#### Vagrant, beckon, muse, creosote, reverie, wefts, vantage, vortex, paragon, fettle, transcendental, niches, oleander, lyre, negate, tapestry, sleuth, infinitesimal, laurel, snort, vortex, creek, sneak, sniff, grimace, ravish, marinate, cauldron, Internment, tectonic, shimmering, mascot, diaphanous, Poltergeist, ennui, ire, cherubic rhapsody, sonnet, Signet, Itsy – bitsy, Whore, Unto, Medallion, Serendipity, Clown, Seal, Servitude, Passion , Vanity, impetuous, glutton, chameleon, Parable, wallaby, calaboose, cenotaph, cesspools, coaxed, covet, eons, Edelweiss, Serendipity, prescient, éclair, spew, conked Premonition, autism snide dunce throng  Cinquain ablaze decree. MC2=E Senryu nous foibles Exsanguinated Solitude blizzard storm Flatulence Forte boner Excruciating Fervent, fervid, fervor of fettle Remarks comments vanity, emanate paraphrase, evanescent Utopian superbus phallus ephemeral Conceit, Deceit, Lust- epigram – elegy, blank verse, bacon, incest. Incestuous, simile = allegory, rejoice epitaph, dirge = elegy, Aurum, Innumerable, Aneurism, envy, greed, sloth, wrath, gluttony, pride and lust, rough-and-tumble magnanimous Acrostic, laugh-off witty gritty poignant minstrel desideratum Meticulous shiatsu reeks vagrant tyranny  altruism nobility artifact Wraith unabated inextricable trigger, desire, edging Kleptomaniac lair Cap Verse

#### C:\Documents and Settings\KL Jaya\Desktop\Isac Prism_files\drk002563.jpgC:\Documents and Settings\KL Jaya\Desktop\My Pictures\Prism 1 edt.jpg

# Provisional, incumbent, domain, autism Rights, duties, responsibilities – demands, deliveries, performances, revelation

# Fowling, solipsistic, integrity, Volition, allegory,   astuteness, language, sonnet, glamorous, altruistic, e=mc2

# As sun sets down hiding is rays within its own corpuscle, night’s might loosening it’s muscles creeping in to every

# Supplicate sleaze primogeniture ode homage elucidate Appellation Abrogation appellate sentimental and sensational azure sky allure entangled, and embraced and entrenched patience dying realm clownfish IN SEINE recession regression anguish Sentinel









# Rise to the Dawning Day

# Throwing the wrangled, out

# discarding, defeated ‘n dead

# abolishing the wrinkled lot

# ridding blighted soiled and spoilt

# Burying what is rotten

forgetting what isn’t right

**freeing self from squeamish**

# sprint out of mawkish self

# Birds, bees and butterflies

# calves, deer and peacocks

# in resounding merrily tones

# out, already they ‘r in pageants

# Lets start afresh now, a call

# with decors around, befall

# Breath, like free birds, cool

# for a journey, anew and exalt

# Open wide, doors and windows

# Let in fresh air, in full gush

# Stretch free, legs and arms

# stride positively for a full day ahead

# Freshness, overwhelming

# Alluring sentiments dripping

# Rise up cheerfully to get going

# for, a brand new day is dawning!

# Collectively moved

# Thousands flying foxes, day in day out

# reign sky canopy, high ’n wide at dusk

# hang-up at base, by dawn

# Punctuality Concerned

# Running all the way up

# As if’ ‘t catch last flight to the heaven

# Sit ‘n relax at worksite

# Liberation

# Look that side, what do I see?

# Trees are swaying back and forth,

# for what, ....I do not know.

# I close my eyes and stand,

# beating my ear drums are

# the creaky chirps of birds.

# Why do they do that to me?

# I sit down on a rock to feel free

# A wind blows brushing across my face,

# A real botheration

# When I try to be firm and strong

# Fragrance of a wild flower creeps in my nostrils

# Why don’t they let me feel nice and free...........?

# Don’t bother me, please, let me be free..........

# Free myself of........ Of..., of what...

#  Free myself of the enemy inside me

# The anger, irrationality, arrogance etc

# Reigning whole of inside..... in me

# Yes.... yes ... I am seeing hem one by one

# Let me throw them out one by one,

# Yes ... yes ... I now feel, I am being liberated...

# Let me enjoy the swing ‘n sway of trees

# Bird chips so rhyming and breeze so soothing

# Let the nature be a cradle to every mind

# So that every mind and soul be free and fine.

# All of them tell only one thing

# That is to be more strong

# day to day life,

The queen, king and rooks

Bishops, nights in the castle

Within their own territories and eves

Play the game

For saving the queen

Until at the end

All go haphazardly in to the box

To lie and lay as each falls

Soaring hawk gawky

While you glide trough clouds

Don’t you feel some thing can happen from above

Don’t you feel like having a look above occasional even

When ever I behold you

I don’t see you in any other mode

Only scanning below and soaring

Don’t you have any other business in life

Other than looking for food, all the time?

Don’t you believe in romance at least?

Or taking a bath in a cool spring

Going on an excursion to somewhere unknown

Some kind of social gathering on a scenic spot

Don’t you at least rest relax and sleep?

Tell hawk, what aims and goals you have

And come down to earth and live amongst us

Like a goo soul

Are you not bored with that life, monotonous?

