

Poetry Series

nithya raghavan
- poems -

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nithya raghavan()

A Letter From A Daughter To Her Father

Dear father,
i was lifted in your presence, by your presence,
from the cradle which was my world,
that closed upon me with fancies,
full of toys, ducks, angels and swans,
As i grew up, i faced the broad daylight
full of rays of paths with,
independent, invisible doors that opened,
to new staircases leading to different
monuments, pastures, colours and wonders,
You, in your good intentions,
forced me into one door,
thinking that it would be best for me,
the best suit that would fit me snugly,
with absolutely no consent, no view,
which was uttered from my lips,
You trusted that i would
grow up to produce logical
views, views which the
society made a standard rule,
which no tangential thought can
ever revolt against.
Father, even though, you think

the burning, yet subdued sadness,
has already taken the shape
of a dewdropp on a waterlily,
One fine morning,
when your soul is nothing,
but a green pasture, that
you mowed consistently for years,
in the midst of your lotus
pond, you will find a storm
of confusion and sadness
that usually builds within
a nice cup of coffee in
an afternoon during the month
of december, at the sight of
an unrecognisable stranger,

who sits and stares at
you, who is the exact
copy of you, whom you
cannot search in for
her perception, who looks
at the world with your
eyes and who thinks that
the world is often moved by
slow trains carrying crisp notes by the countryside.....

nithya raghavan

After A While(To My Aunt's Dog Steffi)

'After a while,
after a while'
is all i say,
as i procrastinate touching
your soft fur that
grows out of the
land of your pink skin.
I am strangled in
the wind of remniscences,
of the time we
threw open the doors
of our respective languages,
and after a while,
we learnt to find
the nodes of common points,
on the creepers of our tongues.

Your black eyes reflected
the lights of thousand suns,
that pierced the heart
of darkness, and threw
shreds or pieces of light
on the black waters.

It was only
after a while,
that i realised that
our walk in this
vast jungle was reaching
its conclusion, as i
looked at your tail,
wagging more slowly,
and your soft eyes
becoming lost in the mist.
Fate was gently pulling
you, on the opposite
path to heaven, which even
your quiet reluctance
ceased to stop,

And you left me,
with what remains in
my mind, those small footprints
that soiled the floor,
as God accompanied you,
to evaporate in the
breath of creation.

I was left in a
void, that yawned on
my face like breeze
at night. Yet, you threw
a leash around my neck,
that becomes a cable,
connecting me to thoughts
of you, as tears smudge,
those sweet memories.....

nithya raghavan

Allow The Sleep

Close your eyes,
allow the sleep to
ambush you, in
the middle of no
man's land and let
fate gently take you
to a pool of
rose petals, like a
current of the river
that drags a lifeless
boat along the path
of noisy waters.
Let your dreams
run along the river
that courses, cramped in between
the dungeons of
rocks, where the emotions
of sand particles taint
it; Allow it to embrace
those sand dunes in
the desert, that give
birth to plants which
dance gracefully in the
soft air unlike, those
melons that shake violently
in the turbulence of
the wind. Let the
mountains that stand
by the monument of
night watch over the
river that wears a
piece of jewelery of the
glistening moonlight. Together,
let those dreams, thoughts
and wishes, join in
the midnight rainbow,
glistening in the eye
of a hurricane lamp,
dangling innocently outside

a warm, little hut.....

nithya raghavan

An Uncontrollable Act (The Voice Of A Terrorist)

As i travel by car,
on an unconventional journey,
i feel the sunlight,
angrily slam itself at,
the back of my neck,
All my depressing feelings,
mix themselves into a water pond,
of an immutable act,
where i just pick up,
the gun and all that,
is heard is several,
shots that tear the breeze
into shreds, strips fall,
to float above the heads,
as bullets graze hairs,
like a lawn mower,
that mowes the grass,
Nothing that i can recall,
that i can think,
ever made my thinking,
expand, my life better,
I have come to the
conclusion, that fate is
the most cruel of all
masters who cling on
silently to the iron curtain,
waiting to pull the chains,
stealthily so that the
jack in the box,
will spring out with,
endless rhymes of blaming the self.....

nithya raghavan

Brown Skins

Our levels of existence
Lie trapped under this
Brown skin. Our skins
"Pollute" the crystal
Blue river into pig sty
Brown at a slight touch,
Our harsh voices drench
Our words in black drawing
Smoke in the air.
Mountains in lush brown fear
The white snow invasion
And joyful imperialism,
Autumn white lilies
Dominate the soil,
Skin colours heave
Themselves across the
Brown-pink chessboard.
This brown chocolate and
Yellow noodles excreted from
Somewhere will be
Swallowed by Earth's
Tamarind tongue, unable to
Differentiate water from
Poison. The moon bathing
In the sweat of grey clouds
Spark rebellious black wicks
On sensitive candles.....

nithya raghavan

Close

Close. Shut the doors
On stiff cardboard faces.
Grow Grizzly bear ball
Of darkness, never let
It out, let it rot
And remain within.
Let the safety pin
Tie its legs together and
Screw the ears of a
Cloth, pull dog's
Leech backward. Greenhouse
Melon trap those seeds
And curtains shiver
At such sights.

Close. Those words
Vanish away with a
Swish, pigeons remain
In magician holes,
Dead jasmine flowers
Swept and deported,
Air suffocated in
Jars, Blue bottle
Fly tying its palms together,
Glass Colosseum bubbles
Burst and painted walls
Of darkness-hidden Jews shut
Against Nazism reality.
Let the poet bear the
Tapeworm messages enclosed
Around the fingers and
Never let those book markers
Open the history books with
Their teeth jammed together.....

nithya raghavan

Cornering Me

I am being cornered,
I lie on one of
Those hot edges of
Walls that burns my
Back, because of the
Brand name of religion,
Caste, creed, gender, race,
Colour, and all that which
God has given to the
Product sent to earth.
Nails of hot water,
Boiling hot water, digs
Into my skin, tearing
The skin apart and
Honouring it with
A flag, the flag of discrimination.
Cold snow chews
Through my skin,
And I stand like a
Half-eaten, leafless tree;
Harsh words lash on
Me, like a whip,
And my guts are
Pulled out of me,
Like pollen grains,
Out of a flower,
Till my mind becomes
Numb, insensitive,
Till the light is
Wiped away, leaving a
Soft white dim light
To shimmer on the green plains.
In a wax of hollering noises,
I search for a wick
Of soft music to
Look at me, to
Rescue me from those
Dragons that breathe
Fire on me,

I wait on the cold floor,
Wanting to be
Absorbed by those walls,
And my identity,
Demolished along with
Them, so that i
Get to see the
Threads of justice weave
Into a cloth in heaven.....

nithya raghavan

Dreams On Fire

I am sleeping,
under the sand,
of the grey sky,
all my dreams,
have been burnt like,
logs of wood on fire,
I am left to gaze,
at everything with,
an open mouth.
All i can do is,
just pour my emotions,
on my famished dreams,
like clouds that,
pour rain on the parched earth.
I crawl to find,
if there is hope,
even little hope,
that dangles by the ear,
of a grey cloud,
like a white lily
that swims on,
the edge of a pond.
My dreams which i,
clung on so closely,
like a second parent,
had been seen buried,
on a snowy night,
when snow flakes,
looked like frozen tears,
that gently fall from,
he eyes of the sky.
Even the stars,
which clung on the moon,
on its journey through the night,
stopped blinking the faint light,
which usually gleams in their bodies,
like petals of flowers,
that change their colour,
reading through our moods.

