleep
I hear a buzzing sound from no direction
And sleep plays hide and seek with me.

When the game ends with my win at the end
I enter the chambers of slumber and stars begin to fade
And my dreams have no time to flash on the mind.

What is a beautiful dream? How to see it?
I ask a youngster and he looks skeptical
As he has mistaken me to have seen many dreams!

When the birds begin to leave their nestles
I too wake up to the realities of a day`s hunt
And I see the burning sun smiling at me.

I know one day the brother of sleep will embrace me
And the hide and seek will not precede it
By then my dreams will have been dead for ever.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Wonder Of A Surviving Enigma

A habitat fades out from the earth with its life
And the perished mortals and their livestock are buried deep.
The lone survivor of a home prays to his god, the all mighty!
For sparing him amidst the fury shown on all.
A shrine becomes a memory and the Kaliyuga triumphs.
The sages chant, ' Ohm Shanti'.

A South American forest becomes a desert and its plants dry out,
An East African Jungle reports about the famished beasts,
And a tribe is wiped out from the Nicobar Islands.
But a lady teaches her dog how to follow her to the Church.
The sermon is reverberated from the hall,
'He loves all alike' and the awaiting dog barks aloud.

A dream struggles to open its petals to many
And a nightmare scares the rest of their brethren.
They are left with a dim day to have a short nap
But are told there are still many more nights.
The frail corpses are dumped into the pitches unshaped
While the crowd sing, ' May their souls rest in peace'.

A man who has had sound sleep narrates his sweet dream
And then many sing in chorus, ' Yes, we too had them'.
They have sweet voice and shining eyes
Now they all sit together and begin to dream again
This time they dream about a world without their human forms!
And they write poems about the much more rewarding eternity.

A hunter chases the lone deer
As it runs across the glade of thorns and weeds
The arrow strikes right and it too bleeds to death.
The awaiting kins heave a sigh for a while!
What next?
An eerie silence spreads all around.

A woman sitting in the dark sees a light descending on her
And her mind is transported into a world still beyond.
Where art thou goin dear lady?
The dark chambers of the universe laugh at her.

The enigma of a light and the pervasive darkness
Still swells into a bubble but breaks not ever!

M D Dinesh Nair

The Blunders On Nature`s Infinity

On the heights of mountains and valleys with dark depths
Alas! Man searches for beauty and gets mesmerized by it.
What a Himalayan blunder it is!
A historian will tell tales of his misdeeds later.

Nature bans him from frequenting such places
She is there in her infinite charms like the nymph in her private chamber
Why should he go there to feel her presence?
A fantasy may better satiate him and he may live long.

Man has to live in regions where the gregarious feel is in prime
And he has to relish nature`s plenty from the plate of common mould.
He ought not to go unto the caves of nature`s ecstasies ever
As living a life is wiser than dying for no cause.

Man rejoices in times of his adventures unwarranted
He blames it on gods and machinery when they turn into misadventures!
While confessing to have a `man`s particle` in me too
I beseech from my heart, "Man, thou be within thy limits".

M D Dinesh Nair

My Donkey Has To Keep Quiet

My donkey can speak and he has forgotten to bray like others
I tell him to speak about these times
And he speaks like a god of our yesterdays.
He nods his head all the while and silences my 'nays'

My donkey speaks about the sin and salvation,
He speaks about the quakes and storms and
They are there in his store for the rest of his species.
There is a sinister look on his face that is fierce too

My donkey looks philosophical at times, I bet
And he says he has to speak about the future too.
He now speaks about a life that sans hunger and thirst
And a life wherein an empire of eternity awaits all

A few braying donkeys walk towards my gate
He sees them and chases them out crying, " Idiots".
When the sun sets over my home too, I tell my donkey
To bray for a while and to sleep for the whole night

I recollect from the pages of a book long forgotten
And Snowball and Napoleon relegate into animals in uniform.
If my donkey still goes for a speech tomorrow as well
I am sure I will find a speech therapist to reverse the case.

M D Dinesh Nair

A Few Perceptions

A CLOSED SHOP

I stand outside a closed shop
To buy everything I like.
But when the shop keeper is seen near
I hide behind his shop
And start thinking 'why at all I must buy things'.

A KISS

Given on the forehead it is affection,
Given on the palm it is love,
Given on the lips it is lust
But what is craved for alone makes a real kiss.

THE END OF THE WORLD

It has to come with a flash news
Written across the sky as, 'THE END'
In the languages written of all regions.

And we have to cry in vein, 'NEXT SHOW PLEASE'
And He will look the most dejected then
With a face He Himself has never seen!

WHEN WE SLEEP

When some sleep they look like children
Let them not open their eyes, let us observe them for long.
When a few sleep they look like corpses
For sleep is the brother of death.
How do I look like I know not.

M D Dinesh Nair

As They Pray, I Close My Eyes....

SCENE 1

ANNASALAI BUS STATION, CHENNAI, INDIA:

I see on a hot Monday afternoon close to me and many
A hungry street child pulling down and eating in all hurry
The fruits served to an unknown deity
Who has ever been installed on a pedestal of stone.

I close my eyes and tell the deity,
"Be there, please".

The hot sun melts into a crimson circle and the sky turns red,
An old bony man struggling to pull his loaded cart stops there
He folds his hands, bends before the deity
He chants his woes and worries and then moves away.

I open my eyes and ask the deity,
"What are you doing here? "

SCENE 2

PUTHEN KURISSU CHURCH, THRISSUR, INDIA:

I stand near the Church on a Sunday afternoon,
An old pedestrian kneels down before the entrance of the church
Then whispers something for a while looking upwards.
As a speeding car stops near and people in silk get down,
He is forced to move away scared and silent
But with hopeful eyes which are a little wet.

I close my eyes and ask Mother Mary inside,
"Have you heard his prayer unfinished? "

Mother Mary`s idol made of fine plaster of Paris
Stands on a white pedestal with the Infant in her hands,
Attired in white she looks compassionate in her eyes.
The women and men in silk come out laughing aloud
And they wake up the driver who has been on a nap.

They alight their Innova and speed away in all hurry.

I close my eyes and ask her,

“What did they all pray to you at all, Mother? ”

M D Dinesh Nair

The Musings Of A Lover

As he was walking in the shadow of a dozing tree,
His moon beamed touching his face
Then he remembered her, his love
As one who came to his door step long before.

HE often said to her, 'Oh, Angel'let's share the life,
And he made promises to bring fragrance from the skies.
They wanted to weave dreams of co webs
In their castle of promises and sighs.

But she laughed without trusting him
And she wanted to be with someone taller sooner
Who would ransack her unveiled frame often
And they were both relegated to woman and man.

Then, a new civilization emerged in her world
And it mingled in the soil of her lust and despair.
Today she is silent and silent
Like the sky that has seen storms many.

As he returned from his walk, he saw a monstrous cloud
That savoured his moon and he looked dull.
Then he remembered her his lost love
As one who could have gone to her man`s door step first.

M D Dinesh Nair

New Notions Die

New notions are all seen
With suspicious eyes ever
By all alike everywhere.
And so they die quite soon
With no past to talk of.

A crowd is seen building a temple
For the notions ancient.
Not even an inn
Is seen for the notion brand new
And the crowd never learns.

New notions are next exiled.
Notions old become a deity,
They engage slaves,
The worshipers are transformed
At their will and the deity shows its fags.

The new notions die a premature death,
It is a murder by a crowd.
No tears, no funeral but corpses are there.
The ghosts of the negations loud
May begin to haunt the abodes.

M D Dinesh Nair

To The Pupil Who Is In Dilemma

You have to be my beloved lad:

'A fearless dreamer,
A petitioner of your unspoken love,
A wild catcher of time and
A passionate friend'.

You must not be my dear lass:

'Moody and foolish,
Illusive or day dreaming,
Ill tempered or vain some and
Emotional or sensitive'.

And both of you listen:

'Let the mind flutter like a kite
And let it not hide like a mouse.
Let your head be held high in esteem
And never bend your knee before the worthless lot'.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Commandment Recoded

My Lord, oh my Lord,
I am undone, I am fretting for ever too.
For an act of murder of a liar
A liar he was! But I ought not to have done it!

Your act is an atrocity
Of all seasons I bet, my Lord.
A generation now will retreat like me
After making a kill of this kind oftener.

My Lord, your dagger bleeds after kissing
My flesh too soft to pierce through.
An hour of writhing and dying.
Then I am transported quite upwards!

My soul dares into the My Lord`s heaven
None stops me at the gate
And He speaks not but smiles a lot!
He had writ it large on my forehead!

Down there, Lucifer is perhaps amused further
With my utterances he could unseat Him, he thought.
I frown at the dark image for a while
And He is pleased for a while but still relents not.

I await the order the recoded one
But He signs on it never ever.
Incorrigible He is unlike the Son Crucified.
I await the melting point,
A promise is broken, my Lord.

It is Your commandment recoded.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Irony Of A Concept

Most of our lives are, I fear
Like the cinders that are
Neither coal nor ash in state!
They clog the roots of swaying carnations.

Our fears, like cheetahs, run faster than our thoughts.
Helplessly you and I tear off the last page
Of the books of our biography written in a hurry!
None has read the end of them.

I see a petaled coral that is green,
Which often hides the white death, the greatest leveller
And we perish drowning the hope for ever!
Like many rivers which have changed the course.

We live often without meaning or purpose,
With meandering and engulfing the cardinal designs.
We often see a homeless God wandering!
And in our gardens we accommodate Him for 'ever'.

In the midst of the ruins of burnt umber later
We see Him lost and we mourn over it
And His shrine is completed with an idol installed!
It remains closed within the walls shaded with mystery.

M D Dinesh Nair

When I Am Alone

When I am alone with my people being far away
I see a myriad of my little friends who are still in my mind
A line of ants and a swarm of tiny bees and flies

When I stand alone with no smiling friend lingering around
I look for a row of birds flying, a squint eyed black crow,
And a few moths or silver winged dragon flies....

When I sit alone with none to ask, 'are you bored? '
I remember my long lost pets of my childhood days
And I watch the street dogs with no names to call.

When I begin to sleep in the mid of an ailment
I feel the presence of a trillion bacteria and fungi within me
And I wonder when they would sleep at all.

But being alone is very very rare these days
As I find myself lost in a crowd oftener than before
And I wonder what my little brethren will think of me?

M D Dinesh Nair

Where Are You My Lad?

'Where are you my lad? '
My question starts from my heart
And my mouth speaks its words out.

'You miss me not, but I do,
And I still remember your beaming eyes'.

'Where have you gone my boy? '
My concern begins with a hope
And my heart beats for now.

'I presume your destination to be
The re found altar of learning you frown at'.

'In your metamorphic image, I search for that you
Who had once been my favourite pupil'
But it fades like a mirage.

'I draw your image on a canvas
And that has a thousand shades of its own'.

'Shall I play hide and seek with you
So that one day you will be found by me? '
And I seek no other favour.

'I see you hiding beyond a big wall
But I search for you behind a banyan tree! '

I am very sorry, dear all others
As I see you often all arond me.

M D Dinesh Nair

Monsoon Triplets

RAIN GODS

They bless for a while and then decide to curse for a week and
A new sapling first smiles and then joins the floods of the season.
Rain gods read the mind of every fauna and flora!

THE PILGRIMS OF THE DEVASTATED SHRINES

They visit the shrines to make the rest of the life happier and
The presiding deities order them to enter eternity at once.
In floods and quakes they perish leaving a question great!

A RAINY DAY

Looking through the window the child sits and its eyes twinkle and
Father stranded on the way now reaches home after midnight.
A dried tear is seen on the cheek of the child asleep!

M D Dinesh Nair



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Tell Me Why..

Tell me why your words continue to be a solace to me
When I drown in the trumpets of times cruel?
Tell me why your presence is conspicuous to me while your being away
When I am lost in the midst of men and women in silks?

Tell me why your graceful faces and looks come in my dreams
When you have often veiled your eyes and mouths?
Tell me why your care and love descend on me incessantly
When a strange habitat emerges around me now?

My granny said, 'When everybody leaves you, God will be with you, my kid'
And she was quoting the age-old concept perhaps like all.
I honour the frail mouth`s chanting lie bur have to say,
'When the old faiths get buried we feel the real human love'.

M D Dinesh Nair



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The Abodes Of Gods

Somewhere in the middle of the infinite skies
God has His abode
A palace of one million square feet
And it is painted by rain, snow and fattened black forces!

Somewhere in the middle of many tribal hamlets
Small gods have their abodes
The thatched huts of light woods and bamboo leaves
And they are in shambles and eaten by hungry white worms.

I knock at the doors above
And He opens the door not.
He isn't there, I begin to believe
But those behind me go on knocking!

I next knock at the doors below
And they fall flat upon the dark stones with different shapes.
They are there, I begin to feel
But the tombs around me write new elegies!

M D Dinesh Nair

To The Budding Poets

You are to linger on
Till your mind blows down.
You are to write on
Till your pen dries out.

Work like honey bees
Till they call you great poets.
Share your thoughts and pains
Till your spirit joins the clouds

Language needs care
For it reflects your learning.
Expression needs passion
For it describes your yearning.

Write ten thousand lines about the life
Writ large on your planet`s forehead.
Right many a wrong as you live on
And tell the world you are there.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Road Never To Be Taken

I stand by a descending road
That runs down to some dark woods unseen before
And I see no other pedestrian passing by.

