

Poetry Series

kunjubi varghese
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

kunjubi varghese(12.9..1972)

arly publish in published 475 Poems in English, and 73 in Malayalam, since June is my pastime. Solitary Reaper! Have very good faith in human theme of my poems is LOVE. Love...That is the strongest of human emotions, and perpetual; (lasting through your re-births. Indian Hindu belief) . If you really love someone in your life as your beloved, you may find my poems worthwhile reading. After all 'Poetry is an echo asking a shadow to dance.'

A Fallacy

You are a conundrum in the innards of my mind,

Awakened by your passionate kisses.

The riddle is still alive, though abandoned in the

Pastures of yesterday, where we grazed for long.

Along with this burning hours of the day,

My mind also is scorching with my numbing misery.

In the dusky gloom of the horizon above me,

Hides the moon's smiling face.

While I imagine that you are my everything,

I apprehend I've nothing of my own to hold.

In every life there is a groaning heart

And every smile holds some hidden anguish.

I can see your mind without seeing you;

I saw your face through my despair and distress.

Tell me in which funeral pyre, I should sacrifice

My heart as an offering to appease you...

The words you whispered into my ears

Reach me as soft ripples in the sea, even

When I shut my eyes willfully, cloistering from

The rest of the world, to forget everything.

Though I know that those words were meaningless

And empty, still a world emerge like the treasure chest

At the end of a rainbow, under the roof of my mind;

From the subdued fervent hope, that my belief

And certainty could be fallible, and you will be mine

Eternally, through the end of the world....

kunjubi varghese

A Blossom Of Sunshine

A BLOSSOM OF SUNSHINE

In the words which I coveted to pronounce
Did you ever find in it, the honey that
You sought to imbibe.
Those uttered words filled with sweet love
Desired to soar up like a butterfly
The heart coveted to spread its wings,
The blossoms also yearned to fly like the butterflies

The tender whisper of your love diffuse
In my ears the sweet pang of affection.
I am waiting with thirst in my heart to
Imbibe the sacred water of your love,
You will pour in to the palm of my hand.

The nature has spread a canopy
Over us, for the consummation of our love.
I was waiting for this luscious moment in my life
That could bring the tingle in your bosom
Like a garland of jasmine buds.
The ecstatic soul aspiring to pour
The honey, beckoning you to come
Into the meadow, where the moonlight
Has blossomed and whispering into your soul...

kunjubi varghese

A Cherub

You came as a fairy entering excitedly
Through the enchanting door of rainbows.
The orchids in my soul, blossomed
In the rapture of that maiden love.
I forgot my intuitions, since the tendril of
My passions were founded on mundane thirsts.
I coveted to swim and bathe in the sacred river
Of the Milky Way, with my beloved, in glee.

Are they teardrops in the corner of those eyes?
Are you ill disposed with me, my darling?
Or is that, due to the timid modesty in your mind?
Spreading a reddish orange hue of the evening sky
On your endearing cheeks, like a cherub.
The turbulent sky calmed down inside the mind.
The moon and the stars are now dazzling in celestial glory.
Indelible desires and memories of yester years
Throng into the conscious mind's eye
Will you thwart a kiss if I just offer it,
On your vermilion clad forehead to blot out
The beads of perspiration, lurking there?

07 October,2010

kunjubi varghese

A Dew Drop...

A dropp of dew slept on the bosom of the night

It cried and resumed its slumber

When the moon ran into clouds for a moment.

Who closed the window half, playfully

Where the small birds were chirping?

Who turned the word of the breeze

That was combing her hair, into nectar?

Who drew with black mascara

The dreams in her eyes?

And who made her tremulous

With those adorable dreams?

In the dusk, when the tears were drying up

Who showered the tiny drops

Of rain on her lovely face?

Who became the nightingale amidst

The foliage on the tiny branches?

Who wrote the verse on her cheek

With a pink forefinger?

And made her coy and my beloved.....

kunjubi varghese

A Fairy!

She casts a spell while walking around.

The earth vibrates with pleasure when she

Puts her treads on the velvety grass and

That thrill causes the flowers to bloom...

When that happens, the soul of the thorns

Rejoices, and change into blossoms.

The nature strings them together

To make a garland and adorn them,

And a marvelous garden is created...

The sky and earth pay tribute to her seductiveness,

As she affix the seven colours of her charm,

Pouring over the rainbow, to make it alluring.

When she smiles, pearls scatter all around.

And those precious pearls transforms into

Resplendent stars, spangling the firmament.

When that happens and hits the core of

The heart, each day become a charming night,

With dazzling stars studded on the bluish veil.

She is my beloved, waiting for me

Far away in my land of sweet dreams...

.

kunjubi varghese

A Melody In The Air

I want you to sing that melody for me.

In the twilight, when the moon starts

Wandering among the clouds, flying with black wings,

Like a gypsy, without any direction. and

To smother kisses on the tender lips;

To adorn flowers, sweet scented on your hair;

To fondle the eyelids, where shadows of

Your ill-will lingers, and to talk sweetly;

And inebriate with the joy and ecstasy

You feel in your heart, when we are together.

There is something enchanting, and

Soothing the spirit, in these moments.

Something divine in this music, I hear!

Taking me away into the realm of time and space,

Above, this forlorn and despicable earth.

In the flowery lamp of your eyes

I will set my love as the flame.

I feel your eyes telling me something;

I feel like keeping on looking at them;

I feel my heart is beating rapidly now;

Speechless I am, what is happening to me?

Is this love, we talk about very often?

Beloved! My eyelashes are drenched by my heart,

And is becoming the plume of the peacock on your forehead.

It is longing for the touch of your fingers.

For an embrace, for a kiss of affection!

In the night when I caress your chest

Like a fragrant garland of flowers,

I sense a tragic overture of a pitch in your song.

When you sing for me...

kunjubi varghese

A Melody In The Eyes

Blossom of a hermitage, a bloom, still not kissed,
Thrilling even the alter, where it is offered;
Where the lips radiate the glimmer of the rubies,
A composition of beauty of the loveliness of spring,
An embodiment of luscious tender emotions,
The opulence of the countenance, induce me to
Write subtle romantic poems, making me a poet.
Let that song resonate in your lips always.
In your eyes where the blue ocean ripples,

Blooms a season of parching desires
That impels my soul, and gives me the impetus
To vivify those ardent desires, into words of a melody.
The nymphs of the clouds in the yonder blue
Bowed their heads in reverence to your sapphire blue eyes.
I wish if I could become a sweet dream in there,
And my love, shoot out tender sprouts in joy.
The buds of roses adorning the morning dew drops,
Wilted after seeing the enviable lips quivering in you.
Let me write a poem abound in love, lurking in those eyes;
Let it sparkle and glisten in them for ever.

kunjubi varghese

A New Blossom

A NEW BLOSSOM

A blossom will bloom once again in this stalk;
The tears that spills in darkness and gloom
Will disappear from the countenance;
The tender sprigs will come out on the boughs
On the tumbleweeds of the desert.
The sun will peep through the dense canopy
Of the clouds when it showers, glittering
With its brilliant sunlight.
The woeful despair in the mind will depart,
As shadows from the darkened screen of the soul.
And a flower will bloom as a finger of the first rains.
The dazzling radiance of the morning sun
□
Shall commence dancing among the foliage
Where the birds are whistling in glee..
The entrancing melody of the meandering river
In its ripples, presenting a symphony orchestra,
And in its wake glide the toy boats of the mind as

Happy reminiscences through the waterway.

Again a flower will blossom and the silver

Lining on the edge of the clouds will appear,

On the horizons of the cluttered mind.....

kunjubi varghese

A New Blossom

A blossom will bloom once again in this stalk;

The tears that spills in darkness and gloom

Will disappear from the countenance;

The tender sprigs will come out on the boughs

On the tumbleweeds of the desert.

The sun will peep through the dense canopy

Of the clouds when it showers, glittering

With its brilliant sunlight.

The woeful despair in the mind will depart,

As shadows from the darkened screen of the soul.

And a flower will bloom as a finger of the first rains.

The dazzling radiance of the morning sun

Shall commence dancing among the foliage

Where the birds are whistling in glee..

The entrancing melody of the meandering river

In its ripples, presenting a symphony orchestra,

And in its wake glide the toy boats of the mind as

Happy reminiscences through the waterway.

Again a flower will blossom and the silver

Lining on the edge of the clouds will appear,

On the horizons of the cluttered mind.....

kunjubi varghese

A Porter's Rest...

You will find a porter's rest, still in remote villages;

Reminding you, of the Stonehenge of Britain.

A thing of the past on which you put down the load

On your head, take rest, reload and proceed.

Among humans also, you will find porter's rest.

You your grief for a while

Take relief, console, and carry again on your lonely paths.

The moments you took rest are so precious;

It lingers in your memory, for a long time.

The fragrance accompanies you, in your long journey

To the market place, the grave,

Where you barter your burden, you carried till there,

For an after life... you imagine will be eternal rest.

Though lifeless, the image assume life and shape

Of humans, you conspire, you love, you believe,

Take them as your companion in your sojourn,

Adore, embrace, become one, and share

The burden between the two.

The yoke becomes light; the burden turns to flowers,

Its fragrance emanates throughout your life,

And becomes, a boundless bliss.

A friend, a beloved; the porter's rest!

kunjubi varghese

A Robot

Will the thirst in the heart be quenched,
By merely looking into each other's eyes?
Is it possible to suppress all the longing
Of the youth, and contain them
Only in the hungry looks, which are exchanged?

What is the use of the pollen in a flower,
If the butterflies and the flower remain aloof?
Why is the honey kept in the flower,
If it is not around with its proboscis?
Life is the branch of a tree, where
Small dreams roost to rest in the night.
You came in my life like the soft ripples
Of a brook, silently but with quaint whispers
And smile, and a song cheerfully;
Caressed the scorching shores of my dreams,
Moistened it with your life and embraced it;
Inebriated like an earthen pot drenched
With the wine of your passion, kept inside;
Gave me handful flowers of dreams, but all

Made with papier-mâché, that could not

Share even a speck of pollen from it!

What ever I saw in the chariot of my dreams,

Were images made of clay and were not real,

But replicas like House of Wax idols.

My sweetest imaginations hovered around that figure.

Flattered, she drifted from me smiling treacherously.

I discerned that those sculptures lacked

The heart and soul and was a robot, then.

kunjubi varghese

A Sense Of Belonging!

I know now... I belong to you as a dew drop
A pearl dropp that fall down and shatter into infinitesimal atoms
At the touch of your fingertip, without you knowing it.
I am your heart, the one that silently whimper for you.
I am the melody on your lips ever present and indelible.
A song stumbling, quivering and pining in the mind.
I am your life exclusively existing here though
Short lived. in excruciating circumstances.
I am your depleted ocean, where the quite ripples,
Dazzle under the mid-noon sun, from where you take
A handful of water and pour over your chest;
A sea seeking the depth under your eyes,
You are my rain, showering chillness on my anguish;
Assuaging the torpid insensibility of the soul;
The rain seeking the stinging throbs of my heart.
The rain that assimilate in my sighs and diffuse,
Falling in my eyelids; always longing to fall down
Permeating its heavenly fragrance around me.

kunjubi varghese

A Small World

Wherever you are,

Wherever I am

When the spluttering of life

Sibilate in our hearts,

We will love, though living afar

In different lands, silently

Without saying a word even.

Though eloquently our hearts conspire.

All that is magnificent will slumber

In my eyelids, like a spectacular panorama

As in a movie screen; a dreamboat.

Rainbows and roses; peacock and flamboyance.

The evening sky with all its resplendence

After their hectic promenade

Rejuvenating the weary sinews

In halcyon tranquility...

My sweetheart! you will hear my soft footfalls

Treading in the morning snow;

My voice echoing in the misty air surrounding you;

My love will be in a haze, encompassing you

With resilient thuds of my heart.

All that I need is this love, and nothing else;

Not even a sigh that may fizzle out of your chest.

You were always beside me

Though we live in far away lands.

But I feel the warmth of your delicate fingers

Like a feather touch, on my cheeks

Fondling and blotting away my anxiety.

I feel the fragrance of your breath

Kissing my eyelashes, holding me in its

Bewitching luscious sublimation.

My desires have taken shape

And reached my side in your person....

kunjubi varghese

A Snap-Shot Of Heaven...

The spring squabbled with you,
For having robbed its fragrance away
To your enamoring lips.
And its exquisite bouquet of hues,
As rainbows lay concealed in your
Imposing cheeks and inviting eyes.
The rubicund lips might have blossomed
In a rose flower, ruddy with intense desires, which.
I have enslaved, along with her undying love.
Dreams are alive when in slumber;
And also when awake, their presence is felt.
I will soar up to heaven in my body, on the wings
Of such a dream, and find my beloved,
Sitting under a tree on which the stars blossom,
On the banks, of a brook in Paradise.
She will be always with me, caressing and
Holding my fingers, in adoration kissing them,
And embracing me, leaning on my chest.
When the translucent clouds gently breeze up,
To immerse us in jubilant intoxication

Of exotic exultation, and nirvana...

kunjubi varghese

A Stage Show- Life

The radiant glow is only on the lips,

Inside the mind, is utter gloom of melancholy.

Everything is make-belief, and facade.

The vivacity of feisty is extinct

Half way, through the night.

The melody is only in the stage,

It grows into a dirge, in the green room.

Impaired shape, miserable wretched face,

Worn out adornments, and dark visage.

When I approached the stage, before the viewers

All the barrages, shattered and tears

Deluged the soul, throbbing in pain.

Dreams that dare not fade, though forgotten,

Like pictures of ornate glass, splintered.

You have become a despondent remembrance

In me, enervating, with incessant groans.

..

kunjubi varghese

A Time To Love

Tell me why you have failed to come here;

Like the froth of silence that could not

Embrace the shore, retreating with its

Lost liveliness, though longing for it.

The moon is shining till the early morn,

As the emission of the night, in despair.

I waited for you, in the tower

Haunted by the cooing doves.

The eternal clusters of stars were

Smouldering through midnight

In tune with my frustrations.

The strings of my heart were straining

As the nightingale sang a strain.

Won't you come near the window,

Drawing the curtains away

And sing to me secretly?

A song to revitalize; a song to resurrect me

From the rancid grave of miseries.

Come gliding through the breeze;

Shower on me your love for ever

As a dazzling rainbow of dreams...

My longings stand like trees on

The wayside, giving shelter and shade

To the passers by from the scorching heat.

kunjubi varghese

A Tinkle In The Heart

The amorous tinkle of your anklet

I heard, and the sweet treads in

the corridor sounded, when you came in;

Like the golden rays of the evening sun

Coming filtered through the colored

Panes, of my window.

As a soft overture, when someone touches

The strings of my tense heart,

Like the raindrops settling on the leaves,

Squirting nectar on my life

I was enthralled to hear the soft footsteps.

When you paddled into my chamber

Like the bee, circling around the floret,

Shrouded by minuscule drops

Of the morning snow,

As the footsteps approached me

I found you as another magnificent sun,

Trying to drown in the ocean, of my silent love.

The golden hue of the sun covered you

In silhouette;

The buds of my ecstasy bloomed;

In those moments, I became one in you

And you became one in me.

The earth and the sky stared to find out

The lover, of this gorgeous bride and asked.

“Whoever is the bridegroom of this nymph? ”

The breeze whispered into the ears of the

Flower. “What will happen to night? ”

And a few stars peeped out from behind the curtain,

In coy meekness, and blinked gleefully.

kunjubi varghese

A Tryst With Grief

My cherub, I know you as a sodden recollection

Writhing in pain, in the realm of my thoughts;

Seeking you as the sweet dripping nectar.

Cherished in the mind, through decades..

As melliferous memorabilia, treasured in the

Chest of my thoughts, like dew kissed blooms

Of the forsaken soul; as the river of my feeling,

Flowing in the tide with fizzy ripples,

Your remembrance is infusing an unsullied

Fragrance, in the air around me, fills my soul...

I know you, as a charisma of my gloomy days,

A stumbling rhythm lurking, in my chest,

A tremulous music, in my vagrant emotions.

Teardrops oozing, out of my wet eyelids,

Vibrant and vivid dream of munificent compassion...

You came, opened the latched door, sat beside me.

A bewitching and alluring smile

Skulking on your angelic lips;

Carrying a translucent chill into my being,

Pouring, the nectar of allurements into my soul.

Let me inebriate and exhilarate in the sweetness

Of the dream, your thoughts have perpetuated in me....

kunjubi varghese

Abandoned?Never.

Can you fly down to me, with a message of love,
My dear flamingo, in the chillness of the rain clouds,
From the resplendent rainbow fondling the sky?
Tell me, you growling hungry Ocean, an answer.
Where is the bard, I love like my life?
My dearest maid, did you see, the anguish
I wrote, artfully as the calligraphy of my heart,
In disquiet, with welling tears in your eyes?
Did you stop to hearken the cadence of a song,
From my soul, sung in distress?
Tell me; did you see him jotting down a scrap
To say he is coming soon to see me?
The horizon of my love, and the life I lead
Has imprisoned me in a castle, I detest.
Yet, I covet to become a rain cloud and
Shower all my love, draining it on him,
From the heaven, soaring over him beady- eyed;
To sprout as a hundred thousand petals of love,
In his despondent existence in this earth.

kunjubi varghese

Accomplishment...

You came to me and I found the pining of

Unrequited love in your eyes..

My sweet heart! When did we initially meet in our life?

In which birth, in which dusk of the aeons;

Where did we see each other first time, in life?

Generations walked through these streets,

Laughing and crying, kicking these earth,

Making it muddy and turbid, for a long time.

Our treads which were imprinted there, were

Covered with dust and mud, and our memories also

Submersed in it, for long, quite invisible to us.

If we forget each other for ever and our paths

Have never crossed again to meet,

What could have been our unimaginable destiny?

Our love began to bud, in our childhood days.

We kept nourishing the flame, until those ill-fated hours,

When, like a tsunami, the fate swept away

The ravishing flowers of that adoration,

Into different distant lands, and we lost touch.

Once again, if we have not met in our life,
If we have not recognized each other,
After all these years, in our transformed looks,
We should have been carrying in our hearts,
The remorseful regrets, of our unfulfilled dreams, eternally.

kunjubi varghese

Adieus...

There is no dispensation for love,
To a maiden who is entitled only
For a mound of earth in the end as her grave
For her eternal rest, and no rights allowed
To have even dreams, while alone.
My heart has turned into a book
Already eaten by white ants,
And could become dust any time.
When I say farewell, I have only
One memento left in me.
To give you, when I bid farewell at last;
A mind dried up of dreams, and,
A soul made destitute.

There are thousands of meaningful meanings
In the words, we have kept unsaid.
I am carrying the stinking rags of dreams
Which we shared unknowingly through withered
Lonely desolate nights and silent moments;
Carrying it like grey and pale dreams.

What is left undone is the slaughter of those

Dreams and I have to undertake that

And lay a wreath on it.

And we both part our ways in two directions

Without saying any more words!

Adieu...

kunjubi varghese

Afflicted

In a desolate and forlorn night

Amidst the strange fantasy of a dream

You became a desire and obsession in me.

I have become a moon stone, liquefying and,

Dissolving in your moon light, and in your life;

A chilling stream on a winter day;

A goblet brimming with sweet champagne,

Being filled by unknown and unseen hands.

You reached me and you filled my soul;

You sprouted as an oasis, in the wilderness

Where the cruel sun scattered

Embers of stones, all around my treads.

Why did you arise again, as a melody in my dreams,

In the lute of my heart?

This worthless birth can not do anything now

But, only just bless you to live a fulfilling life.

Dreams which refuse to die in memories

Which we dreamt together have now

Become smithereens of a gorgeous painting.

You are becoming a poignant recollection

In me, invoking stifling sobs and sighs

Within me, stricken with utter grief.

kunjubi varghese

Agitating Love

Do not love me this vigorously...

Do not love me this fervently...

My heart is searing and sweltering,

With the agonizing torridity of your love.

The luscious dreams in my eyes are

Smoldering and burning out.

I never coveted for this much love

That I cannot compromise or cherish

Inside my heart's mother of pearl.

All that I wanted was the complacent warmth

Of a minuscule spark of love, to haul the burden

Of a lugubrious despondency that weighed upon me.

And cross the Empty Quarter of a desert of

Arduous affliction that threatened my existence.

I managed to reach the shore struggling with

The waves of grueling misery, with the helping

Heart touch, of a loving hand stretched out towards me.

I could break the walls of a fortress of

The sweltering heat shield of the stifling summer,
With the chilling wetness of a moist kiss
Of your beguiling lips that lingered in mine.

I am surviving as a burning candle now,
Without perishing in the hell fire of my expectations,
Only with the fond memory I relish from the past,
Of a loving caress, of your soothing hand.

So do not drown me by immersing me
In the deluge of your savage love;
As I cannot withstand the sight of
A flayed heart by your lurid love ...

kunjubi varghese

Alluring Aria...

While blossoms of roses profusely embraced

The golden fleece of the descending sun in

The twilight, imbibing the ruddy champagne

From the chalice of the flamboyant evening,

It swooned off into a deep slumber.

And then, like the soft petals cascading on the

Virescent carpet of velvety grass, the rivulets

Of ambrosia suffused from your melodies of love...

Like dew drops as pearls of golden dreams

Plummeting into the hushed

Silence of the desolate night, over

Waters of the pond in slumber,

The soft aria of your music drizzled into

My rueful soul strewn with consternation...

As tired eyelids wearied by deep sleep,

Falls on tired eyelids in silent softness,

The ravishing tone of the music is

Caressing the spirit, and I am diffusing

In the ethereal sweetness of the inveigling song...

The ripples in the milky lake are murmuring in glee;

The specks of the moon dust is sprinkled around

Fragrance of 'champa' blossoms pervades in the air;

Quaint beauty dance on the floor of amber dreams.

The sweetness of the silent night hovering over

On the wings of your music, sinks into my soul,

And I am in a delectable trance... ineffable.

While the undulating resonance of your music drifts

Towards me, empyrean bliss sprouts in the psyche.

If your songs are this prolific, how bounteous

Will be your spontaneous sweet penchant!

kunjubi varghese

An Anathema

Lost love is an anathema in this birth!
Loving and then losing it,
With undisclosed reasons!
It could happen with anyone in this life;
Like an ember lightening up suddenly
And extinguish, leaving behind fumes of
Frustration, weakening the mind.

In every turn of time and seasons, it reveals
Opening its shuttered windows to show us
Strange sights unwarranted and unexpected;
Commanding us to see what are destined.
And our eyes avert vistas already familiar...
Does this eye decide what should be seen or not?
Does an arrow decide its trajectory and target?

The sights we see directly with our eyes
Could be pictures drawn by someone in the snow.
And will vanish when the summer heat of time
Touch its ruthless fingers on its canvas.
Though the flaming visions in the chest will
Never fade away into oblivion.
Despite the cruel heat or rain or mist
Or grueling circumstances benumbing us,
Will always stand like sculptures in hard stones.

kunjubi varghese

An Angel In My Heart

An entire lovely spring, you have embodied;

In the glamorous flower chest of a kiss,

The drops of nectar overwhelmed from that sweet kiss

Invoked an ocean of passionate desires, in me.

An angel, you are, who could, with your delicate

Finger touch; make a tidal wave in my veins;

With a wisecrack, make a cascade of melodies,

Into my romantic, and amorous thoughts.

With a transient and fleeting ogling,

So soft, and a tremulous gaze shatter

My philosophy and morals and values in life,

Which I have strenuously up held in my

Subconscious, and respected.

I now pay homage, and genuflect before

That great sage, who pronounced the truth

Of rebirths, after mortal death of the flesh,

Which I trust, is real and not a dream,

Or a mystery, but a hope and an

Eternal truth surpassing eons...

kunjubi varghese

Apprehensions

You will not understand me anymore;
I just can't show your image
Embedded in my soul by opening
The window of my cloistered heart.
I can't sleep now when I ponder
How you could decipher the real
Lines in between my silences?

I am hiding among the branches of
A blooming tree, as the wind,
In the courtyard of your mansion;
I am also the vestige that embraces you.

I remember those words you uttered
Once, that you can't find me with your
Naked eyes, as though I am an apparition.
I may be a distant vision for your eyes now.
Still if you can keep your ears close to
My heart you could listen, my heart throbs
Very distinctly, pulsating with your name.

By the end of the winter, as your love starts
Pouring down as the rain, I will transform
To become the sodden earth, glistening
With your enrapturing moonlight.

kunjubi varghese

Apprehensions, , ,

You will not understand me anymore;

I just can't show your image

Embedded in my soul, by opening

The window of my cloistered heart.

I cannot sleep now when I ponder

How you could decipher the real

Lines in between my silences?

I am hiding among the branches of

A blooming tree, as the wind,

In the courtyard of your mansion;

I am also the vestige that embraces you.

I remember those words you uttered

Once, that you can't find me with your

Naked eyes, as though I am an apparition.

I may be a distant vision for your eyes now.

Still if you can keep your ears close to

My heart you could listen, my heart throbs

Very distinctly, pulsating with your name.

By the end of the winter, as your love starts

Pouring down as the rain, I will transform

To become the sodden earth, glistening

With your enrapturing moonlight.

kunjubi varghese

April Showers In The Heart!

Blossoming at the touch of a finger,
Cooing like a frightened dove
In the chillness of the winter;
Allow me to touch you for once!
You are looking so gorgeous to-night!
You have the wings of the rainbow
In its perfect ostentation, after the rain.
You are the image affluent in my thoughts.
The voice of your dalliance lurks and
Resound in the ears as endless echoes.
When you sing an alluring song
The beats flash in my eyes as lightning strokes.
A flame which no others can see!
I am yearning in my wait for that great moment
When I can see you, talk and caress
Hold you in my arms, sing a song and
Suck the nectar, from your lips.
These passions enliven me, filling my desolate
Moments, giving a fillip to my life.
The passing breeze whisper some amorous
Tidbits in your ears and make your cheeks blush;
A thousand stars twinkling up, kissed on the
Corner of your eyes, made them shimmer.
What are you waiting for, standing there
As an idol, on the banks of that stream?
I am here only, with an April shower in my heart! .

kunjubi varghese

At Last.....