All that which i spent,
years building, to
appear like a monument,
that glows bright,
against the black night,
that splashes its colour,
from the paint brush,
to patch up other colours,
seem to be slowly,
fading, getting itself,
carried to a river,
that glows like a black tar,
waiting to pull inside,
all my dreams, that
i built, easily, like,
castles in the air,
on a misty morning.
I am the poet,
who allows her verses to flow,
against everything that is,
deaf to her, whether it is,
stones splattering against grounds,
or my own soul pounding,
to rush out into the gushing wind.
Even my misery,
that is a black figure,
against a white stage,
is limp, unable to dance,
around the fire,
that continues to cackle,
as my dreams go into ashes.....

nithya raghavan

God Dreams.....

In His mighty sleep,
yet staying awake,
God waves his wand,
with stars that spring,
out through its end,
He dreams of His life,
in a land of dreams,
where the bell tolls,
against the bird's song,
where the echoing green,
sways in the mid-noon sun.
Where the lamb,
clothed in thick wool,
springs to and forth,
with moon often,
referred to as 'miss nocturnal',
to care for it.
Where windows of the eyes,
open their shutters to,
the golden fruits that,
lie on a waste land,
Where the vast abstractness,
of the drum beats of time,
can be felt in a grain of sand.
Where the chorus of mermaids,
singing below the surface of,
an ocean, can be felt,
through the vibrations of the open land.
Where the crystals of snow,
shimmering in the white light,
brew tears in our eyes,
like the storm that a poem,
can create in a small cup of ginger tea.....

nithya raghavan

God, I See You Everywhere!

On seeing the feminine
half-moon who balances the clouds,
on her angelic wings,
i feel the wind blow,
musical notes in through,
the flute of my mind.
on seeing the clouds,
wearing multi-coloured bangles,
i can feel all my
desires satisfied at the dropp of a hat.
on seeing the parachutes,
that float into the
watery blue, i feel myself
lifeted into the vague breath,
of the sands of time.
on hearing the clang
of silverspoons into the glasses,
i sense the vibrations
that i never sensed before.
on seeing the cherry,
sleeping peacefully on
the soft cushion of the whipped
vanilla cream, my body
carries itself gently into a peaceful slumber.
on seeing the raindrop,
that goes in search of,
the most friendly, smooth leaf,
i feel my feet carry me,
to an ethereal pilgrimage,
of your worship because,
God, i see you everywhere!

nithya raghavan

Great Thoughts

The green snake with its
gentle, firm grip,
holds on to the branch
of a tree.

Stems in the vineyard,
raise their bodies a
little, like swans that
fly in the sky,
and descend down to
touch the earth,
along with our modest thoughts.

The fronds of a
coconut tree, wave
their leaves at the
travellers, at the footpath,
just to bring out
those hidden smiles.

A bridge connects,
relates, two fractured
lands, and magnanimously
allows the river to flow.

Those distant lights flicker
and yet, they try to
chase the monster
of darkness away.

Leaves, thin leaves,
throw behind the barrier
of mud, to come
out of their shells
and look at the sunlight
that merges with water fountains.

Salt surrenders its body
to the violent sea
that consumes it, and
leaves saline footprints
as it walks on the sand.

One half of the earth
is dressed, and bedecked
with bright jewels of

colour, while the other
chooses to remain plain,
exposing its body
to nature for the
noise and music to
emerge and evolve in
the soul-less space.....

nithya raghavan

How To Make A Dosa

You must first pick
up your ladle compass
and draw those white rings
in a solar system,
drag them along
endlessly, till the black
eclipse circle stands out
prominently. Squeeze those
oily planets, and let
them be absorbed in
the orbit, fade off like
flickering comet imaginations.
Slap the cheeks of
the solar system with
brown roasted paperbacks.
Take the double-edged
stainless steel square spatula
to separate the white art
from the black board and
dropp it on a plate,
Victimize the thick bangle set
with side dishes ready
to be feasted by Gods.....

nithya raghavan

I Will Go Back To My Country

I will go back to my country,
where i am wanted,
respected, cherished, treasured,
i will go to sympathise,
along with deserted streets,
that carry a carpet of blood,
though sympathy means nothing,
in the eyes of money and power,
i will go to feel,
through the feelings of people,
like a river that flows,
noiselessly by the mountain slope,
When people brand my,
country as 'dirty', 'filthy',
i will turn into a,
peaceable warrior to defend,
without revealing my arms,
and show them the,
tremendous colour and variety,
that surpasses every city,
village and state, like,
a garland of daffodils,
that hang in the air.
I will pelt my stony
anger at the demons,
that destroyed my country's peace.
I will prove to the world,
the eyebrows as black,
as the wings of a crow,
can dance both in the
light as well as the dark.
i will prove to the world,
that secular literacy can never,
shut the golden doors,
and hold its flag,
our flag at half-mast,
even in the midst of,
nerve-wrecking, unreasoned terror.....

nithya raghavan

I'M All Alone(To The Expatriates Of A Country)

I'm all alone,
listening to my own voice,
that speaks to the mountains,
fast asleep in their own world.

I'm all alone,
miserably tied up to,
the body of destiny,
with a rope much,
more thicker than an iron chain.

I'm all alone,
thrown in the society,
like a waste-paper basket,
when God simply refuses,
to open his gentle lotus-like eyes,
to take a look at the,
motion picture of unnecessary suffering of mine.

I'm all alone,
The love for my brethren,
simply cannot accept,
hurtful, unfeeling, resentful remarks,
heeded at me, as if,
i were a satan of the nation.

