

Poetry Series

Janani Saravanan

- poems -



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Janani Saravanan()

Poetess from Tamil Nadu.



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Love Chaos

Hurly-burly
Love life....
Try to get rid of it.
Wooer
I totally went mad at him.
Psyche says 'wind up'...
Soul says, 'Keep up.'
If it grows...
It creates immorality.
If it shrinks...
It creates emotional instability.
Loss of mind,
Nuttiness on him. Is it a phobia?
Therapist needed to cure...
The best therapist...
Is there silence, no language?
No harsh words...
No thoughts....
No sights...
For fewer days...
Peace of mind.
Gives extreme pleasure...

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Insanity

Blooming flowers, ready to shower blissfulness,

Sparkling sky with tenderness...

An insane girl sits alone.

Mourning.....

For a long time,

Grime on physique,

Wipe with pure love.

Her eyes were filled with tears.

Her lips, Impulse

Her hands, Shivers,

Her legs, Waggles,

She shudders,

The memories of sensual desires...

Dragging her into the world of disgust and hope...

hope to cope,

With better essence...

The sense of well-being...

She demolishes..

The passionate one,

To manifest the upcoming godsend...

Janani Saravanan

Love

LOVE,
the vital weapon,
injures human,
sorely.....

Love,
daze our mind
to blind, and
haze our soul
to lull,

Love,
the rapturous play
blights men and
women,
evenly.....

Love
bells illness
in faith,
rings dullness
in hearth,

Love,
the luminous lullaby,
mocks at mankind,
unkindly.....

Love,
the passion of life,
renders love
for love.....
vendors hate
for hate.....
it's the fate
of cherishing love! ! !

Janani Saravanan



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Breeze

As flowers sway in the breeze,

My mind sways in the breeze.

It searches for purity and ecstasy.

Where can I find it? Where to exactitude it?

My soul becomes abominable.

My mind urges me to go ahead with the world.

But I feel abnegation. I am candid,

Oh! My dearie breeze lifts me,

Into the world of truthfulness.



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I feel grim about living in this world.

My lovey breeze blew a pure wind.

To restrain my slough,

Your sonorous sound, with a light wind,

Is it pleasant? Take me a breath and give

Blissfulness with pure love,

Which makes me want to get rid of impurity.

Oh, my sweet breeze

give me

Cheerfulness and confidence with a sense of purity.

I'm rhapsodizing about the breeze.

but I'm soulful about the world,

Why is there conflict and desolation?

Destroy those baneful creatures as ashes,

From this world, take over it, my dear.

Breeze, breeze, breeze.....

I need a pure breeze with zeal.

Give me purity and ecstasy.

a bright and light wind

To shock the world.

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Miraculous Birth

A miracle happens with the birth of Christ.
Hail Mary suffers to gift her offspring
as a martyr...
Christ cries with a heavenly melody.
and ends his life.
with heavily malady,
Heed, heed, heed.....

ahead of the deed
of 'God',
Christ arrives.....

for purification and for crucifixion,
What a miracle!
But a mystery!

yet a mastery!
of 'God',
who sacrificed his son (Christ)
for his son's sons and daughters,
who lives in a hellish circle
and becomes selfish.
without realizing the miracle! !
My Lord's Lord, your attempt never fails.
but becomes abrupt,
why?
Mankind changes totally,
from love to hate,
yet,
There is hope.
the first light of Christmas Eve,
Will change the blindness into merry blissfulness.
A miracle must happen.
by the rebirth of Christ!

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