

Poetry Series

**Narayanan Ramakrishnan**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2011

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

# Narayanan Ramakrishnan(25th May 1959)

Trivandrum based. Nothing to say but some quack poetry in bag and rather a poetaster. Expect a critical analysis for this mediocre, for whom his mediocrity appears great.

I am not a voracious reader. But voraciously read what voracious readers write.

Married, having two teenaged children, myself working in a Pvt. Ltd. Company, based here, dealing in stocks and shares by the name and style of Capstocks and Securities India (Pvt.) Ltd. You may please visit to know more about my bread earner.

My wife, Lalitha, takes care of household chores and experiments a lot with new recepies and making us her guinea pigs. But she is wins and wins hands down.

Cricket, Tennis, Hockey are my favourite games.

I have read a lot of articles contributed by i Tharoor, j Sarna and Ramachandra Guha and also avidly read the letters to the editor colomn page of The Hindu. My favorites in this page are sivam of Tirunelveli, and lately draj of Trivandrum.

Narayanan Ramakrishshnan (narain01959@)

# A Bird's Eye And Heart View

I am a roamer, hoping from tree to tree,  
Morning to evening, with friends, all glea;  
Fruits and nuts at our beaktip, no need to plea,  
Rivers and lanes all below, no worries, care free.

I can see men jostling in the streets, buzzing.  
Rain or shine, they all, but time not stilling,  
Scheming for 'morrow, buying and selling,  
Grains, greens, meat, sweets and many hankering.

I can see at this height, a corner, cages with my specie full,  
I can feel their agony and their yell  
For freedom to fly high from the cell  
Unknowing, they are only a good, up for a sell.

The two legged specie spares none.  
Fish deep in the sea or birds high in the sky  
Flowers on the lane and any fruit they hand upon,  
All for them and we beggers at their mercy, high.

Some of them feed us and decorate the cages,  
They do trifle things to amuse their childrens,  
Bigger birds, they love, but still, kill and eat  
But if they presume, threat any, they mull to cull.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# A Commoner

One more day gone, fast and quick  
Living cost up a kite, not tick by tick.  
Pocket so thin and list too thick,  
Vultures all round, to hook and pocket prick.

A commner has only a day normal  
Cannot dream of any abnormal  
Easy prey to all practises mal  
Just gasps at the gush in the nearby mall.

Pending bills at him stare;  
All things his due are but stale.  
Cope up how is his quest of mind  
Soap operas, only solace, his, to put things behind.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# A Glass And A Mirror

Reflections, we do, of our actions at the day end;  
Some actions, negative, reflects to regret  
Positives, let us forget, this for only, we are here in;  
Negatives, let us resolve, not to again, bend and mend.

Reflections of your actions are mirrored on you  
Windows are the gateway to vent your feelings a few  
In a mirror you see only you and your love  
Turn to your window glass and see through.

Wealth in hand, you have, so too health  
If both are for, only your good and sooth  
Nothing more is akin to looking at the coated glass  
Where you only rule prime and look all bright.

Look through the glass and view the other side  
Where your head and heart can be of better use  
To the needy, if you can part a little of wealth  
And experience the joy of sharing, caring and doubling.

For a blind both are irrelevant  
With eyes and hand, intact, don't be a blind  
Make the world a better place to live in  
Tsunamis, Earthquakes, created calamities, apart.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

## A Hole In My.....

Holes, we have many, spread all over our body,  
On our face it is apparent and pleasantly embody,  
As the one as mouth and two in the nose bit high  
Another two on sides are ears and two are the eye.

We cover well, two more, for reasons we all know best,  
But at times, we expose that too, to the world to test;  
We do that not with enthusiasm or 'cos of zest,  
Getaways, we have not any, but to show the gate.

I have one more that many of you have, not  
I wish that you should share that with me, not  
I have that one precious, one knows, not  
A big hole, so high, in my head and heart, not.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# A Jungle Home

Returning home, in the evening, bit late  
Sipping a cup of coffee, piping hot, in no haste,  
Remunating of the ruins of the day, heart cannot but paste,  
I sipped dropp by drop, nourishing in full, its taste.

A mosquito zipped past in search of blood,  
Rounded my ears musing for its food,  
Irritated, waved my hands both and dropped it dead;  
No remorse in me, as the life in it, to me is, but, dud.

Then I looked up and saw a lizard screwing it tail  
To gobble up a moth that stood, ready to fail,  
A grasshopper, too, on its wings and another liz on its trail;  
This one had a saviour in my wife, and the hunter stood pale.