I'm all alone,
like an innocent little calf,
to feel the wrath of the axe,
and safely reach Creator's feet,
in the abode of heaven,
where hopefully my loneliness,
vanishes away like a morning fog,
over a frozen river.....

nithya raghavan

Inside The Bus

Inside the bus,
the old, familiar music sprung up
suddenly, from nowhere,
the words wearing the
garment of tunes,
of inexpressible beauty,
gently drifted near
my ears, giving a
tickling sensation like
a bunch of white feathers,
that float in the
vast ocean of air.
My mind drifts loftily
to the colourless
river, that is sandwiched
between the grass plots,
The wild roses bend
down eagerly, to quench
their thirst, The cedar
trees stand silent without
making their rustling
comments to the river
that chatters about its
duty, joyfully as well
as anxiously. At
certain places between the
trees, I see angry fires
obliterating the grassy
plots of my sunlit life,
Yet, the trees stand
strong, even as the
snow, sets the cold
white flame on the wings.
Somewhere, at some
point, drops of honey
gently settle on my
skin and roll its carpet
of sweetness around
my tongue. The

final thread of dew
dropp settles on the
plant, on a cold morning,
where the sun hides
himself behind the
moon, who silently pulls
down the curtain of
my dream to an end.....

nithya raghavan

Into The Deep Blue

Lying down on the
white, fluffy, cotton bed,
made out of water,
i look at endless
blue dome. The breeze
hesitantly stumbles forward
with silent affection.
All those cotton planes
lurch on the sky
without pilots- devotees
circling around the
Sun, who emerges from
the blankets of water
that assuage the land,
veiled by mists that
take a stroll in
the air. I
rest in the hands
of one of those
devotees who quietly
reveal me to one
of those rays,
where my breath
lies in a breath of
light bearing thousand
breaths. My house
may be small, with
no security, with fear
that it may break
into drops of water
that shower the earth,
Yet, i can still see that
it has a huge dome
that changes colours
with day and night.
I allow my eyes
to rest on the
blue, as my heart
bears the bright paintings

of shadows of
the sun and the moon,
on the soft bed,
like a proud wall,
that projects beautiful paintings.....

nithya raghavan

Into The Open Fields

As i gaze into the open
fields, near the highway,
i just wonder at the
sight of those lonely houses,
and the sky that sits
above the desert soil,
where only blades of
grass grow and which
have been inhabited by,
those 'selected' few, who
fail to find the answers
for leading a life,
where not even a single
individual walks past those houses.

I just think as
to whether it was,
because of destiny,
that they are made
to stay in a place,
where the howling breeze,
plays with the sand,
or probably it was,
because of the fact,
that they thought themselves,
to be alchemists, who
could transform their souls
into gold, which does
not lose its sheen,
even if ghosts of
loneliness, threaten it.
Maybe, they felt that
the city life, with its
insecure people just
gathering around was,
not what they wanted,
and they chose to communicate
silently, with the half-moon,
the sky and the air,

that lifts the wings
of seagulls and eagles,
Probably, they were those
insignificant saints, who
sacrificed their lives
like chrysanthamums that sacrifice,
fragrance into the open
air, over the open roads,
and played their roles,
assigned to them, like puppets,
while the strings are
held by the divine.....

nithya raghavan

It Never Shows

Our eyes are kangaroos
that carry the skin
in its pouches,
our skins have survived
the feet of tyres
riding over a ground,
our hairs, like the
Savannah grasses, have
been burnt by the
orange sunset. And,
our palms bear the
bleeding maps of
our endless travel.
Those dreams, desires
and hopes befriend
the dust in the basement
we cleaned once
upon a time. It
never shows, we
are thick and thin
enough to penetrate
those double-spaced
crocodile lines, flashes
of moonlit memories
are sufficient to move
those wounds to
the edge of our books.....

nithya raghavan

Leave It As It Is

Bickering lights. Flamingos with
pink cancer grasping their
throats. Oars wrestling
blue waters to
hold the boat's
echelon on the sea.
Traffic jam of thoughts,
bundled up in
sacks, rooms, on
beds and pillows bursting
open cotton feathers.
Cold dead mats on the
floor after countless
stirs of autopsy.
Coiled snake noise
driving like screw
into our cork ears
to mine those
tambourines out.
Goddess grows a hair
of fire, huts burn
and apply kerosene
balms on our spirits.
Saffron flowers bearing
moons, Plantain leaves
in rainy emotions
cannot bring out rope-
length sentences and
speeches. Leave them
as they are,
unprovoked by routes
of descriptions.....

nithya raghavan

Looking Back

Looking back at those
memories, as i take
a train back to the
past, faces, places, and situations
appear like a multicoloured
palate, that clouds my
window pane. Those
lonely tracks shroud
themselves in the affectionate
hug of the mist.

The multicoloured eggs,
store themselves in the
womb of my nostalgic
tears, that roll down
quietly even when the
inward storm brews
and creates turmoil,
in my conscience.
Tears quietly run
down the draught-prone,
burning throat, into the
red soil of my heart,
where the roots of
vapours branch out the
clouds over my mind,
like white cloth, over
the coffind of furniture
in an attic.....

nithya raghavan

Morality And Corruption

Long, long ago,
so long ago,
that time remained
entrenched in forgetfulness,
the ghost of morality,
guarded the garden of primroses.

One day, from the heart
of the blue sky, emerged
the band of corruption,
headed by the master,
went to morality,
and asked in a voice,
where the crisp spring wind,
rustles the leaves,
her hand for marriage, ,
and morality, in her
innocence lost under the
roots of plants, gracefully
accepted, and the wedding
took place, in a dingy
cave, that not a single
wave bothered to visit.

Few years later,
morality gave birth
to corrupt children,
who spread to all the
parts of the earth
and morality fought
a war with her
husband, where she was
ultimately put to death,
and the epitaph of her
grave bore no details,
of her birth and death.

