

Poetry Series

# **Minnoor srinivasan**

## **- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2020

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

## Minnoor srinivasan(DOB: 07-07-1939)

Minnoor Srinivasan (1939) is one among the famous poets of Tamilnadu, noted for his dedication to Nature poetry. He is also one among the pioneers who took the cause of developing literature for the younger ones.

Avoiding nonsensical rhymes and absurd verbal gymnastics for children, he always uses lucid language with crisp phrases and catchy idioms. Both the form and content of his poems try to mend the young minds in the correct path to grasp lofty ideals and noble thoughts.

# A School Boy's Wonder

Temple elephant  
All made in ivory  
It makes me wonder.  
Gandhi in the calendar  
On wall  
Laughs with a question.  
My Mom's  
Proud possession –  
The ivory casket  
Sheltering the costly  
Jewels  
Makes me wonder!  
My grand pa's  
Walking stick  
With a grand grip  
Carved in ivory  
Bewitches the beholders,  
As my grandpa  
Glibly walks!  
It makes me wonder!  
My uncle presented  
Me a tiny toy elephant  
Resembling the stately  
Man uses Nature  
For his needy or greedy ends?

Minnoor srinivasan

# Becoming Arjuna

I implored the Mistress of poetic Vision, thus;  
Grant me valor invincible  
Like Arjuna of Mahabharatha.  
Seeing my anguish and quest  
Pleading and plight, the Mistress obliged;  
Talk to my mind's ear.  
"You are devoured by desire.  
Let me guide: grow in valor.  
Take the subtle Bow of Life.  
Having two ends with one string of  
Equanimity  
As two ends good and otherwise  
Aspire to rise above petty whimper.  
Have the target of Foe internal - Maya.  
Illusion, the deceptive  
Elusive Fish which is in whirl constant.  
Let the arrow sharp,  
The Meditation arrow Surge into  
The realm - beyond,  
Into the space Inner-  
From being to Becoming  
Yes. Becoming Arjuna! .

Minnoor srinivasan

# Call Back The Doves

Call back the doves,  
yes.  
The desire-doves,  
Born of your mind,  
Dove's flitting and flirting are  
No more rewarding!  
Tired of roaming vain  
Call them back!

There is the vast blue  
inscape.  
Desire-dove, when  
Chirping and singing  
End in silence.  
Let it rest  
In the inner nest steeped  
in silence  
That excels the song,  
In the nest of soul  
Beyond minds  
Bickering feeble!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Come On! Sing Merrily

When the hard rock clashes and □  
Danishes vehemently  
Without any worry the creek sings  
Sweet melodies mellifluously;  
Even if difficulties dash against you  
Come on sing like a creek!  
Sing charmingly!

Black clouds in the sky  
Bombard each other  
Without any fear for the  
Terrific thunderstorms  
The lightning laughs at it  
With a flash of smile bright!  
If troubles dash in your life  
Happily laugh at them!  
Bloom! Be cheerful!

Neither hurricane nor tempest  
Can shake the Assembly of stars;  
Without any fear, they smile brightly,  
Driving away the darkness, they adore the sky;  
Whatever storm that meets you in life  
Should never bother you!  
Laugh away your worries!  
Brighten up your mind!  
Cheer up your heart!

Even if our hands bang and beat  
The drum is never hurt;  
It produces rhythmic treat  
To make us dance with joy!  
If misery and grief strike you  
Please don't get shattered!  
Let sweet music fill up your heart  
Brush up suddenly!  
Let your mind be absorbed in music  
Come on! Sing merrily!

Minnoor srinivasan

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If troubles dash in your life  
Happily laugh at them!  
Enrich your thinking!  
Bloom! Be cheerful!  
Bright vision and right decision  
Should lead you to heights.

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Can shake the Assembly of stars;  
Without any fear, they smile brightly,  
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Let your mind absorbed in music  
Come on! Sing merrily!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Darling Flower

Flower, Darling Flower!  
Who made thee  
In bower  
Many colours and hues  
Strangely who doth infuse!  
Lord is He for one and all  
Who made things big and small.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Doth Time Stay?

Time flows glibly  
Into unseen strange world  
Man feels constantly  
'I am simply growing old'!  
The clock shows time  
Click- click it sings  
Like turning book of pages  
New experiences it brings!  
Time abstract doth act  
As it elopes with FAME  
Yes ponder! It is a fact  
Day and night all a game!  
Throb of heart doth warn  
That TIME is up always  
As man acts joyfully  
Through ART and LOVE, TIME stays.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Dream And Scheme

Meet and mingle  
Never be single□  
Me and mine seeds  
of Ego!  
Erase the base.

Come out, with a  
Mind stout!  
From pulse to impulse  
Let the note be fresh,  
Out of your own mesh.

Go on web worldwide,  
Make a stride,  
Of soul's pride.  
One and same  
Creation's game.  
From atom to cosmos,  
Same Designer  
Dream and scheme.

By one and same  
One by Glorious one.  
Mastered by  
One Soul Supreme  
Dream and scheme!