The play has ended...
The curtains are drawn...
Spectators have left...
You and me were alone in the stage...
The players, who were with us, also
Have left, leaving us
On the empty stage.

You asked me. "Now then? "
We were standing miles apart.
We were the hero and heroine of the play.
Even this distance was so nearby.
You are me, my ego! I am living in you.
No one can separate us in this birth.
The intimacy between the minds
Will always subdue the marital bonds.

Somewhere in the sky above
The clouds weaved a robe
And covered the nature from its nudity
The moon coveted you and
The stars beckoned you.
Why do you stand aloof from me?
Yet you are at my side.
I have found a place of rest
In the solitary cage, in the lap
Of your pure soul, amidst
The permeating scent of your love.

kunjubi varghese

Beauty Eternal

Finally, I will fall down wearily with a sigh,
In the lap of my shadow itself, at the end;
One day in the end of this rugged, hectic journey.
I will imbibe a handful of sweet and sour
Memory and sing a song; my swansong!

I was singing once, that life is a carnival,
And I imagined so, as I was running after
Lascivious pleasures from damsels
Flocking around me, serving wine in
Golden goblets and their voluptuous bodies;
And the inebriation it brought forth.

I now realize the futility of my life,
As I find another gorgeous and rewarding
Sight on the wayside, doused in sweat and toil
A beauty blooming in tears.
I will now sing about the grace of that flower,
Finding that it is the angst of love that
Burns out life itself- the eternal beauty!

kunjubi varghese

Beckoning.

Come out into the world; you won't regret.

It is not dark here and I will make you a different girl.

In there you have to face rebuffs and scorns;

And it reflects now in your nature.

To love and leave is not your hobby.

Like the tensed strings of a violin

You spend your days and nights;

You have no recreations;

A touch so light will quiver it and,

Discords erupt in hard feelings.

With that you break the hearts of

Those, who love you and cherish you,

Make me the happiest one in life;

Sure, you can do that with strain.

I was in a rapture

When you said 'no rupture between you and me'.

So lovely this morn, when I saw you sail past

Clad in that blue Sari with red lines.

Again I heard your pleasantry;

I know the concern in your breath,
Full of love; you're the one I love.

Can't you break the clam

Which holds you away from me?

I can't enter it; sealed and marooned

My soul flutters around it,

Awaiting and awaiting to glide

Away to the blue sky and ride

Among the silvery clouds,

And together we make our haven;

Though others may even scorn us.

Hurry up before the dream vanishes,

Before this moth scorches its wings.

Said you helped me to come out of my loneliness

Yet, when you left me, you pushed me into an abyss.

Said you'll call me later, but you never did,

And I waited till dawn, and then you never knew.

.

kunjubi varghese

Belonging....

The dream that swooned on a bed
Of flowers, startled;
The breeze caressing my soul
Came riding in a boat of sandalwood
Gathering the scent of Jasmine from your body
When I lie down to sleep and then to dream
You always come to me as sweet lullaby.

But what is the meaning of owning anything?
What is the meaning of relationship?
Do I own you? Relationships and dreams
Are vain, empty words - mirages!

In its attempt to embrace the shore
The waves are discarded. Is it wise to
Say that the wind belongs to both?
Do the firmaments own the clouds?
Writhing out and wandering away
From the clasp of the sky above it?
Do the bees arriving to snatch
The nectar, own the marvelous bloom?
Do the winds own the woods?
Do I belong to you?

Do the lips own the honey of smiles appearing there,
And withering away in moments?
Do the eyes own the tear drops oozing out
Of the grief stricken heart?
Do the moored boats own the water?
Do you own me?

Do you own the breath you inhale?
Do you own the earth receiving you in the last?
Do you ever imagine that your heart
Which loves me belongs to you?

Belonging is a senseless word!
Who belongs to whom?
What belongs to anyone?

kunjubi varghese

Beyond

Far beyond the swelling ocean,
And all the oceans of this earth;
Far beyond this earth and the sky,
Those who venture for such a mission
Seeking all other systems of the universe!
May I ask you one earnest question?
Could you find a Man there, or
Any where among those, unknown places?
Is there any religion there? And if
Any supreme Gods, being worshiped?
The epics and scriptures taught us lies, that
Man used to live here, once upon a time!
There are gods; there are demons also here.
Not a Man, as they say, could be found yet.
Religions lied to us that, there prevailed once,
An age of equality, in this good earth.
There are Hindus, Muslims, and Christians here,
But still a Man could not be found yet.
Have they changed their labels from Man?
Have they all made an exodus to other worlds?

kunjubi varghese

Beyond Crossroads...

Petals of the heart hold in its hues,

The pigment of sexuality.

Scriptures, Vedas, myths, and epics, in

Every culture depicts these stories.

And history never fails to reiterate them.

Imprinted in human mind, these stories

Reappear and the heroes and heroines are the same.

Except the differences through cultures,

Names differs, attire differs and scenario too.

Also songs; we call them: love songs, duets,

Melodies, pops, or even soft blues.

Man cannot exist on his own; neither woman.

He is, and she also lives in the shadows of a thought

Enveloped in sexuality, through fascination,

Adoration, passion, lasciviousness, co-habitation,

Or even matrimony; then procreation, to fill the vacuum

In his or her existence, to make it perfect.

This want is towering in the mind as

A craving of the soul, to find its own mate;

A thirst for finding the better half or the other half

A longing, to discover the missing hemisphere.

Ruminating over one's self, the presence

Of a woman, invade the subconscious.

As, if in the mind of a woman too.

It develops into a hypothesis.

Deep inside, someone calls or cries,

From the cave's mouth of the body.

Who calls?

The call of the other half reverberates in the marrows,

In the mind, in the sinews, in the desires

And makes a duality; a unison, in one's being.

And pine for a support from the other half

To continue the existence...

kunjubi varghese

Birth Ties

Consanguinity has no value
They remain as drawings on the water.
A stream that drifts between birth and death;
A line on the water in the river of life.

In the heavenly systems that orbits in the universe
Drawing near and drift away shuddering in its course.
In an isle of earth and inside an inn there
I am just a guest; just a strange guest only.
I can hear on one side mirthful laughter;
On the other whimpering in grief and cries.
Who is the custodian of this inn?
God or Satan? Or God and God only...

kunjubi varghese

Bleeding Dusk...

It rained vermilion on the sky,

And the evening was bidding farewell.

Tell me, my beloved heaven! ,

Are you deserting your own daylight?

Your ravishing cheeks are sodden by tears.

While I am trailing your shadow

Are you fleeing away from me,

Into the wilderness, far away?

My beautiful! Whenever you are getting away

I feel you are emerging closer,

Butting into my heart, still closer..

The last scene in the final act of

The play of love, has ended, and.

The viewers have emptied their seats.

What are you seeking?

You have forgotten to sing your lines,

In the play again, as before.

Your flute also has fallen in the quagmire.

Your loving one has languished into

The utter darkness of the night,
Wallowing through tears, and
Lugging moans in the chest.

In the cremation ground of
My desolate dreams
You stand in front of the pyre,
And watch this squalid sight.

kunjubi varghese

Bleeding Rose

You standing at the grave of dreams,
In the gloom of the moon light!
Do you reckon, the sea of your grief
Will calm down, by shedding a dropp of tear?
Even when your inset was bleeding
You were dancing and singing, repressing
Your pain, like the nightingale who sang
While its wings were on fire.
You concealed your woeful sighs
Under the heavenly, enchanting melodies,
And camouflaged your tears in the veil
Of angelic smiles, adorning your lips.
The spectators who relished in the
Delightful performance, you showed,
Were never aware of the anguish
Inundating your doleful heart;
And they could not wipe your tears
With their clapping hands applauding you.
The image adored and embraced by the heart
Has faded and lost its lustre by

Gnawing prejudices and disinformation...

Obliterating, the sunshine with black clouds

Of despair and obscurity of frustration.

kunjubi varghese

Butterflies

In my last birth, you and me were butterflies,
Fluttering through the blues together
In search of nectar among blossoms of splendour.
We kept the spring under our wings
And flew into the midst of rainbows and blossoms.

We whispered into the ears of each flowers sweet
Lascivious secrets from its beloved, like messengers
Delivering snippets of last nights ecstasies.
As though we took our birth from the soul
Of an unknown lover, to fulfill a mission given to us.

We carried these epistles embedded with their dreams
In our bosom, and flew endless hours with the sun's rays
To reach its beloved, beyond far and vast distances,.

Though we longed to adorn our wings
With the gossamer threads of the moonlight,
And to wear the mascara of dew drops
On our eyelids, before the petals

Of the evening sun withered, and our spirits
Flew away beyond our dreams, into oblivion.

kunjubi varghese

Call It Love...

CALL IT LOVE!

The ache which had no name
Someone called it love.
The honey which dripped and split
In the earth was called tears.
The mirage with the golden tinge
We called it the imagination.

The bamboo which was cut
And was injured, cried.
And that worthless wooden
Tube was called a flute.
The beautiful clouds wept and
Its color splashed across the sky
It became the rainbow.
And the unforgotten silent music
Which emanated was called the mind

kunjubi varghese

Changes...

Today's tears are not the one

That dried up in the cheek, yesterday

Today's smile is not the one,

Which faded yesterday from the lips.

Every emotion is not

Repetition, not at all, repetitions.

They are absolutely fresh,

Charming, and wonderful.

The water flowing to day, from

The spring, is not of yesterday's

Nor the fleeing clouds are the same

Yonder, amidst the starry sky.

Yesterday's feeling for my beloved

Also is different, today it's more ardent.

In life's rugged path, everything change

Yielding place for everything new,

And Providence decides the hue.....

kunjubi varghese

Chase A Dream

Her hair smelled of camphor;
The exhaled air from her nostrils,

That of sandalwood;
The crimson blouse she wore
Emitted the fragrance
Of wild woodbine;

□
Or was it the scent of her body?

.. . . .

She helped, to remove
The safety pins on her blouse;
The hooks behind the bra came off smoothly.
The nectar adhering to the alabaster buds,
When the lips pressed on to them
Kindled sweetness; while the tender hair
Above the navel in swirls, woke up in ecstasy.
Fingers sought, paving its way to the warm
Wetness of the holy of holies
Her hands guided and her innards, in its
Recess, absorbed his masculinity.
Tinkling bells, exhilaration, mighty explosions,
Pandemonium; tense moments reaching
The pinnacle of euphoria and heavenly delights!

Then she said: ' I was waiting for this moment
Throughout my life; my femininity has
Now accomplished perfection and consummation.
Thank you, again and again for this moment
Though married for several years
This is the first time I have tended myself,
Surrendering my virginity to you;
After a waiting for a long period of time,
Of sleepless nights and subdued sobs.'

At the zenith of the intrigue, time lost its meaning.

'This was the most avowed aspiration in my life.
There is sacredness,
And a sanctity for maidenhood,
When it is tendered or submitted

Along with your heart.
It attains a divine halo around it
And it is so divine, and heavenly
And the bliss you derive is so unique.'

Fingers and lips scrounged into the bodies;
A glow sparkled in her eyes,
That of the fizzy delights.
Lips quivered; pearls of sweat erupted over
The upper lips and thrusting breasts.
The rhythm of breathing rose into a frenzy.

In the moist caverns deep inside, passions awoke.
The vagaries of all the seasons glided into an
Eddy of schizophrenic lasciviousness.
Fission or fusion?

kunjubi varghese

Come Back

The sonorous spring has receded and
The effulgent tapestry faded out.
Can't you just hearken to the vibes
Emanating from the darkened chasms
Of my heart, through the wailing wind?
Through the shores of opalescent moonlight
Where the golden swans of ambrosial
Dreams flutter and descend in clusters
Your image is unfurling like sweet blossoms.
I miss you...I miss you entirely.
Why can't you come back to my side
For a moment, just to perceive for a while
The throbbing spasms of a crumbling life?
Your beaming smiles will shower golden ray

Over all the gloomy chambers of
My spirit, obscured by bemoaning desolation.
Can't you seek me out and reach me no
To relieve the dolorous despair in me,
And revive me from this enfeebled existence?

kunjubi varghese

Consummation!

Predating the commencement of history!

Before the advent of the phenomenon

Of God the Almighty;

The nature and time sang together, the ditty

“Love is a divine rhapsody”.

The first blossoms of love, at those times were among

The movable and immovable; the tangible

And intangible; animate and inanimate

Beings, in the universe.

They sang and we repeated the chorus;

The prime slogan: “Love is immortal.”

The happiness and delight belonged to the early eons.

The zeal, the passion, longing, attachment,

And earnestness stringed together,

Evolved thousands of hours of

Intense intercourse, of confluence.

And they sang again “Eternal is love”.

And we repeat the chorus even now.

Like the fragrance of blossoming spring flowers

Permeating its sweetness, in the atmosphere;
As the rhythms, beats and the tones of a golden
Spring, that drifts in unannounced;
Like the cloying nectar dripping into the loving heart,
A flame of passion, refusing to be extinguished;
The tears flooding from the eyes in
The grief of desolation.....
This love fulfills and is filling up, consummating
All spasmodic desires of the barren mind.

kunjubi varghese

Cowards...

Welfare State, Republic, Parliamentary Democracy,

Equality, Liberty, Human Rights, Judiciary

Without blemish, Fourth Estate,

And, Freedom of Expression...

All are high sounding ideas and mottoes.

Yet, human beings are sold as slaves,

Exported from country to countries,

Submitted for menial jobs and bonded labour.

The stench of white slavery permeates all over.

Juvenile girls, sold as slaves through

Established offices of religion, compelled

To undertake religious oaths, in the guise

They are needed for the service of God.

To become concubines of the rich, and the clergy,

Prostitutes to work in parlours, homes for the sick,

And aged, as nursing maids, and women of pleasures.

Coffers of the 'Charitable Trusts', and missions;

The Purveyors of such human commodities

Are filling up with wealth, through such criminal deeds.

Such rackets exists, always in motion and alert;

Ransack, exploit and extort.

We remain as passive observers, and

Mute spectators, afraid to react or respond.

Unable to deprecate, or exhort.

Are we cowards? Frightened to lift a finger

Against the hierarchy, and its manipulations?

A dog will keep on barking, even when frightened;

Are we worse than these canines?

kunjubi varghese

Creations...

Here the breeze carries a divine fragrance.

The spring has come this way already,

In a chariot of tender sprouts and leaves

And the maidens in-waiting were those

Of dainty dreams and sublime memories.

Why the flowery season could not linger here,

And stop the chariot here for a while?

It could not even give me a tiny blossom

As a gift, to remember its radiance again.

And now you have become another

Blooming season, like a spring in my life.

The ocean is roaring with its waves.

Who sowed the stones of beryl in its froth?

May be the heavenly musicians have done that.

Never throw your pearls of laughter in the

Stream of tears, of your lonely nights.

Those musicians also got away, after

Closing the eyes of the mind.

Now, you have become an exquisite beryl

In my mind, dazzling with your love.

Those bluish eyes are the blossoms of the heart,

And I have become the apple of those eyes.

How charming is the splendour of youth,

And your emotions are a hundred times

Prettier than any petite things on this earth.

The creator ought to have given eyes of the soul,

To the smiling lilac, and the winged pangs of the mind.

But then, you have become the creator of love in me...

kunjubi varghese

Damn

The divine words of God, was heard

Like the chirping of a bird,

“Here is Man”; “He is my beloved son”....

Man sitting in the Garden of Eden

In paradise, said: “ Amen! So be it;

Peace unto you, my God.”

But when he plucked the fruit of

That tree of dreams, the voice

Changed and became harsh,

That of God with discord;

The horrid voice uttered,

“Here is man; I have rehabilitated him,

Into the hell; let him be there.”

In there, the man said:

“Amen; Hallowed be Thy name, Thank you, Creator,

So be it; thank you again.”

And, he started carrying the burden

Of his Eternal despair, and despondency

From that moment.

God shuddered and His eyes

Were inundated by tears;

Man is still trying to wipe away

The tears from His cheeks.

To see a happy smile, on His visage...

kunjubi varghese

Darkness At Noon!

Day dreams and milky moonlights;
Meandering brooks and forest shades;
Sylvan hills and golden glades,
Whispering streams and sunny vales;
Billowing beaches and cool coffee bars...
Times were fleeting on swift foot.
Every merry moment has to cease one day.

Far away from the shades of trees,
And chirping voices of fairies around the campus,
Coiled up in the recess of a quiet day;
In solitude, in the company of the sun's heat.
The monotony carves away the sap of the heart.
The separation creates scorching heat
That of a mid-noon sun, in and around.
Fingers that held fingers have slithered;
Desolate days are like loud moaning in wilderness.
Forlorn, forsaken, abandoned feelings resurrect!
Like the earth's first love affair.

When was the first desertion?
Who could have made it?
The lover or the loved one?
How many frustrated lovers and for how long
Have out grown the pain?
How many survived?
Frustration and the anguish after
Desertion, is always the other side of the coin.
Both are intoxicating and thrilling;
Both are exhilarating and stupefying.
That is the game of Cupid!

kunjubi varghese

Death's Gateway...

With the blooms of tears spurting in her eyes,

In the soft sunlight of her remembrances,

Who is she bowing in reverence, with

Downcast eyes like a psalm before

Your final resting place, like a

Heart rendering aria, all alone?

You have measured the invaluable love

In terms of immense wealth and money;

And bartered it, at the cost of your tears.

Why did such a rich maiden

Await even today straining to hear a din?

Is there a heart, throbbing in the depth of

This sepulcher, calling out your name from there?

Is it possible to hear the resonance of voices,

Which has been swallowed by some mysterious silence?

Could a heart stricken by the death blow

And cut off into a hundred pieces

Resurrect from the dead and beckon a beloved?

Except that a hundred blossoms will bloom

In the earth, from the blood spilled there by the assailant!

kunjubi varghese

Death...

Death is not an event, that waits for

Anyone, to attain seventy, or eighty.

Along with the moment of the first cry

Announcing your arrival into this world

We kick start the indicator of time, to get moving.

We are an isle surrounded by death.

We can complete or fulfill naught.

Even our love life will not be complete.

The sword of Damocles is hanging above our head.

In death, do we enter a timeless, space less tunnel?

When thoughts, desires, consciousness freeze,

When thoughts become stills on the screen of the mind,

Time also vanishes along with it,

The screen becomes a blank,

The projector of the mind stands still.

A spark emerges like a drop, into our being

Into our silence, into that eternity,

And we taste the sweetness of the spirit!

That is attainment, freedom from all bondage,

Liberty and divine love!

kunjubi varghese

Delusions [of A Kind] II

ii

If my love or affection for her is just feeling
Alone, then it is narcissism only.
Love is an attempt to possess her.
Can anyone own another body?
If it is consumed and added to the body
There is nothing left as a remnant.
Is it possible to embrace a soul,
Or be in possession of it as one's own?
Soul or individual is merely a feeling,
And embracing it, is only an imagination.
Your soul and my soul remain always
Separated and not at all in union.
Closing in and embracing of these two souls
Are manifestations, in the realm of feelings;
A magical delusion, illusion or hallucination!

When I invoke you as my own and embrace you,
I am only snuggling your flesh but not the beautiful you.
You are just a delusion, as well as your beauty.
What is in a myth? Apart from the mass of flesh
As a body, it is meaninglessness.
You are a dream that mystify me.
When you become mine, you are no more;
And then when I embrace you,
In reality I am cuddling myself.
The feeling of 'self' itself becomes a myth.
However, if I lose that delusion, then everything
Becomes blank in the screen of feelings
And is in darkness, as in a power cut.

She and I are thus the creation of such
A magical consciousness. [a MAYA of nature]
Life is such an experience and the truth of my life
Is the totality of such delusions and hallucinations.
Every pleasure, every meaningful episode, and
Each values of life itself are the consequence

Of such a feeling in disguise, or imagination.
And without them, there is no life ...

kunjubi varghese

Delusions [of A Kind] I

[I]

I am not an atheist or an agnostic, but
I believe in a Supreme Power,
A destiny, that shapes our ends.
Faith is often described as a delusion.
Did I ever see any one of the gods?
Or heard Him?

[Why do we mention 'HIM'? - As though
He is masculine in nature?]

I have no experience in any of these.
Then why should I have faith
In a non -entity to my sense?

Nevertheless, I have many a times
Held His image, idol, paintings,
And have touched them,
In a church, a temple or wayside.
In the church they give the sacramental bread
To believers as a blessed gift, from God.
It represents God and believing it as God
Tran substantiated, they accept it.
It is no more a piece of bread.
It is something more than, different than
That bread we eat daily, for our hunger.
Faith changed the substance!

When I kissed my deceased father
Before he was laid to rest,
I kissed his lifeless body, but felt it
As a Godsend ecstasy and rapture;
And I kissed my wailing old mother,
It was the body of an age old woman.
When I clinch and kiss my Beloved
I am not merely fondling the body of a woman;
It is something more than that.
And that 'something' is the delusion,
Illusion, or hallucination or myth.

When someone touches the feet of an idol
Or kiss the feet of a granite sculpture -that of a God,
In the form of a deity, it is not the granite or the marble
They touch, or genuflect before it; but God himself.
When you touch, hug and kiss your beloved
Are you touching a mass of bone and flesh that could
Be bought at a meat stall or butchery?
And the bliss it brings forth to the heart
And the exquisite contentment accrued...
Is not that too, a myth?

[continued... II]

kunjubi varghese

Destination.. Unknown!

Some one attempting to play a sad note
On the earthen dulcimer of the mind;
A note and rhythm of tears, dripping from
The icicles of solidified grief;
With insipid energy, and whimpering spirit
Like an evening that is spent;
And bidding farewell with chaotic attrition
In the innards of synergistic debacle.
Even the regaling moonlight and
Starry sky has become scorching
Summer that scald the prurient passions
Sheltering inside the soul, in a cloister.
The splendorous spring has dwindled into
A spasmodic, saddening winter.
And your sodden heart, a picture
With the ornate glass, broken in splinters.
You have become a singing bird
Wounded, and flying in the darkness.
On the streets of rainbows, awakens
The tumult and maelstrom of the sky.
On the unknown nameless road
Someone is wandering with agony,
Melancholy painted across the face.
Affliction gathering teardrops, overwhelming
In the heart, hiding among the eyelashes as
Condensed atonement, of tribulations.
Effigies of shadows like puppets
Are awaiting for something to happen..
Borrowed births recreated from previous births.
Ogling as the rain clouds with a throbbing heart alone
Amidst the whistle of cold wind
Attempting to sing a dirge in despair..
The treads diffusing into echoes
Linger in the cold air as they fade out...

kunjubi varghese

Diffusing Fragrance

On the sandalwood pyre of my heart
The golden winged butterflies burned out.
They were my long preserved dreams;
My endearing passions of the soul.
The ashes now cover the pyre all over,
And the relics are only the remnants of
A handful of reminiscence and those
Unseen embers are still scorching hot.
Memories of longings coveted in vain,
To see the spring blossoms in full bloom.
When someone threw a stone on the tree
A thousand birds flew off from its roosting.
Only one bird came back to the branch of its nest,
With its wearied wings of dreams,
Again for the honey, the tender shoots offered.
You were someone so transparent; a fragrant flower
That could not contain its intoxicating scent inside.
In your words, in your smiles
And in your looks you poured out
Fragrance of true and innocent love...

kunjubi varghese

Discords....

Discords everywhere, discords all the time
Disabled princesses of music
Grotesque faces of witches in a world of melody,
Flagrant specks afraid to soar up to heaven..
You have become a discord, a dissonance;
I am already existing as an insipid discord.

Helpless voices emanating from eternal grief
Vain dreams and hopes soaring up in you and me,
Also develop into added disharmony.
We are only meek, indistinct throbs
Out of a guitar of life, aroused yesterday
In the vamping by fingers in agony
By the unknown musician TIME..

kunjubi varghese

Do I Know You?

The light has disappeared from my world;

I have become the wearied shadow of a man,

Fell down like a shadow without limbs,

Melting into the darkness of the dingy night.

Does a shadow pulsate in rhythm, any time?

Does the shadow have a heart which throbs?

If not, which artery is holding the flame of

The grief in my heart, and its recollections?

Or is that possible for memories to die;

Or ripples in a lake to cease to a standstill?

Do we have a life after death?

A rebirth for a soul; again in this earth?

If there is, would that resurgent light recognize,

Each other and the relation of its last birth?

So, who is the youngest and who is

The eldest person, in this world?

Time has no relevance in ascertaining it!

kunjubi varghese

Down Memories Lane

In your tender eyes

Blooms the starry sky.

There is only one countenance

Alone in my eyes;

One note alone, in the ears.

I am unable to wipe it off from my mind

It goes on and on eternally.

And my life stands still, in that harmony.

You illumine my environment

As the thousand lights of the lamp

In the courtyard.

And you are, the one after the thousand wicks,

which stands out and radiate your glory.

In your sparkling curls of hair

I perceive the emerging moon

On the firmament

With her bride maids – the stars!

I see golden rays in your cheeks,

When your finger tips touched

And kindled the flame of the lamp.

And I saw your love blazing,

In your stunning and alluring face.

As I turned into a sandal colored

Attire, covering your soft rosy skin,

You entered as a poem into my mind

And your sweet snigger

Became a sparkle...

kunjubi varghese

Dreams...My Fairies!

Dreams, my dreams, you are fairies of paradise

The world will be an empty void, if you were not here.

Without God, without humans, without angels,

Bereft of the sense of purpose, devoid of life force;

Deficient in imagination, of beauty and creative arts

And permeating, fragrance of flower

You are the butterflies, bred and brought up by

Nymphs of the yonder, in the palace in the blue skies,

Built in sapphire stones, and coming as guests;

As honoured guests into this barren earth,

To shower rapture in our hearts, with nectar.

You are opening the doors of my soul, with out

Me knowing it, and painting your pictures

In empty spaces in there, and creating magnificent

Rainbows of multitudinous colors;

Dissolving them in the drops of my tears,

And wiping it away, frequently, intermittently...

.

kunjubi varghese

E=mc-2...

Does anything in this earth, ever perish?

And disappear into nothingness and void?