Meanwhile corruption spread
like wild fire, and became

a dealer in every continent,
to the political bandicoots,
that rule the roost,
in order to state complacently,
that it was alright,
to spill a dropp of blood,
to acquire the best in life.
Even though morality,
might be fast asleep in
her grave, her blood still
remains on those swords,
that slit so many necks,
and she will remain seated,
along with the Gods in
heaven, who have no courage,
to sweep away dirt.....

nithya raghavan

No Difference

There is no difference,
between the tears and the
sweat that trickle down
our cheeks. The river just
courses through the soft
land and falls on the
soil, where our forefathers
exist as ashes and decayed
masses, waking them
up in their deep slumber
of helplessness to the
wordless battle between
life and death. Those green
apple trees, shelter them,
against our ambivalence of
nostalgia and sadness, that
starts from nowhere, fate's
arms have been chained
to the inferno of hell,
all that is left for us
to do is, wake up to
the stinging lullaby in the
walls of our hearts, and
traverse quietly on the soil,
to parts of the earth,
where orchid flowers,
are ignorant of the existence
of a lake that coursed through
the stems, like a lost war brethren
who lived in a land,
that betrayed its people, and
threw them into the arms,
of poisonous smoke that
strangled them and made them
like dessicated cockroaches,
sleeping with mangled bodies,
deep within the caves, lost
in unknown, unseen mountains....

nithya raghavan

Ode To Shadow

As i walk along the footpath,
i see my friend,
who casually imitates my body,
my structure, the blackness in,
midst of the bright yellowish,
light emitted from the street lamp,
during a busy night with pre-occupied roads,
accompanying me, instilling confidence,
like the tune of a xylophone,
in the midst of many organs,
wafting along the breeze,
in situations where loneliness,
waits at the end of the tunnel,
to grab hold of us, shake us,
scare us to tears,
the black image providing,
shade to the ground, the,
ultimate proof of all our actions,
walks by our side like a genii,
that comes out from the,
lamp of our soles.....

nithya raghavan

Ode To Winter

The artist, paints the mountains white,
the trees standing still,
like soldier-dolls,
where faces blush,
buckets open their mouths,
to drink rain water,
ducks peek disappointedly,
over frozen rivers,
usually shuddering under the affectionate,
gaze of the mauve sky,
walruses hold their heads high,
to take a whiff of the cool air,
twitching their whiskers,
simultaneously, along with his orchestra,
the compose sighs,
in his parchment,
he affectionately signs,
'to earth,
with love, artist.'

nithya raghavan

Oh Dreams! When Will You Come Back To Me?

I stand on the ground,
waiting in frustration,
for the bird that flew,
right from my heart,
to float in the air,
to return to me.
I just collapse on,
the ground, days and
days of waiting has
tired me much,
You still remain like
a meteor beyond,
the reach of a scientist,
carrying your fiery tail along
with you in the
black chart of night.
We still remain like,
astronauts who float,
in two different
directions, waiting to
complete our circle,
around the moon.

Every night disturbs my sleep,
to think of the day,
you evaded me and
went up to wander,
in the cloudless sky,
just like the water vapour,
that separates itself from
the vast ocean, that
nurtured it, groomed it
similar to the way,
a hen grooms her chick.
Even the view of,
the bold cliff,
reminds me of the day,
you walked by my side,
in the lawn on,

a cosy evening.

Every day is a struggle for me,
as i walk to various places,
to find you, if you're there,
lurking in a corner,
smiling at me, as if,
nothing had happened.
I search for your presence,
that leaves behind trails
of memories, that can
keep me sleeping peacefully,
on a bed as soft as hay,
during a night when,
stars don't blink their light,
that flows from their eyes like tears.
I follow you, to tell
you how much i,
longed to see you,
grown up to carry me,
by a golden chariot
to my most preferred destination.
Yet, in my nightmares,
you gaze at me,
from one corner,
until i yell at you,
'Oh dreams, when will you come back to me? '

nithya raghavan

Only Words Can Rescue

As i look around me,
i see nothing but injustice,
war, sex, rape, crime, violence,
helplessness, busy people in their,
own sweet, rotating busy world,
people who don't respond,
to my simple friendly calls,
for a warm cup of tea by snow,
people who even find,
speaking or writing few words, a pain,
people who are busy pulling,
carts of gold bars to,
store in their death graves.

i search even more and,
find, long-lost words,
words which were not,
heard, spoken or even read by people,
words which when heard,
soothes us inside,
like an icy mint passing,
down the passages of my windpipe,
words, which like sparks,
fly out from cackling flames,
over timorous charcoal,
words, that hide itself secretly,
behind the bask of heaven's blue smile,
words that speak with us,
sit with us, in caves,
of stones where even,
our best friends trigger the greatest turmoil.....

nithya raghavan

Owing To Fate

The sunset carries his
orangish white cloak,
over the pale brown sand,
owing to a sudden,
turn of destiny, which
can also alter the invisible clock,
and make processes faster.
the blue beach turns
black with the silver
streak of a skunk,
that spreads over it,
being the speechless, voiceless,
noiseless, conditions of fate.
All our verses that,
spell out the future
predictions, our dreams,
that we strive to chase,
just powder themselves,
into letters, as the
seven-letter word, 'DESTINY',
shakes it violently like
a sudden volcano that
erupts from the mountain,
that grows grasses and herbs,
remaining once upon a time,
the green fountain of beauty.
the starlights twinkle in
our eyes, like diamonds of
our souls, which remain
colourless, and the word
'GOD' again sets spotlight on it.
if i spend seconds, minutes, hours,
days, weeks, months, years,
decades, centuries in building my
castle that i can, with a
pack of cards, assisting me,
and yet it is crumbled by
an earthquake, and placed
a sword, dissecting my happiness,

i cannot help but,
owe it silently to fate.....

nithya raghavan

Please Don'T Let It Happen Again(Musical Tune Of A Commoner)

Standing outside our burnt building,
just like a king who,
stands outside his burnt palace,
we spill our jargon,
of how our loved ones,
were bled to death,
just by a few bullets,
that flew up the air,
few bombs, that engulfed,
all our spirits by its sound,
Of how our cheeks,
blushed, because of,
the endless shedding of tears,
just like the clouds blush,
wearing the garment of sunset,
only thing being, our blush,
is drenched in sadness,
Of how many people,
whisper behind the shadows,
of buildings like,
insects that groan in the dark,
Of how many wings of terror,
rocks our city,
just like the cradle of death,
rocks an innocent infant,
Watching all the events,
in stark silence,
Trying to get our eyes accustomed,
to brightness of light,
we allow our souls to,
mumble in fear to God,
'Please don't let it happen again'.

nithya raghavan

Reaching Out For My Passion

Standing on the edge of the cliff,
i wonder why,
the flowers of my tree,
never blossom into,
a fruit at spring.

Standing on the edge of the cliff,
i wonder why,
the fairy tale which,
i built out of my dreams,
got burnt over night.

Standing on the edge of the cliff,
i wonder with,
black tears stinging,
my delicate eyes,
at the cartoonist,
who gave shape to my reality.....

nithya raghavan

Retrospect Of Innocence

As a modest, shy figure,
with an intangible body,
and a mind that sails,
on the boat of a white cloud,
surrounding itself with flowers,
new-born chicks that hatch,
from a mature chicken's egg,
I droop over the ships,
that sail in the green waters,
of Venice, silently dragging
along with me thoughts,
that carry the humble tune,
of the jay, vibrant guitar,
Buildings that may collapse,
any moment at the cruel words,
that dart and pierce,
the head of the structure,
and make my dreamy nature,
vanish like eucalyptus,
oil that evaporates on a
barren ground on a sunny day.

