

Poetry Series

**Nooruddeen
Mathilakathveetil
- poems -**

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil(Jan 8-1952)

Convinced Me She Is....

Is she an angel?
I asked the stars
They were dubious

The angelic smile,
The ruddy cheek and
Divine magnanimity
Convinced me she is...

Is she a glacier?
I asked the arctic mountains
They were too, dubious

The radiant beauty,
The well carved and
The blazon sculptured features
Convinced me she is...

Is she an icy mountain stream?
I asked the icy mountains
They were too, dubious

The sweet rippling gift of the gab,
The flashy blue eyes and
The wavy hair
Convinced me she is...

Her presence in my infinity dreams,
With all her grace and beauty
Made me a man of desires
Hence, whispered, I love her, I love her,

I Love you.. I Love you.. I cried, as loudly as I could
My love to hear my love
But the winds snatched it and
The clouds then, if she heard my yelps, I am dubious...

April 16-2009

Made For Each Other

I remember the first day I met you,
I caught a glimpse of your face far in the crowd,
Glowing in the diffused golden twilight,
I strode in the seething mass to be near you.

I remember the day I met you again,
You frowned at me in response to my smiling, though,
Ardent longing for your love was burgeoning, I realized,
Aloft flew wishes of a moment alone for you and me, anon.

I remember the day I met you again,
You flung a glowing smile to me and walked away,
And you fondled me again by eying me furtively paces after,
A golden era was blossoming out as ever I wished.

I remember the day we lusciously conversed,
Your sweet rippling still echoes again and again,
Many a time exchanged our thoughts of love at our rendezvous,
By the sweet singing, lonesome, white, rippling brook.

I remember we saying "The day is only for you and me, "
"We are the only two in this glebe; the glebe is only for us, "
Smothered around us the halo of our love,
We could see nothing but us, we could hearken nothing but ours.

March 30,2010 - Perinnanam

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil

My River

Oh! My river
My cute river
Beauteous you are
In the morn, in the gloaming
Sandy is your bosom
Banks are grassy and pebbly
Pellucid little waves Singing and flowing smoothly
You are turned to a young bride now
Garbed in the glittering sequin of gold and argent
And flowing slowly arrayed in all your finery
And verily you are the sybarite!
I am at your bank again, my favorite hangout, where
I spent my childhood more often than not
Vividly return my memories of my nights with you
You were calm in those nights
Still you are, and the glory remains as pristine.
You are bathed in the moon light
How beautiful you are now!
The tiny stars are flashing and dazzling on your bosom
You are cradling thousands of them, as if,
It's spectacular!
I am lying down, alone,
Looking at the zenith,
Gazing up the galaxy, within the clouds, and
Watching the Gleams of light
Coming through clouds' cleavages
And vanishing into the river in the distance
The milky orb is almost in the horizon now, and
The golden orb started his brush work in the sky
I nestle down at the bank in the zephyr & gentle cold,
Looking at my river with her vivid golden water
Listening to the music of the foam-flaked waves
A sense of euphoria possesses me as I lie at the bank.
Oh! If ever I could dwell at this bank for years and years
A feeble music from afar fondles me,
As an accompaniment to my relishing
And I relax in the ebb and flow of the rhythms
But it aroused me,
My alarm clock chimed and reminded me

It is the time for work,
Oh! I am in the middle of the desert
Poignantly convinced myself, what a contrast!
No my cute river, No grassy bank, No Pebbly bank
No, No, Nothing, Nothing, but the sand dunes.....
The sand storms

Mar 12,2009 - Hawiyah (Part of Empty Quarter – Saudi Arabia)

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil

Photos Speak

Dragging me these old pictures
In to my by gone days
They are decayed in course of time, though
The pictures have a lot to speak
Of the love and ardor towards
A girl resided next to my door
But a picture is essential not
For reminiscing about those sweet memories
Of all those love and ardor
As it is solidified as a thick layer of sediment
In the deep depth of my mind
And it keeps on jolting me in my darks
Oh! My Girl, you have never been a girl
In my forgotten corner of mind, thus far,
You are with me, as the shadow of mine
Wherever I am
Ever since you walked off
To reunite in our next birth

Feb.20,2009.

