

Poetry Series

**Ponniah Ganeshan**  
**- poems -**

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# Ponniah Ganeshan(Sept.06,1950)

The things that I would like to share

I have never planned my life and similarly I have never been  
Defeated in my life either  
Yet, when I let things go on the ways of their own,  
And start appreciating them,  
I feel that likes become dislikes  
Dislikes become like at times  
That they become traces of life  
Always, Always and Always.

Talking things and thinking to talk things  
And things we are told,  
Behold things and thinking to behold at things,  
Similarly the things we hear and things we are heard  
Always refine life as I feel.

I am one who likes to behold things at life  
As a beautiful dream.  
Because, I myself become a dream one day.

WHO AM I.

During my school career probably in 1967, I was much interested appreciating poems in Tamil, my mother tongue and wanted to write similar poems. I started writing poems in traditional ways that is to say with rhymes. I well remember when I was 16 years old, I wrote a poem and sent it to a Tamil magazine where it was published in the children corner. I can not tell how much I had been delighted. The poem was about the SKY which was like this as far I remember its words if I put it in English.

The sky is so high and blue in colour  
Where beautiful stars and clouds live together  
With happy and gay

The sky is endless and keeps us wondering  
On days with sun and at night with moon shining

The sky is everywhere above our heads  
The sky is the source of everything for our lives  
It goes and goes beyond with no end.

I had written more poems of this nature during my school career but I did not have a single one in my possession. Most of them were published in Tamil Newspapers and Magazines. Then I started writing love poems during my teenage when I was reading GCE (A.L) . I had written a number of such poems But I can not remember all such poems. Indeed, I had a collection of my poems with reference to Newspapers and Magazines published. Unfortunately, I had lost it due to a cyclone that hit my area in the year 1977. In course of time, I had published a quarterly Magazine " KEETRU" in Tamil meaning flash of light. One Logendralingam Kalaikolunthan and myself were the Co editors to this magazine. The articles and poems contained in this magazine were unlike those published in mass media but they were of serious and intellectual thinking and thought provoking. We could be able to publish 7 Issues and copies of some of such Issues are still me.

During the year 1997, I have published a collection of my poems titled " A Space in a Space within " which contained some poems written by me in English. This book was reviewed by Mr. ajah who says,

" Kalllooran (the Pen Name of Ponniah Ganeshan) also known as Pon Ganesh, has brought forth a book of poems under title " Velikkul Veli" which means a space in a space within. It has been published by "View-Gum, a quarterly magazine only known among serious Tamil literary limited circles.

The collection of poems contains 29 Tamil and 5 English poems. The poet declares about ' the point from where his poems begin' that his goal is journeying beyond time and space losing all his identities. And he says, he is only journeying with a soul of his own. The poet has had close contact with the JVP comrades during the year 1978 and he was greatly disappointed and dissatisfied with their activities. He symbolizes Karl Marx, Lenin and Castro only to convey that he was much interested in communist philosophy and that he lost faith in it due to chauvinistic attitude of the so-called comrades. So he states in the Free-verse like prose which speaks of the Point from where his poems begin.

Kalllooran says in one of his English poems,

" I am given an animal's name

In a land of people  
For I am taught to see  
Only my fame  
In Newspapers, over radio  
And television,  
In kitchen  
Even in toilets  
I look for my name in vain”

In a Tamil poem, he says,

“ A death is only with a few leaves of life  
And a life with some dead thorns of death  
Scare-crown are made alive:  
With my death and life  
With his life and death ”

Kallooran in his anguished exploration of his humanness, tries to show,

“ Journeying beyond time and space,  
Depriving of all my identities crowned,  
I am out in a space within  
All beyond the blade of a grass  
All beyond the blade of a flower:

On the whole, the poems of Kallooran, are so impressive to the extent that they cannot simply be set aside. ”

WHERE DO MY POEMS BEGIN FROM:

I was told that God existed and I believed. For the sake of His pleasure, I gave up eating fish and meat. I used to apply Holy Ashes on my forehead and display flowers in my ears. The God was in the detention of my parochial room with the smell of incense sticks and of camphor.

“Release Him ”

“Release Him ”

Karl Marx and Lenin with their comrades gathered my compound and obstructed my way. All my Angels were chased out of my dreams. I was caught in-between

without a land to rest and without a sky to fly out.

“Who am I? ”

“Who am I? ”

“Wherein lain my existence? ”

The down-trodden seen and no man was found being sinned. I accepted it. All my gods had become mere idols without a tongue to talk. Enjoyed breaking of what I thought was ideal. I was in the company of comrades. I was in the company of Vietnam fighters. Castro was with a garland and his magnificent cap on head. Che-Quera shook hands with me. I rejoiced.

Then saddened my heart, all of a sudden  
The flames of fire everywhere encountered.  
Houses were burnt down  
Paddy fields and trees burnt to ashes.  
Human were burnt alive.  
The dead body of a young boy who was killed, was brought and laid  
Among corpses with lacerated chest by bullets.  
They said,  
He was one of my brothers.

“ Catch him up ”

“ Catch him up ”

There were my comrades who shouted towards me. I took to my heels. They tried to fix me up assembling with my identity.  
One by one  
Opening the box where they kept hidden  
I took to my heels.

Heard a voice – the murderer was resembled with my identities.  
Another death thrustered upon me.  
All burial grounds began to open  
Their greedy mouths one by one..  
I fell down, lying in a street.  
There was a man who took me in his arm  
And made to quench my thirst.  
The man bears a name similar to mine.  
My eyes were brimful of tears.

Where are my comrades with the dress

Of magnificent red color?

"Who am I? "

"Who am I? "

Guns sprouted every where  
And heard blasting of everything, everywhere.  
The sky is measured  
And stars are counted and accounted.  
Leaders are made pictures  
Hanging on walls with garlands.

I am again at the place from where I started.  
Yet my journey is with different sun and stars shining above.

I rub and rub and write myself again and again.  
My poems, the manifestation of what I observe with my empty  
Mind and heart,  
Are smiling flowers that bloomed  
In a corner  
Only to visible for those who are  
In anguished exploration of humanness.  
I feel that I become nothing with everything.

## A Suicide

There was a moth  
Hovering around the lamp  
At night Flying  
I warned her not to be killed by herself  
I said, asking  
' Why do you welcome the death on your own'  
But said, she replying  
'Let the lamp itself realize  
That I myself had a heart  
Before my death'

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Beautiful Thought Of Life

I lit my heart with a lamp to dispel dark  
and become light  
Of my hardships, everyday  
To allow beautiful thoughts, chasing  
Unwanted thoughts to enter  
Towards a path of beautiful life  
With beautiful outlooks  
That bring a smile and spread happiness  
To others..  
'To look back and gain experience  
To look forward and to see hope  
To look around and find reality  
And to look within and find myself! '□

No body like to occupy  
A place of abode □  
Dilapidated and ruined  
Nor a house made of nasty matters  
With bad smell around  
I try to lit my heart and make it a place  
As a temple  
To let the Almighty come down  
To sit and bless me

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Birth Day Wish

A BIRTH DAY WISH

What picture shall I draw  
On the 44th page  
Of your life today?  
A sea gull  
Flying beyond the horizon  
And a lonely boat down the sea  
Sailing?

Yes, the sea gulls  
Still flying and flying beyond  
Unnoticing the lonely boat  
Which is sailing and sailing.

What is the destination  
The bird is flying towards  
When every target in the vast universe  
Fails.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Birth Day Wish For A Comrade.

I paint you not as I saw  
But as I think  
Your face emerges beautifully  
In my memory  
On this date of your birth!

I found the paints in a mixture  
of reddish color  
collected on the Long March of Mao Tse Tung  
I cut down a piece of canvas out of the ether  
And placed it on my wall  
I also made a brush out of the cigar held in the mouth of  
Che Guevara  
I started painting you  
Not as I saw, but as I think.

Down-trodden, oppressed and suppressed  
Are rushing to look at your picture  
Wishing you a long life  
The picture with the flagrant smelling  
Of thoughts from Karl Marx.  
Long live my comrade.

You talk about revolution  
You talk about the history of class struggle  
Telling us not to wait till the apple is ripe  
But lets make it fall.

In a land where even the children and women are killed,  
We managed to live long and you, turning the sixtieth page of your life  
And I am just fourth page behind in the book of life, myself.  
Yet, I may be disappeared beforehand  
Jumping up hundred feet ahead, all of a sudden  
And it is not in our hand.

Take up the clear stream that freely flows within my heart  
Accepting it as my present on your birth day  
The stream with no intention to quench one's thirst  
The stream with no intention for anyone to wash his dirt

I, myself become the stream for you to wish you, all the best.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Cat Sleeps

Devotees of all faiths  
Aware!  
The god with its old book torn  
The god with its broken pen  
The god with its swords  
Blunt. Appear before  
Temples, churches and mosques  
All the populars wear the color  
And quiver of bells.

Learn to accept the kisses  
of your fate  
No dogmas nails any faith  
In some norther city of steel  
Vegetation.

A cat with its paws and claws  
and with its ruthless blood  
Sleeps in me  
Hunting the rats in my dream

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Confession

You need not kiss  
This small heaped corpse of mine  
You need not either  
Hate my soul which confines to a huddled  
Room;  
I am tattered and torn by a  
Thousand small things;  
Into the repetition of my love and hatreds  
I lost my legs to walk and tired  
I am soiled and being hung  
On a wall invisible high above.

When I am brought before you  
I become loose- ends,  
Slipping away.  
Yet I face your outermost will  
Of the determined love at times  
The darkness  
The darkness.

Whenever I look out  
Only the street devoid of any stirring  
Or movement  
Comes across.  
I can not count stars, trees and leaves  
In this vast universe  
And keep account.

I set fire to all shattered pieces  
In my head within  
The burning in a burning within.

My blackness thickens  
When I am brought before a blunt probe  
I am caught between your tyrannous pressure  
And black resistance  
My blackness thickens.



# A Last Respect To A Friend

You have decorated my face  
According to your whims and fancies  
Or based on thrust with your thinking  
From that days onward, all words I had for you,  
Disappeared  
All smiles I had for you.  
Dried up and vanished.

Among the flies swarming around your dead body,  
I am disqualified even to pay my last respect,  
With this thought, With this thinking,  
I place my wreath at your head  
Not to be seen by anyone  
Yet your memory is lighted up  
In the oil lamp with a pedestal.