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# Drop The Drop

In the holy presence of □  
Lord Buddha,  
His disciples gathered  
In a mood awe-filled  
The Lord presented a  
Question poignant,  
"If you are given  
A drop of water  
How would you preserve?"  
With surprise all  
Exclaimed,  
"It is but a drop!  
How can it be enduring?"  
The Lord quibbled:  
"Drop the drop  
In the ocean bear, to bear!"

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# Dust Bin

Dust bin dust bin  
Put the rubbish in  
Throw not elsewhere!

Put them in bin's care  
All things, worn out  
Wait for lorry stout  
From time to time engage  
Staff to clear garbage  
Broken glass pieces of wood  
Thrown away stale food  
Stuffed it looks a glutton  
puzzy cat even there leaps on  
Bits of paper dirt and moss  
Fills to brim as it was  
Bin's belly then emptied  
By staff prompt was indeed.

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# Eloquent In Dreams

Love! Is it ogling glance  
Or a strange trance!  
Love - mere word,  
To conjure up, a word of the dream world!

Word,  
Mirroring emotions  
Half - human and half divine,  
Love chirped by every  
Bird,

Man - the love - bird  
Has the song in bosom  
As silence  
Love is eloquent in  
Dreams, than in  
Reality.

Then guess - what is  
The substance called  
Love, the throb of  
Being, beats to  
Say: it is the weakness  
Of the strong and  
The strength of the weak!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Exist Find Exit

On the seashore  
Crabs galore  
Crawl and crawl  
One and all.  
Build their homes  
Sandy and cozy.  
Then and there  
Build, exist  
Momentarily.  
The waves ruthless  
Chase and dash  
Sweeping the homes, smash!

Tenanting the house-hole  
Comes and goes the tiny soul.  
Willingly loses to,  
The waves scathing.  
The crabs move bathing  
Lose them unto  
The fortunes on the shore  
Drench and crawl  
Bother! Not at all!

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# Fancy Cake

Cake, fancy cake  
In many shapes they make  
Ships and planes  
Birds and cranes  
Cake, fancy cake!

Santa's sledge  
River and bridge  
Cake, fancy cake  
Much fun and fair  
Stand we stare!

Love-birds are still  
Keeping calm their bill  
Buses double decker  
All in plum and sugar!

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# Filling The Soul

Azure hills and deep dales  
Wake to the note of nightingales!  
The very air is just thrilled  
Into peace, my soul is filled.

And then I greet the ridge  
Wrapped in fog and bridge  
That connects people to meet  
All souls seem to gladly greet!

Bud and big-lipped flower  
Greet the visitors in bower  
A bird lonely sits on a tower  
Dreaming perhaps of happy hour!

Love flows in the dry soul  
Makes it alive to pouring joyful  
Where doth every being find refuge?  
In Nature bountiful fabulous and huge!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Fish Tub

Fish, at their own sweet whim  
Softly glide, move and swim,  
Colors feasting frenzied eye,  
Make also fine attire simply  
Creating bubbles the fish play well  
Leaving onlookers in Beauty's spell!  
Exotic hues dots and lines  
Of fish dash in aqua shines!  
Thus full of patterns charming  
Arrest us in mood enchanting,  
Aqua transparent screens the dance  
Of fish, leaving us in wordless trance.  
The petal-like fish, soft and mellow  
Form traffic in tub to and fro.

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# Fling A Coin....

Loathsome, filthy and languid am I  
Alongside the footpath so helplessly  
Crying, look here, fling a coin, kiddo!

□

Like a leaf dry in cyclone, blown forlorn  
I suffer and suffer until dusk from morn  
Look here kiddo the world doth me scorn!

Day in and day out I suffer and die  
A living death seeking Time's mercy  
For redemption through Death from aching penury!

This wayside the people without a sigh  
Glimpse me, hearts unmoved pass by,  
I beg you kiddo, put a coin kindly!

Kindly my darling playful, blithe and gay  
Bent I am with age filled with dismay  
Don't you fling a coin, hope you may!

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# Florid Poem

Shall I write now and sing!  
A poem like mind's quivering  
Shall I create a florid poem?  
As a bird flits across the sky bloom  
And a fish moving in aquarium  
In the blues cape rain splashes  
There the lightning lashes  
Shall I poetize pleasure and pain?  
With the same state and strain  
Poem is but a sigh and question  
Defying any answer to mention.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Fondling Breeze And Forest Beckoning

Waving fields green in a sunny day  
Beckons, feast your eyes it may.  
Azure mountains in snow-capped majesty  
Attract your mind behind veil misty.

Yonder the forest with its mantle deep  
Calls upon your soul in peace to keep  
Look at the arch of rainbow across the sky.  
Though colorful looks motionless lying lazy.