A leaf, a life, a flower, a song, a rainbow!

A tree, a leaf, or a flower, when it withers

The good earth receives it with pleasure.

It dissolves with the mud, in its source.

The roots take away the substances,

And bring them back to life.

The remnants of a human being disintegrate and

Unite with the five elements which composed it.

The whole earth is a grand grave yard.

For withered, battered, and dead lives;

Buried and hidden in its cavernous womb;

Over millenniums, ever procreating

From the debris of accumulated fragments,

In another shape; tubers, cereals, fruits, crops,

And food for whatever we eat as flesh,

To complete the cycle of life, in the universe.

Even the scattered ash over water

Comes back as salt from the sea in our food.

Nothing can be severed from anything eternally.

That proclivity exists in everything, animate or

Inanimate, similar to proton-neutron relation.

That is human bondage, nature's bondage...

kunjubi varghese

Eloquence..

No words are essential, in the melodies of love,

No hues in the spectrum are needed to paint my annals.

While you cast a look into my soul,

Though you know not the impact of such a look,

There lay embedded a thousand of desires,

Comprising and evolving from infinite imaginations

Idling dormant in your heart for long,

And longing to see the light of realization.

Wherever you are, your heart throbs come to

Me, like the soft breeze in the air, stealing the

The fragrance of your hair held

In the palm of the wind, embracing you.

And when I kiss those petals of buds about to

Enfold into a bloom, they turn into a hue

Of pink softness, with the coyness felt of the sweetness,

Like that of your marvelous lips.

I will wait for you under the canopy of the stray moon light.

As the path you walk through, are adorned by

Countless glow worms, like the yonder stars of the Milky way.

I will embrace your soul and whisper into your ears

That you are my beloved and will diffuse

In the ecstasy of that immaculate rapture.

kunjubi varghese

Enlightenment

History was written topsy- turvy.

Myths adapted as corner stones

On the edifice of faith.

Religion fostered myths as scriptures.

Rationale is hired by religions and churches.

God is created in their fancy, and fantasies.

Intellect of humans, are governed by legislation.

Imagination imprisoned by imbeciles.

Power politics sway at the controls.

Human rights are stampeded by cattle,

In the guise, of jurists.

Freedom of thinking is in shackles.

God men/women are amassing and hoarding

Wealth, directing and producing blue films;

Dealing in arms and narcotics,

Exploiting the faithful, through magic,

Miracle healing touch and prayers.

Multitudes are under sedation of scriptures,

Translated, according to their whims.

Religion has truly become, the 'opium of the people'.

And turned them into puppets, strings in the hands
Of marauders, behind the curtain.

The world is under siege by demons,
At the helm of all affair; good and bad.

This is the golden era of enlightenment!

Similar to French Revolution, Renaissance

And Second World War!

We talk of global warming, common market,

Ozone layer, nuclear power, and landing on Mars,

When people are leading strife strewn days,

Vitiated morals, and spewing violence;

And people are dying without food and shelter,

Of tsunamis, earth quakes, floods, and hurricanes.

We are progressing! But whither?

kunjubi varghese

Escapade?

Memories throng, like the incessant patter,

Of a rainy night.

Like showers of nectar on to the hull of the soul.

The fading mist; diluted evening glow

Entering, into the gloom, of a dreary night.

The dismal wailing, of a forlorn bird, in the distance.

All sneaking at the door of my earthen hut

And getting away, never even uttering

A word of consolation, to me...

Why did you re-emerge, in my dear flute

As a sonata of an amiable daze,

Resonating in my forlorn psyche?

Like the crescent moon, having lost its way

Among the darkened clouds,

You came to me, in compliant diffidence

Shrouded in a veil, in accord, with my

Mute and imposing imagination.

We built our castles with glass and cardboards,

On a shore of the sea, of idle tears.

We coveted to live eternally, beyond time and tides.

Through millenniums; you and me, alone.

My existent being is worthless, except that

I merely felicitate you, for an enjoyable life.

Sans reminiscence, sans lost aspirations, and yearnings,

Sans rancour, and frustrations.

Enveloped in rapture, I will put a lid,

On top, of all my longings, hitherto cherished.

How many more births and seasons

I will have to greet, in my life?

How far my birth will extend to own you?

I don't know...

kunjubi varghese

Eternal Groans...

Give a refuge for me among the waves of

Oblivion, you the ocean of ages!

You write everything and obliterate

All things that were ever written, in your march.

Passions and desires become spring seasons,

Then turns out as periods, and points of time.

Bowers garlanded with sweet flowers that was once,

Have turned into burrows where serpents hide out.

You are not overwriting, but erasing everything

And is rewriting afresh with new splendours,

Granting novel hues, and themes to it.

Ripples of love soar up there and fills

Heavenly raptures and rhapsodies in the mind.

Finally the cherubic nymphs and fairies transform

Into bizarre figures, the eyes detest to watch..

You never attempt to topple down an edifice

But build them; yet you draw the dawn

As dusk that melts down in your folds.

kunjubi varghese

Eternal...

Your memory still haunts and smiles in my mind,

As a garland of rainbow on the neck of

Sodden clouds, impatient to shed its attire

.

You the me, and me the you

We were born in places far apart.

Like the driftwood close in, on the shores,

We floated in the ocean, of populace.

And one day drifted close, as strangers...

Autumn:

Formal nodding, perfunctory greetings,

Shallow smiles, casual accosting;

Sharing a joke, mutual treats

Like a thirsty fish in the ocean...

Season changes;

Summer.

A little walk a little talk

A magnificent obsession.

A willing miss, a stolen kiss.

Exchange of gifts, words of appreciation

A phone call, just before going to sleep.

Bid good night and sweet dreams...

Spring.

With all its blessings.

Close encounters of the third kind.

We understood, we are made for each other.

We dream together, we imagine alike.

Our desires are similar, like our aspirations.

We resolve to become one.

We dissolve and become one.

Our target attained.

Our search for each other ended, here.

What is this miracle of destiny?

Souls wandering through eternity

Seeking always, for its lost mate.

Once found they unite in life

In passion, and love and bliss.

And boundless immortality...

kunjubi varghese

Eternally Yours

The spring bathed in the golden hue of the moonlight
I sat on the window sill looking out in to the twilight;

Singing a rhapsody about you, with silence its rhythm;

I saw your elegant smile in my memory screen.

Transformed as a desire,

Wounded by Cupid's arrows,

Pink corals blossomed in her lips as dulcet words;

A dot of tender emotions in longing, for

Seeing your exquisite, cherubic smile.

Open your solitary window, gently.

Let me see your angelic face.

I am now waiting for that cherished moment.

A moment long waited, and dreamt.

The day I saw you and we exchanged our love,

I turned a cloud and rising high in the heavens

Flew wildly in glee, with the arrogant wind.

And when I saw you again, I dissolved as raindrops,

Came down, to hug your anklets enveloping it.

Ecstasy, blossomed as divine and sublime love,

Encircling me with the nectar dripping

From the intoxicating sweetness, of your lips.

kunjubi varghese

Ethereal Melodies

Somewhere in the month of January
When the nature was under the canopy
Of a haze that came down from the lofty hills,
You entered as a tiny reverie, with a handful of
Pretty white blossoms, like a tear in
The swollen eyes, of the moist mind.

That day even our shadows leaned
On the rain sodden wings of my mind;
And you listened through the dreams
The tunes my fingers strived to figure out.

Let us share the woes of a pretty butterfly
Scorching its wings, on the flame of baffling afflictions.
You perched in my soul, as a tear swelled eye;
Even your snigger rained out, on the swishing
Sea of my heart, densely on that day.
Then I waddled into the music that rolled out
Of your mouth in its cadence,
Turning it into a celestial ensemble.

I will emerge now looming like the morning sun
In the valley of the blooming dawn

And remain there for eternal moments....

kunjubi varghese

Everywhere A Smile...

While tears rained over me
I held an umbrella
Of smiles over my head;
I dived and searched for
Pearls in a sea of anguish;
Just to see the gleeful
Smile of the world around me.

The sun strew the smile of the day
And the moon light is the smile of the night.
The golden waves that hug the shores
Is the simper of the ocean.
And the blossoms show the smile of the good earth;
The weeping clouds smile through the rainbows
Magnificent and flamboyant with its hues.

Grief made it out through poetry;
Silence shows it through sighs and sobs.
I built my play house on the bank of
A stream of tears and toil of forsaken love,
Then made a flute to play, with the bamboo
Of my broken heart in condescension,
To sing a rueful song of my love...

kunjubi varghese

Farewell My Sweet Heart

Kindling a sparkler, always in my inventiveness,

Transforming, into the heart throb of my existence.

My beautiful! I bless you in my sighs,

With every meek breath, from a woeful heart.

Your sweet memory caressing my gruesome

Spirit, keep the flame of life from extinction.

And aid me at my side, enabling me

To enjoy the fabulous, intrinsic bliss.

My dreams of all times, my desires of every moment,

The lyrics of love, always surging in my mind;

The blossom of sizzling grief, engulfing the mind,

I am paving in your path, as a gift of my soul.

If we do not meet any more in this life,

Or you are unable to come to my side,

And, we vanish behind the dark curtain of this birth,

I tell you, not to grieve about an unfulfilled aspiration

Of our soul, we have been holding close, in our bosom.

The life force of this universe will always clinch

Many more births, and deaths, in its wake.

And innumerable rebirths will bloom

In this earth; we will one day, happen on each other

In that event, we will never part but live eternally.

kunjubi varghese

Feather Touch

My soul was in a slumber
Then you came and showered
Your fragrance through your kisses
And awakened me from my sleep.....

I am now imprisoned in a solitary
Cell, of your ardent love.
The heart yearns for looking out,
To see the vistas of green plush valleys;
Sylvan hills, where the nymphs roam;
The stream where the thousand suns
Envisions through bubbles and foams;
Where the green paddy fields ripple
In the breeze, and the lonely man angling
For a stray fish and sings his
Favorite lines, of a popular ballad;
Where, the one legged stork watch
The clouds wandering over the distant
Horizon, casting a shadow, over the
Dales. and the hills on its sojourn;
Where, the boatman sings a mournful lyric
And rows happily against the tide....

The rain splattering on the placid lake
Making tiny holes in the surface....
Where the rain drips through the leaves
Of the needle trees, in lustrous rivulets;
Where the urchins play and gleefully
Jump naked, into the murky pond.

Your soothing fingers caressing my nape
While you stand close, embracing me
Arouse me from these reveries of the
Long forgotten fantasies, suddenly
I realize, that all these are embedded
In your feather touch.....

kunjubi varghese

First Love...

Flowing and swirling

Like a stream

Showering and flurrying

Like an incessant rain,

Like you have fondled

The reminiscences.

Our first love, embellished

With the fragrance

Of the soul, filling

Everything, inside the mind.

Like water blotted

By the sponge,

The clouds of desolation

Linger up above,

For writing the shadow of

Moonlight on blossoms.

You brighten up in my

Heart, by building up

Moments of strain and tension,

Revealing yourself,

As my soul mate, in this birth.

kunjubi varghese

Flaccid Dreams

The scent of Mogra flowers were serenading

]

Through the air, diffusing into my senses.

The same adoring fragrance that emanated through

The showers of my day dreams, in your countenance.

Silvery lines cast shadows in the earth;

The Night Queens smiled in welcome.

Among the bluish pleats in the sarong of the moonlight,

I saw the furling of your long robe.

The silky waves of your dress moved away from my life

Like seared petals of withered days.

The beams of the moonlight turned into violin

Strings, and while the breeze caressed them

Produced melodious musical overtures.

I heard the timbre of your compliant voice

From the song sung by the silent night.

The tinkle of your golden anklet faded

Like wilted tender leaves from my dreams.

kunjubi varghese

Flaccid Dreams...

The scent of Mogra flowers were serenading
Through the air, diffusing into my senses.
The same adoring fragrance that emanated through
The showers of my day dreams, in your countenance.
Silvery lines cast shadows in the earth;
The Night Queens smiled in welcome.
Among the bluish pleats in the sarong of the moonlight,
I saw the furling of your long robe.
The silky waves of your dress moved away from my life
Like seared petals of withered days.

The beams of the moonlight turned into violin
Strings, and while the breeze caressed them
Produced melodious musical overtures.
I heard the timbre of your compliant voice
From the song sung by the silent night.
The tinkle of your golden anklet faded
Like wilted tender leaves from my dreams.

kunjubi varghese

Fluttering Wings

This is a woman.... And her life!

Like a migratory bird devoid of

The nest of its own to roost every night,

In the company of its mate, in bliss.

Wandering through far distant and strange lands;

Searching for food and a shore for shelter

Across the sea in the trail of those

Who flew that way before her...

Leaving behind the nest that heard her first cry

For the nectar of life, from mother's breast;

Renouncing the comforting consolations of loved ones

And their affectionate caresses and safety,

Flying away into the boundless horizon.

A migratory bird!

Strange faces, when spotting an unseen land all around,

Bizarre habits of the people and the curious life style;

Life forgetting the dreams, forgotten to see and at last,

Like the wilting flowers of the evening

Ending like the shadows that fade away;

Again revamping a lust for flying again,

Into the plethoric magnitude of the sky,

Leaving behind, a faint flutter of the striving wings.

kunjubi varghese

Foiled Dreams

Once you came into my life as a florid dream;

One day you left bidding goodnight from me,

Like the notes of a melody fading gradually,

As the reverberation of a tuning fork.

Tell me whither you went!

You came as a song and vanished like silence,

Albeit, you cannot disappear from my reminiscence.

Are you departing my prima Dona,

When the spring sky has blossomed in its bluish tinge?

Who is crying in this dreary night

Breaking the lassitude, faintly in obscurity?

You came as a fragrance engrossed

In love, into my life's unfrequented path,

To accompany me, rubbing shoulders all the way;

And became my alter ego and heart throb.

Who is wailing in the wake of this midnight

While the milky moonlight is languishing,

Like the cry of a wild cockatoo?

As the sky calls out its beloved earth,

Like the starlets invite the clouds,

With their winking and shimmering eyes.

'Come my beloved'...

kunjubi varghese

Footprints On The Sand...

Footprints on the sand

Sitting on the window sill, I strained my ears
To hearken the voice of your treads.
I searched for your foot prints,
On the courtyard of my house, in the sand
The tinkle of your bangles rustling
Against your attire, was heard
Somewhere, through the air.
In my yearning to hear the soft music
Of your love, I heard the vailing of
A nightingale, singing to its mate.
I saw a shadow in the twilight
On the footpath, leading to my house.
Was that an apparition?

A thousand tidings, I wanted to tell you;
Soothing your love stricken heart;
Wiping, the crystal drops of tears in your eyes.
To enliven your insipid passions,
To take you away into the land of the rainbows,
Among, the wandering clouds, where the moon
Traverse leisurely among the stars.
There we will find our tenement
And live for ever and ever in our love.

kunjubi varghese

For Ever And Always Yours

This road is lonely; not a soul around.
The sky looks so majestic, with all its possession.
Your memory is filling me with all its opulence;
Then I saw a star weeping up there, glimmering,
Shedding its tears, into the clouds below.

Our futile birth has become the whimpering
Hand of a clock, indicating the seconds in life
Of the boundless eternity.
Grief and happiness mingle here;
And desires and passions die here;
Naturally without any cause or reasons.

In those days I sang for you to hear,

And I wrote poems for you to read.

But now you are not in my presence;

Only wilted dry petals of blossoms

Withered from the plaids of your hair

Remain here, reminding me of your

Exquisite smiles and laughter and

Your humorous prattle.

Man! Who created you in this earth?

Who glorified you in this life?

You have deserted me, but your

Memory still persists and enlivens

My soul- Everlasting, fresh and green,

Even after death...for ever and always yours...

kunjubi varghese

For You...

When the feather touch of your fingers

Daub love on my moist cheeks, sitting near me.

My soul always inundate with the nectar you accord.

The lurid radiance you breed in my mind with your love

Immerse me in the timid dreams I own,

The couplet I write to day comprise the moods and sentiments

Of the soft, selfless, sacred love you have for me.

Let it come out as a song, a prelude, an overture

An aria, a rhythm and the symphony may fill the universe,

With the harmony, of its cadence...

The smile, like buds bursting into flowers,

On your bejeweled lips, are always

Spreading, its fragrance, in my imagination.

If perchance we could never meet again in our life.

While pursuing the unknown regions of our survival,

I implore you to keep your tears unshed

In the memory of an unfulfilled, incomplete

Idyllic correlation of our love existed within us.

Through births and rebirths my mind is seeking you

To make you my eternal soul mate,
Among the droplets sustained in that deep blue sky
And in the emerald depths of the roaring ocean,
In the dew sodden radiance of the moonlight,
In the miraculous glee of a blooming bud,
My psyche is rifling through, to reach you.
No one can croon a lullaby to the memories
Of life, which squirms in the spirit.

kunjubi varghese

Forgotten Dreams

Have you forgotten the dreams of yesterdays,

We fondled together and savoured?

The magical notes of endearing music,

Together we shared, through our affection,

While playing the strings on our lutes.

Are those flames you lighted from your

Fantasies, in the inner temple of your eyes,

Extinct now, and has wilted for ever?

They personified the blessings, I gathered through

My rebirths, in wait for you, as the blossoms

Of golden dusk, in the garden.

kunjubi varghese

Forlorn Memoirs

Your mind learned lessons of Love;

Does that love, induce an ecstasy in you?

Your mind yearned for the desires to come true.

Are you content now, having attained your dreams?

Your laughter contended with flowers;

You filled me with nectar, from your lips

A thousand rebirths fled away from my soul.

Beads of perspiration on your breast,

Changed into a pearl necklace, for me.

Your love was never blemished with lust;

It was a transcendental euphoria

In the inner temple of the soul;

An evolution of cherished dreams,

Which flowered in our past re-births.

Dreams, still unwilling to fade away are

Broken platters, of the unforgetting mind...

You have become a woeful reminiscence

Bawling in desolation, inside me...

kunjubi varghese

Forsaken

While I was watching you going away

I felt my world becoming futile,

And empty and I am made an orphan.

I felt my love is embedded in those flowers

You have discarded after sniffing them;

And there is no one beside me to serve

A little love on a platter, for me to imbibe.

And my conjecture has become true as I imagined!

kunjubi varghese

Fragrance

How great will be the dreams

Of these jasmine flowers?

Which carry so much of

Munificent fragrance in it.

How charming will they be

In the glow of the evening sun,

When the sky unfurls its

Seductive smiles at them?

The dreams of those flowers

Will be smooth and softer

Than the smoothness of

The flower itself.

It will be glossy than the silky

Threads of the moonlight

Dripping from up above.

I share all the secrets in my secrets in my soul

With my ever delicate dreams.

That is the perfume of love

Spreading inside my mind,

Without, my awareness.

Does the flower ever

Know of its fragrance!

kunjubi varghese

Fragrance From Past Births...

Whence is this sweet scent emanating?
Coming, seeking me with its fragrance!
A heavenly scent bringing forth the nostalgia
Of a period, before my birth and my present existence.
Inexplicable, yet embedded in the soul through births.
Or stemming from a flower that bloomed somewhere;
Or from the loving dream of a blossom.
Whence it came into this soggy moonlight?

Could it be the sigh from the soul,
Which always bear unknown miseries and melancholy?
Like bringing a message this way
From an unseen nymph, of her love,
That could not be expressed previously.
Like an articulation approaching from far beyond
From the kingdom of stars and galaxies,
Of extra terrestrials in love with the earth,
In ripples and embracing the shores of the spirit;
Subjugating the subliminal and whisking away
Into the realm of a phantasmagoria through which
I am moving like driftwood in a flood.

kunjubi varghese

Game Of The Heart

Playing a game in the squash court,
With rebounding emotions of the heart
As the soft ball, till it bleeds and withers
And the opponent decorating his lips with
A deceptive smile and the gait of a winner,
Walks away and you're left alone!

The rules were fair, the play a barbarity
Savage words and bitter strokes...
Yet I yielded the whims and fancies of
Outrages vociferations which led to crucifixion
And vituperations of schizophrenia,
Which I meekly admitted, as if I played a foul game;
As he was my best and unique pal and
I never wanted to lose him forever...

The mind always search in unknown shores and
Far away regions to discern a lost companion,
Missed en-route through your past rebirths..
Every moment the wind writes memoirs on the sand

And wander away, the waves blot it out

The next instant, ruthlessly with a cruel mind.

Calm sometimes, rebellious another time,

Turbulent at times, agitated, and weeping in grief

With suppressed mysteries of desires.

Yet, the fisherman adores its nature

And cling to her bosom, as of his mother

Every man is an ocean, ever on the lookout in debris

For lost treasures and possessions withered from his heart....

kunjubi varghese

Genesis..

Tree of Love and Life, the eternal abode of Cupid.
(It was me who found it and not the Serpent
As everyone believes that he deceived us.)
If my heart is not cuddling you always
How could I tell you "I love you"?

That day when I did bite the apple,
Ripe and reddish like your cheeks
The mystery of love sprouted and spread out inside me,
Turning my body into an infernal furnace.
The metamorphosis took place
And I started loving you fiercely.
The sun fled into the alcove of darkness
And the land receded into the sea, while
The clouds roared wildly in glee.
Amazingly the onlookers were frightened.
A red sea formed and kept them away from us.

A horizon diffused breaking the outer walls of
Our body and life originated there,
Over the cruel wrath, and the great Flood.
Our love turned into an ark
And God came with us leaving the Garden.
The rainbow witnessed it.
Who can challenge and thwart us.
You sat near me and leisurely, gradually
Hid me inside you, like water swallowing the salt.
Even the Serpent could not recognize me.
Thus a family and genealogy commenced.
The viewers approved, certified and applauded.

kunjubi varghese

Give Me A Drop Of Love

GIVE ME A DROP OF LOVE.....

A drop of love, if you can just give me
I will give it back to you as a torrential rain..
You turn into a little shade and fill me in,
And I will nurture it and make it a seductive
Jungle and keep it for me eternally.

You pick up a handful of flowers and hand it over to me
I can make an interminable spring out of that.
You pour out a drop of sweetness on my tongue
And I can repay it, as a sea of nectar back to you.
Guide me as a little lodestar in front of me
So that I can enlighten the world,
And dazzle it with its resplendence.
Fill me in the corner of your eye
I will spread into you as a honey-comb and thrive.
Give me a little kiss on my cheek
I can substitute it with a radiant night throughout.
Compose a new rhythmic music for me
I will make it a soothing flow of overtures.
Give me resurgence with the tip of your finger
I can give to you the assuagement throughout your life span.

kunjubi varghese

God Is Love

Who is God? Is he a Hindu, Christian, or an Islam?

Is he Jehovah, Jupiter, or an E.T.? None of them!

You who preach the almighty God!

Are not you the white washed sepulchers?

The wolves in the attire of lambs, in your crimson robes;

Ready to devour the innocent populace

Harkening to your Babel of scriptures,

And grappling them into your lairs?

You build churches and mosques

Temples and hermitages, and monasteries

For morons to learn, who is God.

Pilgrim spots in mountain heights and forests

To guide the simpletons, through those paths of,

Inaccessible and incomprehensible terrains,

For awarding them, 'salvation' or 'moksha' of the Soul.

You make a thousand disparate masks for God;

Images in wood and granite,

Moon stones and marbles,

Ivory and gold, and ornate them

With plundered gold, and gems.

You deceived Krishna, Christ and Buddha;

You deluded Mohammad, and Marx;

You charade as Godmen and preach

Incomprehensible words and scriptures,

To make them more complicated, with your versions.

You are the darkest nights, after the vermillion evenings.

Camouflaging the true God, in your glum,

With your scriptures, all the time.

And never realizing that He is inside

Your heart, in the form of LOVE!

kunjubi varghese

Gratified...

If that flower fall off and kiss the earth,
From the crest of a tiny breeze,
If a magical chant of music
Of the endearing melody of an overture
Is heard, emanating from the bamboo flute;
If the memory of a long forgotten ditty, sung many times,
Bring the charm of a magnificent rainbow, to the soul;
If the tear drops moisten my wheezy bosom
Through a long awaited, message coached in love;
Then each dropp of the nectar conserved in my soul,
Is a gift she has given to me by her memory!
If the words springing from her coral lips, could
Sow the seeds of abiding glee, in my entity;
If her entrancing, beatific smile flow in, as
Ambrosia, to dulcify my life;
I will sustain it, like the broken piece of a peacock's
Plume, of my pristine love, in the treasure trove,
Deep inside the depth of my placid mind.

The glowing embers of despair spread through the veins,

Flustering rueful thoughts, and making me insane.

The buds of sweet charming spring, longed to bloom.

Withered, fell into the lap of the earth.

Every desire, dreamt in my beautiful reverie,

Dissolved in the wild empty sands of the scorching desert

I no longer wish to have another rebirth,

As I am gratified with all the raptures

Of a billion rebirths

In this life itself, because she loved me...

kunjubi varghese

Harmony

The wind adores the fragrance,

And the bamboo pipes loves music,

The earth and the sky,

The shores and the waves,

The river and the sea,

The nature and the Creator,

Are they not in harmony?

Is there anything created

That does not like each other?

Do we have any proof against this?

The sextet notes, the rhythm and beats,

Any song or music without them?

Any emotions, any play? Any literature in the world?

Any hearts, which do not imbibe

The slumber and dreams in it, among lovers?

Is there a romantic moment without it?

Is there any vision, not awakened by

Amour, infatuation, and obsession or

Hopes, all sublimed in unison?

Is there a splendored imagination

Without music, love and romantic awakening

And fulfillment of life?

kunjubi varghese

Heart Aches...

That evening, when I bid farewell to you,
I could discern the love ablaze in your eyes;
Crying with its mute twinge of the soul, flowing out
As tear drops through the corners of your eyes.
However you tried in vain, to contain those tears,
The stream of intense passion came out
As a cascade of nectar, breaking its waves
Flailing in my heart, with its torrent of despair.
My pulsating lips, stole the honey drops from
The trembling eyelids, while the moans
Of sobbing grief, you rubbed into my chest,
As blossoms, of kisses, incessantly...
In that gloaming, while remaining in the cloister of your
Unfulfilled aspirations, erupted rue sodden sighs...
Playfully we laughed, amused in mirth, wrangled in love,
Teased each other, hugged later, and embraced to become
One, in the emerging dreams of our excitement,
In the moonlight of our tingle, we smothered
And savored, the cloying lasciviousness, of our heart.