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil

Rainbow Expressions

Hazy and misty sky turns (into) bright
Sun shines faintly in the rain ere long
Lovely girl's lovely eyes
Twinkle with amazement
Beholding the colorful rainbow in the sky
The swaying boughs and woods get in the way
Of the view of the pretty bow in the sky
Wishes the lovely sevenfold be watched
Amplify out in near vicinity
Wishes the rain be suspended soon, she prays

Slumbers the rain as sudden
As her prayers are answered by her Lord
By leaps and bounds the little girl nips out
Of her confines joyfully to see her rainbow
But, Stands she still! Looking up the sky
And numb with shock! Give herself
Up to a feeling of utter despair
And she realizes unto
Her pretty rainbow is no more there and
It faded away with the rain.

May 28-2009 - Hawiyah - Saudi Arabia

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil

Reflection

Slouching beside my parents
A shabby shriveled bloke
Wrapped himself in a rug worn
Laden with a bulky bag torn

Unfolding his bulky carryall
'Showcasing' couple of his works
Animated with the literary styles
And so musical with the themes!

Jibes from the parents & verbose he became
Coaxing them, with the recitals repeat
And so bared the similes, couplets & metaphors
Wide eyes wrestling with the prospective buyers

.....
.....

Though decades and decades passed, while
Posting my poems on poetry site
Requesting attention of members agog, occasionally
Reflecting somewhere deep inside
The faded picture of that shabby bookseller,
His jaunty rhymes, imploring eyes & that unrewarded return

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil

Retrace

Trills of the birds
Arouse him up in the morn.
The feeling of lethargy
Restrains him from getting up of his comfort
He pulls the glitzy quilt over
Cuddle the pillow and huddle
Try to take a zizz – in vain
Despite the wakeful night
Followed in the wake of roars of thunders
Perpetual pouring rain and baneful gale

He rolls out and draws the curtains
It is nippy and, still, drizzling out
Mist and fog smothered far and wide
Faintly visible a pair of flitting Kingfishers
On the sagged branches of the bougainvillea
The trills are aloud and melodious, though.

He slouches at the window and gazes at
The river flowing hard by, awhile
She is, in her saffron getup,
Slightly miffed and craggy
In the aftermath of the night pouring
Breeze triples the ripples on as a consolation
And then passes thru the window
To caress him with lots of love and affection

There bathing in the river, an adolescent,
The amusement bursts in to his hurray..hurrray
There he soaked to the skin and, then,
Playing in the rain...
Sloshing through the puddle of muddy water
Ha! ...Ha! ... The lad is at his peak of glee.....

In days of yore..
Bathing in the river
Experienced him spontaneous mirth
For long he bathed in the river
For long he played in rain,

He recalls...

The lullaby of the river was quite sweeter
The breeze was fairly colder
The trills were more melodious ...but,
Deteriorated in course of time

His eyes are getting sagged
He can't resist – he draws the curtains and
Slumps onto his downy pad
Pulls the quilt over.....

April 3-2009

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil

Smudge Of Blood

Here, this smudge of blood,
Of a tender boy of eleven,
Soaked thru the tarmac,
Yet to be dried, still wet and warm!

An innocent young lad,
Fades-in my mind,
Your bag! Your bag!
Picking up a shopping bag,
Shouting and chasing the biker,
Who slings the bag into the crowd,
And cruises at a high speed.
Shouting repeatedly in vain,
Albeit he ran a bit far away from the crowd,
Your Bag! Your Bag!
Still shouting...

Oh! Sudden, the shopping bag explodes
Shredding in to pieces, the poor boy.
Scattering around his fresh flesh all over.
'My son! My son! My son! My son!'
The horror stricken mother gasps.
Dreadfully aloud and running to the spot,
Where her son has been ripped,
Plight of the mother is tearful.
Compassions and rancours surge up,
Cries and sighs of the shocked crowd, aghast.
Mother out of sense of mind,
Insanely hasten gathering,
Of her only beloved son's tender bod.
Warm blood dripping fleshes, broken skul,
Clasping to her bosom
'Oh! My Son, My Son.'
Weeping and wailing with a grief uncontrollable,
Caving into the pool of blood...sans...consciousness.

