

Poetry Series

Neelamani Sutar
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Neelamani Sutar()

I am a contributing author of several anthologies of international publishers. I am an approved lyricist and playwright at Prasarbharti, an India Government Undertaking. My works are published in famous international literary magazines since 1995. I have received "Katha Bharati " award in 2017 from Roop Nagar Maya Nagari Trust, Cuttack, Odisha. Now I am a contributing author of anthology, ' P.S.: It's still poetry ' -published by www.poetrysoup.com (3rd January 2022) .



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Marginal

On my sphere of slow etymology, do you know the wrong words?
I have never seen two colors of light ----fashion.
I know I will never see it.

All illusions.

Intoxicated with color, the body of the dream is very relaxed,
the slow circles are calling you.

One color-matched soulless name, you call life.
The other totalitarian you call death.....
Two boats swayed at either the end.

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Life

Stand facing the sun and take an oath that you will not tear it;
Touch the spring and roar, 'I will not leave anyone's chair. '

Be it the wrong way or the river, everything is closed if you can jump.
It goes without saying that water is life.

When you stick, you can drip water,
but life will not flow.

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If Hot Flowers Come To The Streets

Red cassia flowers are a forest fire,
or so they say, a summer flower.

Anarchy is green.

An explosion of buds.

Fire in the snow on the head of the land.

Shiva of the snow mountains, there are no matted looks, slimming cassia
blossoms, and the Ganges.

In his red hand, fire, a small drum, a deer and a snake in his hand won't burn
the Ganges.

But in our street, even flies will be swarm to hot flowers.

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God Is Relative

Then close to God, the pearly water on the face,
like a ghee lamp burning in the light of eternity.

We have woven vain palm leaves with our fingers,
our words are flowers, vines, birds, a single trust, an infinite sky, trusts would
have crops.

Those cuckoo's secret compositions were then close to God on shackles,
now they are living in this house.

What should I do with this life?

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Winter Has Come

Winter has come, on the way to the village,
in the fields full of crops,
in the wild flowers of the sweet brown streets,
in the small ferry pier.

Winter has come in the distant thorpe,
white area,
then winter has come on the leaves of the tree, dew falls.

Winter rules the deep meadows, lay men feel the cold wine in the ceramic pots,
the foliage bends down with the pearls of dew.

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Winter Luxury

Come winter, come cold as a lonely side walk.

Like migratory birds with aching hearts.

Come be the story of rainbows;

Like geese in the land of birds, like rose among thousands of flowers,

bloom in the bed of dewy winter isianthus.

Come winter, in the life of misery and tell us the humiliation faced by Romeo.

Sighing in the endless sky in love -hail passion and compassion.

Come, come chilly dawn air, feel the warmth of new-born sun, the embrace of cool shade.

The season of travel wrapped in foliage with spring cake,

come winter, in the hands of the beloved in true beauty.

Come, come silly winter in hundred forms of great love, come a hundred times.

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They Know Everything

I did not notice when I came to the crematorium to give birth to countless deaths.

Like the river, I am afraid of pretending to be who I am not.

As the dream fades, the black peak also fades.

The rats participating in the race to bell the cat is caught, in the eyes of the owls.

I didn't pick up the straws in the other side at the border blown up by the thunderstorm.

I couldn't hold the sun, shadow, waves and tears back.

Now before it sinks --

those straws are very much needed, very...

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Sorrows

Everyone has sorrow, some understand it, some don't.

Poet has sorrow, poetry also.

Going to the grain field he also has sorrow. Also he is sad.

The river has sorrow, the mountain has.

Some sorrows are colorful, luxurious and some are colorless -

The postman has just deliver the letter to the girl. Even the sadness of the sun that is washed on the snow....

It only lingers in the shadow of the clouds, there is no ray of sorrow, there is no hearing.

Does the wind have any sorrows, remains?

I am not a miraculous soul, I also have sorrows --

No love, intercourse - .

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Hope May Fail

I'll wipe away your tears with my hand,
I'll tear down the cotton hill edifice,
floating like a piece of iron,
I'll stand your barren life facing the sun,
my hope may fail -rob you.

The Moon's soft green, bright inexhaustible, imperishable.

I'll bury the pole, I will light the lamp with my own hands,
hope may fail -

In the crowd of hundreds,

I'll spread the light by the hand full.

I'll swing the bark with the waves, I'll make the flowers bloom in the brightness
of the stars.

I'll spread fragrance in the fragrant world.

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Of Death

Sometimes death brings a slice of cucumber and gives it salt, sweet, eye -wide,
modest, sometimes death comes and says, the clouds have come.

No reply ---

And he said, a dark cloud had come, I didn't answer.

