

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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mandara pookal()

****the Blush**

I don't know of its color
It looks like its not new
So deep its actual tenor
So light in varied hue

I don't know of its gentle spread
In ways that are quite new
So lilting and so finely wrought
It's wondrous with a cue

I don't know of its softened touch
A wisp of air that breathes
Unto the heart unto the soul
A quickened pulse that reels

I don't know of its tiled content
We often dont know how
The gale of hurried wishes true
Innate but wondering now

I dont know of its hard appeal
So right and roaring felt
Beneath the skin the feel that runs
It creeps when mind so melts

I don't quite know the feel divine
That runs within in stealth
But now I know that this blush is
The reason for true wealth

mandara pookal

***in Your Arms**

Intoxication bears its semblance
As lies its flavour in the weary hour
Breathlessness surfaces as becomes
The need of the moment is peace

Fragrant flowing senses dispel
The fear of dual anxiety
You bear the burden of the one
Who lies in your arms till morn

Oh sleep! Glory to your offering
As mind surrenders and body vows
To be in your arms undisturbed
The morn hails you awake
Again to snugly disband for the night
Once more in your splendid arms

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^ Her Pride

She's soft as a feather
Spilling with pride
Sailing smooth waters
A swan that just glides

She's rave as the winter
Chilled and quite strong
She admits her follies
Sometimes she is wrong

She's cool as the summer breeze
No talking in haste
She manages the scene well
No hurry no waste

She's funny and witty
Call her a super clown
She's cautious and serene now
Ne'er takes things sitting down

She's early at sunrise
Some pure thoughts that gleam
A crystal clear sweetness
She spells out in streams

She's happy and content too
Quite rare find just now
So humble and merry
Call her a sweet dove

She's patient and passionate
A need that's divine
Her wants are so simple
Her thoughts to intertwine

She's thoughtful and eloquent
Woos man with great pride
To deal with a pleasure
She's honest on her side

She's quiet and quite silent
As watches and waits
Other's feelings she owns well
Her poems she creates

mandara pookal

^who Can Stop?

Who will stop these tears of joy
Who else but the cause
To whom these tears I owe
Who else but the cause

Who can stop these tears of grief
Who else but the cause
To whom these tears I owe
Who else but the cause

mandara pookal

Acceptance

Grace in the expression of a sentiment
Touches the inner cord of regained innocence
Prying in the knowledge of known longings
Sensitive to the understanding of male indulgence
Acceptance relegates to a higher level of surrender

Beauty in the questioning of a mood
Unravels the unexplored mind of surreal hopes
Intensifying the need for unknown trapped desires
Calculated to ramify the spirit of female inconsistencies
Acceptance breathes easy to conquer her pride

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Awakened

Beseiged by the memories of yesterdays
Flowing thoughts spin in realms of spurts
Of joys of knowing human inconsistencies
Now augured as natural without doubt

Precious is the sanctity of soul's search
Appealing yet wholly divine
Respecting the inner desires of another
Making them blend in with one's own

Haloed spirit of mankind's own denial
Of giving unto more than receiving
Rebounding joys of perched upheavals
Rouse the truths of minds quiet destiny

In the consciousness of mirth's finesse
Wakened by the nature of sublimity
Ravaging the roughness of female pride
Unto the softness of male understanding

Explanation:

So many bitter sweet memories that linger flow and bring back the joys of realisation of faults and follies that were not understood then as natural.

The soul searches another equally divinely awakened soul and wishes to respect the desires of the other with a willingness to blend and understand the purpose and fulfilment in the self through the other.

Man is generous but refrains from realising that he gives more than he receives and gets the joys through giving and knowing the consequences will continue his search for happiness through giving and prepare for his known destiny

Man is conscious of his joys and subtle desires which are touched by the purity of another in thought, words and action though sublime but reaches the goal of softening the female pride through the softer understanding of the male who cares. Finally it is love that wins the spirit.