Daughter rushed out, yelling, cockroach in her room,  
Silly thing after all, I killed it with a broom.  
Then I saw my pet cat after a rat, for that only I groom,  
To kill and banish and make our life, all bloom.

Butterflies too visit us, so too insects too many, on any day,  
Gadgets and repellants we have, to keep them at bay,  
We too share our house with ants, spider and a dog astray,  
For all, we have our own means to drive them away.

Our house is but a jungle of lives many,  
But where only jungle law unfolds over all insects, tiny  
Selfhness embodied are we, so for our comfort we kill, creatures, any  
That put spokes on our wheels, uncanny.

(Charity begins at home and also ruthlessness.)

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# A Longing For Long Blankness

A great feeling is blankness;  
It is for this we strive in its fullness,  
Blankness is when we reach the pinnacle  
Eyes so closed, everything blanked for seconds.

What is this feeling, I am at a loss to know  
For it lasts not long, too short, but we desire it to be slow.  
You can name it easily, but can't enjoy eyes up blown;  
Somehow, we close all shutters for seconds of glow.

Eyes go blind, ears but deaf, surroundings sense lost,  
When we reach the height in all silence that tallest post.  
That is where I thank only one; none but God  
For he granted us many ways to indulge in this  
sojourn, so soft.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan



# A Retitling Session

We marry a girl who is, in no way, our sister  
Or a girl marries a boy, in no way, her brother  
How come, we call father-in-law and mother-in-law  
Or a sister-in law or brother-in-law?

Let us retitle the whole genre as this, why not?  
Uncle-in-law, aunt-in-law and cousins-in -law.  
And not son-in-law or daughter-in-law,  
But nephew-in-law and niece-in-law.  
Nothing we loose by this dispostion  
We gain a lot for our mother, who only  
Knows the ultimate truth and as it comes  
From the horsemouth, granted, we take it for.

Father is the Supreme Truth;  
Mother has the Universal Appeal.  
A begger in the street yells for alms  
Only to mothers and his mom's pride in tact.

Address your Father-in-law only as Uncle  
Address your Mother-in-law only as Aunty  
And all the other siblings by name only,  
For, we are not incests to marry our siblings.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# An Open Window

Chill in the air, chirping birds on the trees,  
Sun slowly brightening, eating up darkness  
I began my morning walk, for the day's  
Newspaper and milk, hardly away, a kilometer.

Ladies fresh from their bath, making beeline to temple  
Rushing fast, before the street lights are put out  
Even in that brightening darkness, I could smell the beauty,  
Not only see it in glimpses but can have the feel also.

Others are sweeping, cleaning and watering their house fronts;  
Some are so busy, even to lock up their fronts  
Opened up for their last night's thrust,  
My eyes, gobbling up fast whatever on offer.

Returning back, I got the best sight one can long for,  
My ogling eyes caught a young couple in arms,  
Melting into one another, standing and oozing pleasure,  
unaware of the window left open,  
I stood thunderstruck, having witnessed a performance live.

I went past, my heart throbbing to reach home fast,  
So that my cascading feelings finds its rhythm with my betterhalf  
Rushed forgetting the milk and milk booth enroute  
Shell shocked to find herself, too, away worshipping.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

## Brood Bypassed By.....

Brood abound in heart for the soul departed,  
Enroute, sitting by the window and so seated,  
Ruminating of the joys and pains we shared,  
Throat chocked and heart heavy, I endured.

Many sights in that cold morning, escaped me,  
The lovely landscapes offered nothing to me,  
The chirping birds and crying infants annoyed me,  
But a beauty, who sat face to face, swept me.

Brood had vanished and more so, banished;  
I just watched and observed the beauty she unleashed,  
All wrapped in a saree pink,  
Wheatish skin, black hair waving in the wind,  
Looked like a cascade, dangling down to her waist,  
Eyebrows, trimmed, darkened, a maroon 'bindhi' in between,  
Eyes too black, nose so sharp and on her  
Philtrum, thin layer of hair, added her grace,  
And the rosy thin lips topped a black mole, more, so cute.  
Her neck adorned a necklace that plussed her lustre.  
I ogled at her obvious ventrals upto her waist  
Which looked like 'roti dough' with all its glaze;  
Her naval, well exposed by the breeze, a deep whirlpool  
That one may be tempted to take it for the ultimate;  
Of all those, concealed, my perversion, ran riot.

I just closed my eyes; like a cow, to chew the cud.  
The bus came to a screeching halt.  
Unaware, the change in scene, opened my eyes  
To find a oldie of generations back, seated there.

The power of beauty is great, indeed.  
That can vanish the brood like magic wand.  
But death is one thing we cannot so no to;  
Life with all its complexities, moves, on and on.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Coffins Of Goodness

Thoughts crowding my heart  
Of days lost in a trot;  
A long way to go; time too short,  
That too, very easy to part.