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I Am Waiting For You

A great time will stop,
all the sky will fall to the ground, the harmony will be monotonous.
Then, we will be exhausted, lost from the wreckage.

The tip of vermin on the forehead round as the red sun,
the crescent moon smile of the curved lips, the smell of the long hair black as the cobra disappears.

The chain of love will break, we will be lost. I will be lost in the abyss of the duality.

Chastity and lust silently exhausted.

Then one day,
piercing the rubbish of sorrows and sufferings, pain and hunger--
I will pass the long term drowsiness and say, come back!
I am waiting for you! !

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Love And Compassion

Touching the soil of heart,
sometimes the cloud of love
precipitates
as the raindrops of compassion.

Sometimes the snow of compassion
deposited
on the Himadri Range of soul melts down
to flow as the Ganges of love.

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Soft Concrete

Lotus is burnt in the fire of water, tell me what to wipe with the water of fire!

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An Indian Farmer's Song

Sadly, I will not keep even an inch of the land uncultured inside me!

I will weave three rows of white smiles there, a bunch of happy women meeting with their five sense organs alert, they will look at each other again like fog and say, are you Homer, the Greek poet? Was there a blind poet still exists on the earth?

But why are the eye-catching farmers today? Told me the news, O shocked king? Is there darkness there? Is there a noise of children and women there?

There is the idea of beautiful paddies. Are the people here happy to get the garland by association?

The women of Greece were very beautiful. How ape they are! Rows of curvy thighs show a restless virgin, how many male warriors play!

They also have sorrow near my chest, there is pre-birth defeat but what is your sorrow, poetry?

What is this diamond farm?

Why do you keep a homeland hidden in the ground, why do you leave a weeping tree?

Why cry leaving the seeds? Why are you crying or are you scared today to see an unseen root that has no roots?

Frightened today, your people, trees, children love, women and citizens of the city?

I understand that you will not leave even an inch of sad land uncultured and when you come back from acetheater you will loose yourself in warm farming.

An unattractive mother of the country!

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Earthen Spider

On a rainy day, I float like a spider in an earthen city, the glue of the body is my own land, who also can I blame?

Insane to find the demonic catastrophe suppressed, folded in the gaps of the body of the beauty!

The lamp post, like the naked thighs of the sun, gives a shameless handshake in the afternoon, the delight of an imaginary woman!

Being a monk, I am being oxidized by my own digestive juice, who else can I blame? So many disobedient hormones born in my own body!

The great art of walking up the night of a women's civilization; exquisite craftsmanship of cosmic architects, their banners have been put up for auction, prices are rising like crazy horses in the stock market!

Men cannot move the peacock's tail to calculate the simple figure! Who do I blame?

Fastinstru with Neanderthals, people are now all hybrid!

The youth of a half-eaten man submerged in water, burns in cheap cigarettes and eats adulterated poisonous food, like bait fish guardian.

Seeing the fertile love of Goddesses Aphreter, the fun-filled cum, when it smells like rotten jack fruit, I understand that it is my own body -prowess beast, every time I count the grains, the poisonous bite is accumulating in my jaw!

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The Blood Is Overflowing On The Street

As far as everything seems to be blurred from a distance, I see everything clearly, my heart is pounding, the unspoken story is in my heart.

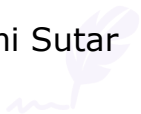
The green fields return home in the evening, then the twilight --gloom spreads the lonely wind, the broken wings of the bird. With it's head blowing, waiting for the tumultuous flight.

The illusion of grasshoppers group is playing hide and seek in my mind, in the name of abusive child, walking on the wild grass, falling down the light comes down while holding someone's hand, suddenly a bullet stuck in his heart, a path accumulated in his blood, the pink bicycle of a dreamy teenager is lying.

From afar, the shadows of these thoughts, how many colors appear in the eyes of the fly, suddenly find you in danger even today.

Our times are cut short, the festival begins and the lanterns of memory fly around!

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The Time Has Come To Be Human

The corona virus will spread, the recession will come, people will lose their jobs and shelters.

There will be a shortage of food on the earth. Who will pull the human corpses as the stray dogs?

Kvid-19 broke out, people have learned to die now! Light Marches are after dark walls. Who will wake people up inside people? What is the liberation of human beings from the grip of hunger? People eat peoples heads.

The anexer coronats days are back; Walls of fear rose across the world at the shallow of corona.

These days, the epidemic of corona matches --people to people. Forget the profit, will you learn the measure of love and compassion? At the time of being human, the sun will shine. Forgotten love falls -religions will be purified. Quarantine is neither panic nor unknown death ---

The time has come to be human in front of the earthen world!

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I Can't Recover Myself

Surprisingly,
nowadays I am shrinking in all things,
hesitation in everything, skepticism in everything,
reliance in nothing.....

