

Poetry Series

**kp. shashidharan**  
**- poems -**

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## kp. shashidharan()

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☐The author is a prolific writer in prose and poetry, has published more than hundred 'Middles' – literary, humorous, satirical pieces on the editorial pages and on various themes in leading Indian national English newspapers viz. Hindustan Times, Indian Express, The Pioneer, Times of India and The Hindu.

☐He has travelled extensively in India and abroad and is a man of various talents and passions. The author has never known a time when he wasn't reading or making up stories or poems. The pulling out of a pencil and a notebook and writing a poem or a story has always been a habit since his school days. It was this passion that led to the birth of this beautify baby, his first book Whispering Mind.

# A Trekker's Story

Do you remember, Babe  
The trekker we met  
At Interlaken  
In the heart of the Swiss Alps  
Between the twin lakes  
Thunersee and Brienersee  
In the hikers' paradises!

The backpacker adventurer  
We interacted while  
Interlaken walking  
Spent his life  
Skydiving, paragliding  
Cannoning, bungee jumping  
Ice-climbing, glacier hiking  
Biking, rafting, skating  
Hang-gliding, skiing and trekking!

Heavy rucksack  
Pulled down his shoulders  
Ankles ached  
Muscles strained  
Sore feet pained in boots  
But balanced his body  
On the glacier path!

Place: New Delhi

Dated: 27.05.2011

kp. shashidharan

# Allah My Allah

Allah, my Allah  
Where are you?  
I've come, all the way  
To your home-'Kaaba'-  
'Khana-e-Kaaba'  
'Mere Allah ka Ghar- -  
Home of my God!

Storming wind plays with sands  
Blowing and sweeping:  
When acacia shrubs  
Swayed in the desiccated hot breeze  
Didn't I pay attention to you whispering?  
"Don't cry, my child; don't try dying of tears"  
"How can you say so, my Allah?  
When I had so much of pain in the heart?  
You beckoned my dear ones in this world  
Why Allah, Why did you do it to me? "

"Cry not, my child,  
You're close to me  
You're mine, a spark of the flame,  
A reflection of me  
Near to my heart, dear to my soul,  
Stop, please stop sobbing,  
I'm here to wipe your tears! "

2

Twinkling stars lighted up  
His sky home was illuminated  
Glittering lamps gazed down  
Showering down blissful blessings

Seeing the full moon smiling  
Cruising across the sky  
I moved across the Arabian Desert  
Searching for the holy nectar  
To quench my anguished soul

I've reached your home

To see you, my Allah  
Merging in the ocean of humanity  
In the ocean of luminosity  
I want you to cure my aching heart  
Bless me Allah, by your magical touch  
Deep, bleeding, wounds of my spirit  
Allah, my Allah, where're you?

Sky cascaded pearly jewels  
Rained down celestial waters  
A Niagara of brilliance showering down  
From the heaven above  
Inundating Kaaba, the abode of Allah

Bridging with the heavenly abode  
Holy Kaaba, my Allah Ka Ghar  
To the sky dome—the sky home of my Allah!  
Allah! My Allah! Where are you?  
Aren't you there in your heavenly abode?

3

In the glistening moonlight  
The plains of Arafat  
At Masjid al-Haram Mosque  
Draped in Ihram  
White un-hemmed two sheets of cloth  
Kissed the black stone of Kaaba  
I joined the praying humanity  
Circumambulating Kaaba  
Seven times anticlockwise  
Performing the holy Tawaf praying!

"Bismillah  
Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!  
Wa lil Lahi Ahmad! "  
"In the name of God,  
God is great! God is great! God is great!  
And praise to be to God! "

"I'm like Abraham  
You asked him to leave Hagar, his wife  
Asked him to sacrifice his son Ishmael  
I've to drink waters from the Well of Zam Zam

From that Holy Well, Angel Gabriel dug  
Scraping sand with tip of his wing  
Where water sprang gushing through thirsty sand!

I went to Mina, at the Mount Arafat  
The Hill of forgiveness  
Performed Ramy al-Jamarat  
The Stoning of the Devil  
Praying to thee, thy name, slept not  
Whole night spent in thy prayers  
Performed Eid al-Adha  
The ritual of animal sacrifice too

Didn't I perform Tawaf again at Kaaba  
In the undulating waves of humanity  
In the light of moving white waves  
I'm looking for you Allah, praying  
I want your blessings!  
Allah, my Allah, where are you?

I want to see you now  
Your pearly smile  
I want to feel you, now  
Your divine touch  
I want to listen to you, now  
Your soothing words  
And inhale your divine fragrance  
To my lungs full—the musk of Eden  
Allah, my Allah; now where are you?

You say, you're in every cell of me  
Your splendour, thy divine energy  
Let the power of your invisible  
Invincible love flow through me  
Let it be pumped through my blood  
Let it be throbbing in my pulse beats  
Let it, let it, my Allah  
Let it breathe in and out of me!  
I want always you in me  
In every tick that ticks in my heart  
Till it is done  
All the ticks of the clock

That you presented at birth

“Labbaek, Allahumma Labbaek.  
Labbaek, la shrike laka, Labbaeka.  
Inna hamda wa nemata  
laka wal mukkala sharika laka”  
“Oh, Allah, here I am.  
Here I am in thy presence.  
Thou hast no equal. Here I am.  
All praise for thee  
And from thee are blessings.  
To thee belongs all power  
And rule though art without parallel.”

Heaven showered light like flowers  
In the splendour of the divine bliss  
I beseech you, let me be forgiven  
Forgive me, Hamzah  
Didn't I hear my Allah's whisper from me;  
“All mysteries of the world  
Are absorbed in you  
Your Allah, sent you Al-Quran  
Your Hajj is over, now you're a Hajji!  
Look inwards, begin again, a new search for me  
Look deep, deeper and still deeper  
In you, till you find me:  
I'm there, in you  
In the holy Kaaba of your heart  
Like an invisible bird, nested in your soul  
There I am tweeting  
I'm there for you, and with you, forever! ”  
I do things for some reasons,  
Which I cannot tell you now,  
But you'll know, when the time is ripe,  
There's a cause and a reason  
For everything, I did  
And all was done for a purpose!

\*\*\*\*\*

DATED; 27/06/2013

PLACE; NEW DELHI (INDIA)

kp. shashidharan

# Chameleon Woman

Attired in garish but torn sari  
Concealing peeping out  
Bulging, soft voluptuous  
Curves of youth  
Stood at the traffic signal  
A street woman with babies  
Selling:  
Red, green, yellow balloons!

Screaming twin babies  
One boy, the other girl  
Clutching her firmly  
One, on the left  
The other on the right  
Engaged in competition  
Sucking mother's milk  
From right at the source!

A chameleon woman she is  
Changes appearance often!  
Before the earliest bird  
Chirrup at the day break  
Holding babies close to bosom  
With a big sack on her back  
She searches rags, waste heaps  
Something that fetches value!

Challenging pigs, dogs, cats, cattle  
Rats and folks of her kind  
In the game she has been good at!  
Managing thugs who allocate  
Streets for begging  
And for living for a price  
Of course god is kind in his bounty!

She lives her life in love  
Beneath a flyover in Delhi  
Destined, born on the street  
Cursed for others but blessed for her

She has no quarrel with the almighty  
To be blossomed as a street girl  
Pretty, colourful, alluring like a flower  
Her hassles are with the all mighty!

kp. shashidharan

# Champagne Party In The Galaxy

1

'Dear Marilyn Monroe, you're invited to my champagne party  
You may ride a time machine, zooming through the time tunnel  
Into time, into space, in the fourth dimension  
Please, do note my address - the time space coordinates -; '  
Beguiled Mr. Stephen Hawking!

