

Poetry Series

Minnu Serah
- poems -

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Minnu Serah()

A Flood Of Dancing Circles

A flood of dancing circles,
My first alphabet in muddy water

Leaning over the banisters,
I overhear them,
As usual, of Smart City,
Of Internet banking,
Of how Wipro lost its project.

Reminiscences,
Only a few,

Once my mom came to my school
To show my identification marks,

At nine,
rubber groves and sunken lanes,
hovering over me,

I was thirteen then,
We went for an excursion,
I collected the photographs of my friends,

After three years,
My professor said,
Your reading on resonance column is wrong,

At twenty,
I closed my eyes,
When our car broke down
On the way to my Granny's funeral,

When I was twenty two,
I used to say,
I don't know anything

Later,
I picked a green tender leaf
From a mosanta in my courtyard.

Minnu Serah

Death Remembers Me...

Death remembers me
Sometimes it embraces me to his pinion,

Its midnight
Black fumes emitting from
the lovers corner,

Sometimes my lyrics redden
my forlorn spectacles,
my eye- kissed fantasies.

The wild jack bursts,
And I draw an evening portrait
of moonish showers
to the chant of demon- lovers,

I love to fly over time blindly
to have a sight of,
By then my screen may be blocked
with the syllabus of love...

Minnu Serah

I Am Red

I am red
I slay myself in my wilderness
I am liberation,
Curling in front of my mirror...

Me,
With my nostalgic presence
Lying on a peacock painted turf,
A hawthorn standing there alone,
Behind my half- closed door
A tug of war within me,
Reversals,
Mowers too...

And on every birthday,
they give me
a set of
static collections...

Minnu Serah

It's Raining

Casuarina tree
shed its leaves
between life & death;
I live to give you
in return.

Enclosed within Noah's Arc
in the company of
nostalgic alphabets,
I gazed at the moon
pondering over
the abortive pains of love.

Now,
the rain
dissolves me,
to merge with it.
Like dreams,
rain loses its drives...

Minnu Serah

Mirage

Winking at her shadow
She gasped under her cot
Striding through dreaded leaves,
She asked,
Me, a woman
In my mother's womb?

Her tears never rained,
But poured out,
In guise of brokenness.

The bane of her teardrops
For them,
Only a mirage.

Minnu Serah

My Silent Concert

Me, a hornbill
in the terror of love,

A fragrance of sorrow
to my realizations,
A stench of love
to my imagination,

Stillness of water
to my heartbeats,
the murmur of night
to my eyes,

My dream
is yellow,
My flowers have the
fragrance of waiting,
The touch of love
as hard as a glass castle,

In the circle of love,
who is at the centre?
□
You are as dense as
a moon, when I see you
through the clouds,

The bridge of love
may collapse
as you come...

Minnu Serah

Ode To My Dear Ones

Mine

a fragment of this unknown journey
from naught to naught;
Startling before this absurd sense
of having same queries and answers,
a dewdropp fell upon my withered landscape,
as a fillip to my broken confetti,
with a continual note of strength
and an ever present bond of love.
On wavering in this blessed skiff
as a euphoric keepsake,
your stepping into my lonesome memories,
with your innocent faces and smiles
and my sole wish to you,
Be Good.

Minnu Serah

The Turn Of Silence

Now it's the turn of silence,
Pigmented lashes drive to the far
As my intuition begins its play.

Jeering before a cave of creations,
Roaring lions reign.
Masculinity hides the weakest,
in their pursuing of tinsels.

Babe in me struggles to tricks,
Elemental relations fail to notice,
Yet, I drink to the lees.

Words begin to betray themselves
As they begin to utter,
Sometimes cheats,
Sometimes treats,
That's beyond our stars.

My breath can't be lured,
When it pertains to misery,
My love, a pesticide
Even when we lose ourselves,
And takes me to the
Divinity of repressions.

Minnu Serah

Voices, Always Reminders

My sighs
not yet betrayed
for his desires,

My sighs
not yet yearned
for a figurative wish,

My sighs
not yet imprisoned
in her lullaby,

Voices, always reminders,

Yesterday, a cuckoo sang
of frozen dreams,

At times, I hear coughing sounds
of a whirling puzzle,

My voice hears me not,

Am I silenced to speak?

Minnu Serah

We

Played a little,
talked a little,
quarreled a lot
but I knew her,
she knew me,
she was me,
We are the same.
As we were together
our memories were the same.
She widened
my narrow corridors
with her smiling
eyes...

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