Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
- poems -

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Nandhagopal Ramachandiran()
A Dream

Give me a pair of wings to fly
Like the birds
That criss-cross the globe
Without any passport
Nor waiting in patience
For the stamp of visa
Then
I shall realise my dream
Of being a global citizen
Treating all men and women
As my kith and kin
With a large heart full of brotherly love
That transcends the narrow domestic walls.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
A Rainbow Of Emotions

I set out my palette of thoughts
in passionate red, in warm orange,
in cheerful yellow, in angry green,
in sorrowful blue, in calm indigo
and in spiritual violet
to paint my rainbow of emotions.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
A Tribute To An Indian Worker (A Few Lines Were Adapted In Part From The Tamil Discourse Of Scholar Late Mr. Annadurai)

He taught me how to toil hard
in the intense hot summer
or chilling shivering winter
churning his efforts into building
schools, colleges or varsities
where he could not enjoy his fruit of labour
and let me enjoy the feast of academic success
his toil and sweat were taxed
for building the new academic buildings
in gratitude, I look at these buildings
not as structures of steel, mortar, bricks or wood
but as Taj Mahals of the labourer's love
when I drop by
let me remember the labour
and cherish the moment
when I shall wipe out tears
still rolling down his wrinkled cheeks
in his smile, let me have the darshan of the earthly god.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
A Tribute To An Offspring (Adapted In Part From An Ancient Tamil Classical Verse Called Aranericaram)

He taught me how
to sow in the arable land of sweet words
the seeds of charity
to remove the weeds of harsh words
to enrich with the manure of truth
to irrigate with the water of love
thereby cultivating the tender crops of virtues
at the early dawn.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
A Tribute To An Unknown Friend

He taught me how to read and lead
the friendship in the storm of need
at play, he shared his only toy
halving pain and doubling joy.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
A Visit To A Botanical Garden

Lonely I went to the public garden
To ease my loads of daily burden.
The birds at once sang a song
That did not last quite a long (time) .
Their words and tunes I could not fathom
It could be an ode or nature's anthem.
Fluttering their wings in the gentle air,
They enjoyed the swings and fragrance there.
Beside the pond, as I lean
I saw the land in emerald green!
Florae that were rare in taste adorned the garden's pretty neck;
The pleasure of this visual feast, in no measure I could check.
The trees and birds lined up there,
as closely knit member(s):
In nature's tune cooled the air
from the blowing hot summer

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
An Epistle (A Poem Adapted In Part From A Tamil Classical Verse Called Aranericharam)

My Son,

At a tender age, if you truly heed

To raise the grain of virtuous deed,

Sow, in the sweet tongue, charity seed;

Throw away harsh words as weed;

Pour gentle love and let truth feed;

At the early dawn, when this mail you read,

The flowery crops will take the lead!

Fatherly your,

XXXXXXXX

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Evidence-Based Medicine

Modern age treats scores of illness
Looking hard at the chance of wellness,
Touching perhaps the outcome effect
With odds and hazard interval-perfect,
Lest the chance observations blur and blind
The vision of the casual mind!

(Armed with the statistics)
A case in point for the practicing hand,
Look in and out of the inclusion band
And listen to the sermon of the land:
For those features that fit the bill,
Let the effect size drives the care!
And for those that don't fulfill,
Clutch at the wisdom that we share!

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Exams

The pebble of exam is making waves
When dropped into the knowledge well
Let me not be a frog in the well,
While the water of wisdom rapidly swell(s)
Let me not slip and fall
But be fearless in facing the tides
Grant me the power of positive thinking
To acquire the required attitude and skills
Now, it's calm after the pebble storm
I've learnt to rise from the aqueous dorm!

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Floods

The weeping sky shed tears of rain
To flood the cheeks of shoring land;
The ocean waves raised arms again
To raze our castles built of sand.

The frantic birds made search for nests,
As safety herded to high ground;
The unfazed clouds, above the crests,
Refired gunshots of light and sound.

The gale, then, axed and felled the trees,
Depriving streets the shade of green;
Where rich had killed swamps, raised steep fees
To bail out high-rise concrete scene.

Our homes marooned in floods so soon
That failed to fled with the typhoon;
Our new moon day was dark at noon;
Won't shine again as a full moon!