'Oh, Steve, I love to be in the party  
I'll take though, a little time out  
As I crave visiting, my grandma, after your party.  
Would you mind, taking me there? '; implored Marilyn!

2

'Don't you like rollercoaster ride?  
I'll take you in a wormhole  
Speeding along the length of time to the other end of the universe?  
Only one promise, lose not your temper, shoot not your granny  
Trust me; I go for time travel often  
Time travel isn't a heresy  
I'm a physicist, not an eccentric  
You can enjoy time travel with me  
To the dark cavern of the cosmic origin into the past  
Or into the infinite future; ' reassured Stephen!

'Steve, train me to swim in the river of time  
Against the flow, towards its origin  
Let us visit our great, great grandma too -  
The African black mother of us all  
I wish meeting, Adam and Eve, fully naked  
I'll forbid them eating that damn forbidden fruit  
I should chase Satan out of the Garden of Eve  
I won't allow him, manoeuvring Eve by trickery  
My soul is hungry for merging in affection to Shri Krishna  
Dancing in dissolution, in fusion, in him, in Rasa Leela  
Melting me into the celestial sound waves inundating from the flute  
Amalgamating me, zeroing me, nullifying my own existence  
I desire, attending to Buddha's sermon  
I love Jesus not crucified, save him from the cross  
I wish watching the abyss of the past out-flowing from its cavern  
Had Napoleon not overpowered in the Waterloo

John F Kennedy alive, not assassinated  
I desire witnessing history liquefying in the river of time! '

'Marilyn, I'm afraid  
Time travel wouldn't let  
Anyone to tinker the course of the history  
As our mind would like fantasising  
It is like you shooting your grandma  
Not allowing you to be born  
Some doubts, I do have  
Which I would clarify when we meet Einstein  
We should chat with Gandhi  
Though we would be helpless  
To help him from those bullets  
When we would meet Leonardo  
Let us find out, who was his Mona Lisa! '

3

'Steve, I believe you  
But aren't you obsessed with time?  
You say, you see, wormholes in nooks and crannies! '

'True, I believe creating a portal to the past, a portal to the future  
Come, Marilyn, climb into the time tunnel with me  
Let us fly, fly far, far away - into time, into space  
You show me, but, where's the path?  
To my left, to my right to the fourth dimension  
Once we fly away,  
Who knows, when we will emerge, and where? '

4

'Tell me, Steve  
How can we fly into time, without a time machine?  
How'll you thank Galileo for telescoping to the heavens?  
How'll we reach to the end of cosmos?  
How'll we find out, the end of our story hiding  
In the celestial cavern of time? '

'Marilyn, see those tiny wrinkles  
Crevices and voids in time  
Smaller than molecules  
Smaller than even atoms  
Right now, I see the quantum foam  
Let me capture a wormhole for you

But, I've to enlarge it, Marilyn  
To make it big enough for us  
To fly through the time tunnel  
To ride our spaceship  
Zooming through the other end! '

5

'You're too intelligent  
Show me, only one wormhole for us to tour around  
The Milky Way, spiral galaxies, stars, nebulae, big black holes...'

'Now I can visualise, a giant wormhole  
In the outer space in the future  
Bridging Earth to the far away planet  
I'm seeing the dinosaurs  
They're charging at our spaceship  
Oh, Marilyn, come close to me  
Our time machine is rolling down in the space canyon  
Let me enlarge the wormhole to escape the pull of the black hole  
Let me make the wormhole faster two thousand times Apollo 10  
The fastest manned vehicle, so far! '

6

'I'm with you Steve  
You can flirt with me, woo me round  
Into the hollow sky of the time tunnel  
Take me, Steve, please  
To the other end of the cosmic channel, end of the galaxies.'

'Let me pour you some champagne  
Let me open the door, thereafter  
Miss Universe of the future is at the door  
I'd invited her too for this party  
I've to finish, some more experiments though! '

7

'Stephen, are you awake?  
I don't understand you  
Are you conscious?  
Are you dreaming?  
I can't believe you any more  
Nobody has turned up  
For your champagne party  
From the heavens above  
What a shame on Earth! '

'Marilyn, but you should know  
These wormholes:  
They're pretty tricky contrivance  
Even to see them in our mind's eye!  
We're still possibly in the three dimension world  
Probably you're in the fourth dimension  
Let us both be in the eleventh dimension of the M-theory! '

'Oops! Steve, I can't understand you  
You have too much IQ and EQ  
But I have only BQ - the Beauty Quotient! '  
Acknowledged Marilyn Monroe!

8

'Believe me  
It is all because.....  
Because.....'

'Steve  
What do you mean?  
Because of me...? '; cried out Marilyn! '

'You should know, the grandfather paradox;  
The Mad Scientist paradox  
They stopped us from time travel  
But, if you don't tell anyone  
I'll whisper in your ears, the secret key to time travel! '

'That's cool, tell me, Steve  
You've a beautiful mind; and you trust me a lot  
I'll listen to you, even if I comprehend nothing  
You sound starry-eyed; I love you that way - brilliant  
I can feel luminous nebulae in the Milky Way! '  
Marilyn inspired Steve!

'You see that guy  
He's a mad scientist  
He's in a time tunnel  
Just stretching one minute into the past  
Oops! The mad scientist sees himself  
Jesus, he faces himself one minute before  
Alas! I can't believe, Marilyn

He shot him, the earlier himself  
In the flow of the cosmic river of time  
Yes, using that goddamn wormhole  
He's dead and gone swallowed by the black hole of time! '

9

'Hey Steve, it is too much for me  
Why should he shoot his earlier himself?  
You're too crazy  
What sort of time tour of the cosmos is this?  
Now, you tell me, why did he shoot him and when? '  
Inquired, Marilyn!

'It's the problem - the nightmare of the time traveller  
It could be the wormhole  
Do you believe me, Merlin?  
The story of time travel isn't yet over? '

10

'Oh, yeah, please, pour for me more champagne  
Your story is good, only if I'm drunk, fully out of my senses! '

'You've more champagne, as much as you cherish  
I do enjoy champagne, it's delicious  
But there's a problem; I can't pour it for you,  
Until we're on time travel - aboard in the time machine! '

'Oops! I know you're crazy  
But, I thought, not so absolutely cranky! '

'If you don't understand me  
It's the problem of the power of your brain  
Do you know GPS - the Global Positioning System?  
When satellites orbit Earth  
You know, time runs faster in those clocks:  
Not that the clock is not accurate;  
But because time runs faster  
Faster than on Earth, in the space!  
So we do correct clocks in the space shuttles  
This drags on time was first found by Einstein  
You can check with him if you come with me! '

11

'Steve,  
I've got a headache, now!

Only if you pour champagne for me  
Will I be able to concentrate? '

'Marilyn, when we fly  
Right at the centre of the Milky Way  
Just about twenty six thousand light years away  
There lies, the heaviest object in the galaxy  
A super massive black hole:  
Mass of four million suns  
Crushed down concentrating into a single point!

So intense is its gravitational pull, dragging even light to its centre  
Let me confide in you  
You know what  
For the crew in that spaceship, orbiting the black hole  
Time slows down by half  
I want you be with me in that space ship  
Orbiting around the black hole!