.....
.....
Appalling brutality and the terror,
Of evil minds, will get over when?

Open your eyes, empathize,
NO reward of Heaven, for shedding the innocent blood.
NO reward of Heaven, for this distress of mothers.
What remains is just this smudge of blood...

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil

The Bird Watcher (Part 1)

I plod through the leafy woods
The shadowy, coolly rain forest at the dale
Harkening the spellbinding tunes of trills
Watching the vividly coloured pretty fowls

Echoes of those feeble (But aloud) chirrups twinging me
Of those little birds I encaged in my early ages
Were all tremulous and dolorous sobs, but
Misapprehended unto chant sweet songs of rollicking

Encaging the birds is remorselessness
To set all those confined birds free, now I wish,
To let them spread their wings beneath the skies
And dry out their invisible tears in the fresh breeze of the freedom

The red and blue Macaws, the Golden Pheasants...
The birds of passage,
The settlers for the time being,
Blossom the trees with lurid variance of colours

The Green Turacos, the red Robins
And the tall milky Flamingoes with pinkish limbs
Creeping in the marsh and organizing their eats,
Deceive me the marshy land to be an enchanting flowerbed

Golden slanting rays and long shadows
The contrasting beauties of the forest
And the humming of swaying trees in the breeze
Embellish to the beauty to the trills & chirrups

May 11-2009 (Hawiyah - Saudi Arabia)

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil

The Bird Watcher (Part 2)

After a day long traverse far and wide
In quest of the secrecy of my pretty aves
I back in the tree house in the sanctuary for the night
While they are ensconced in the high tree fastness for the night

The weald is engulfed by the milky moonlight
And it is glistened with the dewdrops
It is unparalleled and distinctive in the moonlight
The picturesque prospect over the dale from the tree house

I am harkening a sadden serenade from afar
That breaks through the serenity of the moonlit valley
A lonely cock sings for his lost hen on their passage, perchance,
Expecting their reunion in next to no time, fervently

It's getting feebler and feebler, as through
Ebb and away and away... far and far from me
There comes a flock of lovely birds, Spotted in
Dazzling silver and gold, the insignia of heavenly colours

They are around, chirruping and fawning me with their beaks
Alas! My hands, transforming to wings!
Legs to a beautiful long feathery tail!
Nails to shiny claws, lips to a set of pretty beak...!

Oh! I am! .. I am also a heavenly bird...!
Adorned with lovely feathers..!
Spotted with brilliant gold and silver...!
As pretty as they are.., as lovely as they are...!

May 11-2009 (Hawiyah - Saudi Arabia)

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil

The Notion

Old age knocked on my door and enjoined
'Over, your stint in the desert'
Obeyed, though my reveries remain unfulfilled
Oddments of my odds and sods are wrapped up to carry along
Being the remnant of my bygone age
In the reduced and straggled circumstance

The nook in this room may have a lot to tell the next
Of my grieves and pains, though I portrayed to be jovial
As it might have overheard my weeps and whimpers
When pang of loneliness crushed me in the shadows of the nights

Throng of memories spring to mind while leaving my den
Of yore, for the land of bliss and delight, I left all my nearest and dearest
It was on the later part of a dull and damp day
The sun was hidden, as he was too fighting back tears so I was.

The burning days were unbearable
The summer days in the promising land
Toiled away beneath the fiery cruel sun, but
Thoughts of my nearest and dearest hasten dried out my sweats

Vacations, quick as a wink and hurry, were
Waving hands of friends and relatives prompted,
'Be ready to set your pace in the heat and blizzards, and
The rousing (but a weeping) send-off for long, again and as often

Not hurry, I am, now
My hired wheels are also rolling at a glacial pace
As if the chauffeur knows that my journeys are over
He too seems dull, probably, no trip after mine...

My nest, not remote, away only few minutes
My ecstasy is curling up away in to infinity
Seeing my clan of people, at the thought of,
Who would be waiting for me eagerly as usual.

The cab is in front of my mossy house, but
My notions are all for naught

I am devoid of my friends and relatives
Who used to be eagerly waited for my arrivals.!

March 20,2009 - Hawiyah (Empty Quarter of Saudi Arabia)

Nooruddeen Mathilakathveetil