Softly the breeze fondles the thick forest  
Where the animal kingdom takes warm rest  
The birds forget to chirp, sleep along  
Until the warm rays awaken the notes of song.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Fragrance After Drizzle

The strings of pearl cut by breeze  
Fall as rain-drops in all ease;  
The moistened earth blushes green  
With richness celebrating the scene;  
Blooming and poignant her countenance  
Smears wondrous thrill, the fragrance;  
The muddy earth spreads incense;  
Maddening, alluring the smelling sense;  
Drenched earth by the sweet showers  
Is worth a thousand flowers:

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# From Gloom To Bloom

There the seller of dolls and toys□  
Calls upon the kids, girls and boys□  
The young swarmed at him gladly□  
But the seller felt so badly  
For he was blind, not to see  
The colorful toys he sold to kids' glee!  
The young and their parents paid him right  
Exact price for toys looking bright  
Around him in the daylight bustle  
Ambiance so filled with wonder and puzzle  
The seller felt a joy ineffable  
Consoled himself, and so able  
To steer clear the unfortunate gloom  
And go along the tide of joy and bloom.

Minnoor srinivasan



# From Sordid To Sublime

I shall put all in a string  
Of verbal melody and sing!  
All the stray pearls and gems  
Of experience created from sordid whims.  
I sublimate them into luminous plane.  
Every grain would not go in vain,  
As the alchemy transforms the base  
Metal into costly luster to gaze  
Bubble like things grow into pebble  
And then as diamond dazzling marvel!  
The poet's pen scribbles into to splendid  
A thing that is otherwise banal, candid!

Minnoor srinivasan

# From The Stony Silence

The sculptor's chisel wakes up  
Hitherto unknown image  
From the stony silence  
There arises a creation  
Of a frozen state fluid memories  
The image born of chisels pat deft stroke  
Stands, casts a spell  
On the passer by!  
Who heaves a sigh?  
Someone greeted the sculptor  
The image emerging seemed to articulate  
Am I not to be prayed?  
Meanwhile chisel's note of melody  
Pervaded in the air,  
Cling the chisel doth sing!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Hail Dreams

Dreams deck and honor  
Hail dreams!  
Lovers' domain of  
Life with openness and  
Shy eloquence,  
When the world of reality  
Throws bitter threat  
Dreams have rescue and reward.  
After the candle is burnt fully,  
The light enters in timid gestures.  
And then the lovers greet,  
Each other revel, in bliss.  
No trace of shadows of  
Frightful pain  
As it is the unique domain  
Hail the dreams  
Every time they adorn and  
Console one's life-breath.

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# How Dharma Charka Became Dharma Chakra

The dignity of India is hit.  
India is sobbing helplessly,  
As the ruthless hands of  
Dussasan, the villain called ADHARMA  
Disrobed her!  
Let us not wait for the  
Advent of Lord Krishna, the  
Lord of Souls.  
Let us weave and deck  
India with the apparel of  
Dharma in our daily life and  
Committed duty for her!  
Gandhiji emerged in modern world  
He is Krishna, serving and guiding  
After shedding untruth  
Throwing away the flute of Maya-illusion,  
The warp and woof is  
Truth and non-violence that  
Flow to protect the garment of India.  
We owe to Gandhiji the great redeemer  
That held the charka of Dharma  
Spinning yarns from the  
Cotton of native spirituality!  
Thus Charka became  
The Chakra of Dharma!

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# How I Wish

I saw a rose radiant in the morn  
How I wish it has no hurting thorn! □  
I stood on the shore of the tumultuous sea  
I wish seagull's wings to fly along in glee.  
As I see the cluster of stars in sky  
I wish I count them whimsically.  
I wish to see two crescents in a while  
As I behold twin tusks of the elephant, smile  
Wishes a few come true at times,  
The Bell of luck rarely chimes!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Hues

Still the mind  
Instill the mind big  
In still mind  
You will find  
Silence in eloquent.  
Experience rich  
Inward bliss  
Beyond all exuberance  
All commotion  
All emotion  
Die into space inner  
Be one with ether,  
Breathe in rhythm  
Welcome the thought of non-entity.

Dissolve ego and  
Solve the knot of illusion.

Come out of  
The usual living  
See you're self  
Out of mind prism-  
All hues disciplined  
In spectrum still!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Inner Vision

Oh! Men, who remain  
Prisoners under the canopy  
Blue and vast!  
You are wriggling without  
Wings of wisdom!  
You are bereft of inner vision  
As the elemental dance of the creator,  
Presents all a riddle unraveled.  
Are you in tune with your own?  
Being?  
Or straying away from it  
You have not quenched your  
Endless thirst.  
May be you are all caught  
In a Labyrinth!  
Whom do you search for?  
Ultimately!  
Would you reach the destination?  
Or end in thin air?  
Time is but a poem unread.  
Life is the rhythm ringing!  
Do you read the poem?  
And listen to the poetic rhythm!

Minnoor srinivasan

# It Seems

It seems  
I should be  
Soft as petal  
Strong as metal  
To write on  
Man, God and life!

It seems  
I should be  
Humble as a child  
To wonder  
The Moon,  
And the star-sown sky.

It seems  
I should be  
A busy bee  
In love's bower  
To sing, or never!  
Ridges and bridges  
Call upon  
To sing on and on!

It seems  
I should belong  
To every planet  
To cast the verbal net!

Minnoor srinivasan



# Journey

'i' is the horizon,  
'I' is the sky!  
From micro to macro  
Soul travels from ego  
to nameless vista!  
The journey is endless  
One can add and plus!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Kite

Flown is the kite in air  
Looks in azure sky, fair  
It has more than one tail  
In the blue space doth sail!