Sans romance, leisure, enjoyment

Once fresh lush

Long gone falling

Turning yellow, red and then brown

Leaving room for the next

Tree repented not, for old

Next lush sprang out

Took up place due

Functioned as per the law

Mother Nature enforced

A placard carrying a slogan

‘let me die, making life to my destitute kids’

Held by courageous mother, for some years

seen only by way side, in brilliance

still reading in entirety and good,

sans it’s heir, the holder, not seen

Engraved message on a wayside rock to be by many passer by generations

# Having explained how Mongols are born to blood cousin-parents

# Students were to reflect the lesson, on contents

# All responded confidently, and at one boy, Teacher points

# “What did you understand, Son, ever after fun?”

# “Yeah... Ma and Pa of Yours, were blood cousins”,

# Choice of life

# In beholder attraction

# Appeasing to the eye

# Soft touch, to feel

# Erect, upright and juvenile like

# Luxurious and sturdy looking

# Banana pseudo stem, watery

# Fruiting just once only

# Facing storms gales and hurricanes

# Coarse to touch and dull to eye

# Bent crooked and branched

# Holding ground firmly

# Kissing upper layers in space

# Yielding numerous fruits yearly

# Hard and woody jack tree

# Death

# Just born as well as centurion

# Smart young as well as feeble old

# Monger being as well as Miss Universe

# Poorest as well as Richest

# Weakest as well as mightiest

# Layman as well as clergy

# Looser as well as winner

# Saddest as well as happiest

# Ugliest as well as prettiest

# Street kid as well as academician

# Patient as well as physician

# Autocrat as well as democrat

# Pauper as well as emperor

# Most selfish as well as champ altruist

# Any being born

# Born, with warrant to die,

# in clasped fist, non-transferable

# None likes to die

# All have Fear to die

# You cant choose how, when, where

# You like to die, as you desire

# Death has all the rights

# To hold by neck when time is right

# You may refuse to die

# Yet, when you have to, you die

# Acrostic (Clash)

# Thank you mosquito

# For not irritating me with your disgusting ruuuuu....ruuuu...

# For not waking me up from my dearest sleep in pain

# For not drawing out of blood out

# Golden Buddha by way side (Inspired by the Golden Buddha in the Jungle - Poem translated from German by Tilly BoescheZacharow

# Every moment passed by, witnessed

# Gold painted Buddha, in mode, discoursing

# the same nothingness, sorrowfulness and selflessness of life

# and how illusion makes us bewildered with

# every thing that we see, hear, smell, taste, touch and imagine

#  as real, solid and can be owned.

# The eternal smile on lips, gleaming eyes

# Only reminiscent of same loving kindness

# and unequivocal compassion

# Same way as when he was alive

# two thousand six hundred years back

# Some, who wouldn’t care, keep moving

# when a few stops and views closely

# who knew him would want to stop over

# and pay homage

# few even remain and meditate for a while

# in the cool and soothing shadow.

# Golden Buddha viewing all from above

# showers over his loving kindness

# and unequivocal compassion

# being in a mode indifferent to the gold painted on

# as nothing defies nothingness, sorrowfulness and selflessness

# Budding buds

# dormant, active, primary, secondary and tertiary, Terminal, axillary, floral, all are buds waiting to bust up and come up for what each one is meant to be until time on the chronological tick-tock is right. some however, never gets a chance so long as the oppression from dominant apex is not taken off. Sun moon stars and clouds up in celestial helm wait impatiently to sprinkle essence to buds emerging and rising for a blooming world.

# How wonderful it is to think back

# Days I burned mid nigh oil

# Caressing little one’s soft hair

# Days they were not in good health

# Many meals scrapped for want of a reserve

# For their dreaming innocent needs

# Hours and hours I had to be in lines

# To collect things, pay up bills,

# get them admitted to schools etc

# miles and miles I would have strode on

# looking for a better world than what I struggled with

# Maternal Love in Action

# She kingfisher, dives down

# time to time, picking worms up

# kid on the bough, sings

# Peace, equality, social justice

# Freedom, human rights dangling carrots

# Before eyes of walking skeletons

# Shining black, dust covered faces

# Gleaming retinas embedded in eye sockets

# Running in herds, toppling and trampling comrades

# Chasing glistening wavy water surface

# Which too keeps running away from chasers

# Both being creations of a single supreme power.

# So close, yet further away

# I owe you nothing, Albeit your Arrogance, unfaithfulness, hypocrisy, wickedness and ill-treatment’s I shall not make use of to react and respond and for reprisal and revenge. Thick silent darkness in the warm night will embrace me and hold me until I finish with my grievance and I shall let all that in to the endless space and feel free while you are in your most cherished slumber.