I'll pour for you champagne, while launching into the galaxies  
We'll have a gala trip in the Milky Way  
When we return Planet Earth  
We'll see our children aged like our fathers  
They would age double, when we would only age half  
Let me confide in you, a secret, Marilyn  
That super massive black hole is a time machine! '

12

'Oh, yeah, Steve, I can understand now, the mad scientist paradox  
Because he's a wholesome oddball  
Is your story of the time travel not over yet? ';  
Queried Marilyn Monroe!

'Listen to me, please, the last part  
If you're ready to travel with me  
Really, really, very, very fast  
Faster than the speed of light  
Not being sucked up in a black hole  
We'll take only one way ticket in future  
We'll board in a superfast train  
We'll travel at the speed of light!

Don't you worry, I'm with you

Let the train may encircle Earth  
Over and over, seven times a second  
Time will slow down for us  
You know, Marilyn, believe me  
We've built something of that sort of a train  
That's the world's largest particle accelerator  
Yes, at CERN, in Geneva, in Switzerland  
If you don't believe me, come with me to Switzerland  
Oh, Marilyn, come with me, hurry up, there is no time  
We've to board the time train  
We won't ride the wormhole  
We won't be sucked in the black hole!

kp. shashidharan

# Cultural Cocktail

In the ancient land of tribes  
Of Algonquian and Iroquois  
Where tribes and buffaloes  
Multiplied their breed  
Once uninterrupted!  
I told Babe:  
'It's a gene mix  
Of White, Black, Brown, Yellow, Hispanic-  
In this Melting Pot called New York! '

Her eyes were lost in the race  
Of skyscrapers' conquest of the sky  
In the gargantuan forest  
Of glass, steel and concrete  
I saw in her eyes then neon lights  
In millions, flickering like stars!

While strolling along  
The Brooklyn Bridge  
Letting eyes to swim over the waves  
In the East river  
We saw the cultural cocktail around  
Begetting futuristic citizens of the world!

Broadway was inundated by the neon lights  
The great white way was transformed  
Into a glittering canyon  
We went to a night club in the Big Apple  
To join folks who boozed and rocked in rhythm!

kp. shashidharan

# Encounter

When he came to her home first time,  
he knew, she was scared of him;  
but he said nothing, just sat on the dining table;  
had dinner and gone!

She realized, it was depressing to live alone  
Bored to tears, not a friend to share life  
So, she loved DAY, married with more and more work  
When worn-out, she left DAY at the office;  
When went home, then NIGHT followed her!

When she opened the locked home  
NIGHT felt bashful, stepping in with her  
Darkness scurried away in dread fear  
Seeing power, spewing out light!

Who kept the fridge door open?  
Who splintered a wine bottle on the flooring?  
A cracked egg, separated from the shell  
The golden dome sat over the white fluid pond!

She hurried to the bed room in terror  
Followed by NIGHT in horror  
He was on her bed with his consort  
Enjoying a mango feast in glee!  
Intimidated her by bullying  
Nervous NIGHT could only stare at her  
Didn't he take over her house?  
After ransacking everything she had  
Shocking her out of her shell?

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AUTHOR; K P SHASHIDHARAN

PLACE; NEW DELHI (INDIA)

DATED: 25.10.2012

kp. shashidharan

# Energy Flow Of Love

Away from the daily hassles  
Under the green leaves of reverie  
Pink flowers fell on my eyelids  
Fragrance of you embraced me!

God gifted you beautiful eyes  
Like windows of your mind  
Looking deep into your pupil  
I saw me captured in the camera!

Powerful were those eyes  
Good to x-ray even heart and soul  
Delving deep into your eyes  
I was searching your soul!

Experiencing being entrapped  
I was fathoming the depth of your mind  
I knew I was losing my identity of being  
While trying to merge in your Self!  
I could sense the eternal energy flow of love  
In me that God gifted to the living beings!

Gravitational force we learnt  
Electromagnetism we understood  
Flow of electrons protons we studied  
We knew not till that day  
The intense energy flow of love!

We knew we were linked in a loop  
Connected in waves of the energy  
In an invisible zone of eternal bliss  
Where time, space and existence got frozen  
Mind, Soul, and Self got synchronized!

I felt my being got merged into your being  
In bliss we chanted the mantra  
Hamsa - 'Who am I?  
Soham! Soham! Soham!  
I am in You! You are in Me!

We are part of Him!

Let illusion and ignorance vanish!  
Ego surrender before Super Ego!  
Brahman, Atman are one and the same!  
Isvara and jiva are one and the same!  
We are part of the Eternal life energy flow!  
We are part of the eternal world!

Where time and space get frozen  
Mind, Soul, and Self get synchronized  
We chanted: 'Soham Brahmashri! '  
'Tat Tvam Asi' Thou art that  
You are that! That you are  
I am that I am!  
'Aham Brahamasmi!

Let us realize  
The Self is the reflection  
Of the Ultimate Reality-Brahman  
Atman and Brahman are one and the same  
When Brahman is without the maya or illusion  
And Atman is without ignorance, delusion and ego!

Let us merge our individuality  
Into the supreme energy flow of the universe  
Let us rejoice the bliss of sublime love of the two united in one  
Let us be blessed by the supreme joy of timeless bliss!

kp. shashidharan

# Eternal Energy Flow

Lord you are there everywhere For those who believe in you! Proving that you exist or not May be an atheist's pastime!

In the bloated ego of ignorance Man first thought the Sun Revolved round flat plane earth  
A non elliptical non globular earth  
Punished the man who told the truth! In the lives of the blatant egotistic

Ignorant, nincompoop  
The stone-man  
Thought he knew too much!

Killed animals left and right Ate raw flesh like animals Walked naked like animals  
He knew not he was naked!

He knew not fire and wheel existed  
He knew not later innovations He was blind to see anything Even his own nudity!  
2  
Existed everything in the air Even from the very beginning Electrons, protons, neutrons  
Electricity, electromagnetic waves, Omnipotent technology Omniscient Internet! Omnipresent electromagnetism! As manifestations  
Of the supreme power of knowledge!

The 'Web of life' is now the reality Interconnected brains interact Internationally connected, networked  
Engaging the hearts and minds  
Exchanging thoughts, emotions, ideas!

Human beings are hooked in millions All pooh-poohed by the earlier men!  
Proving that electrons could be there Test tube baby could be made cloned As incredible, blasphemy, non-existed!

3  
Experiencing you in every moment Is my mission and passion in life! When minds are tuned well  
In the right frequency Messages are transmitted Broadcast and telecast  
In streams, vibes and in mental waves!

We experience that telepathy works  
We know radio electronic waves Internet

All wonders of nature  
That we discovered existed  
Whether we could discover earlier or not  
Fire, light, electricity  
Radiations, magnetism, World Wide Web  
All were there in nature even before we captured!

Right before me  
My atheist friend challenged my Guru1  
'You God man!  
Prove your God exists! '  
My Guru was ice cool; smiled and asked: 'Have you seen air, while breathing?  
Have you seen, my friend,  
Your mind while challenging me?

You know, dear, scientists prove life is matter  
Atoms, chemicals and what not  
If so, why can't we make life  
Out of chemicals, atoms, matter and what not  
Without taking any organic cells from the living? '

4  
My Master! I've no questions  
Nor do have I doubts  
I believe in telepathy  
Like electromagnetic waves Encircles earth, space, outer world In the velocity  
faster than light  
In the velocity of mind in mental waves In the endless Ocean of Consciousness  
Sending and receiving mental waves!