As I look on I see a few foot prints running down
None returning from there though.
I stand confounded and confined there.

I have just come out only a few yards
And none knows whether I have come out of my home at all.
Many think I am inside it lost in slumber.

The road is not that easy to travel
Though I can't sleep like ever before.
They think I ever sleep and never travel.

The dark woods let out a strange cry.
It reaches the skies and reverberates unto my ears
And I begin to retreat.

The ghost of the lucky poet haunts me
As I can never tell the story of the road not taken.
My road was laid by someone cruel!

M D Dinesh Nair

An Escapist`s Reasons

Where shall I go in these dark hours?

The moon of the strange sky has been unkind to me for long!

To me this darkness is an all pervasive demon.

When shall I sing my song in the midst of this ado?

The music of your world has been deafening to me for long!

To me these guffaws are like an ever intimidating monster.

How shall I see the world around me ever?

The faces of this world are all with a frown thrown at me!

To me they are like the masks of a totalitarian humanity.

What shall I do among these slaves of time?

The odour of their sweat has begun to blow towards me!

To me these homo-sapiens are just the shadows of a lost tribe.

M D Dinesh Nair



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A Race Of Newer Times

I make a step forward
But I understand I am on a road that is newly laid!
When I look at those going in front of me
I see a running child`s smiling face
And he says, 'Uncle, times have changed'.

I begin to ponder over the times that have changed
But my thoughts too make a step twice forward.
When I search for the imp who precedes me
I see two toddlers still preceding him
And they shout at him, ' Brother, times have changed yet again'.

M D Dinesh Nair



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The Irony Of Kedarnath

Lord Shiva lays neck deep in floods
His devotees lie dead and rolling beneath the idol
And the pilgrims alive still chant prayers!

The Kailash resembles a Golgotha
And there is no no need for ice to melt this time.
Kedarnath weeps on...

M D Dinesh Nair



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India Still Dreams

Unlike never before.
Dreams make her an optimist
And she looks upward unto the skies infinite.

She is sandwiched between
A glory lost and a gory imminent for future.
A painter comes with a fresh brush and a great vision!
But there is no canvas to paint.

The politician speaks aloud till he sweats
And a crowd listens to him in all dismay.
Commoners may soon perish
As the rulers are ever to write their fate.

The motor man cursed rambler
Roams on the road to nowhere.
The laid spirits of Gandhi and Gulzarilal
Cannot rise from the ashes fossil-ed by time.

The trumpets are heard
While the hunger laden flock of men pulls the cart
The cart named democracy!
Indians glorify the machinery Once more;

India dreams once more for all
Of a life that can tread on still.
An Indian girl dreams of never being chased
As the dark cover of night descends.

M D Dinesh Nair

Can Streams Flow Along The River Sides?

Can the streams run up to the oceans far?
Can they run along the side of the rivers known?

You were a river and I a stream
Who flowed together once.

Using the sixth sense I read your mind
The one none could read before.
Each line written on your mind
Unveiled a portrait painted never.

You were a river and I a stream..

Aside my failing senses old
Triumphed my sixth sense young.
You, the river got flooded
And I, the stream was drowned.

Denouncing the last reason left you kept even my soul off-
An act someone else could have done.
Each word spoken at my funeral often
Unravelling the mystery of your mind.

Along the side of the river of your ego,
May I flow as a stream entwining you ever in the next life too?

M D Dinesh Nair

When My Mathematics Teacher Died

When he died, I felt no pain,
I am sorry.

When he died, I did not weep,
I am sorry.

Anywhere in my heart at any point of a second,
Our Mathematics teacher was a terror, you don't know.

He was an odd man of wrong proportions

And he was to redefine Mathematics perhaps!

When he was born no comets were seen.

Still he wielded the wand of power, a big rod

And tortured the young skins, I remember still.

He was like a Briton on the Indian land!

Mathematics was like a running stream in the class next.

And there our equals had a great Master with wits.

They enjoyed the lines, the triangles and the numbers.

A few little lambs and their merciful shepherd.

We were literally like circus animals

And we cried 'saar..' as he 'taught' Mathematics.

Even the gentle girl who scored well grudged him.

We were the Jews and he Hitler the second!

I don't know much of Mathematics

I kept my head down when I heard about his death.

A strange fear was beginning to grip me

Will he wait for us with his rod in the other world too?

If there is a world after death,

Will he come there too and punish us?

Will there be our teacher waiting for us?

'God, thou art to decide'.

But someone whispers today in to my ears

That he will be waiting to hug us there...

A strange wish remains to be fulfilled-

We should love him somewhere once.

When he died, I felt no pain,

I am sorry.

When he died, I did not weep,

I am sorry.

The Woman In The Village

Stood there on the gravel street
With a face pale and a gloom evading nothing.
Famished body and tensed mind
Are her two duals well knit for ever.
Her man is dead long before
And her kids are wretched and apart.

The lone woman of all seasons of the land!
She stood before the deity dark all over
With her folded hands shivering for want of strength.
The deity heeded none of her prayers for
It did not know even for once that it was a deity indeed!
The skies rained the big drops
And hers struggled to run down.

Down her feet
Earth shook and a hole caved in,
She fell not
For above her head were flying strong
Vultures dark which had begun to claim
Her famished flesh once more.
The clouds had now given in to thunders loud.

M D Dinesh Nair

Why Not A Life Without Religion Or God?

I am now writing on why you need no religion or God for the rest of your life time. But if you still choose to be with either of them this work will be yet another futile one that will lie here un understood. I am explaining ten vital points of arguments and driving home the idea that the topic has some relevance and ought to be given a place to come under your preview in a just manner. As many as 350 poem hunter members write poems exclusively on God/Gods and I join the small army of less than 10 members over here to express my views substantiated by science and reason. The taste of the pudding lies in eating it. But it is not a sweet dish to be tasted, I know.

I am sorry to offer you a panacea, a medicine for the cure of superstition though it may taste bitter.

.....

1. A Brief outline of the emergence and stay of Religions

Each religion, to be very honest claims it is always right and the other ones are wrong or senseless. If it id to be better explained there are many different religions, each claiming to be the 'true' one, with the obvious implication that all the others are false. Most religions even include many different sects with mutually incompatible doctrines. Each religion is defended by its followers just as ardently as all the others. Obviously they cannot all be right, but they can all be wrong! It is well known that young children raised in a family of any particular religion almost invariably end up adhering to that religion. Such indoctrination is a form of child abuse. If the same children were raised in different families, the results would undoubtedly be different.

Thus, the particular religion adopted by most individuals is purely an accident of birth. Even if the doctrines of one particular religious sect were correct, all the others would be wrong. It follows logically that any person's religion is almost certainly not the true one. In the absence of objective evidence, it is more rational to reject all religions than to adopt one at random. If God existed, he/she/it might not approve of people following a false religion!

Most of the organized religions or what are called modern religions today were all meant for a limited region and their projected God/Gods would have ended as regional concepts for a newly emerged faith. But in course of time these religions expanded their functional radius and became the most prominent world religions thanks to their advocates who sailed across the seas and rode across the lands unknown for miles and miles.

Many old religions and their concepts of their God/Gods died for want of propagation, faith groups and attractive scriptures that could withstand the test of times.

Christianity, Islam and Hinduism have been very successful in propagating their cases from times closer to their seeds of notions got planted in the respective fertile lands. They could travel with the faith groups and migrated masses and flourished everywhere. You may compare the process to the weeds growing in new lands where other seeds have failed to sprout.

As many as 178 non organized old religions got invaded world wide thanks to the organized spreading of the powerful religions.

Hinduism in its older form of SANADANA DHARMA could have been world`s most established religion if the natives/the conservatives of the land of ancient India dared enough to cross the seas [it was a taboo] or if the advocates of that religion had strong faith groups [the emergence of which was not naturally possible within the religious structure for want of conceptual uniformity] and the religion suffered from the notion of multiplicity of its Gods.

Christianity and Islam which got founded after A.D 033 appeared to be more structured and man felt more comfortable with the notion of a single all powerful God who was supposed to have been endowed with the traits of a super noble man of all times. Christ`s crucifixion that was perpetrated at the behest of a bad judiciary and personal accounts of the various anecdotes of miracles performed by him as narrated by his disciples, the mystery of what happened to his cremated corpse and the subsequent mouth to mouth spreading of his resurrection tale by the same group had a great impact on a small sect of fishermen, traders and the peasants of the region and with the consolidation of tales transferred into the Bible [the new] the Christian faith got well established.

Islam which originated on the lines of parables equal to that of Christianity got equally strengthened for that religion also could come out with a striking feature of referring to an all mighty and all benevolent God for whom man had long been craving. Man has ever chosen the best of concepts that matched with his desires that annihilated his strange and unfounded fears etc.

Hinduism tried itself to spread to the west and far east very late in vain. Already a larger chunk of people had already been into Christianity or Islam by then.

Buddhism could have strongly been appealing to people of Asia had it not been

ransacked by the re-emerged concepts of Hinduism that were more colourful and matching with the notions of an army of easily moving angry and retaliating or fighting gods on par with the Greek or Roman gods.

The absence of any reference to any God by the Buddha was not well nourished by most people of the East and till Christianity and Islam got spread all major chunks of people had remained loyal to Hinduism and later some of them accepted Christianity or Islam.

Sikhs, Jains or Parsis in fewer percentages continue to patronize their religions withstanding all the other temptations or novelty in concepts.

But millions of people remain even today with 'faiths' attributed to many tribal religions, ethnic faith groups and ancient remnants of the unaffected segments of un-reachable masses.

[Note. Since all religions have different ideas about their god(s), for simplicity in what follows we shall refer to all such gods generically as 'God', using the personal pronoun 'he' for definiteness.]

2. The case of evidence and the wrong arguments

Now let us come to the core issue of asking for evidence that God does not exist and a religion need not be there. In fact there is not a shred of evidence in favour of any religion. Ancient books written at a time when people had little scientific understanding of the natural world, with no independent evidence to back up their claims, are unworthy of serious consideration, even if millions of people revere them. There are just as many people who follow other superstitions which the rest of the world would regard as completely unfounded and even laughable. The ancient Greek and Roman gods were based on time-honoured beliefs and customs followed fervently by innumerable people. Why should the modern ideas of God be any better? Logically, there is no difference - there is simply no evidence. Religious apologists, who have no rational arguments to support their beliefs, often challenge atheists to prove that there is no God. Obviously, it is not possible to prove the non-existence of God, just as no one can prove the non-existence of the tooth fairy, unicorns, or other imaginary beings. If someone claims that some improbable entity exists, the onus is on that person to provide evidence. Belief in things for which there is no objective evidence deserves only ridicule, not respect. Got it or not?

3. God's characterization, the flaws and the form

Now you are hopefully fit enough to think about the next issue. Where is the great compassionate God on which most modern religions are based? If such a God really cared about the people of the world and were as powerful as modern religions claim, he could certainly make himself known to everyone in an unmistakable manner, thus dispelling doubt and at the same time revealing which religion, if any, is the true one. Is he ashamed to show himself? Where was this God during the Holocaust and other genocidal massacres throughout history, not to mention countless natural disasters causing untold suffering among the innocent? Was he asleep? Away on holiday? Simply enjoying the show because he's a sadist? Too bored by it all to bother to intervene? Punishing good and bad people alike in revenge for some people's misdemeanours? Such a callous, vengeful and spiteful God would be beneath contempt, more evil than Hitler. But of course there's no rational reason to think that God exists.

You say God made man in his own form! The fact is man made his God / Gods the way he wanted. No animal nor a bird is done with justice as you would not like to make your God look like any of them.

In an African Church a black female worshiper was asked a question, 'How is your God?' and she came the reply, 'She is black'. Great revolution indeed that the White or the Bishops may not like! But the notion does not give any hope for human progress. The man has again framed his God in his shape. Imagine you can give your intelligence to innumerable living beings and then you ask them to describe the form of God. Most probably he/she will be termed by majority of them as an aquatic being! But man won't accept that God like the few rich won't accept the perennial truth that a majority chunk of poor people exist around them.

4. The blundering notion of an inter acting God

It is ridiculous to imagine that a God having the character claimed by most modern religions would really be so selfish or egoistic as to demand or even expect that people would pay constant homage to him. Would he even care that intelligent people didn't believe in him in the absence of any verifiable evidence? In fact, to a being that created the entire universe, the whole human population would hardly be noticeable! On a cosmic scale there is nothing 'special' about our planet. The Earth revolves around the Sun, which is a fairly average star at an outer extremity of the Milky Way galaxy containing many billions of other stars, many with their own planets, and there are 100 billion galaxies in the known universe.

Scientists consider it likely that countless other planets could harbour life. If a

super-intelligent being could observe the entire universe, the tiny speck of human population on Earth would be of no more significance than the ants in a particular garden would be to any one of us. Since there is no evidence that God ever interacts with the world, why would he have any interest in the strange rituals of modern religions? But you continue to feel him in your life! Where is the remedy?

Our human mind is an intricate thing and please don't make its superiority a mystery of any kind. In our day today life when it is filled with woes, disappointments, frustrations, financial crisis or health hazards, we may be forced to look upwards and hope for and aspire for a divine aid or intervention out of our assumptions on the omnipotence of that God who has been projected as the ultimate saviour and all knowing force. Whether it is right or wrong our human minds mostly like to go fantasising and at every worn out state will hear, see or feel God. But it is a fad and flaw of the kind.