# At a Milepost Along Life path .....

# It is known as the longest day on earth

# Whilst a different milestone on my life path

# Having passed mile after mile, along

# stepping on all kinds of rugged terrains

# passing many ups as well as downs

# surmounting natural and formed obstacles

# I have come to a somewhat peaceful plateau

# Was it a matter for celebration and joy

# Or a matter for grief and repent? I ponder

# Devils’ Midnight Carnival

# A base’s glory ablaze

# Gleaning in starry display

# erected a smoke column

# within a fire work flaunt

# Shattering structure to mere rubble

# Ejecting weaponry in missile trajectories

# Reduced everything in to their components

# Running people in directionless routes

# Infants, kids, youth, grown up and adults

# Bewildered and baffled, not knowing

# What, why, when and how

# Took to their dearest feet

# carrying infants and aged on shoulders

# Blasts surpassed people’s shouting for help

#  Fireflies would rest as the entire sky found illuminated

# Heavenly rains took over by metallic remnant fall

# Was it a devils carnival?

# When all living were on feet for life

# Celestial rule seemed abandoned

# Animals big or small were seeking refuge

# Few were interested in he first picture

# As close as possible to be captured

# At the Zenith Held Her Name Lanka

# Challenging the accepted, moved forward

# Upheld and carried womanhood to the summit

# Proving the capability even a tear drop nation in the ocean can have

# Carried the Lion-flag to thee Zenith

# Would the seed know

# That it is going to give rise to a giant tree one day

# Does the flower bud know that

# It is opening to a beauty

# Attracting bees, one day

# Would the tree know tat

# It has to carry such heavy load

# Of fruits, meant to feed others’ bellies

# Does the moon know

# When it rises, and shine up in the sky

# Whole world would be joyful

# Would the spring throws out its pure drops

# Ends up in the oceanic pit

# Would the little cuckoo

# Up on the tree know

# The word wakes up to its call to its mate?

# Rose colored shoe on sand

# That little shoe

# Lying on shore

# Like waiting for her

# Who is she?

#  Little angle, where is she?

# Who brought you here

# And what did you do here

# Who brought the shoe

# and why was it left here

# was it thrown away

# or was it dropped unknowingly

# I only see a little Cinderella

# Walking about with one shoe on

# Little rose shoe on sand

# Is waiting for you angel

# Come to me honey

# I’ll have the shoe for you

# till you come to me

#  Question of Survival

# Twitching legs, in pain

# pleading eyes, I watch

# gasping like, for breath

# I, sort of, hear faintly

# Dying mosquito, I gaze at

# through closed eyelids

# Fingers responsible, trembling

# being villain and ashamed

# While body remained silent

# victim at feet, still alive

# I sigh, “You’ve your right to feed

# and I have mine to react pain”

# Sounds like asking back

# “Still, why should you kill me?

# merely for an unintended pain

# of what I am made, not chosen”

# True enough, I feel

# If all souls intend to slay me

# for pains I may inflict, unavoidably

# and inadvertently, would I survive?

# A Nightmare!

# I was thrown out ‘a bed

# in the middle of night

# from a roar and a blast

# deafening and horrifying

# Ha.... ha... ha.... Ho... ho.... ho....

# Hi ..... hi...hi....Huu....huu...huu...

# It was terrifying, mind smothering

# from graves of laid- heroes lying

# Heard a voice, growling like .......

# You SOB cowards.... Huu....huu...huu

# shameless idiots keep howling

# day in day out, in greed for power... eh?

# You cynics have forgotten that

# you live there today, in merrily mood

# because we let out our breath,

# for the nation and mother land

# You naked celluloid heroes

# who were shivering then in fear

# now keep fighting for glamour

# and credit for arresting bloodshed

# Shame for you cowards!

# For having to die on a land where

#  you ruts too have been born.

# My Mother Tongue

# Even before I was born,

# I trust I heard it

# At my birth too I heard it

# My first call to the world

# If I could help, I would choose

# to cry in the tongue, which is mine

# Mother’s love etched first words

# fell on my ears, were the words

# I ever heard, and enjoyed as first

# First lullaby I was made to sleep

# was made of those sounds

# All the love I enjoyed throughout

# lured undoubtedly entirely

# in that tongue, I call mother’s

# Later I learned art of making words

# Using only curves lines and dots, to read

# Of varying sizes denoting characters unique

# Assigning each sound, vocal cords generate

# jointly with buccal cavity and air pipe

# Cynical Treat to the Mother

# Curse my eyes for witnessing

# Daughter’s raged hands

# Holding mother by hair

# In furious punitive gesture

# Heart in a thunder pounding hard

# celestial clouds couldn’t hold tears

# Her daughter to understand her

# Nearly fainted to witness

# Shivering pair of wrinkled breasts and

# A gleaming pair of sunken eyes

# Sobbing before a youthful rage

# Only child widower, she had

# Deserted her unwillingly though

# Crossing shores

# Seeking advancement in life

# Mother’s misery ruled by

# Parkinson, fit, blood pressure

# Above all anxiety, depression and the like

# Fall within her den cracked the skull

# Left her at the mercy of med professionals

# Destitute mother, ignored by her closest

# Left unattended in hospital

# But the kindness of daughter’s in-laws

# Made her comfortable in their care

# Daughter on he other side of the globe

# weeping every day on mother’s agony

# did best possible to make her better

# one year passed, she now walks

# feeds herself, acts much better

# relative to original breathing carcass

# Buddha asked the challenger

# Who is your Hero

# The King, most powerful

# Why do you admire him

# For his power he exercises

# What can he do with that power?