Having understood the beauty,
the charm of how the,
bell tolls in a clock tower,
how water lilies survive in,
midst of a cold river,
how the perfume of salt,
merges in the thick sheet,
of the icy air,
that layer themselves in a sequence,
over and above the Earth,
People feel the desire to,
kill the thing which was born
within them, the strange,
white figure which they,
gave birth to when they were born,
They feel the urge to,
stab this ghostly white figure,

that lives within them,
like a dove that merges,
with a globe to represent peace,
If i were an element,
an ash that threw itself,
from sparks that emerged,
out from yellow fires,
A greyish element of agony,
that dooms people,
Then why, why was i born?
Why did people give birth to,
me when they were born?
Was i born to be twisted,
squeezed like the story in,
a book of fairy tales?
My ceaseless wails yield no answers,
Not even a dropp of honey,
in the midst of forest fires,
that i'm trapped in.
However, i know that,
as they pelt stones at me,
I sit under a yew tree,
waiting to be dragged on,
a bull by Death to heaven.....

nithya raghavan

Sights Of The City

My eyes keep blinking-
wings of a butterfly
that flap continually,
as this city turns youthful
with bulbs, my hair turns
grey. I lean on the
window to watch men
digging those tunnels leading
to nowhere and men
buzzing out of public places,
as basements sink underneath
my feet. The shadows of buildings
trap me, behead my
imaginations, and my
veins bleed boredom.
I want to live in those
quiet seconds that pass by
and my heart is in a
live-in relationship with
this place. This city with
its changing sights pulls
me by my collar to leech
on to its soil like
electric wires and bring me
to taste dirt cakes. I wait
eagerly for lizard tongues to
open cracks on the earth,
for those rocks to develop
a bad taste for salt water
fountains, for the sky to
rain dead hawks and for my
soul to lose itself in castrated deserts.....

nithya raghavan

Small Wars

When knives are,
inserted into the multi-layered,
body of an onion,
tears pour out of our eyes,
spontaneously, not knowing,
as to why we cry,
for a martyr,
who adds flavour to our food.
When the body of,
a tomato is chopped,
it sheds its juicy tears,
that wet our hands,
like blood that dangles,
from a silvery sword.
As so many leaves,
go in the form of pages,
where ink of,
black, blue and red,
remain an impression,
just like the hot iron,
rod makes a scar,
on our hands, that change,
from purple to red.
We scratch the mother earth,
hurt her by throwing,
tantrums, jumping on her,
yet, we want the turnip,
that she gives us every morning.
The air that we breathe,
stealing breeze from nature,
like a vacuum cleaner,
that secretively sucks waste paper,
from the floor.
As we take a pail of water,
from the ocean, its like as if,
the salty, sea water is separated,
from the sea that gave birth,
to it, just like a
doctor who separates,

a child from a mother's womb,
by stripping the cords,
that remain attached to it.

We preach, we sing
songs of non-violence,
where things remain,
where they should remain,
the ironical part is,
we show much gratitude,
over fighting these wars,
just like we clap over,
light candles where fires,
dance only for a while,
over the cake whose body,
gets dissected in few seconds.
Yet these small wars,
are necessary as they,
light up the torches,
of our purposeful existence,
So, is it possible,
to claim our peaceful,
souls, that beat silently,
within like messengers,
from God? Is it,
feasible to ejaculate,
our 'simple', non-violent' nature?

nithya raghavan

Speaking An Unknown Language

My language
Has been uprooted
From my throat,
Grass kidnapped from
Brown homes,
And my tongue, pink lizard
Runs across the
Mountains of the white
Space, exploring the unknown.

My language hides
Underneath the stone,
Precious silver and gold
Afraid to escape the
Treasure chest with arrows
And cannons against those
Gangsters who try to ambush
Those letters, words and works.
The innate voice speaks in
Texts summoned by my pen.

My tongue is chained,
Coiled in those new sentences,
In full moon nights,
Ancestor poets steal
Devil's glances and
Flicker their malicious toothless
Smiles as my eye lashes
Purse their black lips.....

nithya raghavan

Sweeping At Your Doorstep

Gently pecking with my
broom, at your doorstep,
as i did for many years,
carrying my ancestral tradition,
and allowing my frowning
face to smile at your
posh sun-filled room,
which you've managed to maintain,
by sweeping votes, however,
fraudulent, the methods are
considered to be,
Meanwhile, i just pick
a rupee coin and find
myself stranded in a prison,
on which the sun never
shines, i still confront
eagles that wait with
their sharp talons and claws,
to ruthlessly tear my body
apart, deserting my children.

You smile and speak,
of the utopia of,
trees and smooth roads,
where we don't sleep on,
the cold floors of the slum,
on a half-moon night,
when wolves growl with,
their dagger-like teeth,
surrounding us in our sleep.
it is always us,
who are targeted by,
the tsunami at the Marina beach,
the second-longest beach in the world.
you just sit there and
speak of welfare projects,
which don't exist,
in this planet, which are
like the submissive hoots,

of an owl in the jungle.

As i continue to sweep
your doorstep, i secretly
thank my ancestor for
one thing; to accept our
world fraught with violence,
and deep regret and the
courage to keep smiling,
thinking of the times,
when the branches
of the gigantic tree of creation,
strangles fox's tails,
by holding it upside down,
Another lesson passed down,
the line of tradition.....

nithya raghavan

Taste Of Madras

Train tracks are imitated,
Those rivers exhale their
Breaths opening their mouths,
Under the bridges,
On which vehicles groan
On a Monday morning.
Jasmine bracelets clasp
The hair of women,
Photos of human beings,
Masters and Gods,
Tamil flows,
Milk that gushes out
Of an earthen pot
On the day of Pongal,
Sounding as crisp as the
Kancheepuram sarees that
Embrace women's bodies
And as pure as the
Soulful music of anklets
That dance on the floor.
Bells and cries of
Different religions, castes,
And creeds clash like
Noiseless swords, the
Tar that is layered
On the corner of
The road is the
Kajal that lines the
Eyes of Gods and Goddesses
As They bathe in the
Smell of incense sticks
And camphors. They
Get ready to march
And look around the
Place, along with the
Alwars and Nayanmars,
As they get a break
From their jobs,
On festival days.