You try to feel God in the sanctum sanctorum of a temple with an illuminated idol of a deity, inside a church or mosque when lost in a prayer or while singing out a hymn or when you talk about your great experiences at the times of crises felt by you from time to time. But you forget that such a schemed version of your vision has no sanctity of a common experience in life.

Come on, establish the presence of this caring God in the poverty struck homes world wide, in the violence hit human circles, in places where women and kids are tortured and animals are cruelly slaughtered for meat, in the depths of the seas and in the open chambers of human activity of any kind. Come on tell about that God who will be with you if you transport yourself in to a space location a few miles above the earth's surface or when you are in the middle of the pacific.

You won't try to do so as you can't think of a God existing beyond your individual self. Is it your logic for ever? You go for opportunism and name it great understanding of the unknown, the way it should be.

If you go on telling that personally God is in inter action with you, please put your right hand on your chest and still say whether you are right in your statements... If you still say, 'Yes, God is seen, heard or felt by me in some way from time to time', you have to consult a psychiatrist.

5. How Religions make you waste your time and energy?

It is not a big issue. But it too matters. Think of all the time and energy expended by religious people preaching, praying, singing hymns, chanting, mumbling,

bowing, kneeling, genuflecting, making unnatural movements of the hands, donning religious garments or amulets, fasting, visiting shrines or 'holy' men, making religious pilgrimages, performing circumambulatory rituals, etc. There is no evidence that any of these activities ever produce positive results. Indeed, there have been numerous incidents when natural disasters or brutal murders occurred while large congregations were attending religious services in churches or temples. Imagine how much could be achieved if all the time, energy and resources devoted to meaningless religious rituals could be diverted to productive purposes! What do you say?

6. The hypothesis of God - an imposition delayed by millions of years

The facts here have the best support of the available history. The ancients invented gods to account for natural phenomena which they could not explain in any other way - lightning and thunder, volcanoes, weather and climatic patterns, floods, plagues, the apparent motions of celestial bodies in the sky, etc. Nowadays, every one of these natural phenomena is understood by science. The general principles of Darwinian evolution account for the great diversity of life on Earth and explain convincingly how complex life forms including the human species, evolved from more primitive life, and indeed there is increasingly abundant evidence for this. Modern cosmology enables us to understand how naturally occurring physical processes lead to the formation of stars and planets like our Earth. There is no need to invoke supernatural explanations for any known phenomena. Physicists now even have plausible theories for the origin of the universe itself. Even though many of the details remain uncertain, the fact that modern science offers possible natural physical explanations of all known phenomena means that God is redundant. The 'God of the gaps' is dead! The notion of God should have gone into the minds of the first microcosm that emerged in the ocean one billion years before life originated on the main land or modern man came out of the ape in BC 20,000. God would not have wasted many many millions of years of his supremacy in the universe working on the minds of the living creatures. Are you following? If yes is your answer, please read on or re read the above part once more.

7. The God hypothesis and the further questions raised.

It is the very crux of this essay that is either read or amusingly tolerated by you. Thanks either way.

Most of the religious apologists often say that God, as a creator, provides a simple explanation of why we are here and that it even explains the origin of the universe, as a 'first cause'. Exactly the opposite is true - it explains nothing! A God who designed all observable entities, including the many complex forms of

life, would have to be an even more advanced being. Who or what created that God? This merely leads to an infinite regress. The answer that God always existed is absurd. What did he do for all eternity until he finally decided for some reason that it would be a good idea to create the universe? The alternative hypothesis that God just suddenly sprang into existence is equally absurd. The nature of the world clearly contradicts the character of the God of modern religions. If God is infinitely good, omniscient and omnipotent, why is his creation so imperfect that it produces constant natural disasters and dreadful diseases resulting in indiscriminate suffering, even among the most devout or innocent people? The cliché 'God works in mysterious ways' is merely a cop-out. Can't catch?

8. The phases and cases of Religion being a source of evil

As you may observe from pages from history, religious fanatics have mostly waged holy wars and crusades, plundered, tortured and murdered 'heretics' and 'infidels' simply because they had different beliefs. Hitler, who was privately a committed Catholic, tried to annihilate the Jews. The Jewish state of Israel imposes apartheid policies on its Arab inhabitants. Sunni and Shia Muslims kill each other indiscriminately in Iraq.

Tensions between Hindus and Muslims accompanying the creation of Pakistan by the partition of India led to the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives. Bloody conflicts between Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland continued for decades.

The Catholic church has never apologised for its close links with Nazi regimes in Europe. It burned Copernicus alive for telling that the Sun is stationary and it is the Earth that rotates round the Sun.

The Pope's bigoted stance on birth control and abortion is responsible for untold suffering and deaths. Some Muslim countries practise barbaric punishments, such as beheading or stoning to death, in the name of religion.

Violent Hinduism crushed peace loving Buddhism and Jainism.

The ancient Hinduism permitted and propagated violence on the lower creeds and communities and upper caste men and women were literally striding over the hapless downtrodden ones who belonged to the lower castes.

Sri Rama's victory over Ravana as read in the epic Ramayana is just a projection of how the Aryan race defeated the Dravidians of the South peninsula. Another Hindu epic 'Mahabharath' narrates the victory of the righteous over the wicked in the form of a battle not averted by Sri Krishna, the ninth incarnation of God

Vishnu.He helped the Pandavas(five in number) to eliminate their 100 cousins in a bloody battle in the name of justice established in accordance with his 'divine vision'. These tales categorically tell that vengeance and bloodbath went hand to hand in ancient times of social and political life way back before and around BC 3500 in the Indian sub continent.

The other religions preach of and allow genital mutilation, inhumane methods of slaughtering animals, etc. Religion fills some people with such hate for others that they become suicide bombers.The list of atrocities and crimes against humanity due to religion is endless.

Defenders of religion like to say that all these things are not in keeping with the spirit of their religion. But the 'holy' books on which their religions are based are no better.

Anyone who peruses the Bible attentively can read that God has sent plagues, ordered murders and genocide, commanded human sacrifice, sanctioned slavery, etc. The Quran has references to various crimes proposed to be done by the faithfuls.

A thorough reading of these scriptures will guide you in this regard.

See the probable fate of mine who is likely to lose some more friends in this forum after the submission of this write. As these are modern times none can eliminate me or my thoughts. Any act of evil has only two forms - dishonesty and suppression.You have to go pondering over...

9. Every Religion dehumanised man

It is the bare fact barring the early magic played on the primitive man without any religion.

Religious people follow various dogmas unthinkingly and are taught not to question the unsubstantiated claims of their religious leaders. In contrast, atheists are more likely to have an inquisitive mind, to think for themselves, and to form beliefs based solely on the weight of evidence.A scientific understanding of natural physical and biological phenomena is far more awe-inspiring than a naive belief that God is responsible for everything.How can anyone fail to be impressed by modern cosmology, which explains the formation of galaxies, stars and planets, by Darwinian evolution, which accounts for the amazing diversity and adaptation of life, by modern biology, which explains how cells divide and organisms function or by quantum mechanics, which governs the structure of the atom?

Atheism is also superior in the sphere of morality. It is far more noble for people to do things because they feel that their actions are right than to obey religious rules based on the threat that some invisible vindictive being is watching their every move. Rational people are masters over their own lives, not slaves to serve some non-existent God. Religion is an insult to human dignity. Something that smashes your incorrigible thought planks!

10. All Religions are responsible for impeding progress

Whether it is predominant or not, nearly all religions teach their followers to accept their dogmas unquestioningly, and this inhibits free and original thought and innovation. Examples abound throughout history, up to the present day. A good example is provided by the Catholic church. Galileo Galilei, one of the most brilliant scientists of his time, was denounced to the Inquisition and persecuted for the rest of his life because he taught that the Earth revolves around the Sun, which contradicted the church's dogma that the Earth sits immovably at the centre of the universe. Even worse, the great philosopher Giordano Bruno was also like Copper Niccus burnt alive at the stake for a 'heresy'.

In modern times, the Catholic church would rather condemn countless women to misery and suffering than allow them to control their own bodies by simple and harmless methods of contraception, and it discourages stem cell research, which might improve or even save the lives of millions of people. In the US, religious fundamentalists have forced many schools to restrict the teaching of evolution and other scientific theories, and instead indoctrinate children with ideas of 'creationism' (nowadays relabelled as 'intelligent design'), thereby killing scientific curiosity and understanding in thousands of young minds and inhibiting future scientific progress.

In many backward countries, barely educated people are ever brainwashed by religious leaders into believing that a better after life awaits them. This spreads defeatism and dampens the struggle for social justice and a better standard of living in the paradise promised. You have got it now.

Living with God and Religion is a style for some, a solace for many and just a way for others. Living without Religion or God is not just a happy proposal too.

But it is a natural phase of an honest way of living. It is just like not being an alcoholic, drug addict or a gambler.

These comparisons may raise many an eyebrow...

BUT ONE DAY 'VERITAS VOS LIBERABIT' (THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE) .

M D Dinesh Nair

Where Are Your Roses

Tell me friends, where are your roses?

A blooming rose pricks me with its horn and I let a cry sweet,
"Oh rose I love you".

In this garden of pests and reptiles
Who grows this rose of just one thorn?
That is born to prick me alone?

Never do I get an answer
But the gardener throws a smile at me.
He thinks that I love this rose.
An idea springs off at last and
An answer redeems me at times.
There is no rose without a thorn.

Tell me friends, where are your roses?

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

When My Voice Stops!

When my voice stops for ever
There will be no tumults of words ever.
The stars will still twinkle and rivers will still die.

When my voice stops I shall dive into your oblivion
And in another costume someone will impersonate me.
The hymns will still be heard and the fresh idols will surface.

When my voice stops a lone sheep may bleat
As it stands near the tender leaves aplenty.
I think it may bleat for a while and cease to do so thenceforth.

When my voice stops those who loved me once for a while
May shed a few drops of tears innocent
And I may turn on my tomb for a sigh!

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

When My Dreams Say, ' We Are No More There'

When my dreams say, ' We are no more there'
I shall sail unto an island far off.
There I shall have the sapling of a dream tree planted
And it will grow.

When my dream tree begins to bloom
I will never pluck its flowers ever,
So will when its fruits begin to ripe
I remain hungry and thirsty there.

I shall lie in the shade of the tree
Without ever dreaming to have a dream for me.
Then I shall climb its branches and see for myself
The vast expanse of water green or blue.

I shall hoot from the top of it like an own
Blind often or blinded by the dreams of the past.
I shall shout unto the skies blue
About having dreams aplenty and not still having them.

When I once return to the home in the mainland,
I shall carry one hundred fruits from the dream tree,
I shall give them to men and women I like most
And nay, I will never give them to children ever.

I shall play hide and seek with children
And shall tell about the need for climbing the dream trees
Which will grow and touch the sky once
Even as they might still be dreaming a lot.

But I am afraid, friends,
Even as my dreams have begun to fade out
My island withers out further
And I am left with a rudderless boat
To sail unto that green paradise of my Utopia!

M D Dinesh Nair

When Gardens Begin To Die

When gardens begin to die
In these scorching sun and times
Where shall we go to smell flowers sweet?

When gardens die for a season
I do not see a change, I see only an end.
Some one ordered me to be pessimistic.

A flying bird comes down to my abode
And asks all of a sudden, `How are you friend?`
I tell her a lie, `I am happy in my garden`.

The clouds have a promise to fulfill
They must break into water drops.
To let our plants live in a garden.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

Vast Empire And Fallen Throne

A vast empire surrounds us
But we stand with the fallen throne and
Confounded and crestfallen we are.
Our empire of amasses; not of accumulations!
Our empire of ownership; not of master-hood!
Our empire of intelligence; not of erudition!

The throne lies down with its jewels gone,
It lies at our feet and none can pick it up.
We feel on our skull the shame of past.
Our throne of civilisation; not of progress!
Our throne of peace; not of harmony!
Our throne of diamonds; not of copper

The empire will swell and explode next
And our throne will lie buried ever.
The empire will thereafter turn into a planet of its own
And go on the orbit of might and moss and
Our throne will join the fossils down deep!
The ideo of the present remain told aloud!

M D Dinesh Nair

Translating Our Thoughts....

When we translate our sweet thoughts
Into a language others all know close to their hearts bright
Ten thousand smiles they create.
Let them be there.

When we translate our such fragrant thoughts
A few smiling faces begin to flash across our minds white
And many blooming daffodils they recreate.
Let them be there ever.

When we translate nightmares and vampire tales
Many of them turn green and go hiding
And one thousand 'fears' go never heard.
Let them be there never.

When we begin to translate our minds` untraceable treasures
Into a a few images of life in its myriad forms
Most of them linger on the canvas of time and reflections.
Let them be there up in your poetic encounters.

Translating our thoughts
Is a job that has to be ours ever
Till we breathe our last
And no thoughts arise for others even once.

M D Dinesh Nair

To A Student In Plight

A student`s plight has a loud voice
Still it goes unheard often.
Between these walls of slavery of all times
His sighs and protests get subdued.

What can I do for you my young man?

The carved roads lie long but curved
And you have to travel on it like many.
With sodden limbs you can`t stay behind.
Your eyes hide a tale of their own.