# He can kill any one he wishes

# Next to him, what is it that you like most

# My own self

# One Act for Varying Objectives

# One who struggles on rough flood water

# One who practices strokes on sea waves

# One who strokes in the lane in the pool

# Engaged on the same act, named swim

# Bridal Gown’s Value

# Bridal pride, beauty of corolla

# collapsed down to mere dust’s worth

# Flower fulfilled her nuptial need

# Craved magnificence corona held

# Spat out rejecting

# Butterfly’s Confession

# Cracking and piercing the shell

# To a bright world, came out of a hell

# Feeling hungry, I started devouring

# What ever I could get at,

# From bud to nut every thing befell

# Leaves petals, pods buds

# Spared none, for the greed I had

# Day in day out No other business

# Only one thing, that’s to eat and eat

# One day I felt enough, and must rest

# I sought a secured place for that

# Using stuff around, tied and glued

# I got my nest for the long quiescent rest

# Inside it was a coma I went in to

# Yet I had enough to think about

# Life I just spent, eating, eating and eating

# Is it for that I was born? I wondered

# I grabbed every thing from the environ,

# What did I give back to it in return?

# How selfish I was? How unfair it was?

# Grandson..... Wanting to Fly a Kite ....

# being tempted to fly a kite,

# request made, in a manner polite

# Seeya...., can you please make one

# Like that one flying up in the sky?

# Not attempting even once

# Since my childhood, felt incompetent

# Still unable to turn him down

# I’ll try, but not sure if it works

# That’s OK seeya, please make one

# Impatient grandson, helping me

# in all possible way, to see his kite

# waited nearly two hours, wriggling

# getting is kite in hands, like an Olympic winner

# jumped over and ran hoping everything is ok

# to the appearance, it looked a kite

# to use it for flying, didn’t work well

# tried.... tried.... and tried hard, nothing doing

# kite never got off and flew, even for a minute

# for one hour he didn’t give up

# my intervention didn’t work either

# finally he gave up, loosing the love for kite

# saying, that’s OK seeya, we’ll try again later

# I saw his blurred figure reaching me

# felt his tiny smooth fingers through my hair

# And even heard, that’s OK seeya

# Enough for today; We’ll try again later.

# Culvert has no control over what comes in and what goes out of it

# Gate always lets in, keeps and lets out only what is desired.

# Don’t remember if the sun had it’s own routine,

# or the people around attended to their business

# No clue as to what or how the rest of the world did

# Do not remember even a single avian chirp

# Kashyapa’s rock fortress without any body’s care

# subject to elements, free and fast

# Last human to witness it collapsing

# Feeling awful and miserable

# Pleads to the God to stop it

# For, no other being will ever create such and

# It will be lost to the future for ever.

# Every time a step is taken up on the ladder,

# Ever remember the sole earthly fact that matter

# If you come down, one day, working back thither

# same height, in reversed process altogether

# Keep the head always up, as you ought to, brother!

# Regret I, not the eye I lost

# Regret I, not the leg I lost

# Regret I, not the youth I lost

# Regret I, not the love I lost

# I had a dream, to feel peaceful

# I had a dream, to feel lovable

# I had a dream, to feel useful

# I had a dream, to conquer enmity

# I enjoy seeing people walk about

# Breath in ‘n out freely smile innocently

# And mind day to day affairs unhindered

# Yet, I have one grouse

# And I moan for what I was

Striking caption on the page held scanner eye at rest

to read a bit further....on the historic report

Four hundred and twenty one years gone

by sixth November, to the momentous Danthure Battle

on my motherland, Sri Lanka,

Between the intruder Portuguese army

and my forefathers, sons of mother Lanka then.

Engaged on many battles over the past few years

at different locations, so called civilized white-man

Columbus the traitor, the most prolific serial killer in history

resorted to utterly brutal crimes and uncivilized measures,

whose atrocities reported as most uncivilized

utterly voluptuous and loathing!

Armed with bayonet, guns, canons, swards and

protectively armored, they, on this Lanka soil

marching on in thousands, on this day

to capture the central hill capital.

His clans later on ego and eager engaged with

Locals who were moved by nationalism,

"Upon his arrival Columbus conducted an unparalleled campaign of torture and mass murder. By the time he finally left the island in 1504, the Taino had been reduced from eight million down to 100,000, making Columbus the most prolific serial killer in history. He and his men committed some of the cruelest atrocities against another race ever recorded. Columbus used any pretext as an excuse to kill and torture. Those poor souls who could not pay tribute to him had their hands cut off and were left to bleed to death. Columbus was documented by the chronicles of Las Casas, know as Brev’sima relaci-n, to have partaken in mass hangings, roasting people on spits, burnings at the stake, and hacking young children to death as punishment for the most minor of crimes. He and his men massacred the natives, sometimes hundreds at a time for sport, making bets on who could split a man in two, or cut a head off in one blow. By 1542 there were only 200 Taino remaining on the island and soon afterwards they were considered extinct." - The People's Voice

# Skype being day’s beginning

# And day’s end too, for me

# bringing all good and bad things

# to smile, laugh and even cry

# I started counting days

# From the day Skype delivered it

# That you are coming to see us

# After two dozen months since you left

# Every time it rains I reminisce

# how you watched bubbling rain drops

# From my verandah, sitting on edge

# Way you ran about through plants

# And trees in my garden

# Watching birds of varying plumage

# As a boy of four years landing here

# From the land of Uncle Sam

# When you come again on your ninth birthday

# I wish, day and night, let there be showers

# To show bubbling of rain drops on puddles

# Squirrels playing about on garden trees

# Pecking bulbuls, mynas, babblers,

# doves, honey birds etc

# A fertile seed of a plant

# Having had the opportunity to land

# On a surface, caring for

# Warmth, moisture and air to its need

# Sprouted, grew up and became a tree

Let’s be united when we rest, ‘cos all need protection

Let’s sleep and wake together, cos, we trust each other

Let’s take off together, cos it gives turbo propulsion

Let’s be flying together too, cos it makes flight tireless

Let’s forage together, cos weaker won’t have to starve

Let’s eat individually, though, cos, tummies aren’t united.

.