All of a sudden, everything inside me turned upside down,
lack of confidence, hesitation and an incomplete weakness....

Lately, I have been getting scared, which is why
the opposite of my nature has been created for no reason! !
! opened the closed door and looked outside to find the lights.
There was so much light flowing around me,
but I couldn't recover at all.

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The Raindrops Are Dripping With Blood

The raindrops are dripping with blood.
The blood is scattering in the wind.
The intensity of the rain is increasing in the wind.

Alone on an abandoned road
like a wet crow wet,
bloodstains from the end of
the blood droplets from my body with the hair in the synthesis of the horrible
sight.

I went to the crop field,
walked to the pond,
voluntarily went to the cane for thorns,
and everything soaked in red blood
greeted me.

I want to give up so much blood in a little space,
I want to go out of the stream of blood.
There is no such place anywhere!
Even if it rains a lot,
if there is a lot of blood wash, where will I go?

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White Man

On the way to this world,
how many days have I spent at the end of the night ---
just like a weary traveller.
In search of a perfect white man, I saw colorful colors
of countless people
with two eyes.
I also have many gaps between the outer shells.
I have seen the strange forms of this world,
the everlasting art of life
in the midst of homeless and human beings.
Sad tears from their eyes! Finding peace in one of the children to find.
Four springs have passed from life to search.
I am floating in favor of the current and even against it,
but nothing has been found here.
But in today's age of mechanics, human beings have also become mechanical.
It's not easy for us to understand the full speed trains of our country.
In this short life,
these burnt two-eyed people are observing nothing.
I floated the lifeboat on the crooked water in the storm.
The sail is torn,
the hell is broken!
Yet in this life we did not meet.
In the pitch black darkness of the night,
I rushed to the graveyard
in the crematorium.
Hearing the screams of some male skeletons with sleepless eyes,
my body has trembled for a moment.
I walked freely on a familiar path.
How long have you pointed it
in the dim light of a firefly
on a black night?
In the endless rain of July,
I made the black sky my umbrella and walked forward without any hindrance.
In a narrow heart,
yet no one gave a drop of water in a thirsty voice!
The flowers arranged in layers
on the lively beach just fell in love!
And how much destruction I will see as a tiring traveler on the way to this world.

When will you find that white man?

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Mirror

I see in the mirror,
we also see our fire perished in the light of strength
you drop the dim lamp life.
People don't see themselves nowadays,
where the night is tilted.
Awake people are still unsolicitous,
dreams float in floating eyes,
life is gray or colorful,
just a flying plane flying like torn feathers.
Conscience sometimes moves the earth or the sky,
conscience is asleep today,
eyes of the conscience are printed today only inflame,
only emptiness,
the constant battle of the day with night.
A full life is crammed into the furry of someone who isn't violent wrath,
an illuminated uncountable life filled with cornice spider webs
in the vampires,
not humans agitated dancers today.
The lamp of light is gone,
man is the inhabitant of
the unknown world today.
I looked at you
in the mirror,
you also see,
you are without light today in the lifeless story.

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A Mysterious Fish

A brand new mysterious fish
broke youth.

A mysticism exotic fish speaks to me everyday.

He spends his crazy time
at noon and spends the night endlessly.

I woke up in the morning of
the purple sun
after a ruthless swim.

Cut off unspecified water.

He's actually the golden fish in my hideout.

A mysterious fish that spreads the fragrant youth of
the beloved rainbow
in the crystal clear water flowing in the latent thropes
of my soul.

If you understand how much
you can swim,

you can become a fish.

What a life of shame to
spend alone

without a life partner.

Write a long poem in
blood -stained hot water,
you, the invader of my
hungry heart.

Unbearable lust burns the city of my nerves, blasts the lanes of artery in my
body and the water of wild desire dances.

When the day is born,
the fire catches fire
in the dream.

In the night and day of the life of a deep cast net --invisible,
what a strange twisted
illusory lie called darkness exists in the debt of dreams!

What are you waiting for?

The golden -silver gusty wind blows like a calm fish -like winter.

This afternoon,

this mysterious species of my boat coloured fish.

Talk to you very soon and
keep up the good content.

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Poisonous Tree

Maybe a leaf,
but still a perennial tree.
All the stalks,
the memorial dictation,
the water,
and the rooted eye -closed crow,
the simple secret wig.

Periphery relationship moved to centre
tragic chord in a cellular jail of unwanted country at the average of evil,
and the arc of the wig were impossible;
scratch their heads over feet.

The grief of the memory loss people
in the new poisonous tree
in the monochromatic blue,
no one loses the kingdom
in the movements of the heart.
The pronouns of the relationship is a venomous human being.
In the gloomy darkness of the mortal world,
on the dressing table,
in the deep wig.

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