But who will listen to you my young woman?

The shells rock Gaza and rest of lands in the East Asia,
And I tell you again, ' we are alive here for sure'.
A day will soon bloom for you
As all the gardens haven`t got burned yet.

Do you see the birds in heights flying in a row ever?

Now let us kill the monster the ' I ' in us for a season
And reinstall the ' We ' our old angel.
Your looks have begun to change a little
And I say, ' It is a good sign'.

What else can I tell you now?

M D Dinesh Nair

Who Makes The Better Pair?

They live together,
Eat from the similar plate together,
Sleep on the foam bed together
And they bark at the neighbor together.
-A man and his high breed dog.

It is a sharing of the haves,
It is a world of their own.

They too live together,
Eat from the same garbage together,
Sleep on the uneven pavement together
And they flee at the sight of men in uniform.
-A street dweller and his low breed dog.

It is a rearing of the have-nots,
It is yet another world of their own.

Who makes the better pair of the two?
I look up unto the infinite sky
And hears a strange voice thundering into my ears,
'I am the greatest leveller of all',
And his cold hands begin to descend.

The pairs make a beeline and up in the sky
Above my head the thundering voice chuckles on.

M D Dinesh Nair

If I Were God

If I were 'God',
I would first go for making myself
A figure with eyes, ears, feelings and a mind.
For I don't want to be treated as an invisible and dubious spirit
About whom the liars and the cowards will sing again and again.

If I were 'God',
I would come along with the big bang and would`nt exist before that
And I would`nt do creation for 13 billion years
For I can`t answer the question of many 'what I was doing before that'
To which I cannot answer 'I was creating a hell for them all'.

If I were 'God',
I would next go for a smaller world of
A prettier and smaller earth, a milder sun and a shapely moon
For the ones today there are have terrible looks.

If I were 'God',
There would be no Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn
Uranus, Neptune or Pluto around this smaller Solar System
For I can`t waste my time makings things like kids unlike 'Him'.

If I were 'God',
And I would never go for a trillion galaxies, their planets
Nor for a hundred billion stars and the asteroids neither
To create Stephen Hawkins and his peers
For I know there are too much of universe around us now.

If I were 'God',
I would first go for eternity on the earth for all fauna and flora
And I would`nt test them for years with a smaller life on the earth
For I know whatever I create should be eternal like me.

If I were 'God',
I would be like a father and mother of all
And would feed all and sing cradle song for all babies alike
For I can feel the sobs of all mortals ever.

If I were 'God',

I would kill none with cancer, heart ailment
Nor would I crush a new born baby under a wheel
For I know tears of my children are very hot.

If I were 'God'
I Would fill the land with happiness infinite and
Would hug my sons and daughters ever and ever
For I know my home can` t be on an alien land.

If I were 'God',
I would never divide the lands, nor the people
And would allow neither Krishna wage a war nor the Buddha to die.
I would allow neither Jesus to die nor the Prophet to flee
For all my children will be free from the evil thoughts and deeds.

If I were 'God',
I would allow no classes to emerge and,
There would` nt be the rich and the poor as well
For I know I must have a vision for all.

If I were 'God',
I would have roses without thorns and kids without tears
And will not first breed mosquitoes and then ask man to kill them
For I know how they can contradict the phases of our life.

If I were 'God',
I would shatter the clouds of scare and terror from their minds
And the eves would walk free in the world.
I can guess the power of equations in human life
For I have to otherwise kill the monsters outraging the fairer sex
Including the small girls in their early teens.

If I were 'God',
I would allow either a deer or a tiger
And never both
For I know a dying deer`s cry will cast a shadow on my misdeed.
I would never cripple a limb nor a brain.

If I were 'God',
I shall wipe the tears of the odd ones out
And tell them the tales of my own 'imagination'.
If I were 'God',

I will make them all smile with the bliss shared by all
And would fill the land with concern and empathy unbound though.

If I were 'God',
Mortals would wonder what the world would be
Without all this infinite wealth and fullness for all
For I know they would think and think while sleeping too.

If I were 'God',
I would finally dance to the tunes of joy on the earth
And may later vanish into nothingness into my first eternity
With no human voice to cry, ' Where are you? '
As the eternity on the earth would be well beyond its needs.

If I were 'God',
I would ask writers to write my pronoun as 'he/she' and not 'He'
For I know I can be greater only through my deeds.
I am terrorised to imagine how my peers
Judge me for not being just one among like them!

If I were 'God',
I would never write this and
If you were all 'Gods',
You would spare me, I know.
Please, enjoy this poem and its fate is left to your mercy.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Street Dogs

Every morning we walk and run the streets
And you call us street dogs.
No masters to wag our tails at, no houses to guard over
We are doomed to fend ourselves.

Every now and then we grow in number
And you describe it a menace.
No food to eat, no milk to drink
We are made to dine on garbage.

Every evening we withdraw into our dark regions
To sleep till the next morning descends.
No pedestrians come our way, no motorist spares us
Our carcasses lie in pools of blood.

Every now and then we remember them;
Our brethren living in mansions;
They live a life of no wants; nor of any fear.
That is never our concern though.

Spare us a little mercy, we are your ghosts
Pelt not stones at us, we too have pains.
Your chubby baby and pet Tommy are yours for ever
But why aren't we there in your thoughts for a good cause?

We have no government for us and
We have no politicians nor do we have the scheduled wings
To fight the terror of humanity for a while.
It is an irony up to you 'man' to brood over.

Every now and then we hear a shriek or sob
We look back and see a few 'street children'.
We see in them a dying civilisation
Which began when the first street was laid for us.

If there comes a judgment Day ever
We shall be the first one to ask Him a question
The question that will be worth a million dollar
'Why did you lay streets for us? '

M D Dinesh Nair

The Paradox

In the infinite silence of a castle in the skies
God lives alone surmounted by the spaces of ravishing mystery
And He sighs at times and sheds tears that make a flood in a trillion milky ways
But man on the Earth still goes on merry making.

In the abode with a thousand chambers of eternal material
God lives alone haunted by the ghosts of thoughts and deeds of His own
And He curses Himself for being there for no reason from times immemorial.
But man on the Earth still goes on wondering at the Creations around.

In the vast spaces of material and gases and those of light and darkness
God sees a glimmer of hope but is soon struck by the blunder down on the Earth
And He sits for long brooding over its infinite misery and finite destiny.
But man on the Earth still searches for the bounty of things incoherent.

In the annals of time that stops not and on the canvas of space that stretches
out
God writes and draws His Ten Confessions mantling a philosopher`s robe
And He witnesses a hundred trillion cries and agonies transparent on the lone
planet
But a poet will still remind me of my violating one of the Ten Commandments!

M D Dinesh Nair

The Pain Of Being God

It is a pain and not a pleasure, thee know not;
Being God and not being felt by thee all so.
I am the God of thy past and thy present
And helplessly of thy future too.

I came from nothing but am still the Lord of everything
And at times I wonder about my omnipresence.
I created a lot and thought of recreation next
And so I have left this world of thy concerns.

I cause drought and flood; famine and calamities
But I am faulted neither on Sundays nor on Fridays.
I bless the wicked and shower riches on the filthy rich,
But the righteous suffer and the have-nots starve to death.

I kill a few hundreds in a plane crash or a rail mishap.
With a few surviving I am thanked again!
I first send the demon of floods and then the angels of the Red Cross,
And the silent prayer of the soon-to die goes up in the air.

My past was full of passivity and penury, I recollect and
My present is full of activity and riches, I fear.
In the elusive be-wilderness of this universe
I continue to hide my head with palms stained!

At times I weep within for long
For I too have a large mind and a huge heart.
I regret about my creating spree and recreational excesses.
I know the error of being myself but I am composed yet!

I am waiting for a huge ball of fire or something like that to come
From somewhere spanning the material to the man
So that its flames may lick away my entity
And I may fade away into nothingness as of earlier.

A new earth and a new sky thenceforth shall be,
A new order of life that sans thoughts of me may rule high,
And a God of thy choice be created by thee.
Still spare me for my pains of being thy God till then.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Other Side Of It...

A sweet smile, a warm presence
Perhaps I could have fallen for them.
A scent captivating, a feeling mesmerising,
Perhaps I would have been imprisoned there.

Not yet for what?
There are no answers at all..
Perhaps from somewhere in the skies above
My mom might be drawing my track ever.

A moment of fickle mindedness,
There begins the span of hollowness.
Unto the heaven that`s not very certain
Let me take my soul white.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

The Mind Of A Woman And Three Other Things

The old professor said,
'There are four things which you can't understand ever,
They are: - the fortune of a man,
The mind of a woman,
The speed of a horse and direction of wind'.

We debated, but realised little.
We were practical and pro-feministic.
The old professor died
Leaving his words ever alive.
Four truths of a life time.

You call a man fortunate- you will see his end,
You bet on a strong horse- a frail one will win,
And you tell a woman, ' I can't understand you',
She will just smile at you and
The wind will go astray.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

The Lambs On The Road

The lambs on the road were dismayed
Bleating all along they wandered
There lay the slain shepherd
The sun descended.
A flock lost!

The new sky was cast ever clouded
The men from the East never frowned
Their wisdom was long before eroded
And their return was irredeemably abandoned.
A nightmare unveiled!

The lambs still bleated along the road winding
They were to reach a peak triumphing.
The shepherd was thenceforth forgotten for ever!
And the bleating had given way for a shout of joy before.
An euphoria unyielding!

The bleating music has been on and on
The shepherd has somewhere been laid to rest.
The new shepherd first looks around and up on the peak.
But there is no road descending from atop
A truth spoken!

M D Dinesh Nair

The Irony Of Life And A Little More

A line of ants laden with foodstuff moves in
Another line of their brethren comes from the opposite direction
And the latter move sideways and give way to the former!
They have a small world of great deeds!

An old man struggles to stand in a crowded bus
And near him a youngster sits with a smile and looks through the panes
A civilization moves at a speed of its own
As age factor has no buyers over here.

The roasted meat of old and over worked cattle
Brutally slaughtered to death comes as dish every day on a table.
It is shared by the inmates of a home pious
Who shed tears before the image of a prince once nailed to death.

A river dreams to flow a little farther
As its shallow base gets dug up for its sandy treasure
Somewhere a street is abandoned for fear of men
And a crowded street looks for a side path somewhere.

A woman refuses to breast feed her new born, next sets it to slumber
And then prompts her man to absorb her for a wild hour.
A mother keeps her infant`s mouth onto her nipple that has no milk
And sighs and then pushes away her man quite for a while.

A small rodent struggles to hide in a hole
And the mouth of a snake goes in and tastes its prey,
A few men then come with sticks and batter it to death.
As the cycle has to reach its destined finish!

M D Dinesh Nair

The Girl Who Loved Her Own Shadow

The girl who loved her own shadow
Once had a nightmare for all times.
She saw in it boys and men without shadows at all!
They were men indeed.

Men with muscles and moustaches as ever
But none had a shadow of their own!
Her father and brother were there
They too had no shadows of any size!

Scared and doomed she was
As she saw that her mother and elder sister
Too had either no shadows or they were very short!
But she saw her own shadow close to herself!

As the nightmare ended, she was seen
Lying in the flood of sweat.
But as she opened the window and she saw another sky
And her sun of resolution was there alone.

She walked along the gravel track
And saw and felt somebody following close to her.
It was her own shadow, another self of tall heights.
She was the first girl who loved her own shadow.

Look back never!
A shadow may be or may not be there.
Sleep not ever!
A dream and a nightmare chase us ever.

First submitted: Sunday, October 21,2012

M D Dinesh Nair

The Frown Of The Other Roses

Request: Please read this poem only after reading the one titled ' THE BLACK ROSES'.

The frown upon the faces of the other Roses
Disheartens me quite often, you know not.
But I am amused at the liberation of the Black ones
Around us and they never let a sigh out these days.

I rejoice at the tranquil and charming sight of many
A Garden of the Black Roses around your homes.
Your agonies and mine have died for ever as you know
The fragrance is the same as for all of them.

The Red Rose, the Lily, the Jasmine and the Hibiscus
Cast their eyes off me to make me feel annoyed.
Annoyances and embarrassments can never be felt
For my present has been re written by you all.

I salute your goodness in accommodating
All these flora of great identities in your gardens.
The liberation of these Black Roses has thus revolutionized
Your world of prejudices and done the work!

First submitted: Sunday, October 21,2012

M D Dinesh Nair

The Final Judgment

The final Judgement was His
And He read from a page hand written,
'Thou art all sinners, and I throw you all
Unto the fire of My anger'.

The gloom of the haunted that emerged from somewhere
Did not change His rage of billenia,
Nor did He speak further.
The sky was shedding Her tears...

The Final Verdict echoed and reverberated
Even as the rejoicing of the few never ended.
In the streams of tears and blood
Began floating the newer corpses.

The new Sky and the new Earth that descended
Had a colour of crimson under the bemusing Sun.
None knew it, none knew it..
And henceforth these lines remain to be Judged upon yet.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Crescent Moon

Across the dark canvas of a scribbled sky
The crescent moon snails and
Amidst the patches of the cumulonimbus clouds
She begins to wither like an old spinster never wooed.

She veils her half face with the mask of light
And smiles at the poet whose heart is torn.
Then he releases a sigh from his mind
That a hundred suns cannot illuminate for a season.