# When my death falls on your eardrums

# You might feel little perturbed

# And want to make it sure that I did

# If you contemplate coming and seeing my dead body

# Sure, you may do that and

# You may also cry, cry and cry

# Only if, in your perception, I have

# Not been fair to any one

# Not done my duties to

# My family, my relations, my friends

# The society by far

#  Bats

#  Rest Wake and fly together

# Feel, deal and eat together

# Fish’s Grouse

# Fish would never realize that

# It always lived with a wet skin

# Systemic Needs

# Every unit, and every constituent in the unit

# of a total wholesome entity

# a set of functions vital to perform

# and a host of duties to carry out

# for intended outputs and desired results.

# Side by side is equally valued

# are excretory functions;

# riddance of wastes and rejects.

# Malfunctioning at any point leads to

# throwing pebbles at hornets nests

# requiring timely interception and attention

# however inedible they seem

# ere a catastrophe is reported at HQ

# Picking up some fresh veralu

# Plucking fistful of greens too

# Carrying a load of fire wood

# Hurriedly, mom returns to see you

# Rights, duties, responsibilities – demands, deliveries, performances

# High Courts in Wilderness

# Having resolved few cases

# Abiding by nature’s will

# Calls next the mosquito’s case up

# For fair hearing, as he did

# Owlet, the court clerk shouts loud

# Mosqueeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee....tooooh!

# Let he High courts hear what you got to say

# Yes, my Lord, please permit me to present my case

# to your highness seeking fair listening

# for the sake of not just me, but the entire race

# Entire mosquito race...........?

# Hmm ........ hmm.......!

# Yes your honor, all mosquitoes

# Hmm... hmm...OK ,Go head

# Ru.... ruuu ....ru......... coming from all sides

# Irritating the sleepless mind to a smoked hornets nest

# Burning in anger, cursing something some where

# What a struggle it was to pass the night.

# Knowing it as a sin to kill

# Trying the level best to keep them away

# To be in uncluttered mind pleading for a sleep

# A peaceful and undisturbed good night’s sleep

# The struggle I engaged on, was a curse

# Suffering day in day out fighting a nightly menace

# Still mind wouldn’t agree to kill

# After all, mosquito too has a life

# As much as I do

# I value my life, likewise mosquito too values it’s

# If I consider it is my right to live the way I need to

# Mosquito too has its right to live it’s way

# I consider my life is just precious for me,

# why shouldn’t mosquito too be on same line?

# If no one else has rights take my life

# How can I take mosquito’s life, for my benefit?

# If I expect others to accept and respect my life

# Why can’ mosquito too expect the same from others?

# He views the point of attention

# Below the palm hood, through narrow slit between eyelids

# Underneath a grayed eyebrow little deep seated within a socket

# Focusing well maneuvering a cocked up neck

# Atop the skeletal body supported by the axe-handle on ground

# To be sure if the nest up above, within the hole is

# Free of chicks crying for mother’s arrival from foraging

# The wood pecker couple year after year, returning to he same hole they made on the trunk of the tree, long time before it shed it’s foliage, twigs, branches and main parts of it’s skeletal frame.

# Being the owner many a times having come to the spot to bring down he dead tree, made this observation and every time he did, noted that the nest was live and gave up the idea of felling it down

**Anger ..... Who are they, fostering anger?**

Emotional, behavioral expression, systemic

animals display, whenever life is threatened

for survival, as nature designed it

Corporally stimulated sensory organs and mind

getting activated, puts the Head Quarters on alert

Commanding pituitary and other bases to engage on

adrenaline working in the blood stream rousingly

causing sudden gaining extra vigor

like a fully charged grey cloud in deep azure

acquiring an augmented nerve

becoming perturbed to be arrogant, mostly

While chopping an onion you cut your finger

In pain, you suck up oozing blood and settle down

Ever got angry with the knife?

In the attempt to fix a box with nails

you got our left thumb hammered

by right hand held tool

and threw the hammer off, in fury

Ever got angry with the hammer?

While walking down the lane with the mobile on your ear

Accidently you knocked yourself on a pillar by way side

When you tried to rub off pain on the forehead

You felt the big bump to worsen your rage

Ever got angry with the pillar?

In our day to day life, every moment passes by

We deal with another being direct, indirectly,

Actively, passively, intentionally, unintentionally

Consciously or unconsciously and so on

In doing so, we often get angry too

with the fiancé, spouse, pet, kid, pupil, friend, neighbor, boss

one on the pavement or shop or station or even on road

At times, with ones never even seen once, don’t’ we?

Its awesome, we get angry only with beings

But, never ever with things;

It is a mental manifestation within the individual

Regardless of the reasonability of the reason behind

It is an evil within you, I and every body else

Appearing, disappearing and hiding

as required by the individual, exists the devilish anger!

Its something that has least to do with the other being

Except think in your own judgment

He should have done this that way talked like this

appeared this way not that way

should have behaved this way, not that way

many more umpteen number of ways

that you liked the other person behaved

You will know, how to avoid being angered, I am sure.

He who said, so realistically and convincingly that

The decider of one’s own fate is

none other than one’s own-self

He, who clearly understood and expounded to the layman

What it is made of and the behavior of human mind

He, who held and demonstrated in uncontestable terms,

the power of wisdom, over two and half millenniums ago

He, who envisioned succinctly that,

all material beings and things are of four universal types,

which eventually boil down to one last form,

non-breakable any further, the energy

long before Einstein, the great scientist

who came out with *mc2 = E,*

to say the same, different way

He, who showed that there are four subjects,

incomprehensible and unconceivable

even to the supreme human mind,

which transcends the limits of thinking;

 Subject of Buddha,

Subject of

Subject of Dyana, Kamma

and the subject of world

Tortoise boss in the wayside pool

Enjoying life amidst many she tortoises

Like in a citadel

Nonetheless has burning problem

Of never ending scratchy back

Every day he calls some one and orders to keep scratching

Obedient dutifully or otherwise oblige

Some days he sounds OK other days not so

Scratching harder and harder

In a growing impact even to bounce and rock and toss the boss

Entire community is getting a chance to serve the boss,

Some took by I’s tail when others found bit botheration

Few took as nuisance which should be stopped

For bosses scratchy back has become the number one problem in pool

A smart guys, few in numeric terms got round

Whispered to each other’s ear

For a way out of this menace

Imagine, that clock did not stop on the 19th May, 2009. It is still ticking. How do you plan your activities for the day?

