

Poetry Series

**Nandhagopal  
Ramachandiran  
- poems -**

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# Nandhagopal Ramachandiran()

# A Dream

Give me a pair of wings to fly  
Like the birds  
That criss-cross the globe  
Without any passport  
Nor waiting in patience  
For the stamp of visa  
Then  
I shall realise my dream  
Of being a global citizen  
Treating all men and women  
As my kith and kin  
With a large heart full of brotherly love  
That transcends the narrow domestic walls.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran

# A Rainbow Of Emotions

I set out my palette of thoughts  
in passionate red, in warm orange,  
in cheerful yellow, in angry green,  
in sorrowful blue, in calm indigo  
and in spiritual violet  
to paint my rainbow of emotions.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran

## A Tribute To An Indian Worker (A Few Lines Were Adapted In Part From The Tamil Discourse Of Scholar Late Mr. Annadurai)

He taught me how to toil hard  
in the intense hot summer  
or chilling shivering winter  
churning his efforts into building  
schools, colleges or varsities  
where he could not enjoy his fruit of labour  
and let me enjoy the feast of academic success  
his toil and sweat were taxed  
for building the new academic buildings  
in gratitude, I look at these buildings  
not as structures of steel, mortar, bricks or wood  
but as Taj Mahals of the labourer's love  
when I drop by  
let me remember the labour  
and cherish the moment  
when I shall wipe out tears  
still rolling down his wrinkled cheeks  
in his smile, let me have the darshan of the earthly god.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran

# A Tribute To An Offspring (Adapted In Part From An Ancient Tamil Classical Verse Called Aranericharam)

He taught me how  
to sow in the arable land of sweet words  
the seeds of charity  
to remove the weeds of harsh words  
to enrich with the manure of truth  
to irrigate with the water of love  
thereby cultivating the tender crops of virtues  
at the early dawn.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran

# A Tribute To An Unknown Friend

He taught me how to read and lead  
the friendship in the storm of need  
at play, he shared his only toy  
halving pain and doubling joy.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran



# A Visit To A Botanical Garden

Lonely I went to the public garden  
To ease my loads of daily burden.  
The birds at once sang a song  
That did not last quite a long (time) .  
Their words and tunes I could not fathom  
It could be an ode or nature's anthem.  
Fluttering their wings in the gentle air,  
They enjoyed the swings and fragrance there.  
Beside the pond, as I lean  
I saw the land in emerald green!  
Flora that were rare in taste adorned the garden's pretty neck;  
The pleasure of this visual feast, in no measure I could check.  
The trees and birds lined up there,  
as closely knit member(s):  
In nature's tune cooled the air  
from the blowing hot summer

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# An Epistle (A Poem Adapted In Part From A Tamil Classical Verse Called Aranericharam)

My Son,

At a tender age, if you truly heed

To raise the grain of virtuous deed,

Sow, in the sweet tongue, charity seed;

Throw away harsh words as weed;

Pour gentle love and let truth feed;

At the early dawn, when this mail you read,

The flowery crops will take the lead!

Fatherly your,

XXXXXXXXX

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# Caregiver Health

If life is a credit card just to swipe  
and spend (your) amount of days on (your) ailing kin,  
protect your (own)pin(k) of health; else, (the) screen will wipe  
out your transaction for invalid pin!

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# Conscience, Consideration And Confession (Translated From An Old Tamil Lyric Song Of Poet Laureate Kaviarasu Kannadasan)

Oh my Conscience! You are playing this game in silence;  
rolling out thousand thoughts  
and hitting upon delightful dreams.  
Yet, if a deed goes wrong,  
floods of tears will flow down from your eyes.  
You are a secret mine;  
you are an acting stage;  
aren't you a testing field?  
oh, my Mind! Aren't you the mother of all worries?  
If you err once, you will feel for it all the years;  
sculpting the graceful language of a mute in your eyes.

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# Evidence-Based Medicine

Modern age treats scores of illness

Looking hard at the chance of wellness,

Touching perhaps the outcome effect

With odds and hazard interval-perfect,

Lest the chance observations blur and blind

The vision of the casual mind!

(Armed with the statistics)

A case in point for the practicing hand,

Look in and out of the inclusion band

And listen to the sermon of the land:

For those features that fit the bill,

Let the effect size drives the care!

And for those that don't fulfill,

Clutch at the wisdom that we share!

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran

# Exams

The pebble of exam is making waves  
When dropped into the knowledge well  
Let me not be a frog in the well,  
While the water of wisdom rapidly swell(s)  
Let me not slip and fall  
But be fearless in facing the tides  
Grant me the power of positive thinking  
To acquire the required attitude and skills  
Now, it's calm after the pebble storm  
I've learnt to rise from the aqueous dorm!

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# Floods

The weeping sky shed tears of rain  
To flood the cheeks of shoring land;  
The ocean waves raised arms again  
To raze our castles built of sand.

The frantic birds made search for nests,  
As safety herded to high ground;  
The unfazed clouds, above the crests,  
Refired gunshots of light and sound.