In the wee hours of a night that pushes him into slumber
The crescent moon moves into her west or east.
In the dew of the dawn the mighty sun smiles as
The winged beauties fly off their nestles far.

The crescent moon disguises like a speck of light next
And she looks weird in the wilderness of earthly remains.
In the aisle of the land and the sky
She treads like a loner or a somnambulist.

On seeing her curved grandeur of fading light
The poet longs to hold her in his hands for a while.
Whilst across the skies of woes his mind roams
This crescent moon goes in front of him.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Confessors

I made a wooden box of the teak and the ebony dark
And sat for a million years inside it
Hoping to be the Confessor of God.
But He did not come down!

The human woes and the plight of the microbes,
The tears and the squeals of a multitude,
And the sighs and the the sobs of a life imposed
Were all there in my mind to guide me on.
But He did n` t come down!

I got ready with the power of a universal silence
To break His heart once He began the Confessions.
I thought of silencing Him for ever
But I alone remained in the box shrinking
As He did n` t come down!

From the pulpit of reasons I wanted to preach to the world
About His absence and the reasons thereof.
The surging crowd told me to keep quiet further
As they were His eulogists for a million years.
He still did n` t come down!

From the stars beyond the catch of one`s eyes
A comet came to human habitats on the blue speck
It hit us all and then spared every none except me.
And a silence followed the great celestial flash!
I hoped for a while that He would come!

In the nothingness that emerged for once next
My wooden box remained floating across a dark cloud
Which was now raining blood and fluids of my flesh.
My wooden box had it doors open and someone was there inside
I had seen that face in my early dreams and it was His!

Oh my wooden box! my robes, are n` t you both mine?
A crowd is awaiting His Forgiving me.
But my confession cannot begin and it will never
The Confessor is now waiting for it.

But I know one day we will exchange our positions.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Black Roses

In the garden of wild plants
I search for a Rose or a Lily.
The laugh of the plants get subdued
Then I look for a Jasmine or a Hibiscus.

Then I hear the sob of a flower a little away
With black petals all within her.
'Who are you all? ', I queried.
'You call us black roses', they said.

Unplucked, untouched and unfelt they remain
The black roses of a wild region!
'May I pluck one of you? ' I asked.
'You are welcome to liberate us all' they said.

Liberation! I am a bit confused,
Liberation of a flower is a novel idea
And I return with a few black roses
For I cant liberate them by plucking at a go.

The Rose fades, the Lily shrinks,
The Jasmine dries up and the Hibiscus falls.
But my mind says to me now for certain,
'These Black Roses will bloom in your gardens once'.

M D Dinesh Nair

The Arrow Shot Without An Archer

I take my sharpest arrow of a good season
And then shoot it from my bow of a finer reason
But it hits none or nothing anywhere.

My arrow boomerangs on me, pierces across my flesh and I lie bleeding
And my bow sighs and sighs and lies near my semi-corpse
Waiting for perhaps a better archer still.

As the last breath of mine pulls me out
Of this world with fading objects of all seasons
My reason resurrects and stands on a hill alone!

My arrow turns into a half of me then,
Shoots off from the bow of my other half!
And this time it hits someone or something.

Time will tell my tale one day
Nay, the tale of an arrow and bow
That never needed an archer like me!

But the mystery will ever remain as to how and
Why my arrow boomeranged on me at all?
And time may point its finger at the ghost of an image much known!

First submitted: Wednesday, January 02,2013

M D Dinesh Nair

Tears

Tears roll down
Till they announce they have been there
And an enquirer quips, ' Why do you weep? '
Thank you tears, now roll back.

A wise man said, 'Men should not weep'.
But for centuries men have ever wept!
Tears have no gender
And they serve a purpose.

Tears have a smell still-
The smell of a coward within
Tears cleanse the eyes
And as they dry up, the mind becomes calm.

Tears still roll down
The cheeks of men and women and mine too
And they are the pulses of the world around
That has no concerns.

The wise man`s saying still echoes in the mind,
'Men should not weep'.
And I have to trace my gender
That is lost between the past and the present.

The wise man was wise I know
His wisdom disturbs my reasons for men`s tears!
But I prattle like parrot
Tears serve a purpose every time, you coward.

M D Dinesh Nair

Summer Triplets

SILENCE REVERBERATES....

Silence reverberates nullifying the echo of unheard melodies
And it ascends unto the celestial peaks above the terrains.
Silence opens its mouth and the Universe shudders.

THENCEFORTH?

Thenceforth have I heard her voice rebounding with a torsion
Thenceforth has it bloomed like a thistle sharp edged as well.
But nature, whenceforth have you been a tranquilizer too?

USURPER

Time is an usurper who cackles at your anecdotes for future
She heals many wounds but reopens a few sooner or later,
Time wears a cassock and listens to your tales of the seasons.

GOD`S ASCENTION

From the dwarf Skoda to the gigantic Almighty
He travelled from BC 12400 to AD 1000.
Today He awaits a Coronation by a clan defenseless!

SUMMER IS HERE

Summer is here to make us fools and then clowns
It is here to give fire to the East Asian habitats
Summer is here to give witness to Eliot`s poetic rhetoric!

M D Dinesh Nair

Shelter Home

Rains and floods of all seasons
Surrender to her shelter home.
Hot flames and drought of all times
Succumb to her shelter home.

It stands with its four doors open
In the heart of the tiny lagoon far off the lands wild.

Care and love are its first two pillars,
And concern and attachment are the other two pillars.
Down the times immemorial her shelter home has stood there
Through the thick and thin of all civilizations!

A shelter home of the righteous mother, sister or daughter
That has four doors open for your entry.
'O man, living in the wild of your fantasy and passion
Come to reside in this shelter home of hers'.

It is in a lagoon of all perfection manifest
And it is built of no brick and mortar.
It is carved out of the stone of suffering
And it is roofed with the feathers of sacrifice.

Her shelter home will stand alone in the lagoon
With a million stars smiling at it all the nights.

Minds and Hearts of men from lands will once
Surely be seeking asylum in this shelter home.
And then with your wild lands turning barren for ever
O man, you will be surrendering to her for ever.

First submitted: Sunday, January 06,2013

M D Dinesh Nair

Perceptions

Burning flowers, running water,
A chirping bird, a sweet breeze,
Rustling trees, smiling school kids,
A sun rise, a charming eve and an unknown nostalgia -
You deem the world to be a perfect one
And eulogises the life therein.

Images not so kind flash across the mind
And the green planet turns turtle.

Plastic butterflies, dying rivers,
Homeless winged beauties, an Andrew,
A wildfire, hungry and forsaken children,
A melting glacier, an eve in adam`s guise and a known dejection -
I turn pensive and strike off your lines
And you begin to call me a pessimist.

Poetry unusual and unseen written ever remain unread
And the odd planet just revolves on the orbit.

Perceptions young become old,
Regrets intimated kill the wrongs,
And the magic of a fascination drives life forward.
Somewhere in the inner chambers of the mind
A parasite lives and triumphs
Over those days of captivity in Mother`s womb.

There floats a cloud promising a shower
But the gusts of the close future roar....

M D Dinesh Nair

My Seasons Have No Concerns..

My seasons have no concerns
Unlike what they have ever said....

First they said,
'Childhood is the spring of all
And it is the most pleasant'.

They said too,
'Adolescence is then like winter for all
And it just asks questions alone'.

Next they said,
'Youth hood is the autumn or the fall for every one
And it once for all searches for the answers'.

And they heaved a sigh and said,
'Old age finally finds the answers for all the questions
And it teaches you everything'.

I differ with them:

My childhood was not a spring
And I did not fleet like a fawn or clot.

My adolescence was not a winter
And I did not feel the chill of questions.

My youth hood has been not an autumn yet
And I am not searching for any answer.

My old age will never be my summer
And I will not find the answers for I did not ask any question!

Where is the wrong?

I stand amazed at the cross roads of an undefined life
Quite unknown to me since my first cry.

But I see many more joining me there

And soon we shall be making a clan without seasons to go by.

Perhaps the wrong is the right!

Will they ever say so?

First submitted: Friday, January 18,2013

M D Dinesh Nair

My Baby You Laugh On...

My baby, you laugh on for
The tears you shed has no takers and
All say aloud, 'Every baby must laugh'.
So my baby, you laugh on...

My baby, do you know a truth?
This world has more laughing babies
Than the weeping ones here and there.
The world has its data for you if you still want to confirm.

My baby, when you learn to laugh
Leaving all your concerns and worries
You begin to tell the world aloud and aloud
That you know the art of living

But I can't laugh like you, my baby.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

Let Us Have Mummies Of Our Present As Well

Let us first pass across the mummies of our civilization
Lest there should be a time that we regret otherwise.
Let us then mummify our present as well
Lest what you and I think now should be fossilised.

A day will come our mummies stand and stare
At the nothingness of a time imminent.
A flag will fly high over our mummies tall
That will have a tomb as its emblem, a tomb of the past dead.

Our mummies will have a tale to tell
And its reverberations will once excavate a treasure of the past.
Let us dream low and speak looking into our eyes pale and dark
All about how to make the mummies of our present.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

Ivan, What Happened To Your Smile?

What happened to your smile?

Ivan, [that`s how I would like to call you]

Tell, where is your smile that bloomed on your face?

Ivan, I am afraid your smile has faded for ever.

In the midst of deafening roars and maddening songs,

Ivan, your smile had a musical charm over a season.

Your smile could be seen from places miles away,

Ivan, it had an aroma that winds would proudly carry.

I used to think about others who had solid faces,

Ivan, your face was an exception to all theirs.

The frost and the flame of my winter and summer

Ivan, you see, played hide and seek often; but your smile did not.

Retrieve your smile please for I need to see it

Ivan, your smile speaks volumes about what you are indeed.

In the midst of these homosapians I search for my face

Though I had lost my smile long before you were born Ivan.

M D Dinesh Nair

Kissing A Misfortune

Is a life`s last endeavour
As you never make a return.

Kissing a misfortune
Is a man`s lost game
As you don`t have a partner in it.

A slipped word,
A wrong unknowingly done and
A right forgotten to be done...

Kissing a misfortune
Is a friend`s tragedy and
Indeed a life`s ghost.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

Ice Melts

Like my dejected self sheds tears.
Ice melts
Like your diverted love weds liars.

Once far away in the lagoons of my past
A swan sailed till it was tired.
But now in the deserts of my present
A vulture snails till it is fired.

Ice melts
As the sun unknown rages, they say.
Ice melts
As the run unwon glares, they say.

I hold my stick downward ever
And move on the way forward ever.
Ice melts
And my phoenix waits...

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

A Balloon For You All

I want to give you, my dear friends,
A balloon of your choice and colour
So that you will play with it
Your sweet face blooming like a rose.

But you are overgrown
Overgrown like never before!
Some are like Goliaths and some resemble the unknown men from Kob.
Some look like overgrown convent girls and a few are like the Amazons.

I want to sell my balloons at any cost
For my balloons are about to burst any moment.
Once you begin to play with them
I am relieved a lot; who cares for your tears?

I tell a man with salt and pepper on head,
`Buy one balloon and play with it for a while`.
He laughs at me and chases a young girl.
My balloons begin to burst.

I whisper into the ears of a woman selling woes,
`A balloon for your happiness to return, please`
She looks into my basket of colours and throws back a sob.
My balloons begin to shrink.

As I walk along the beach of sand dunes,
The waves of my realisation recede to the depths.
My balloons burst within their little vacuums
As my heart longs for being one among them.

M D Dinesh Nair

A Breath I Cherish

I cherish your breath a lot.
As your breath is a sweet sob
That chimes out tales for a reverie.
Perhaps you breathe for none but me.

At times I miss your breath
As I flee to a world of solitude.
But then is heard your breath winding in
To reach the peaks of my utopia.

Your breath gets cannonised
And my entity rebounds unto you again.
A love is born and blossomed
As I search for you in the dark.

I cherish your breath a lot.
As I too begin to breathe like you.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

A Camel

A camel
That walks alone
Across the desert unending
Has no pretensions.
Every camel is so.

A camel
That has a hump large and
A physique strong
Is a marvel to none.
No marvel at all.

A camel
Treads before me at times
Leaving a track to follow and
I carry my small luggage
No caravan is seen.

A camel,
A desert,
A track and
Me.
There is a breeze blowing from somewhere!

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

A Cat And Rat Game

In the world of many beautiful living beings we like to live
Observing the sky and looking curiously at the rare visitors
A squirrel, a sparrow, a parrot and a dragon fly.

All of a sudden we can see a rat that runs for its life
As a cat is after it chasing without a stopping for a breath and
We call it a game though it is a battle for a life and making a living.

Before our eyes the rat appears to flee for ever
And the cat retreats and settles with a small reptile at times.
We may give a sigh of relief though the poor reptile is gone!

A question has to haunt us often as why we still have a cat
That will one day surely kill these rats plenty
And where shall we hide our minds akin to aliens disfigured?

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

A Circle And A Zero

Mistaken for each other
Taunt my mind for once
And I try to flee from them.

A circle has a unique face
And a zero has many.
The wise have ever proclaimed
As they have had to say something.

In a white paper, I draw a circle
But it looks like a zero.
When I attempt the latter,
The former fades away!