Clouds may make way,  
For sunshine to bake hay,  
Plans plenty in bay  
What of future may pay.

Past, flirted and kicked were  
                    coffins of goodness,  
Too late, indeed, realise that fullness,  
Gone, then born this lifelessness,  
Dull and dreary worthlessness.

This, 'A melancholy strain'(borrowed from 'The Solitary Reaper by William Wordsworth) was composed during yesterday's sleepless night, when flashes from the past and anxiety about the days ahead, loomed large and a yearning for silver lining to regain the 'Paradise Lost'.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Crow Is A Beautiful Bird

I wonder why, we have lot of crows that caw  
Instead, why not we had lot of parrots that screech;  
Inplace, we have more to our eyes and add color more.  
If that were so, our earth would seem more so green  
and black so less.

But a crow is not such a awful thing and hounded,  
For it embodies a heart that well grounded  
That alerts its company in times peril  
Or the moment it rests its eyes on spoils.  
Good or bad they share and never fail

Throwaways and carcasses, on our path, they devour  
And with ogled eye snatch a snack  
To make our tyro split in tears and in  
No time parts away, to share the loot.

Parrots are, no doubt, pleasant and decorous  
But on throwaways and carcasses, blind eye they turn,  
Ripe mangoes and fruits are they after  
They more they gulp, the less we have.

Let the nature takes its course;  
Let us not propogate one to banish one  
A crow, indeed, is a beautiful bird,  
That help us to live in a better world.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Digging Graves

The greenest of greenery begs the sole  
Traveller to rest, watch and search his soul;  
Whether his sojourn is for pleasing his heart  
Or is it for his scheming head?

Green paddy fields are granary's whet  
In a panoramic view, is but a green bed  
In no time, can vanish, as a thing of past  
If the scheming head rules over heart.

The two legged specie is the dangerous most  
Can harm anything under the Sun and toast,  
Tame and kill anything in his coast,  
To reduce all to mounds of faeces, post.

Trees and fields banished for skyscrapers and mansion,  
Animals and birds endangered for food, trade and passion  
Water and air are put to exploitation and contamination,  
By all these, are we not digging graves, our own?

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Dogged Thoughts

Blankness of thoughts drowns me  
Brownish drowsiness misses colors, all around  
Twigs and dry leaves heaped in feelings plenty  
The beauty in new greens and splendor of  
new day elude me.

Somewhere, in my heart it gives me a dryness;  
Of which, I never entertained anything glorious,  
Still it pains me, somehow, when I hear the eulogy  
From quarters unexpected and from depth of hearts.

Such was his vision, mission, passion and compassion  
That he brought water to the million homes  
Societal care too he undertook, with no counter to splash cash,  
In a country where every calamity, a boon to earn a buck, fast.

I have missed him in flesh and blood,  
I have derided him a magician in saffron robes,  
I have chided those who planted lively legends  
Still I only regard him a GREAT AND NO GOD,  
for he has millions at his beck and call.  
And I have, not even my son, leave alone all others.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Eloquent Eyes

Elegance of the eyes are the unspoken word, understood;  
Language no bar, brings dithering hearts to move forward  
Emanating from the eyes, binds a melody chord,  
Between hearts wandering and wavering.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan



# Empty Pocket

Jewellery and luxury I abhor and undesire,  
For it promotes consumption conspicuous and so unfair  
Those who show off, I consider bizzare  
To garner for them an importance, of air.

But how far I am in this assessment, fair  
For an empty pocket can neither ask nor desire  
But can I air a view abruptly, uninviting, ire;  
Who cannot back his desire, if any, with fare.

Have lots of money and say no to jewellerry,  
Have lots of money and say no to luxury,  
Have lots of money and say no to revelry,  
Then I am great, now not, with pockets empty and eerie.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Foot Feels The Foot, Not

Winner takes it all, everywhere it's the same.  
Fame and dame, none to tame.  
Dollors and euros, a cup more in his name,  
Winner takes it all, all around it's the same.

Roses and petals all the way,  
Friends and foes holding him gay,  
Admirers thronging, in and out, day,  
Memories of yore, no more in play.

Feel of the foot his foot had lost,  
Eyes of him missed friends all, most,  
Admirers he sought for they boost,  
Disdain for foes, indeed, his toast.

Sun on his face, form too amaze,  
Marched ahead holding his dashing mace,  
Opponents he quelled by barrage of ace  
Foes of him yearned, for him, a change a phase.

