

Poetry Series

Mavinda Cyril

- poems -



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Mavinda Cyril()

I'm a reticent reserve of monadic and poetic verve
From alterity unspoken thro' ages of unknown bards.



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Continental Scrapes!

The toxic culture of greed
Reigns sedate, in auras of authority.
It has raped our heritage
Worst than the foreigner hegemony
With sportive individualism
Sufficing as civil, as charters imply
Drubs us into vague drafts
Abroad, apart, far away culturally
Upon us as juments, fraud's
Pierced our fabrics of immunity!

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Essence

Time wreaks an unceasing itch
Onto lonely burden of my thoughts
Oft librates dense on the brink
As libations are poured into totes
Of discernment - carking strings
Basic to logic and meaning's rotes,
But doubt snakes her wings
Into the core of heart and soul!

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Fate

Tempting fate to prove a point
Is when danger's ruse annoints!

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Different Strokes

We're on the same page, but not on the same side; though like night and day,
same rules we may abide...

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Teary Windows

The rain, on the panes
Like a sallow river
Raging down the space
Leaves a shiver.

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We All Got Problems

To each his own is baggage internal
Conceited that 'hope springs eternal'
I wonder how one'd destine infernal
A soul for having erred under bane
That's existence! Upon it angst lade
Progress of minds and lifes' game
For so long to forget dogma's tirade
The grind, in hope of solution's lame
And thus some fervently claim
Even the insentient assort of golems
Even the sentient gnomes.....

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Broken Ranks

Things I do to elute a conscience
Wreak intimal senses to be frank.
Not that feign-trained insouciance
Nor the surrogate emotion bark,
Not elective, inevitable - perforce
To conjure long buried unsavoury
Truths I can't pause even if I chose,
Ain't obliged yet feels like a votary
Out on some elysian mandate
Yeah, to carry the can, feels Karmic
Upon the usurpers. Unlock gate
Into a hostile aura, that's vatic -
The select few ordered and barked
'Neath the corp veil some disappeared
Others lost to power-enamoured
Execs who publicly denied and lied

.....

Delays and threats vaticinate guilt
Secret deeds leave many aggrieved
Thus risk all to reveal the evil quilt
Of grabby cabal to others' reprieve.
Only a felo-de-se gaze will dare devil
To a challenge, the meek'll say.
Extol as intrepid for pulling a score
But forget, and from truth stray.

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Buy The Farm

Appalled by the oftenness
Of people cashing in chips,
I ponder o'er my odds, next
Time, mayhap my soul slips
Off into abstract void endless
Without tocsin, nor asking
Whether or not disposed
Grim Reaper comes, taxing
Life to sempiternal repose
Thus my mind works in
But what if there's choice,
And I'm somehow apprised
I'd wait with my poised
Life for that ultimate prize..

(It's Death's Caprice)

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