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Awakening(2)

Yesterday's memory beseiged
Thoughts realm in flowing spurts
Human inconsistencies' known joys
Without doubt augured as natural

The soul's search is preciously sanctified
Divinity in its wholesome appeal
The other's innermost desires respected
Blended in with one's own realisations

Denial of mankind's spirit that's haloed
Receives less than joyful giving
Perching upheavals of joys that rebound
Rousing quietly the destiny of minds' truths

Mirth's finesse lies quietly in the shade
Only to be sublimely awakened
To reveal threadbare the complexity of female pride
Through the softest touch of the male's savoured guts

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Clever

She walks the ramp her heart in mouth
She's sure her move will leave no doubt
In reason logic and in mind
A trail of clues she leaves behind

Her thoughts are firm and find an edge
Though quick and sure she sits on ledge
Of mystery findings beaming new
She lets her find unravel the clue

The door is open she need not knock
The ramp her stage no need for shock
No hindrance felt in the other's whim
Walk in, exchange the ideas trim

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Have I Asked

Have I some questions asked
Known answers never come
The truth that sleeps to dwell and lie
In hearts and minds of some

Have I some answers known
Some insight owned to spare
Some falsehoods sown to freak and seek
Some questions that so dare

Have I some dreams unknown
To think and beam if true
Such harboured thoughts that linger well
And rare to reach to you

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Helpless

The first stirrings of a morn
Plunging the memory of yesterday
Brings to life the hopefulness
In yet another memorable day

Yet when the need of the moment
Springs to life the expectations yonder
Distraught and painful the experience
Of knowing yet unwilling to understand

The complexities of life
Of helplessness

The unexpected happenings
Of helplessness

The facts of life
Of helplessness

Oh god give us the power to hold within
For yet the sun is to meet the sea someday

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Her Songs

She sings her songs in hazy tones
And bares her heart untold
The lustrous feel of dewy looks
Unto her soul behold

In tarried notes that bear her sign
Revealing words that sing
To him his feel unsung divine
Such filling thoughts do bring

The joyful tunes that hold her sway
In righteous virtue true
Her mind and heart in tune to beat
With his in tango new

So much to say so much to share
So much to feel so much to care
So much reveal yet much to bear
So much to dare and much to air

That tune he knows and she knows too
The lyrics set to souls so blue
Some lacking felt but without clue
Then wholesome felt in winsome hue

She sings her songs to the river new

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How Could I Be

How could the world stand in the rain of hope
With the desire to be owned in part as a whole?

How could the dream stay alive without end
As wonder taints the strangest trend?

How could one claim to secure such peace
When life remains darker the cease?

How could man stand up to his will
Tough courage required to calm his quill?

God, grant me answers to these difficult thoughts
And ease my pain that each one has brought!

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How Fair?

Born to them, brought up by them
Cared and wondered
Cushioned and protected
They cultured and groomed
Bringing up as the peerless one

Now is it fair
To feel possessive?

Born once more, a new identity
Shelving away the memories
Of caring and sharing with kin
Those years buried forever
The marriage of souls now committed

How is it fair
To feel possessive?

We did not bring anything
We cannot take anything
But we can think anything
And we can imagine anything
To possess and be possessed
Is the maya of our mind and heart

Then everything seems fair
To be possessed and possessed
It is lovely to succumb to this feel

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If I

If I hear
Your love for me
If I am alive
I shall send it to you
If I see
Your form in things
If I am able
I shall mould my thoughts
If I touch
The cord of your being
If I am aroused
I shall convey my feel
If I speak
The words you think
To you alone
I shall send my peace

On wings of joy and silence
So your tears shall speak

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If Love Bends

There seems some lustrous locks that train to smooth and fill
The wonders of that fairyland that streams from yonder quill

In righteous bend of soul so fine that truly rents the air
A mind so lent to seek the strands of mighty dust so fair

A little still and slender thought that touches hearts so true
Fills out the air and pumps in zest to vindicate what's blue

Around the world this happens on between the souls that rule
The quintessence of rarer find that is the only tool

In softened hands that mould to mend the wounded heart that bends
Though harder in its essence felt it mighty seeks and lends

The quiet thought that roughly rides the burdened soul of youth
It streaks and runs in miles and spins and blurts the harder truth

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In The Light Of Her Vision

Breathless in her ambitious state
She receives the gifts of her life's rue
The uncanny looks of wounded venom
That pursue her thoughts to her soul

Her vision's crest looks for higher beings
To understand her search for her soul
Lost, mutilated, wounded and recovered
Her mission uncrushed and lofty in truth