Crows break through
The crowd of breeze
As they laugh at those
Indecisive catamarans that
Keep one leg in water,
The other in land,
And the filter coffee remains
Comfortably seated in a
Steel tumbler vanishing bit
By bit, as the hair of
Coconut trees and sugarcane
Cover the face of the moon.....

nithya raghavan

The Frozen River(With The India-Pakistan Cold War)

The dense, cold river,
freezes to ice,
at the breath of fire,
that blazes many buildings,
with great ostensity and pride,
The timorous fishes and dolphins,
under the shield of ice,
thrive in their dreams,
waiting to drink the,
bowl of golden light,
repeatedly reminding themselves,
of the strange voice of the,
violin that used to,
sing aloud by the break of the dusk,
The flowers and grass,
that felt supported by the,
soothing touch of the river,
droops at the sight of,
an unbreakable shield,
that settled over a land,
whose body and a portion of the leg,
were torn apart,
by the cruel laughter of fate.
Only the inquisitive penguins,
that come rushing towards the
frozen river, can spread mist,
over the frozen river,
like pulling the curtains,
at the end of a tragic drama.....

nithya raghavan

The Last Punishment

We just lie down,
the sand rolls
around our bodies,
we have no home,
earth is our only home.
we look at vehicles
that rumble the
monotone of our lives
on those fresh roads,
and within my throat,
fire, crude fire burns,
over the coal of flesh
and the oil of blood,
tamil blankets our
tongues, the language that
once upon a time,
was brought from the
cooling river that flowed
within us and we
sprayed waves of fresh water,
but now, we spit
fireballs, out of raging
volcano that erupts within,
on seeing those who
betrayed our land, to
distort tamil and call
another country, another
continent, theirs. the
government welcomes them,
houses them, but we,
what about us?
is this the first punishment?
or is it the last, as
we hoped? even curses
are incarcerated within our
bodies, as we just remain
empty cups that wait
to be filled, thwarted
repeatedly with dew drops

of empty promises that
fall in like thunder
showers, repeatedly. we
think, just think that
fate wants our bodies
to be burnt in discomfort,
and we remain blank
papers torn by the
wrathful pen's sharp nibs.....

nithya raghavan

The Lost Passageways

As the aircraft comes
to a grinding halt,
in my homeland,
i feel the strings that
pull within me,
at the scent of the
strangely moist air, all
the thoughts of the
past splurging into my
miniscule, selfish mind.

Billions and billions of
people, have stepped into
those silent passageways and
streets, billions and billions of
them branch into the
roads, that are put
across by destiny,
and they lose themselves,
like ants in an anthill.
As i walk through
the familiar yet unfamiliar
roads, sense the unusually
bold rustling of leaves,
against the cold wind,
It all appears the same
once again, the same mob
that clutters around me
on a serene evening,
the same lively air,
that carried itself as,
a spectator to the
fireworks in the open space.
Only difference is that,
dust settles on the same
pages of a book,
which the eyes trod once
again, to unravel the
alphabets, the words, the sentences,

that chain themselves together,
as an outcast to
the changed times.....

nithya raghavan

The Non-Conformist

I sit in the last bench,
wearing the badge of a dunce,
whose hands shoot up,
like a rocket with its burning end,
at every statement made,
by my teacher,
who finds every dropp of time,
wasted on my 'silly' questions,
when intellectuals around me,
bend into their books,
plastering their mouths with cement,
watching me being dragged,
into the headmaster's office,
who shows my way to,
the outside world around me.

even if i grow up,
to forget the year,
when my feet bore itself,
in the desert sand,
dried of the scorching sun,
my breakthrough the glass,
chains, which pulled my,
neck in all directions,
will hold itself firmly,
to the roots of my soil,
the successful dog,
which broke free,
into the deserted streets of the city.

i, a deaf and dumb individual,
deaf and dumb to,
the gossip which plasters,
itself on thousands of lips,
horses with blinkers,
moving in a single direction,
look up to me,
as i roar like a hound,
to the golden stretches of farm

land, serene white mountains,
and sleepy waterfalls,
at how proud i am,
to lead a tortuous life,
of a true non-conformist.....

nithya raghavan

The Racist

Walking on the silent streets,
of a deserted town,
i feel the searing, hot,
iron rod, placed on,
my skin which is in the,
colour of a wet soil,
i feel my bruises,
reflecting the war at the purple sky,
as i wade my way,
into the hospital doors,
The anarchist withing me,
pulls the strings of a guitar,
swallowing loud speakers,
she blares out,
to the indifferent world,
minding its own business,
on the struggle of her life,
everyone's life, where wearing,
a skin which is,
in the colour of black tea,
is considered a 'disgrace',
as the world scatters around,
like flakes of snow,
on their chase to find,
the racist and pour,
wine over his ritual,
of roasting all the skins by fire.....

nithya raghavan

The River Of Joy

The river made out of rain drops,
That fall separately and join
Together, in their ultimate
Heaven, cupped by soil,
Silently flows dreamily,
Looking at the thoughtful sky.
Enviously, looking at the,
White pigeon, that poises,
On the grass to drink,
The transparent potion of nature,
I silently think,
"oh river of joy!
Bathe me in your richness,
Which I never acquired,
Even after getting gold bars.
Purify me in your submissiveness,
Which was innate in you,
Even before the stones,
Attempted to make their
Footprints on you.
Flow into my soul,
And with your clean hands,
Wipe the floor,
Of all dirt that,
Destroyed the window of eye,
Making it blind to,
The bouquet of marigold.
Live in me, forever,
As dawn brings about,
A breeze that makes,
Sand from the desert
Fly, like free birds,
Swindled by the storm.
Oh river! Live in me,
Even as my presence,
Is stolen away from me,
Let me see,
The eyes of the spring,
That hides behind,

The Thirst Of Revenge

The air that blows on,
our cheeks during a starry night,
rocking the cradle of song,
making him lose his breath,
by blocking his windpipes,
like a mass of charcoal,
that loses itself in a colourless tube,
teaching him a lesson,
that will be repeated again after his death.

the water that cools our tired faces,
glowing black like kerosene in the night,
washes our bodies seeping,
into our skins stealthily along,
with the companion of blood,
wrecking our nerves,
deforming us like dead,
fishes thrown by the sea on a sea-shore.

the fire that dances on,
candles, incense sticks and woods,
radiates a mean amber glow,
of the hungry feast,
which it had as bombs,
were thrown into the land,
roasting bodies like a barbeque.

the iron chains that were used,
to hold the family of cement together,
were also used to write,
on a wierd calligraphy style of scars,
with red ink on fleshy human legs.

the blood that excitedly,
dutifully flows into our hearts,
also covers the yellow,
dripping face of the sun.