The boy holds the thread tight  
Adding color to the sky bright  
Until it gets trapped in tree  
Kite does not sink, it's free.

Look yonder the cloud dark  
Kite penetrating doth embark  
For a moment see its hides  
Kite designed then soars and glides.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Laser Of Wisdom

Vision is blurred by layer thin  
That is called cataract that sets in.  
- It is like the misty film-  
Laser of wisdom removes the cataract  
And enables glimpse truth intact.  
The inward eye needs to be  
Free from the blur finally!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Lashing Rain

Water-proof shoes I wore  
Along stream's shore  
The rain I didn't foresee  
My Mom warned repeatedly.  
As I came out rain lashed  
On me it ruthlessly splashed  
Rain poured from above  
Drenching my cap and shoe  
Wearing the cap in hue blue  
Earth Mom presented gay view;  
Looking at myself in fret  
Mom said, "An umbrella you did forget! "

Minnoor srinivasan

# Lit The Lamp

In the heart-cave illusory  
Darkness resides.  
The cave is grim in grave silence.  
Lit the lamp of Meditation.  
It would issue glow and flow.  
The light without wick and oil  
Would not falter and flicker!  
Hail the light of domain inner.

Minnoor srinivasan

## Little One In The Cradle□

Your charm bewitches words beyond  
Like the lotus bud in the crystal pond!  
As I push the cradle forward and back  
You laugh like the duck's quack!  
Your beauty graces the cozy cradle  
We meditate on a lullaby and fondle!  
O! Little one dear charming child  
Our minds mad with joy go wild!  
Memory of the mundane living fleets  
As the little one's smile unique greets!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Log On With 'You'

Within you  
There is the sky  
Ever widening.  
Look into you.  
From that space  
Look at you-the outer sheathee.  
The real you  
The inner view.  
The big you  
Is all view  
Transcend the  
Mask, the small you.  
The living petty  
You must reach  
Beyond it  
Living, into  
Nothingness?  
Go beyond  
For fullness  
Conquer the Matter  
Grasp the Force  
The loss apparent  
Is the Gain transparent!  
Matter matters not  
While the soul  
Is the matter sole!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Love's Splendor

Love's splendor friendly gesture  
Provide the naked soul vesture  
Passion and being are full of charm  
Petty things do not harm!  
Dream of thorny woods now fled  
Beyond hatred, beckons love's floral bed  
Love the child help the soul - mate  
Nature maternal comes to sublimate  
Then all life is sacrament, game  
Well-played beyond reproach and fame  
Loneliness hatred are erased no trace  
Of such darkness on Bliss's Face!

Minnoor srinivasan



# Loving Gestures

The teacher wished to  
And children went to the zoo.  
Fun and fear were in fusion  
For a moment joyous confusion.

Kids found frightened at lion's roar  
Birds beckoned them with colours galore!  
One of the kids wondered to see  
The peacock's feather joyfully.  
Dappled and designed with thousand eyes  
The bird was a feast fond and nice.

One wondered what if one can  
Pluck a feather from the gorgeous train!  
"Don't pluck the feather from the train  
It would harm the bird in pain.  
The peacock gorgeous with loving gesture  
Might shed feathers full of lustre",  
So a little kid willingly said  
"Wait for the peacock to shed".

Minnoor srinivasan

# Mind-Canvas

Tides mount in speed on sea  
Tending to touch farthest sky,  
But to oblige shore's silent plea!

□

Garlands of words do make□  
Poetry, filling aroma in readers' mind  
All words for harmony's sake

□

Emotion-dipped brush so soft  
Runs to depict imagination's riot  
Only to keep mind-canvas aloft.

Minnoor srinivasan

# My Sweet Afar

Diving for pearls□  
In mendicant's tears  
I weave a wreath of stars  
I come to you, my sweet afar.

Gathering wine  
From women's lips  
And honeyed children's looks  
I come to you, my sweet afar.

In dark of dusk  
I scrape all hues  
Of day's rich husk  
I come to deck, my sweet afar.

I wring sweet tunes□  
From leaping streams  
For you to dance in trance  
As you are my giddy sweet afar.

I churn fairy lights  
From little children's  
Rhapsodical eyes  
For you have to blaze, my sweet afar.

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# Myself A Sea-Gull

I threw the net in the ocean of experience, on the bank of life.  
The net is but my poetry;  
I sat on the chill soft sand.  
Contemplating i sat on the shore of life.  
I cast the net, yonder i see the waves of the sea appearing like the waving green  
fields.  
And the foam and surf of the sea  
Resembling the grains at the top, in the fields of ocean's coast.  
The sea-field has the eternal harvest ready with the surf grains.  
To be reaped by the sea-gulls flying like the silver-sickles  
I will also love the sea of life let me become a sea-gull  
Wading and flying through- singing the song of the surging sea of life;

Minnoor srinivasan

# Name It

Breeze wooed and whispered  
In the rustle  
Of the ear-leaves  
Of the tree:  
"I love dear"

The tree in a mood,  
Self forgetful,  
Spoke to the breeze;  
"I pine for you"

So, the breeze replied  
"You are the tree pine".

Minnoor srinivasan

# Nature Mom's Law

In all majesty elephant treads  
The track as the green mantle spreads  
Forest wears new fine look  
Amidst deep wood runs the brook  
Birds chirp their notes at will  
And the song warble is presented through bill.  
Elephant in its trunk, curly arm  
Smells the moistened earth and feels warm  
Looks at the tender bamboo shoots  
Steps near thicket and loots  
Elephant doth enjoy eating the bamboo tender  
Who will stop the mighty greedy figure?  
Alas! What it would be? Bamboo would perish  
Nature's law makes the bamboo again to flourish!  
For in a day or two insipid the shoots would be  
From the elephants bite the bamboo is spared free  
The tasteless bamboo thrives, shoots skyward  
Maternal Nature's law saves as rescuing guard!

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# Nature's Charm Fascinating

Distant hills look like soft tides□  
Sylvan beauty mist draped, forest hides  
Its trees creepers in emerald green  
The roar of falls breaks silence unseen  
Then the lashing lightning across cloud  
Hits in a flash, against the dark shroud  
Though momentary charms of nature unfold  
Only to free our mind, rescue from ennui's held!

Minnoor srinivasan

# New Year Plan

It shall be happiness joy and fun  
When you will shoot with camera and not gun  
Radiate love and its warm light☐  
Forget petty things and frightful fight  
Varied skin! Look from within.  
Humanity is one family kith and kin?  
Colors different coexist on dolphin  
Color and hue commune in soul and skin.  
Under the sky-roof we make a clan  
In this NEW YEAR this is our choice plan.

Minnoor srinivasan



## Not Wet....

I learn from everything  
Yes,  
From even banal thing  
The shore lifted me apparently.  
Alongside, the stream  
Flows with ripples  
Circles, largely written  
On sheet (of water)  
As it flows gently, softly  
My shadow falls on!  
My shadow falling on the stream  
Not drenched or wet.  
Let my mind stay  
Sun-drenched with desire and dismay!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Notes And Hues

Notes and Hues

Cuckoo sang to the notes of flute  
Awakening my heart-strings hither to mute  
The flash of lightning in blue heavens!  
Lifts me from slumber sordid, a song to commence  
I glimpse yonder hues of the rainbow  
It gives florid color poesy's glow.  
Tides of boisterous breakers sing.  
To say, life is leaping up, for shore less  
rejoicing!

Minnoor srinivasan

# One And All

The thin ripple along seashore  
Whispered softly, "I love you more"

Wavering breeze whispered into petal-ear,  
I wandered in search of you my dear,

The creeper anxious with silent love,  
Embraces, the trunk in a pond furrow,

There the waterfalls boisterous call  
Abundant love announcing for one and all.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Only To Give Back

Oyster's mouth opened in fond hope  
Then rain made its way into sea as drop  
The dreamy time passed slowly  
Someone dived deep for the reward pearly!  
The radiant sun-orb in broad sky  
Bestowed the flower, gift of brilliance gladly  
Then the flower gratefully returns in bower  
Transforming the warm rays into myriad color  
The prism of imagination, the poet's mind  
Is rare gift of life, queer kind?  
When life's light enters in poet's ken  
He gives back in array spectrum's pattern!

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# Panda Bear

Panda bear sprightly panda bear  
In chill weather left to bear.  
The fur-coat panda doth wear  
As gift from nature's loving care  
Eats tender bamboo sprout  
Panda tastes mushroom munching soft  
The green shade and deep forest  
Offer panda cool comforting rest.  
Hither and thither panda glibly runs.  
Clothed in fur without buttons□  
Happily hopping moving in the wood  
Panda shares with cub its favorite food.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Paper Crowns

They hop and sing happily  
Greet each other in glee!  
Birthday the kids celebrate  
Finding warm willing soul-mate  
Paper crown they prefer to wear  
Kids boisterous join fun and fare!  
No trace of pain or frown.  
They are one in paper crown  
Kids establish the kingdom of God  
The winds thrilled, bless with a nod!  
Kids jump with joy and fun  
Besetting boundaries they shun.  
Together the kids warmly rejoice  
Greet happy birthday in uniting voice!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Parrot In Cage

Krishna is dark  
But is sun to my soul  
My life's sole goal  
Sea - wave's blaze  
Krishna in every sweep□  
Entrancing rainbow's leap.

Krishna is first□  
In all creation's thirst  
For all galaxies burst  
Krishna is song serene  
Enchanting worlds like witch  
And stellar tunes enrich,  
Dark, dark, eternally black  
Krishna glooms in me  
A bird caught in glee!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Penance

The sun beam flows mellow  
As tides of saffron yellow  
Bathing the lotus in pond;  
Still stands enchanting  
The lotus, her petals panting,  
Looks like a dream.

Words beyond  
Like a poet obsessed  
Like a love confessed  
Is the Lotus in trance?  
Has she homage to offer  
Secrets cherished to murmur  
Standing in one-legged  
Penance!