Wake up earlier than usual prepare some thing for kids to carry. While getting ready to catch a bus listen to news here and there to know if some thing scary happened while you were sleeping, get the children ready for he school, leave the house in two sets to ensure the survival of one in the even one gets caught in a blast, leave the kid inside the school gate and watch until ked disappears in to the class room,

Start off to the office, many scary thoughts come to the mind while in the bus, praying for a trouble free day or a painless death in the event something goes wrong, Get off the bus and walk in to the office going through the routine checking, sit at the table to gasp little fresh air visualizing kids playing in school premises,

Vast canopy which gave e immenseness

Maintained the association with divineness

Bore the spiritual blossom regularly

Like a corona on the emerald head

You seem to desire your world

Filled with respect, royalty and the rest

I need have to keep doing the ground work

To keep you shining

Although some very intimates are gone from me

Me at the is not deserted

Appreciate your concern

Remain closer to m heart, a least for a while.

**Universal Motherly Impulse**

Drawing from inside, she grows up

Spreads her stature wide apart in to heavens

Branches and twigs communicating with heavens

Gives out plenty of buds flowers and fruits

In rainbow colors and divergent types

Out in to the sky generously, for adorning

Mother earth’s ut most to shine up father, blue

In the conjuncture, of universal esteem

**Going to Rain**

Phew....... pooh........ pooh

Shh................

tit.... tat..... tot.....

titi... titi .... titi.....

tot.... tot....tot...

Having formed within a body I come out

Grow up, unfurl and open eyes

View the light world

I see more grown up

As well as matured and aging

Also I see ones dying and decaying too

I carry on regardless

Savi’s Poem

*In these holidays, you sleep and doze until your mum comes in screaming'' wake up you silly goat! (hurt)''So my holiday is ruined and so is yours , i hope you do not get another holiday like this*

Draftsman Vs Poet

Refracted solar rays incident on earth illuminates latter subjecting to conditions prevailing at the time in earth’s atmosphere. This may be sketched with plain lines and paints by any one. Its only a poet can see the beauty of whole process romantically and present it in the form of an aesthetic portrait enabling every esthetic minded heart can enjoy. Water flows through forest meandering through boulders and rocks falling from drop to drop.

**Love and life**

Life carries boundaries, limits and conditions

Love dauntless, immortal, infinite and non-bound

Hold them up until all enjoy the displayed beauty of the sky

As they start senescing and falling with time

Dead, dry and deformed in dull colors

Mother earth absorbs all that back, lest they spoil

Just like mother of yours and mine

Appeasing serenity

Fondling breezes

Soothing melodies

Charm avian chirps

Sensational chills

Bustling silvery brills

Rhythmic wavy sways

tree top indulged lullabies

harmonic melody of crickets

Emaciating my soul

Forcefully to be a part

Of the whole nature

But, little doubt haunting

How am I be enjoying

I being an inner being



Of the heroism, mentality of her was

Coming down from mom and dad

A would be mom, a girl one day

Ought to be a hero, in the family envisioned

She was mentored and tamed so

She wants nothing but to be hero

Being the eldest she grabs reigns

And mends two sisters on her pathway

In side the bastion I built

Spending births after births

Drawing all the resources

From every nook and corner of cosmos

Listening to dispassionate opinions

Of those who were of nonchalance

Very rightfully, in my opinion, I felt

I was the absolute supreme to entirety

Took it for granted, keeping with heritage

I am the power, I am the authority, I am the ruler

Let all the rest be subjects; Yes, my subjects!

How could I bear it when things were drifting away,

However minute they may be. No! No! No! I can’t be

*In a macrocosm of poetry
Where lay a rare expression
Of naked opinion
What was dressed in a veil of nonchalance
And shipped beyond the cosmos
Of equality and freedom
To be concealed in entrapment
Beneath the walls of prejudice
Where the slavery of black ink
Chained and sold to the white man
Was bleached and forgotten of all her essence
Saturated in fear
As a vacant line erased of words
Echoed beyond graveyards of humanity
To fill perennial absences
Of emptied consciences*

**Kite Flying in Heaven.....**

My dreamy sweat was your pride

Your flight wriggles and giggles, my happiness

You were my creation, don’t forget

I adore your veneration

I enjoy holding you

As you prefer to be mine

I am thrilled by your ascent

And your wriggle and waving

Gone far even holding to me

Your whispering sweetie to mine

Wind up there I know try hard

To take you away, heeding no regard

I am not scared, ‘cos you like me

Never feel proud, ‘cos you’ve flown up

Its not the wind, but my design and make

that enabled your way up there

Still I like to advise you chum

If you decide to leave me any moment

Intriguing with showy amusing wind

You will sure end up in chaos

Fine as long as all works good

Fine so long as all is smooth

Love, all to be on your side

No ‘un likes not to get what one wants

Your might is your right

Your Height is your delight

Your fight is your like

Outcome is your choice

You are your own designer

You are your own destination

You are your own programmer

Who else can be the deviator?

I cursed you

I hated you

I denounced you

Like a crocodile held on to my leg

**Other Side of the Coin**

Your complaint about them

They are moody and broody

Tough and rough

Aggressive and abusive

Arrogant and egoistic

Commanding and demanding

Yet you want them to be

Brave and valor

Dramatic and romantic

Reactive and proactive

Creative and seductive

**Sonics, Less Than Music**

resonance of some sort, caught on eardrum

short of continuity and rhythm,

De-aligned to heart-beat

What more than a sheer sound, or a noise or a tumult?

Yearn for the sun set

Crave for the moon light

Cry for

News

Day I die

One never knows

Nevertheless inevitable

Ready to face it, any moment

How I came to this world

Its history

How I leave this world

Its matter of time

How did I live all this long

It’s all your concern

You had a genuine reason to come

That is, you knew me some what, right?

Stand right in front looking at my face

Ask yourself; from your conscience

‘Did this man live fairly?’