The gale, then, axed and felled the trees,  
Depriving streets the shade of green;  
Where rich had killed swamps, raised steep fees  
To bail out high-rise concrete scene.

Our homes marooned in floods so soon  
That failed to fled with the typhoon;  
Our new moon day was dark at noon;  
Won't shine again as a full moon!

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# Freedom Of Peace

A dove was caught for sake of peace  
Her freedom was again curtailed  
Her foot was marked with fine silk piece  
Bond reassured, was she then bailed?

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# Going Green

Tap, tap, tap  
When my son taps the tablet screen  
I am lost in thought for a generation  
From the days of stone carvings and seals  
To the era of minted coins and palm leaf manuscripts  
Man etched and etched his thoughts  
Then his colorful ink wrote over the papers  
That were typed later into tomes in the shelf  
I saw his beautiful calligraphy in the writing museum  
Soon the computerized printers were born  
To take care of his committed errors in the proofs  
Well, that's the history of an era bygone!  
Going green to save the trees  
Our kids hold the clouds (cloud computing)  
Within the reach of their paperless tablets  
There will be an obituary meeting for the printers  
In the writing museum in no time!

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# Hand Wash

Dream of a world free of germs  
and forget all the infectious terms;  
no need, perhaps, to wipe the nose;  
no more shots of the vaccine dose;  
no more polio, measles and mumps  
no more discharge from the purulent lumps;  
no more retching from the hotel food  
no more use of the body snood (for infection control)  
Alas, this ward is full of bugs  
that are resistant to our common drugs!  
To rule them with an iron hand,  
wash your hands before you land.

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# Health

Only if the wall is perfectly even,  
Your painting will depict the features of heaven;  
Only if your mind is clear and sound  
You will climb up on the higher ground;  
Only if you prevent the ailment debt,  
Your days will turn out to be an asset.  
Health is wealth and wealth's in pink health,  
When honesty wins over wealth by stealth.

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# Holy Words

Oh, my child, talk to me holy, holy words  
The youth is short, when life is brought holy, holy words  
These are holy, holy words.

At a tender age, if you truly heed holy, holy words  
To raise the grain of virtuous deed holy, holy words  
These are holy, holy words.

Sow in the sweet tongue, charity seed holy, holy words  
Trash away harsh words as weed holy, holy words  
These are holy, holy words.

Pour gentle love and moral feed holy, holy words  
Shine thoughtful grace for the sunny need holy, holy words  
These are holy, holy words.

At the early dawn, when this mail you read holy, holy words  
The blooming crops will take the lead holy, holy words  
These are holy, holy words.

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# Homeostasis

As the war clouds settle down and the storm stops rising, we sleep in peace on the lap of the Earth.

At the dawn of wisdom, we could hear the wake-up call and view the dance that sets our life rolling:

the heart beats in harmony to keep the blood flowing, to perfuse the organs in tune with their needs;

day and night, the brain generates the nerve impulse that prepares the rhythm for the concert;

the lungs provide fresh air and balance (acid-base balance) for the moves;

the kidneys play aqueous songs for recycling the electrolytes and filtering the nitrogenous pitch out;

the gut ruminates on the nutritional moves, while the liver handles the metabolic plays;

the persuasive endocrine orchestrates the feedback steps for the milieu interior.

Wow, that's a balancing act in perfect harmony driving our life in splendid health!

But what if, the organs make a few missteps and are at cross purpose?

Alas, such a chaos will change the rhythmic dance into a suspended animation!

Let's learn from our dancing organs to live in harmony with the nature and other human.

Then there will not be talks of another war, but only humane network of tender rhythm, songs and peaceful moves.

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# Humility

My pride fell down and broke its crown  
And my head turned lighter thereafter;  
My mind sat down and shed the frown  
And my thoughts shone wiser thereafter;  
My voice toned down on the way to town  
And my words spoke humbly thereafter;  
My eyes viewed down and reached the town  
And my views were polite thereafter.

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# Modern Man

Who is he, if not the man

Who has opened the woes can?

Who has never ever raised a plant,

But thrown his axe in a felling slant;

Who has let the air so low

And ruined the gentle ozone flow;

Who has set the weather change

Getting out of the usual range;

Who has twisted the words of peace,

But pursued deadly wars with ease;

Who has trapped the world in debt

In his rosy bed, where he quietly slept.

Who is he, if not the man

Who has opened the woes can?

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# My Tribute To An Unknown Teacher

He taught me how to read and write  
so that I too grow in height  
his words of wisdom quenched my thirst  
with ocean of knowledge well immersed.

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran



# Pilgrimage

Oh, my God! How can I reach you?  
You are in high altitude;  
Altitude, I try to climb up,  
Up and up, losing my track;  
Track me down, put me in position;  
Position to perceive thy hands.  
Oh, my God! How can I reach you?  
You are in high altitude.