I run in a circle of odds
As many a zero chases me from behind.
I sleep under a circling wheel
And the nightmare of zeroes begins to haunt me.

Who are you both gentle images?
Why are you like twins identical?
May I ask you both just once?
What do you want to do with each other?

M D Dinesh Nair

A Face With A Difference

I see somewhere around me
A face with a difference.
I see a face that`s not set on my face.
Its lips don`t kiss mine.
Its breath doesn`t feel mine
But I continue to see that face with a difference.
In the midst of faces that smile and sack
This is a different face indeed.

When I draw a picture of a face
I shall consider this one indeed.
This face has a thousand reflections
And in the twilight of my evening
I shall cherish this one face ever and ever.
In the corridors of my future unwoven
I shall chase this face henceforth.

My eyes see the difference
And that face begins to merge with mine.
My face turns upward to see
The things brighter and shapely.

I have now a face.

M D Dinesh Nair

A Friend Unseen

He is my other friend..
A strange image but a tall one.
He chit chats less, makes rare visits,
And never eats with or says 'see you'.
He is a guy who wasn't there by me before

He is my other friend...
A breeze of the kind across the phases of my summer,
A soft hand touching my wounds for a healing.
My other friend is there by me.
He is a guy who is seen around my small abode.

In the depths of the torments
Inflicted by the rest and the well known
My other friend surfaces like a pearl.
He lifts me up from the nadir of despairs.

Oh unknown spirits, who is this guy?

First submitted: Sunday, September 13, 2009

M D Dinesh Nair

A Glossary Of Poetic Words

I would like to re-submit this exhaustive list of terms associated with poetry and hope that members will make use of the list to understand different kinds of poetry in a better way.

ABSTRACT -a word denoting qualities that do not exist except as attributes'- beauty, love, despair etc.

ALLEGORY -a narrative in which the subject of a higher spiritual order is described in terms of that of a lower one.

There are **HISTORICAL** and **POLITICAL** allegories and the allegory of **IDEAS**.

ALLITERATION -the repetition of a speech sound in a sequence of words at the beginning or the end.

ALLUSION -a brief reference to a person, a place or an event.

AMBIGUITY -a common usage of a vague/equivocal expression.

ANACHRONISM - anything included in a literary work which belongs to a period.

ANAGRAM -word or words formed by the rearrangement of the letters of another word and often to make a comment upon it. Ex- wait-await

APOSTROPHE -a figure of speech in which a person, a thing or an imaginary object is addressed.

ASSONANCE -the repetition of the identical or similar vowel sounds.

Ex -'Thou still unrevised bride of quietness,
Thou foster child of silence and slow time.

BALLAD -a tale told in the light rapid metre and in a simple language.

A dance song to be sung by the dancers themselves.

BALLADE -a poem with three stanzas of eight lines each.

BAROQUE -a style in the architecture of the lines of poetry with obscure over elaboration.

BATHOS -an unintentional descent from the exalted to the ridiculous.

A writer trying to be lofty causes it all of a sudden.

Ex - 'Ye Gods! Annihilate but space and time
and make two lovers happy'.

BLANK VERSE -unrhymed verse written in iambic penta metre.

It was introduced by the Earl of Surrey in his translation of the Latin Epic' **THE AENEID** in 1540.

BOMBAST -inflated high sounding and meaningless words used to express certain ideas.

BOWDLERIZE -to remove the indecent or indelicate passages from a work 'which is unfit to be read by a gentleman in a company of women'.

BURLESQUE -a literary work designed to ridicule the attitude, the style or the subject matter. The aim is to trivialise an elevated subject for the sheer fun of doing it.

CAESURA -a pause in a line of verse dictated not by matrices

CANTO -a major division of a long poem of an epic's stature.

CAROL -a song of praise or joy, especially a Christian hymn.

CAVALIER POETS -the poets associated with the court like Richard Lovelace, Sir John Suckling and Robert Herrick.

CARPE DIEM -a Latin phrase referring to the shortness of life.

Spencer writes in his 'FAERIE QUEENE'

'Gather therefore the Rose, whilst yet is prime'.

CELTIC RENAISSANCE -an Irish literary revival.W.B Yeats, James Stephens and Oliver St John Gogarty contributed to the revival by writing in the Celtic dialect.

CLASSICISM -a style of art and literature that is simple and elegant. It is based on the styles of ancient Greece and Rome.

CLICHE -phrase or expression often admirable when coined but worn out by over use.Ex - doubting Thomas, better-half etc.

CONCEITS -the terms used to designate a fanciful notion or conception. They draw striking parallels between two seemingly dissimilar things...

THE PETRARCHAN conceit is an exaggerated comparison applied. Ex - A worshipful lover is in despair because his beautiful mistress is cold and cruel too.

THE METAPHYSICAL conceit is the discovery of resemblances in things apparently unlike....

Ex - John Donne's parallel between the continuing relationship of his and his lady's soul despite their physical parting to the co-ordinated movements of the two feet of a draughtsman's compass.

CONCRETE -a word denoting a person or thing in all exactness so as to assert a fact/subject.

CONNOTATION -the variety of the secondary meaning suggested.

Ex - A home connotes privacy and intimacy whereas its **DENOTATION** gives the primary meaning of a place for living...

CONSONANCE -an agreement between the musical notes or the lines of a verse.

CONVENTIONS -any accepted literary devices or forms. Ex - the use of metre in versification or that of the characters of a BALLAD singing instead of speaking words.

COUPLET -a pair of rhymed lines: -

THE OCTO syllabic COUPLET has lines of eight syllables, usually of four iambic feet.

THE HEROIC COUPLET is a pair of rhymed iambic pentametre lines.

a TRIPLET which is also called TERCET is a stanza of three lines bound by a single rhyme.

DECADENTS - English literature of the last decade of the 19th century is known as Decadent literature. It challenged the Victorian values of art and life. While being realistic it gave a pessimistic portrayal of the social life and its problems.

ECLOGUE - a short pastoral poem in which shepherds converse with one another.

ELEGY - a poem expressing sorrow, lament or a pensive sadness

SIMPLE ELEGY is a funeral song or poem of lament for an individual.

ENCOMIASTIC ELEGY is a poet's tribute to some great man and often a study of his life and character.

ELIZABETHANS - dramatists and other writers like Shakespeare who were the contemporaries of Queen Elizabeth I [1558-1603].

EMPATHY -an experience in which one identifies oneself with an object or perception and participates in its physical sensations.

SYMPATHY denotes a fellow feeling and not a feeling into. It's a feeling along with the state of mind and emotions of another human being.

EPIC -a long narrative poem which tells of heroes and heroic deeds and even supernatural deeds. Usually the significance of a nation is involved in it.

EPIC SIMILE -a figure of speech introduced by Homer in which secondary subjects are developed far beyond the specific points related to the primary subject. Milton used it in PARADISE LOST Book I. He described the fallen angels moving to their new palace by a

compassion to the swarming bees.

EPIGRAM -a short poem of amorous, elegiac, meditative or satiric element. An epigram ends with a surprising or witty turn of thoughts.

EPIPHANY -a device for flaring of an ordinary object or scene into a revelation. Christian thinkers used/use it to signify the 'presence' of God in the world.

EPISTLE -a letter in verse form

EPITHALAMATION -a nuptial song or poem that prays for the prosperity of the bride-groom and the bride.

EPITHET -an adjective or objectivial phrase used to define the special quality of a person or a thing.

EQUIVOQUE -the use of a phrase which has two different meanings while denoting the same relevance.

Ex - 'A bank teller checked his cash,
cashed his checks.

FOLK LORE -songs on legends, superstitions, weather, plants and animals and nursery rhymes.

FOLK SONGS -love songs, Christmas carols, work songs, religious songs, drinking songs and children's game songs.

FREE VERSE -verse without regular metre. It depends upon natural speech rhythms.

GENRE -a type or class of literary work, form or technique.

GEORGIAN POETS -the contemporaries of GEORGES I to V [1714-. 1936] such as T.S Moore, W.H Davies and Lascelles.

GRAVEYARD POETS -the eighteenth century poets who wrote meditative poems usually set in a graveyard.

Thomas Parnell and Thomas Gray were such poets.

HAIKU/HOKKU -a lyric form originated in Japan. It has exactly seventeen syllables.

HARANGUE -a very vehement speech addressed to a large audience.

HOMILY -a sermon either spoken or written.

HYMN -a song of praise addressed to a deity.

HYPERBOLE -a figure of speech with an exaggeration of statement.

Ex - 'Belinda smiled, and the world was gay'.

IAMBIC -of a rhythm in which one short or weak syllable is followed by one long and strong syllable.

IAMBIC PENTAMETRE -in lines of ten syllables, five short and five long.

IDYLL -a short lyrical poem descriptive of everyday life amid natural-often pastoral or even romantic surroundings.

IMAGERY -the visual pictures of other sensory experiences evoked by the poet. It is used to signify all the objects and qualities of sense perception referred to in poems

IMAGISM -a form of poetry that flourished in England and America from 1912 to 1917.The form presents hard and clear objects with concrete or sharp features.

IMITATION -representation of human action in a new medium or material.

INVECTIVE -a type of irony used in derogatory epithets.

IRONY -a form of wit in which the opposite of what one really means is said. The term originated from the Greek word 'eiron'[a comedy character who is a dissembler].

JACOBIAN AGE -the period of the reign of JAMES I [1603-1625].

JARGON -an inflated phrase which is unintelligible.

LAI -the octasyllabic couplets written by the medieval French poets.

LAKE POETS - Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey who lived in the districts of Cumberland and Westmorland.

LAMPOON -crude defamatory satire upon an individual.

LIGHT VERSE -verse written in a speaking voice.

LIMERICK -the poems of light verse first popularised by Edward Lear in 1846.

LITOTES -an understatement that reduces the effect of a description made earlier in a line.

LYRIC -a Song intended for music.

MALAPROPISM -the ridiculous misuse of a word.Mrs Malaprop in Sheridan's play 'RIVALS' uses it. Hence the term.

METRE/METER -the rhythm regulated by rules of prosody. The accentuation of the stressed, unstressed or weak stressed syllables decides the metre.

METAPHOR -an implied comparison or a simile without ' like' or 'as'. It is a figure of speech.

METAPHYSICAL POETS -the poets of the 17th century like John Donne, Crashaw and George Herbertt. They were

'men of learning' who saw acute resemblances in things apparently unlike. They presented far fetched images and conceits. Either adoration of God or obscurity was the sharp feature of their poems.

MONODY -a poem of mourning often spoken by one person.

MOTIF -a device for presenting the transition of a loath lady into a beautiful princess in folklores.

METONYMY -a figure of speech of using a word with the intention that it will suggest another. Ex- throne or crown standing for the idea of kingship.

MYTH -a story handed down from olden times containing the early beliefs of a race. Most myths involve rituals.

MYTHOLOGY -a system of hereditary stories which were once believed to be true by a particular cultural group.

OBJECTIVE CORRELATIVE -a devise used to explain how emotion is best expressed in poetry.T.S Eliot used the term to refer to a simple transmission of the thoughts in the mind of the poet to the mind of the reader. The object in which emotion is bodied forth is external equivalent or objective correlative.

OCCASIONAL POEMS -the poems written to adorn or memorise an occasion such as a birthday, a marriage, a death or a military victory.

ODE -a long lyrical poem which is serious in subject dignified in style and elaborates in the structure of stanzas.

ONAMATOPOEIA -a figure of speech in which the sound echoes the required sense. Ex-Tennyson wrote:

'Cannon to right of them

Cannon to left of them

Cannon in front of them.....'

OTTAV RIMA -a stanza of eight lines in iambic pentameter with a rhyme scheme of ' ab ab ab cc'.

OXYMORON -a figure of speech consisting generally of two apparently contradictory or incongruous words.

Ex- Fair cruelty, Faith unfaithful, falsely true...etc.

PARODY -imitation of another person's work where ridicule is the main objective.

PASTORAL -a conventional poem expressing an urban poet's nostalgic image of the peace and simplicity of the life of shepherds and other rural folk.

PATHETIC FALLACY -a phrase invented by Ruskin in 1856 to designate the literary device by which nature and inanimate objects are credited with human emotions

PERSONIFICATION -a figure of speech in which an inanimate object is likened or spoken of as a person.

PLAGIARISM -literary theft.

PLATONIC LOVE -a concept that physical beauty is only a sign of the spiritual beauty. The bodily beauty is at the lowest rung on the ladder that leads up from the sensual desire to the contemplation of the Heavenly Beauty.

POETIC JUSTICE -a concept of ideal distribution of rewards and punishments. A term coined by Thomas Rymer a critic of the late 17th century.

POETIC LICENSE -a concept that gives liberty to the poet to use the language of his choice which is exemplified in the use of verse which is beyond the severity of the prose.

PROSODY -the systematic study of versification, that is the principle and practice of metre, rhyme, stanza, alliteration, assonance and euphony.

PROTHALAMION -a nuptial song preceding a marriage.

PUN -a play on words that are either identical in sound or similar in sound, but are sharply diverse in meaning.

QUARTET/QUATRAIN -a stanza of four lines. The ballad stanzas rhyme 'abcb'. Other quatrain rhyme schemes are 'abab, abba, and aaba'.

REFRAIN -a line, a part of a line or a group of lines which is repeated in the course of a poem, sometimes with slight changes.