In the furnace, of this mid-summer night, solitude

Brings the vacillating memories, of that night, into me.

Like a green canopy over my head, chilling, and. filling sweetness.

I melt in that rapture, and then again search your moistened eyes.

Do not cry my love! Never fill those eyes with your sniveling.

The aches in your heart by the absence

Will soon end; I am on my way to your presence....

.

kunjubi varghese

Heavens

We grieve for riches, our hearts break for beloveds;

Desolate on account of blindness;

Distressed in having, sight and vision.

Life as a whole is always wrenched in agony...

Those who envision a heaven, in a place beyond

This earth, and aspiring to reach there,

Fleeing from all earthbound woes,

Are fondling, a will of the wisp – alluring and delusive.

Realize now, that in here is the heaven and the hell.

Experience both, in this world in a life time.

New York or Paris; Jesus or Krishna.

The prophet or Jehovah is all equal to a blind.

Those who believe that God is overseeing everything,

Are holding such a faith, in their stupidity.

Behold, both God and Satan, in here itself.

Both are thriving on the faith of followers.

They have domiciled in this earth now and

Abound by believers and worshipers;

Proving that earth is a better place, than Heaven!

kunjubi varghese

Hiatus

Affections, desires, aspirations!

The varied moods stemming in the soul;

The tune of music that is in the song

Is the sublime sound fulfilling my dreams.

Let such music come to pass, in the

Honey comb of flowers and drip down

Its nectar, into the dazzling radiance of love.

That is the rhythm of the torrential music;

The music which dances, emanating

Out of her lips, and the cadence that

Quenches the thirst, of my weary heart.

Let the resonance of it be carried through

The ripples of breeze that quivers the blossoms,

Under the silver clouds hanging above sylvan

Hills of my lonely existence, and make them

My heart beats, sustaining my spirit...

kunjubi varghese

History

History is big lies, concocted by victors

Written after the struggle, to justify

The acquisition of power in war,

Or in revolution, in the country.

The vanquished becomes the oppressed.

The lies continue to defraud the souls,

Of a nation and its populace, for

A long period of time, till another one,

Writes a revised note, as appendage

To the established order, of lies.

Here the rusted customs become laws

And new generations believe,

They are the truths, as scripture.

All truths, are hidden camouflaged

By false propaganda, and biased news.

Man is living under constant deluge,

Of the deceit, perpetrated by those in power.

God and truth, faith and virtues,

Stand away, in constant concern and fright;

Unable to intervene, and set it right!

kunjubi varghese

I Can

I can hear the painful groans
Even while I am laughing loudly, in regalement.
I can savour the fragrance, emanating from
An unfurled flower, while it is withering.
I can perceive the semblance of love
Floating above the placid lake in the chasm
Of your dreaming eyes, flickering in my presence;
Even when there is no light.

I can hear in my slumbers, those prayers
Softening and smothering the megalith obelisks.
I can sit on the throes of lofty waves of anguish
In the ocean, while I fly over them alone.

The filtered vital breath of my life, while it
Enters the caves of my nostrils,. I join the
Chorus of melodies of love, that of the Universe,
And sing with all the created beings in unique harmony.

kunjubi varghese

I Can....

I can hear the painful groans

Even while I am laughing loudly, in regalement.

I can savour the fragrance, emanating from

An unfurled flower, while it is withering.

I can perceive the semblance of love

Floating above the placid lake in the chasm

Of your dreaming eyes, flickering in my presence;

Even when there is no light.

I can hear in my slumbers, those prayers

Softening and smoothening the megalith obelisks.

I can sit on the throes of lofty waves of anguish

In the ocean, while I fly over them alone.

The filtered vital breath of my life, while it

Enters the caves of my nostrils, I join the

Chorus of melodies of love, that of the Universe,

And sing with all the created beings

In symphony of unique harmony.

kunjubi varghese

I Forgot To Tell You...

I forgot to tell you, my beloved

I forgot to tell you my love

I forgot.

I am your love, my lover.

I saw a dream last night,

A garden full of flowers in its splendor,

And we striding amongst them;

Though I sat the whole night beside you,

And in the faint light of the lamp

We sang as the rain was splattering on the roof,

I forgot to tell you entirely about my

Love to you, I forgot...My beloved!

You are in my breath;

You are in my heart beat;

Your fragrance permeate my face;

You keep me inside the mist of your love,

Though you fondled me with

Your soft, lotus like fingers;

Though you covered me with

Your locks of musk scented hair;

Though I touched the pearl like

Buttons of your breast,

I forgot, I forgot to tell you

The entirety of my love to you,

My beloved...

kunjubi varghese

I Still Love You..My...

In the unknown parameters of the barren

Sky, of an autumn season;

Like the rumbling roar of the clouds,

In a soft key, audible yet feeble;

Like the vacillating wearied reminiscence of

Yesterdays, that slumbers and quicken in

The horizon of senses, very often;

Something rapping at the door of your heart,

And you may throw open it; making you smile

Unobtrusively and your mind dwell in the past.

Wandering through space and time,

May be, our smiles collide somewhere there,

And may embrace and kiss on the impulse

Of our magnificent obsessions of the past

Passionate relationship we maintained.

In such a clinch, I can visualize our

Very personal and private experiences,

Become flourishing green buds, and blossom

Into tantalizing, magnificent flowers,

Emanating a soul stirring sweet fragrance.

Flooding the atmosphere, around us.

I love you still my darling...

kunjubi varghese

I Will Awaken You

...

□

I will awaken you, singing a soft

□ Sweet melody in your ears,

□ Without blowing off your ravishing

Dream from your mind.

Will not try to wipe away the smile

On those delicious lips,

Without chasing the cloud, in the horizon,

□ Attempting to shower the rain, willy-nilly.

Even the flowers adorning

□ Your plaited hair, wherein lurks the radiance

Of the blue black heavens.

Will not be aware of it.

□ Without making even a ripple in the deep blue

Ocean, in your star studded eyes;

The black mole on your breast will never

Know the tender touch of my fingers.

The nightingale in your mind will not spy on

My presence, in your chamber

What made you to come near me and bestow

The gift of your lives here after, with me?

You came stealthy and settled in my lap

Whispering inaudibly in my ears

Your distaste of life, with heartache.

The leaning shadows will not notice;

The rain soaked clouds are busy kissing the earth;

And now I will awaken you...

kunjubi varghese

I Will Awaken You...

I will awaken you, singing a soft

Sweet melody in your ears,

Without blowing off your ravishing

Dream from your mind.

Will not try to wipe away the smile

On those delicious lips,

Without chasing the cloud, in the horizon,

Attempting to shower the rain, willy-nilly.

Even the flowers adorning

Your plaited hair, wherein lurks the radiance

Of the blue black heavens.

Will not be aware of it.

Without making even a ripple in the deep blue

Ocean, in your star studded eyes;

The black mole on your breast will never

Know the tender touch of my fingers.

The nightingale in your mind will not spy on

My presence, in your chamber

What made you to come near me and bestow

The gift of your lives here after, with me?

You came stealthy and settled in my lap

Whispering inaudibly in my ears

Your distaste of life, with heartache.

The leaning shadows will not notice;

The rain soaked clouds are busy kissing the earth;

And now I will awaken you...

kunjubi varghese

If I Could Ever

Wish if I could ever forget those moments;
Wish I could ever close the eyelids of my soul;
The agony of a flower discarded after
It was adorned on the locks of a maiden,
And the scorching sighs emanating in its mind; .
If I could ever fail to remember them!
Why did you blossom in plants that wither and die,
In the arid unclaimed waste land of life and
Become untouchable blossoms?

You are dreams pushed into the gutters of
Misery and anguish, where only melancholy reigns.
Infatuations and whims are flies hovering above
The fire and when the wings are scorched
Why hassle about it as a perpetual twinge;
Assuming the role of water birds floating
And swimming over the waves of misery?

kunjubi varghese

Images Of Love...

How enjoyable is this moonlight!

How covetable is the cool comfort of the breeze?

If I could be with you, at this hour

How delightfully we could have

Shared these wonderful moments!

I wish if I could fly around you and follow you

Wherever you go, and as a bird, watch you.

I wish if we two could live in a world of our own,

Not to be shared, with any one else around;

Me and you, and our love alone should remain there.

But then I realize that 'Ifs' are not realities.

It remains as an imagination in the thoughts only.

Dreams are better, because we see them as visuals

I yearn for such dreams, where you are always present.

Then I can lean on your bosom, and hear your heartbeats.

Or I can be a slave, waiting always in your presence

And could gaze, at your affable smiles, lurking in your lips.

And that again, is also another wish,

A visual, in my thoughts only.

My world is only total, if I can find you there.

And it need be our world, without the surveillance.

Of any one, who pry upon our privacy; and

Without interruption by others, on our own peace.

Your love should be as passionate and lustful,

As the desires I keep in my mind.

As the sweet moments, I cherish in my imagination!

.

kunjubi varghese

Immortal

Ophelia and Hamlet,

Caesar and Cleopatra,

Othello and Desdemona,

Homer and Milton and Shakespeare

All are lying in their sepulchers,

Benumbed and forgotten.

Even Kalidasa and the sage Kanwa

Have passed into oblivion.

But Sakunthala still lives in the mind,

In the fathomless depth of human conscience

Alive as a sad idol of womanhood.

She still lives on the bank of Malini;

Pregnant, carrying the embryos

Of her sons in the womb.

In the sacrificial fire, she carries in her mind

Burns a thousand dreams, she pampered,

All through out her life for her future, as

The all knowing time is grinning and guffawing.

The Dushyanthas of this age still thrive,

Forgetting and evading such unsullied maidens;
And a thousand aspirations blow apart, in the torrent
Of tears which flows out of their eyes.
Still the Time grins and guffaws...

[REF: Maha Bharatha Tales}

kunjubi varghese

In A Tiny Dream

On the wings of a tiny dream,

If I could fly to your presence now!

I could have a glimpse of you.

I could hear your voice.

I could share your grief.

I could be with you...

I wanted to cry, holding you close,

I wanted to soothe your sore heart,

With the fluff of my kisses and

The balm, of my boundless love.

From the day you left me,

With tears flowing down my cheeks,

I have been carrying my coffin,

Wandering in the wilderness

Of my lonely life.

Won't you ever come back, to me

My magnificent moon?

Into the clouds of my rueful heart?

Your silver streaks may transform

Me into a dazzling specter....

kunjubi varghese

In The Blues

In my last birth, you and me were butterflies,
Fluttering through the blues together
In search of nectar among blossoms of splendour.
We kept the spring under our wings
And flew into the midst of rainbows and blossoms.
We whispered into the ears of each flowers sweet
Lascivious secrets from its beloved, like messengers
Delivering snippets of last nights ecstasies.
As though we took our birth from the soul
Of an unknown lover, to fulfill a mission given to us.
We carried these epistles embedded with their dreams
In our bosom, and flew endless hours with the sun's rays
To reach its beloved, beyond far and vast distances, .
Though we longed to adorn our wings
With the gossamer threads of the moonlight,
And to wear the mascara of dew drops
On our eyelids, before the petals
Of the evening sun withered, and our spirits

Flew away beyond our dreams, into oblivion.

kunjubi varghese

Infatuations Of Birth.....

You have taken my birth
And me yours...so the Providence decreed...

Infatuations filled our birth
And we shared the nectar of our love
You became my daughter and my son
My hands became a cradle for you
And sang a lullaby for you to sleep.....

I will adorn your lips, and brows
And your cheeks and nape with
Very warm kisses draped with my love.
I will watch your pranks and naughty smiles
You, my beloved, sleep close to my bosom.

In this chamber, along the walkway
I will hold your soft fingers in my hand,
And follow you like a shadow
Shower you with kisses all along.

Like the dewdropp lingering on rose petal
I see you nestle at my side
My spirit is enthralled by this sleeping angel
.Do not disturb her in her siesta
Lest, my dreams vanish in the void....

kunjubi varghese

Insomniac Waves

Tidal waves!

Waves that can never cease and sleep;

Insomniac, laughing always, cuddling together

And hugging and playing on the shores;

Swimming around in delicate ecstasy!

Let us become these waves of this ocean.

Of our immortal and eternal passions.

Let us cover up our stripped nakedness

Of intense emotions, under the blanket

Of the silvery moon light, beaming from heaven,

Submerge ourselves in a game frolicking

In this alluring and fuddling water;

Entwining our bodies like snakes, when mating

With hoods of rubies and crawling in the sand,

Wriggle and slither in unison in the frenzy

Of lecherous passions, in each of our cells,

Forgetting ourselves, in its entrancement.

Let us become the shores of this ocean;

And allow the delicate nails of the waves,

To scratch and bruise, while fondling the breast,

Lying spread-eagled there invitingly,
Filled in feverish love with lust.
Melt into a state of euphoric exultation;
And gather the oysters from the whirls
Of her navel of strings, and kiss them.
kunjubi varghese

Into The Unknown

The day light is fading away
The shadows are becoming long;
Someone is passing on with agonizing
Memories in the heart, in the smoldering
Journey towards the far away distance;
From behind someone is calling back.
My silence, my dusk and me in the path
Are witnessing the sniveling distress;
Where time stands still as sentinels.

Someone is closing a door from behind.
The feather touch of a song, cuddle my heart now.
Only a word to reminisce and still yearning to hear.
Only one bosom to lean upon and recline
That is being craved for to be seen and felt,
In this path of snuffle where time is the sentry;
And me, my silence and dusk are the onlookers.

I hear the conch emitting a note
In the silence of this petrifying night;
I hear a song from a flute vamping and
Wafting through the still air, in this darkness
The night turned out lashing with incessant rain,
I am sodden in its irate spray and
The numbing cold enters my sinews.
If you can touch my fingers and then bid farewell
As you go, I will be gratified even in my afterlife!

kunjubi varghese

Intoxicating..

A kiss, sweetest of its kind, and me yearning
On my lips the deep embrace of a honey bee
Striving to take away, all the nectar in the flower.
I longed, and enthralled with my imagination.
My bashfulness, was hesitating to prevent it
From happening in such an amiable amour.

In the morning when you were quarreling with me
While we sat in the garden; the cool breeze
Wafted us, bringing us in intense intimacy.
I became another vine entwining with you
Under the arbor of jasmine, awakening infinite
Reveries in the mind, and merriment.
I was trembling; my chest was heaving and throbbing.
Yet, my coy meekness could not avoid the temptation
Of holding your lips, under mine for a long time,
In the twilight of the magnificent evening;
Stirring the soul and carrying us away into
Avalon and we never desired to come back.

When the cold soft breeze was caressing us
And you stood close to me bidding farewell,
On the shore of the sea with its millions of
Pearl white blossoms in the froth in glee,
I become another wave hugging those flowers
On the beach, came near you, with the eagerness
Of licking away your treads on the sands.
Yet, my shyness made me reluctant to prevent
Falling on your chest, and clasping you in my frenzy.

kunjubi varghese

Invitation..

INVITATION.

Come my beloved.. the weather is changing now
The sandalwood showering moonlight will fade now.
Remove the facade of your veil and allow me
To see your face and my yearning will be tranquilized.

'Call her, my friends! , let her come here
And her presence will relieve me from
The malady affecting me now.

.
If you are not coming, just send me a letter
At least, so that I can feel better with
Your adoring message for the time being.

Do hold the tresses of your dress, lest it should
Fall off and obliterate your face;
And I won't be able to enjoy the splendour.

The moon light that enter in my courtyard
Will leave tomorrow if you are not here

The arrogant wind that blows through your house
May bring the dust and cover my face then.

My Darling.. fall in love with someone
And your life will change its direction and
You will realize the beauty of love then.

kunjubi varghese

Is It True?

Is it a dream? I often wonder!

Is it spring time? I wonder!

As I realized the joy of a blooming flower.

I wonder, if I can cherish the gem

I got from the several dark tunnels of my life's path.

Can I lie down and sleep for sometime

In the shade of green trees,

That promises me the protection?

For my heart knows only one melody

The lullaby of a friend!

Will you believe me if I say

'Yes, it's a dream come true'.

In the darkest shadow of my mind

You brought a lamp and lighted it,

Driving those shadows away

My life was so lonely

You filled it with a ray of sunshine and hope.

Do not leave me alone in this lurch,

The whirlpool of grief and desolation!

I shall be lost in the alleys of life's tempest

Once again, and disappear without trace.

And perchance, if I ever get away...

Remember, I shall be somewhere

Around, on the surface of this earth

And you too, I don't know where...

kunjubi varghese

Isolated?

Just can't find the branch of a tree to perch,

No vineyard to stay one night to rest,

No eyes, filled with tears of love,

To keep wait, for my return to home.

Looking at the full moon in the far away sky,

The waves of the sea is fuddling with

The tempest of love, in its heart.

A lonely lover, somewhere beyond vistas of sight,

Is humming, a melody without break.

What are you staring at, with grief filled

In your eyes, you my lode star?

The dusk had spilled the vermilion, which

The day has gifted in its affection, to the night.

She became so forlorn after the day

Has vanished too quick, in a few moments

After just touching out, like touch- and- go.

We are like two fish, caught in the net of love.

There is no possibility to escape now,

No way to flee from here in refuge, in fear.

We can't gain anything if we object.

We will forget everything in our embraces.

Better be together than keeping aloof.

Union gives strength!

kunjubi varghese

Kamasutra

Why

The quill of Vatsyayana that wrote Kama sutra
Depicted the human heart as a quiver, holding
The arrows of Cupid, ever ready to shoot,
With magical prowess, to subjugate,
The opposite sex, anytime, anywhere.

Or was it meant to arouse human souls,
From penance and meditation, that was
Once the practice, for attaining `*Moksha'? [*salvation]

Or to reform congenital instincts embedded
Through births in human mind, stealthily
Entering, while the birth and death is in
Suspended animation, trance or coma,
To wreck the life's rhythms?

Or to hunt down and capture the beauty of Eons
Shrouded in a world of illusions?
Or to change the sweet and divine sensation
Of love in the human heart, into carnal
Yearnings and greed, and hunger, and
To spoil the melody, of selfless affection?

kunjubi varghese

Last Moments

Empty sky above the head;

Wilderness below and where am I?

I am just like a horn bill in penance,

Longing for a dropp of rain water,

To quench the persistent thirst

Can you give me a dropp to drink?

All my senses are fuming in despair,

In the centre, of a sacrificial fire.

(Fire on four sides, and sun above.)

Could anyone be kind enough to

Pour a thimbleful of holy water,

Into my scorching soul and satiate

My thirst, for a moment to revive me?

Death is awaiting at the doorstep, with a hearse

To carry me away into utter darkness.

And when the grills on the cage of my spirit

Shatters, by the flaps of my soul fluttering

On its sides, and break them away,

Is there anyone who can moisten

My blistering lips in the last moments,

With some water drops of life, to prolong

My existence in this earth?

kunjubi varghese

Last Rites!

Memories, amity, links through previous births,

Wealth, desires, charity, deliverance from worldly bonds,

And all, are illusory and desultory delights

Of the unknowing mind, lacking wisdom in its hold.

Only one thing remains as eternal and ingenuously true.

DEATH, and its reflection; the ensuing grief.

In the unexpected wounds inflicted in the soul.

Every step becomes warfare, like a 'Kuruksheethra'*

[* The Maha Bharatha war}

In the mind, and each moment, a Good Friday.

From a mysterious void emanate the life

With different faces and shapes, most unusual,

And extra ordinary, very much divergent,

Strange and unique, unrivalled and idiosyncratic

Entity; vivid, vivacious, and radiant

Incomparable incarnations of intrinsic worth!

For this entity called "you" or "me", death is

The end of our world; we become naught!

When the metamorphosis through death turns me into ashes

Do you know what makes me intrepid in that state?

Your look, your tinge, your voice, the fragrance

Embracing your body, ever blooming glow

Embellishing your loveliness, your weariness, your tear drops,

And the purity gleaming in your face, in prayer!

kunjubi varghese

Life Personified

How strange is the platform of life

That exists with an origin unknown

And whose destination unseen!

We are mere individuals

Jinxed with squint eyes and colour blindness

Unable to decipher the hues of life!

But lo! How vibrant is the essence of life!

How luminous is the play of colours in our life!

They are a prelude to our vociferous existence.

They add limericks to a derelict mind.

It precipitate to a hackneyed routine.

Are they not the nuances of an incandescent living?

They are a hymn to a life of harmony.

And they emanate from the subtle aura of the soul.

We embark on our sojourn to earth

With spots of red blood, all over us.

Do they convey an unread message too?

The blue skies and deep ocean denote a truthful vision.

Though the purple fruits of distress hit us quite often.

Green leaves and trees show us the hope of eternal life;
Orange flowers, lend us strength and endurance;
The yellow sun that shines signifies honour and loyalty;
And the black terrain connotes the ultimate end....

Is life's premises not much complicated?

Though it commences with a threat through blood,

And concludes with embellished naught,

Transition of colours from red to black

Epitomizes our journey of life.

What a radiant life we got to live!

kunjubi varghese

Life... An Epic.

Life is a book of epic!

Where are the pages to write the accounts?

Who gave this precious book,

And kept it open in front of the humans?

And kindled a lamp called life

For him to read at his will,

And forget himself, and live?

Enjoy each sentence in this epic.

It is embedded with exultation

And delight; vibrant with passion.

And love and lust, ravished by charms.

The lamp may extinguish to day or

Tomorrow, then there will be utter darkness,

The book will be illegible and fade away.

Idiots try to write accounts in its pages.

They add and subtract continuously.

But finally, all additions and subtractions

Turns to be erroneous, and faulty....

kunjubi varghese

Like A Catwalk

A drop of nectar. the dewdrop

That seek the feathers of a glow worm...

Similitudes one after another throng the mind

Like breeze, for touching you with my fingers...

Like love locks rollicking in the soft breeze

In bashful ecstasy; your coquetry laughter peeling like

The chinking of a hundred bells, mellifluously.

Peacocks in pavane on your cheeks of damask rose;

Even the crescent moon will bow its head in defeat

Before the super transcendent apparition.

While the candied dreams blooms in the doe eyes

And the earth and heaven swoons in that illusion.

When the softest draft embraces the vales,

And the ripples of the blue lagoon reflects the hues

Of the sky in the placid water, fronted with lotus leaves.

Then the blossoms of your angelic smiles accost me

And you arrive in the sandal showering night

On a palanquin with the cupid's arrows in your quiver,

To shoot into my heart, always hitting the bull's eye.

kunjubi varghese

Lonely Traveler

Reminiscence, like a rose flower

In a bravura vase of the mind;

Like the incessant rain splattering

In the night, on the tin roof, of the soul;

The vanishing mist, and the night, who

Vanquished a beautiful opulent evening;

The air wafting in a soft melody in the distance

In negligence, passing above me.

It dawns on me, that everyone is wearing a mask,

Smiling and charming, radiating kindness

From the eyes, and with soft voices.

A facade to dupe his neighbor,

A make-belief, to appear as saints.

I discern, the painted veil peeling off

From their masks, and see demons there.

Vixens with avarice and lust, preying!

kunjubi varghese

Longings

If I could become a dream of golden feathers;
A dream, embraced and kissed by the heaven above,
I would have come with a divine bliss in my spirit
To the hermitage, where you lie, spread eagled.
Every night into your boudoir, on the coach of eiderdown,
Ornate with the choicest flowers of the earth,
And anoint you with celestial fragrance,
Borrowed from the angels of the yonder,
And assuage the coveted longings in you heart....
If I could become the eternal thirst of your soul;
The passions in your reticent imaginations,
I would have poured, the amorous aphrodisiac
Of my soul, in its delirium, on your tenderness,
Capering and prancing before you, every night.
My bard, if I could be a melody, a strain in your lute,
A rhythm, elicited while fondled by your tender fingers,
I would have asked you, flower bedecked nights for me,
When our imaginations and passions might mingle
And merge in unison, become fruitful, and fulfilled
Through the songs, I will ever sing for you...

kunjubi varghese

Lost Boundaries

Life is no more complicated.

Love has become a means to an end

By adopting a mate for satiating

The sexual urge haunting the body cells.

Even if the woman is prepared to yield,

It stems from a temptation, battling in the mind;

The call of the flesh or of passion, dormant inside.

She evades from being owned

Even when accepted, as one's Adam's rib.

Now, no one can possess her exclusively.

Nevertheless, both try for unison as one,

They divide as twins repeatedly.

Even if assuming, they are two halves

Of one entity, they remain separate,

And are in pursuit of finding its other half

Again, among the vast multitudes.

Sexuality is now the forward thrust of

Society, in its procreating activity.

It is never an amoral game or play;

Not a senseless bout between two.

It is a war against death,

For the survival, of mankind.

Sterilized love is suicidal and retaliatory.

A retribution done to avenge the hatred

Inundating the mind, in frustration.

It is sterilizing the future of affected, as well.

Life is at a standstill, when there is no procreation.

And a countdown on doomsday, commence!

kunjubi varghese

Lost Horizons Of The Heart

Lost Horizons of heart!

And suddenly the sky lost its clouds
The lonely shores were then whimpering.
Yonder in a corner of the horizon
There appeared a solitary starlet.
The blue sky was bidding farewell
To her paramour as he disappeared,
Among the splendor of its watery bier.

Alone she stood there waiting in woe.
Someone was singing a dirge in distress
About forsaken and forlorn love...
The moonlight receded into the shadows
As the song faded away into the distance,
As was the imprints of her foot treads
In the sands of my reminiscence.
The swarthy clouds waited, impregnated with
Raindrops, to clinch the good earth,
That stood impatiently for the union.

You came on the swing of my perception;
My conscious unaware of the serenade,
Like a dream without images and
Flew into the kingdom of my love.
I saw a flicker in your window
Like a shadow of butterflies in flight.
Then I heard the rustle of your footsteps.
Wafting through the breeze, in rhythm.
My passions soared high in a chariot
Among the golden moonlight, searching for
The nectar inside the ebullient blossoms there.
I keep you in my sight eternally through eons
Like a gleaming diamond in my soul.
Why are you silent in my presence?

kunjubi varghese

Lost Horizons...