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Freedom Of Peace

A dove was caught for sake of peace
Her freedom was again curtailed
Her foot was marked with fine silk piece
Bond reassured, was she then bailed?

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Going Green

Tap, tap, tap
When my son taps the tablet screen
I am lost in thought for a generation
From the days of stone carvings and seals
To the era of minted coins and palm leaf manuscripts
Man etched and etched his thoughts
Then his colorful ink wrote over the papers
That were typed later into tomes in the shelf
I saw his beautiful calligraphy in the writing museum
Soon the computerized printers were born
To take care of his committed errors in the proofs
Well, that's the history of an era bygone!
Going green to save the trees
Our kids hold the clouds (cloud computing)
Within the reach of their paperless tablets
There will be an obituary meeting for the printers
In the writing museum in no time!

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Hand Wash

Dream of a world free of germs
and forget all the infectious terms;
no need, perhaps, to wipe the nose;
no more shots of the vaccine dose;
no more polio, measles and mumps
no more discharge from the purulent lumps;
no more retching from the hotel food
no more use of the body snood (for infection control)
Alas, this ward is full of bugs
that are resistant to our common drugs!
To rule them with an iron hand,
wash your hands before you land.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Holy Words

Oh, my child, talk to me holy, holy words
The youth is short, when life is brought holy, holy words
These are holy, holy words.

At a tender age, if you truly heed holy, holy words
To raise the grain of virtuous deed holy, holy words
These are holy, holy words.

Sow in the sweet tongue, charity seed holy, holy words
Trash away harsh words as weed holy, holy words
These are holy, holy words.

Pour gentle love and moral feed holy, holy words
Shine thoughtful grace for the sunny need holy, holy words
These are holy, holy words.

At the early dawn, when this mail you read holy, holy words
The blooming crops will take the lead holy, holy words
These are holy, holy words.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Homeostasis

As the war clouds settle down and the storm stops rising, we sleep in peace on the lap of the Earth. At the dawn of wisdom, we could hear the wake-up call and view the dance that sets our life rolling: the heart beats in harmony to keep the blood flowing, to perfuse the organs in tune with their needs; day and night, the brain generates the nerve impulse that prepares the rhythm for the concert; the lungs provide fresh air and balance (acid-base balance) for the moves; the kidneys play aqueous songs for recycling the electrolytes and filtering the nitrogenous pitch out; the gut ruminates on the nutritional moves, while the liver handles the metabolic plays; the persuasive endocrine orchestrates the feedback steps for the milieu interior. Wow, that's a balancing act in perfect harmony driving our life in splendid health!

But what if, the organs make a few missteps and are at cross purpose? Alas, such a chaos will change the rhythmic dance into a suspended animation! Let's learn from our dancing organs to live in harmony with the nature and other human. Then there will not be talks of another war, but only humane network of tender rhythm, songs and peaceful moves.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Humility

My pride fell down and broke its crown
And my head turned lighter thereafter;
My mind sat down and shed the frown
And my thoughts shone wiser thereafter;
My voice toned down on the way to town
And my words spoke humbly thereafter;
My eyes viewed down and reached the town
And my views were polite thereafter.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Menu Of Life

If life is the menu of a grand feast,
Birth is the starter soup in form at least;
Youth is the main course meal timed not to waste;
Adult is the dessert served last to taste!

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Modern Man

Who is he, if not the man
Who has opened the woes can?
Who has never ever raised a plant,
But thrown his axe in a felling slant;
Who has let the air so low
And ruined the gentle ozone flow;
Who has set the weather change
Getting out of the usual range;
Who has twisted the words of peace,
But pursued deadly wars with ease;
Who has trapped the world in debt
In his rosy bed, where he quietly slept.
Who is he, if not the man
Who has opened the woes can?
Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
My Tribute To An Unknown Teacher

He taught me how to read and write
so that I too grow in height
his words of wisdom quenched my thirst
with ocean of knowledge well immersed.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Pilgrimage

Oh, my God! How can I reach you?
You are in high altitude;
Altitude, I try to climb up,
Up and up, losing my track;
Track me down, put me in position;
Position to perceive thy hands.
Oh, my God! How can I reach you?
You are in high altitude.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Research

The darkness looms, enforcing the call within for the bright wise light.

