SYAM CHANDRAN
PERINKULAM
- poems -

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A Bakery Quarrel

PUFFED UP CAKES
EGOISTIC BISCUITS
QUARRELLED.
CAKES BELLOWED
BISCUITS SNARLED
HAWKS OF GRIMY WORDS
FLEW IN THE AIR.
SQUEAKING CORNFLAKES KEPT SILENT.
PRIDEFUL MARMALADES
CHIVARLOUS DRY FRUITS
CHUCKLED.
JILEBBIES EMBARRASSED.
BISCUITS POUNCED ON THE CAKES.
SCREAMS...... SHREIKS.........
CAKES LOST THEIR MELLOW
BISCUITS WERE DRENCHED
OH.... POOR CRAVEN CHOCOLATES.....
RAN OUT AND HID IN THE BAGS OF POOR SCHOOL GIRLS

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
A Lovers Song

SINGING IN YOUR LOVE
I LIVE.
BY CHANTING YOUR NAME
I HAVE BECOME A HALLOW.
IN THE MOONLIGHT OF YOUR MERCY
I WALK.
SHOWERS OF YOUR MEMORY
DRENCH ME.
IN THE FOLIAGE OF YOUR COMPASSION
I MAKE NEST.
TO ME
YOUR LOVE IS SORING
YET
I ACCEPT IT WHOLESOMELY.

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
A Plea

A    PLEA

Embellish My Chariot
With MarieGold.

Ornate My Soul
With Sapphires.

Fill My Cells
With Frankincense.

Collect My Tears
In Your Heart.

I am    In A Cross
Your's Nail Must  Be Last,

Because You

Deserve Me......................

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SYAMCHANDRAN.K  

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
A SONG OF ALIENATION

Drowsy Winter, Sultry Summer,
Rainy Monsoon And Delicate Spring
Harass me.
I am In A Fever Bed.
I am Alienated.
Where Are Thou.
Hail covers my Life
Scorching Sun Dries My Soul
Rain Drenches My Thoughts
Oh..... In Spring Birds Sing
About My Peril.
Truly You Are Abstrusive.
I abjure All My Expectations.
Tears Roll On The Wall Of My Heart.
Conspicuously I Remind You
My Life Is In A Peril
I am In An Endless Funeral.....Soothe Me..............

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
A Song Of Martyrdom

A SONG OF MARTYRDOM

Under The Shroud
He Was Tranquil, Quiet And calm.
Unaware Of the Boisterous, Tumultuous Crowd,
On the Way To Grave Yard
He Might Have been Dreaming Flowers And Belles.
Not Knowing About Martyrdom
He Was In A Profound Sleep.
Alas........He Was Martyriced By The Wicked Political Foxes.

In That Still Starry Night Three Destitute souls,
A Languid Middle Aged Widow And Two Teenage Girls
(His Mother And Two Sisters) Were Panicked By A Dream
They Dreamt The Amorous Eyes Which Fluttered On Their Youth.
Condolences...........................Oh.......They Fear......They Hate.....
They Cannot Hide In Any Dungeon.
They Know not About Martyrdom.
In That Gloomy Snowy Night
In The Grave Yard
He Might Have been Dreaming Flowers And Belles.................................

HANDRAN.K

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
A Spiritual Song

Behind A Blooming Flower
I See You.

Behind A Shower
I Feel Your Incorporeal Benevolence.

Behind My Pleasure And Pain
Your Mighty Pen.

In My Tears And Smiles
You Are Immanant.

My Births And Deaths.......... Your Immaculate Brush Designs.

In Every Where, In Every One
You Are Latent.

Only you...

SYAMCHANDRAN.K

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
AnAdvise

My Daughter Asks:
What Should I Do
In This Haughty Summer Days?

I Reply:
Dream
And
Fly With Your Poetic Wings.....

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Contrary

Wise Men say
If There Is Lust
there Is No Love.
If There Is Love
There Is No Lust
But I See Love & Lust
In Your Eyes My Beloved....
O

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Dispassion

Where is your Brothel?
I asked.
In your heart,
She retorted.
Later I planted a tree,
Roots to sky, branches to earth.
Now I try to root out it.

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Dresses

DRESSES
Who Will Cry Poignantly
After Your Death?
Really Your Dresses.
By Whom They Were Taken Far Off Places,
Office, Parks, Theatres, Funerals...........
Only To Whom They Were Amourous.
The Tenants Of Your Soul,
Who Bore Your Secret Body Odours,
Who Had Fathomless Happiness
When They Were On You.
On That Day They Will Shriek In Emptiness.
From The Next Day....................
Their Unseen Eyes Will Search For You,
They Will Sing Your Glories,
In The Darky Nights,
They Will Search The House.
But......................
When They Are Thrown............... 
While Decaying..............
They Will Pray For A Chance
To Bedeck You Again.
SYAMCHANDRAN.K

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Five Poems

FIVE POEMS

A Conversation

Lifting the Face To The Pouring Sky
The Insane Asked: WHO ARE YOU?
Rain Replied: I AM YOUR MOTHER
The Insane: BATH ME BY YOUR CELESTIAL HANDS.