the 'head-strong' leaves of revenge,

floats into the sky, after quenching its thirst,
like a helium balloon,
at one point it joins the,
dusty white light and,
explodes into the explosion,
of the gigantic supernova,
dies and burries its face under,
the earth's soil, when,
mother earth rejects her,
evil son born in the peril sea of,
demons, carries his disgraced body,
into the gates of heaven,
eagerly awaiting the day of judgement,
when the birds fly upside down,
and the morning sun shines in the west.....

nithya raghavan

There Will Be A Time

There will be a time,
when the receding waters,
of a massive tsunami,
swallow up selfishness,
without leaving a trace.

there will be a time,
when the red hot iron rod,
pierces its end into,
cunningness which dominates this planet.

there will be a time,
when the word 'caste',
which blackens our tongue,
like a black mass of coal,
cripples itself,
like a disabled individual.

there will be a time,
when God will evilly set,
fire to our well-structured,
expectations, which grows,
bigger in us through our balmy days.

there will be a time,
when raspy whispers,
turn into roars of a jungle.

there will be a time,
when a silver thread,
passes through the core of ourselves,
like the moony ends of a pink pearl.
there will be a time,
when the word 'injustice'
freezes in our injured throats...

nithya raghavan

Thinking About You

I don't know.
Something about you,
Itches my mind,
And everytime I find,
A portrait of you,
Dangling before my eyes,
Which are drawn to
It closely, like a
Caterpillar that gets,
Attracted to a green leaf.
As I busily go
About my work,
On a bright Monday morning,
I see you standing,
By the desk, your
Shoulders covered by,
A scarf of snow,
And your red lips,
Arrange themselves in the
Form of a smile,
That gives the impression,
Of couple of pink flowers,
Arranging themselves in a garland.
As I search through the,
Dresses in my shelf,
I try to find the
Colour of a dress
That matches with your
Eyeballs, which are like,
Sunflowers that bloom,
In the middle of the night.
As I prepare my dinner,
The smell of spices,
In the food remind me,
Of the smell of jasmines,
That slide down your hair everyday.
As I listen to the nightingale,
And sparrows that chirp,
Every morning, I think

Of the bell that tolls,
In the temple along
With the sound of your anklets,
As you pray to the Gods,
To awaken peace within everyone.
I try my level best,
To put myself into,
The shoes of focus,
In everything I do,
Yet something rages within me,
Like a tide that reaches,
Higher to touch the moon,
The seasons within me,
Change from winter to summer to
Spring, and I see
Nothing but the chrysanthemums,
That glow on conquering,
The mountain top,
I don't know why,
Even as I sleep on a rocking chair,
Those dreams dance like,
A couple of tribals who,
Dance around a fire,
On a starless night.....

nithya raghavan

Thoughts

The silent white, abstract clouds,
moving across the blood of blue,
ready to pour on the earth,
with its repercussions staying due.

The positive impact of clouds,
cause benefits to rain,
the negative impact of its movement,
make so many efforts in vain.

The lonely estranged clouds,
rebel against each other,
as often seen there is a clash of titans,
between sunlight and rain,
a bud and a blossom,
extending beyond the vast horizon,
causing disturbance,
coagulating the flow of blue,
an atmosphere of restlessness,
soon enough, after a heavy downpour,
the sky stays clear,
fresh thoughts flow into mind and bring us cheer.....

nithya raghavan

To The Unseen Faces

While examining the curtains,
draping the tall, magestic walls,
i wonder, how many hands,
did the embroidery work,
without actually pricking their hands,
with the gigantic needles.

while staring into the black water,
in a wooden pail,
surrendering to the thought of,
how many felled the trees,
going against the conscience,
to hammer the bucket with nails.

walking with anklets,
around my feet,
like constellations that form,
in the night sky,
how many blacksmiths,
shaped those miniature bells,
to jingle at my feet?

an onion, who covers himself,
like a gift wrapped in many layers,
a parcel passing through many hands,
how many farmers,
uprooted the vegetable from,
the Earth's chest?

pulling up the pants,
walking into the ice water,
by the snow-capped countryside,
feeling the pebbles,
melt away into water,
the icy breath,
which makes one flash across their thirty-two,
at the mirror,
a smile genuinely hearty,
which makes me feel like,

pulling out those unseen faces,
who veil themselves under,
the burqa of poverty,
and thrust a handful of pennies,
that graciously find themselves,
in the midst of water fountain.....

nithya raghavan

Torrential Rain(About Stock Market Crash)

In a bustling city life,
heavy downpour of torrential rain,
unleashing itself from the chains of thick, black clouds,
crashes tired, exasperated hopes,
as strings of numbers(called 'prices') ,
slides down a muddy pool,
the downward arrow of,
lightening, points to the ground,
when the information cracks,
the ground to reach out to people,
to dropp all flamboyant,
glamour of lexus cars and expensive diamonds,
while silently pleading,
them like an importunate dog,
to consider the sweetest pleasure,
of gifting a book on a christmassy evening.....

nithya raghavan

Touching God's Feet

I touched His feet,
And swam in the
Fluid beasts of the
Ocean, waves as smooth
As blue peaches,
I touched those
Gems of lotuses
Carefully studded on
A necklace made
Up of blue gold.
The toothpaste of
Poetry came out
Slowly, comfortably to
Seek comfort on
The brush and
Slumber, while
The caterpillar moved
Slowly on the banyan
Leaf that He unconsciously
Slept on. The
Cool breeze catches my
Tongue and ties it
Firmly, as I'm intoxicated
By His smile
Curving like a fish's
Body and His feet
Become a little white cottage
That houses me as
The whispers of His
Feet hisses, intersects into
The forest of my wild dreams.....

nithya raghavan

Vegetarianism

When the blood spills out,
From the split neck of a cow,
When chicken's beaks
Are broken and cruelly pulled
Out, when fishes are pulled
Out of their homes,
To be placed dead,
In the deep freezer,
We feel the nightmare,
Rushing across on the wind,
That spreads its wet footprints,
On our silent minds,
Making us like demons,
That kill animals, deplete
Forest reserves, tainting them
With animal blood.

We feel that aggression,
Is the best way of life,
In addition to killing biodiversity,
We also kill ourselves,
We kill the peace,
The joy within, the contentment,
That herons experience
When they gaze over backwaters.
We think that our thoughts,
Make us superior on this planet,
And with the "gentle" smile,
On our faces, we watch the
Lamb surrendering its life,
Even when it is half-alive,
To the ocean with its water crystals,
That accept it, feeling disturbed.