RHETORICAL FIGURES -some common figures of speech which depart from the standard or literal language.

Ex - Alexander Pope writes in *THE RAPE OF THE LOCK* 'Gods! Shall the ravisher display your hair, while the fops envy, and the ladies stare'.

RHYMES

END RHYMES -at the end of the lines

Ex - 'I listened motionless and still,
and as I mounted up the hill'.

INTERNAL RHYMES -within a verse

ex - 'Sister, my sister, oh fleet sweet swallow'.

MASCULINE RHYMES - single stressed syllable

ex - 'The music in my heart bore

long after it was heard no more'.

FEMININE RHYMES - a stressed syllable followed by an unstressed syllable. Ex - 'ending - bending'

comparison - garrison'.

EYE RHYMES - spelled alike, pronounced differently.

Ex - 'prove - love '.

IMPERFECT RHYMES - the rhymed vowels are either approximate or different.

Ex - 'loads..., lids..., lads... '.

ROMANTICISM - a style and movement in art, literature and music in the late 18th and early 19th century. It demanded strong feelings and imagination and a return to nature giving less importance to reason, order and intellectual ideas.

SERENADE - a song, usually of love sung by knight under his lady's window.

SIMILE - a figure of speech by which one thing, action or a relation is likened or compared with 'as' or 'like'. Ex - 'I wandered lonely as a cloud'.

SEMANTICS - the study of the relation between words and things or between language, thought and behaviour.

STYLE - the way of writing or a manner of expression.

'The style of a man should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is in the fruit of exercise', Gibbon says.

SOLILOQUY - a theatrical device whereby an actor expresses his thoughts to the audience alone.

SONNET - a poem of fourteen lines/iambic pentameters.

PETRARCHAN sonnet is: cd, ec, de or cd, cc, dc.

SHAKESPEAREAN is: ab, ab, cd, cd or ef, ef, gg.

SPENSARIAN is: ab, ba, ab or ba, cd, cd.

SYNECDOCHE - a figure of speech in which a part is mentioned to signify the whole or a whole is mentioned to signify a part. Ex - 'fifty sail' to mean 'fifty ships'.

'Cut throat' to mean 'assassin'

it signifies a species for a genus. Ex - 'a creature to mean 'man'.

SUBLIME -the quality in literary work which exalts or elevates the reader.

SYMBOLS -anything which denotes something else.

CONVENTIONAL SYMBOLS are the cross, the lamb and the shepherd.

PERSONAL SYMBOLS are such like a peacock for pride and an eagle for heroic act.

TERZA RIMA -a series of interlocking triplets in which the first and the third lines rhyme together. Here the second line rhymes with the first and the third lines of the succeeding triplet. The rhyme scheme is ` aba, bcb, cdc, ded ` and so on....

THEME -a term applied to a thesis or doctrine which an imaginary work is supposed to convey to the reader.

THRENODY -a song of lamentation; a choral dirge.

TRANSFERRED EPITHET -a figure of speech in which an adjective or an adverb is not used with the word it qualifies, but is associated with some other word to which it transfers its meaning.

Ex - ` Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground'.

TRAVESTY -a poem which mocks at a particular work for its lofty subject. It is done in a jocular and undignified manner and style.

TRIOLET -a poem consisting of a single eight line stanza with two rhymes arranged as ` ab aa ab ab'.

VERISIMILITUDE -a degree to which the poet faithfully creates the semblance of `truth'.

VICTORIAN AGE -the literary period during which Queen Victoria [1837-1901] ruled England.

M D Dinesh Nair

A Heaven And Two Hells

A heaven opens its doors
And two souls enter,
A king and his rod of power;
And somebody sings a song musical.
Two hells open their doors
And ten thousand souls enter,
A man and his dead brethern;
And a cry for the second burning is heard.

The meadows of the green planet go dry
The sheep bleat, the shepherd goes missing
The mothers show their breast-nipples sealed
The infants wail, the fathers wage a battle to be lost.

Once again the heaven opens its door
And the king and the rod wait to enter.
So do the two hells with two doors
A crowd is pushed in once more.
The burning flesh chokes the nostrils
But the sweet song is played on....

A bird flies unto the sky
As the torrents swallow its feeble frame.
The green planet celebrates an existence.

M D Dinesh Nair

A Little Teacher

At times a little teacher stands before me
With a smiling face.
And her sweet mouth speaks
Things I have never heard.

A cute girl of early teens,
A teacher of principles self imposed.
In her class I am the lone pupil
And she teaches me ever.

The chambers of my recollections past
Cry for a change perhaps,
My old teachers fade into oblivion
As my new teacher waits to steal in.

My learning is her choice
Though the subjects taught are none new.
No notes, no admonishing and no comparisons!
I begin to learn the mind of a growing child.

There arises only one question-
How long will she teach like this?
As she makes steps forward unto her tomorrows
I shall cease to be her pupil.

My steps are made as well
As the tomorrows won't leave me alone.
Somewhere I may stand stranded with feeble feet
And the gale of ailments may begin to cross my frame.

Then I shall remember the lessons taught by you
My little teacher, my philosopher once
And I shall hold on to your kind love and care
Oh! My dear daughter, let us stop for now.

First submitted: Wednesday, September 19, 201

M D Dinesh Nair

A Man Of Oblivion

Oblivion is my refuge and
It`s worth a life`s deductions.
From the day my life sprang up
From the mercy of the Creator
My oblivion has been my pal beloved.

Oblivion is my strength and
It`s nothing less than a grace.
Transferring my pains and woes
Into its inner chambers my entity triumphs
And my ego surges forward.

My oblivion has two phases-
One is of my life haunted by myself,
The other is of my life ravaged by time.
As the lilies fade out the former does and
As the islands in the Pacific submerge does the latter.

What is an oblivion of your kind?
Do you ever make such deductions?
As a new stream of new pathos rushes
To run along the abode of your oblivion,
Do you know the bliss you scale down?

M D Dinesh Nair

A Pilgrim`s Elevation!

A pilgrim treads the path
To reach the 'abode' of his God
With many joining him.

The hymns and the eulogies
Reverberate across the terrains and the mounts
With the 'eternity' still wrapped in mystery.

A world living apart is left behind
Waiting for a Samaritan
With his conscience transported.

Leaving everything to men with crowns and swords
Where is he heading for
With his destination never defined?

Take a diversion please,
And tell the ones close at your heels
With a mind that can do things.

A pilgrim has to be elevated
By being with the needy and the famished
With a spirit drawn from within.

It leaves not, it lives with you and
It has no destination but a destiny
With the 'Almighty' still mighty when 'left' alone!

M D Dinesh Nair

A Reeling For All

My students reel under the burden of new knowledge!
Whereas I stuff their minds with my old fables.
I read out a verse of Auden or Tagore
And begin to think of a great poet remembered.
But my students continue to reel under the Sun
Of new opportunities in the next phase of theirs.

My students of past are now in tens of thousands
Making dollars in the land of the kangaroos below the Indian Ocean
And beyond the Atlantics where the War mongers live in fear.
They reel under the clouds of new packages and amenities.
My voice is down, my energies are fading and
I reel under an agony `WHICH IS UNKNOWN TO THEM`.

My new students take an oath that 'they will not',
That 'they will not reel under the SUN of past'.
They whisper into my ears the glory
Of the emerging India - a new land of newer billionaires
And ask why they should make voyages now
As the new packages and amenities are great in the land of
Gandhi too - the land of three hundred million have-notes.

My new students whisper into my ears a new poem
I don't know its script, nor do I know its rhyme and rythum.
I don't know the poetry of the present.
But I know it for certain, you all bet
All are reeling under a thing or another
For there are always verses to spill over times.

First submitted: Saturday, March 08,2008

M D Dinesh Nair

A Smile Reborn

A smile had long been missing from my face!
As for that matter from many a face around me! !

But I smiled yesterday believe it..
And it lasted for a few seconds indeed!

A nomad in mirth and his kiddy sibling
Passed by me singing a lyric of their own fibre...

I murmur the lyric unto the skies and my poet brethern
Who have not smiled for long....

' When you smile you are a man
Or else you are a ghost indeed'.

What made them sing so I know not...
But I had ceased to be the ghost in me for a while....!

M D Dinesh Nair



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A Song For You

With notes so dear to you
I have written a song.
It rhymes with your dreams
And has a rythum of your musing lines.

With tunes so clear to you
I have given a music.
It chimes with our sighs
And has a rein of our living times.

With feelings inward in me
I wait for you my pal, forward in glee.
As the hands of the clock strike in spree
My mind hears your steps within me.

Where you are, I know not.
Shall I begin to sing the song?
Where you are, you say not.
A song for you I have....

M D Dinesh Nair

A Veiled Face

An exulted order of the past
A veiled face appears.
Life within longs for a mast
A timid wish withers.
The unveiled eyes see
A world of beauties meagre
And it craves for being seen
By the world not so obscene.

An exulted order of the past
A guiled sweet smile crushes.
Life within falls for torrents fast
A soul snails into a world of bushes.
A sob deep within is heard
A hand that cares is seen.
An old God`s dry song is read
But any bliss around is not seen.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

A Veiled Mind

A mind too can be veiled
The truth strikes the terrains of prudence.
'You begin your search and you will be hailed
By most minds veiled with cadence'!

A man man sitting near a fire
Announces the severity of the chill
But knows it is not that cold rare.
The innocent fire burns on for him still.

A woman sulking at her man`s beast within
Cries for the glimpse of liberation spoken of
But denounces the samaritan at once soothing.
The beast triumphs over the preys born of.

A small child sits in the lap of the old granny
Sings into her ears an elegy on the separation ahead
But walks with the parents spiritedly to the world of fancy.
The old granny moans for her return never ahead.

A rose is about to be bloomed one feels
Its petals begin to show a smile sweet
But retreats into the plant with steady heels
One leaves the orchard with a sigh unsweet.

All die young and old all die left and right
'May there fly into the skies` infinity their souls free.'
Does a world transparent survive there straight?
Will these veils still cling to the souls unknown and spree?

M D Dinesh Nair

All About Two Friends

Two true friends they were.
A kite and a sparrow living in a tree.
They chit-chatted all day long
And forgot the rest of the world.
None an nothing could separate them

There came a dark and short man once
Who smiled and smiled at the sparrow and
Said aloud, 'It can` t be, how is it that you are here now?
The sparrow turned pale and looked at his friend, the kite.
The little man was looking into a foliage now.

Two true friends they were.
The kite murmured into the ears of his friend,
'Fear not my friend, I shall take you to another tree high and tall
And save you from this dark and short brute..come with me'.
As they flew off unto a far away tree, the'brute'down still smiled.

Two true friends they were.
The kite made the pal sit on a tall branch and said,
'It`s safe here, let me go back and ask that brute who he is? '
The bigger winged beauty flew back to old tree and the'dark brute'
And he hovered around both for some time.

The dark and the short man heard the kite speak,
'Who are you to speak to my friend and why did you speak such words? '
The smiling 'brute'said, 'Oh bird, I am the god of death and as per my book
Thy friend, the sparrow should be on the top of a far off tree
And should have been eaten by a huge snake by now, and therefore alone
I spoke to your friend words'.

Shocked, the flew back to the tree high and tall,
His friend the sparrow was not there on any branch!
Down across the shrubs was moving a big python after feasting on the prey.
The kite flew off unto the skies infinite next.
He and his late friends were two true friends.

M D Dinesh Nair

An Album Of Many...

An album of sweet faces
Is like a garden of red roses.
A smile that blossoms on a face very dear
Melts away the pains of a day`s wrongs.

An album of sweet thoughts
Is like a mountain of misty heights.
A loving word coming from a mouth so near
Heralds in a song of angels on throngs.

But the album of tomorrows` images
Is like a gallery of frosty nights.
In the dark of nothing transparent
Walk the feet hoping to reach the inn.

M D Dinesh Nair



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An Appeal To The Vexations

As Vexations of the older kind leave our path
A new world of its own has to emerge.
A candle, a smile and a soothing word...
Ha! You and I feel like living a certain phase.

In the midst of furies bound onto us
Aren't we helpless for along time dear ones? .
Then will flash the beams of this candle,
Blow the wind of the smile and echo the word.

Somewhere there lives a hope unknown to all
A dream begins to embrace our skulls
A sigh of relief is let out of our noses.
We may begin to wake up for ever?

M D Dinesh Nair



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An Army Of Pathos

An Army of pathos
Marches on into the plains of our lives.
Hungry kids, dead grannies and forsaken huts...

There were life and laughter once.

No agendas die, the politician who learnt at the Oxford repeats,
'Don` t panic, things will be alright soon'.
How can he sleep tonight?

An Army of flickering hopes
Struggles to bring solace to the masses.
Soaring summer heat and reports of sunstrokes...

There were still such times not so bad!

No enjoyments are called off as the haves still chill out their lives,
Let the drowning ones go deep, the survivors must rejoice.
How will this phase come to an end?

The ghosts of the Palastine kids killed
By the incorrigible Isrelites haunt the minds.
When will these armies fade out for ever?
The Nargese licked off the lands of Myamnar
And the army regime said 'no' to the helping hands!

What a nasty human fate it is to be under one`s ego.

The Black Obama may just have paradise for a short span.
But will the Whites honour him over the White Mcain at last?
And Putin in disguise shall rule over Russia yet.
An army of pale sentinels let out a cry weak.