Minnoor srinivasan



# Proud Ogling Peacock

As you dance it doth fascinate  
The soul of the frenzied female mate  
In the train of feathers eyes galore  
Unfolding color and hue splendor!  
You dance in ecstasy spontaneously  
At your will under cloudy canopy  
You strut about unfurl Beauty!  
Shed one or two feathers in glee  
Bewitching eyes beckon us to see  
Arrays of colors at once open  
Blue green bluish tint and so on!  
Feasting the painters' quizzical eye!  
Befitting the crest on your head  
Proud ogling attracts, ennui fled!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Rainbow

Rainbow

Is it the banner or festoon hung in the heavens, glorifying the rain?  
When the sun-light and the rain-filled clouds embrace -  
Perhaps the fond impress has brought the color-pattern!  
S it a silent communication saying that the wealth withers in  
The momentary mundane living;  
Is it a painting on the canvas of sky?  
Or is it a bow without a string!  
Is it the dream of a virgin?  
There are in the world, arrows galore that would hurt and kill  
But i behold the bow, amidst the clouds,  
Dripping and dropping the life-giving arrows;  
Hail the bow of peace in the world of turmoil writhing desperate and restless;

Minnoor srinivasan

# Riddles

Is it the snake sneaking? □

In the grove sylvan□

It is but the river□

Welcome by the trees

Greeting with dropping flowers

Night tries hatching

The moon-egg

In the attempt abortive

Sheds the dew-tears

Poor night-hen!

As the dark florist sea

Trying to sell surf-flowers,

None to smell and buy!

The writhing sea wails

Alas!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Ringed Parrot

Ringed parrot, ringed parrot!  
Picking, eating sweet carrot!  
Chirps to greet when strangers meet!  
Stays in wooden cage prattles, reads a page?  
As if in a book of rhymes and trembles when bell chimes!  
When i say, smile a while to click for photo-file,  
Timid the parrot so it looks says something, beyond books!  
I offer to drink and eat  
Fail not to fondle, greet!  
The parrot shivers in fear  
As the cat moves near!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Sect And Insect

Where knowledge is free  
Horizons extend!  
Brother and sister  
In that ever-extending space  
Flock together!  
Though multi-hued are  
Our feather!  
Seeking and searching  
Not exclusive and  
Sectarian realms  
Towards one world  
With an air for breathing  
Impulse and pulse should  
Throb with fraternal bond!  
Let us flock with wings of  
Love and Liberty,  
No sects and evils-dividing  
Bards become Birds!  
Where knowledge is free:  
Even the harmonium that we play  
Has a note of harmony,  
Having reeds vibrant  
And it reads the note of living.  
The entire world is a fit abode  
Where knowledge is free ....  
No petty parochial division,  
No duality, only fraternity.  
My soul-mates!  
You believe in peace and love!  
If you believe in Sect  
You are Insect!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Self And Self

From 'i' to 'I'  
An eternal journey!  
Drop to an ocean  
Leaf to tree  
Atom to universe  
It is religious verse!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Shall I Greet

I would like to  
Award a prize  
to the sleepless poet-sea  
Singing to all times.  
Shall give compliment  
To one who decked the peacock  
With plumage of hues galore.  
I shall award a prize  
To the Artist  
Who introduced light and shade  
And greet the gardener of the sky

I shall seek  
For the Boy  
Who kicked the sun-ball  
To the west and award.  
I shall congratulate  
The Great Weaver  
For Rainbow- banner.

I shall glorify  
The great Soul  
Who gave me the mind  
And the soul to glimpse  
And pay tribute to  
All creations.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Soul Symphony.

The cat in man doth whine  
Always me: Me: and Mine!  
Clung in possession, Man though wise  
Happy state changes otherwise  
The cat ego braggart doth wish  
Makes exit, peace to vanish.□  
But the cat's deceptive illusion  
Is bereft of sharp glittering vision  
The cat of ego casts a shadow  
Those leys in being subtle, lo!  
Can one burn or wash the shadow?  
Rescue redemption from cosmic ego  
Arrived in the inner being and so  
The shadow cat whines no more  
Only soul symphony, no furore!

Minnoor srinivasan



# Swing-Song

I go to and fro□  
Seeing high and low  
Swing takes above  
And safely below!

High and low on par  
We feel not even in car.  
Swing and sing along  
As fancies galore throng!

Hills and dales fascinate  
Me! Nature turns my soul-mate  
Inner being lost in thrill  
Of movement and sweet will!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Teresa, The Saintly Mother

Orphaned, forsaken and disown destitute  
Waited moaning, groaning and mute  
Until the Touch Divine came to lift  
From the listless lot, love bereft!  
The dirty dismal hollow dust bin  
For a moment sheltered without kith and kin.  
Worldly mother had thrown disowning the child,  
As the spiritual mother offered care mellow mild!  
Canonized soul has power and will  
Help and listen prayers still.  
Did not the mother saintly say?  
"Find this joy of sharing, you too may! "

Minnoor srinivasan

# The Cosmic Self

i am I write, for I am  
i feel humble, simply!  
I shed off the capital state  
If myself would be  
One with vastness,  
The soul-flower shall  
Open to merge  
Into fullness, I would  
Project myself into the profile I,  
The cosmic I!