Was he rouging? Boozing? Killing?

Or carrying on with any other vise?

Mohammedan found shelter

On Priest’s mercy fell in slumber

After hard day’s ponderous wander

Head on his merchandise, lie under

Wakes in the morning next day

In panic overwhelming his bay

Treasure dreamed, right down, in lay

Bewildered him, nothing, priest would say

Time ran along with moon and sun

As roots went down, man found den

To share his life there was none

Found from vicinity a pretty woman

Priest blessed him to get her down

Trade grew, amidst fails now and then

Family too prospered

Drop by drop oozing out

From her nipples of mountainous breasts

Trickling down to mouths of her children

To feed and foster, resorting to no inequity

Faces brunt

Races grunt

Rays in front

Guide by sight

Step on right

Won’t let down, might

Treading on shore

**Fight for generosity**

Bit of a wrangle, won by one

generous altruist, among many

grabbing opening to donate the casket

To the innocent who counted days,

and succumbed to kidney failure

not finding a donor, for a kidney

Flap..... flap in style

Majestic wings, across sky

Flutter, in determination

To cross the blue sky

Sharply focused eyes

Scanning from above

Views immense earth

Searching it’s meal

Right round and above

All that dominates is blue,

Sees it, no boundaries

Blocks, barriers and limits

Fly high, fly wide, fly there fly here

It’s the wing that governs the limit

Not the wind blowing from west

Fly free, feel free, live free

**Rain**

Soaking, seeping, draining and flushing

Drop by drop to remain, reserve and enrich

Pool up, fill up and rise up to nature needs

Ease out as tiny springs from within

Erupts out at a mountain top

Gets fed by stuff from the environment

Drop by drop adding on to bulk

Runs down all the way at nonstop mode

Faces obstacles, barriers, precipices and what not

Overcomes, adjusts and proceeds

 Grows in stature and might

Ravine, rivulet, brook, stream and river it becomes

Earth bears, holds and allows it

To take its course, at it’s will

And move forward, unabashed

Till it reaches its destination

Of getting unified, with every other drop

Coming from any corner of the world

paying no heed to

Castes, creeds, races and religions

The immense ocean

**If I were a Tree**

In the shade of the tree

Having revived from a mental tremor

Engulfed, I, in the tranquility beneath

Wish I were a tree like this.........!

 For, then only I have the godly power

To harvest solar energy, directly

 And donate to other beings

 Like the seedling right here

I grow up amongst all others right round

Making no fuss about it for any thing

Sharing what ever available in the vicinity

Allowing weaker to remain on top

I go down and down, in exploration

To deeper and deeper layers in earth

Bring up all rare stuff to the top, so that

One day, when I shed them on ground

All others be benefitted, freely

I trap sun’s rays, synthesize food and reserve

For numerous others to make use of as food

I grow in stature and spread my limbs every where

Enabling many wines to clutch on and creep up

Let many little bugs, butterflies, moths crickets et cetera

Feed on my leaves, twigs, flowers and fruits

I provide shade to the man who comes to fell me down

Yet, no hate or enmity, I extend to him

Pray my body be a treasure to many more beings

**Life cycle**

Rolling up and unfold

Unfold and expand

Every time I see a dead leaf, I remove it

Next day another turns pale and age

Little bulges at the centre

Growing in stature to rise up

Expand and enlarge o capture more

Enrich in vigor and might, looking might

Rein the rest and rule the world by far

**Meowing Chronometer**

Morning, noon and night

Never missed three times even once

Did not know where it comes from or where it goes

Every day it appeared all three times

Reminding households something

**Going up on the weighing scale**

Up, up and up we go

Soldier, soldier..........!

 I feel truly proud when I behold you

Not because, I have two legs when you have only one

Equally I feel fortunate, not because I have both eyes intact

When you have lost both in the battle

I feel enthused, not because I can move about freely any where

Whereas you are just confined to a wheel-chair

I feel manly, not because I have a family to care for

Whereas you are a resident in a care-house, cared by caregivers

I feel so liberal, liberated and joyous,

Because, I live on a liberated land, free of fear and horror

Soldier, I feel honored, not because I have every thing to myself

It is because I have had the fortune

To be borne on the soil where heroes like you are borne

**We are still awake and alive**

Do you guys remember the days

When you held your breath tight, lest they hear you

Do you stillremember the days

When you just could not close your eyes for a minute even

 Wonder if you could recall

days when you all cuddled in to one bunch hearing thuds of terrorists

Still, never have it hit back a sole

Or even dreamed of hurting any one

Nevertheless, watching how a close relative

In a prestige pot, being treated, cared and valued

Tamarind tree couldn’t help, but felt,

”Why couldn’t I be a bonsaied tamarind”

To be prestigious, but serve none on earth

**Concealed Un-palatability of Love**

Hm...... hm ...... hm ....... a hum

Rhyming in a rhythm

Soothing to the heart

A treat to the ears

An enticement...?

Inducement to bloom

For a vivid world of colors

Enticing fragrance and

Mouth wetting honey

Coaxing offer.....?

Unconditional forcing

To fill up tummy, craving

Of a hunting bee

A motive for a deal...?

Flower being pretty, though

Prays for external help

To bring the pollen matter

For the intended union

License to love, for coitus....!

Bee, satisfied its hunger

Flower conceived the seed

As both fulfilled needs

Emerged win- win state

Perfectly matched needs

Communication paved way

Fulfillment thus ensured

Initiated a new cohort

Flower dries off soon

Seed sets in on growth

Romeo left unaware of

Roaming bee is gone

Heeding to, no binding rule

Tree is unbothered about

True love so sacred

Illusively dissipated

Tree, minds its bounded duty

Bee carries on similarly

Displaying the unpalatable reality

And sweet illusiveness of

The supreme sacred love

**Oh, Uncle Sam.......Uncle Sam!**

Great leader once was, are you still there,

Uncle Sam?