Lord, bless me!  
Let me pilot my small vessel safely  
In the turbulent currents of life  
Let me close my eyes for a while  
Let me ignore those uninvited thoughts  
Let me focus on my sixth chakra  
On my forehead right between the eyebrows  
Let me experience the divine illumination within me!

5  
Oh my Creator, let me purify my mind

In transcendental meditation!  
Let me experience the ethereal bliss in me  
Let me hear the divine voice of yours in me

Let me feel your presence in every breath of mine  
Let me fill you in my Mind, Soul, Spirit and Self Let time, space, distance, media,  
all obstructions And impediments vanish between you and me  
Let all unwarranted distinctions vaporise in thin air!

Let me delve deep into the spiritual ocean of eternity  
Let my body, mind, intellect, soul, self be in fusion

May the wavelengths of thoughts, emotions, feelings  
Get tuned into the right frequency  
May the eternal divine energy flow through my spine  
May it unite me  
With the Supreme Energy flow of the Universe!

kp. shashidharan

# Fireballs In The Sky

Fireballs in the sky  
Fiery explosions  
Raging inferno  
Amidst engulfing hungry raging flames  
Dark clouds of smoke, fumes and dust  
Jumped out  
Human beings with debris!

Not a dream  
Not a horror film  
The real horrific  
Massacre in the sky!

The Twin Brothers collapsed  
The epitome of human genius  
Melted into ashes and rubbles  
Cremating human beings alive!

Mind indoctrinated  
Head brainwashed  
Men incarnated as devils  
Continued poisoning minds  
With hatred, anger, enmity  
Envy, violence, destruction  
Piloted the aircrafts right into  
The heart of the Twin Brothers  
Bombed the conscience of the humanity!

kp. shashidharan

# Fury Of The Wind

Babe, we were living at Bath  
In those days  
In the amphitheatre  
Of the seven hills  
Bathed in beauty!

In the elegant city  
You narrated its history  
The Romans built  
A world heritage centre:  
Royal baths, saunas  
And plunge pools!

The Romans found the Celtic god  
They started worshipping Sul  
The Celt sun god  
And the Roman god Minerva!  
We walked along the arcades  
Visiting the Roman baths  
Musuem, spa and pump room!

Walking along the tourist trails  
Seeing the Georgian architecture  
The King's Circus, Royal Crescent  
Parade Garden, Poultney Bridge  
Along the banks of River Avon  
Where once Agatha Christie  
Charles Dickens, Jane Austen  
Might have spent hours of their lives  
Seeing the river Avon flowing!

Place: New Delhi (India)

kp. shashidharan

# I Don'T Remember

I don't remember  
How as an embryo  
I coexisted in the womb  
Of my mother!

I don't remember  
How I lived in her  
Like a parasite sharing  
Her Oxygen, nutrients, blood!

Soaked in her body fluid  
Floated in her life giving nectar  
Rocking in comfort  
Kicking her in joy  
Dreaming in bliss!

I don't remember  
How I swam out of her womb  
One day screaming  
Pushing and tearing her apart!

Place: New Delhi (India)

Dated: 01.06.2011

kp. shashidharan

# Idea Chicks

Egg of an ostrich is big  
Huge, elliptical, hard shelled  
But brittle -  
You may find them hidden  
In the arid landscapes of your mindscape -

Fetch them -  
They need to be hatched -  
With care, wild as they are:  
A few, new chicks may come out  
Breaking the shells  
Pecking in the sunlight  
In the valley of vision!

\*\*\*\*\*

kp. shashidharan

# I'M The Emperor

Every day in the morning  
He peeps into my bedroom  
His warm hands stroke me  
His long golden fingers  
Massage my eyelids!

He opens my eyes softly  
Just to see him smiling  
And he makes me smile every day!  
He is my son,  
Your son  
And our SUN!

Fresh air from the park  
Brings new life in me!  
Ceaseless waves in the sea  
Brings new hope!  
Cock a doodle doo  
Reminds me  
To 'get ready'!  
Birds tweet and twitter  
Cheer me good morning!  
Crows crowing tell me  
Go for morning walk!

Parrots romance before me  
Advising me to enjoy love!  
Pigeons in pairs singing  
The beauty of friendship!

I wake up every day  
Feeling like a Roman emperor!  
I feel I own the park  
And the sea beyond!

Place: New Delhi (India)

kp. shashidharan

# Kalki's War Against The Antichrist

Antichrist dived into the western ocean  
Hunting for the Sun in his resting place  
Abducted the Sun from his abode  
And hammered down  
Crucifying like a blazing painting in a fire frame  
On the forehead of resting Night Mistress:

Powerless to be in motion any longer-  
Crippled in the horizon of freedom  
Unable to breathe in life any more -  
Counting down the last moments  
The Sun blew last flames in the air  
Engulfing the Solar system  
Together with his lovers -  
Earth, Moon and Planets in one go:

The Apocalypse began-  
-began the war of the Armageddon  
Antichrist continued his nuclear dance  
Feeding bombs into the hungry mouths  
Having his last laugh of fury-  
-showing ferocious, bloody canine teeth:

The final refuge of the universe  
-the cause of all causes  
The soul of all souls-  
-the the supreme consciousness of the cosmos  
The God who loves smiling  
Lying on a coiled serpent bed  
Over the waves of the Ocean of Milk  
-'The Supreme Personality of Godhead'

-incarnated in time, as promised  
In his mystic opulence in luminescence:

The God of the Future is ever in bliss  
All incantations of gods rolled into one  
-believes in coming and going when evils mount up:  
Blazed inferno beyond the infinite spiralling galaxy

-in a lightning, thundery, divine laughter  
Parading the past, the present and the future:

In his mysterious mind like cosmos  
In the cosmic cave mouth of the universe  
In his inherent effulgence  
Kalki swallowed the Antichrist in a guzzle  
Terminating evils consuming the universe  
And saved goodness from extermination!

kp. shashidharan



# Let Us Visit Our Mother's Exhibition

Babe, don't you remember  
Our honeymoon voyage  
We were at Niagara  
On the 'Maid of the Mist'  
We felt scared when the fall  
Thundered in the heart

You clinched me tight in fright  
Close to my chest  
The milky whirlpool of the fall  
Shook the vessel in rage  
Beholding the beauty  
Of the rainbow in your eyes  
Looking deep into me  
Intoxicated with the elixir of life  
You told:  
'We should miss not  
The greatest exhibition  
Of our Mother Nature! '

You whispered: 'Darling,  
Money may come  
And money may go  
And we too will go  
It's once in a lifetime experience  
Let us see more  
Of the Mother's exhibition!

She exhibits  
At Mount Rushmore  
Yellow stone  
Bryce, Zion, Grand  
Banff galleries  
And elsewhere! 'Bryce, Zion, Grand  
Banff galleries  
And elsewhere!  
□

kp. shashidharan

# Living Green With Nature

Babe, do you remember  
We were in the 'God's own country'  
In Kerala at Wayanad  
Jungle eco resort  
In the pristine, wild  
Virgin forest at Vythiri!

We were celebrating  
Our marriage anniversary  
In that romantic get-away  
Tucked in the tummy of the hills  
In a Tree House  
Amidst the green leaves  
Bordered by the animated  
Live tropical rain forest  
In exclusive seclusion  
Running away from the human animals  
Far, far away, hiding  
From the hustling bustling humdrum!

kp. shashidharan

# Love Games On The Valentine Day

Our hunt  
To find the right partner  
Mr Right and Ms Right  
Ended in the cyber world  
Googling over the net!