Crowded, conflicting ideas spring like fountains to dry up so soon

We are searching on, in thirst of knowledge and skill to beat the darkness.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Searching For God

As the quest for God gains currency,
There is a rush to browse the agency.
The thirst to crack the heavenly code
Sets the search for His safe abode.
Where is God? In fiction or fact?
In imminent dire straits, will He act?
The questions linger on and on,
And flood the websites from dusk to dawn.
The servers route the queries to
The domain of science and courts too!
As the God is sought from file to file,
The net is busy all the while.
It's quick to fly a rocket up
And blow the atom in the cup.
For illness in the filial mode,
The man would solve the genetic code.
Still the search for God is going on
And slows the system from dusk to dawn.

For the thirsty man with a coated tongue
And the boy with a cancer who is young,
For the hunger famine that cuts a meal
And the mental wound that fails to heal,
For the sweating humid hot weather
Where outdoor work gets together,
For the looming war and pirate zone
Where people are more illness-prone,
For the contagion that has fast swollen
Where ignorance is the main villain,
For the roofless shelter of any form
Facing fire or rainy storm,
For the driver on the road side
Losing legs or arms that ride,
Aid and hope are the holy facts:
Let's browse Him through these kind acts!
Then the divine queries will not linger on
Or clash in sites from dusk to dawn.
Seashore

As a child clasping Mother Nature's arm,
I sat on the pristine shore
and was free to build a castle of sand.
When I turned,
the dancing ocean waved in glee,
shaking the legs in ebb and flow.
The sparrows played a perfect tune,
matching the breeze in gentle touch.
In this blue expanse of visual feast,
I was soon lost in thought,
leveling the place where the castle was.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Some Random Cooking Thoughts

The inner pot agitates
As the cooker whistles thrice
Then for the fourth, fifth, sixth and nth times
Forgetting that the stove is on
I wander in thoughts
From the comforts of morning winter bed
To the dining table chores
From the dress to wear for the party
To the recent year fashion
From the conversation to strike
To the special lunch to prepare
Recovering to cool the cooker
I open the lid to uncover
The dry black soot at the bottom
With the charred grains of rice.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Speeding Words

My son,

Give some space for words to breathe, for the task (of breathing) reigns as supreme as circulation;
when the space is a constraint in the speeding world, let words pause and breathe;
more doubts are wrought by speeding than we attempt to think of;
beware of verbal accidents that could cost a life!

Never, perhaps, is this truth shone so brightly as in the anklet's story:
the king's words, in haste, cost Kovalan's life, as he ventured to sell his wife's anklet.
Haste is waste; don't copy and paste literal speed in the webpage of life;
it could spoil your night toil and the page may not see the dawn of the day.

Indeed, the nature has set its limit, for nothing could beat light in the Einstein's space!

Yours loving father,
The grand old man

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
The Art And Science Of Medicine

While the science of medicine is an art in a sense
the art of medicine is not merely science
that weighs the human as systems and tissues
But as a human with a heart, soul and mind
Henceforth, we shall not operate in vacuum
in the interest of mankind
wielding away from the nuance of isolation
in turn, grasping the hands of the man in pain
To comfort him not only with meds
But with words of compassion, caring and gentleness
To remove the milieu of his distress away.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
The Father Of Modern Oman

From the prior road of limited scope,
The new nation marched with hope.
Schools and hospitals flourished for ever
With unblunted interest and electric power;
Shops and malls lined the city,
Thriving on continuous electricity;
The tourists arrived in good number
To visit the new family member.
These progress were blessed by His nurture,
Preserving the culture and the great nature.
While the untimely clouds of (US-Iran)war gather,
Oman mourns the loss of Her Father!
The Sultan ushered in an era of peace,
Winning friends with warmth and ease.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran
Writer's Cramp

I am struck in my train of thoughts
As I depart with my rhythm and pace
In the sky, the lightning strikes out of blue
And then disappears into the dark
The roaring thunder punctuates the silence
And the pouring rain places the full stop
The whistle of the train fades away
And comes to a complete stop
When I (the modern Rip Van Winkle) return from the slumber
My dried eyes and hands grip hold of
The piled emails that each read
‘Your manuscript is rejected!’
By now the summer begins
And the train of thoughts starts to roll again.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran