

Poetry Series

**M R Vishnuprasad**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2014

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

**M R Vishnuprasad()**

# Sheep In Moonlight

My mother's sheep  
sleep blissfully  
on the tall haystack  
leaping to touch the moon.

As I swirl a top of thirst  
in the sheep's starch fodder  
the sheep caresses me  
with its wet nose.

The desire  
of my sleepless  
penis spreads a haystack  
in the courtyard.  
He befriends time  
in the winter night.

The milk vessels my mother  
hid under the kitchen basin  
were the hiding place for sperms.  
A day comes,  
earth is blessed with saplings.

Me,  
my haystack,  
god-faced sheep  
wander around  
sucking the nipples  
with lips tight  
on a hairy statistical table.

Sunlight on hedge  
seduces moist earth  
and rests on my pubic hair.  
It spreads red ink of dusk  
on white clothes.

Mamma,  
can you feel the taste and speed

of your baby sheep  
running into the pastures of moonlight  
licking your breath and sweat...?

When I wake up in the haystack  
I see my parents with me  
eating the hay and leaves  
that covered their nakedness.  
We keep chewing on  
last night's moonlight  
with our strong teeth.

M R Vishnuprasad

# The Disguise

Do you remember,  
a midnight  
in a boat ride  
we met.

You  
sat on one end,  
me on the other,  
we sailed into  
the island.

The shadow  
of our destination  
came to swallow  
the boat.  
When the clothes  
were stripped  
and thrown into the moon,  
suddenly  
you became a man  
and I, a woman.

In the mid-way  
the boat vanished.  
In the place of your organ  
my organ took position, thereafter  
we swam together  
merrily  
on the graffiti of moss.  
When I kissed you,  
I kissed myself.

On the riverbed  
when my vagina bled,  
the sand in your look  
burnt my insides.

Without swaying away  
in the current,

licking with my tongue  
on your genitals  
I tasted lotus bud and wild potato.

When I parted my legs,  
a bunch of snails and crabs  
swam down into the water.  
The shores  
keeps fading away.  
River turns into sea.

M R Vishnuprasad

# The Zoo

House is near to the zoo,  
a hired killer  
A bird lover.  
Collecting the feathers  
makes albums.

In the holidays  
goes alone to the deep forest  
in the outskirts of the city.  
Those times I don't carry  
gun and knife.  
Without any weapons  
when I walk  
tigers and snakes  
comes in search of me.

One of these days  
before killing one person,  
he told me: "You smell of tigers."  
It's true.  
In my lap tigers have slept.  
Caressing their necks,  
feeling their teeth  
carved with fifty one alphabets  
is my hobby.

When kissing a tiger  
the sigh of love,  
no other kiss have given me.

The snakes waking up from the sleep  
between the trees feeding on the sunlight  
wind around the legs  
reminding the cold bodies  
of the murdered ones.  
Poison,  
Pillow,  
Knife,  
Rope,

Gun,  
used all of them to murder.  
I have been waiting for a long time  
to strike and kill a man  
like you kill a reptile.

Touching all the organs  
when the snakes embrace,  
I collect feathers  
from dried leaves.  
On a regular basis  
I extract the blood  
of the murdered one with a syringe  
and fills it in a bottle.  
The dead one's blood is too sticky.

In the free nights,  
I who smell of tiger  
wearing a snake around my neck  
keeps pasting the feathers  
in the album with sticky blood.

The ambition in life  
is nothing else.  
But to sneak into the zoo  
on a full moon night  
and free all caged beings.  
Want to die drowning  
in their smells  
and rise in the deep forest  
in the city outskirts  
with an album of feathers.

M R Vishnuprasad