The soul is accountable for the body  
As long as it is alive  
And the body become corpse when the soul  
Is passed out of it on a date unknown to us  
The advantage of the soul is to keep it up empty,  
Without allowing unwanted things to invade  
To have peaceful mind till the body meet its fate.  
My dear Friend!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Lazy Morning

A cup of tea placed by my head  
Not with a word  
Certainly not with a kiss  
Felt only a small patting on shoulder  
I did not sleep but was sleeping.

Stirrings of small souls  
From the mats towards their cups  
A laziness crept.  
And I felt for my tea  
Lifted I, my head from the pillow  
With the same pain in the back  
Became a snake, to drink the tea.

Man-made noises, nuts cracking  
Clinking and hammering at the next door garage  
A replacement of singing birds, trees and flowers  
Of long forgotten  
I did not sleep but was sleeping.

Crying of the younger one  
For going early to school  
The grown up daughter for her pocket money  
And the continuous shouting of the mother  
I did not sleep but was sleeping.

Clinging of utensils  
Sound of flashing water  
Now and then  
I now have to get up with the  
Resistance of the void  
Paining mind with the refused sex  
Let me walk into the alleys  
Of crowded hearts collecting broken shadows,  
Yet, with a longing for a different morning  
With its birds, flowers and dew dropp wet.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A National Anthem

This is you say, it is you, yourself  
This is you say it is you, your language itself  
This is you say, it is you, your country.  
Yet you obstruct  
From telling me  
In my mother tongue.  
That it is we are all together  
That they are our languages  
It is our country for ourselves.

Think not  
That the war cropped up  
Out of this conflict, is ended up  
Think not  
That those who are fallen  
Will not rise again.

I am still bringing flowers  
Yet, some of you  
The elements made up of mere  
Politics,  
Are coming to vulgarize my image  
and pain  
My pure heart

Ponniah Ganeshan

Ponniah Ganeshan

## A New Year Greeting.

Lets say Good-bye for this year,  
Closing the door of December  
And lets welcome the new year,  
Opening the door of January.  
With a bunch of flowers  
Full of new hopes and aspirations  
Yes, nothing ends and its another beginning.  
Wish you all, Merry Christmas  
And Happy New Year!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Pain Of Heart

A pain of heart.

When the window closed for years  
Opened slowly and softly again,  
The pond in my heart  
Overflowed with our sweet memories  
and smiled as beautiful flowers  
In my garden.  
The flowers bloomed after a shower  
As if in a morning time.

When your blunt probe exhibited on my wall,  
All birds in the river dried up  
Flew away, leaving me alone.

When the window was thrust shutting up  
Before my face,  
What entangled in it, was only  
My heart itself  
Yet, with your tears oozed as well.

Ponniah Ganeshan

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# A Parcel In A Coffin

Suddenly, I have become a parcel in my dream  
Bundled up to be sent somewhere,  
Being confined with contents  
I could not see the address above  
Written.

Where am I to be taken and delivered?

I shouted and shouted for no one listened  
I felt that someone taking me somewhere.

Being detained into the parcel  
I felt as if I was in prison  
Having disappeared and removed  
out of my environ  
For reason unknown

I was then taken hither and thither.  
In a coffin, shouldered by four men  
Two in front and two behind  
Finally I am undelivered  
and returned to my address

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Prayer

I enjoy the pleasure of  
Being hated by all  
Cos' when I am right  
No one remembers  
And when I am wrong  
No one forgets.  
Let me pass the days till I pass way  
And enjoy the ultimate goal of my life.  
Amen.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Pursuit

In the buses I travel  
On the street I walk  
I see men and women  
Without legs moving  
Without hands eating and working  
I see men and women  
Without eyes looking and enjoying

All disables and blind begging from  
Others Alas!  
I asked my religion  
Why it is  
I am told that they suffer because of the past  
Deeds in their pervious births.  
Do they realize it?  
I asked.  
It is not the case in issue  
Yet it is the case where  
You are born only to love everybody and everything  
To become its master  
Not to hate them to become its slave  
So be kind and affectionate  
Towards such destitute  
She said.  
Yes, I have my legs of my own to walk  
I have my eyes of my own to feast  
So, I am are fortunate  
My knowledge is stopped at this point  
As I feel.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Thought For Tamil And Sinhala New Year

Tamil and Sinhala New Year

Comes again and knocks at our doors,  
Passing a message made of no words  
Of your language nor of mine  
Yet with the message  
Made of brotherhood  
And neighborhood.  
Shall we celebrate the new year  
Sharing your 'kiribath' with my milk rice  
In a plate  
Forgetting that you are a Sinhalese  
And I am a Tamil?

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Tribute To A Friend Who Was Disappeared

My friend who was abducted by an armed group  
Has come to see me smiling  
With the face covered by shyness.  
'How did you come', I asked him.  
Again, he covered his face with shy.  
'I did not go anywhere. I am here itself ', said, he.  
'Yet, I only see you today ', said I.  
'I heard that you were made offered at the alter  
As the scapegoat.  
I did not see even your dead body'  
He did not tell anything, being silent.  
Again I asked him  
'How did you come from there'  
Then he started crying, weeping,  
And telling, 'I am still disappeared. yet  
I am alive with you'  
I waked up and see that I am on my bed.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Tribute To A Man Made Of Flesh And Blood.

I do not have tools and equipment to measure stones and store  
Nor do I speak to bags of sand and mixture of cement  
If I speak to them, sure they would laugh at me like you.

The ground your feet tread is yours  
And I see thereunder  
The beautiful waterfall  
And up above, the never ending universe  
With stars and moons not belonged to anyone.  
The space in a space within

The concrete structure with iron bars and poles  
Are nothing to me.  
The dust, powder and trashes of soil, sand and earth  
Depositing on the heads of workmen  
And on the grasses lying crying  
Under the concrete structures  
And noises of the machineries, are painful to me.

You may laugh at me if you need  
I do not mind.  
Yet your head with the grey hair  
Is always something great to me I find  
Because, I do not image anybody  
How is he or she gets rid of his or her waste matter.  
In the toilets.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Tribute To Candidates Contesting At Elections.

An apple is an Apple  
And you can not change it as a coconut  
By making a decision.  
Likewise, the mango is the mango  
And you can not make it as an orange  
Or anything else  
On a decision of your own  
At meetings and discussions  
Passing a decision  
This is the fact of existence.  
You can make decisions and decisions  
In majority  
Yet you can not change its reality

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Tribute To My Bohamian

I waited for you bohemian  
To carry on the torch of my friendship  
Yet, by the time I came,  
You were absent and your chair was empty  
To my utter grievance  
Where did you go anyway  
I heard you have passed away  
In your sleep  
Leaving me alone  
And you would not see me again  
And so do I.  
This is the life after all, we shared all along  
The man who was yesterday, is no more today

Still I see, the glamorous swans  
The irksome and intellectual owl  
With luminous round holes  
Of blinking lamps  
Ruminating on the trickles of fetched  
Post modernism  
Enjoying at the pond without your presence.

I still see the old chimpanzees  
Jabber in the politics  
Sitting at the table  
With the glass of drinks  
To overcome the inertia  
And empty articulation  
The days without you, are so painful  
May your soul rest in peace

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Tribute To Prabakaran

I am as grievous as you  
Enter thee bottom  
Of my heart, its true  
A man am I, as though  
With an identity  
Against any treacheries  
Against any blood being shed  
At any cost,  
Read my heart not assigning  
Any mark.

We are filled with spaces and time  
And called by names  
A man by any name,  
Sounds as human  
Devoid of any identity

You hate an image  
Developed by years!  
And it's true he cost many lives  
Of human blood  
Realize my plight  
I still do not hate him  
For I am a dog  
Wagging my tail.  
Without knowing he cost my life  
Without knowing he cost my land!

I weep for you, shedding my blood  
From the bottom of my heart  
But who is here so base  
That would be a human  
Human in a sense of human  
If any, speak for him  
Have I offended.

Who is here with clean hands  
Clean hands in a sense of  
Clean hands

If any, speak for him  
Have I offended.

Who is here so vile that  
Will not love his community  
With its own identity  
If any, speak for him  
Have I offended.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Vs A

A vs A

The death flickers with a few leaves of life;  
And the life struggles with many  
Flickering thorns of death  
All scarecrows are made alive  
By my death and life  
By your life and death.

They dragged and brought me  
Before the judge.  
'My Lord, what I say is truth  
And nothing but truth '  
'Are you guilty of being rejoiced  
and the killing of our soldiers? &quot;

They dragged and brought him  
Before the judge.  
'My Lord, what I say is truth  
And nothing but truth '  
'Are you guilty of being rejoiced  
and the killing of our freedom fighters? &quot;

I took to my heels  
He took to his heels  
The death flickers with a few leaves of life;  
The life struggles with many  
Flickering thorns of death.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Wedding Greeting

We have come from a place unknown to us  
We'll set off to a place unknown to us.  
Like dew drops on a date not determined by anyone.  
In between the life sings the songs of its own,  
We as bees upon flowers and again upon buds and  
Blades bloomed.

I wish you JEYA  
I wish you YOGES  
A happy wedded life  
Let your first foot step, testify to this land  
With new dimension and innovation.

Children are not ours  
They are the sons and daughter of life's  
Longing for itself.  
And it is true,  
They do not come from you but through you  
Give your affectionate love but not your thoughts  
Souls dwell in the house of tomorrows  
You are the bows from which the children  
As living arrows, are sent forth.

Future is not to be foretold  
It is in our hands to be created  
With this thought,  
I wish you JEYA  
I wish you YOGES

Let your first step  
Testify to this land with new dimension  
And innovation  
In the next phase of the journey  
Of your life.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# A Word In Your Ear

It is so painful  
You have become so small, sir,  
As if the vast ocean is reduced into a nutshell

You failed to raise your head  
Up above the sky  
Failed to look beneath  
Earth,  
There are how many stars  
Shining beyond the sky  
The earth embedded with gold and treasure  
Yet you failed to speak about them

Where do you hide your heart  
and come here  
Go, run and bring the heart  
and put it in its place

Look at the green grass and flowers  
Blooming in the plain  
They smile in some rainy day  
Not expecting anything in return.  
Speak to the heart that weeps  
When a man is murdered or killed  
Not looking into his identities  
Of any kind!

Lets open all our doors  
Without confining to a corner  
and let the rays of the sun  
shine our entire soul for ever

Ponniah Ganeshan

# After Everything Is Over....

What are those penetrating eyes  
Telling me and wanted to set fire into my heart?

After everything burnt to ashes.  
After all birds set off from here  
From the pond so dried up  
and vanished.

I am made hard as a rock  
Not to feast my eyes on the things of beauties  
With flowers boomed,  
Not to pain with heat of the poaching sun  
Or feel the showering of the rain.

What are those penetrating eyes  
Telling me and wanted to set fire into my heart?

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Agony Of Being Humane

The world is at loggerheads  
One against the other,  
Fighting.

Even in my dreams  
Demons and angels fight and fight  
Falling.

In this kingdom of animals  
Which is only to the fittest of the fittest,  
What place is for a man like me  
Who still wants to be humane

Among the men of odd character  
Who only identify the world  
With destruction,  
Among the men made of papers  
And documents  
Who lack value education  
What place is for a man like me  
Who still wants to be humane.

Even a child comes with a toy gun  
And threatens me with death,  
Pointing at my forehead.

All are being probed and probed  
With and within one self  
And no one is an exception  
It is the rule being most effective  
Beyond the knowledge of our conception.

The entire universe is happened to be  
Disappeared  
When you close your eyes  
Then what matters whether you are dressed on  
Or you are naked,

Yet, I see  
When something presses me  
Towards death  
Some other thing comes up  
With flowers to make me singing  
As words, words and words of poetry

Ponniah Ganeshan

# An Ode For A Man Of Men

Abdul Kalam, the man of dream  
Lived a perfect life,  
Creating beauty out of chaos  
Is no more now in our midst.

It is the rule applicable to all  
With no exception  
Whether you may be a king  
Or a man in the street.

I always focus on days  
That are coming around  
As I move and move  
Yesterday was not like today  
And today will not be as tomorrow  
Everything changes  
From moment to moment  
The man who was alive yesterday  
Is no more today.

This is the world of life where everything  
Is changing from moment to moment  
I take my hat off to you sir  
Abdul Kalam for the life you led humane  
And shared, .....AMEN!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Arrival Of The Bird With A Word Of Grief

Out of the black water  
And from the waking of the gently  
Thought about her  
A lonely bird came and rested  
Upon the branch of my bones.

She did not utter a single word  
And so did I, too.

It was after a long time  
Her arrival.

The bird  
Pecking and pecking with its tiny beak  
In search of something  
On my branch sitting  
My heart so brimful of tears, flows out  
I have closed my eyes.  
I have closed my eyes  
For a sigh  
For a sigh I of relief.

The waves that are thrown against  
With words and words...  
Return to the same spot  
Hitting their heads again and again  
To the shore  
Only to find their way home  
Being disappointed.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Before Shutting The Lid Of The Coffin.....

What destination

I am rushing towards, taking my heels?  
Is it towards those which are only shadows  
Being with me talking, smiling and enjoying  
The things that are nothing but noting

When I am crying

The sun comes only to extreme point  
For I have to wait again  
Chasing those shadows  
Till the sun set down  
They say

It is the town of wild life

I am created with so many legs and hands  
To run and run with no end.

Let anybody spit upon my face and go  
I don't care

I am now in a coffin with lid not yet closed

My corpse is smelled with incense sticks  
With flowers made of papers  
There are relatives and friends ready to pay tribute  
Saying goodbyes.  
Let crows wait to pull out my eyes  
And so the dogs to pull me out and tear out  
my dead body out of the grave

Yet what it is it all!

Look yonder my grief mingled  
with drop by drop trickling into the ocean  
and the waves take them up with wind  
and roar

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Beginning And Ending

Beginning and Ending

I move walking with a beginning  
and stop with an ending  
And again with an ending and then with a beginning  
Not towards anything, my friend,  
But towards nothingness  
Forgetting myself with a cup of wine  
In order to dance with leaves of a tree as the breeze  
Cheerfully,  
In order to bear up the pain of my heart  
Sorrowfully  
Over the unholy men in holy order  
Over the sordid attitude of my country men in power  
No one needs any weapon to kill me  
I myself dissolve into times and vanish in thin air

I am aware of my death, sure  
And I do not fear  
I try to celebrate my life all the time.

Whether you are going to live or die  
Whether I am going to live or die, ever  
The world remains, changing  
And changing forever.  
I move walking with a beginning  
and stop with an ending

-Ponniah Ganeshan

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Being Something To Somebody

Give me no opportunities  
To show my meanness  
In my thoughts or deeds  
For I am a part of this vast universe  
Made with flowers, rivers and stars

Give me opportunities  
Always to love every thing and every body

Let me help to think  
That I am not merely a man  
Made with flesh and blood  
That I am not everything to every body  
Yet I like to be something to somebody

Ponniah Ganeshan

## But Not To...

You have eyes to see  
and feast with things of beauties  
But not of nasty, dirt and foul matters  
You have ears to listen  
the songs of sweetness  
But not of bitterness  
You have heart to help others  
in need with sense of kindness  
and compassion  
But not of taking revenge  
Nose to smell  
the fragrance  
But not to smell nausea  
And mouth to talk and voice  
For what is wrong and right.  
'cause, it is in a fraction of a second  
The life ends  
and you need every second to live alive.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Dream Into Dreams

I was lying drowned into my dream  
Each wave took me up and down  
Out of the black ocean and made me floating  
On the surface at last.  
I felt as if something so heavy pulling me  
Towards,  
I was struggling with waves being pulled me up  
And pushing me down  
Then I found in my hand  
A book  
I read and read  
Alas!  
All the pages spoke about my drawings  
And poems  
I turned the pages carefully one by one  
And found to my surprise.  
One page was left blank  
Much worried as to why  
And I shouted at the waves.  
No response at once  
I shouted again  
Then, I heard a soft voice  
From somewhere  
'I am here'  
Then I noticed her beautiful face  
Started to appear shining in the blank page  
with full of life bright  
Oh, dear, I asked her  
'Do you think I forget you for ever'  
She blinked her eyes and said' No dear'

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Ethnic Problem

Shall I compare thee to a grown up female seen naked?  
The young girl with figures in full  
Blossoms.  
Your naked body pricks all hearts  
As a thorn.

Even I too fear being carried away  
Looking at your nudeness  
By a lustful desire cropped up  
In my heart  
It is true, attractive and charming  
The nudeness of you  
If seen, it spread like wild fire  
In every nook and corner  
The lust, the Lust.

Look at those kings  
Kings by office and murderers by trade  
Enjoying your nude body  
Sitting comfortably  
Licking tongues.  
Their tasty only to remove  
Your clothes and at your dance.

Do you hear of Dutchathana  
The lustful king who did remove  
The clothes of Queen Duropatha  
And met their fate  
Thigh broken and blood drunken  
By her brave and honest kings.

Let Lord Krishna appear  
One day in this land, I believe  
To cover yourself with clothe, HE gives  
Gauging nasty eyes gazing  
At your nude body like bulls

Ponniah Ganeshan

# For The Sake Of Rome

We had of a long tired journey  
Since Big March,83  
Talking in a blank verse  
Being falser than vows  
Made in wine  
And deep ignorant, we did not seem  
We all yet make from,  
The whole, our times of folly, noise  
And sins make  
Our outstretched arms  
From one sun to the next  
Looked only for the forged keys  
And failed to open in us  
A window for happy living  
Fining no comport in neat terms  
Let's not crown the season's fame!

A prickling thorn spared the best  
For wounding my finger  
And to my hook, longer.  
The sky pulled more and more higher  
Just to pluck the fruit at hand  
Let's not talk for the sake of throne  
Yet for the sake of Rome  
They have the same dagger for themselves  
When it shall need our land  
To their end.

Shall our ROME smile again  
Crowning our better parts  
With its clocks and bells and flowers  
Stirring the blood of the big robots.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# For The Sentence With A Fullstop

I am made up of a sentence  
with some words.  
Moving and moving till my last breath  
And vanishing in thin air  
With a full stop, a comma  
Or a question mark.

Sometime, I may become a poem  
With some words  
For you to read and enjoy;  
Or a message to be thrown in to a dustbin  
Which I don't mind

The words contained in my sentence  
Are only with love and affection  
Towards all living beings.  
Yet I fail at times.

There are sentences ended up by a comma  
or by a semicolon or by a question mark  
Yet, I long for a full stop atleast  
Living a life and rest in peace

Ponniah Ganeshan

# For Those Who Live With Their Whims And Fancies

You might have drawn a line around you  
and living within a circle of your own  
Decorating your face with your words and  
thoughts  
thrust my heart.

All words about you  
are vanished in thin air from then onward  
out of my thoughts  
All my smiles towards you  
Are dried up from then onward  
Out of my heart.

You are dead and gone  
With the same face. words and thoughts  
About me,  
Without any chance to know me  
And move, share and spare.

I am disqualified  
To pay you even the last tribute  
Among the flies, swarming around  
Your dead body.  
Yet, I place a bunch of roses at your head  
For you to be the green grass above me.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# From The Black Ocean

I saw you in my dream last night after so many years  
You would have seen me too, in yours  
I believe  
The way we departed from each other is full of grief  
The grief that no one could endure in life  
Your face emerged from the black ocean  
Glittered with a smile deeply hidden of thousands of words  
That I myself could only read  
With the silence that I could only enter and dip

You asked me how and I asked you the same  
We shared the days we had enjoyed together  
I came to grief when your face suddenly vanished  
And only half seen  
I shouted I wanted to see your face again  
The face I long and never forgotten  
The face, the face with lips sweetened  
With the widen eyes, sharpened nose and cheek  
Lightening  
In my poem written

But your face vanished in thin air  
Leaving me high and dry  
I am left with nothing but your sweet memory  
Yet, I am awaiting for another night to see your face  
Will you appear again  
And solace my wounded heart, at least in dream

Ponniah Ganeshan

# From The Point Where My Feelings Struggle To Come Out.....

The memories of the days I moved and moved with you  
Emerge,  
From a point where words struggle to express;  
Your voice is heard  
From a point where nothing can be heard;  
Your face emerges, shining  
Out of a point where nothing is visible.

Let those who are merely made of  
Flesh and blood,  
Let those who are made of papers and documents  
Forgive.

Even a grass has its identity of its own  
As you always say  
Exploring into treasure of human values.

You are no more  
Yet, you are seated in a throne  
Embedded with jewels  
In a cottage made of cadjan leaves  
I feel you as the breeze passing by  
I see you with things of beauties all around.  
And I am proud  
You were with me, sharing things and drinks

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Getting Into The Head And Getting Out Of The Heart

I am at my wit's end, not to know  
what to do  
Of what happening around me,  
The things I see with my naked eyes,  
Are turned to be only a dream  
The things I hear and things that I read,  
Are turned to be only an imaginary  
With no reality.  
All these seem to be a mystery  
Without any understanding to me.

I am at my wit's end, not to know  
what to do  
Of what happening around me  
Time moves slowly unlike the days I enjoyed  
In the past  
And I kill and kill the time to live my life  
As if it is my last day now on this earth!

Everything in the world is twofold  
Day moves with night and night with day  
Men move with women and women with men  
Positive versus negative  
The world is at its wheel.  
It is the outcome of thinking more  
Without getting out of the head  
And forgetting of feeling more and more  
Without getting into the heart  
And suffer!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Good Bye My Sweet Heart

GOODBYE SWEET HEART

Where do you want to take  
All my sad notes  
When every eye of heart's fountain  
Dried up in this waste land  
When my last word too  
Defeated to the last straw.

Farewell, oh, my sweet thought  
The thought where I gently float.  
Let me remain here itself  
With bruised wounds  
Being all my dreams shattered to ground.

Oh, my sweet thoughts  
Flow not again out of my deep sea  
As rising waves  
Throw not my messages in vain  
Again and again.

I am thrown lying  
In my silence, are all my dreams buried  
I am lying thrown in my street  
Like an empty mutilated tin  
Exhausted all of its contains.

Farewell, oh, my sweet thought  
The thought where I always gently float  
The death is certain  
Yes honey, it's for me too  
Yet I see not yours in any of my scripts  
Even I myself request.

Farewell, oh, my sweet thought  
Oh, my sweet heart, farewell to thee  
Is the love narrowed only to a fire  
Whenever I like to light  
And whenever you like to put it out?

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Hail Peace

Hail peace  
Hail peace  
Though hell should bar the way  
Let's all pray.

No more tears on our faces  
No more blood on our streets

With tearful eyes  
Lacerated chest  
And blood everywhere  
In the streets  
We spent days  
On the bed of agony.

The sins of our past  
Be buried and forgotten  
Let's write a fresh chapter  
In the scripts of the world  
Wearing fresh hearts  
And see,  
The terror will not raise its  
Ugly head again.

Hail peace  
Hail peace  
Though hell should bar the way  
Let's all pray.

□

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Hating And Greeting

You may hate me or greet me  
Yet, hating and greeting have now  
Become one and same to me, my friend!  
I might be hated by you for something  
And you might hated me for any other thing  
I might greet or hate you  
Hating and greeting may seem different to one  
Another  
Yet, they are nothing but one  
When I heard a voice within me  
'There is a pleasure of being hated by all'

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Hope

Built a house of mine  
With my tears and blood  
For a man to emerge:

Sang a song of mine  
With flute made of my flesh and bones  
For a man to listen:

The sun came only to burn  
The man came only to loot my house  
And tear my song.

Yet, I, as the chanter of pains and joys  
Believe, firmly believe  
That the sun has rays to shine  
That the man has heart to share  
For me and those yet to be born.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# House, Heart And The World At Large

I keep my house and compound clean  
Removing wastes and unwanted things  
And planting trees and plants  
that blooms with flowers  
Beautifying all my environs,

And so do keeping my body and mind clean  
Not allowing bad things to get into my mind  
Telling lies and be dishonest contrary to my conscience  
I beautify my heart and mind  
With words and deeds  
Trying not to harm anybody or anything

I pray the Almighty to help me  
Keeping it up  
Celebrating my life  
Till my death.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# I Am Not Glad Of Another Death

My Lord,  
Why do you wage war against me  
Killing me, my children  
I am innocent and unarmed  
See the wounds  
You have inflicted in my heart  
Heal my wounds my lord  
Without burying me alive.

My men going out for their daily bread  
Fall dead  
In their fields  
In their streets  
And in the schools too,  
Our children always in fear  
Meeting their early grave.  
Your guns have no brains  
Five feet and 35 inches  
Are the long and the wide  
It's true  
Come I'll all the grief prove.

Am I your enemy my lord?  
Why do you wage war against me  
Not a single day breaks  
Without death or blood.  
The death which has become delicious  
And which we carry every minute.

Low hangs the moon  
At times, she forgets to come  
And even when she comes  
Not a single word she speaks  
Silently moving, moving and vanishing  
Not a single street  
Escaped an exception being bathed  
In the blood  
In the tears.

Ask my morning birds  
When did they sing last  
Ask my children  
When did they laugh last  
And the moon and the stars  
Shone and twinkled with happy smile.

Broken are my bows  
And the honors I offered  
My Lord,  
Let me speak to Lord Buddha  
He too is in pain of His heart  
To whom you worship, without shame  
Offering flowers soaked in my blood  
Let Him see me and my house  
Which darkens with sorrow.

Why do you wage war against me  
Am I your enemy?  
No I am not.  
I am as dead by the war  
Declared upon me.  
Death closes us all  
It may be the drop of my blood  
It may be the drop of your blood  
My tears and blood, already moved  
The heaven and the earth  
Yet, my Lord,  
You do believe  
I am not glad of another death

Ponniah Ganeshan

# I Am Not Man Who Was With You Yesterday

I am not the man who was with you yesterday  
I am born and born everyday!  
The flower I see now,  
Is not the flower I saw yesterday  
The road I am walking on,  
Is not the road I walked yesterday.

I am not tired, thinking  
I repeat doing one and the same thing  
I feel every day dawns with its new clocks and bells  
Everything looks new and fresh!  
And so do I.

I am made clear,  
Yes, I am not the man who was with you yesterday  
The man who was yesterday, is died and gone  
I am born and born every morning  
Being not tired, doing different things  
From moment to moment,  
Cos' I am not the man who was with you yesterday.

I am not the man who was with you yesterday  
I am born and born everyday!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# I Am Tired.....

&lt;/&gt;I am tired.....

I am tired of my life  
Everything has become nothing  
And I am 'nothing with everything'  
The morning with its bells and clocks and flowers  
comes only to end simply in evenings.  
And every moment simply passes out of hands  
With no ending

There are things of beauties and sweet memories that may ever last  
All over the life  
Yet, there are wounds that remain painful even after death  
The paining and pleasure entwined with one another,  
Trace the life for ever.

I don't want to be born again and suffer  
In the seasonal cycle of death and birth if any  
Oh, my God, let me come as a gentle breeze  
To play and embrace with beautiful flowers and little birds  
Or let me dissolved into nothingness.

I am tired of my life  
Everything has become nothing  
And I am 'nothing with everything'

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Ponniah Ganeshan

# I And My Pot Of Rice.

My land with its bells and clocks  
And flowers  
Is now the forest of unbedding stones  
And bullets.

A wilderness where nothing grown  
But bullets in blood.

Once I enjoyed a season's sweet  
And its happy flowers  
It was for a moment  
For a moment lasted.

Again in my sky  
The clouds soaked in blood  
Gathered around me  
And commenced its raining  
With Deaths, Deaths and Deaths!

A sudden breeze started blowing  
Again, my land with its bells  
and cloaks and flowers  
SMILED  
I opened my mouth for the happy flowers.

Then an invasion of Greed and Power  
I, now remember my pot of rice  
That fed me all along  
The city of Peace  
Where did they take it?  
Promising for a heartiest feast  
I walked about the woods  
Of every vanished springs.

Let any Spring come and go  
Let any Spring come and go

I do not want my land

A forest of bullets  
I do not want it on the waste of war  
One day shall you see  
Only with the cup of poetry  
I will find  
My pot of rice misplaced.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# I Have Become A Sri Lankan

I have become a Sri Lankan  
In a fraction of second!  
When I stepped in to the parliament  
As the leader of opposition

I have become a Sri Lankan  
In a fraction of second!  
When it was announced  
By His Excellency  
That all our problems would be solved.

I have become a Sri Lankan  
In a fraction of second!  
When it was announced  
That the lands occupied by Armed Forces  
Would be released to the lawful occupants

I have become a Sri Lankan  
In a fraction of second!  
When it was announced  
That some Tamil detainees kept in prison  
Without charges framed, are released

I have become a Sri Lankan  
In a fraction of second!  
When I listened to the National Anthem  
Recited with words made of my mother tongue.

Are these all only fractions of seconds or sign  
Of a good governance in the years to come  
For Sri Lanka!

For a moment  
When it was announced  
By His Excellency  
That all our problems would be solved.

I have become a Sri Lankan

For a moment  
When it was announced  
That the lands occupied by Armed Forces  
Would be released to the lawful occupants

I have become a Sri Lankan  
For a moment  
When it was announced  
That some Tamil detainees kept in prison  
Without charges framed, are released

I have become a Sri Lankan  
For a moment  
When I listened to the National Anthem  
Recited with words made of my mother tongue.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# I Have No Death

Think not,  
I am one of such funny men  
Who look only for a grain of rice  
To fill up the stomach and simply  
Pass out of this universe?

Think not,  
I am one of such funny men  
Who are made of papers and documents  
To look for rules and regulations  
Under a clause or section  
Even to throw a coin for a beggar.

When my head is held high, I am the sky above  
And when I fall, I am the seed down the earth  
To come up again  
Either as a cyclone  
Or a gentle breeze  
Dancing with flowers

I have no death.  
Because, I am not the body  
I have the body.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# I Was A Blank Sheet

I was a blank sheet  
With no any writing on it  
When I was born;  
I was a flower blooming  
With dew drop wet  
When I was a child  
With a smiling

Then, everything thrust into me;  
The things that I observed from my parents  
The things that I learnt from my teachers  
The things that I read from books and doctrines  
I, the blank sheet is now full of writing  
Devoid of my true essence and my thinking.

You call me a Hindu;  
I call you a Buddhist  
We call them Muslims and Christians,  
Forgetting that we are all human.

Yet, we still have the heart rushing to rescue  
A man fell on the road bleeding  
May he be a Hindu, Buddhist, Christian  
Or a Muslim.

Yet, we have the heart to be pleasant  
Looking at a child smiling in the bus or any public place.

Then, I become a blank sheet again  
With no any writing on it.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Identity

## IDENTITY

Within how many layers of clothes  
That cannot be pulled off,  
Should I smother and perspire:

At times  
The soft beautiful cherries  
That crystallize within me  
Vanish like dream in thin air.

It is true  
In the freezing cold that chills my body  
And the heat that scorches my soul  
I have to clothe myself  
With something.

How could I breath  
In a place  
Where the freezing cold  
And the scorching heat  
Cannot meet.

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# In A Language With No Words

You seem, coming closer and closer  
Yet, you stop at a point  
Telling it is the mark

I walked and walked  
Returning to the point again and again

When shall we find words  
Common to both of us.

The words  
That moon, clouds wind  
And the leaves talk with each other.

The words,  
That the flower, the breeze, the earth  
And the sky talk with each other.

I started collecting these words  
Lets walk, talking with these words  
The words made of sentence  
with no grammar

How large is the universe  
Don't you wonder  
How small are we!  
I like to make my heart so pervading  
All over the sky and down the earth  
With no beginning and with no ending  
In my dream where I am not to be found.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# In Remembrance Of A Friend Who Is No More

We are born and disappeared  
Without unfastening the knot  
The secret where we come from  
And where we end.

The life is only an itinerary journey  
And the death is its end  
Being in a disintegration process  
Of elemental energy!

The night and day emerge  
Out of the continuous rotation of this earth  
And so the births and the deaths.

So you were born and disappeared  
By cosmic magnetic convertible energy  
In time and energy  
And so I am born and I may also disappear  
One day, not known to me.  
There is no any short cut at all  
Even the lizard and the superior human  
Are one and same in the eye of the death.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Into The Ashes, I Myself Burnt Down

It was someone who brought a parcel  
From the black ocean  
Containing some of my poems  
Written some years ago  
To my address nameless  
Yet it's my street  
It's my place of abode.

Opened the parcel and saw  
A poem devoid of its flower  
Hung in a corner of the sheet  
Some fell down, broken into pieces.

Where did I misplace them  
How did I loose them?  
Aren't they worthy of crowning my name  
Then, how did the man bring it to me  
Again  
To my address nameless.

I asked the man 'Who sent it back? '  
He was silent and did not a single word he said  
He wrote a name and vanished.

Then, why should I keep these poems  
Thrown into my face?  
I have to bury them  
I have to burn them to ashes  
I set fire,  
Poems struggled and struggled  
Uttering her name again and again.

It's now burning  
It's burning  
Like a fire set to my heart  
At last it's burnt to ashes.

Again I saw,  
The skeleton of the name, the man wrote

Was lying alive into the ashes, I myself burnt down.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Laugh And Laugh, And Weep And Weep

Some people laugh and laugh,  
Over things they are enjoying.  
Some others weep and weep,  
Over things they are defeated.  
And disappointed.  
Yet, I laugh and laugh, weeping  
And weep and weep, laughing.  
When I look at things happening around  
Without knowing whether to laugh or weep

I am alienated from everything  
In the evening part of my life  
Yet, the sense of affection comes up  
At times, towards my kiths and kin  
For whom I am forgotten  
And it becomes cloudy closing its direction  
I weep and weep thinking about them  
Shedding tears  
Having no any right of my own to share.

It is the heart full of love and affection  
The abode of God, always in.  
Yet, people go in search of HIM  
Temples to temples on pilgrimage  
Without a heart to care  
For men in need.

I weep and weep, laughing.  
Laugh and laugh, weeping

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Let Me Have My Eyes Blind

Let me have my eyes blind  
Not to see the faces of the people merciless  
Not to read the news so painful to heart  
Let me have my ears deaf  
Not to hear the voices of the helpless  
Not to be polluted  
Not to listen to what is baseless.

As though I am blessed with eyesight  
And with no hearing aid,  
I wish I were blind and deaf.  
Cause' the world is so made of sordid things  
With people dishonest and selfishness.  
Oh, my Lord take me away from this world  
And let me pass into nothingness.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Let Me To Be Dead When Alive.

LET ME TO BE DEAD WHEN ALIVE.

The life helps to learn lessons  
As such, oh, my God, teach me  
To care about my death.  
When I wake up from sleeping,  
I feel refreshed as if I born as a baby  
So, I wish that I am dead when I am alive.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Life And Death

Today becomes yesterday  
and so tomorrow.  
Yet, we all rejoice in paltry things of the moment  
jumping up and down  
As if no one would catch you at all event  
You are now  
and you were then.

It is not to tell you, to live a life  
Frightening of death.  
The death is in a fraction of second  
Yet, you have to live every second  
With hope and confidence

When death knocks at your door  
You are no more to welcome  
And as long as you are alive,  
The death will not step in

Lets live a life, thinking about the death  
and celebrating it as well

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Life Sentence

I am arrested and detained in a body  
Made of blood and flesh  
Misguiding towards worldly things  
Forgetting that nothing is permanent  
I serve a sentence of life  
For offence said to be committed by me

I was a child playing with dolls  
Then, I turned to be a young man  
Looking for girls  
Married, having children  
Children having their own children  
Yet, I am still in detention.

I am tired of my life  
Everything has become nothing  
And I am nothing with everything.

From my detention, on release  
I wish as if I were a gentle breeze  
Dancing with flowers and leaves  
Not to be born again to see unholy men in holy order  
And men in power, pretending to be patriotic  
Slaying others  
□

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Loneliness

Yonder, is the big banyan tree  
With many hands to support  
Or a Palmyra tree  
Without any hand to report  
Though in grove, it is nothing but loneliness

Yet, whenever, the moon appears, shining over the sky  
Yet, whenever, the gentle breeze comes dancing over leaves  
The moon feeds me with a cup of milk  
The breeze speaks with words made of honey.

I lay my roots down and down the earth  
With my head held high.  
Underneath, only the heaps of human waste  
All over, stinking  
So, my head always towards the sky  
Looking beyond.

Like the head of a plant  
Like the blade of a grass.

Before I pass out of this universe  
with my last breathe  
Let me have a bite of the piece of star  
To crack

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Looking Up

I closed my eyes,looking up  
Towards light within me  
Alas! I felt as if something spreading  
All over my soul and heart  
As if something relieved of my pain  
In such a darkness.

I feel as if I possess something  
When I lost myself in the darkness,  
Without any identity!  
Is it something beyond our knowledge?  
Is itsomething existing within me  
Pervading the universe!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Message Of Love

You have become a message  
Not deliverable at my door  
And so mine, at yours  
'Cause I am no more to you  
and so you are to me  
Do you still want to keep your door closed  
and I keep knocking and knocking  
At your door  
With a message,  
Then to pass away at last.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Moments I Have Become The God

I have become the God in a fraction of a second,  
When I am able to offer something to somebody in need!  
I have become the God in a fraction of a second,  
When I look at a child smiling, looking at the child  
without using any yard stick  
To measure her by way of religion, ethnicity or man-made identities.  
I have become the God in a fraction of a second,  
When I rushed to a man who fell in accident on road,  
To help him, forgetting  
That he is another man  
I have become the God for a moment  
When I see everything in positive, cursing the sense of negative!  
I have become the God for a moment  
When I do not make a living by what I get  
And when I make a LIFE by what I give

Ponniah Ganeshan

# My Dear Fellow Man.....

In what container  
Do you want to weigh me  
After mutilating hands and legs  
Clipping of fingers  
And severing my head  
What is poured here  
Is nothing but blood and blood  
My fellow man.

How many outfits you wear  
Heavy and struggling to bear

I don't like to alight my eyes on you  
Go back and come with your real self  
Go back and come with the languages  
Of the heart  
Go back and come being resurrected  
Out of ashes of all, man-made  
Differences, burnt.

Is life  
Grubbing, slumbering and squatting  
And then vanishing.

Is life  
A mere pot of boiled rice  
For you to measure out  
With a small spoon  
And me to receive it?

Who knows my woes  
My fellow man,  
You thrust so relentlessly  
All yours on me  
I, being deprived of all rights  
To resent.

From life upon life  
Deep and serene

With multitudes of genesis  
Packed upon  
I should quench at least a drop  
From the vast ocean of this life.

Like the blooming  
Red shoe flower with its  
Dewdropp wet  
In the colour of my very blood.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# My Only Face

MY ONLY FACE

I am a smiling flower  
Never decorating myself  
For any one.

I will bloom  
Even in the graveyard  
With my face  
With my only face.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Nothing But Nothing

You are not merely a mosque  
Nor I am a temple or a church  
For you to have the god of your own  
And I am mine.

You are not a sun  
Nor I am a moon.  
For you to go to bed and rest  
And for me to be awake with my stars.  
All night.

You are not a President  
Nor I am your citizen  
For you to cover your neck with a shawl  
And rule  
For I am to be ruled.

It is nothing but nothing.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# On A Rainy Day

Blades of all grasses, petals of plants and seeds  
Came out of their hidden points from  
every nook and corners  
With their messages  
Declaring  
On a day of heavy rain  
When the earth relieved of a long drought.

Songs flow over in a language  
Devoid of any words  
As drops of rain  
Falling from the darkened clouds  
Over the roof  
Over the trees.  
The lady, the mango tree in the premises  
Tired of delivering so many sweet fruits  
Dries up her hair leaves  
With the towel of breeze that comes  
Then and there.

Dead leaves and papers discarded  
Rush as armies of soldiers  
Having resurrected with the flood  
Towards their destination  
In no time to halt  
In no time to speak  
With an emergency.

Enjoying all these scenarios  
I have suddenly become a child  
Running up, holding a boat made of paper  
To launch it on the water  
I looked my face at the mirror and the grey hair appearing  
Ridiculed at me  
With the reasons only known to me.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# On My Way Home

I am rolled and rolled  
By the waves of times  
and kicked and kicked up hither and thither.

The beautiful morning time  
Comes up as a child  
takes me holding my hands  
Yet, the evening comes slapping my cheek  
and drags me somewhere

How many evenings, holding and gulping  
How many morning times in its mouth  
Yonder, seen at an entrance  
The cruel night, shakes up my shoulder  
Telling me it is nothing but your way  
and asking,  
'Get up, go and drink the liquor in the cup and  
Enjoy with others'  
Blocking the way on my mission.

Yes, I see a form of address omnipresent  
The fact that never change  
Neither it nor that  
Let my prayers break open its doors  
and help me to reach the goal

Ponniah Ganeshan

# On The Bed Of Agony

Collided my soul  
And shattered into rage  
With my own contradiction  
Broken and several falls  
Towards perfection.  
Deaths meant no death to all  
But to my collided soul.

A gloomy wilderness and everywhere  
Sprouts of sadness.  
Alas, with beautiful shades  
Of Happiness.  
Yes, the whole world is made of  
'thousand sordid images  
Of which my soul is constituted.

Against this world  
Against this world  
Let what is broken remain.

And,

Lets sleep on this bed of agony  
Lets sleep on this bed of agony  
With the very lullaby  
Till we eat our last straw  
And what else, your soul, my soul  
Death meant not death to all.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# On The Day Of An Election

The people in all electorates, are called upon  
By leaders to cast votes for them  
Promises are made with words hot, hot  
In the platforms by leaders  
Having all scarecrows resurrected

Only my ballot card for voting, is lying  
On the table as a dead body  
Without any stirring.  
Like a dead lizard,

The old empire made of words  
With pumps and shows  
Is buried and long forgotten  
Don't you know?  
It is deed and not word  
Try not to dry up  
My last dew drop  
In my land.

Those who are killed  
Those who are disappeared  
Are on the cross, hanging  
I conceal my soul with care  
Not to be seen anywhere

Into the dead night,  
The lions roar  
The tigers hide  
and all lines of my life wriggle.

I have become a ballot card again  
With the curse of Satan  
And lying into the waste paper basket  
With no hope of resurrection.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# On The Surface Of The Deep Sea

ON THE SURFACE OF THE DEEP SEA.

Is it me floating on the surface  
Of the deep sea  
Or else, the dead body of the moon  
Once I made with sweets of my own  
And of motions, smiles and kisses  
The dead body of the moon  
With its braid of her hair  
And with bouquet of words in her soft skin.

Are the lines of poetry, floating on the surface  
Of the deep sea  
With crying rain of the silver dew  
Then why should it flow like a river  
To the same spot  
To a same spot of the deep sea?

I never drown in the river of waking  
And you too.  
I'll be floating on the surface of the deep sea  
It's a stage that brings me of my life back

Into the deep currents of my journeying  
I fell  
Yet it's a stirring in a lightening  
Then, my old days move leaving me behind  
With all smiles, kisses and words  
I am remained.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Only For Me And All Others If Any

I am too a man, sure  
Made with flesh and blood  
But with a heart pervading  
the entire universe.

Yet, I am not a man  
Not just jumped down  
from the sky  
all of a sudden

The gods alienated by my forefathers  
Appear then and there  
smiling  
From the scenes moving away  
in my dreams  
With foreheads adorning by holy ash

I walk and walk around  
Ancient false presented to me  
Crying bitterly and bitterly.

How to escape I wonder  
Out of the world and the society I made  
Out of the kingdom of gods  
I myself made.

My existence is there  
without any safety  
Based on the false certainties  
And so my identity.

When wounded, I weep and accuse you  
and when I am made happy  
I put on garlands around your neck  
and make you happy.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Positive Vs Negative

No one can deny  
There is something beyond our knowledge  
Something we can not see but only feel  
Something we can not study but only believe  
It is a power that we call it God  
You call it a Lord in the heaven  
I call it imagining in various forms,  
Being not able to confine it into one form  
It is a power pervading beyond positive and negative.  
The people belong to the religion of their own  
The people belong to one and same race  
The people who speak one and the same language  
Conflict with each other.  
Even members of same families with one another  
For reasons not known to me.  
You may say it is due to narrow politics  
And unjust enrichment  
Yet I see it as the confrontation between the positive  
And negative pervading the entire universe  
Controlled by the POWER that is beyond  
Our knowledge.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Sincerely A Drop Of Tear

Far beyond the boundless sky  
Going beyond and beyond explanation  
Since time unknown....

Down below underneath  
Going deeper and deeper like roots  
Beneath.

I read only the first line of your death's sorrow  
The message of your death narrowed  
To a nutshell  
In this vast universe  
Which is made of only mathematical table

You are now named as a corpse  
And lying in a coffin  
Waiting for burial as usual.

Extinguishing all your agonies of death  
On the bed,  
And when the bird of your soul  
Took leave towards the state of nothingness  
A dropp of tea  
Falls in a corner of my heart.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Some Questions And Answers

What is followed by birth  
I asked the God  
You'd better be born and see  
Said, He

What is education  
I asked the God  
You'd better study and see  
He answered.

What is love  
I asked the God  
You'd better love everything and see  
Replied, He

What is affection  
I asked the God  
You'd better share it and see  
Nodding His head

What is sex, I asked the God  
You'd better love a girl and see  
Said he, winking with his eyes

What is death  
And what comes after  
I asked the God  
You'd better die and see  
Said he with a smile.

If it is the life to learn  
Why the hell are You there after all  
I asked him  
He came closer and whispered into my ears  
'I am within you and it is nothing but experiences  
that is myself '

Ponniah Ganeshan

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Ponniah Ganeshan

# Still I Love You

I am as dead my neighbor  
Come, see  
My house and garden  
And temple all in ashes  
The temple I visit every Friday  
Offering flowers and sweets  
They were thrown in fire  
And laid trodden on boot and feet

I am as dead, my dear neighbor  
Don't you feel sad for me  
You do I am sure  
Our blood and tears will melt this iron earth  
Why not yours?

Do you remember, my neighbor  
My sand colored cat, the dog which wags his tail  
Whenever you come,  
The green grass and moss  
Spread on my garden  
It is all burnt  
It is all burnt to ashes.

I heard you too came along with khakis  
The devils always blood thirsty  
With Arms and bombs.  
Isn't shame?  
For years and years we lived together  
Joying joys  
I love a land of peace and justice  
You, dear my neighbor  
Not to fall prey at other's hand.

Still I love you my neighbor  
Still I love you my neighbor  
My heart already pieced and in pain  
You too not to set fire to my heart again.



# Submission For Some Election Candidates

An apple is an Apple  
And you can not change it as a coconut  
By making a decision.  
Likewise, the mango is the mango  
And you can not make it as an orange  
Or anything else  
On a decision of your own  
At meetings and discussions  
Passing a decision  
This is the fact of existence.  
You can make decisions and decisions  
In majority  
Yet you can not change its reality

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Teach Me To Care And Not To Care

Teach me to care and not to care

Corpses adrift and were cast out ashore  
With heads severed.  
I came and cried  
Fitting my head to the torso  
Of the dead body  
And weeping and shedding tears  
And accusing you.

Then,  
You came and cried  
Taking another headless body  
And fitting yours.  
You wept and shed tears  
Accusing me.

Oh, dear friends,  
How to learn to care and not to care  
Or else,  
To conceal, in this land of grievances  
The boundless love  
Confining it to a nutshell  
And grieve and lie  
Like a rock, a rock and a rock.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Book Of Life

I have nearly completed  
Writing the book of my life  
And waiting it to be launched.  
There are pages telling about the foregone days  
I walked with happiness and anguish  
Hand in hand,  
Pages with pictures of childhood memories  
And of the girl I loved at first sight.

It now contains 61 pages  
And I might write some more and gone  
For ages.

You are all welcome to read this book, placing  
It in a casket with bouquet and incense smelling  
I am gone and gone forever  
With no any idea of coming again here  
And suffer.

As I feel I was born surplus  
In a world merciless

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Casket I Brought

As I promised  
There were a lot of things in abundance  
To bring you in the lovely casket of my soul

Dead-tired arriving  
At the sea beach tourist Inn  
I was resurrected with the shower of bath;  
At a distance, the sky was devouring the sea  
The waves unmindful of me,  
Entwining themselves in so many forms  
Embroidered with silver foams,  
On the carpet of beach  
Where small crabs, played  
Throwing their tiny eyes to and fro.

I drew a picture on the golden sand  
A squirrel, out of a branch of a tree  
Sprouted, all of a sudden  
In the middle of the grove  
With the message, which I have jotted down.

The silver-breasted white skinned  
Nymphs, floating freely in the swimming pond  
Happened to be packed, I'm afraid  
In the lovely casket, which I made  
For you to bring things in.

Also packed are my native  
Inconvenience, experienced  
At the dinning table  
Making my hands as forks and spoons.

Collecting all such things of beauties  
I set off home  
Along the streets burning with flames of dust  
On these dog-days  
When getting up and down from the bus  
At every sentry point of the camouflaged Forces,  
Alas,

All the treasures were lost  
Somewhere on the way  
Like the beautiful white dove  
Snatched away by a mid night cat.  
When returned home,  
Amidst the blaring and incessant noises  
Of the rice mills  
And of the devilish heavy vehicles  
Carrying bags and bags of paddy husk  
I am done away with the empty casket  
Lying on the porch of my home.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Day On The Tract Of The Life

An account is stretched out suddenly  
Before my face  
Telling  
What it was and it is what  
Will happen

Then I started writing,  
Which letter of the alphabet, in my life  
Am I writing?  
Is it the letter in the middle  
Or the letter at the end  
I am at my wit's end.  
Then, I move and move, counting the days  
To reach the destination the last letter  
In my alphabet  
Folding my soul carefully  
Into an envelope to be delivered  
To the address unknown.

I am now sealed and ready being packed  
I am with a address written in a language  
Not known to me  
Waiting for the postman to take me  
To the address unknown

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Existence

Are we an object to die and pass away?  
No, not at all,  
Yet, we are a special being  
And nothing could exist  
Without consciousness!  
Space and time are not objects  
They are only tools that we use our mind  
To weave everything together!

Our mind transcends space and time,  
No past, no present and no future  
And the difference between them  
Is only an illusion  
The illusion that stubbornly persists!

Can you create power?  
Can you destroy it?  
No, not at all  
You can only change its forms,  
I am here with my power and I will pass away  
Yet, the power remains without going away at death!

Who created the power, the power existing  
Existing forever?  
This is the secret of our existence, that's all  
The content of the consciousness is an ultimate reality.  
And it is we who steal this power for you to become a Buddhist, Muslim  
Or a Christian and for me to become a Hindu!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Eyes Blessed Opened By Osho

I do not want to belong to any crowd  
Neitherto a nation nor to a race,  
Without limiting myself to a small thing  
I belong to the whole which is at hand  
The open secret is the life  
Where everything is available  
All that I need, is just eyes to see  
Beyond space and time  
Blessed openedbyOSHO and I take it up.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Fate

Stretching something towards  
Without any breadth  
From one point to the other  
Blooms,  
Out of this, a new form glooms  
At times, a river upon another  
Flows,  
What does the croton grilled  
In a compound think  
About a bright moon?  
What does the fish in fish tank think?  
Likewise, the statues of Lords  
And in front of our heavy prayers  
Battering the heaven above.  
We at times conflict each other  
Over a region in a new equation

The elephant is the big winnowing fan  
And the winnowing is the elephant  
Is it the perfection of a determination  
Or the determination of a perfection  
In my script, nothing found  
No any rule in a rule my dear  
The fate is itself a fate  
I wait for my turn  
At an anvil unknown.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Grief

Why do I now come to grief  
From where does its root thrive  
My legs walked, with my dolls  
Made alive  
Into the days of my childhood  
There was one as truth and the other as an untruth.

Still the root explores  
Where to begin and where to end  
I become the \*mythical swine  
Digging down the ground beneath  
I become the mythical bird, flying into the clouds.

Oh, my little screwpine flower, you uttered  
A lie to me  
Did you see the radicle root lying  
In a pool, made of fragile glassy ideals.  
Catching it, pulling it out  
Only to have a handful of a half  
And in pursuance of the other half, the earth  
Groaned again and again  
With the grief in pain.

With my crown raising higher and higher on every peak  
With my root taking down beneath  
Towards the fact of existence  
All words lashed out to me  
Fall apart as dead leaves.

Blood oozed from lips torn  
The plate of rice signed by wife  
Sat on the table with no words, but  
as sharpened knife,  
And the glass of water, full of my tears.

What next befell then  
I lay fallen in a vacuum  
Made by a flight of hundreds of sparrows  
At the pelt of a stone.

The dream that stopped half way, slowly revives  
Looking for the root  
When I fall asleep with the gently song of this poem.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Heart That Never Pretends

You simply asked me to forget and forgive  
And wanted to go away  
From the days upon days we moved together  
From the dreams upon dreams I see you forever  
You simply wanted to erase what I cherish  
In my heart and remember

Oh dear, let the days I moved with you  
Remain for ever throughout my life  
Or else let my life last at least  
Till your thoughts about me cease to exist

Wounded the heart may be time and again  
Yet, it never forgets whoever she loves  
Cause, the heart never pretends  
She only knows how to throb

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Heart Thrown Into A Dustbin

Why do throw my heart into a dustbin  
Again and again  
And I am to pick it up  
Many a time  
Why do you throw my heart into a dustbin  
And break my hands  
That I stretch towards you.

I always love the flowers  
Blossomed in my garden  
Treasured and chiseled in my heart  
They are, yes, as large as this universe  
If you are not loving me  
Tell me I am gone  
But with the glory of love  
With the glory of love of my flowers.

Do you listen to the sorrow notes  
Of my heart lying in the dustbin  
Do you hear my words of love  
Once I whispered into your ears.

That we existed  
That we have been existing  
All are in us  
It is your turn to speak to me  
Why do you throw my heart  
Away into dustbin.

Ponniiah Ganeshan

# The Heart With A Pain

I softly knocked at the door  
And wanted her to open once more  
Just to see her face and go.  
I tried and tried again in vain  
And returned home with a heavy heart in pain  
Traveling in a bus.  
Alas, I can not believe myself  
She was seated next to me  
I did not ask how it was and nor did she.  
At last, I got down from the bus  
Saying good-bye and she was left alone  
Again in my dream.

Ponniiah Ganeshan

# The Life That Sings

From a point obstructed  
From the depth of feeling suppressed  
We are made entangled and fell into an experiment  
When we set off

Why do you weep so bitterly  
Pointing them as losses.

You are neither a moth  
Nor am I the lamp  
You to hover around  
To kill yourself

Only the root of ancient rites and traditions  
Is little bit shaken  
My dear.

I write and see myself  
Again and again in the wound inflicted  
Only the blood of mine oozed  
With my heart wide opened

You are with some old and ancient coins  
To purchase the bygone century.  
And I am with stars melt out of my life songs  
To purchase a new century.

Because,  
My pen tries to write about the life  
Of my grievance  
My hands try to make flowers  
Out of the barren rock.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Life With A Full Stop And The Life With A Comma

The day and night move and move  
As the beginning and never ending life  
I am born as the baby in the morn  
And dead at night as an old man,  
Said to be born and dead again

In-between, the life sings with its songs  
Dancing  
In-between, the life struggles with pain  
Weeping.  
The man who becomes a sentence  
With a subject and predicate  
Is enjoying the life with a full stop.  
The man who becomes a sentence  
Without a subject and predicate  
Is suffering with a comma or a question mark,  
Till he dies and vanishes in thin air

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Man With His Heart

Built a house of mine  
With my tears and blood  
For a man to emerge:

Sang a song of mine  
With flute made of my flesh and bones  
For a man to listen:

The sun came only to burn  
The man came only to loot my house  
And tear my song.

Yet, I, as the chanter of pains and joys  
Believe, firmly believe  
That the sun has rays to shine  
That the man has heart to share  
For me and those yet to be born.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Picture You Have Drawn

You may have a picture of mine  
Drawn with whims and fancies of your own  
Holding out,  
You may have some sheets of paper  
Written about me in your own words  
Reading out,

Yet, I am not in the picture  
You have drawn  
I am not in the sheets of paper  
You wrote in the words of your own.

It is nothing but you  
It is nothing but you  
In the picture  
and in the sheets of paper!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Poem On The Sheet Of Environ

Suddenly I feel listening to the rhythm  
Dropping honey Into the womb of flowers  
Blooming in the morn  
I see and feast my eyes looking at beautiful scenes  
With green grass and rivers  
that flow  
Down the hills,  
I hear the birds that sing and sing  
The tress with fruits and green leaves that dance and dance  
With gentle breeze  
Are these, the words of poem written on the sheet of environ?  
by the flowers  
In the morn;  
Shining of stars and moon at night in the sky,  
Is the poem, I feast my eyes and enjoy.  
In the evening, followed  
By mornings and then passing with evenings?

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Space In A Space W&#305;Th&#305;N

Thrusting into my hands  
A little of the never ending time,  
And a piece of boundless ether  
Into my feet,  
I am named as human.

Amidst cries and tears by kiths and my kins  
Amidst funeral beatings  
In the color of afternoon  
Or suddenly  
In the color of a morning  
I am gone and my walls  
Are sealed  
And my coffin nailed.

Still then  
I carry heavy loads of void dreams  
Arresting my soul in a small  
Room airless  
Playing with my usual toys  
Clay- made  
And journeying by false's shades.

Journeying beyond time and space  
Depriving of all my identities crowned,  
I am out in a space within  
All beyond the edge of a grass  
All beyond the blade of a flower.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Story Of A Love Lost

You appeared before me  
In the mirror.  
Without any notice  
You saw my face and me yours

We sat in chairs facing each other  
In the verandah of the palace  
And talked and talked  
About the beginnings and endings  
Our journey moved towards every direction  
With its winter and summer  
Slipping through the window of the times.

Your image reflected in the mirror  
I heard sparrows talking something in your words  
What are those words and what do they say  
I wondered  
They talked something about you

Who am I to you and you to me  
And what I see beyond your name  
I drew a picture  
I was walking with you hand in hand  
On Horton Plain  
And talking and talking  
Then, suddenly you disappeared  
Not to be seen even in my dream!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Story Of A Man

His legs have become two wheels  
And his eyes two electric bulbs  
He drives his body on the roads of life  
The roads concrete made,  
With large dips and dives, here and there.  
There are places for parking  
And he stops and takes rest,  
And then moving and moving,  
On the horns of a dilemma.  
There were days he fell sick  
There were days, he met accidents  
And warded in the garages, for repairs with pain  
Recovered and then, started moving again.

At last, I could not see and hear him,  
Blowing his horn and whistle on the road  
He is no more on the road.  
He is no more to be seen.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Sweets He Brings

Oh, my dearest son,  
Where did you go  
My eyes still shed tears  
Thinking of you  
Mother and your unmarried  
Sisters too  
Whenever small one asks of you  
With her childish tongue  
I tell her of your long march  
For bringing her sweets.

Where did you go  
my dearest son,?  
Leaving us all in the dark  
To bring us light  
When do you bring sweets for your  
Little sister?  
At least before you see her dead  
On road holding sweets with her hands  
The school books  
Torn by bullets.

Where did you go  
We fear as if the sky falling  
And the sea raising  
Up above the coconut trees  
And as if we were thrown  
Into the jaws of deaths.

I look at you table  
Still lying silently  
The books you read  
The pen you wrote  
Like you on days, you quarreled  
With your mother.

I am sure  
You may bring sweets, some day  
It may be on your grave

You may look for me  
When I am not alive  
Nor did your little sister  
I would have met my fate  
Probably by a bullet  
On road when I am out  
In a market place  
Or in the boutique, having breakfast.

If you want to see  
And any message left to me  
Talk to my picture  
Lying on the ground without a wall  
To hang on  
Offering the sweet you brought.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Things I Could Tell From Things I Can't Tell

Heard the trembling voice  
Of the X'mas card I had sent  
From somewhere amidst debris  
Of wall and fences, man made boundaries  
Oh, cruel tidal waves!

Is it the very sea waves  
Once I played with songs and games  
Invaded into my compound  
Like devils and devils  
With its sharpened nails  
With its poisonous teeth  
Don't conceal  
Still I see the blood of babies  
And of women spilling in your jaws.

How did you become an anarchist  
With such atrocities  
I asked the sea  
'It's a top secret' said she,  
'Can you shot me dead with your gun?  
She asked, laughing at me for a fun.

When all gods resurrected  
Corpses lying piled up in heaps  
Opened their eyes and then  
Closed with their hands, all of a sudden.

Noticed the tender and beautiful feet  
Of a little girl lying dead among the corpses  
Wrapped up on mats, projecting

"Found the place"  
"Found the place where this little girl gone"  
I hear the voice in my ear  
The X'mas card hurried and vanished in thin air.

"Which god is responsible for all these wanton  
Destruction "? I asked the sea.

She receded, muttering  
"Not anything of the sort  
It is all man made "

It is the story of nature  
Turned once into god and then  
The God was reduced to nature again.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Things That I Would Like To Share

The things that I would like to share

I have never planned my life and similarly I have never been  
Failed in my life either  
Yet, when I let things go on the ways of their own,  
And start appreciating them,  
I feel that likes become dislikes  
Dislikes become like at times  
That they become traces of life  
Always, Always and Always.

Talking things and thinking to talk things  
And things we are told,  
Behold things and thinking to behold at things,  
Similarly the things we hear and things we are heard  
Always refine life as I feel.

I am one who likes to behold things at life  
As a beautiful dream.  
Because, I myself become a dream one day.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Voice I Hear And The Scene I Watch

From what you learnt and knew  
From what you came to pass till now  
I hear your voice raising.

From the far off hill tops  
From the ground I trod my feet  
The voice is raising  
And I hear your voice  
From the black ocean where the ship  
Capsized with all on board  
Screaming for help.

My heart is penetrated with your voice  
That steps into my dreams at night  
That which I carefully preserve.

I am stopped at a point  
With messages pervading  
Through the key hole of the window  
I am looking into

I am stopped at a point  
Where all words fail  
To express and show my heart.

I need some awakening from dreams  
Because, I hear some voice  
Beyond the sense of hearing  
Because I see something visible  
Beyond the sense of visibility  
This is what I hear  
This is what I see.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The Way To Look At Life

Add life with every moment passing by  
And enjoy the life as it is!  
Not adding something from moment to moment to life  
And disappointed at all events  
This is the way to look at life  
This is the way to look at life!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# The World As It Is...

I have become a mountain stream  
In my dream;  
Not intending anyone to quench his thirsty.  
I have become a flower  
Not intending anyone to feast his eyes.  
I have become the sky painted with  
Different beautiful colours  
Not intending any one to paint and enjoy.

The stream, the flower and the sky  
Tell me something eternal  
The thing that keeps on going  
With no beginning  
With no end.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# To My Grand Child

Oh, my little cup cake!  
My daughter made you in heaven and brought you  
For me to count.  
With little eyes so penetrating  
And with little legs toddling here and there  
All over the Eden of my garden.

Oh my little beautiful charming pearl  
Tossed down to this earth to add beauty  
To my garden  
I am in the evening part of my life  
With all the flowers withered  
Yet I am with flowers blooming  
In the morning part of your life

I am not towards ending,  
'cause you are another beginning to me  
You live in the house of tomorrow  
Which I can not visit  
It is a life longing, my child

I wish you may live and enjoy the life on your own  
With my love and love alone

Ponniah Ganeshan

# To Whom It May Concern

May you be seen in photos of newspapers and television  
With the same apron with shawl as a snake  
Coiled around your neck,  
Talking childish words of my mother tongue borrowed

May you be seen in my temple, mixing with our devotees  
With holy ash and saffron powder displaying  
On your forehead

May you be seen with pomp's and shows  
Singing and dancing as if you won the war  
For the utter genocidal on your reprisal.  
Still I hear the voices, crying and weeping  
Of innocent women and children  
Out of their early graves.

Nauseating smell  
Of decomposed dead bodies.  
Is stinking out of the photos in newspapers and television  
Where you appear

Lord Buddha also appeared in my dream  
With full of grief  
And disappeared suffocating  
Into the ocean of KINDNESS

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Today, Yesterday And Tomarrow

I am made of nothing  
When I am born  
Like a flower, dew drop in the morn  
Then, I am developed with what I see  
What I observe  
From my parents  
From my books and teachers  
and from the environ I live in  
Then I travel towards tomorrow  
With words and deeds collected  
From yesterday  
Till I meet my death  
And become nothing at last.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Tribute To A Friend

He is exhausted, drawing out all his words  
telling, he would come right now  
and then  
with everything I asked for.  
Days passed  
Yet he failed.  
and failed for reason only known to me

Suddenly I saw him  
coming at a Dutch treat  
yet with no any words, he was empty

He was seen innocent  
for my sense of compassion  
'cause I love and love everything and everybody  
and try to be a man of words  
and deeds at any cost.

Let him with no any words  
and then suffer,  
But I am rich and rich for ever

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Tribute To Lasantha

Lasantha, you are also dead and gone at last  
In an age untimely, a lot of things and actions needed by you  
To say and achieve  
Let those who killed you, pretend to be happy and see  
That Justice never fails  
That hero never dies and coward never lives.

The message you have left behind is lit and burning bright  
Like a flame in a corner of our heart  
Your voices against injustice and corruptions  
Are not silenced but still heard for us to go ahead.

The land with its bells and clocks and flowers  
Gone to dogs.  
The land with its triple gems  
Gone to rocks  
Where there are unholy men in holy orders  
And holy men in unholy orders.

Let hope the time to take its trends of its own  
Sure, your name is written in my scripts  
Till I am dead or killed by some unknown.

Lasantha, you are also dead and gone at last  
In an age untimely, a lot of things and actions needed by you  
To say and achieve  
Let those who killed you, pretend to be happy and see  
That Justice never fails  
That hero never dies and coward never lives.

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Ponniah Ganeshan

# Tribute To My Mother

We all came down to this universe  
From somewhere unknown  
Like dew drops  
And we vanish in thin air.

The death comes telling us  
We are all alone  
As though we build love and affection  
Toward relationship celebrating life  
Forgetting that the death will leave us behind.

Oh my mother, you did not go away  
You are with me and I see you always  
In a shoe flower bloomed in my compound.  
Because, the life is written  
From the death at all event.

I do not frighten of death  
Because, as he knocks the door,  
I would be away  
and the death would be away  
as I am alive

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Tribute To Two Little Birds

Oh, Kirupa, Ranja  
You two little birds  
Still twinkling and entwining  
With a pleasant smile  
In my memory innocence are you  
Only my heart knows  
How to prove it, single handed  
Except the burning tears  
Burst out of my inflicted heart.

What did you remember at your last moment  
Your mother and sisters  
Who are bitterly crying and weeping  
And the mobike you rode the other day  
Still lies with silence.

Your early grave brought by the respectable saints  
Who struggle in search of a crown for me.  
Is the holy crown which I have been respecting  
Fallen into a dirt ditch for a moment?

I am one who shed tears  
Even for the squeezing of a little flower  
And even a heart made of iron  
Would surely melt over your death  
Oh, you two birds.

Still in my memory  
You twinkle and twinkle  
With pleasant smile  
How to forget your free movement  
Here and there in your little sky!

And your deaths are wages of whose sin?

Yet, I still need the crown  
My freedom, its true  
Let them come with clean hands  
And knock at my door

Sometimes I may accept it  
Or else, who needs it?  
Let a stray dong bite and eat  
And comrades,  
Let me go to the forest again  
I want the resurrection of my crucified  
Two little flowers.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Under One Sun

I live in an alien land  
With an alien tongue  
No one understands.

A broom stick amidst half-swept debris  
A lonely corpse in a coffin  
With its front teeth  
Slightly projected  
A plate of rice with curry  
On a broken table, half eaten  
I live in an alien land  
My tongue, no one understands.

I am given an animal's name  
In a land of people  
For I am taught to see  
Only my fame  
In Newspapers, over radio  
And television,  
In kitchen  
Even in toilets  
I look for my name in vain.

Place my name in your plate of rice  
Place my name in your morning cup of tea  
Place my name in the book of your grievances  
And your triumphs as well.

Yet, I live in an alien land  
With alien tongue  
Let live in a land of humans  
And for a heart, I pray  
To read in my scripts, a name thine  
And you, in yours, mine  
Shall our stars in the sky shine  
Under One Sun Again

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Unholy Men In Holy Order

I have made a God of my own  
And you, yours.  
He has made a god of his own  
And they, theirs.

There is only one God for all  
We say,  
Yet, we have made different gods  
To our whims and fancies,  
Letting them to fight with each other!  
Forgetting that we are all men  
Apart from all identities man-made.

I asked my God what it is  
HE said that I am the one and one only  
Yet with different names.  
Shaving one's head and donning a saffron robe  
Does not make one a Buddhist Monk  
Similarly others with different aprons.  
HE said further,  
Be aware of unholy men in holy order

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Vanishing In Thin Air.

I have come to a stage  
When times hardly moves  
I have come to a stage  
When nobody cares for me  
Even my kith and kens  
I have come to a stage  
When everything I feel  
Come to a stand still.

Is it a feeling  
When you become old and feeble  
Whether you like it or not  
I must welcome the death  
Nobody can escape from death  
Sure!  
When I was a child  
I was not aware of the things  
What would I be  
At the evening part of my life,  
Or of caring for death.

Now, things move and move  
and I would be no more  
At any moment, vanishing in thin air!

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Verdict Of The People

It is not the money you give that wins our hearts  
It is not the gift you give,  
Would make us happy at any rate  
When our rights are violated  
When our children are not protected.

You celebrated with pumps and shows  
When we are killed and relatives disappeared  
in thousands and thousands  
You talked about patriotism  
Dictating everything on your choice  
In power.

This is the lesson  
The voters of Northern province  
Of Sri Lanka  
Taught you at the election  
This is the message  
That the grievance they passed  
For the world at large.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Waiting For The Crack, Break And Splits

When I was a king  
With the need  
Or commitment  
Or challenge  
With notes and critiques  
Of these philosophies  
The whole day and night was mine  
To dream  
To be of ecstasy  
To float  
And create  
These passing images  
That proliferate  
My whole being

But now  
Committed to master  
These eccentric  
And epoch finders  
I am a trembling student  
Only anticipating  
The first sound of the bell  
Cracking, breaking and splitting as a lightening  
The pitched dark sky  
Short or long.

Ponniah Ganeshan

# Where Could We Live In Peace?

Let me bring some piece of ether  
You'd better bring some stars  
Already, we have a moon in hand  
And its better at any cost  
To buy a sun  
They say, It's available at a distance  
Let's buy some planets too  
From the neighborhood.  
I well remember that my grandmother  
Executed a Deed of Transfer for a cloud in my favor  
Yet, my grandfather the drunkard mortgaged it  
and wasted the money going to rack and ruin  
For which, my grandmother wept and wept in pain  
And there may be some tear drops of my grandmother  
In the cloud,

They say there may be something somewhere  
One or two in surplus  
Yet the only thing we do not know,  
Ts the earth  
The earth  
Where we could live in peace.?

Ponniah Ganeshan

## With The Same Old Sea Waves.

I am today with the same old sea waves  
They seem not cheerful as yesterday  
The same old wind  
At the same old evening  
Why does the moon too is in the same apron.

Cast a look with an empty smile  
A tumor somewhere in my heart  
Boils and boils discharging with pus  
Crows peck and eat the decomposed dead body  
Of a friend mine,  
The dead body half burnt, lay once here.

Wonder why these sea waves are not cheerful  
And dancing as yesterday.  
True, all are not always the same  
I have my sea and waves mine  
You have your sea and waves yours.  
Despite all attempts for peace in vain  
We fight and fight with one another  
I have a sun and shadow  
And you have yours.

The wind outside is quietly passing  
With a laugh  
And leaving me alone  
With the sea  
With the waves, I am remained.

Ponniah Ganeshan