Forget the road you travelled, never,  
Good friendship you nourish, never sever,  
Admirers are fair weather, always beware,  
And for foes, change them for better forever.

Narayanan Ramakrishanan.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# God Guard

'IN GOD WE TRUST', proclaim a nation mighty,  
Here, believers, in full throat, roam the city,  
Throng and throw peace to please the deity;  
Atheists, all along, too, turn to God by late fifty.

YOU created us and we created the HEIGHTS,  
To show us the way from darkness to light,  
But the pontiffs and mullahs, locked us in compartment tight,  
Usurpers all, prompt and provoke, to for You, fight.

To please You and be graced,  
We starve, puncture and torture our body;  
High hopes in the soul we all, to the tune, danced,  
Outcome, we await, however tardy.

GOD GUARD us against illogical offers,  
GOD you have for us, only, goodness in Your coffers,  
In pursuit of you, please, GUARD us from coffins,  
GUARD US GOD, ONLY YOU CAN GUARD.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Hide Your Benevolence

Show your face not, to the one you helped, never  
Also blind be you of the face of the one you helped, ever  
Vanish from your thoughts help rendered, thus sever  
But see and never forget the face of one who helped you  
And never forget but cherish always that noble heart, forever.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Hilarity And Beauty

Hilarity and beauty, are they not cousins?  
Both can propel you from brood and pains,  
Beauty you can enjoy all alone and within,  
Hilarious jokes and anecdotes are for, but, times fine.

Jokes are too many from vulgar to decent;  
Sexual, casiest, on countries, on legends, they transcend,  
All for us to share and double, but why not, set right a bad precedence?  
But injurious ones, avoid, emphathise and condescend.

Injurious one injures the mind of the subjected,  
Transposition yourself and feel the feel of the subjugated,  
Beauty is one that can even divert a mind, grief afflicted,  
But hilarity better goes well with revelry and an ambience, exhilarated.

(The focus of this poem is on the jokes cracked at the expense of other members of the society. Sardarji jokes, Namboothiri jokes are very common in our societal parlance and it is time that we excercised more discretion on this. I have felt the discomfiture of persons so afflicted, when they were so exposed and my humble request to the society is to put thier own castes and deprecate themselves and enjoy and be humbler)

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Lost Love Regained

The beauty of your face, still intact;  
The curves and the mounds still attract,  
The lips, so thin, urge another contact,  
The eyes, emitting rays, for a fresh tract.

Eyes stunned by the beauty, can't say bye;  
Heart throbbing for its share of pie,  
Ears eager to hear your voice, a melody dye  
Body expectant of an ecstatic high.

Why we parted, reason I still don't know,  
If you are in the know, tell me now,  
Twenty years apart, lived, we separated somehow,  
Single still both of us, out shell come, late we are  
though.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Man, Religions, Gods And Devil

Man invented religion,  
Religion invented God,  
All in unison, divided heart  
Divided sand.

Hindus, Muslims an Christians they are,  
Lost to eachother they have  
Made this world lunatic asylum. Now  
Warehoused in million hearts, weapons and anger.

Gods, in the street, in deep slumber  
Devils exult in crop bumper.

Where is truth,  
beauty and independance?  
Where humanbondages and rapport?  
where the 'Avatar' we await once in a 'Yuga'?

Humanity, in the streets, faces death  
Religion exults whistling and dancing.

Translation from Malayalam, Poet Vayalar Ramavarma(1928/1975)

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Of Moods And Hopes

Was it a sunny day,  
Was it a rainy day,  
Was it a sultry night,  
Or was it a rainy night;  
Oh, rememeber, I can't, for we indulged  
When mood enveloped and need engulfed us.

Now stands confirmed of your imminent arrival;  
Await you, in all our eagerness, too, all kith and kin  
Son or daughter of which we aren't curious;  
Our anxiety is more in your perfection, mind and body.

In some months time, you will be in this world;  
All await eagerly for that red letter day of  
A bright summer morning with cool winds;  
Chirping, screeching and cawing birds,  
All in gay and all in plenty.

You will grow with us and learn to crawl, sit and stand,  
Walk and run and slowly babble a lot, keep us amused;  
We will see hope in you an the whole world in you,  
Enrich you with love, pamper with gifts and colorful dresses,  
And snap you in all modes and still your days.

You will make friends and move up in life  
You too will quarrel and may not relish all and sundry  
But remain rooted in your convictions strong;  
But, we hope, ardent, you have no killer in waiting  
Or none to be and taking shape in some corner, here or abroad.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan



## Resolve Any Way

Another year on the edge,  
Hopes of good, of year ahead surge,  
Hits and miisees of lhe bygone, urge,  
To guard and be a better judge.

