

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Broken Images

The Morning

Avalanching

Fast And Furious:

:

Temperature Rising To 45 Degree At 8 AM

The Sound And Fury Of The News Vendor On TV

The Angry Clanking Of The Utensils

At The Hand Of The House Maid

Yes, The House Maid Bashing The Utensils

Just As She Was Bashed By Her Drunken Husband Las Night;

The Mood Multiplying

With The Wife Hurriedly Packing The New Tiffin Box

Bashes The Boy For Forgetting The Old One In School

Yes, The Wife Too Forgot To Go For A Blood Pressure Check Up

Returning From Office

Or Was She Too Busy Spying Her

Husband? The Husband...After

Reading The P M's Tribute To

Kamala Das

Was Frantically Searching Her Book

'My Story ' To Grudgingly Devour It

While On Tour.

The Morning Died Down

Tired

Like The Repeated Calls Of The Beggar

For A Penny Worth Of Sanity.

Ends.

Manoj Rath

02.06.2009

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Come, Let's Make Love

Come!
let's make love
and be happy.
Don't talk
just
let our lips graze.
Now that we 've met
through an eternity
what words
what phrases
can compensate
the desire to hold
the fire to re-explore
the familiar home territory.
We 've talked enough
in our absence
in solitude
in silence
over phone
didn't we exchange sweet nothings
darling; in the infinite dark nights?
what else to say
what else to chatter
we have said every thing
that we need to
in our silence.
It is time
we shed our reservation
like the unnecessary clothes
that we are wearing
And
let's make love
to live again
to pick up the scattered pieces
of lost time
and seal the infinity
with a hot simmering
KISS.
Come conquer me

as you please.

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Scratch The Darkness

Oh, Ruler!

Scratch the darkness

And you will find

the people having their daily quota of
paint mixed milk, fat adulterated ghee, pesticide infested sabzi.

Oh, Ruler!

Scratch the darkness

And you will find

the God of Dangria Kondh of Niyamagiri
blasted by dynamite of the alien corporate for bauxite
for blood, for virgin flesh, for the dreams of innocence.

Oh, Ruler!

Scratch the darkness

And you will find

liquid poison killing the poor dropp by drop
the hairy hand of lust tearing apart the bud of future
the seed of greed packed inside a kid's school bag.

Oh, Ruler!

You who are in an illusion of being a just king

Scratch the darkness

And you will find

nothing is sane or humane
In your kingdom.

If you wish to conquer

Conquer the hearts of millions

who are armed to the teeth with oozing anger.

Bullet is no answer for millions

A caressing hand wiping away the tears of blood

Can quench many a rebellions.

ENDS.

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The Wound

You've Stabbed My Heart

With Your Serpent Like Tongue

Icing It With Cold Venom;

Now, Each Word Of My Poem

Is A Drop Of Blood Sweetly Turned Blue

The Sting Will Become An Epitaph

But The Poem Eternal

For The Words Are Whispers Of Death:

Dark, Deep And Damned True.

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With Books In The Village.

one day
I will take a break
and sneak into my ancestral village
where there is no scope
for clicking a mouse
or surfing channels.
find a cozy little place
and perch like a bird
relishing the dense foliage.

one day
I will take a break
and sneak into my ancestral village
with a books- filled baggage
basking in the sun
open a book
which I bought
devoured a few pages
and left unfinished
to attend another unfinished
demand of life!
may be ' Love In The Time Of Cholera'
Or 'The Kite Runner'.
With no mouse to click
but a squirrel to
caress my feet;
I will mark the book in hand
carefully placing a fresh rose
between the pages
knowing the rose;
it will not remain
pink
red
or yellow.
But the little love of
delicate placing
will remain green
like the village
which stands virgin
a midst the ravages of time

for the visitors say:
the village of my ancestral days
has withstood change.
How I wish to be in the village
with the books- filled baggage!
with loads of solitude
back to Gabriel Garcia's passage.

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