Born somewhere, die somewhere, live somewhere...

Days and nights pass by carrying heavy

Loads of life's miseries, on the shoulders,

Limping, and staggering, like a lame duck,

We are scapegoats of our destiny.

Where did this journey commence?

From a point in eternity, or endless time?

Where do we get a rest in this illimitable journey?

Our desires cease to exist with the last breath.

All human relations terminate at the grave yard..

Who placed a counterfeit coin in the purse of the heart?

Called dreams, besmirched with distress.

Friends who shun you; or the society

Longing to cast stones at you?

Those flowers, withered and diffused in the earth,

As dead ones, whose treads they have imprinted

In this soil, will certainly return one day,

After having changed their soiled attire,

From their chambers, in Hades.

Like the sun returns to the sky, after the eclipse.

kunjubi varghese

Lost Paradises

Here the zephyr is fragrant with

The scent of sweet love permeating

In the souls, of the young and the old.

The spring has passed by in pomp and

Paraphernalia, in a royal chariot.

Who were in the chariot of spring?

The bride-maids of my daydreams!

The spring receded in a hurry without

Stopping the chariot here and stepping down;

Leaving, without gifting even a tiny blossom.

You are another beloved spring, my virgin season...

In the far off swell of the ocean,

With the beads of blue beryl, who scattered

The enraptured pearls in its lap?

It could only be Orpheus!

What made him leave in a hurry

Without throwing even a tiny pearl into

The river of tears, in this dark dungeon,

Closing the eyes of the mind?

My angel, your eyes are my beryl now,

The blossom of my heart, and I am

The pupil inside it, always visible there.

How stunning is the majesty of youth,

And your passions are of a thousand splendour

What made the great Creator forget to implant

Eyes of the mind to the smiling roses and for

The winged twinges of the soul?

You are the creator of love entrenched in me.

My precious singer, you're my music too...

kunjubi varghese

Love And Lovers

What the winter has done to the blossoms of the fields
I have done to you.

What the autumn has done to the blooming gardens

You have done to me.

I caressed you the way

The lands sought the streams

You embraced me

As the ripples have embraced the banks.

My endeared, the love we have

Are we lovers or corals?

May be the Lotus have opened

Their eyes before I have seen you.

May be the moon has arisen before,

I started talking to you.

I never knew anything,

Till you have fulfilled in me.

My thoughts are the Lotus pond

And my dreams are the milky way of the moon.

What kind of love is this my beloved?

Me the honeyed moon and you the Lotus pond?

May be the flowers started blooming

Before I knew you.

May be the doves have been flying in the sky

Before you diffused in me.

I knew nothing till I first met you.

When did the flowers bloom in me,

And the doves commenced crooning in me?

What is this love, my precious?

Are we the blossoms or the white doves?

I have seen in my dreams those lovely dales,

Those dreamy vineyards

Those chavok trees on the hills,

The tiny springs that forms the stream

The roses that clad the slumbering hills,

like blankets

The soul of the pink sun kissing the lovely mounts...

What kind of love is this, my beloved?
Are you the mounts and me the kissing sun?

Whatever I have sung all this time
Was about you, and around you.
Whatever I was seeking
Were the paths you stride on.
Till this moment there was no moonlight for the day.
From now onwards each evening will be
Resplendent with the love of the sun
And the moon merging together.
What kind of love we have beloved?
Are we now a pair of swans?
Swimming in the pond of love?

We are the birds chirping
In the nest of a tree, somewhere.
We are the blue blossoms on the hillside
Let the tree, its branches
And the nest remain perpetually
Let us not shrivel away the blue flowers.
What is this love, my beloved;
Are we the blossoms and the birds?

No forests, no deserts
In the land I wake you up, there is no roof;
The floor is not paved
Where I am making you sleep,
I am there, with enough of my retrospections
There is rain underneath the sky you are
With the flowery rainbow, and the stars to keep company.
What is this love my beloved?
Are we the stars that fell in the earth?

I have seen the depth of the sea,
And its bluish tinge in your look.
I heard in your words the ocean
Of love and tenderness.
I sang in an unknown language
In a tune we have never heard.
I drew unseen pictures
In colours that bears no name.

What is this love my beloved?
Are we those pictures we painted?

My love for you is the yearnings
for me to live more
And your loving me is the inner truth of my life
While I wait for your coming,
My shadow will always accompany me too.
May be our shadows were also lovers as we are
What is this my beloved?
Are we dragonflies of love?

Did those hilly ranges hear our talk about love?
Did anyone in this garden see our sharing of love?
Let the hilly ranges of this area be deaf without ears.
And those earthen lamps blind and without eyes.
What is this, my beloved
Are we those bowers which never tasted the summer? ...

You have taught me to remember only you
You taught me drawing near to you and love you much.
Are not you the distance separating the strand and the horizon
Are not you the depth of the sea in a conch of the ocean.
What is this my darling,
The oyster in me has rendered a white pearl?

The flowers and butter turned like petals
In us and blossomed as love.
Like the nectar dripping from petals
It sweetened our relation of love.
The love in us has till now dispersed its fragrance
We are the floret and should never wither
What is this my beloved,
Are we eternal lovers in this earth?

kunjubi varghese

Love Is A Losing Game

Love Is A Losing Game

Stolen waters are sweeter.

Our dreams have a thousand wings

As we glide through the calm waters of

Unknown bliss, pervading our spirit.

Every episode of love only becomes

Succulent when it fails to coalesce.

When it is radiantly manifest in our

Losses, parting and desolation,

We discern it silently from the last episode

And we identify and discover the love in us.

Do not oppress your soul when you fail

In your dreams of love, as it shatters.

Love never fails; Love is always

Incomplete and never satiated;

Love is never fulfilled as it takes a turn

And culminate in a marriage.

Love is a magic, a delusion which

Makes us complacent even when it

Fails and also when it succeeds.

Every failure in love affairs will always

Tend to remain sore in our reveries,

But our love extend eternally, transcending our

Death and succeeding births,

As it was there, and it will be there;

Successively through ages, no matter

What we become, how we live and

How we pass into oblivion through

Our many incarnations, in the future..

Do not try to paraphrase its accomplishment

As marriage only... Phenomena that last only

For a short while, in the march of time.

Enjoy the ecstasy of love even though

You are married, or in desolation, despondency

Frustration, affliction and chagrin.

Love is the sure panacea for everything in life.

It is a gift, a sentiment, an emotion embedded

In our soul to be carried all the way beyond grave.

kunjubi varghese

Love Me; Love Me Only...

There is only one thing, I fondle under the sky;

And that is the tune of love which chants,

“Love me; love me only”, “I love you; you alone.”

Let us enjoy the treat of fragrance, pervading

Out of our life, and the thrill leading us to

Forget ourselves and our existence.

In the lap of a rainbow, you dissolve in me,

And assimilate, like the river flowing into the sea.

In your tress, I perceive the swooned rain clouds

Of the monsoon, refusing to stir and awaken.

The golden sky gleamed in your eyes;

A melody meditated in your coral lips,

Myriads of topaz lights flustered in the smiles;

And love inveigled, shuddering the mind.

Wild flowers borrowing the grace of maidens,

Forgot its pride, and returned their hue,

Fragrance and honey from the spring

To you, and entrusted me to keep you in vigil

As a treasure, invaluable and infinitely rich;

And to be a demigod, to protect her fortunes.

The stream of erotic romance forgot its cadence,

Borrowed from the heart of this beautiful damsel,

Gifted its anklet, bangles and other embellishments

For her dance and asked me to be the music in it...

kunjubi varghese

Love...erotica.

The quill that wrote the treatise of Erotic Love (Kama sutra)

Of the great sage, has become, the letters of a mystic spell,

In the quiver of the human heart;

And the arrows of Cupid!

Was it perpetrated, to awaken the human soul,

From its blessed meditation and penance practiced?

Or to rectify his innate instincts, and to spoil its rhythm?

Or to hunt for the beauty of the age, enveloped in illusion?

Or to change the sweet and divine love

In the heart of the human beings, into

Lasciviousness and libido, to make it

Abhorrent, and repulsive?

The sage only meant of honoured

Practices among spouses

At propitious times, days, and seasons.

But as ages progressed, it became

A method for experiments and researches

To test, if those written words are pragmatic.

And Eros vanished long back!

kunjubi varghese

Love's Epistle

I wrote a message of my love, to give to my Beloved
While the adoring full moon was attempting
To engrave a melody on the manifold clouds
In the pallid silence of the night;
A letter that could not be perceived or deciphered
By the naked eye, on the resplendent pages of
The heart, overwhelming with endearments.
With a pen of my imagination and the blissful
Reminiscence, quivering in the mind.
I wrote it as a garland of musical sounds:
My desires, without you knowing it, my Beloved.
You have dissolved in me already like
The fleecy clouds hugging the sky;
Your smiles settled in me like waves
Of ecstasy in the ocean, embracing the shore.
And now that budding love unaware among us
Will encompass as the spring blossoms....,

kunjubi varghese

Lunacy

The heart of a man is a bedlam

It's a dance floor of chronic diseases.

Each emotion is lunatic,

A wayfarer dying at last, running after

A street car named desire.

The world is an illimitable place,

And in there the poor man is

Like a speck of dust in the sea shore,

Seeking a fallacy called life,

To sleep for ever, before he retires,

No need to foster a secret hope,

No use to show a derailed temper,

Everything ends when the final breath

Is arrested by the Almighty!

kunjubi varghese

Man! What A Beautiful...

“MAN’! What a beautiful word” sang someone;

Like the knell of a bell, wafting through the air,

Sounding, like a death knoll, in its vibration...

Here that man is scattered in the air, like a

Sun-depleted dry leaf wandering everywhere.

Just a dry leaf in the air! .

He turns to break and churn the earth for his bread;

Become a firewood and burn at the end.

Burn like a sandal wood piece on the pyre!

He writes a tragic tale, sitting in the dark corners,

As a dark shadow, in the summer heat

Which spreads, through his sinews,

And exhaust him to weariness.

As a bird shuddering and writhing in pain;

Like a tidal wave carrying grief and sweep him away.

The tear dried eyes search around,

Looking out for a saviour, to rescue him

From this chasm, and put him back on his feet again.

Toiling, starving, foiling, with lost hopes,

Hoping against hopes, waiting for a resurrection

And rescue; to live without miseries.

Hyenas of organized religion set bait for him.

They coax him sweetly, with promises of a heaven,

Free of dismay and despondency, but of happiness.

Now he finds his redeemer- the religion.

Now he finds his saviour- the god man.

Hypocrite, wolf in the attire of sheep.

What more is required for self fulfillment?

Happy he is, now!

kunjubi varghese

Me....Who Is You?

Like the fragrance emanating

From the sodden earth after the first rain;

Like the never ending water bubbles

Overflowing from the spring of your love;

Like the flames of cold wintry blueness

Of a moon lit night in January.....

I still remember those wee hours of the night

When you walked in...

.

Then I saw you in the darkness of the lonely

Nights, when the Night queen blossomed

And in the twilight

When the petals of the Pansies withered....

Then you flew away deep into the silvery clouds

In a long moan.....

Was that the chaste love of a puny butterfly

Or.....?

Finally, leaving a cloud of suspicion in my mind

As to who you were.....

My mind after an interlude of a semi second, softly asked me

Again....."Were you me? '.....or....myself?"

kunjubi varghese

Mea Culpa!

I have to make a true confession!

Please do not throw any stones at me!

I will tell you the truth of my love life!

My first love: I could not even utter a word to

The heroine of my love story, as I was afraid too much!

Second one: The one I wanted to love, never

Knew I ever existed even, and was

Ignorant of my vigorous passion for her.

It was in the third episode, I thought of

Writing a love letter, but it never reached her,

Because her mother took delivery of it, from the postman.

In my fourth affair, I appointed a messenger

And the girl started loving him instead!

She never knew about his employer.

The next two attempts-fifth and sixth

Did not succeed, as it was in the middle

Of annual examinations, in the school,

And they both were very studious.

Seven is always an auspicious number in numerology.

That was how I could understand the real meaning
Of silence; my inexperience in matters of love!
When I failed in my eighth attempt, I switched
Onto a beard and smoking ' hash' and grass, carrying
A small cotton bag, hanging on my shoulder.
And they tagged me as an 'intellect'.
But when the earth moved away from under my feet,
In the ninth episode, I realized that despair
Will flare up anguish in the soul, torturing it.
Now tell me one thing! Can we call these
"Experiments with love {Truth}", or pure ignorance or insolence?
Let those who have not done any of these in life,
Let them cast the first stone at me; others please dropp their stones!

kunjubi varghese

Meaningful Love

On the day I met you
I realized the meaning of love,
and its ensuing agony...

From the day we saw each other
I understood the rapture in my soul
And the hunger of my desires, along with
The enormity of my passions...

All that feelings are now shrouded
Under the sweetest thorn of my memoirs.
I am smoldering, every moment
Baked in these torrential thoughts.

My dreams are fading away in the
Wild tears, springing from my spirit;
Resembling:
The distorted notes of a broken violin,
A lonely tree without its leaves in the autumn,
The scorched earth under the summer sun, and
A shriveled lotus, of a drained pond.

In the broken wings of my dreams,
In the wilted petals of flowers of my mind,
In the shadows of my despair,
Can't you bring some life, kindling
My emotions with a mystic spell?

kunjubi varghese

Melancholy

Do come my beloved like the divine music
On the flute into the tender mournful heart,
Have you abandoned your sweet heart
Wandering as your shadow along with you?
Though you are far away from me
Your sweet music fills me up like a moan
In the soul, my beloved!
Unable to depart from each other,
Bloom in my life as a blossom
Enter into my life as a soft melody...
Let us diffuse in the moon light
Pervading in the lap of darkness
And dissolve our souls together
Where ever I am, my angel, your
Sweet voice fills up my heart
As a heavenly harmony in its wake.
Though the mind is in the gloom of sadness
Your adorable countenance brightens
And radiate its brilliance in me....

kunjubi varghese

Melodies Of The Heart

The dewdrops swooned and slumbered

In the frenzy of kisses from the moonlight,

Now the moon slept along with the myriad of stars.

The night adorned with the sandal paste also dozed.

The earth and the heaven looked into each others eyes.

The Night Queen unfolded its petals in full.

And then butterflies of dreams woke up.

We had molted the attire of sleep many a times,

From our lonely nights, when you were near;

Like the evergreen dreams, and you poured

Your enamored affection all over me.

My wildest of imaginations, unknown, melted

In your ocean blue eyes, made it dazzle and

Embellish your lonely morning hours.

Your love is always my alluring melodies in life.

kunjubi varghese

Melody...

Why did you call me again, fragrance of my dreams?

Roving through the seven seas and the seven mountains,

Without knowing your destination.

In the middle of impenetrable darkness,

In my half slumber, I heard the music

Of your love, calling me...

Why did you call me?

In the hub of the spring, while I was sleeping

Drained and sapped, and my flute also, having

Lost its entire cadence,

While the life force in me, was juddering

I heard your music of love calling me

From afar; why did you call me?

The tender soft melody clothed me in exultation,

And its incandescence, dancing in my spirit in glee,

I forgot myself, when the sweet melody, awakened me

And I fell into a languid knock-out, inside my soul?

kunjubi varghese

Mending You...

You rang me up on that day, but

I did not answer; yet I know

It was your call; I heard you whisper

My name, in your heart.

I heard what all you had there

Though, you failed to tell me those words.

I did not touch your hand.

Yet, my fingers were wiping

Those tears laden eyelids.

I did not kiss your cheeks

Yet my lips were blotting from your

Sweet face, the dampness.

I did not call your name.

I did not wipe your tears.

Yet, in my dream, I was with you.

I saw you laughing, amid those tears

I heard you cracking jokes amid your sobs

I kept your head on my shoulders

I tried to calm you patting your back.

The scorching memories of yester years

Turned you into a weeping willow
In the incessant rain; and you
Waiting for the clouds to roll by
And the sunshine, to dry you up.
You wanted to tell me your woes,
Unforgotten plea and complaints
I heard them all, and believed them
It related to your past life!
I tried to smother it with the balm of my love
Yet, you deflected it with your derision and whims.
I don't know how to fortify your fortitude.
I don't know how to regain your tranquility.
I don't know how to splatter a smile in you,
And a rainbow, in your woeful mind.

kunjubi varghese

Mislaid Heavens

Mislaid heavens! You have given me

A throne of plaintive domain, a broken one,

Where groans, are whisking, from all sides.

The smiling sky with the rainbow of love

Has disintegrated and wandered away from me...

She dried up my tears with her heart touch,

Writing radiant dreams in my eyes;

Thrusting ravishing poesy, in my lips

Transformed as a withered flower, under my treads,

In the lonely path, of my poignant sentiments...

Sleep! Shattered dreams, and dissipated desires

Do not kindle insipid cloying passions any more

Do not uncork my enthralling philter.

Sleep now; fall down and sleep; efface your memory.

In the cloister of this forlorn life,

Mute feelings are effusive, but useless.

Days of blooming laughter and amusement are prologues,

And foreshadows in the journey to desolation!

Don't cry, my heart! Do not saunter seeking dreams.

For dreams are meaningless; urges and desires

Are only nuances of the self obsessed greed, in the mind!

kunjubi varghese

Moments...

Like the lotus, innocently unfurls its petals,
When the first rays of the morning sun
Smother its love on it, detained through the night;
Like the tender tendrils of the jasmine, adorns
A thrill on its vine, while the softest breeze breath on it;
Why am I vacillating so much, when I see your countenance?
May be my adoration is of that magnitude in my heart;
For me to adapt into that state of mind!

When you drift away from me at times,
I follow you like a shadow without your knowledge.
I will keep a wick, to light the lamp, to see your
Magical smile unfurling on your lips, in that glow,
In the gloom, of the night, I am waiting for such a moment.

Like the musk sealed in a chest, still emanates
The sweet fragrance intoxicating the breeze,
My desires will flurry naively, beautifying
My golden dawns, and vermilion dusks.

I have been kissing and kissing each of your
Dreams, and they swooned and turned dormant
With its nuances, and I am wandering in the
Wilderness in search of discovering
A reason in vain, all the time...

kunjubi varghese

Monsoon Rains..

Heavy rains... It's raining helter- skelter!
Unable to see beyond the courtyard;
Hardly hear anything other than the clatter..
Like pelting, on a tin roof.
This is the monsoon of torrential rain of pain;
Of sodden wicks in the lamp of hopes,
With traumatized desires: desires fondled
In the soul for long, through life's tempestuous
Paths, rugged, and hazardous.
Heavy rains of tears of desolation,
From the long summer of desertion,
Evaporated and condensed, now falling down
As heavy rain, seeking me.. A long lost lover!
Soft fingers of reminiscence are clasping,
And flouncing, all over my body.
In the haste, the fingers become unsteady
And detach with a spasm of anguish in the mind.
I sense someone, whispering into my ears,
Confiding adorable words of affection,
Discreetly stimulating the heart.
A familiar emotion other than grief!
In the vales of the darkened gloom
Of despondency, shadows creep around.
On the doorsteps of reflections
Some foot treads are overheard.
Outside the window a dream flashed
With a lightning, out of the blue...
This rain will die down, and the morning dew
Will sparkle, on the grass blades again.

~ KUNJUBI

kunjubi varghese

My Angel In My Dreams

Unseen dreams and fantasies

Are magnificent and awe inspiring,

Like unheard music that titillates the senses.

You sleep, my blossom of eyelids,

I no longer wish to unfurl that flower.

I offer you nights where lies beds of flowers,

Bedecked by buds of unquenched passions.

I can fondle you, like a breeze, trying

To comb your hair, and caress you with my love.

I will become a dewdropp falling on your

Sweet lips, and diffuses in your soul.

I will keep a scented kerchief on your eyelids

To keep away the light disturbing your sleep.

I will cover your body softly with my breath,

Like the moon light stroking the flora.

I will tap a musical note on your inset.

While smothering your feet, in your slumber.

The lode star is lowering its wick, and fading

To infuse somnifacient light for you.

And I am becoming a silent melody,

Watching over your angelic sleep.

kunjubi varghese

My Dreamboat

Though I have never seen, till this moment,

I am so familiar with your pretty lineaments.

Though I have, never heard your sweetest voice.

I know your tones and intonations, deftly

Engulfed, in concern and compassion of your love.

When I open the window of my humble abode,

A fragrance of commiseration, liquefied in passion,

Wafts in, with delicate temptation to sublimation.

I will whisper tunes of my adoration in your ears

Lulling you to sleep, to enter into the wings of

Sweet vivid dreams, on the golden shores of paradise;

Prepare a thousand beds of flowers, opulent in splendour,

For you to sleep and share my warmth and chill, for you

To lie down in comfort and cuddle in my arms.

In these hours, when the summer moon has blossomed,

I see the moon, in your beautiful simpering

Countenance, where the butterflies of my ardour

And love, flutters around, to imbibe the

Enervating nectar, it keeps in the pistil.

I see the life force in you, with all its emotions,
And sentiments, in the expression of your eyes.
I will keep vigil, with a soothing song to lull you,
Till the moment, your eyelids close in sleep,
For an unruffled, and exuberant repose.

kunjubi varghese

My Empty Cage

You were the one who soothed

My scorched feet, that

Walked on the embers on

The rugged path of life.

The giant tree spreading

Its branches of ceaseless love

Giving shelter and shade

In the arid summer;

That very tree has now uprooted

In the twister, and the branches

Burned out to ashes,

And has lost to the world.

Helpless I go on my

Lonely wandering

Through the dark tunnels

Of my unknown future.

My beloved skylark,

You have flown away, breaking

The bars of the cage, which was my love.

The music of your fluttering wings

Also have melted into the firmament.

You will never comeback to this

Nest of my love- into this empty cage!

This cursed life.....

I saved only one thing!

The plumes of splendor, you have

Shed in the empty cage you have left.....

kunjubi varghese

My Nightingale...

My Nightingale.....

My love turned you
Into a caged bird
I purchased your silver skies
I closed your horizon
In the crust of my heart....
Without anyone seeing it.

I craved to hide you as a pearl
In the locket of my necklace
I heard, you chanting my name,
In your every heartbeat.

I knew the balmy fragrance of your
Eternal love towards me
I saw the rapidity of your mind
Coveting only my ecstasy.
I was your refuge, mother, goddess,
Your beloved, and your unborn daughter.

And what are you for me?
The rain which poured down
On the scorched earth of my heart
Thirsting for the water
Of your interminable love...

A boon-giver who appears in the dream
Before the hapless, helpless devotee,
To grant any gift off him
And I chose your loving heart...

Kunjubi

kunjubi varghese

My Tender Lotus

Embracing the mist throughout the night,
Are you trying now, my tender lotus,
To hug the sun, as it comes out in the golden dawn?

Why do you keep silent, and brooding?
Why warm tears are brimming up in those eyelids?
Without talking to anyone,

Without looking into the eyes of anyone,
Casting down your eyes in apprehension,
Fading into the mist, you silent dusk?

Could not you hear someone calling you from the rear?
Can't you just answer that beckoning?
In your timid countenance trembles

The starlets of teardrops, lurking in the eyelids.
You are now a whimpering flower platter
Prone to break up into smithereens
With a finger touch, being so tense!

I will kiss your contused mind;
Will soothe your forehead softly
With the benevolent petals, of my hand.

Leave away your heart aches;
I will sing a lullaby and put you to slumber;
Watch your eyelids on eyelids falling, fondly
Stretch out in my lap, my dearest! .

kunjubi varghese

Never Cry

I am just someone seeking your footprints
In the flimsy treasure box of your mind and
Your love blossoms in a word strewn from
Your lips and then my silence fade out and vanish
At a glance exuding from your starry eyes.
Every night you come and bestow
A revivifying, invigorating elan into me
Fondling me, rollicking me in the cradle
Of your hand, while singing a lullaby in my ears.
You have gifted me with many blessings.
Give me the pearl in your oyster so that I may
Sleep blithely in its sanctuary and repose;
Waking up to see your face closing upon mine
With a caressing kiss, that transmit your ardent affection;
And me sensing the hot breath enveloped in it.

kunjubi varghese

Nights Of Love

What else should I gift to you now?

What more should I offer to you henceforth?

Haven't you robbed thousands of my

Tender fragrance, from the dream of

My coveted dreams, stealthily with

Its chillness and impudence, I held.

In forgetting my self, in the euphoria of your

Peasant fondling, why did I just whisper

Only in your ears, reluctantly, and softly,

My weak resentment, for not doing it?

What song should I sing for you now?

What can I offer you?

A cherished desire you hide in your heart!

The cloud and the sweet crescent moon

In the sky had kept their door ajar and has

Commenced their love-play of the spring.

Beloved maidens of stars with shimmering eyes,

In the coy meekness in them, kept hushed silence;

Ogling the scenario in envy and with

Intense lust, brimming in their minds.

A nightingale asked its soul mate, in soft tones

Why they have forgotten to lower the wick of the lamp,

To reduce the light, to avoid the embarrassment,

Of onlookers under camouflage, in the gloom.

Ripples in the lotus pond embraced each other,

Surreptitiously hiding behind the leaves.

Wish this night of love, remain infinitely,

With its cloying smiles, brimming out

Of its carnal lips and cherubic face! .

kunjubi varghese

Non-Plussed

Hark! Is that the tinkling of her anklet or
The rippling of the waves, or the chirping of sea birds;

Or the vibrant tone of the bowstrings
On the bow of Cupid, or is it the
Fluttering sound of my beloved's laughter?

Day dreams are burgeoning;
Desires are filling up in the mind's cavern;
Nectar is flooding up through the veins;
Alabaster bosom with the fragrance of Sandalwood
Is pulsating with suppressed passions...

The smell... The intoxicating smell of a woman
Enhanced the charisma of that evening.
Nerves are entwining and entangling,
And dancing like mating snakes with their
Hoods spread out, in rhythmic oscillation.
The flowers of my ecstasies are enfolding you.
The alluring fragrance of a woman's body
Added untold delights to that evening.
Is it a vision or a dream or a hallucination?
I can't decipher, but one thing I am assured;
26254
It was your fragrance that permeated there!

kunjubi varghese

Nostalgic Meanderings....

NOSTALGIC MEANDERINGS....

Is there anyone who could refuse to
Reminisce their childhood and adolescence?
Is there any one who will never covet to graze
Through their past in their episodes of love
And remember the heart throbs of beloveds? .

Any one who will hesitate to sing a melody of love;
As they see the placid brooks and the tearful dreams
They saved in their hearts of those sunny moments?
Any one live in this earth who would not cherish
The realms of their youthful days...

My heart yearns to traverse through
Those good old days, and revel in those memories.
Is there anyone living in this earth who does not
Covet to immerse in those fond memories of those
Vibrant youthful days when life was fragrant
With love in the heart and the beloved was so close.
I will submit even my whole remnant birth
If I can recapture those sunny days back to me....

The soft shade of the old mango tree;
The corridors of my family house
Where all the household spent their
Life together in spree and unity;
Where honeydew drips from the tip of
The grass leaf in the early dawn,
And we drip them into our eyes to feel
The rapturous delight of the early morning chill.
Where at the banks of the running brooks
The toads croak courting their beloveds...
The fleeting rain embracing us in love and mirth,
And the shouts of joy while running after
An improvised paper ball in the rain..
When in the morning we imitate the cries
Of the *chakoram [Caccabis} from its bamboo nest;
And we turn to become Ace drivers of racing cars

Wheeling the old cycle rims through narrow alleys of the village...
And throw stones in the temple tank where the Water Lilly
Sways among the ripples in the morning thrill...

Watch half naked young girls sinking and
Bathing in the muddy waters of the river, after a rain;
Run after an elephant and beg the mahout to give us
A hair from the elephant's tail.. And.... And...

Writing the first love letter with three words 'I LOVE YOU'
To be given to the most beautiful girl in the class;
And the aftermath of such an insolence
f a VII Standard boy reported to the class teacher...
The bitter pain felt when detached from home and mother
When leaving for the city to study and join the college hostel..

Could all these golden moments ever come back
Into our life any time, any day.....

kunjubi varghese

Obsessions In The Soul

The dew drops slumbered
Wearied by the constant kisses,
The moonlight was pouring throughout the night.
The petals on the blossom of the night
Opened and the butterflies of my dreams awoke,
Attempting to flutter around my lonesome mind.
The desolate night through which many a time
The veil of sleep disrobed, and you walked in
Carrying an evergreen blissful dream with you,
And gifted me with countless ecstasies en-wrapped in
Your love with passion and the ardour of your affection,
Sumptuously ornate in the rhythms of your breath..
Many a lonely night wherein my reveries,
My unperceived imaginations
Diffused into your blossoming eyes;
And my ruminations on you are holding
The rhythms of my music in my heart.
My beloved you have become my melodies
Budding your reminiscences in them and
The voice of my blithesome delights in the soul.

kunjubi varghese

Obsessions Of A Life Time...

I feel I am embracing you, when I touch
The soft petals of a blossom;
And sense your tender love in
The splendour of the moonlight;
Your eyes are sparkling stars of the heavens
Shimmering when you are beside me;
Your mind overwhelms with your fondness,
As the bluish sky, with its fathomless depth.
My heart sizzles with the untamed waves
Of the sea, while your countenance
Reflects in the ripples of a tiny brook.

It's your tears that lurk in the dew drops of the morn;
Your enamouring smile, I see in the jasmine bunches.
The hue of my dreams, are splendors of the rainbow;
The fragrance is that, you poured in my reminiscence.
The pining spring you caused to burgeon in my life, that
I remorsefully recollect, benumbs my senses,
While I sit in the closed chamber of my retreat;
And touch the rain drops, through the open window,

I feel the frustration, for the lost specks of your love,
Which once adhered on the tips of my fingers,
That flew away now from me, in the wind.
The pale sky of the evening fills sadness in the mind.
In the gloom of the night, that dismay is writing
On my soul, with the black ink of my destiny.
Again a hope is kindling the flame of
My life, expecting you back into my life.
kunjubi varghese

Of Human Bondage

Through tear filled eyes,

Through silent anguish.

Souls being separated;

The pangs of desolation

Is unknown to the cruel destiny!

Like sharing and partitioning

Gold, jewelry and wealth,

Never try to cut and tear away

The heart, of its cloying relations;

Never splinter and separate it.

The five elements of the universe have

Adorned you, the attire you are wearing

On your soul and you never had a choice

To decide on what ever you desired;

Even if your attire is removed at

Your death, do not attempt to

Break away from a relationship of

The heart, because you are merely

A witness of a story being unfolded

On its own, without your effort or

Fancy or desire, or aspirations.

Do not interrupt its natural evolutions!

kunjubi varghese

On The Shores Of A Dream

Do you know when you came?

Riding in the chariot of a dream

In the early hours of the dawn,

While the sun was amusing in his nuptial bower....

As an incomparable piece of music;

Like the long remembered overture of a melody;

Like a tiny dropp of tear hanging on the eye lids;

Like the touch of a feather, smothering your love;

Like the silver lining on a ghostly cloud;

Like the ravishing tinge of the rainbow;

Like the nectar flowing out of flute;

Like the golden moments of a precious dream,

Presenting my soul with eternal joy.

Like the splendor lurking in the evening sky

Bidding 'Adieus', whispering to the sun

To stay embracing her for a little more time

'I have to keep vigil to see you again, and

Gather in the east in the early dawn';

Like the tender grass peeping out on the forehead

Of the sodden earth after the first rain
And the sweet passionate smile on its face
When they hustle in its pleasure.
Like the in-numerous daughters of the gods
The stars-with their eyelids ajar
In their coyness before the full moon on a wintry night;
Like the golden swans fluttering its wings
In its ecstasy, walking on the shores of love, in unison;
Like the sweet freshness carried to the mind
By watching the helpless raindrops dripping
Reluctantly from the palm fronted roof
Of my humble dwelling.....
'I beg you..
Filling my heart with the strings of these
Vistas, do not fade out of this radiant dream! '

kunjubi varghese

Once Upon A Time

ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time, some one came this way

Peddling dreams embittered by tears.

Seeking this earth, he wandered through

The island of Love, carrying a message from Paradise,

He presented those sweet melodies to this

Evergreen planet for its folks to sing - his epistles.

He kept waiting for someone on the lonely shores

Of the deep blue sea, whose endless distress

Mingled with the yonder sky, waiting interminably.

Gazing at the wandering clouds carrying errands

Filled with rapturous ecstasy of love to the heavens;

All the while clinging to the star spangled galaxies.

He filled his goblets, muzzling his ambrosial memories

Through every pubs of the night, kept open with

Its undying flames for its inmates, many a times..

Your memory is dripping down in the seven notes

Of music incessantly and eternally -

About the stranger who came once upon a time...

kunjubi varghese

One For The Road...

Whoever goes, whoever continues...?

Let us each pour one more for the road!

When the cap and the bottle

Move apart quarreling

Do you hear the tightening

Of the strings of our nerves, in our ears?

The exit door opens to a gully,

But we will reach the crowded street, too soon

After eight or nine paces, from there.

We two are more than a crowd

For celebrating this festival.

This is in fact an orgy of friendship.

Give that cigarette after

Three more draws to me.

Why don't you lick this pickle?

I tasted it; but it's too hot!

Do not look at your watch in this dim light

Like the moon stooping into the clouds.

The smoke in this room conceals every thing.

Do not get away before long, thinking and
Worrying, about unfinished chores at home.
Though you laugh now, and not looking at me straight.
Oh! Ignore that tiff at the next table,
And, the altercations, along with it.
And the isolated song, inebriated on
A single beer, he had till now...
Leave it, and do not care about
That sign over the counter admonishing
Singing loudly; I can't tolerate such cautions!
You should never imagine that
Your partner has no sense, after three rounds.
I can also hear the tumult of the dead ones,
Quite clearly in my ears, now, just as you.
Can also, see their pale faces, tottering here.
Hey! If I said anything superfluous,
Do one thing for me; you can just edit it.
It is alright, I can go alone. See I can walk steadily...
kunjubi varghese

Oscillating Passions

Goddess of my heart! Did you forget

The blossoms of dreams, we gathered together in

The baskets of our hearts, in the past?

The melody, we composed in the lute of our soul,

Of our love, and its vibrant tones?

Are those flames which enlivened in

The temple of your eyes, with dreams

Dowsed with the fuel of love, extinct now?

Through ages and rebirths I was saving

Those specks of flowers resplendent like

The evening sky, in my heart.

Did the beautiful castles you built in

The air of your day dreams, topple down,

Like a palace of cards, in your life?

A mansion embellished with beds, made of flowers,

Kept awaiting through ages for us to lie down,

And enjoy through our nuptial nights.

Did that mansion dilapidate and now razed to the ground?

This life is a branch of a tree, where dreams come to roost

All the time and desires fizzles and vanish.

Here I am happy of my birth, when I enjoy

A tender breeze embracing me with its love,

A bower of jasmine, where I spend my sunny daytime.

And in there an oscillating swing where passion emerges,

And perchance you with me, all the time...

kunjubi varghese

Our Shangri La...

Whom are you worshipping always in your soul;

Dreaming when languor closes your eyelids;

Enveloping with your luscious kisses from your sensual lips?

Why saturate the flowers in shyness, with your smile?

Who is putting the make-up, of the autumn's

Evening sky, in your countenance?

Who is writing love poems, in the corners of your doe eyes?

What all melodies are stockpiled in the rivulets

Of your ringlets, like the flock of goats

Going down, from the Mount of Gilead.

If I could become the gold braided wrap in your

Desolate bed of that chamber, where you sleep,

Your sandal fragrant soma could always

Entwine my bosom, with all the love you possess.

If I could become a butterfly, fluttering around

In your garden, I can always imbibe the nectar of your passion

From the chalice, of your intense desires.

In your dimples, I read the thumbnails of a love embedded saga.

Your surreptitious glances, shoot Cupid's erotic arrows.

I keep open a thousand doors,

A thousand doors of my soul,

For you to enter in grandiose and together we

Make our haven in Shangri-La - YOU AND ME! .

kunjubi varghese

Panacea

I always sing the melodies you write;
Reminiscence, a tintinnabulation
Scherzos, a panacea for my soul,
Your tantrums, tantalizing the core of my being.

Covertly you stole my heart, in the glance
Second time I felt something else
Choking my breath with sweet honey
Of your mesmerizing glimpse.

Later I coveted to see you again
That urge, budding into a magnificent obsession,
A craving, to be near you, eternally.

A harem of admiring nymphs, surrounding you
Offering encomiums on the success of your
Splendor tapestry in artful creations.

I could niether discern you through lives
Nor cover my silence in quietness,
Nor glitter as a golden flame in you,
Nor melt as a molecule of dust under your feet.

But remained, as a relentless ache of the sun.

In the twilight of the dusk, in a far away corner,

And piercing loneliness all around me.

I sat and my soul hummed those melodies.

Aren't you the lullaby of my life, my world?

Take me as a teeny dropp of rain, hanging

Over the edge of a leaf in your garden

Accept me as the tranquil breeze dampened

In the mist of my forlorn tears,

Let me be with you, yet for a brief moment.

kunjubi varghese

Passions...

Passion in the mind felt for one's mate

Abruptly changes to hatred, in the mind,

With disastrous consequences!

It is like the sudden seizure of oxygen in

The air we breathe, convert the world

Into the chasm, of a stand still, eternally.

Not wishing for flowers to bloom to morrow

Is factually committing suicide or homicide;

Closing the house of maternal labor,

Inducting, the finale of the human race.

They are not inclined to forbear each other

Through the matrimonial link, which now

Bind them, and declare husband and wife,

Till the gates, of the cemetery.

Their wombs refuse to bear a child;

Disinterested and immune to love,

Passion, or lust, not even goodwill.

Such feelings perpetrate, to create a pyre,

To burn and annihilate the mankind;

They are not prepared to make a fire by attrition
In a sacrificial ritual and kindle it,
And sustain it without extinction,
To give out the warmth, for nurturing the posterity.

Those who safeguard that fire and flame
Turns passion, into honoured love.
They are the ones, who build the house
Of humans; for generations, yet to originate,
To live in comfort, in years to come...

How amazing is that, the last hook
In the link of passions, is bonded to love,
In the human mind, and soul.
And in its wake, a bi-product emerges - LUST!

kunjubi varghese

Prayer...

PRAYER! A practice of addressing God

In words or through meditation, as in praise

Of gratitude, sorrow, or intercession.

A god is required for this, and for this purpose.

And if God is a creation of ignorant people

What is the relevance of a god, for such a motive?

□

As an individual, He does not exist;

No creator, since creation is eternal.

There is Godliness only, but no god.

That godliness permeates and brims over

All those things, that exists in the universe.

Open your eyes widely.

Find it around you, and inside you.

In the grass, in a worm, in a flower,

In the nature, sky, ocean, universe...

That is the substance of all scriptures.

"I am the creator and the creation".

Prayer is impossible, as there is no one

At the receiving end; no individual..

We can call God, with the qualities we attribute

In our ignorance, and it is an unwarranted exercise.

A god who get pleased when you praise him,

And a god who lose his temper and is displeased,

Trying to annihilate you, while you censure him,

Is an unintelligible phenomenon.

kunjubi varghese

Prelude To Spring

Come with me my reminiscence, to return

Where the blossoms of golden dreams are

Awaiting for you, to be again with you...

Do you believe that the unsung music will

Encompass all the solitary tunes, that

Emanates from a lonely heart?

That all unseen splendors are contained in

The dreams of a flower that could not

Be adorned on the plait of a bride?

That all the unfading fragrance of the spring

Are held in the palms of a hasty wind,

That came this way and hurriedly left

To some other locations, in its wandering?

Is it possible to keep all the pangs of a life time

In the flame of a lighted evening lamp?

kunjubi varghese

Prisoner...

What is that which makes you a prisoner?

Not the iron shackles on your hands,

Not the ropes which binds you tight,

Not the wooden cage you live in;

But the comforts you discover through gold and wealth,

And with the women and children you possess.

That makes you a prisoner and convict!

They are very smooth chains, yet they bind you

Like the Lilliputian's on Gulliver.

Is it possible to break these chains?

And escape from the alluring charms of life?

Comforts, repose, desires, lust, greed, avarice,

Jealousy, selfishness, ego, violence and malice.

We play with them in life, in our imagination.

They will sweep us away, in the torrent,

Spreading, in all directions of our life.

We float above the flood, through lives

And generations, through ages.

A prisoner sentenced to life!

We live under the spell of these images.

We hate to accept them as dreams;

But continue sleeping in its comforts.

kunjubi varghese

Proposals...

Man chase many an aspiration

And God decrees as He wishes;

Ivory towers build in the mind

Are shattered to smithereens;

Sweetest dreams diffuse in the tears.

When we get a flower, we desire for a garden,

Full of dazzling blossoms.

When we accomplish that garden,

We aspire to have the whole of spring for us.

Thus blossoms thousands of dreams in the mind, that

Finally wither, in the desolate forest of death.

Is it feasible that gold can blot out tears from the heart?

Can it drive away the agony in the soul?

Could any treasure, earned with out the sweat of the brow,

And blood, last permanently in life with anyone?

Man proposes and God disposes.

kunjubi varghese

Rainbows And Dreams...

Like a flower that has no petals and its
Demure timidity became a song in its heart;
Those rhythms in the heart beats are the music
Of my life; my tranquil music...

Passions seeking salvation embraced beauty,
Flowing through rivulets of eloquent silence
Of imagination, and hallucinations.
Let the hues start painting that portrait
Of this flower that embezzle my heart.

Rainbows leaning on the earth and spanning
Over the firmament, caressing in adoration
The sky, eternally blue and placid in its nature,
Clasping the chillness of the snow-clad
Mountains of the earth,
Gifted and bestowed dreams on me
And the entire fragrance, of that flower.
The flower that has stolen my heart...

kunjubi varghese

Randy Desires

The melancholy tune of the sitar

Bemoans in the heart!

As a subtle prelude of the grief,

It enclosed the thoughts.

You could become my perpetual rhythm

And shadows, again tomorrow;

As radiant as the flame of

A glowing lamp, in the gloom.

The exhilaration of the ecstasy beamed

And gleamed, in her moist eyelids.

Someone is pouring the soothing lustre

Of psychedelic strobe lights, in the soul;

And the moonlight conveyed a message of love.

Come as a melody into my heart

And whisper into my life now!

The rain clouds have awakened

The golden sands of the shores of the mind,

With images of a flower bedecked coach and

The stage for amorous entanglements of

Loving bodies, hitherto unappeased,

Raging as an inferno with lust...

kunjubi varghese

Remembrance

Keep in your memory, keep
Each moonlit night we had together.
Remember when the breeze was fondling
Each leaves and flowers around us.
Like my love caressing you, each
Cell of your body, and soul.

Keep the memory of the rain that
Showered nectar in our minds,
And the night, when the moon
Peeped to see our amorous
Caresses, from behind the clouds,
The stars closing their timid eyes
In coy meekness, with a tremor,
And the mist covered us with its
Fragrant veil of a damask muslin.
The Night Queen opened its petals
To view the lovers lying entangled
In a fury, of ardent passions.

Keep that memory when our souls
Talked in mute pleasant silence.
When your thirsty lips were chasing mine,
Our cheeks rubbing in unison.
My hands holding you tight in my grasp,
When tears of delight welled up in your eyes.

Keep remembering all these, always;
And remember a petite soul will be
Here, waiting for you to come back
Till the end of time, all alone.

kunjubi varghese

Rendezvous...

Every dream is thriving now and a million
Vermilion chests are opening up in the sky,
With their trillions of hues, embalming the horizon.
Every desire embraces each other. emitting overtures
Of overwhelming fragrance, all over.
Tiny droplets of snow showered over the earth,
And swans are swimming in the millpond of love.
I am dissolving as a fabulous cloud
Over the firmament, in the eve at sundown.
While the full moon beams out,
We are floating, gliding amidst as love
Becoming prettiness, dowsed in the sandal river,
Where the golden grandeur of the moon lounge.
We have reached the summit of liking each other
And is in unison as one entity, one soul.
Behold the image of love, flowering in the quill
Of the magnificent rainbows of heaven!
Honey filled spring, emerge in the sweetness
Of our smiles.

We have become one and have merged into one...

kunjubi varghese

Retreat

My lost dreams! you have set

A throne for me full of woes.

My lost paradise! You have weaved a

A crown of thorns for my pate.

Spring and summer is gone.

I see the dead dried leaves in the earth.

Winter is cruel, though it leaves

Some moisture on the leaves..

The heart is in agony

For the deceit of my love.

My life goes on and on

Like a corpse walking in sunshine,

Without shadows, solitary.

May be there is no semblance of reason

For the lies; to toss a life into spasm

Of cruelty, of this maddening world.

A fog of confusion dawns on my thoughts.

Of treachery, of cruel minds;

And a prescience of despair,

Filled with a longing and desire
Of lost love and dead dried dreams,
Muddled in fantasies;
An imbroglio, desiccated memories.

Oh! I hear a lullaby far away
Of a mother, singing her child to slumber.
My heart yearns for such a soft prelude
I used to hear, when I was a child,
And my mother sang for me.

Wish I could live again my infancy,
And cling to her soft breasts and brood
And coo, looking into her soft blue eyes,
Away from this dreadful world;
A solace in the weariness and tedium!

I will fill up my heart
Brimful with your silence
And keep still with patience;
Await for the fragrance of your touch
When you embrace me, again

Holding me in your arms

And once again my life blooms...

kunjubi varghese

Return

Come with me my reminiscence, to return

Where the blossoms of golden dreams are

Awaiting for you, to be again with you...

Do you believe that the unsung music will

Encompass all the solitary tunes, that

Emanates from a lonely heart?

That all unseen splendors are contained in

The dreams of a flower that could not

Be adorned on the plait of a bride?

That all the unfading fragrance of the spring

Are held in the palms of a hasty wind,

That came this way and hurriedly left

To some other locations, in its wandering?

Is it possible to keep all the pangs of a life time

In the flame of a lighted evening lamp?

kunjubi varghese

Sayonara...

You are the waning moonlight

A teardrop of my life, lurking on the eyelids,

The swansong of my adoration, in my being,

Blobs of tears oozing out of the grief stricken heart,

Awaiting to hear the footsteps of spring,

Approaching around the corner, of seasons.

You, the blossom of the rainbow, fading out from my life.

You the radiance of my sunshine!

This earthen cage implore you with agony in my heart,

Not to leave me alone, in this horrid wilderness

Where not a shade or mirage could be seen,

No oasis, no stream, no date palms...

You are the mute song of a flower;

The festival of music, in my weary soul.

Are you flying away from me, for ever,

Into your horizon, among the angels?

Your eyes are not moist, not laden with tears.

Your voice is too feeble; I cannot discern

What you are trying to tell me.

Love is an eternal prayer.

A constant prayer, blessing the one you love.

With all the goodness, and eternal joy.

It will always rise like a fountain,

From the heart of my thoughts, for you!

kunjubi varghese

Scrip

In this flight of stone steps;

In the shade of this banyan tree;

If you could sit with me once again!

I will enfold you with all the flowers that

Wither and fall down in a whole summer.

If you could come to me, quietly like the dusk

Of a monsoon day, I could give you

A complete spell of rain, to chill you with bliss,

And I will stretch as a lightning around you.

If you could awaken as a flower, clad in dew drops

In the winter, I could share the warmth of my heart,

And preserve you without wilting in the winter cold.

Strange and unknown are the paths of our future;

I long to scribble a secret hitherto untold,

On the petals of your tender heart

If you could come to me, at this moment...,

kunjubi varghese

Scrip...

In this flight of stone steps;

In the shade of this banyan tree;

If you could sit with me once again!

I will enfold you with all the flowers that

Wither and fall down in a whole summer.

If you could come to me, quietly like the dusk

Of a monsoon day, I could give you

A complete spell of rain, to chill you with bliss,

And I will stretch as a lightning around you.

If you could awaken as a flower, clad in dew drops

In the winter, I could share the warmth of my heart,

And preserve you without wilting in the winter cold.

Strange and unknown are the paths of our future;

I long to scribble a secret hitherto untold,

On the petals of your tender heart

If you could come to me, at this moment...,

kunjubi varghese

Seeking You..

SEEKING YOU...

Where were you so long, for a copious period
My sweet, bewitching, voluptuous moon?
Were you hiding among the clouds in the blue skies,
Or in the terraces of the castles in the air?
Where were you all these time?
Away from your beloved for such a long time?

Were you sleeping and dreaming in some vales;
My loving swan, with your coquetry and bashfulness?
Swimming in the jade ponds of eternal love..
So long....so far away from my presence?
You the fragrance of the Midnight Queen
Whose inlets are kissed by the rays of the Full moon?
Where did you go to bewitch a butterfly
And make it tipsy with your love potions?

kunjubi varghese

Shadows

Bliss is just a shadow only in this world,
Haunted by the freezing winter of grief.
Mind is a senile phenomenon, wandering
Everywhere seeking pleasure; a will-o'-the-wisp.

My passions plunged its face in the hornet's nest
Of grief, and the dreams that overwhelmed in
My eyes blossomed as flowers of agony.
When truth seeks a sanctuary to lie down
On the slings and arrows of outrageous calumnies,
The humans only guffaws, masking the conscience
With sympathetic grins on their faces...

kunjubi varghese

She Is Mine

SHE IS MINE

Words flee when I try to depict the beauty of my beloved.

Immaculate, soul stirring..

You may also praise her at the sheer sight of her.

Still to find another fairy more fairest than her now.

She is:

Like the beauty portrayed in the Ajanta Mural paintings..

The bewitching spell in her eyes..

Like the sweet scented melody..

As the heavenly philharmony floating in the firmament

Enrapturing and enervating the senses..

Like the sandal fragranced moon light

That beams down on a full moon day..

A garden in full bloom in the Spring..

Like the first radiant ray of the morning sun..

A captivating, eyeful statue made by the Creator

Carved out of sandalwood..

Or from the finest alabaster of Italy;

Is it the moon shining there on her face

I can not make out the truth.

Like a flower ever fresh and unwilted;

Like a beautiful GHAZAL or the eye of the Ghazal;

A bud of the Lotus in the Mansarovar

Or the incarnated imagination of the soul;

A splendid dream with its magnificent interpretation

It's like the never ending story in the

'Thousand and One nights'...

A medley of realities and imaginations;

A countenance unique in all aspects;

The forehead resembling that of an elephant;

A body vanquishing the butter, melting at my touch...

I cannot cast away my eyes from her eyes anymore,

They invite me to drink from those goblets

filled with the wine of her love, intoxicating me.

She looks down with coy meekness;

She looks up towards heaven in prayer..

Her glances up and down captivate the earth and

The sky together as Narcissus.

kunjubi varghese

Siesta

This night will fade away and

The moonlight also will vanish

.

The only thing that will not die out

And carry on smiling sweetly,

Are your dreams, my beloved.

I will not wake you up, my living dream

Of a maiden, disrupting your dreams,

As you sleep like a flower on a bed

Spread out by the bluish blue nights.

You are a dance that came seeking

For the anklet to adorn your feet;

A silent song that came in quest of a lute.

I will not try to awaken you from that slumber.

kunjubi varghese

Signature Of Hearts

Among these shadows where births and
Deaths generate floral designs,
The memories break on the forsaken pavements
Of the heart, and groan in their ripples.
The rivers meander playing the strings on their lute;
And there arise the image of a new saga!
Here you and me met in an influx
To perform some roles in sequence and
Before the concluding verse of the play,
We did our exit and vanished into thin air.
The wings of destiny that scattered us
Into the far corners of the earth, may now
Bring us together again, to resume the play
As a sequel, with a different scenario.
This is the lot of frustrated souls in this planet.
Not knowing what will happen through
Years, whether it is sweet or bitter,
Reunion or separation or enjoyment
Till heart's content, or desolation until the grave.
Every spring bring new flowers to the nature;

While the nectar trickle from the eyes of the blossoms

They wilt and

Perish falling down.