How can we watch animals,
Consuming more grains and
Feeding famine into hungry lives?
How can we watch cattle,
Slaughtered mercilessly, when this

Creation of God must coexist
With us, like the flowers
Along with sky and earth?

Becoming a vegetarian,
May seem a very
Inferior thought, yet,
It is like the rain,
That pours out its song,
Even when the lightening and
Thunder strikes the planet.
It makes us feel deep,
Profound peace and silence, as if,
We were sitting before,
The warm fire on
A cold, windy afternoon.
There is no harm in
Feeling that we make
The ocean and the waves,
Inseparable and purer,
There is no harm in
Feeling that we are a
Part of the animal kingdom,
When they photograph their
Existence with us,
There is no harm in
Feeling that purity is the
River that gurgles in
The waterfall of our consciousness.....

nithya raghavan

Waiting For You

I stand here,
Waiting for you;
The poison tree
Has grown within me,
Numbing me of my
Own emotions, the red
Snow of pomegranates
Roll down the river of
My blood. The boats
At the sea, wait
For the lighthouse to
Spread its streaks of light
On the sea, which is the
Colour of black oil, so that
They course through their
Respective paths unafraid.

Somewhere, in the deep
Ocean of my soul,
Lies an open book
That bears the heaviness
Of my letters and words,
Like the porters bearing luggages
At a railway station. Fishes and
Sharks torment me,
Bringing me back those
Verses that I wrote
In my long wait for
You, and lost it as
I decided and knew,
That even though my
Wait did not end,
I chose to end it.
Scarce did I get
A chance to see
Your face, except
In my dreams, like
An Orchid that grew
Near raging volcanoes.

I was and am
An autumn leaf,
That floats in the wind,
Waiting to be brought
Back to life, raised
In deep velvet silence,
That is often broken
By the sound of guns.
I wait to be sprinkled
With dew drops that
Will awaken me from
My arduous slumber
In an abstract cradle.

My eyes not only see
Within me, a cubicle
Space, walled by mirrors,
But also the entire world
That slowly awakens, to
Find you missing.
The stars with their
Burning gazes, quietly leave,
For they too have had
A long wait of earnestness,
To hear a word from
Your mouth, that gives
The feeling of a feather
Touching our minds.
Millions of eyes open,
At the sight of
The navy blue, merging
With the orangish yellow,
That produce rhythmic,
Mellifluous footsteps on those
Backwaters, at the break
Of dawn, to just hear
Those bells tolled by you
And colour the divine
Soul, with your forceful,
Yet, soft music.....

nithya raghavan

We, Human Beings

We, human beings capable
of thinking, feeling, acting,
destroying, obliterating, deteriorating
and everything that goes
beyond the soul's imagination.

Our eyes burn with
the black fire, our
mouths slowly open
to fire the bullets,
to spit the bullets
of harsh words,
leading to a black-out
in those minds and hearts.

We shave the green
hair of our mother
Earth, to grease her with the
tar, so that our
vehicles can drift swiftly,

We scratch her body,
and yet her patience
does not allow her
blood to flow out. We
stuff the throat of
truth with sand and
layer it with cold
water so that its
voice doesn't escape
out of those caves,
like a flight of seagulls
in the midst of lies.

We create a river
full of arrows, that
attack sand and those
particles stick on to
the edges of an arrow,
like corpses sticking
to the sand with
congealed blood spread on it.
The rose conceived

by nature with the
love of dew drops,
on a morning when
the Sun burns the
background of the
sky, is pulled out of
its home, its land-
the crudeness of our
very 'gentle' hands.....

nithya raghavan

What Am I?

What am i?
a speck of dust
that settles on the
skin of a lemon,
a single droplet
of rain that falls
from the sky
to penetrate the earth
and get buried in
the ground, hard,
immune to anything,
a sand particle
that dwells in the
middle of the desert,
a hump on the back of
a camel, bearing the
burden of carrying
me through the path
God has laid before me,
the small breath
in the lengthy strand
of breeze casually
flowing out of the
divine nostrils,
a footprint on the soft soil
that may vanish any second,
a miniscule creature
dwelling in the gift box
of several galaxies
and universes such
that a microscope stretching
from the heavens
may be required to see me,
Oh but what really
am i? A single letter
that may be erased
and replaced with another
letter shedding the
fragrance of the

same sound, same meaning,
written in a novel
of Silence and space
authored by the
conscience of the divine.....

nithya raghavan

When Pyramids Crumble

When pyramids crumble,
Sand, dust and soot,
used to build the geometry,
of Egypt, the jewel of wonders,
will flow into the,
blue veins of river Nile,
The blood that flows,
out of the heart of Egypt.

When pyramids crumble,
Egyptian souls mirror,
the black wars of the sky,
turning the souls as,
black as coal.
The souls are partitioned,
by the destruction,
of gem of earth,
like earthquake that divides,
a solid, mountainous rock,
into two, exposing the black,
gap, that yawns like,
a cloudless, starless night.
Pharaohs who beheld,
the beauty of Egypt,
in their eyes,
like a pot who beholds,
sunset in his heart,
disregard the crown,
stolen back from Egypt,
by God, who gets bored,
of staring at the triangular,
structures that never vanished,
for thousand years,
just like poetry written by fate,
that stays on our foreheads,
for several lifetimes.
Powerless, despite the spears,
knives, daggers, bows and arrows,
that throb within their hearts,

They are helpless, left to wonder,
why God chose to crush,
the diyas of the afternoon,
by His merciless feet.....

nithya raghavan

When Sorrow Loses Life

Ours is a sorrow,
that spills out,
endlessly from a well,
on the dried leaves,
until the core of the well,
dries itself of endless,
tears lashing against rocks,
built within our eyes.

Ours is a sorrow,
that tightens the soil,
as the river of blood spilled,
out from the clash of titans,
flows between the cracks,
of the diffident earth,
while, the ignorant clouds,
move on the fleece-like,
floor of the garish blue.

Ours is a sorrow,
that reveals its,
shadow on the footpath,
when feeling tired rests,
in the coffin under,
the generous monuments that,
provide a home to it.
This is when,
sorrow loses its meaning.....

nithya raghavan

Winter Horse

The white horse with,
its feathery mane,
eyes of black night,
gallops on the soft snow,
which is the tapestry,
covering the treasure chest,
of hidden, unseen miracles.

the angel without wings,
from heaven, The pacifist,
in a lonely battlefield,
rides its chariot,
in all the directions,
searching for nothing,
aiming for nothing.

the snowman in the soliloquy,
seldom wonders how many,
horses, pads its foot,
on the delicate snow,
without leaving a trace.....

nithya raghavan