We searched the globe  
Day in and day out  
Web chatting  
'Orkuting', Skyping  
Blogging, 'Face Booking'  
And Twittering!  
Internet made us finally lovers  
Though living

On the two sides of the globe!  
I remember  
It was our first V Day  
The fourteenth of February  
The Saint Valentine's Day  
The first valentine in the world!

2

Babe, you told me  
The story of the poor priest  
Who was jailed  
By the Roman Emperor  
For the crime of trying  
Converting the emperor  
Into Christianity  
Instead of being  
Converted  
Into Roman Paganism!

Wasn't it ironical  
The saint fell in love in jail  
Cured the blind daughter of his Jailor

Converted her  
Into the religion of love!  
Scribbled and sent the first valentine  
"From your valentine"  
To his valentine before death!

3

We were living then in two countries  
Diametrically opposite on the globe

Separated by distance, space and time  
Linked together only by the internet and mobile!  
On that V Day  
We switched on our laptop  
Simultaneously with Data card  
Webcam and Skype!

I was trying to locate your home  
At Niagara on the Lake  
And you were finding my domicile  
In South Delhi near the Qutub Minar!  
Both of us Googled Earth  
And traversed in mind waves!

That day first time  
I was wearing an Armani suit  
You presented me  
Using the Amazon dot com!

You were blushing  
In the pink Tommy Hilfiger dress  
With the diamond  
Heart shaped pendant:  
I purchased at E-Bay  
And sent to you!

4

We started listening  
To Kenny G for a while  
Chatted, smiled, giggled

Laughed and sent kisses!

I heard you singing  
For the first time that day  
We danced and watched  
Each other dancing!

You told you picked up yoga  
Tai Chi and belly dancing  
And feasted my eyes:  
'Yogaing'  
'Tai Ching'  
And belly dancing!

Later we watched  
The movie of your choice  
On the big plasma TVs  
In our home theatres;  
Exchanging expert  
Comments on every scene  
While having popcorn  
And Coke together!

5

After the movie  
We went to dining rooms  
You watched me  
Sitting under the chandelier!

When I was seeing you  
Smiling in candlelight  
You Skyped me:  
'Open the Red wine bottle! '

I Skyped you then:  
'Please pour wine in the glass'  
Together we cheered  
And tasted the wine!

Didn't I show you then  
Our photos printed on the glass

And the heart shaped cookies  
You baked for me and sent  
And the New Year calendar  
With our photos on each month?

You kept red roses, chocolates  
Cakes, gifts I sent to you  
Webcam caught you coy  
Showing me everything!

While you thanked me  
For the dress and pendant  
I saw love glittering  
Like diamond in your eyes!

6

After the dinner  
We went to bedrooms  
You showed the new designed  
Night dress I sent to you  
And hugged the big teddy bear  
Rolling over your bed  
And sent goodnight kisses  
Plenty with zygomatic smiles!

In the next week  
I gifted you me  
In a surprise visit  
Dumbfounded  
Eyes wide opened  
Breathless were you  
Seeing your real teddy bear  
Live in action before you!

We knew from experience  
Meaning of what Desmond Morris  
Researched and found  
The human animal is indeed  
An uninhibited naked ape  
In his private life!

kp. shashidharan

# Mind Tree

When dreams flower in mind tree  
Wait for a while for the fruits to come  
Fruits of the bathed imaginings  
Taste sweeter, as dipped in wisdom!

While picking up packed idea fruits  
Sold in the bazaar, be cautious  
You may find them  
Teeming in venomous fumes  
Be sure, there's no carnage of trust  
Doing away of mankind  
No bombing of budding desires!

Incarcerate those hawkers  
Who sell fruits of ideas  
Those kiss virus into the mouth  
Decipher those codes, arrest those ideas  
Send those thoughts to the slaughter house  
And hammer the last nail on their coffins!

Like a wood pecker  
You may like to peck the deadwood of the mind tree  
Taking out the rotten cells in the brain tree  
Flushing out the seeds of germs -  
Replace the cobwebs of the infected chip that chipped in  
With a new brain chip - a branded software  
Whose source code is known to you!

Those guys who store ammunition in their mind  
Wait not, to explode in time;  
They run after lives wild for a while  
Like mountain rats, though chased by cats:  
Ransacking cities, bombing lives, burning homes  
Raping women, massacring people!

Before letting their dangerous dreams  
To flower, fruits and seeds  
Bomb their mind into flames  
Before bursting lives into fire

Refill their minds with seeds of love for mankind!

kp. shashidharan

# My Hubby Dear

Treating own tummy like a waste bin  
Gobbling everything come his way  
Drinking liquor as elixir of life  
Consuming his and others' share of food  
Tummy lover my hubby dear  
Grew big round and conspicuous!

His heart ached, pumping blood all over  
Lungs worked hard to bring air in him  
Kidneys, liver, pancreas worked overtime  
Giving signs of giving in and worn out!

His spine bent, hips sagged, balancing the fat  
Debauchery he loved food, liquor, vice, galore  
Indulged in what he liked more and more

Money power made him stubborn like a stud  
He felt great looking down upon others  
Enjoyed life eating, drinking, merry making, partying  
Having food, drink, fun, frolic, sex and what not!

Pot belly led him ahead always  
He crawling behind like a penguin  
Thin legs shrieked under the weight  
Arched, trembled, struggled and pained  
Carrying overweight at hips and above  
Amazed was his doctor  
How he carried him!

kp. shashidharan

# New Year Baby

Hi, hey, guys

Oh, Oooh...

The New Year Baby is born:

See, the golden chandelier is lighted in the sky

There, in the eastern horizon!

Oh, the energy globe is smiling:

'Past is history, future is mystery

Enjoy the gift of life - the present

And make your dreams your destiny! '

'Give me a golden smile -

Oh, the lighting golden globe of energy -

Touch me with your long fingers -

Bless me and everyone...

With your power inducing hugging and blessings!

Continue showering your golden light rays on everyone

You, the lamp of the world-

The life pouring energy cascade:

Bathe me, in the golden energy rain -

Let me cleanse of the dust and pollution

And begin a new life, a new beginning

Living in joy,

Making life an experience to remember:

For me, for everyone, changing for better

Making a positive difference in every life

And wishing and working for

A Very Very Happy New Year—

changing the world for better—

a Great place to live in!

kp. shashidharan

# Outsourcing Love

In a world where only  
Money matters  
Buzzword is outsourcing  
Business of body, mind, intellect  
Business of life, love and joy of living!  
Engaging men, women  
Transvestites and babies  
Bundled or segregated  
For time-sharing!

No space, no time  
In life but for money!  
Isn't love outsourcing  
An offshoot of life?

In the hurry worry  
Hassles of modern life  
We profess  
The age old profession!

We have been there since ages  
In Babylonia, Mesopotamia  
Ancient Greece, Rome, India!

Ancient world knew  
Bible, Koran talked about us  
Wasn't there sacred marriage  
Wasn't there 'offer' of us to Gods?  
Woman waited  
In the temple of Aphrodite'  
To have intercourse with stranger!

(30.05.2011/New Delhi (India))

kp. shashidharan

# Painting Symphony (Exotic Fiction In Verses)

PAINTING SYMPHONY is uniquely created as an exotic fiction in verses. The verses weave a unique web of a fantasy world—a poetic Garden of Eden. Painters, musicians, poets, singers, ballet dancers join the other characters in the Opera of Life. The actors relish consuming the forbidden and non-forbidden fruits of life. The poetic landscape reflects different shades of human emotions—love, envy, lust, greed, lie, betrayal, treachery, corruption and crime. The fiction is honey-dipped in reality, striving to be ecstatic, philosophical and erotic at times, depending on the theme.