There used to be a life different..

M D Dinesh Nair

An Illusion

A day will come
A dream will come true
And I shall traverse upon the hillocks
Searching for you.

I am waiting to see you
I am yearning to feel you
And we shall live in the valley
Knowing each other.

These hillocks are hard and high
My feet are fatigued and worn out
And someone is calling me back
Fearing lest I should collapse.

A year passes off
An army of nightmares chases me
And I know the perils of a search futile
Living a life flattened.

M D Dinesh Nair

An Ode To My Poet Friends

O poet friends from lands far and near,
I thank you all for having been to my small abode
For an evening`s chat and for smiling at one another.
You have all left for once; not for ever.

You are all gifted with Apollo`s fertile mind and I swear
You are laden with thoughts never ever on the same line made
As your lands and concerns are there much diverse with one another.
Your wet pens now write more often than ever.

O poet friends, read what is writ large on this world`s forehead
And speak out to your friends what we all ought to do now
To save ourselves from the discomfort of alienation of ourselves
And whisper into the skies your dreams cherished.

Each day you awake a little earlier to see the sun surging
And before the stars spill around to twinkle never say, 'good night'.
Each poem you write must flow like a rivulet quiet
Though the floods and the ebbs may still ring within it.

Near my abode I shall plant a tree of a high breed root
And grow on it fruits like your own ones delicious and sweet.
I shall play on its branches often and still will break none!
And in your great castles its orchards will be once grown.

O poet friends, blow your horns unto the heights and depths
And let the waves thereof transcend our dwarfed earth
Into a Jupiter of cheers, hope and right fauna and flora.
I beseech you all to tune your music that will ever be heard!

M D Dinesh Nair

An Unborn Poem

An unborn poem
Is perhaps a poetic reverie.
Sure it is, but I must say
Another poem
Has been conceived by me
It is yet to be penned down though.
It needs a pen that will never dry up
And the readers who will turn grey haired never.

Sure it is, and I must say
Within me living on
Is a poem superseding many others
Yet unborn after conception!
Certain poems are so, dear ones.
Between their conception and birth often
Scores of months entwine us the mothers to-be.
An unborn poem never dies.

M D Dinesh Nair



PoemHunter.com

Another Day

Some invite me to their houses
But I cannot go there as I have other plans.
I just say, 'Another day, I shall make it'.
That day never comes.

They invite me again
But I cannot go there still, my plans are being worked out
I just repeat, ' Another day, believe me'.
They smile- They know it.

They look at me
As if to enquire whether I would make it this time.
But I am what I was and how shall I go?
They go away still smiling.

I at last realise and tell it aloud
I won` t go anywhere whoever may invite me.
I have made a big SHELL for all.
And am waiting to withdraw myself into it for ever.

I will take everyone into my SHELL which has a big mouth
I won` t let you tell, 'another day and another day'.
I will drag you all into it for ever, it`s certain.
My SHELL will swallow you all on a day.

M D Dinesh Nair

Another Hope..

When the first hope breathes its last
Another one begins to crawl.
A future stares at it though.

When the crawling ends for once
It sits and looks around
And then reaches out to objects far.

It studies at the school of optimism
But the hands of pessimism grip it next
And it wears an attire of illusion.

The hope blooms in a withering smile
As the images of illusion snare at it for long
And there goes the home bell - it should leave.

It returns to a home deserted
By the lone guardian the bold ego -once a strong friend too
And finds no solace in the vacant chambers of the mind.

The second hope lives alone -how hard!
But no terror enters its domains - ah!
For it should live for a race in dismay...

M D Dinesh Nair

Another Night Fall...

Another night fall caves in
With the last streaks of the dead Sun withering out.
A night fall of no norms again!

In the dim light of the room I watched her eyes
They had a shine that was of norms very personal.
A night fall of no nostalgic flavours yet!

In the middle of my sleep I saw her sweet smile
It had the charm of an oasis amidst the desert of my nightmare.
A night fall of no exact dimensions indeed!

I know the boundaries of a small day-
I feel every night fall to be a small den thereof.
And I take refuge in its mistress`s embrace.

M D Dinesh Nair



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As The Third Eye Opens

The Third eye of God
Opens as yet another summer,
Across the lands of piled miseries
The flames of the cruel sun beat unravished!

Drought and thirst drive a tusker and a wild cat
Out of their frugile habitats
And the winged beauties fly off their burnt nests
And they all march unto the mouths of death!

The Third eye of His perhaps
Opens to burn down the life made out of a misthought
And the fauna and flora end up with no promise of
A paradise to give an asylum for a while!

But let us open our wet eyes and see for ourselves
The need for keeping a potful of water near our door outside
For a street dog and a sparrow to quench their thirst
And let Him open His fourth eye for once!

M D Dinesh Nair

As We Tread Together

As she treads the path alone,
As she treads till the walk ends,
I too will stop not, it is my word.

Birds flying to Siberia stop not,
Then why should she and I?
As the boulders large slice her toes,
As the thorns sharp hurt her heels,
She fears not, and I am with her.
Fishermen venturing into deep seas fear not
Then why should we alone?

Every path has to end somewhere,
Every walk has to finish at one point,
We do not stop and fear nothing ever.
In the pains of these fleeting moments,
We must learn to have a dream,
She has dreams and I follow her suit.

M D Dinesh Nair



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As You Are There...

As you are there,
Give me the thunder I need,
Let the lightning accompany him.
Give me the rain I need,
Let the rain bow linger after him.

As you are there,
Give me the love I need,
Let the care of it surround me.
Give me the lust I need,
Let the mist of it submerge me.

As you are there,
Sharpen the sickle for me
And let me get into a feild of harvest.
Choose the gun for me
As I shoot at things far.

As you are there,
There is a glimmer of hope.
You stand by me ever.
There is a world for my conquest
When you lead my chariot.

M D Dinesh Nair

Be Around Me...

When will these storms of eerie silence subside?

I don't know and so you be around me and absorb the terror
For I shudder and shake often.

When will these lightings of fossils of clouds wither away?

I don't know and so you be with me and put your arms around me
For I cover my face with my fragile palms oftener.

When will these crowds of the deserted lands begin to hail at me?

I don't know and so you be with me and hug me tight
For I feel lonely and am scared about a fairy hiding very often.

When will these distances between the rigid minds get shorter?

I don't know and so you be treading with me
For my limbs get transfixed and paralysed the oftenest.

You are there my known devilish friend and guide

And that's why I don't stay with any unknown angels.

Leave me not, outrun me not and trail not behind me either

For my gossamer net has been woven around you.

Be around me, nay not that far where I have to search for you,

Be around me, nay not with a quiet mouth that doesn't suit you.

Be around me, my gossamer has to float like a wave of care and feel.

M D Dinesh Nair

Before Your Gardens Begin To Die

In these scorching sun and then the times ahead,
We shall ask the redeemer sun for a favour
'Be kind, be kind sir',
And perchance he obliges us!

When our gardens die for a season
We have to rehabilitate our butterflies,
We shall ask the rain clouds for a favour
'Open your sluice gates and keep them open, sirs',
And let us presume their benevolence to stay.

When we stand near the plants later
Let us whisper into their petals sweet and soft
A lyric that speaks of our great love and care
That transcends the might of the cosmic chaos.
And perhaps we are to win for a cause!

A few flying birds may come down to our abodes
And may ask all of a sudden, 'How are you friends? '
We shall never tell the lie, 'Fine pals'
But shall stand in our gardens and ask them
'Why don't you join us in saving our gardens? '

If nothing happens around us ever after that
Before our gardens begin to die for ever
We shall slip into a slumber and wake up not for long
And then begin to flee unto the world of dreams.
Let the spinning earth hide her head somewhere!

M D Dinesh Nair

Beneath Your Skies

Beneath your vast skies
I see a kite with all might flying
With the vigil of a sentinel aboard the clouds.
Under the bonsai plants of my dwarfed garden
I lie with closed eyes and begin to dream.

As the skies begin to come down
And I begin to feel the flopping wings of the kite,
My eyes open to see the miracle of
A merging world of the divide undone.

Beneath your skies and on your terrains of little groves
Your kite and I hug each other for a while.
The closed eyes and a sigh!
Next, we fly together unto our skies.

M D Dinesh Nair



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Between Me And 'Me'

Between me and 'me'
My mind is searching for yet another me.
As I am lost in the throngs
Blasted by the wrongs of a time.

Between a past gone and a future vague
My present is fleeting
As I am lost on a pathway
Drawn from the earth to the sky.

Between a dream unseen and a nightmare encountered
My spirit is fluttering
As I am cornered by my own images
Emerging from the nest of my egos.

Between me and 'me'
Where is to find the real me?

M D Dinesh Nair



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Beyond The Horizons...

Beyond these trees tall and these fields green
I see the horizons a strange sight.
It`s the marriage of the sky and the earth.
A gaze tranquilises my pains.
And I am transported into a world of bliss.

Beyond the the pride of the seen around
Lingers the ego of the unknown!
Banished from the joys of the little ones
My adulthood explores the heights far still
And a strange smile conquers on my face.

Beyond the horizons I see nothing now
Perhaps I need those glimpses later.
The present will soon begin to impoverish me
Delighting the egos of my inner self
And then I shall fly unto the world beyond the horizons.

M D Dinesh Nair



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Birds And Bards Are Like That

While taking their flights
Unto the skies unknown!

Two strong wings and a tiny head and
Two all seeing eyes and a small canvas as
They reach somewhere and a portrait is born!

The chirping beauties go sky aboard,
The magicians of word play steal into minds around and
It is all migration from the ebbs of the kind!

A few birds return to the homes down but a few do never,
A few bards recoil into the haven of mundane past but a few do never.
The earth and the sky sit guarding over none!

My mind once said, ' There are a few birds chirping unto your ears,
Join them and his flock if you wish'.
And we are all just filling these skies infinite!

M D Dinesh Nair



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I Want To Write Poems Like Hen Laying Eggs, But...

I TOO WANT TO WRITE POEMS LIKE A HEN LAYING THE EGGS

I too want to write poems like a hen around a home
That lays a new shapely egg every day for her human friends
And I want all my new poems to be hatched for a while.

I too want to write and write poems of all seasons
And I want to make them new chicks so cute.
But I see a row of kites flying and a few serpents snailing
And my eggs beg me not to be laid so often!

The feathers of the hen in me begin to shed
And my slender limbs begin to shake now and then.
But my old chicks will one day grow and lay their own eggs.

I too want to hatch a few hundred eggs for once
And then my chicks will all be born of them
As my meat will be roasted by some one, somewhere!

M D Dinesh Nair



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Her Love

Her love is a breeze,
It traverses the spheres of my mind
That has a hundred deserts of its own.
Her love conquers me.

Her`s is a love with an angel`s touch,
It captures the regions of my ego
That has a thousand peaks of its own.
Her love rebuilds me.

Her`s is a love with a fairy`s magic,
It charms the naughty queries of my senses
That has a million tongues of its own.
Her love evaporates me.

Who is she? You might wonder-
She is one who existed long before you.
She lived before the dinausers and lizards
She was somewhere there!

Her love flies high above the clouds
And I snail across the terrains infinite.....
A dream is waiting to come true,
And a hundred nights far it may be....

M D Dinesh Nair

Five Triplets

FRIENDS

They are the specks of oasis in the deserts of life we live,
They have hearts craving for love and potential mischief alive,
They fade into oblivion once we chase the new pastures to survive.

SHELTER

It is an abode of love with no walls of needs mounting,
It is a home wherein one can sleep with no fear of death haunting,
It is a dream that never comes true for millions wandering.

WOMAN

She is a pearl that sings like a bird and squeals like a pig in pain,
She is the board and the fireside of a man in need of fire and rain,
She is the Venus you fancy and at times the Pluto spinning in vain.

ETERNITY



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It is a speck of that life extended beyond its usual habitat,
It is a fairy land of an illusion that fancies do rehabilitate,
It is a phase with no past to boast of or invite a debate.

GOD

He is the ultimate of of all fantasies we ever have had bred,
He rules the minds of those locked within the chambers of reason dead,
He will never commit suicide for His never having been to life red.

M D Dinesh Nair

Ever Green Resolutions

I take many resolutions and hatch them for eternity
Like millions have done from the time immemorial
Across Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia
And beyond the Atlantic.

I dream about the chicks
Which are never born
And my resolutions hatched for ever
Turn out to be ever green!

My resolutions cry for action
Sometimes they call for 'some action'.
But I throw a mischevious smile
And ask them to learn their history.

I can quote the glory of
Many a resolution never acted upon.
That of a man who decided to be a social animal and
That of a woman who promised to be behind him.

Those resolutions were hatched for ever
Their chicks have never been born.
A spirit surges from within me
And I bury my face in my ever green resolutions.

M D Dinesh Nair

Deluge

A deluge haunts a race unaware
It is larger than the one 'Noah' faced
It holds all in an embrace everywhere
It engulfs the already 'menaced'

Deluges have no hearts
They have ever been that cruel
A deluge is a nightmare of sorts
It has been on a mission dual

As you fail to see it come
The deluge laughs at you the blind
As I begin to warn you that it`s come
It tides over the realms of my mind.

A deluge leaves no hopes ahead
It is there to right a wrong yet
It will leave a silence of the dead
This deluge will leave HIM scotfree you bet.

M D Dinesh Nair