MY PAIN

As A Poet My Poignant Pain Is.........
To See The Drowning Sun In The Eve
In The Sea

I SEE YOU............

I Do Not See You In My Reveries
I See You In The Cavern Of My Mind,
Where The Thoughts Hoot Like Owls.................

A YELL

In This Quagmire I Yell:
"Light The Lamp Of Thy Love.."
"Diadem Me By Your Eternal Bounties...."

EVERYONE SEARCHES..........

In Our Revels We Forget You....
In Our Grieves We Never Think About You...
Oh My Death .......
In Each And Every Globules Of Our Life
Really We Are Searching For
Your Sanctum Sanctorium.........

HANDRAN
31.10.2017

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
In The Palanquin Of Your Love

IN THE PALANQUIN OF YOUR LOVE
I TRAVEL
OTHERWISE
THE SHADOW OF IMPENDING DEATH
WILL HOVER ME.
I AM NOT A NECROMANCER
NO TALISMAN TO PROTECT ME.
ONLY BECAUSE OF YOUR LOVE I SUSTAIN.
NO POSSESSIONS FOR ME.
NO BEAUTY.
MY WRATHELIKE PICTURE HAS BEEN DRAWN HOLY
BY YOU.
YOU POSSESS ME THAN I POSSESS YOU

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Inbetween Us

In Between Us........
A Spring Reasonances.

In Between Us......
Owls Hoot From A Faroff Graveyard.

In Between Us......
A Scamp Hums.

In Between Us......
An Itenearant Cackles.

In Between Us......
Serenity Of A Coffin.

In Between Us....
An Amorous Snake Crawls.

In Between Us......
A Blue Rain Of Poem.

In Between Us.....
A Mirror
On That We ForgetOur Faces...

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Lessons

Teach Me Teach Me Eternal Pedagogue
To Cross The Ridge Of Life And Death,
To Know The Quintessence Of Love And Hatred,
To Reach The Tryst Of Day And Night.

Teach Me Teach Me Eternal Pedagogue
The Essence Of Body And Soul,
The Bridge In Between Love And Sex,
The Mating Place Of Birth And Death.

Teach Me Teach Me Eternal Pedagogue
To Wear The Silence Of Moon Light,
To Measure The Fragile Raindrops,
To Weave The Brocade Of Winter Dew

Teach Me Teach Me Teach Me
To Imitate Your Incorporeal Love

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Pass Words

PassWords Are Elves
They Rustle In The Attic Of
My Soul.
Like Gossamers
They Wrap My Brain.
PassWords For ATM,
PassWords For,
PassWords For Official Sites.
In My NightMare
A YoungMan Hanged
On A Chord Made Of PassWords.
A Nursling Asks The PassWords Of
Mom's Breasts.
PassWords...PassWords.. EveryWhere.
I Am Drenched & Soaked Of PassWords.
Oh The Creator Of Universe
Give Me The PassWords Of
My Perpetual Births & Deaths.

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Poemand Pain

I Seeded A poem
In Monsoon.
That Sprouted
In Winter.
Flourished In Summer.
Withered in Solemn Spring.
Pain Sustains Poem,
Poem Shelters In Pain.

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Promises

A Bouquet Made Of My Veins
Will Bedeck you.
Flowerets Of My Sexual Lusts
Will Embellish Your Hair.
Orioles Of My Orgasmic Whisperings
Will Fill Nectar In Your Ears.
My Unquenchable Lips
Will Bath In Your HolyStreams.
Pros And Corns Of My Man
Lyre A Melody In You.
Lullabies Of My Passionate Soul
Will Fill Your Flesh.

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
The Bereft

THEBEREFT
In That Spring...
When The Flowers Were Chuckling
I Sought For You.
Unscrupulous You Were...
In That Sultry Summer,
While My Cells Were Pierced,
Knocking Your Door
With My Consecrated Melancholies
I Was Thrown Out.
Nefarious You Were..., ., , .
Being Melted
In That Derogating Rain,
While The Frogs Were Lyring...
I Stood Your Yard.
The Bereft.... I Was.............
In That Winter....
While Lying Hearing The Lullaby Of Dew Drops On The Grass
I Saw You With Flowers And Tears.
My Neighbour Souls Muttered: "Camouflage";

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
The Lost Sheep

THE LOST SHEEP
Wandering in the wild
I search for my shepherd
Have you seen him?
A black lad who hides a saffronsmile.
Like a wanton beggar I roam on the river banks.
Have you seen him?
Who keeps a profound fling in his eyes.
Not amorous he is Oh..........his tender hands
I was a lyre on his lap.
Have you seen him?
Who keeps clemency in his breath.
Like a hum I wait on the street
Oh: my dear shepherd
This hive wishes you
Rankled mob throw stones at me
Have you seen my jolly chap?
* * * * * * * *
Oh ... my sweet heart A clairvoyant told me
He saw Your entering in to my bosom
Now in my exhilarated temperament I sing
I am in you.....you are in me......