Could hearts that drift away regain

The confidence and be together now?

kunjubi varghese

Silence

My silence is brimming with love only;
My silence, always redolent with love.
Seeing, without speaking enhances it.
You departed suddenly, away from my vision
Leaving a thousand dreams within me,
Full of delectable enting.

I kept my fingers entwined over my eyes,
And sat in vigil for your return, interminably.
Come over and cling to my arms, walk with me,
Hugging and leaning on my body, in the windy Paths of life's hazardous voyage.
Through births and rebirths this love
Fills my silence and my desolate soul.

kunjubi varghese

Silence Is Golden

Silence impregnated with love
My silence, brimful of my love.
No words and only through perception
Enriching the love in the heart.
I poured over through my eyes
A thousand dreams soaked in love,
Making a garland strewn with those
Dreams and laid them on your eyelids
My silence, brimful of my love.

kunjubi varghese

Silent Night...

Evening soaked us in dewdrops

We never realized, we were sodden

Our feelings, too warm, swelled with

Vibrant love and in delirium of ecstasy

The purloined hours coveting like

Two springs gushing out of a mountain

To embrace each other and then meander

Down the plain, in unison, to eternity.

You waited for me that night, in the wintry cold

Alacrity written in your smiles and eyes,

Under the finery of the Milky Way,

The pale moon, guarded over you.

Glow worms in your heart, flew out,

Fluttering all around, in the teeny breeze.

The wind carried the lassitude of the midnight;

Stealthily I came behind you, and covered

Your eyes, with my right palm and

Holding you, with the other.

You uttered a cry, finding me that instant

In a fog of confusion, and turned.

Embraced me impetuously

Like a clingstone, and showered

Myriads of tenderest kisses on me.

Me, in reticent vibes lost in reverie,

In that bewitching sprawl.

Time lost its count...nature stood still.

How long? We never knew...

kunjubi varghese

So Long!

□

The crescent moon has disappeared into

The pale light, of the Milky Way.

It loomed as an indistinct shadow around.

A tragic lassitude in tears remained in the distance

With a sword, and the tumult of thunder nearby.

The nightingale sang a tune in melancholy.

Like a rose, the memories of past life

Was lying in the lap of the mind.

In a night when the stars were in slumber,

When the midnight koel was humming,

I was standing outside your window

In the hope of seeing, your charming image.

Alone I waited and waited till the early dawn

And in despair, for not even hearing your treads,

I retreated with dismay in the heart.

You have drifted away from me into

A strange and motley domain;

Leaving me in the murk, to grope,

Where no stars shine; no beacon to direct.

I did spread my dreams under your feet,
And you tread on my dreams so harshly.
How many desires we wanted to hatch out?
How many dreams, we aspire will bloom?
Not even one desire could bloom;
Not a spike of grain could we harvest;
When can I hope to see you again
In this world of gloom, you have made for me?
kunjubi varghese

Solitude

Solitude.....

Solitude! Are you also a lover?
Are the dewdrops the wrath of the night?
Strange desires! your paths are so broad,
And amazing, with my love.

Soft breeze, can you here this rhyme?
Could you go and whisper into her ears?
Can you come hear to shower the music
Embedded with the love, to me?

The woods have assumed a splendor
And the life a pleasure, always in here.
Forever spring, without seasons.
The spirit always, is in harmony,
All throughout the day and night.
Today my silence is immersing
In the rhythm of the melody
Of your love.....
kunjubi

kunjubi varghese

Sorcery...

Tell me now from your innate wisdom

Who is a friend and who is a foe.

You are familiar with the misery of

Incarceration and its ramifications.

The proverb says that the face is

The mirror of the mind and reflects truly,

Whatever is there as feelings and emotions.

The modern impression is that it defaces

The mind and cache all the emotion,

Sinking it into the chasm of the soul.

In the exterior, it is all miles of smiles and

Detonating cheerful pleasantries.

Inside rages the flames of vendetta and rivalry.

Now who is the patriarch here and

Who are the submissive children?

Everything is a magic show performed
Or conducted and concocted by money only.

You see from a distance, a beautiful manor.

But those hearts living inside are in prison.

It is futile and worthless to count

How many storey it possess.

Here love and affection means gold only.

Everything is sorcery and necromancy of wealth.

kunjubi varghese

Splendours Of Love

Splendors of love...

I smell the musk in the breeze and asked her
If she has seen my beloved and caressed her cheeks
While she was passing through.
The silver bells on her anklets tinkled,
While she ran, and I heard it in the distance.

The ripples chilled my heart with jubilation,
As she plunged into the blue waters, of the tiny river.
Did the tender trunk, of that small plant,
Leaning on my pulsating bosom, shiver?
Did the rosy lips, adorning the sign of my
Ardent love there, for a moment, quiver?

The stars blossomed in her stunning eyes;
Twilight blossomed on the cheeks, wet with coyness;
Nectar of the grapes dripped from the red soft lips; and
My name overflows abundantly in her honeyed words.

I can not delineate the delight in my heart
As I awake in you, with all my sweet imagery.
It is not the five flowers, nor the radiance of
The gorgeous moon, which is desired;
But your adorable eyelids are Cupid's dearest arrows....

kunjubi varghese

Stage Show

God has incarnated as man in this world.

And volunteered to take over the grief of mankind,

In the arena of life, comprising

Days and nights, seas and shores

Of happiness and woe; tears and smiles.

Life follows the fate, the aftermath of

Previous births; transmits bitterness and

Sweetness in its wake, clad in sadness

At times, and resplendent with joy.

The drama of incarnation continues interminably.

Only the stages change, and the scenario too.

We are just onlookers, not understanding

The play, and how it evolves, or it ends.

Our tears conceal our vision, watching it.

He sleeps in the midst of the roaring ocean,

In the frightful forest, or in an atom

Man has commenced to worship religion;

And not the God, the fundamental Truth.

Now religion is God and supreme power;

Also wealth, another religion and god.

God is retreating from the stage, and

Has no part to play, anymore!

kunjubi varghese

Stone Age!

Every piece of stone had wings,

Long, long ago, in the Stone Age.

Dreams clad in anklets also

Were having their own tiny wings.

Leaves used to fly, like dreams

And the earth was in the prime of youth.

Flowers became fairies in splendour,

And rivers became beloveds;

Butterflies used to love the blossoms

And waves loved the streams.

The paramour worshiped the beloved earth

Who was the flower of the flowers

And the river of the rivers.

There came a day, when the wings of the stones

Were hacked away, by the jealous Creator.

Thus the flowers were forsaken

And the streams grief stricken...

They are, the dreary tears of the stones

In desolation, that flows out through streams,

Striving, to reach the river, at last.

The flowers still keep vigil from dawn to dusk;

For the butterflies to come and embrace them,

And take away the nectar, through the kiss of a lover.

kunjubi varghese

Sweet Promises!

Life is a cart loaded with burdens;

A cart pushed by God and humans together,

With coughs and puffs and great efforts,

Through rugged streets, of births and deaths.

How many gods, have dilapidated and broken down?

How many prophecies, withered and fallen down?

Heaven was always an old promise, for the afflicted.

From time immemorial, of Krishna and *Pandavas,

Of Christ and Mohammad, the Prophet,

Forbidden fruit is being prolifically sown,

And reaped in multifold, over centuries

By religions and god men, through their hype.

We are still carrying the burden through the paths,

Paved in advance, by the cruel destiny,

How many of the humans have fallen down dead?

How many hopes have wilted and shattered?

Socialism and equality are sweet and ploy

Guarantees for us, even now; a cap worn out of shape

By constant wearing...

* The battle of Maha Bharatha (Wikipedia) a

kunjubi varghese

Tacit Love

You stood before me like a rosebud
With a single petal unfolded.
The desires crooning in the mind
The unsaid words compressed in the thoughts
All rushed into the mind impatiently
And settled in my fingers to pen it

The flowers of my sighs paved your path
And you came as a breeze over
The cascade of my love.
You came in the chariot of the rain
Stood as a cloud above me to pour down

I never picked up a rose and offered it to you
At any time, yet, how come you knew?
My roses are blooming for you and
Permeating its fragrance, for you alone.
How is that? Tell me, tell me tell me.

I never spoke a word to you, on the
Sweetness of your love, filling my heart.
I never blotted and dried up, the wetness
In your eyes, in your solitude.
Yet, you knew my desires grazing on your soul,
Were to know your thoughts

, .

You never hummed a song, even for a moment
That came into your mind, .
In the wee hours of the night,
When the stars perplexed and the nature
Shrouded, in the morning mist,
I did not embrace your tender body
Yet, you understood my thoughts were
Hovering above you, and caressing you.

kunjubi varghese

Tempest

The shores are far away;
The waves are breaking on the cold
Alabaster stone, on the corniche.
My paper boat is rollicking unruly
On the waves, in a sea of tears.
There is no one to share the throes
Of this heavy burden in the mind.
The twinge is spreading malignantly
Into the soul, like a crab in the sand.
I can see the gleam of a few stars
Glistening in the far away precinct
Of the skyline, like sentinels guarding
The darkness and the occasional flash
Of lightning trying to assuage the wrath
Of the night, by snuggling in fondness.
Still juggling in the hands of the cruel waves,
I remain ignorant of my directions, in frenzy
Listening to the cry of the sea birds in derision.
The flame of life is deflecting in the vortex of
The swirling waves, of the rancid water.
The earthen pot of agonies wrangling
To quench its thirst, in despair;
Now a faint twilight dawns in the horizon.
I am nearer to a verdant shore where
She is waiting to greet me with
Wine of her love and the warmth of her body...

kunjubi varghese

Tempest In The Heart

Reminiscence as a leap tide of a silent tune,
Breakup and become the introspection, fizzling
With the sweet sorrow of parting, and
The boundless ocean stands as a silent witness.
Time has developed into a fathomless ode;
A lyric, stretching from morning till the next.
Blueness appear as a tragic overture of mind.

I never knew the loveliness of the rain
Till tears erupted, overwhelmed in my psyche,
I never knew your allure, till such time
That you smiled on me and you adopted me
As your soul mate, enriching my lone moments.
I never knew the magnificence of the sunshine,
Until your smile sparkled in my heart.

I find the tacitness of the husky moonlight
You kindled, through your endless music,
When you hum the midnight's splendour
In your loneliness, for the listening nightingale.
I never knew its daintiness till the time
I sensed your exhaling breath permeating around me.

kunjubi varghese

Thank You

A big thank you, for

Whatever you have given me.....

The broken piece of pottery you have very

Graciously presented me,

From your unbreakable, sturdy mind,

You keep unblemished.

A tiny fragment of a peacock's feather, you gave,

Preserved all the while, in your arithmetic book;

For having showed me, a blind alley with crooked

Bends, from the manifold paths of your emotions;

For a prickle, you severed from among the midst

Of lush foliage, flowers and ripened fruits;

Of your thoughts, and handed over to me...

And for a shard of black cloud from

The dreams, blossomed by rainbows,

In your implacable heart....

I am thankful and my mind,

Overwhelms with gratitude.

kunjubi varghese

Thank You..

A big thank you, for

Whatever you have given me.....

The broken piece of pottery you have very

Graciously presented me,

From your unbreakable, sturdy mind,

You keep unblemished.

A tiny fragment of a peacock's feather, you gave,

Preserved all the while, in your arithmetic book;

For having showed me, a blind alley with crooked

Bends, from the manifold paths of your emotions;

For a prickle, you severed from among the midst

Of lush foliage, flowers and ripened fruits;

Of your thoughts, and handed over to me...

And for a shard of black cloud from

The dreams, blossomed by rainbows,

In your implacable heart....

I am thankful and my mind,

Overwhelms with gratitude.

kunjubi varghese

That Evening

The amorous tinkle of your anklet
I heard, and the sweet treads in
the corridor Sounded, when you came in;
Like the golden rays of the evening sun
Coming filtered through the colored
Panes, of my window.
As a soft overture, when someone touches
The strings of my tense heart,
Like the raindrops settling on the leaves,
Squirting nectar on my life.
I was enthralled to hear the soft footsteps,
When you paddled into my chamber
Like the bee, circling around the bloom,
Shrouded by minuscule drops
Of the morning snow,
As the footsteps approached me
I found you as another magnificent sun,
Trying to drown in the ocean, of my silent love.
The golden hue of the sun covered you

In silhouette;

The buds of my ecstasy bloomed;

In those moments, I became one in you

And you became one in me.

The earth and the sky stared to find out

The lover, of this gorgeous bride and asked.

“Whoever is the bridegroom of this nymph? ”

The breeze whispered into the ears of the

Flower. “What will happen to night? ”

And a few stars peeped out from behind the curtain,

In coy meekness, and blinked gleefully.

kunjubi varghese

The Calm After A Storm...

You are applying a vermilion dot

On the forehead of the sky;

Fading out in the dusk

My golden evening, of a magnificent hue!

Subdued in its grandeur, of sweetness.

On the flowery bed, when I slept, fondled

And enchanted by randy dreams,

You leaned and touched your

Finger tips, caressing my forehead,

While the Venus, was shimmering in the eastern sky.

Some where a soft prelude, sprang from a flute,

And the whimpering mist, in a desolate hour,

An ache, showering in the moon light of your being,

A chilly lullaby, bringing ripples of tiny memories;

And soft breeze from the meadows seeking

Tranquility, in the distressed mind.

For the silence which swooned somewhere,

Turned into a pulsating note in the air;

Lightning up again the wick of a lamp,

Where little fuel, is left to enliven.

I whisper to you, as the blessing earned

Through umpteen rebirths,

Each of my sealed secrets, in my life.

The purest lotus left in the pond in Paradise!

Could you lend me, a bouquet of dreams

With ravishing petals?

Is your silence, a caress of the tremulous love,

You behold in your soul for me? And

The Calm after the storm?

kunjubi varghese

The Eternal Spring

The spring became my beloved for a moment
In my exquisite, and exciting dream.
It gifted me with a blossom of console,
As heaven descended beside me, in that night.
I forgot to reckon the petals of that flower,
While I drifted in the inebriety of its fragrance
And could not imbibe the ecstasy of the nectar.

The heart beats fainted in the grandeur of
The resplendence of its radiance.
I failed to adorn the pollen as a lip-glow
To the quivering coral of my lip;
And woke up, just before the picture was complete.
Could I ever get those blossoms with its playful
Petals in full bloom, and dancing in the breeze.
And she returns as the cute eternal spring in my life?

kunjubi varghese

The Final Act

What made us to call a flower love. that withers

When it is only half unfurled?

Why did we call the breath taking magnificence

Of a rainbow, that can always melt

In the tears, a maiden?

Why do we a call a horn-bill, which is always thirsty,

The desire or passion or lust, in the human mind?

Why do we call that butterfly hoping around

Pretty flowers, an alluring dream?

Why that crystal platter that shatters, when dropped

In the earth, is called the human mind?

Why do you call an uninvited guest

Coming into our life, the destiny?

Why do we call a comedian who arrives

At the most inopportune moment into the play,

Unannounced and unexciting, DEATH?

kunjubi varghese

The Golden Sitar

A golden sitar that everyone covets to touch!
May I touch it with the feather tip of my fingers?
Let me sit beside you as an evening that
Sprinkle flamboyance on your cheeks.
You did not tell me anything that day
When I berated you about something..
What made you to keep silent, then
Not uttering even a word to me?
You kept quiet when I went away,
And when I sat at a distance,
Your eyes were moist.....Why?
And you didn't tell me anything, and left..
Won't you come in the twilight of the evening
And sit beside me, and I will faint out
And lie down in your lap,
Inebriated with the bliss your love.
You will kiss away the beads of sweat on
My face with your yearning lips,
And when the moon slides away into the clouds
Fall over my chest in frenzy with the
Beatitude of being together again.

kunjubi varghese

The Moment...

If dreams were meaningful and real,
We could have owned the superb heaven!
If our desires could grow wings of their own,
The whole world will be ours to own

We were butterflies hovering in the horizon
When we met together and understood each other.
The earth and heaven went into a delirium
Of rapture, realizing the bond it brought about.

We are laps of ripples, singing in rhythm
All the octaves of notes, and music.
When I called you in my stupor from yonder,
And when you answered me meekly,
The heaven and earth went in a spree
Spinning in ecstasy, overjoyed;
The whole nature sang in glee;
The spring dawned around us and danced;
The flowers uttered cries of joy;
And we forgot ourselves as though we
Never existed, but as one entity.

kunjubi varghese

The Unknown Lover

Time is an unknown lover, and

Life, his sweet beloved.

Yielding dreams and tears,

Embrace and kiss, adore and hug,

And then discard like an unwanted treasure...

Will make beautiful gardens among the sky

Build a mansion inside that garden,

Will cherish and foster children of love,

And at last drown us in the pyre of grief.

Alas! Such is the amazing kinds of dreams!

It will display unseen heavens and then

Take us for a delightful joy ride

In a chariot of gold through the sky;

With a lullaby will soothe you and lead

You to a slumber quietly with

The most excellent music on earth.

Then land in a forlorn desert and

Abandon you there to die and become rancid.

Alas! Relationships entangles in such a way!

kunjubi varghese

The Way...

In the land where the doctrine of Non- Duality
Of God, originated, and its profounder was born,
There are now, a thousand gods, thousand castes,
And a thousand religions, headed by god men;
Sprouting like mushrooms, in the rainy season.

Some religions are established, and then expire also;
Soon after, their founder passes away, and into oblivion.
And established religions plunder and pilfer
The conscience and the wealth, of the loyal simpletons,
Through coercion and fraud, promising heaven to them.

Man has only, one path to follow, any time;
The way to eternal love, and quest for truth.
The day has only one lamp, that gives light for all,
Yet, the night can enjoy a dream of light, only
By kindling, the lamps of myriad stars.

Who can see the light of those stars
When the sun shines and spreads its radiance?

kunjubi varghese

This Is Where I Belong To

Who embellished the magnificence of the heaven
In their imagination, where milk and honey flows,
And you are surrounded by the fairies and nymphs,
Imbibing nectar that flows from goblets, held and
Served by *Apsara maidens, with lust in their eyes?

Who constituted and created hell, where fire and
Brim stones wait for you, always to burn you?

It is none other than the ingenuity of the human
Mind, fantasizing their imaginations.

Who radiates the diffusing rays of sunlight, and
Turns it into ravishing rainbows yonder, and

Who adorns the black clouds soaked in the vital
Elixir, for the living beings, in this earth?

It is none other than the deep blue horizon!

The one who unfurls the aspiration of the spring to flower;

The one who approaches and demolish those aspirations,

Known as winter, and the one who behold the embers of

Fire, in its bosom and scorch multitudes of living beings.

We call you time or moment, or era,

Age, epoch, or aeon! Infinite and eternal!

Immeasurable and independent!

In our dreams, there appear golden beaches and palaces;

And they ramshackle, in the face of bitter agony!

You are the ocean of passions, as well as

The wilderness of thirsts and intense desires!

You are my world, my abode!

* fairy nymphs of heaven

kunjubi varghese

This Is Where I Belong To...

Who embellished the magnificence of the heaven
In their imagination, where milk and honey flows,
And you are surrounded by the fairies and nymphs,
Imbibing nectar that flows from goblets, held and
Served by Apsara maidens, with lust in their eyes?
Who constituted and created hell, where fire and
Brimstones wait for you, always to burn you?
It is none other than the ingenuity of the human
Mind, fantasizing their imaginations.

Who radiates the diffusing rays of sunlight, and
Turns it into ravishing rainbows yonder, and
Who adorns the black clouds soaked in the vital
Elixir, for the living beings, in this earth?
It is none other than the deep blue horizon!

The one who unfurls the aspiration of the spring to flower;
The one who approaches and demolish those aspirations,
Known as winter, and the one who behold the embers of
Fire, in its bosom and scorch multitudes of living beings.
We call you time or moment, or era,
Age, epoch, or aeon! Infinite and eternal!
Immeasurable and independent!

In our dreams, there appear golden beaches and palaces;
And they ramshackle, in the face of bitter agony!
You are the ocean of passions, as well as
The wilderness of thirsts and intense desires!
You are my world, my abode!

kunjubi varghese

Thy Will...

We call that span between birth and death
'The life':

Rugged and mystic; pathetic
And soul stirring; bewitching as well as
Disdainful; frivolous yet ebullient.

Those conscious of the vanity of living
Are isolated and demeaned from the
Mainstream of 'the faithful'.
Mutterings evaluated and classified
As ramblings of the abnormal intellect.
Prayers are sandwiched between
Desires, dreams, and deeds.
Prophets narrated their dreams
As a relic of their frustrations,
To a recalcitrant world, ever doubtful
About the themes and scenario of future;
And claimed divine sanctions behind it,
As revelations of what lies ahead.

Could the earth ever turn into a heaven?
Could the tiger and the lamb have
Peaceful co-existence, or the wiper
Cease to be poisonous anymore?
The saints duped us with their tales
Of their trust, and faith in the Almighty.
Even God deceived us through commandments.

Many are waiting to get on to the
Bandwagon of such an apple cart.
Or is that what they said, a dream only?
What is amusing in that life which is
Called a dream, without the illusion
And hallucination of such dreams?
The attires worn in this game,
The scenarios comprising it, and
Its enactments are delectable in 'to-to.'
All attires are adorned by dreams
Of the soul, on our bodies...

kunjubi varghese

Time

Time

Life is a flaming ocean, and desires are
Floating in there, at times delving into
Depths and again, surfacing with the froths.

Grief is a point in life.
Happiness another one
Life swings as a pendulum between
Theses two points, in despair and joy
That is Life...A pendulum.

Inception, in cries and tears
Then grows and develops, a big smile
Enveloped in happiness and mirth;
Beguiled by the crafty world;
Returns to tears and grief, at last.

This is the throbbing music of the clock,
The song of the life forces of the universe,
Measuring time and the hands mortify.
Yet time will flow on...

It unfurls ingenuity in the soul.
Radiates, a thousand magnificent hues, in mind.
Passions transform to bright stars in the hearts,
Turns later, to become 'Black Holes' in the Milky Way
The dawn greets you, with smiles
The dusk flushes you with splendor
Yet earth will still rotate, on its axis...

kunjubi varghese

To The Dusk

When you bid farewell

The heart of the sun

Writhe in pain.

You came as the embers

In the sacrificial pyre

Of a titillating smile!

With the dreams and bruises

Of a woe ridden life.

A bed of arrows of outrageous

Misfortunes of existence!

Or is it a street car named desire?

Or a battle field where droplets

Of blood, drip down into the earth,

Along with, hopes of a life time?

The elegy sang by the sea

Evinced the agony of my reveries,

In the wake of the farewell.

And groping in the darkness surrounding me,

I am striving to find my tambourine, that

I have been playing a short while ago.

kunjubi varghese

Tranquility...

...

"Rise and shine" she said.
The smell of fresh coffee conquered the nostrils.
She stood there simpering.
A silhouette against the window.
The scent of aromatic hair oil diffusing;
Fragrance of imprisoned jasmines,
Emanated from her braids.
A dulcet ditty! A ripple of prettiness!
She opened the windowpanes and cast
The curtains to one side, allowing the morning
Breeze, to caress our body, with the sweet chill.
Morning mist swallowed the perfume of the soil.
Lurked over the vista like smoke, as the
Green meadows exhaled vapor
.Sodden earth, trying to grin, in the early light.
A forlorn tree cast its long shadow,
Over the placid waters of the pond.
Silvery clouds rubbed shoulders amid the blue sky,
While wandering over the hills and dales

.
Somewhere, in the ground floor, a baby
Was crying, for the mother's breast.
A lonely row-boat slithered over the calm
Water of the lake, dodging the water hyacinths
Floating in full glory with its purple flowers;
Some one trying to catch a stray fish with a rod
Birds chirping in the air; in the distance echo
The melodious whistle, of a stranded train.
The nature in philharmony!

I am in euphoria, a trance, a stupor...
I am a part of this wonderful universe

"Drink that coffee, before it gets cold".
I thought I heard a far away voice,

Rippling in the air, telling me...
It broke my reverie; she was there near me.
I pulled her hand and drew her to my side.
A prologue to the sweetest moments of matrimony!
A lullaby for the soul....

kunjubi varghese

Transcending Lives...

I got dressed up and sat near

The window of my chamber

Looking out for something

I was not sure about!

A thousand recollections crowded

In the mind soothing with the balm

Of a golden feather touch from heaven

Consoling the desirous psyche.

Unquenched desires sobbed inside,

Harkening each flutter in the silent air

And the sound of each dry leaves, falling down.

Eagerness up surging; emotions riding the tide

Darkening the mind...rain splashing down.

The ice cube in the mind, melting. and

Tears running down through the cheeks.

In imbroglio, extinguishing myself

As a golden flame, panting before

The sigh of a tiny breeze

Yet, I smell the scent of a bloom

Flowing in from the unknown distant future

Transcending our present lives,

Hovering over my sorrowful heart....

kunjubi varghese

Twinkle Twinkle Little Stars!

'Twinkle, twinkle, little stars,

How I wonder what you are.'

'Up above the world so high

Like a diamond in the sky"

So is the rhyme we heard from Grandma.

Through generations again,

And again it is remembered.

A few decades, and too much waters flowed

Under the bridge, and we are so changed.

These lines are still glued to our lips

But the scenario has changed drastically.

No stars glitter in the sky!

No milky way flows in the heaven!

No moonlight caresses the nature!

No lovers meet under the starry sky,

Or under the serene moonlight!

No romantic feelings aroused by nature

With its magnificent charms, and tantalizing blues!

Artificial lights and sodium vapour lamps

Illumines the sky; devouring the natural lights.

Blue sky has changed to smog, and utter darkness

Prevails from dusk to dawn; twilight to twilight.

In the midst, populace crawls

Like worms, to earn their livelihood.

Skyscrapers hamper the sunlight reaching the streets;

Traffic jams, crowded pavements.

No one desires to have a glimpse of natural light.

The Pole star, the Scorpio, Betelgeuse

The waning moon, the luster of the rainbow,

Floating white fleeces of clouds, flocks of migratory birds,

An occasional lightning, a thundershower.