Minnoor srinivasan

# The Fabulous Mine

Clouds gather deep and dark□  
Are adorned by VIBGYOR - arch!  
Likewise though for a moment fleeting  
Life must get art's noble greeting!  
Color and charm of Fancy's domain  
Bewitch, grip the ken so fine!  
Material world cries mine, mine!  
Men Forget ART the fabulous mine.  
That wealth of art, if bereft  
The whole earth poorer will be left!

Minnoor srinivasan

# The Jubilant Tide And The Joyous Kids

Teacher surrounded by kids,  
Tiny souls  
Stood by sea side!  
There the play of tide  
Bewitched and beckoned.  
A child said, "May we fasten  
Bubble and surf into string of pearls?"  
The teacher quibbled, "No it will be  
Impossible!"  
"Let us go home it is twilight" said the teacher.  
Kids jubilantly said "we shall count the tides  
One by one and see the last one of the sea!"  
Teacher stood wonder struck.  
Another juvenile voice proclaimed,  
The sea lives up to reach the rim of the sky!  
But another child wondered, the sky remains calm  
And voiceless!  
The teacher too remained wordless along with  
The kids boisterous and Nature, silent witness.

Minnoor srinivasan

# The Lily Pond

The sheet of water, the transparent pond  
Looks beautiful, fine, woods beyond!  
The pinkish lily smiles shed gladly  
Its image on the sheet mirroring the lily!  
The blue sky looks into the pond-mirror  
The onlooker is treated with visual flavor.  
The lily with soft tips of flower  
Smiles in wide-open petal lips, wild wonder  
Then shower sudden falls  
Aquatic pitter patter  
The sheet now is wrinkled water  
The image of lily is but strange  
And onlooker wonders at the aquatic change!

Minnoor srinivasan

# The Prattled Panchavarna Parrot

The parrot prattled  
The mass and the elite  
Gathered around.  
The parrot uttered:  
My message is as old as the hills  
But one and all found it,  
Uphill task while trying to  
Emulate Truth  
They listened and listened  
The parrot treated all alike,  
Said, all are leaves of the same tree  
The parrot was true to its prattle:  
My life is my message  
Simple for ears  
Beyond grasp and grip  
In real living  
One day cat emerged  
And sneaked  
Frenzied and fanatic  
Crafty and cunning  
The cat snatched the parrot  
Alas! a victim that wore  
The look assumed the five varnas□  
(colours of fivefold caste)  
The panchavarna parrot of  
The Sanadana clan.  
The parrot that try to unite,  
Ignite the fire of brotherly love  
Finally fallen a prey helpless  
On the land tarnished with  
Violence and duality.

Minnoor srinivasan

# The Swinging Soul

The question put to me  
By myself is this:  
Who writes poetry?  
Is it the silence in you?  
Or the pattern found in melody of words?  
In their arrangement!  
Whether Experience  
Seeks for a  
Voice of Being  
That is married to musical words!  
Or something complete in the listener's mind  
That finally matters!  
Questions swarm at  
As scathing as waves in  
boisterous.  
In the inmost being  
The poetic soul swings between  
Silence and melody!

Minnoor srinivasan



# There Falls The Shadow

The sun peeps  
Out in the sky  
Creates shadows  
Big and small!

What is the  
Stuff or thing  
Called shadows?

In the morn things  
Called shadows  
Assume shapes  
At sun's will

They crawl grow  
Then shrink  
The shadows  
Fall on waters,  
Not drenched!

But all in black  
They appear.  
The sunlight  
Seems to fling and  
Throw.  
The sun calls back  
At the fall of dreamy  
Dark Dusk, which, just  
Swallows the shadow  
In grim silence.

The sun wakes the  
Shadows galore  
When the flowers laugh  
And smile at  
The fall and rise of  
The shadows!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Time Is A Wonderful Maid

Time is a wonderful maid!  
She is changing her name daily  
As- "Yesterday" "Today" and "Tomorrow"!  
She never stops her travel  
Like wind and river, moving always,  
Her journey is on, on and on!  
Time is a wonderful maid!  
A virgin maid forever and ever;

Then and now I have seen her beauty  
Here and there I have observed it;  
Desire is my brush to hold it with grip  
Here and there, in my heart  
Which is a screen, to preserve it?  
I am drawing with my might.  
In her beautiful forehead  
She keeps dark night as a dot;  
The marble moon is  
Her adorable face;  
Perpetually she preserves her youth  
Everlastingly young,  
She never becomes old;  
The morning star is a flower for her  
She decorates her head with it  
Before the dawn blossoms;  
The bright color of the morning  
Becomes the turmeric paste for her  
After applying it for face  
She plucks the evening sun  
And puts it in her forehead  
As a beautiful Tilak.  
She covers her face  
With fog as a veil;  
After a while  
She rises again  
Like an awesome painting!  
Oh! Eternal beauty!  
The red sky in the dusk  
She takes with much pleasure

To adorn her feet as a red paint!  
The early night darkness  
Is a cosmetic ointment  
For her eyes;  
Time - a wonderful maid  
Never becomes old  
Like a poem highly classic  
She lives a life of eternity!  
The rhythmic musical sound of rivers  
Is a wonderful tribute for her?  
The spring, full of flowers, is the  
Enchanting smile of the maid, Time!  
The Fame which never withers,  
Remains as her friend forever!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Toys

Toys beautiful we do sell  
With them children play very well  
Funny big toys talk and sing  
Birds colorful striking wing!  
Horns and caution bells sound  
On lookers attracted attention bound!  
Elephant, Giraffe stout Pig  
As in zoo small and big  
Bears dark with bushy fur  
Leopard, Lion, Deer, Tiger.  
The Parrot's bill bent so nice  
Toys tagged to slips of price  
.Come and buy girls and boys  
You may safe keep the toys!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Transforming The Ignoble...