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# Rage

His anger raged and raged in march;  
April gone, May peaked, defeating arch.  
The water of hot rice wasn't starch.  
Yet, the boil raged and raged in march.  
Summer, winter-both missed the notch;  
his anger raged and raged to march.  
Calmness did not live to see the torch  
When the hearse drove by subsequent march.

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# Research

The darkness looms,  
enforcing the call within  
for the bright wise light.

Crowded, conflicting  
ideas spring like fountains  
to dry up so soon

We are searching on,  
in thirst of knowledge and skill  
to beat the darkness.

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# Searching For God

As the quest for God gains currency,  
There is a rush to browse the agency.  
The thirst to crack the heavenly code  
Sets the search for His safe abode.  
Where is God? In fiction or fact?  
In imminent dire straits, will He act?  
The questions linger on and on,  
And flood the websites from dusk to dawn.  
The servers route the queries to  
The domain of science and courts too!  
As the God is sought from file to file,  
The net is busy all the while.  
It's quick to fly a rocket up  
And blow the atom in the cup.  
For illness in the filial mode,  
The man would solve the genetic code.  
Still the search for God is going on  
And slows the system from dusk to dawn.

For the thirsty man with a coated tongue  
And the boy with a cancer who is young,  
For the hunger famine that cuts a meal  
And the mental wound that fails to heal,  
For the sweating humid hot weather  
Where outdoor work gets together,  
For the looming war and pirate zone  
Where people are more illness-prone,  
For the contagion that has fast swollen  
Where ignorance is the main villain,  
For the roofless shelter of any form  
Facing fire or rainy storm,  
For the driver on the road side  
Losing legs or arms that ride,  
Aid and hope are the holy facts:  
Let's browse Him through these kind acts!  
Then the divine queries will not linger on  
Or clash in sites from dusk to dawn.



# Seashore

As a child clasping Mother Nature's arm,  
I sat on the pristine shore  
and was free to build a castle of sand.  
When I turned,  
the dancing ocean waved in glee,  
shaking the legs in ebb and flow.  
The sparrows played a perfect tune,  
matching the breeze in gentle touch.  
In this blue expanse of visual feast,  
I was soon lost in thought,  
leveling the place where the castle was.

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# Some Random Cooking Thoughts

The inner pot agitates  
As the cooker whistles thrice  
Then for the fourth, fifth, sixth and nth times  
Forgetting that the stove is on  
I wander in thoughts  
From the comforts of morning winter bed  
To the dining table chores  
From the dress to wear for the party  
To the recent year fashion  
From the conversation to strike  
To the special lunch to prepare  
Recovering to cool the cooker  
I open the lid to uncover  
The dry black soot at the bottom  
With the charred grains of rice.

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# Speeding Words

My son,

Give some space for words to breathe, for the task (of breathing) reigns as supreme as circulation;

when the space is a constraint in the speeding world, let words pause and breathe;

more doubts are wrought by speeding than we attempt to think of;

beware of verbal accidents that could cost a life!

Never, perhaps, is this truth shone so brightly as in the anklet's story:

the king's words, in haste, cost Kovalan's life, as he ventured to sell his wife's anklet.

Haste is waste; don't copy and paste literal speed in the webpage of life;

it could spoil your night toil and the page may not see the dawn of the day.

Indeed, the nature has set its limit, for nothing could beat light in the Einstein's space!

Yours loving father,

The grand old man

Nandhagopal Ramachandiran



# The Art And Science Of Medicine

While the science of medicine is an art in a sense  
the art of medicine is not merely science  
that weighs the human as systems and tissues  
But as a human with a heart, soul and mind  
Henceforth, we shall not operate in vacuum  
in the interest of mankind  
wielding away from the nuance of isolation  
in turn, grasping the hands of the man in pain  
To comfort him not only with meds  
But with words of compassion, caring and gentleness  
To remove the milieu of his distress away.

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# The Father Of Modern Oman

From the prior road of limited scope,  
The new nation marched with hope.  
Schools and hospitals flourished for ever  
With unblunted interest and electric power;  
Shops and malls lined the city,  
Thriving on continuous electricity;  
The tourists arrived in good number  
To visit the new family member.  
These progress were blessed by His nurture,  
Preserving the culture and the great nature.  
While the untimely clouds of (US-Iran)war gather,  
Oman mourns the loss of Her Father!  
The Sultan ushered in an era of peace,  
Winning friends with warmth and ease.

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# The Menu Of Life

If life is the menu of a grand feast,  
Birth will be starter soup in form at least;  
Youth will be main course meal timed not to waste;  
Adult will be dessert served last to taste!

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# Writer's Cramp

I am struck in my train of thoughts  
As I depart with my rhythm and pace  
In the sky, the lightning strikes out of blue  
And then disappears into the dark  
The roaring thunder punctuates the silence  
And the pouring rain places the full stop  
The whistle of the train fades away  
And comes to a complete stop  
When I (the modern Rip Van Winkle) return from the slumber  
My dried eyes and hands grip hold of  
The piled emails that each read  
'Your manuscript is rejected! '  
By now the summer begins  
And the train of thoughts starts to roll again.

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