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I've Been There Before

I've been there before
The space in your heart
It's crunchy inside
You're filled with such art
I've tried to make space
So trapped there inside
But all I have gained
Is silence that's price

I've been there before
The creek in your mind
It's raging inside
You're one of my kind
I've added to thoughts
In soulful sprung lines
But all I have gained
Is wrongful opines

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Known Answers

Is this maths or just some science?
Clawing into my veins with so much ease
Is this some solution to the pain of endurance
That hits against tough walls of placidity?
Is this the fibre of your youthful charm
That relates to the surge of womanly desire
Is this the rosy veil of sweetened softness
That rigs with finesse at the dainty heart

This is the science of pure cloned maths
That easily claws into my firmness
This endurance of painful suffering
So hits against the walled toughness
With charmed youthfulness that is the fibre
Of womanly desire that surges forth
Unto the softness of rosy sweet veils
That surround the puckered heart that rigs

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Simple Words

If my words are simple
If those kept are true
If so found revealing
They are the thoughts quite blue

If my words are rosy
In their crease so cosy
If they find their way
They'll keep you in their sway

If my words are neat
In sounding they are sweet
If they wind their feeling
Sure to keep you reeling

If my words are tight
In their might so right
If I deal them straight
Some may feel and hate

If my words are dragging
In feel if they seem lacking
Maybe not in mood
Ne'er intending to be rude

If my words spell love
In special place our cove
Some peace brought by a dove
To the end I vow

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Sunsilk Dreams

The horizon seems far in its formation
Yet with fond hopes of sun meets sea
I sit on the beach of silky dreams
Your head on my lap as I stroke
The worries and pains of all births
As the wind caresses our soul
Looking forward to the loveliness
Of our being together 'again'
For ever and ever and ever

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The Blush

I don't know of its color
Looks like its not new
So deep its actual tenor
So light in varied hue

I don't know of its gentle spread
In ways that are quite new
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That runs within in stealth
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The Search For A Soul

When the soul reached out for one
It clung to life that showed the way
Another soul so bold and true
The bliss of joy it came to stay

The faith and love it grew as well
To loving ones it means anew
Till love seeks out the common strand
To meet and greet wring out the blue

With joy abandon shared and cared
Some boldness true that so well fared
Till meet they did in time so due
This certain luck that visits few

Then parting time it came so sure
The pain and silence brought to fore
It wrung their hearts and soul to gore
They pined each other so much more

But love is in the mind and heart
There's no real end or no such start
There is no rhyme or reason why
Some lovers bond and others part

At any age this lovers' spurt
Mind rocks and rolls and sails in hurt
The pain it reels to leave behind
Is owned and loved for feel divine

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The Tearful Song

The dreamy shade of shadow's truth
Lies silent by the side of a brook
And weaving strains of hinterland
Cover and shower the newer look

Delightful tales of sighs and cries
Bring sweet and wonder to some eyes
As tales of sadness linger clear
The grief so shaken tied to fear

The weeping willow seems to grin
As facing southland firm and trim
As sunset cries in infant charm
The hurried birds fly close at arm

Dont cry for me for tears have dried
What's left acceptance that'll not cry
When beauty's found in hollow nest
Life projects well in singled zest

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When Love Bleeds

When did it seep through the deserted mind
That grasps the soul of youthful solitude?
The seeming stance that wakens bliss
That finds the truth that lasts in its midst

When did it waken the spirit of life
That clutches the thread of truth that bares?
The streaming sadness of separation
That rules the existence for one that rares

When did it sow the maze of trust
That raves and rants the sordid air?
The captured spirit of mind of youth
That spirals from root to show it cares

mandara pookal

Who Will Stop

Who will stop these tears of joy
Who else but the cause
To whom these tears I owe
Who else but the cause

Who can stop these tears of grief
Who else but the cause
To whom these tears I owe
Who else but the cause

mandara pookal

Wicked Conception

Let the world die its natural death
Let suffocation hold in single breath
Let the heavens open up to shred
Unsavoured minds that have trite bled

Go find the rules that touch
Go write in crooked minded such
Go ring the bells that clutch
Usurped unfounded much

There lies the rue with wicked past
There feel and wonder cast
There mighty souls have blast
Untouched the kind to last

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