Resolutions, new, are no solutions,  
Resolutions are for us and not we for resolutions,  
Evaluations are arms of resolutons and solutions,  
Nevertheless, let us make one more for rejuvanation.

Wishing all my readers a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Stay Young

To look young, what all tools have we!  
Greyed hairs turn jet black and we see  
An younger face but wrinkled and skinny,  
Double chin too vandalise and add to your misery.

Facials you can do, so too you can apply cream,  
Ads in journals entice you, reaping more and more reams,  
Presenting before you models for you to, of dream,  
Beauty parlors, too many, to keep you seemingly on stream.

Myself greying fast and chin too slowly doubling,  
At fifty two, look older I, but surely not balding,  
A little child calls me grandpa and my wife aunty,  
Somewhere it pricks, but takes it in my stride, as paltry.

Staying young and looking young is good and surely a boon,  
Days and months fly fast as, April, May and June.  
Keep your heart young, play and exult like a baboon,  
Dress well, eat well and behave well and be never akin to  
a bafoon.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Stilled Youth

Present stilled for future  
Curly coarse black hair, sharp nose and eyes  
bright, all stilled in the picture;  
Well kept, will remain cute without fracture,  
But not the pictured, remain, so long, in rapture.

Time will consume and loot his charm,  
Days and years will fly out, off his palm  
Nothing under the Sun can ever dam  
Greying of his hairs, balding head or wrinkling skin  
by any balm.

Grows old all, that are susceptible to gravitation;  
The more we grow, the more the proclivity,  
A new born stands up, walk and run with vitality,  
To surrender when, who knows, one day to passivity.

So keep in hand, your stilled youth, in color  
With all its brilliance and, intact, vigour  
If any youngman call you grand oldie,  
Flash this out and show what is in store  
for this today's sweet young bubbly.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# The Final Parting

Brood writ on heart, I set upon the route,  
Browsing, in the morn, that I knew the stored rude,  
Memories flipped fast, of the days to the root,  
Unexpected that happend, nothing but brute.

Ceased he, to share the shine and the rain,  
Ceased he, to share, gain and pain,  
Ceased he, to share, memories of time,  
Ceased he, to share, fragrances so fine.

Minimised himself to a bunch of bones,  
Unreceptive to his siblings moans,  
Funeral pyre all set to reduce him to ashes,  
I stood crestfallen, recalling his sweet brashes.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# The Next Day Of Beggar Maid

Yesterday was her last day, .  
That she begged for alms, gay, all day.  
None could say that day,  
She would the Queen next day.

Dazzling crest on her head,  
Radiant in her royal robes,  
Brilliant were her eyes so blue,  
Indeed, she seemed born blood blue.

Laymen, courtiers hailed,  
Lasses of jealousy veiled,  
The king so pleasantly trailed,  
His hearthrob he bailed.

This was written two years back, to satisfy my daughter's yelling to jot down a few lines in her composition, as directed in her Class 10 English Text, in which Lord Tennyson's Beggar Maid was a part of English Text.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# Twenty Twenty

A generation gap means a period of twenty  
Look back you will see a lot obtained and gone in plenty  
Don't regret of opprotunities that went untapped  
But think of the positives and move ahead uncapped.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

# What Drives What?

Curiosity drives an astrologers business  
Breaking news is the fodder for TV channels,  
Glory to country motivates soldiers and men in blue;  
All these in compounding, keep commoners busy.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan

## Why Why Why?

Why I continue to ponder over the past,  
Memories very hard to erase fast  
Relations and friends are to long last  
Both ships, now, trudging in sea vast.

Why can't I carry both all along  
May be both do not always belong  
To the waves I linger and prolong  
Much to their chagrin, I care no long.

Why should you bind me to rituals;  
Designs of which blurs my visuals;  
Have ever I questioned your habituals  
Apply your mind, bit a be, intellectual.

At my heights, my waves, were the same.  
Then you all joined me in all fun game,  
When the complexion slowly turned lame,  
Up in the arms all, to dip me in blame.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan



# Yield Man Yield

Tommorrow is not just the day, following,  
Time flies fast and past the day, galloping,  
Day yields to night and night to day, not, whistling,  
Men on this Earth spend day and night, jostling.

The Sun rises and then yields to the Moon,  
The Moon too yields to the Sun, as soon;  
Men and his cohorts blind to these boons,  
Don't yield even a bit, and add more to their looms.

Yielding is not surrender;  
Yielding is not a blunder;  
Yielding is not for meek and slender,  
Yield for Tomorrow, so pleased would be  
the Great blender.

Narayanan Ramakrishnan