The story begins with a few brushstrokes of colours to the universal human emotions. The painter uses an unusual medium—the pristine canvas of the flowing watery bosom of the River of Time! When colours are poured on desires, they bloom into flowers, and flow in the waves of time, like surrealistic paintings of liquid dreams. Many a lyric of the heart gets choked in the throat unsung. The silence of melancholy outpours spontaneously and sporadically in music compositions.

The book portrays the best and the worst of human emotions, entering into the warring forces between the Good and the Evil in the flow of the River of Life in the River of Time. The idea is to entertain, enlighten and exhilarate the readers, taking for a joie de vivre on a roller-coaster ride to an esoteric world—a Shangri-La of Phantasms! While unravelling the storyline, the attempt is to touch the heart, stimulate the brain and in the process denude the consciousness for re-discovery.

The joy of living comes packaged with the agonies of life. Lyrics of living are orchestrated and choreographed. Music notes get tinged by deep tones of melancholy. Feelings are coloured in tragic beauty of the dilemma of existentialism. Verses are kept reader-friendly, identifiable and communicative with the readers, carving a niche in content, format, quality and presentation.

Painting Symphony is a garland of 54 Symphony Poems, sequentially flowing like a stream of thought. The volume comprises 3 separate Books of 18 poems each; well-knitted into one whole; reflecting the indelible impressions on love, life and joy of living. Imprints on the leaves of life are curry flavoured with wide variety of symbols, metaphors, similes, imageries and icons from science, religion, medicine, metaphysics, philosophy, psychoanalysis, neo-paganism, tarot cards and varied sources. The book revolves around hatching new ideas; triggering innovative thoughts to the expanding blue horizon of knowledge and sowing

highbred seeds of messages of joy in the fertile mind. There are varieties of dishes in the menu for gourmet's delight.

## THE STORY OF PAINTING SYMPHONY

### Book-1: The River of Time

The master painter gets busy in pouring colours on the watery bosom. He captures a few droplets of rhapsody. In celebration of joy, he dives deep and dances like a dolphin, takes a bath in the Sun-lit warm water and goes for a catnap. Like a bolt from the blue, he gets a watery kick from TORRENT TERRIBLE and the story moves on...

Nobody knows where the flow comes from and where it goes but it carries life ahead. The Show continues in its complexity. The River of Life zigzags through tough terrains. When words become inadequate to express, emotions prefer painting symphonies, mix colours into music of the soul, sculpt figurines, compose music, choreograph and dance ballets. The search is likely to bump into the discovery of the God Particle dissolved in the being.

In the Symphony of Water and Fire, the life waters are threatened by the burnishing 'Oasis of Chaos'. There, the civilization refuses to resurrect from the ancient burial grounds. On the New-Year, a music troupe welcomes a new dawn. What does the night see there?

Amidst the chaos, we hear the Symphony of Love. We are invited to a Cocktail party and introduced to beautiful people including playboys and play girls and psychopaths enjoying in diverse ways. We find an entrepreneur going for ballooning for hunting fresh ideas over the historic pyramids and temples over the barren lands.

A father waits impatiently for the arrival of the Little King of the Sweet Home. In the Flow of Life, a Strange Thief gets caught for robbing the most precious thing in life and what happens then? The bay bridge once built by the lovers is getting demolished by the builders themselves. What is the reason? What does happen to life when it moves rule-bound? Smoking relationship ends in fire, reaching the court room. There the love loses its symphony.

### Book 2: Champagne Party in the Milky Way

We enter the Shangri-La of Phantasms. We realise our greatest enemy is within us. The twin brothers kill each other in cold blood. What is the motif for the

heinous crime? In the ballet of Night and Moon, the loved one does not survive in a night long intense love making!

Triangles, symbolising Holy Grail, seek help from a tantric. In the Seed Hungry Fields, Designer-Babies are produced. We visit a happy village of the cradle of babies! Where are their fathers and mothers?

We watch the Ballet of Life where the ballerina suffers till she breaks out the black magic spell. In the symphony of life, the ballerina finds herself neglected and longs to be the violin of her maestro.

We come across a neo-pagan assuming a magic name in a ritualistic ceremony and establishing his brand of paganism. What are his plans?

The nude fire dancers climb up the hilltop to welcome summer. May Queen is sad when her playmate—Green Man—is killed by her maidens out of jealousy. What happens thereafter? After the erection of May Pole, why do the Red Men rush up into the Scottish jungle at midnight?

In the song of Mahamudra, the guru Tilopa does not find Naropa, an ideal loyal disciple who is ready for the song. Naropa confesses to his guru why he is not yet ready. We encounter bizarre relationship hassles; fight for survival when vital organs are being consumed by disease germs. Hope comes alive in the new research. Blood swimming marines get ready for an operation swim. Do they guard the City of Nine Gates?

People love the Visible God on earth and pray for his life. In the Kiss of Fire, fire becomes flower consuming the candle. Does fire light a new candle of life?

The dormant energy Shakti is on a mission to find her consort. Can we help her and in the process experience the blossoming of thousand lotuses in enlightenment?

We are taken aboard in a Wormhole by the most famous physicist and cosmologist of our times, Mr. Stephen Hawking. True, he is not able to move physically, but he unleashes his brainpower, mind, and heart. Stephen invites Marilyn Monroe, the legendary Hollywood diva, for a champagne party with him in the Milky Way. How does the party go?

Book 3: Kalki's War Against the Antichrist

The story begins in the familiar terrain of the Holy Unholy Land, where corruption

and innumerable crimes flourish. The land was once known for the rule of its legendary blind King and his blindfolded husband-worshipping Queen. In the land, there are incredibly enviable options to die!

The land was once blessed by a benign smile, a symbol of righteousness. The same smile is now used for lawful and unlawful trading.

In the farmland, can the corpses of farmers, suspended on the trees safeguard their lost farmland?

LIE entertains JUDGE by stripteasing and she becomes a stranger to herself and gets deeply wounded in the end.

A father is quite perturbed about a crime that happened within his home. Who did commit the heinous crime when he was asleep with his wife?

In the land, fixing games is much more profitable than playing real googlies. The story of the greatest teacher who was poisoned to death for being the wisest is a reality in the real world even today.

The wolf man of Freud tells his story. We are then introduced to the patients of love turning into Wolf Men and Wolf Women in society. Who are they? What has gone wrong in their lives?

The dimple on the earth's cheeks signals apocalypse. The Antichrist appears in different evil incarnations. In the apocalypse, the Earth splits into bottomless pits. Anacondas of Amazon are flown like kites in the sky by the fire tornados!

The sea monster, slumbering on the seabed, comes for revenge, when the Planet Earth takes a hiccup. The earth shows her discomfort to her uncaring children. The Baby of Hope is to be searched out from the heaps of debris.

In the market, the fruits of the Mind Trees are sold recklessly in attractive packaging. Those fruits may contain poison and kill the dreams of the credible innocent minds. Finally, a dead body of dangerous Idea-Worms is dumped into the bottom of the sea to be devoured by sharks. There is crying need for curing the bedridden human soul to come out of the ICU.

The pilgrims rush for a holy dip in the holy waters. Are they prepared for a holy ablution? Have they kept the life waters holy? Saints launder the stained minds and return to the people who soiled them to wear afresh.