Lord Buddha wandered searching Truth  
Renouncing royal living, gone forth! □  
And the Master went from door to door  
With a begging bowl, pomp no more!  
Stood like a painting calm and stately.  
Lord tranquil, observed silence quietly!  
From inside the house a lady vociferous  
Uttering ignoble words to ears pious brought food.  
Tarry a little, the Lord merciful softly said  
If I refrain from accepting the offering, O Maid!  
Who would own it, kindly say?  
With a nod she uttered, "Certain own I may! "  
Thus if I don't accept words unrefined  
Who shall own? Hearing words kind  
The land-lady got enlightened!  
Prostrated solemnly at the feet noble  
Repenting for her blunder terrible!

Minnoor srinivasan

## Under The Greenwood..

The woods are green for bird and beast  
Offering shade safe and feast  
If man goes with axe to fell  
Arid dry will become earth dismal  
Sky-canopy moans in silence  
As the earth erased of greenery  
By wordless violence the axe's folly  
Flower fruit and the song of the birdie  
All a banquet provided by trees naturally  
Sit, smile at Nature's maternal lap  
Then look for laptop and world-map!  
Before the green images go fleeting  
Capture, house them in laptop greeting!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Virtue, The Armor

Life is indeed a battlefield  
To compulsion and compromise I yield!  
Glibly what I imagined to be,  
A game, was otherwise surprising me!  
Preparing guarding myself for war  
Moved forward to make or mar.  
The sword of intellect, I wield so strong  
Against many dark ills that throng!  
In spite of sword's mightier rig  
I found life's challenge big!  
Besides swords glitter and sway  
To guard myself from attack and slay  
I thought I would wear the armor  
Of VIRTUE to protect in all fervor!

Minnoor srinivasan



# Voice Of Oneness

Leaf, bud or charming flower  
Enjoy breathing air of oneness in bower  
Together: not to divide or dissect  
Oneness should pave to eschew narrow sect  
Dolphin suggests in a silent gesture  
By wearing black and white skin-vesture!  
No more differences apparent transient  
Should mar love's law ancient  
Under the blue calm rim of sky  
Boisterously singing, leaps up the mating sea!  
The creepers encircle the trunk of tree  
Thus sharing fond embrace free!  
Unfettered by dead convention live afresh  
Life's lesson, learn in the mortal mesh.  
Look from within, Mind-cup's open mouth  
Then there shall be no north or south!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Voice Of Poesy

Silence interlacing tunes  
It is a feast to loot: □  
Darkness in eye  
Turns pupil's light.

Mist roams to net a star  
But defeated it sinks to earth:  
Human difference a misty net  
Amaze our browse.

The image in heart sailed the sea  
Of poetry's realm all glee:  
Heights and depths a mirage-  
Amuse our fancy.

Scholar's heart is shore  
Creator's mind a store  
And poetry plying river's floods  
A lightning weaves in starry buds.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Wealth Of Art

Clouds gather deep and dark  
Are adorned by VIBGYOR arch!  
Likewise, though for a moment fleeting  
Life must get art's noble greeting!  
Color and charm of FANCY'S domain  
Bewitch, grip the ken so fine!  
Material world may cry mine, mine!  
Forgetting Art fabulous as mine  
That wealth of Art if, bereft  
The whole earth poorer will be left!

Minnoor srinivasan

# Wipers Of Equanimity

Pearly rain drops fall on glass  
Blur the driver's vision across  
The car of life we drive on and on  
Until the destination farthest forlorn  
When the roads picture is misty and dim  
Moment leaves us serious and grim  
Rain drops signify tears of joy and pain,  
Both roll down the cheeks and mien  
Wipers oscillate constantly to brush.  
The drops, tears of pain fulfilled wish  
As we regain the poignant vision clear.  
We perceive, steer CAR far and near.

Minnoor srinivasan

# Wringing Tunes

Diving for pearls□  
In mendicant's tears  
I weave a wreath of stars  
I come to you, my sweet afar.

Gathering wine  
From women's lips  
And honeyed children's looks  
I come to you, my sweet afar.

In dark of dusk  
I scrape all hues  
Of day's rich husk  
I come to deck, my sweet afar.

I wring sweet tunes□  
From leaping streams  
For you to dance in trance  
As you are my giddy sweet afar.

I churn fairy lights  
From little children's  
Rhapsodical eyes  
For you have to blaze, my sweet afar.

Minnoor srinivasan