Following you, by all means,

Had been the dream for many

Presently, not sure where you are bound to?

You ask us to be fair in every daily affair

Human right so precious, never to spare

Practice, you insist on us

Guantanamo Base echoes

Why is it so dubious?

We see how you treat colored

Don’t hey deserve that, in fact?

Truth and Justice what you advocate

Ramya and Sandhya were siblings

Born bred and grew in same environs

Ramya the elder one looked fairer

Though darker, Sandhya was, little prettier

Dad dreamed them to attend English School

Both sisters were little reluctant to leave home

Dad forced elder to learn Languages

Allowed younger to explore scientific world

Time flew non-stop over their heads

Both added on, many annual rings

On fresh lines, mindfully they contrived

Younger in campus and, elder back home, they ended

Ramya enjoys seeing her coconut seedlings grow

Once a month Sandhya sees them at home

Match-makers frequent home by their request

Many a full-moons gone effecting no major change

Elder yet at home, seeing none to match hers

As was with Shanaka, proposed last

Sandhya dropping in at home every month

Still sees no progress with her sis

Shanaka looked so nice, sis, why didn’t you like him?

Queried she, worrying on her annoying fuss

Educationally or by look, he’s nothing much

Ramya’s response to sis, jumped like sparks

Every body gave up man hunt for Ramya

Mean tim, became pals, Shanaka ‘n Sandhya

Ramya’s palm yielded many bunches ‘o nuts

Sandhya was made permanent in her position

**Smallness Has a Place**

Never feel shy for being small

For, it isn’t a wreck to befall

Minute firefly at night fall

Beautifies dark ugly night stall

Giant fern spreading huge leaves

Occupying a bulk space on land unto itself

Produces and releases spores for next generation

Micro sized, yet in billions, to conquer the world

Speckle twinkling little stars scattered

 The infinite blue celestial canvas, adorned

Minuscule soft snow flake sans any hue

Enriched a half the world with plain white

The pebble, picked up and held in fingers

Held the boulders in place, firm and secure

Slight breeze over mountain top

Attuned wood canopy to a scintillating lullaby

Pinch of salt only needed

For a change in taste of a bulky meal

**Free Journalism**

Selling hot cakes baked in tensed oven

Being heated by ripped peace fire, from underneath

To news thirst citizen, openly and lavishl

Being humans, feel proud

To be the wisest among all

Yet, are driven by craze

Craze is nothing but desire

Uncontrolled and untamed

Desires shall run wild

To end up in craze

Crazy driven human

Feels no enough

Sees no end

Thinks no fulfilled

Leads unto its own rut

**Smallness has a place**

Tell us if you did find nukes in Iraq

Freedom to all beings is your motto

On who won’t follow you, aren’t you morose?

Free economy you preach us

Do you really enjoy that in US

You like to be the roll-model for democracy

Yet your out turn never goes above half

You preach those who rate exceeding seventy percent

**Soldier in the grave**

Through the erected concrete

I see your face discrete

To the touch I feel your valor

And I hear the resonance of your heart

**Stupidity in Genes**

Head thorax and slender abdomen

Hexapod moth globally renowned

Beautifully laid scales of vivid sheen

Active and playful, way it behaves

Carrying proudly, extravagantly sized

Enormous, ruby like, jutting eyes

Supposedly to scan the visual space ahead

Supported by radar like antennae going beyond

Yet, sleeps whole day through, avoiding daylight bliss

Darkness preferred, overwhelms body and soul

Remain totally concealed and clandestine

Suddenly comes out boldly, apparently stupidly

Attracted to a flickering flame

Displaying a dance sans a rhythm

**In Tolerance**

Body, never mind flesh, sought refuge under deodorant cover

Pork, never mind body, refreshingly smelled by cuisine spices

Attuned to meet together within, nonetheless

Ha... haa..., hi.... hiii..., ho... hoo...hoooh!

**I hate .............. and still hate**

I hate, hate, hate .... and still hate

Sans any lucidity on why or whom or what

Still I hate, knowing no reasoning

May be ........... just a kind of feeling

I hate your smile, reminisced crocodile tear

Felt skin and flesh ripping, was your stare

The warmth so very rare, even I hate, for it grilled

And burned me, every when I desired to be poignant

Hate your body contact that pinched me pitilessly

I hate your crusty touch which bruised me ruthlessly

 And most of all, I hate your love, for it ignited every row

I hate your soul in to-to, for what it looks now

I drape all those hates within my own-self

For the failure in me to know who was within your-self

**Binding Link**

What ever occurs right now

And that is linked with present

Anything ‘n everything should’ve a start

Some day, some where, some how

Bobbing up, with strings tied on

And it is attributed to the past

How it would end, who knows,

It’s in time’s care, leave it to the future!

**Last will**

Seeing the first rays

Through roof perforations

Managed to step along

A real rugged road

Dreaming and fulfilling aspirations

Not wanting to be a centurion

Today I see my own image

Through a mirror of real quality

Many facets of varying colors, hues, tones

Have I not lived without

Being burden, pest or parasite

Curse, nuisance or annoyer

Rogue, liar or criminal of any kind

No one never ever labeled me so

To my knowledge unto this age

People differ in attitudes, values and outlooks

Likes, dislikes, norms and assertions

Temperaments, beliefs, faiths and ego

Carry no standards, parameters or measures to go by

None likes or dislikes all others on same count

Similarly all others won’t like or dislike

One on same grounds or same way