All are becoming alien scenes in urban life,

While people competes in the rat race

And watch shadows of these, in the idiot box..

kunjubi varghese

Undervalued...

“ Two souls with a single thought
Two hearts that beat as one”

-John Keats

Is love a syndrome of madness?

Giving out a warmth, and vigour;

Affection and self assurance!

Nothing else contribute to one's

Contentment in life, to carry on.

With the memory of one kiss till death;

Gratification of a birth by one touch;

It transcends through death to re-birth.

It carries humans to the lonely shores

Of death and re-births all at once

In the same moment of a lofty realization.

The mind always yearn to trespass

Into the forbidden parameters.

And the social taboos always relate

To physical promiscuity only.

Love remains in the spiritual sphere

Of passion and affection, and tenderness.

We have corroded ourselves in our quest
For physical urges and outward appearances;
They are ephemeral and evasive.
Limiting our vistas to perceive and
Comprehend the truth far beyond
Our gaze and reach, eternally.
Love has been debased through recent decades.
We try to buoy up a system
That has become obsolete and irrelevant
To modern life, that is insidiously destructive
For the soul and its purity.
kunjubi varghese

Unforgotten Melody...

The azure blue sky made euphoric ripples in

You and me, then and now, unceasingly.

It became an enchanting dream in your eyes.

It became a rapturous melody in my reveries.

Golden dust lurked on your ravishing lips,

Awakened by the rip-roaring kisses.

The radiance of that smile still makes

A sweet hangover in my solitary moments;

And make me sing sonorous melodies.

Do you still keep that golden hue on your lips?

That love song turned to be lachrymatory tones

Awakening in the strings on the lute of my life.

And create flaxen ecstasies by its resonance.

Dripping an expression in my heart

Of having composed a thousand poems.

Do you still have that song in your bosom?

kunjubi varghese

Unfurling Dreams...

That gorgeous flower bloomed,

Looking at me, from that magnificent garden.

Unfurled a thousand vivid shades of petals,

The dreams that rippled, in my mind.

The breeze came to whisper in my ears

About ardent love, you have confided to the wind,

And I languored as a lover, under the spell

Of that delightful passion it contained.

When you came clad in the moonlight as a fairy

Embracing me with all the intense obsession

Willfully submerged and compressed in the mind;

Kissing me with the ardour, of a million rampant desires.

My imagination soared high and dazzled, igniting me

To sing sweet melodies, I wrote for you, when alone.

Blue eyes dousing in the tears of delight and

Silence came stealthy as you exhaled your breath.

Covering me with inexplicable elation.

Our souls gleefully fluttered around

Ubiquitous paradise, of our imagination.

Unconscious of our human form, like seraphs

Living or beyond it, we never knew!

kunjubi varghese

Until You Return

Pathways created by the cruel destiny;
Souls bidding farewell on its sojourn;
Scorching desires of the heart;
Anguish spreading out everywhere...

Silence grows up watching this scenario;
Life stream floods over embankment;
Distressing in the eddies in its effort to succumb.
Flowers wither and scatter in the breeze;
Days are diffusing in suppressed sobs;
And fall out in the depth of misery and despair.
Life prolongs indifferently and unconsciously.

Dawn will break up one day, carrying
The fragrance of a dream in the wind.
Desires will flutter with a thousand wings;
The Night Queens will bloom in the forlorn gloom,
And its sweet scent will permeate in the air.
Won't you come back as the moon light that gloom?

kunjubi varghese

Vainglory!

Movement...Progress...Motion!

They are the dictums of evolution

For human life! A maxim...

The sages who wrote scriptures and epics,

Envisaged life, as vanity, and illusion.

Man who created this era says life is truth.

What we see and comprehend is truth and reality...

Dreams have a path, of its own

Truth has its different path.

And Time blindfolds both and flow in its own way.

Where do they confluence?

Any place they commence flowing together as one?

May be in heaven, where everything is real!

Is life a myth or reality?

A reality existing for a short moment,

On the scale, of the boundless time.

Once it is over what is left out?

Wealth?

Memory?

Prestige?

Reputation?

Glory?

None of these has eternal values!

Hence sages of old times recited about

The emptiness, unintelligibility,

Futility and hollowness of life

In their writings, for the posterity.

Yet, man is still running after vainglory!

kunjubi varghese

Vanishing Dreams

My lost dreams! you have set

A throne for me full of woes

My lost paradise! You have weaved a

A crown of thorns for my pate.

Spring and summer is gone

I see the dead dried leaves in the earth

Winter is cruel, though it leaves

Some moisture on the leaves..

The heart is in agony

For the deceit of my love

My life goes on and on

Like a corpse walking in sunshine.

May be there is no semblance of reason

For the lies; to toss a life into spasm

Of cruelty, of this maddening world.

A fog of confusion dawns on my thoughts.

Of treachery, of cruel minds;

And a prescience of despair

Filled with a longing and desire
Of lost love and dead dried dreams
Muddled in fantasies.
An imbroglio, of desiccated memories.
Oh! I hear a lullaby far away;
Of a mother, singing her child to slumber.
My heart yearns for such a soft prelude
I used to hear, when I was a child
And my mother sang for me.
Wish I could live again my infancy
And cling to her soft breasts and brood
And coo, looking into her soft blue eyes,
Away from this dreadful world;
A solace in the weariness and tedium!
I will fill up my heart
Brimful, with your silence
And keep still with patience;
Await for the fragrance of your touch
When you embrace me, again
Holding me in your arms, fondly
And once again my life blooms.

kunjubi varghese

Vanishing Fairy

Could it be the heaven descending to this terra firma?

Could it be a dream, spreading

Its flamboyant plumes, in reality?

Or all gorgeous creations of God

Have diffused together to form

The image of a woman, in real life,

And appearing as one entity incarnated?

The blooms dance in mirth when the honey

Beetle hovers over them, with lust in their hearts.

And miles of smiles rollick in their lips.

I am gliding in the frenzy of an inebriety

Aimlessly, without the knowledge of my body and mind.

Clouds that tranquil the lofty hills in their laps,

Embrace and hug the clouds for their fragrance.

Come my beloved, floating over the chilly ripples,

To my side and enfold me in your love!

kunjubi varghese

Vanishing Springs

Lurks the anguish left by a bygone
Spring season, where its joy and passion
Convoked and left sad reveries.
The manifold cellars of enthralling
remembrances hold in its
Chambers, the romantic moments
That went past through the past seasons.

Don't you recognize the breeze that
Carries the sandalwood fragrance
Encircling you, trying to blot out
the tear drops lurking in your eyes,
By its erotic embraces and vibrant kisses
All over you, and on your cheeks
With the frenzy of an avid paramour?

Love is always a spasm caused by the trembling of
An unknown thorn stuck in the heart;
And even when aching, it gives a comfort
From the honey it drips into the emotions.
You dwell in me, as I diffuse in you
And our boundary walls softly and gradually
Dissolve into nothingness, removing the barriers.
If you are away, far away from me
You will dearly hold me through every moments,
And will hanker for the dream that brings me to your side.
When there is parting, love will erupt fiercely
As a wild fire and invite a typhoon into its midst,
Remaining inside the sinews like a wall of fire.

Love becomes a spring blossoming with tears
In the eyelids, and without the pangs of love,
Love will wilt like the summer blooms.

kunjubi varghese

Visions Of A First Night...

May I close the windows that were open yet;
Spread the eiderdown, and arrange the pillows,
Conceal with my palm the ruby eyes
Of that translucent lamp that
Immerse me in a state of bashfulness?

When the delicate fingers of the moonlight
Caress the embroidered exquisite damask curtains
I will adore the smirk of the flowers burgeoning,
When the dewdrops embrace and kiss them.

When the chill wraps me, off the breeze coming
From the banks of the brooks of nectar
I will give away myself to him, as a present,
Forgetting everything, in that sweet passion.
The ethereal moments, these emotional spasms;
The asperity makes me pallid and sequestered.

I now possess your desires inside me
Like you have taken away, the thirst in my soul.
As the luster of the dewdrops on the lotus petal
As spring blossoms on a naked branch after winter
Ecstasy enthralled in us, and in a vision
A tide of happiness is raising its waves in the mind.

kunjubi varghese

Weary Warrior...

Lofty granite towers embraced

The clouds sailing past;

The vista of a roaring sea showed

Through the window of her chamber; .

Noon sun, was rocking on myriads of

Silvery waves, in the blueness of the sea.

Salty wind entered unruly into the room,

Blowing from the sea beneath.

You and me, and around us, unfettered clouds.

Salinity mixed with passion burst out

On our bodies, as unleashed lust.

Rustles rose from pinky cheeks, cleavage in the bosom,

And the honey hue teats, while the bearded face

And thirsty lips, rummaged over tender areas....

He recollected all of those, which happened long ago,

And now has come back seeking

A forsaken beloved, once again.....

She could not remember any of those moments,

He treasured, in his heart as

Cud for chewing, in his loneliness.

How can a serpent remember, the smell of a prairie

Where it has moulted its outer skin many a time?

A river, to memorize the reflection of a boatman

Who rowed across her in a jiffy, without stop?

A flicker of contrite compassion in her mind

Made her to tell him: " Nevertheless, my worn out

Warrior, remove your ancient amulet and keep

Your broken sword, back in its sheath;

And lie down in my lap..

The platform built around the way side trees

Are meant for weary pedestrians, to take rest

And proceed."

A gleam of complacency was now evident,

In the corner of her eyes...

kunjubi varghese

Wedlock...

A solitary door of the mind,
The charming door of memories
Of the erstwhile life, obsessed
Always with grief, if closed;
Always with woes, even if opened.

It's a poem, written by the heart;
Love's nectar is its language.
If its meaning is misconceived
If no spelling mistakes, creep up
If omissions and errors, are avoided
It becomes an epic; Matrimony is a mega epic!

Is there a song sung without discord?
Any dances without a faulty step?
Inaccuracy, miscalculation, blunder.
Slip, oversight, delusion, all may occur.
Rhythm may falter, steps may alter,
But the swirl will continue, till the end
When the course is corrected at times,
In the current of the song of life!

Paint the faded pictures of wedlock, with
Ever fresh sparkling colours of endurance;
Like rains and spring seasons wash away
The sins of summer and its debris
As omnipresent Time by its omnipotence.

kunjubi varghese

What Is This Sweet Emotion?

We are always seeking the quintessence of love in our mind
Do we at any time realize, if it is there as we stand near it?
Is that possible to explain it in a simple word?
Does it come and fill our heart unknowingly, without effort?
As a ripple in the shore kissing our feet
And sweeping away the sand underneath them?
Or does it echo in our hearts and reverberates
In our life when it is present?
We are seekers always on the march!
Is it a sparkle in the eyes?
Is it a fragrance permeating as from the sweetest spring?
Or is it a gossamer string that binds two hearts together?
Or a precious pearl that develops in an oyster?
A cup filled with the nectar or ambrosia?
Is that the fawn of a steer appearing in the moon?
Or an oasis in the ever sweltering heat of the desert?
Or a magic spell that envelops us in its hold?
Or a sentiment that cannot be uttered in one word?
Tell me what it is....
Explain to me the manifestations of such an emotion,
My beloved, if you can as you get the drift
And immerse in it!

kunjubi varghese

What Is This Sweet Emotion?

We are always seeking the quintessence of love in our mind
Do we at any time realize, if it is there as we stand near it?
Is that possible to explain it in a simple word?
Does it come and fill our heart unknowingly, without effort?
As a ripple in the shore kissing our feet
And sweeping away the sand underneath them?
Or does it echo in our hearts and reverberates
In our life when it is present?
We are seekers always on the march!
Is it a sparkle in the eyes?
Is it a fragrance permeating as from the sweetest spring?
Or is it a gossamer string that bind two hearts together?
Or a precious pearl that develops in an oyster?
A cup filled with the nectar or ambrosia?
Is that the fawn of a steer appearing in the moon?
Or an oasis in the ever sweltering heat of the desert?
Or a magic spell that envelop us in its hold?
Or a sentiment that cannot be uttered in one word?
Tell me what it is....
Explain to me the manifestations of such an emotion,
My beloved, if you can as you get the drift
And immerse in it!

kunjubi varghese

When The Bell Tolls

WHEN THE BELL TOLLS

When the bell tolls for my death

And the messenger of death is awaiting

Outside my room for an entry,

Do sit beside me, my beloved for a little

While in the last moments of my life.

I could fondle you and soothe those fingers

That were handling the embers of my life.

The last breath I draw into my lungs

Could then carry the molecules

Of your redolence into my grave.

And my eyes that will never see anymore,

Could drown in your countenance

And save it into my eyelids, my beloved.

Then to seal my ears with the alluring

Peel of your euphoric voice, eternally.

Also to reminisce those evergreen moments

We induced together in our life and stacked

Within our memories, that can never fade out...

To close the lips that were once bruised

By your kisses, now with the chanting;

And to chill my feet with the memory

Of the rugged paths, that brought me to you...

These will be sufficient to come out from

The earth, that covers the mound of my grave,

Sprouting as a tender grass shoot, resurrected...

kunjubi varghese

Where Love Has Gone

Some where in the softness of the soul

A rare flower bloomed, and became orphaned

Suppressing its vibrant pangs;

It lies in the silent valleys of yesterdays,

Struggling and gasping for its final breath;

Even when love has been retreating with its hung head,

Cheated by the insurmountable barriers of the inevitable

Realities and limitations of sincerity,

Someone whispers from the innermost:

'My Beloved! , I still love you-...

much more and more.....and more.....

kunjubi varghese

Whimpering Life

Silent anguish... silent anguish
In the cage of *bashful memories
Building up melancholy in the heart
Unable to shed even a dropp of tear
And all the while silent anguish
Grows in the soul like a canker in the bud.....
Destiny plays the game
And blossoms are withering
Death- a companion from the moment of birth
Most things change and the feeble
Life watches it, whimpering all the while
Becoming a recluse, a sad witness..

The day blossoms from the night and darkness
And the day merges into the obscurity
And time entering as rains, and snow,
Also as daylight wipe out so many things
Again life watches it whimpering
All the while in silent anguish....

kunjubi varghese

Who Are You?

You are none other than all the splendour,

Existing in this world of mine!

You are none other than, all the springs

Of seasons, coming through time and space!

You are the rain, and you are the sunshine also!

My bliss, my melancholy, my pleasure,

And my agony, in the forlorn existence.

You have become my melody of dreams, I see,

And my horizon is bound to where you are.

My ocean where I dive for pearls of jubilation,

And my salvation, in the barren miseries of life;

My resurrection, for the next ensuing rebirth.

Your eyes reflect the morning glory of the dawn;

And resonate the tinkling of temple bells in your laughter.

When my mind ask me, whether I should greet in

Worship, the golden dawn or the goddess in front of me.

And the answer, creep in as a theology of Non-Duality,

Into mind and reveal a truth, as you are

The dawn, as well as my intellect also, in this world.

My Song of Songs in my dreams, lulling me to sleep;

And when I wake up, in your tongue

I need your lips, for me to smile.

I want the blooms of your eyes, for me

To see you always, when I gaze at you.

You are the mystic "OM" for me and my universe too!

kunjubi varghese

Who Is In Charge?

Heaven and hell remains on both sides of Time...

An ocean.

Which side is heaven? Here or on the other side?

Of this unchartered ocean of epoch, a riddle!

If humans were created by god, I have a question

For him to answer me truthfully!

“Why did you give this island of clay,

In the sea of poignant tears, to us in the Beginning?

If we were made by the Devil, let me ask him

Only once, a very pertinent information!

“What made you to come to heaven and offer us

A fruit, and tempt us to eat it; to throw us away.

Into this macabre ocean, of woes and grief? ”

We know, both of you will keep mute,

Because you never thought, humans

Are that adept, to adapt to this Mother Nature;

And question the purity of your intentions.

Instead you were making us guinea pigs,

For your amusement, and enjoyment.

And still your mirth continues, with a sinister look.

We toil, starve, weep, grope, curse and perish!

You have also become helpless like us, now...

Let us both look at each other and bemuse!

kunjubi varghese

Who Knows?

I will worship you keeping myself

Away from your presence, my exquisite fairy!

You appear as the marvelous earth,

Dazzling in the glory of a smile

As emitted by the full moon.

Though you remain at an arm's reach,

Who knows if I could ever possess you!

Who knows if it is ever possible

To cuddle you in my bosom, though you

Bloom in my mind as the spring?

Even if I am unable to embrace you,

I can still adore you through my dreams.

Who knows if a flower will wither and fall down,

Even if the harsh wind shake it violently blowing on it?

Who knows if it is possible to quench one's thirst,

By merely blinking at a goblet that is overwhelming,

Before the eyes of a thirsty tramp, trekking

Through the desert in a sand storm?

Even if it is unattainable to imbue the contents,

It could still be remembered garishly.

Who knows if I could ever see you again,

Before I breathe my last?

kunjubi varghese

Why Did You Come Then

What made you to come again this way,
If you have no love left for me in your heart?
What made you tarry some moments,
Standing there, unless you wanted to tell me
Something, which lingered in your mind?
You hid your resentment and rebuke
In the veil of silence, without admonishing,
Without shaming any acquaintance, with me.
I was watching your approach, seeking that
Smirk, camouflaged in the corner of your eyes;
To make out how you were trying to conceal it!

I came alone to call you, with a heart full of
Romantic jingles, not saying any jokes or jibes
Not asking you any reasons for your ill will,
Waited to see you, my beloved,
Just to talk only a few words, singly,
Let alone my yearnings, to be with you...

kunjubi varghese

Why Did You Come Then?

What made you to come again this way,
If you have no love left for me in your heart?
What made you tarry some moments,
Standing there, unless you wanted to tell me
Something, which lingered in your mind?
You have hidden your resentment and rebuke
In the veil of silence, without admonishing;
Without showing any intimacy, with me.
I was watching your approach, seeking that
Smirk, camouflaged in the corner of your eyes;
To make out how you were trying to conceal it!

I came alone to call you, with a heart full of
Romantic jingles, not saying any jokes or jibes
Not asking you any reasons for your ill will,
Waited to see you, my beloved,
Just to talk only a few words, singly,
Let alone my yearnings, to be with you

kunjubi varghese

Will The Spring Come Again?

Ecstasy filled,

Ever adoring,

Tears softened,

Compassion packed,

Scented with grief,

Dazzling of dreams,

Smiles of a bloom,

With these, the nectar of your heart,

When you touched the door of my soul.....

Meekly, unknowingly,

Without qualm,

Carrying honey in the petals of your heart,

When I abruptly saw you standing at the door,

Clad in the acquiescent demureness,

Horripilating unawares, the 'I' in me,

Was lost, in an endearing trance.

My immaculate one!

That elegance permeating in your chest,

Is what I am seeking all the time in this wilderness.

That poise is like the memory of a magic

Filled vista of a sky, adorning a majestic rainbow.

When it becomes, a delight in all my wakeful hours.

My angel! I am waiting for you!

kunjubi varghese

Withering Flowers in Life

Love is a flower which withers and falls down

Before it unfurls, out of the tender bud.

It is a smile, liquefying in the incessant waves

Of the ocean of woes and tears.

God created man and woman, in the beginning

With a spirit of contentment and a smile,

As he felt good and happy about it.

Finally he created the emotion of love in the heart

Of man and woman, with a halo of divinity

And purity over that, as a quality.

After that he might have been crying about

His foolishness, and for a moment repented his act.

A poor moth believing it to be a flower

Encounter the flame of a lamp,

And burn out its life.

Whatever the eye has earned in this world,

Is dissolved and perish for ever, by the eyes,

In the sands of time and lost in the ocean of tears.

kunjubi varghese

Words

When it becomes incessant agonies
And even your simper in my memory
Is identified as a thousand lumps
In the throat with sighs;

When life separates us as humdrum
Strangers in quick moves in a jiffy;
Just save for our destiny and prospect
A long silence...
A dropp of tear...
A handful of affectionate words,
Besides a sanguine expectation
Extending from you to me...

kunjubi varghese

Yester Night

In the middle of a sullen night

The memory of yester night

Vanquished, the avid soul.

And the singing heart is asking me

The scenario and the screen play!

You came as a shimmering glimmer

Of a resplendent cloud, into my dream...

Some reveries, to pour nectar into my spirit.

When you roam, in my reveries, heaven arise

And stoop down to earth, with presents

Of bouquets of blossoms, brought from

A vanished spring, seasons behind.

Like the virtue of my sacred deeds in life;

Intimate moments, churns out ripples in the thoughts,

Chalice of the heart brims with sweetness.

Cloying spring was visible in the dreamy eyelids,

Where, swooned fantasies dangled, quivering.

Those days when love sprouted in our hearts

We forgot ourselves in the frenzy,

We could not contain inside us,

The unreconciled, youngish vigour.

There was only one horizon for us; our desires!

If once you smile, it becomes showers of kisses

In my reminiscence, and in my dreams.

And we share together one passion,

One desire, one aspiration,

And only one ambition...

kunjubi varghese

You And Me...

I kept a thousand words in my heart to tell you,

About the love I conserved, in the core of my heart.

You never knew the excruciating pain, I carry inside.

In your resentment, you were keeping away.

Though chanting your name, keeping your image

Day and night, I kept all longings discreetly, in my mind.

Without telling you, my hankering of love, to you...

Inside me, the passions swelled as the waves of the ocean;

And your mind, the sands on the shore craving to

Clasp it to your bosom, grapple, and own it for ever.

We heard the eternal emotions surging, in the baying

Of the sea, from a distance, as the echo of our desires,

I don't know what I should call this sweetest of emotions

Lending a tender softness, and maudlin aches clinging in me.

Call it love, or mercy of the Providence, allowing me

To row my boat of life, without drowning in the fathoms

Of betrayal, naturally assimilated in our values, now.

I turned into a cloud, primed to burst out the rain

Awaiting the destiny, to shower a little compassion...

And you the earth, yearning for a droplet of that rain

Bearing the seeds of a great forest, writhing inside you...

kunjubi varghese

You Are My Poem

While corpses of my longings floats
Through my dreams, the silent anguish
Arising in the subconscious, insist me
To look back and chronicle those days.

Though I cannot blot out your tears
With words, I express my love as poem
Which I crimson with the blood of
My heart, I still can through a kiss

For a moment, blot out the moisture
Of the agony overwhelming your blue eyes,
That weaves exquisite poems, radiating
The loveliness of spring flowers.

I can as well stitch out a smooth silky scarf
With sweet rhapsody sodden with love.
The songs of love in my soul is kissing
The flute of my passions, to let you know

The unfathomable depth of my intimacy, and.
The entire earth and sky diffuse in your eyes now.

kunjubi varghese

You Should Know...

Words pure and love filled, I have to tell you;

The truth in my heart you never knew

As you stand apart with spite in your thoughts;

Though chanting your name in my soul, day and night

I kept my unsung love. a secret in the labyrinth of my heart

Inside me that ocean swelled to fondle you,

And your soul yearned for that caress ceaselessly

You heard the eternal music, resonant of love.

I know not what to call that sweet agony it creates

Of the rapturous relation..Love, or is it the divine mercy

Designed to paddle through life without

Drowning in its depth?

Turned a tear welling cloud

Me an equation of destiny,

And you, a seed promising a forest

In you; like the earth craving for the rain....

kunjubi varghese

Your Caress

It could be just an agitation in the mind
That devoured the words unknowingly;
Words that smouldered in the stumbling heart.
Or it could be the wailing of the shivering soul
In the wind of a winter sowing silence around.

Our lingua franca is so rich with the many beautiful
Words if they are unsaid or unuttered.
What will be the colour of the feather falling down
In the recess of a dream and reality?
At the inception, it will be flamboyant with

All the seven colours of the spectrum;
Then fading and blanching into
Disgusting grey, and finally
Into the copper colour of age old brass vessels'
Patina, where most of the time love takes
Its toll of death finally, and walk away.

So, my dear, swallow your words you desire to utter,
Let the wine of tender love give crimson
Hue to the starving innards of my body,
And intensive sweetness to my scorching lips
Together with a benevolent touch on
My pale emaciated arms.

kunjubi varghese

Your Fragrance

Just for you I will take a rebirth
And continue together through
Innumerable rebirths, my sweet heart!
Thus I will share my infancy and adolescence
Just for you alone in all my lives.
My heart is a cradle for you to rock,
To slip into a sleep, my darling.
Don't you reckon my heart beats
As the music of a lullaby, I am singing for you?

The tranquil dawn and the flowers will recite
My dreams, as your passion from now on.
The music emanating from the strings of my heart,
From this moment, will only be for you.
I can now sleep in the serenity of your memory,
Breathing its fragrance from today, my dearest...

kunjubi varghese

Your Smiles

If once you smile, the lustre of the full moon

Will brim, and overflow in my reminiscence.

If once you smile looking at me, kisses

Will cascade into my golden dreams, and my memories.

We have only one desire among us! .

The rapturous shuddering you created,

Inside of my inside, by your heart touch,

Is being recited, in my soul, persistently.

Even when you are far away from me.

Even if I reach the paradise,

The spring season, in my surrounds,

Always go with me, in my dreams.

And your countenance will always bloom there.

We have only one ardent aspiration!

You have become a serene happiness in my life

My love! My passion! My sensuality!

The morning song I chant in the dawn,

And the strain I hum in the dusk.

A shower of nectar from heaven on this earth!

kunjubi varghese

Yours For Ever

This road is lonely; not a soul around.
The sky looks so majestic, with all its wealth.
Your memory is filling me with all its opulence;
Then I saw a star weeping up there, glimmering,
Shedding its tears, into the clouds below.

Our futile birth has become the whimpering
Hand of a clock, indicating the seconds in life
Of the boundless eternity.
Grief and happiness mingle here;
And desires and passions die here;
Naturally without any cause or reasons.

In those days I sang for you to hear,
And I wrote poems for you to read.
But now you are not in my presence;
Only wilted dry petals of blossoms
Withered from the plaids of your hair
Remain here, reminding me of your
Exquisite smiles and laughter and
Your humorous prattle.

Man! Who created you in this earth?
Who glorified you in this life?
You have deserted me, but your
Memory still persists and enlivens
My soul- Everlasting, fresh and green,
Even after death.

kunjubi varghese