The distressed pray for salvation to Allah at Kaaba from the core of their heart.

Allah is there with them to do what is right. In the ultimate war between the good and the evil, the Antichrist kidnaps the Sun. How does Kalki appear on the scene? What happens in the war? Who does win finally in the war between the good and the evil?

Enjoy reading—Painting Symphony!  
Brushing your moments in the colours of ecstasy!  
Composing the symphony of your dreams!  
Enjoy reading! —‘Amuse Le Lecture! ’

PLACE; NEW DELHI (INDIA)

DATED; 27.06.2013

kp. shashidharan

# Story Of Love And Envy

Love was born  
Innocent out of love  
By love for love  
Knew only to love!

Envy was born  
Crooked, guilty  
Out of envy  
By envy, for envy  
Knew only to envy!

In the sky  
Of the mind  
While playing  
Kites in the sky  
Envy met  
Love first

Started envying  
How Love  
Flies kites so high  
And how me Envy  
Flies so low!

Love started working on  
How to help Envy  
Flying kites  
So high in the sky!

Envy saw Love  
Second time  
On the sea shore  
Meditating in love  
Unaware of stinging  
Of a crab on the foot

Envy chased to kill the crab  
Love put the crab into the water  
Said to Envy:

'Envy, my friend  
Be kind to the poor crab  
Stinging is what crab is born for  
But killing is not what  
Human beings are born for! "

Envy liked envying ever  
How the hell  
Love grew so great!  
When Love achieved something  
Envy only envied what was in it?

Whenever Envy made  
Not something  
Love backed Envy  
To make it happen!

Love felt rich  
Having nothing but love  
Ever smiled grateful  
For having a friend in Envy!

Envy felt poor  
Having everything but love  
Envy was suspicious  
Love liked others more  
Became vindictive  
Frowned ever, hated Love!

While Love was embracing  
Envy killed Love  
In cold blood  
Like Cain butchered  
His brother Abel  
Green with jealousy  
To rule in the sky  
Of mind ever!

Envy knew not  
The seed of Love  
Started growing  
In her to be reborn

As a little cute baby  
Resembling Love!

kp. shashidharan

# Streets Are Our Home

Streets are our home  
Sky is our roof  
Endless roads are there  
More than what we need!  
We are gleeful with life  
When life snarls at us  
Born on the street  
Living on pavements  
Working, eating  
Excreting and sleeping there!  
Playing in the rain  
In sun, day in and day out  
Even dying on the streets  
While fighting for living  
We have nobody  
74 Whispering Mind  
But the Creator  
Taking life on its horns!

kp. shashidharan

# Tale Of Whistle Blower

Someone found a whistle  
Someone snatched his whistle  
Someone blew the whistle  
Someone whistled life out of him!

kp. shashidharan

# Tattooed Lovers

Hey Babe  
How can we forget?  
Those paradise days  
In the city of Paris!

Seine river cruising  
Eiffel tower dinner  
Shows after shows!

Le Moulin Rouge  
Le Crazy Horse  
Le Crazy Girls  
Le Femme  
Le Lido de Paris  
Le Paradis Latin  
The great Parisian shows!

We were happy  
L'Open Hope -on  
Hop-off Tour  
The Louvre Museum  
Mona Lisa  
The 'Arc de Triomphe'  
Avenue des Champs-Élysées

Place de la Concorde  
Sacre Coeur Basilica  
Notre Dame Cathedral  
Centre Georges Pompidou!

Going to La Defense  
Versailles  
Having Champagne  
At Champagne

Hi Babe  
How can we forget Paris?  
The tattoo lovers we knew  
They lived and danced

Above the studio  
Where we lived! .....

kp. shashidharan

# The Bridge

Her eyes looked  
Like a poem  
He hunted for words  
And painted them  
In water colours!

Those eyes  
Transmitted waves  
He loved  
Skiing over them!

A bridge was built  
Bridging their mind  
Love crisscrossed over the bridge  
Bordered by their selfless soul!

Time coupled them in rules  
Rules bent the bridge  
Night found them at logger heads  
Daylight met them at dissent  
And life set out in rattle and rage  
Babies screamed in pain in busy life  
Laws carried the bridge to the court  
Love bunged up ambling to and fro!

kp. shashidharan

# The Gymnast Of The Mind

The fifty seven feet tall  
Munificent, magnificent  
Monolithic statue  
Of Bhagwan Gomateshwara Bahubali  
Of the tenth century statue  
Stood naked in deep meditation  
As a symbol of non-violence  
And renunciation for centuries!  
Nestled atop in the verdant  
Chandragiri and Vindhyagiri Hills  
In Karnataka at Shravanabelagola!

There Emperor Chandragupta  
Meditated and Emperor Ashoka  
Erected memorial in his memory  
In the third century BC!

Babe, do you remember  
We were there  
At the Mahamasthakabhisheka  
Witnessing the spectacular ceremony  
Immersing the statue  
In milk, curd, ghee, saffron  
And offering gold coins aplenty!  
The legendary seeker of truth  
One of the twenty first saints of the Jains  
Proving purity for soul, compassion and love!

kp. shashidharan

# The Zero And One Love Story

In this poem Yin and Yang appear as Zero and One. Despite being intensely in love and knowing the philosophy of life, they slip into unknowingly delicate relationship hassles. The primordial female and male energy vibes enact the life drama for the benefit of others. Their quarrel accentuates into a sort of warfare!

They notice that while relationship crisis could be resolved using the behavioral theories pronounced in the book "I Am Ok! You Are Ok! "; the drama highlights critical ego clashes that may lead to major break up causes in married life!

Metaphysically the battle of Zero and One is the duality in creation, female male energy issue, the patriarchal and matriarchal rivalry for supremacy, the conflict between Yin and Yang, the Divine Mother and God Father, God Son and Holy Ghost!

1

May I tell you a story of the two  
Zero and One are bosom friends  
But they quarreled off and on  
To fight it out things unclear to them!

One morning One felt great  
Provoked his friend Zero  
Intoxicated by his big ego  
162 Whispering Mind  
Just after the morning cup of tea  
Challenged Zero for a verbal duel:

"My dear friend Zero  
I'm the One  
That matters!

You're just a big Zero  
You're nothing  
A big vacuum!  
You're hollow  
'Emptiness beyond emptiness'!

You're the void  
Abysmal depth  
Absolute darkness!  
A black hole! "

2

"My name is Zero  
Not 'nothing'  
I'm not hole  
I'm the whole!

Mind you, I've value  
More times than you  
Keep me at the right side  
I'll show you who am I!  
Your value is the least  
What the hell are you  
Thinking of you? ":

Retorted Zero  
Shocked, in tears, heartbroken!

3

One withdrew a little  
In his tortoise shell  
But he continued arguing:  
"May be true  
The least value I have! "  
Ha! Ha! He laughed:  
"Your value is nothing!  
Even less than me  
Unless preceded by digits like me  
You remain stupid! ":

One shot  
Point blank at Zero!

4

"May be true I'm Not Ok,

A zero in life, having no value  
May be true, you're great  
A hero going to conquer the world!

It is life: some are born like me  
Poor, valueless for others!  
Some are fortunate like you,  
Born great! God knows why! "  
Zero felt she is not ok  
But one is ok!

5

"You're right Zero  
I'm great, I'm good  
I'm powerful I'm the thing  
I'm muscled, mighty, strong  
I'm a powerhouse of creation!

You're Zero,  
Soft empty dark big hollow  
Powerless, subdued  
Withdrawn, bloody dark hole!

I want to show  
How great I'm  
I'll make everyone  
To recognize me  
All the zeroes like you  
Will be ashamed  
In this game of life  
I want to win all the games solo"

Delighted One  
Flew like a cock  
Reached the rooftop to sing  
His magnum opus-  
A cock a doodle doo  
Of his greatness!

6

Zero got agitated  
Coughed out her venom:  
"You are crazy One  
The mischief maker  
Why do you challenge me off and on?"

The moment, you see me  
You charge at me  
Change your colour  
Terrify me, you bull  
Jumping at me  
Pushing in my life  
Pulling out of me  
You bruise me  
With your boorish brutish strokes! "  
Boiling hot in temper  
Zero caught One  
Tight right on him!

7

"You may be anything  
I don't care a damn  
What matters to me  
How well you treat me, you bum!

Your only hobby, I find  
Showing me down  
Making you feel great  
Putting me down under your feet!

You're throwing stones  
Like pebbles in the water  
I have only nightmares  
Of being with you!

I've even lost the power  
Of dreaming something great  
Don't ever attempt you goddamn One  
Showing me never down again!

I warn you  
I hate you  
You bloody, get lost  
You idiot from my life  
And never ever  
Show me off  
Your wretched greatness!

If I'm nothing, remember  
You aren't anything great  
If I'm not Ok  
You are not Ok too!

You are miserable  
A human being  
Condemnable  
Incomplete like me!  
Do you hear  
The egoist  
Quixotic; stupid  
Dumb nincompoop of a man? "

Zero lambasted  
The ballooned ego  
Of One in red hot temper!

8

One became repentant:  
"I'm nothing before you Zero  
You're the primordial Mother Divine  
The Cosmic womb  
'The essence of the Almighty'  
'Mother of God'  
'Mother of Tao'  
'Hokhmah'  
'Matri Devi" Great Mother'  
The symbol of Eternal Divine Mother!

You draw me towards your centre  
Pull me inside the abysmal depth  
You absorb me in full

Tempting me  
Taking me deeper  
Making me pusillanimous  
Meek, weak and small  
Throws me out enervated! "

The heart of One quaked  
In the emotional tsunami  
Voice choked, body trembled  
He trembled in emotions!

9

One begged for apology  
Tears rolled down  
"Zero, my Darling  
I'm sorry, my Love, my Life  
You're my better half my Yin  
How can I live without you?  
I'm incomplete in your absence!

Separate we are  
Zero and one  
Powerless, purposeless  
United we are complete whole  
Powerful like Yin and Yang  
Shiva Parvati in Ardhanareeshwara  
United like in Shiva lingam  
In the inverted  
Central triangle of Shrichakra  
Like negative and positive energy flow  
Like north and south poles!

If I am One  
You are Zero  
I'll keep you  
On my right  
And we'll make ten!

You're not empty hole  
But the crucible of creation  
I'm just a grinding stone

We're like the switch off  
And switch on position of light

You're not nothing  
You're the female energy  
Yin, Shakti, Eve.  
Prakriti, Radha  
The symbol of God Mother!

I'm the masculine energy  
Yang, Shiva, Adam,  
Purusha, Krishna  
The symbol of God Father!

Together we make  
The Cosmic Womb  
Together we make  
Day and night  
Form action and reaction  
Make thesis  
And antithesis  
Finding synthesis in union!

United we create  
The Supreme Energy Flow  
Brahman –  
In the universe! ”

10

“My darling One  
Let me now tell you the truth

I am the absolute emptiness,  
The abyss  
Matrix, the Great Mother,  
The ultimate reality!

I'm the first  
I'm the last too  
I'm the honoured and scorned abyss!

I'm the whore and I'm the virgin!  
I'm the wife!  
The holy sacred divine mother!  
And the daughter too!

I'm knowledge, wisdom, bliss!  
I'm also ignorance, darkness, abyss!

I'm strength!  
I'm fear!  
I'm the Thee!  
The thought that dwells in light!

I was there before all  
I live in every living  
I'm the invisible  
The one living in every creature!

I'm OM  
The God that made you  
And placed you  
In your mother's womb  
In the Garden of Eden! "

11

After the big sermon-  
A verbal duel  
The battle of emotions  
Subsided in tranquillity  
Who's bigger riddle ended  
In I am ok and you are also ok song!

Lake in the mind  
Remained calm without pebbles  
Zero hugged One:  
Felt warm and comfy!

He kissed and loved his friend  
United in each other's care  
The couple felt complete  
Perfect, content, happy

Just like made for each other  
By the great Maker!

Place: New Delhi (India)

Dated: 31.05.2011

kp. shashidharan

# This Dance Is Our Life

In swarm  
They came  
Like flies attracted by dirt  
In search of food!

Drum beating began  
Out of the blue  
Accompanied by belly-beating  
Hips gyrating, body vibrating  
Howling, singing  
Crooning, jumping  
Shouting obscenities  
At the top of their voice!

They danced  
In tantrum exhibiting  
Fried in scorching summer sun  
Soaked in sweat and dust  
Exhilarated expecting  
In effervescence of joy  
Celebrating the new birth!

They were large in number  
Unwelcome  
Draped in tattered skirts  
With painted hollow cheeks  
Mascara applied eyelashes  
'Beedi' smoked lips!

Street boys joined them  
Teenagers peeped  
Middle aged men got curious  
They continued dancing  
Making the show exciting!

kp. shashidharan

# Valentine Tweets

Hi, are you my valentine?  
If not, why I hear this symphony of silence—  
Playing secretly drums in my heart:  
Playing the piano strings over my emotions?

2

Hey, are you my valentine?  
If not, why am I lost in your eyes  
Swimming deep into your mind lake  
Searching for my lost other half?

3

Oh, are you my Valentine?  
If not, why this effervescence of excitement  
Lights array of lamps in our eyes  
Linking us in a luminescent loop?

4

Oh, Ho, are you my valentine?  
If not, why emotions liquefy into tears  
Why the rays of light draw rainbows in them  
Why am I humming rhyme-less rhymes?  
And singing lyric-less lyrics to please you?

5

Hey, hi, are you my valentine?  
If not, why am I painting this silent symphony?  
Composing music for the throbbing emotions?  
Why am I finding harmony in the fusion of minds?

6

Hi, hey, are you my valentine  
If not, why I miss you more than my I-phone  
Why missing you more than my Facebook and tweets?

7

In the fusion of music  
Being played out of the cacophony of feelings  
Why are we feeling the fusion of love  
Why are we enjoying the symphony of love  
Why are we in bliss  
You must be truly my valentine!

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kp. shashidharan

# Wild Spider In The Sky

Babe, didn't it happen  
When we were in the sky  
In the mid air  
Flying in the super jet aircraft  
While having sumptuous lunch in the air  
In between the starting point  
And the destination!

Suspended were we  
In the stratosphere  
When the pilot told:  
"We are landing  
The same place  
We took off! "

Alarmed we looked  
Knowing not  
Hijacking, accident  
Error in the engine?

Pink beautiful cheeks  
Of the young air hostess smiled  
Bringing the freshness of blooming roses

Her pretty lips  
Painted in lovely red lipstick pursed  
Pearl like white teeth sparkled:  
"Don't you worry, madam  
Just a small crack on the windshield!  
You'll get connecting aircraft  
To the destination!  
Just relax!

We'll be there  
At the starting place  
Just in twenty minutes"

Place: New Delhi (India)

kp. shashidharan