HANDRAN

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Filling Our Tranquil summer Noons
ThistleDowns Flew.
Wandering In The Vacant Fields
We (I And My Sister) Collected Them.
My Sister, Who Was An Absolute Girl Of Reveries
Used To Name Them.
One Day……
One ThistleDown Which Was Out Of Our Reach
Was Named 'ACHUTHAN NAIR',
(Was My GrandFather, A Court Officer, One Who
Went As An uninvited Guest To Heaven In An Autumn Night).
Another Day One Was Named As 'KESAVAN NAIR',
My Mother's GrandFather, (Was A Farmer, Courageous,
Who Lost EveryThing And Died Disappointed).
One Evening She Pointed One 'KRISHNAN NAIR',
(Our Great Ancestor, Well Versed In Epics,
And Left His Physical Garb While Chanting 'RAM' Nam.)
Recently......................
One ThistleDown,
Which Was Fluttering In My BedRoom..............
To My Astonishment My Little Daughter
Called It 'RAMACHANDRAN NAIR',
My Heavenly Father, Who Was A Man Of Tenderness,
Had A Beautiful Beard Like Ethereal ThistleDowns,
Who Bid Good Bye To Me In One Sultry May Noon.
Now.....................
My Days.............Are Being Filled With EverSoothing ThistleDowns..............

SYAMCHANDRAN.K
25.10.2017

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Threinhaikkus

I stand at the gate of your chateau
With the backpack of my births and deaths
Yet you throw me the coins of pain.

2. ARTISAN

On your shadow,
You fix flesh, blood, senses, mind & intellect
And call me MAN.

3. MIRROR

In the mirror of death
When i see my face
Lord, i see you.

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
To My Beloved

I am far away from you,
None the less I am yours.
I am being misguided,
My travails are vain.
You are my savior.
My melancholies, lusts,
And hopes have been derailed.
In the billow of life I stumble.
I feel my kin and kith are in a fancy dress.
I believe in you
I abide in you.
Oh: the giver of ecstatic trance and fathomless love,
Fill my life with your compassion.
I urge you to herald me your arrival
In to my heart and life.

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
To My Leman (A Soliloquy)

TO MY LEMAN (A SOLILOQUY)

To My Dilapidated House
You Were Welcomed.
Your Ethereal Feet
Have Given A Celestial Touch.
I Heard The Harbingers Of A New Spring.
The Hooting Owls Of My Attic
Have been Become Chanting Doves.
The Rattling Of Utensils in My Kitchen
Have Started To Croon Thy Divinity.
The Taste Of the Dishes Genuflect -
to Your Divine Dedication.
The Gossamers Of My Old Walls
Have been Become Golden.
I Plead You.........................
Play Your Harp........................
To My Eternal, Imperishable, UnQuenchable,
DisIllusioned
Ecclesiastic thirst........................

HANDRAN

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Trans Migration

That Night
I Was Intoxicated,
Slept In A Brothel,
Dreamed Hallows,
Heard Unsung Ecclesiastical Songs,
Whispers From Saints' Tombs.
Later I Withdrew To My Heart.

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
Tree

IN YOUR HEART
I AM ROOTED.
YOUR BLOOD
MY SAP.
MY BRANCHES
YOUR BONES.
YOUR FLAMBOYANT DREAMS
MY FLOWERS.
YOUR DEATH
MY BIRTH.

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
When You Are Far Away

WHEN YUU ARE FRAWAY
When you are far away
I am alone.
I dwell in despondency.
Wordly desires overpower me
My fears cannot be surpassed.
Thick blanket of lust covers me.
I like to see you everywhere
And in every thing.
Oh: what a petty creature I am,
The myriad figures attract me.
Like a lamb which searches for a pasture
I search happiness in these perishable things.
I know you are mine,
I am your sweetheart.
Come to me quickly
Succour me
From my hazardous thoughts.

HANDRAN

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM
You

The Reddish Twilight Firmament
Reminds Your Blood.
Your Eyes.....
Broken pieces Of Stars.
Your Hair......
Like Itinearant clouds.
Your Breasts.....
Crooning Meadows.
You.....A Portrait Of God.
My Heart......, A cross..
You Are Crucified.
When Is The Reincarnation?

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM