

Poetry Series

premji premji
- poems -

Publication Date:

2018

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

premji premji()

RAINBOW IN THE DARK!

Who am I?

A man without profile...
I am not a pseudo-nationalist...
Not a pseudo-secularist...

My world is without boundaries...
I am that: 'PREM', inexplicable by English...
I am that nothingness...
Nobody...

I am not a poet...
A mere poetrick*...
But, I love words...
These twenty six letters are my weapons...
I don't know how to use them properly...
Still I write poetricks..
You may call it nonsense...
but it makes sense...
That's the bitter truth...

*poet + tricks

Please visit my blogs

(*) An Absurd Poem About Time (Oneryu)

Life.....

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(*) Shift In Perception

'Go and search'

Ancient Guru said.

'Go and search in Google'

Modern Guru says!

* Doomsday

O! My God!

Google is shut!

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(002) The World

The world -
becoming
smaller and smaller
everyday,
the minds -
narrower and narrower,
the hearts -
empty without feelings,
love -
hollow without trust,
the countries -
freeze in nuclear winter,
nature -
exists without soul,
the sea-
sign of lost charm and blue,
the streams -
dry without fountainheads,
the woods -
chopped trunks,
flowers -
fade in acid rain,
fragrance -
lost for ever,
beauty -
left unseen,
hatred -
spreads everywhere,
violence -
the most loved art,
the youths -
left with insecurity,
mothers -
no milk to feed,
kids -
live like mutes,
schools -
places of torture,
colleges -

place of terror and drugs,
the dreams -
face drought,
pain -
face floods,
lovers -
shot in streets,
the eyes -
blind with tears,
the lungs -
fume in fumes,
water -
taste blood,
air -
smell the dead,
the elders -
thrown out like waste,
justice -
forbidden fruit,
houses -
like tombs,
religion -
group of killers,
unity -
the most hated word,
freedom -
always in chains,
slavery -
flourishes everywhere,
rulers -
royal pimps,
I live here
like a dead fish
without hope,
eyes wide open
and heart truly broke!

02.03.96

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(003) Poetry

Words grow
Beyond the words
Beyond the self
Beyond the soul
Ah! poetry!

26/9/08

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(004) Poet Is A Suicide Bomber

Poet is a suicide bomber
For he is extinct with every explosion
But, the words fly apart
Make you bleed with their sharp edges
and he then, takes rebirth in your mind
With the brilliance of billion Suns!
This is the fate of anyone
Who cannot close his eyes
against injustice!

7/7/08

premji premji

(005) Chemistry Of Poetry

Every poet is an ion
Not an atom
Or a molecule...
With some freed electrons
He comes in search of
Your neurons
Where they join with your soul
To feel the zeal of
Wonderful words
Keep your antennas
Always up!

1/6/08

premji premji

(006) Poetry

Scratched on air,
Scribbled on water....
Trap me in
The prison of words...
And call me "Poem".....
I am that.....
Poetry.....

Spirit of the forest,
The wind and water,
Will I not be entrapped
When setting
A trap for you?

Message and reply, between two poets...
Premji and Angelina.....

premji premji

(007) Poet

Word-engineer

13.02.2009

premji premji

(008) Poetry

Imagine,
A lone horse
Harnessed to a chariot
For life, with free reins...
So fast he runs
Through paths un-trodden
To find right words
To fulfill your mind's need
That I add my collection of letters
Is that called poetry?
Will you be the rider,
My beloved reader, in my chariot
And enjoy the highways of freedom with
Lot of love and care?

6/6/08

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(009) Poet Is A Living Pyre

Poet is a living pyre,
But, what to burn
Except his soul....
With billion degrees
He burns
Like the Sun...
Imagine
The plight of the Sun
He burns for you
To torch your life
There is no deference...

premji premji

(010) Forgive Me, Lord.....

'Forgive me Lord,
For I haven't read the Bible yet..'

'Then, what have you read? '

'Brothers Karamazov'...

'More than enough,
If possible read 'Les Miserables' too...'

A poem dedicated to Amaryllis Red

premji premji

(011) Zero-Base Management

VISION 2020: COMBINED VISION OF FOUR GENERATIONS

(This is not a poem, but a thought process)

'Reflections on consciousness
And inert matter,
Everything here is a garland with
These two beads strung in different patterns.'

Narayana Guru

SPIRITUAL DYNAMICS

Decay...
Re-construction...
New ideas...
Continuous planning....
Enlightenment...

Lull before the storm...
Await the twister....

Zero base management is a simple concept,
A practical solution for our beloved Kalam Sir's Vision 2020.
By 2020, Bharat (India) will be the most spiritually and economically
Advanced nation on earth.

A nation without debt...
A nation without poverty...
A nation without unemployment...
A nation without terrorism...
A nation without barriers of language...
A nation without corruption and political anarchy...
A nation without ill- health...
A nation prefect...
Bharatvarsha...
A dreamland with three billion productive man-hours everyday...

ARE YOU READY TO DIE FOR THE NATION BHARAT?

IF SO, READ COMPLETELY...

The days of brain-storming are over...
Now it is the time for mind-storming...
It is a chain reaction...
Await the concept of soul-storming...

How do we do it?
How do we save our nation?
How do we heal her wounds?
How do we heal the world?
How do we save her from pollution?
How do we prevent global warming up?
How do we end the nuclear winter?
How do we bring peace back to earth?

A bloom everywhere!
That is our dream....

Back to Infinite Intelligence...
Back to divinity...
Back to silence...

What is peace?
Death of aversions, cravings and desires...

How do we achieve it?
What are the steps?
Whether it is possible?
If possible, how much time will be taken?

Yes... It is possible and the time is just nine years....
Within the life-span of 'BHARATRATNA' Sri A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, our beloved
master-mind...

A non stop-run for twelve years...
Then the whole nation will run behind us...
Come let's run together...
Just for a common aim...
Back to divinity...
Void.....

What is the secret of success?

Pure knowledge...

Right attitude...

Excellent skills...

Best habits...

Spirituality... and above all constancy of purpose...

We have everything...

Only thing what we have to learn is

The utilization of all the above ideas

On the basis of spiritual values of BHARAT...

Localization of values...

We are going to implement a spiritual curtain

For twelve years to teach every individual

What Bharat is and what is her true spirit...

I am the spirit. You are the spirit.

Indomitable spirit

SPIRITUAL DYNAMICS

Joint families

Only accountable money

A nation free from debt

Every child is free to learn things of his/her own choice

Everybody is assured of jobs

Enjoy old age life

Free medical care

Free air

Free thinking

No retirement, but committed life for nation...

Earn with ethics

Quality products

Quality life

No tax evasion

200 million new employment opportunities

Rich nation

Rich people

Rich heritage

Healthy youth and children

Bright future!

NO BRAIN / SOUL DRAIN

God's own nation

'The mainspring of the strength of every race lies in its spirituality and the death of that race begins the day that spirituality wanes and materialism gains ground.'

Swami Vivekananda

THE SOUL OF BHARAT LIES IN HER VILLAGES

Development of villages

Death of excess mechanization

Death of diseases

Death of population hike

Death of corruption

Death of inflation

Death of terrorism

Peace... stagnancy...

How can we rebuild the nation?

PREM

P: PRANA

R: RESOLUTION

E: EMANCIPATION

M: MATERIALISM

'Truth, purity and unselfishness- wherever these three are present, there is no power below or above the Sun to crush the possessor thereof. Equipped with these, one individual is able to face the whole world in opposition.'

Swami Vivekananda

ACTION PLAN

Collection of data using main frames

Impart courage to everyman to fight injustice

100% free education

100% computer literacy

100% manpower utilization
Lawful, legal and loyal life style
Periodic medical check up
Women empowerment
Capital punishment for corruption
Not even a single square inch Barron land
Less use of oil
Cultivation of bio-diesel plants nationwide
Maximum importance for agriculture¹
Recollection of ancient treasures like
Ayurveda, martial arts, Vastusastra by constant touch with the soul universal!
Back to medicine free life!

"Be free; hope nothing from anyone. I am sure if you look back upon our lives, you will find that you were always vainly trying to get help from others, which never came. All the help has come within yourselves..."

Swami Vivekananda

EDUCATION

Value added education
Respect towards elders
Thriftiness
Hard work
Study of nature
Single university for every subject
Continuous evaluation of teachers
Continuous refinement of syllabus
Good payment for nursery teachers
Study of our heritage and our literature is a must
Rejuvenation of Samskrutham (Sanskrit)
All India entrance for common subjects
Most advanced labs and research facilities
No jealousy and inter-personal conflicts
Continuous welcoming of new ideas
Not allowing brain drain
Education is celebration
Compulsory sex education
Most respect for females
Unity with the soul universal...

UTILISE THE OPPORTUNITIES OF GLOBALISATION
PROTECT OUR INTERESTS BY LOCALISATION

AGRICULTURE

Everyone must be an agriculturist
Most respect for agriculture
Avoidance of middlemen
Formation of producer companies
Promoting products of common man
Financial freedom for agriculturists
Continuous search for new products
Lesser mechanization for more job opportunities
Equal wages for men and women
Compulsory water harvesting
Less green house effect
Taking patents
Quality means belief
Afforestation

PUBLIC HEALTH

Free medicines
Strict control over medicinal companies
Data collection of all people of India
Periodical medical check up
Prevention of AIDS by self imposed spiritual isolation
Increase the number of doctors
Good payment of health workers
Spreading martial arts
Fight depression away
Eradication of epidemics
Mental health for everyone
Fight medical corruption

TOTAL MANAGEMENT

Be a total surrender to the nation
Application of logic
Quick and well thought decisions
Quality and service
Human values

Make everybody enlightened

Spiritual nation!

'Never say no'; never say 'I cannot', for you are infinite. Even time and space areas nothing compared to your nature. You can do anything and everything, you are almighty.'

Swami Vivekananda

We are going to take the world like a 'Twister! '

BE BHARATIYA
BY BHARATIYA
BUY THE PRODUCTS OF BHARAT

Unite and smile
Unite and rule

One man with courage can make the majority.
If anyone is there to invest for a noble idea, just one billion rupees, we can realize his dream.

Have you heard of 'FREE RETAIL MOVEMENT? '

It's something similar to free software movement.
IF APJ ABDUL KALAM REALLY DREAMS FOR VISION 2020,
THE STARTING POINT IS FREE RETAIL MOVEMENT,
WHICH WILL GIVE FINANCIAL FREEDOM TO EVERYONE.

COME; LET'S BUILD THE NATION
ON THE FIRM FOUNDATION OF LOVE!

JAI BHARAT

People are ready to invest hundreds or crores for giving new birth to the Game of Football in India. Nobody is ready to invest for noble ideas of Kalam Sir. Imagine how sad it is for he can easily rebuild the nation!

21/1/2006

premji premji

(013) The Most Beautiful Lullaby Ever Written (Omanathinkalkidavo..)

Is this sweet babe

The bright crescent moon, or the charming flower of the lotus,
The honey in a flower, or the lustre of the full moon,
A pure coral gem, or the pleasant chatter of parrots,
A dancing peacock, or a sweet singing bird,
A bounding young deer, or a bright shining swan,
A treasure from God, or the pet parrot in the hands of Iswari*
The tender leaf of the Kalpa tree, or the fruit of my tree of fortune,
A golden casket to enclose the jewel of my love,
Nectar in my sight, or a light to dispel darkness,
The seed of my climbing fame, or a never fading bright pearl,
The brilliance of the sun to dispel all gloom of misery,
The Vedas in a casket, or the melodious Veena (Musical instrument) ,
The lovely blossom put forth by the stout branch of my tree of enjoyment,
A cluster of pichaka buds, or a sugar-candy sweet on the tongue,
The fragrance of musk, the best of all good,
The breeze laden with the scent of flowers, or the essence of purest Gold,
A bowl of fresh milk, or the sweetest smelling rose-water,
The field of all virtue, or an abode of all duty,
A cup of thirst quenching cold water, or a sheltering shade,
A never-falling Mallika flower or my own stored up wealth,
The auspicious object of my gaze, or my most precious jewel,
A stream of virtuous beauty, or an image of the youthful Krishna,
The bright forehead mark of the Goddess Lakshmi*,
Or, by the mercy Padmanabha*, Is it the source of my future happiness,
Is it, in this beautiful form, an Avatar of Krishna himself?

* Goddess

• Goddess of prosperity

• Lord Vishnu

This is the most beautiful lullaby ever-written.

This lullaby is written by Irayimman Thampi some 200 years back in the language of Malayalam for infant Swati Tirunal, later became the Maharaja of Travancore. Even now, it is the most popular lullaby in Malayalam. This lullaby is translated by some great soul, my salutations to Him.

premji premji

(014) Why Not Bharat?

Maharashtrians renamed
Bombay to 'Mumbai'
Tamilians renamed
Madras to 'Chennai'
Keralites renamed
Cochin to 'Kochi'
Bangalies renamed
Calcutta to 'Kolkata'
Kannadigas renamed
Bangalore to 'Bengaluru'

Sad, Nobody wants
INDIA to be renamed to
BHARAT!
Pseudo-face of
Democracy and
Unity in diversity!

premji premji

(015) Democracy: A New Definition

'Of the people
By the people
For the people'

- Abraham Lincoln

Of'f' the people,
B'u'y the people,
F'a'r the people.

- 'Nawab' Rajendran

With just three letters, he redefined and tore away the pseudo face of Democracy. He was a great investigative journalist and legal activist. Sure he was the inner consciousness of Kerala. Nawab Rajendran was brutally tortured by POLICE during seventies. This man lived for us, the have-nots. He will not sleep, even in his grave....

premji premji

(018) Love And Life

Dear,

When I could listen to
Your heart-beats on mine,
Call it love!

When we could listen to
Our heart-beats in unison,
Call it life!

premji premji

(019) Why Should I Read A Newspaper?

I met an old journalist recent
He was so sad on present
Happenings in the newspaper industry
Editor post is of least importance,
He told, he has no control over the news
As paper-owner is a tyrant
Editor is a doll who has to
Dance with owner's choice
Owner decides policies like
Which political party they should support...
Whose image has to be tarnished...

The saddest moment in my life,
He told, happened recent
I went to attend a meeting of
Newspaper editors
The chief guest was a newspaper Barron
During his speech, he told:
I buy news from agencies,
I don't care my readers,
I care only for my advertisers
For they are my source of income

Times are changing, he laments...
May be this is the reason that
Every newspaper contains same news...

Tell me,
Why should I read newspapers anymore?
As they give nothing new
Except twisted and twisted filth
It's a universal truth, bitter...

27/5/08

premji premji

(021) The Largest Religion On Earth (Oneryu)

Hunger

1/6/08

(Sorry friends. the largest religion deosn't contain 20 characters, which is the minimum requirement for the body of a poem)

premji premji

(022) Relics Of Love (Oneryu)

Madness!

(20 characters are needed. sad, i have just 8)

premji premji

(023) Kenosis

Kochi:

The capital of
mosquitoes!
And yesterday I met
God while wandering
through Broadway!
Face- red with
mosquito bites and
black from pollution!

In summer, Kochi is like an
open hearth!
We sat under the
cool shade of a
restaurant floating.
Waited for two mugs of
fresh juice chilled.

Looking into my eyes,
He asked, ' What do you
expect from me? '
'Nothing'
'Really? '
'Yes.'
'It sounds funny, dear guy...
If I empower you
to kill anybody you like,
if I enarm you
the most powerful of
all weapons,
(Don't worry, you wont be sinned,
I assure)
tell me, whom do you kill first?
Anti-social elements,
politicians, traitors or
your own foes? '
'None of them.'
'Then? '
'My self! '

07.03.98

Dedicated to: , Bangalore, since it was his answer!

premji premji

(024) Life

I am the spear
You are the wound
I am the wound
You are the spear
Ha...Ha..Haaa...

premji premji

(025) Maya

It was the first kiss,
A kiss on your forehead
In front of Jesus
At that monastery of nuns
On that New Year day
Those mighty yellow flowers
Bathed in sunshine!
And you gave it back
On my left cheek
Hot touch of life,
Soft touch of love!
He touched on my forefinger,
Gave me life
And took you back
In return
Kiss of life...
Kiss of death...
Kiss of love...
Wanders, an ignited soul
In search of his identity,
A mad cap
In the vertex of a twister
A soul-storm...
Void...
Maya*?

*illusion

14.04.2006

premji premji

(026) Every Child Is Universe

"Mother", Balarama* told,
"Krishna is eating mud"

"No...No...He is lying"

"Open your mouth, Krishna..."

She was about to faint

As she saw the Universe

In his mouth...

Krishna smiled as she was

Fed up of his naughty pranks...

The toughest task on Earth

Is to manage a child...

Nobody understands that

For every child is Universe...

Balarama is the elder brother of Krishna

2/6/08

premji premji

(027) Little Mermaid

O Little mermaid!

I still live
because of you
and I am still in love,
just because of you!

I met you last
summer vacation,
on a sea shore...
Remember the lovely breeze
playing with your
black cascade
and the sun
lost in your eyes!

Alone in thoughts,
I live in this city
and the winter pierce
my woolen clothes.
Afraid of my eyes
loosing vision,
but even in
any stark darkness,
I can see you
through your eyes!

My ears melt in noise,
but even in any ocean of noise
I can listen to your heart...
You know it beats for me...
The sweet melodies you were singing,
make waves in mind,
though I couldn't understand,
love made it clear!

When feeling your face in mind,
me being on the top of a mountain,
watching the lovely moon,

floating on the lake down,
playing with the ripples,
but my moon is bitter
without you!

In nothingness everything exists,
but in you: the whole world!
Cosmic sound echoes in your silence,
and I know you are nothing but love!
Sometimes I pilgrim through your mind,
that makes everything pleasant,
that makes me feel cared
and your love is something
that soothes my soul!

We love and live for love,
we love and live for the world!
But the wounds they give,
who is going to heal?

I am going to tell the world,
You are love...love...love...
We love and live for love,
we love and live for the world!
O Little mermaid!

18.01.96

Dedicated to Usha Uthup, The singer of love from Calcutta. It is only because of
you, I started writing poetricks. This is my first poem...
I thank you with my soul...

premji premji

(028) Nobody

When I went to
His dwelling place,
He asked:
Why did you come
In search of me,
When I live within you?
When I was about to
Light a candle,
He told: be a candle instead!
When I went to my love:
She told: be my breath dear!
When I went to my little sister,
She told: be my hope for life!
When I went to the world,
They told:
You are Nobody

premji premji

(029) Cactuses

Dear,
You remember
those cactuses:
stand still always,
grown in a flower pot
in my home garden
and our names
scrolled with a splinter
on a lone stem!

Now,
whenever my eyes
fall on them,
remember a lone lily
among the thorns!

22.05.98

premji premji

(030) O Eccentrics Of The World!

O Eccentrics Of The World...Unite!

You have nothing to lose,

Except your madness...

That only makes you

Real people useful to

MANKIND!

premji premji

(031) Fantasies

He was caught,
while playing with it
in the toilet!

Staring at the
come stains -
flowing through the wall-
she asked,
'What the hell
are you doing? '

'Acting out
my own fantasies...'
he answered in a cool tone.

'Bloody...
It is an insult to
my womanhood...'
she snarled.

'Never...
If I do it
while making love,
then it is dear...
I know -
worse than adultery! '

27.05.98

premji premji

(032) Sanitary Napkins

From today onwards,
My Doctor told,
you have to undergo radiations.
We don't have any other option,
Mother told, but...
But?
Your periods will be
stopped for ever...
Her words impinged my soul
like thunderbolts...
Why God? Why do you
torment me like this?
Why do you want to rip
my femininity?
Why do you want to
chip away motherhood,
my only mode of salvation,
from me?
Kill me please...
for that is far better...

Tears roll down
from eyes while going through
your diary, my little sister.
The pain your bear
is still alive as words

Sad, we live in a nation
where the poor womenfolk
below the poverty-line
use MUD insted of
sanitary napkins!

24/6/08

premji premji

(033) Heart

Heart is a burden
For everybody
And heartlessness:
An adornment!

Heartlessness made you
Rich and distinguished
But heart made me
Depressed, despised
And forlorn....

This time winter came
So early and so harsh
she pierces
My dirty woollen clothes
Eventhough
My mind and heart is
Still awake!

premji premji

(034) Internet

The net!
Through Internet,
they met!

Through cables and
optical fibres
they talked,
transferred their
vital statistics,
compared their
common interests,
hobbies and at last
made a love net!

To be truthful to
each other,
they thought of
living together.
Ordered wedding rings,
(paid up through
credit cards later)
invited all friends
through the net!

When their son was born,
asked their computer -
that lovely idiot -
to find a name...

And without even
the slightest confusion,
it recommended -
'Spiderman'!

07.05.98

Dear parents, beware of the electronic media which influence in your children.

premji premji

(035) Democracy

We are

The largest democracy:

Sad, Simple Demo-crazy!

premji premji

(036) Red Ribbon Express

'Red Ribbon Express'
Will reach Cochin tomorrow
Flagged off on December 1st 2007,
She is running very fast
Through the villages and cities,
Takes halt for exhibitions
For making people
More and more aware of AIDS
God knows, when will
She stop running...
She was warmly welcomed in Chennai
And she will be here tomorrow...

During my school days,
Our local newspaper brought together
The news of death of Rock Hudson,
The famous Hollywood actor,
And the new epidemic AIDS

From Rock Hudson,
AIDS flows like River Hudson
It's easy to find her fountainhead
But what about AIDS,
Who can stop her journey,
With blindfold?

Nelson Mandela lost his son
Kenneth Caunta admitted:
His son died of AIDS
Africa is gone

Here in this critical situation also,
You think of Gandhi
Immediate he is here
With a complete solution
He will advice those infected
To practice self imposed
Spiritual isolation, as AIDS is
A byproduct of sexual globalization

He will advice everyone to be virgin
Till they get married,
Every man and woman
Chaste in married life with sexual discipline...
He will advice every parent to
Check the blood of children
Whether infected, rather matching
Horoscopes, before marriage...

But, I am forced to suspect:
Is it a new weapon of
Neo-colonists and imperialists
To conquer the fertile lands of Africa
Without any expense of money
Unlike the war on Iraq...

30/5/08

premji premji

(037) Jesus

Ensoulment of
Immortal love
And supreme bliss

premji premji

(038) A Journey From Ego To Cosmic Consciousness (Oneryu)

Jesus...how kind you are.....

premji premji

(041) Commitments

Dear,
One who is committed,
can't be a poet!
Can you hide anything
before the eyes of a poet?
Something impossible,
because he can visualize
anything through the open
windows of the mind!

Commitments will put
you and me in chains
once again!
(Though we are in chains already!)

One who is committed
will end up with
a narrowed mind,
could see the beauty,
read your mind partially,
can't be genuine
and innocent!

Dear,
But I am committed
only to your love!

06.02.96

premji premji

(041) Devil's Gospel (Oneryu)

Election manifesto.....

premji premji

(042) Joy Of Surrender

Dear,
Just give me a day of yours,
take my life in return!
I never like to snatch your love...
But like to surrender myself
and enjoy the joy of surrender!

Dear,
envelope my soul with
the armour of love,
enlighten my life with
compassion infinite!

01.01.99

premji premji

(043) Cloned Hearts

Dear,
Let's be
two cloned hearts,
from the cells of
true,
serene and
selfless love!

Let's be
silent planets which
revolve around
love eternal
in harmony!

premji premji

(044) Teacher Who Taught Me The Alphabets Of Love

I still remember him, though his face is not clear
For he only brought me to the world of
Alphabets, numbers and wonderful stories
Parents were renowned teachers, but failed to
Teach me, at least to count from one to ten
Father predicted, my IQ is sub-zero
Teaching me is mere wastage of time

My grandma took me to his house, with a patio
In front, thatched with coconut leaves,
For she could not stand my pathetic infancy
He welcomed us with immense grace
And patiently planted those seedlings of life into
My deserted mind, bruised with lots of pinches and slaps
He taught me the alphabets of my mother-tongue
He taught me to count from one to thousand
Father, with bachelor's degree in education,
Failed to teach me count from one to ten
But my teacher succeeded in his venture with
Colourful results, even-though he was just matriculate
He used teach me an hour everyday
And grandma waited beside with great merriment
Sometimes his lungs choked with the attack of Asthma
His sound was feeble, still he didn't leave me
One day, we were on the way to his house
Through the green paddy fields,
Someone came opposite told,
Please don't take him there, for his teacher is no more...
One, with lot of love, immense patience
And adequate knowledge can easily open
The inner eye of any child
But, God, why don't you teach
This simple fact to those millions of parents?

5/6/08

premji premji

(045) Aborigines

Sometimes I wish:
I could have born
An Aborigine...
I envy the 'Jerwas' of
Andamans...

They have some
Strange dialect
Free from alphabet
They don't have
To study in schools,
Read newspapers
No need to worry on
Spreading of AIDS
No need to worry on
Global warming up
No need to worry on
Nuclear winter
No need to worry on
Globalization
They are free from
The pranks of knowledge

None of them perished
During Tsunami,
For they knew the
Feelings of their Sea...
Alas! Modern science failed
To give at least a warning!

They face only the sublime reality,
That we all share in common
Before that scriptures are
Useless, can you guess what it is?
Hunger... which can easily
Transform you
An Aborigine!

30/05/08

premji premji

(046) Aids

An American teacher
Asked to an Indian Kid:
'What is the expansion of
AIDS? '

'All Indians Die Soon'
He replied!

premji premji

(047) Diary

This is my diary,
the diary of the dead!
And I scribble
the decadent grammar
of life!
Written by a crazy guy
to the core,
or otherwise
how simple and vivid
it could have been!

This is my diary,
it stinks of death!
Things, came in search of me,
selected by me,
all stink of death!
It is the diary of
depressed and
despised hearts!

Dead flowers,
wounds unhealed,
shattered dreams,
hollow love, betrayal,
loneliness,
hatred and death:
all nested in mind
long back!

My mind is a
broken nest of wasps,
stoned by kids!
Black sea roars in it
and I just float
like a decayed corpse!

02.02.96

premji premji

(048) Love

My tent,
she stood like
a mountain peak:
an embodiment of
human pride!
Poor sandstorms
hated her always
as they couldn't hurt!
Axis of earth was her
central pillar!
Lovely clouds-
multi-coloured -
were tarpaulins!
While dwelling
peacefully there,
my eyes picked up
the weariness in your eyes...
You: a lone camel,
scorched by out broken
sandstorms...
The agony in you eyes:
an auger worm which
pierced my heart,
bruised my soul!
As I had fallen for
your outpourings,
first your silent head
entered in.
Then the same Arab's tale!
My turban flew in tempest,
sand on eyes, ears and lungs...
Hot touch of molten sand blisters!
When carried away in a heat wave,
just one moment our eyes met!
O It was you: an intruder
I never expected,
a tenant never intend to vacate!
Now I wander like a gypsy,
don't know how to

squander life or end it!
Pity!

07.07.98

premji premji

(049) I Am Yours

I am yours,
I will embrace your religion
if you tell me
the religion of
love,
lust,
hatred,
thirst
and hunger...
I am yours,
if you answer me...

premji premji

(050) Fate

Fate plays everywhere,
in love too!
You believed the great lies
that I told, with great ease...
And the simple truths:
You laughed at!

Dear,
afraid to show my heart,
You might find it:
a red rose about to wither!
The hardest of all truths:
the silliest of all jokes!
Nothing but fate!

Love: a wound!
A spearhead pierced
my heart while floating
over a dream!

(Someone yet to die
for a wound picked up a dream.)

10.07.98

premji premji

(051) Abu Ghraib

Abu Ghraib: what a disgrace to mankind!
These Yankees and the British,
who pretend to be civilized,
yank civilization through the streets
which stink of blood!
Crocodile tears roll out from
Bush's eyes and
his words on liberty
and human dignity sound gibberish!
The closure of the cradle of abuse
and humiliation, Abu Ghraib,
is it the only remedy to uplift the
self esteem of Iraq?
Deep regrets of a tyrant-
for the media- sounds funny!
Cradles of civilization...
all being bombed,
not even tombs left with...
These Whites,
the creators of terror,
how volatile is their humanity!

*Notorious American prison in Iraq.

premji premji

(052) Love Is The Sweet Uneasiness

In this complex modern world,
where can one find real love?
All are in search of money,
power and other modes to fulfill their ego.
But they are not aware that
they are losing eternal happiness!

I still remember your words during that train journey:
"I will hurt you, all life."
I deserve it dear: a crater in the soul!
Days of love are the days of pain
never ending and of pleasure immense.
They are the days of purge.
I know: now also there are no shadows between us.

Dear reader,
If you wish to know what real love is,
you should be a loser,
because every victory is momentary!
O Radha...Krishna is still waiting,
for love is the confluence of hearts...

premji premji

(053) Dancing Souls

For you my love,
who taught me:
the peaks of attachment and
the depths of detachment
my spirituality!
I love you
all life!
Though we are not
Together,
Our souls are
Entwined!
Can anyone separate
Water poured into milk?

premji premji

(054) Every Grain Is A Dropp Of Tear

Behold,
Every grain you eat
Is a grain of tear
And you offer
Bullets in return...

Every dropp of oil
Your gas-guzzlers guzzle
Is blood mixed with tears
And you shower
Cluster bombs in return...

Here in Bharat (India) ,
800 millions have
An average income of
Half a dollar daily!
And among those,
200 millions have
An average income of
One fifth of a dollar!

And these people are
Eating too much!
(Caused hike of food prices in US!)
What an extraordinary finding of
George Bush!
Sure, he has thorn bush
Inside his skull!
Sad, it's the joke of the year!

An average American eats
Six fold of an Indian!
Alas! He is interested for
More subsidies to grow
Corn for bio-diesel...
If Americans don't care for
Their own food security,
Then why should we
Worry for them

When our farmers commit
Suicide?

Dear Bush,
Globalization is a double edged blade
Just see, how it rips your flesh!
How can a man, blood thirsty,
Like you, understand the pain of
A poor farmer from third world?
We know: you are a prisoner of
Huge ruthless corporates...
That makes you resemble
An old evil crooked fox

And your slaves here are
Very very desperate
To sign the civilian nuclear deal
With lot of things hidden!

Why should they look into
The hunger of majority
As it is also nuclear:
Their half life period
Will be reduced to
One fourth...
So what?

Rulers alone should be
Benefited, whether
Black or white...
Sovereignty is pawned or not
Not a serious matter to bother...
This is the pseudo- face of democracy!
Am I correct, former IMF-wallah?

8/7/08

premji premji

(055) Hell On Earth

Hell On Earth:

Living with a poet!

My beloved's voice....

15.09.08

premji premji

(056) America

Waxing Bodies,
Waning Minds,
Dried up Souls,
Ha...America!

premji premji

(057) Revolution

Two Rose plants were
Given to Gandhi and Lenin.
They bloomed...
Mine is white,
bloom of peace,
Ganghi sighed....
Mine is red,
bloom of revolution,
Lenin smiled.....

Never-ending journey
From one slaughterhouse
To another.....
They call it revolution.....
Ultimate liberation.....
Doctrines may be varied,
Blood remains red!
You remain dead.....

premji premji

(058) April Notes

O April!

You are the cruelest of
all months!

You know April,
love is a silent killer!
Comes like a sniper,
fires cannonballs into
silent hearts!
Changes them like
erupt volcanoes!
Transforms
every mind,
every moment cancerous
which multiply in
unknown progressions,
chain reactions
and I am sinking like Titanic!

O April!

Please don't torment me
with your flowers yellow,
stop your big bangs!
Kiss my soul
with your warm lips
and let it be one among
your everlasting flowers!

10.04.98

premji premji

(059) Bourgeois Poet!

My friend
Anirudhan points out:
you plan your life,
write poems,
prepare love letters
straight using computer.
You are a bourgeois poet!

Dear `Krudhan, *'
should I not love
technology,
should I not take
the third path:
blend of art and technology?
(with a bit of spirituality)

Dear guy,
just listen to me:
we live in a place*
where communism
is nothing but bourgeoisie,
both synonymous!

*Angry young man

*Kerala

premji premji

(060) Pain And Palliative Care

This window,
how do I
define it?
Where do I
fix it?

Today,
it rains heavily!
Still, how bright
and silent
the long corridors
of this pain clinic! *

Sitting beside
the book shelves
in the library,
my eyes
gazed through the
small notes on the walls:
'Stop smoking,
Save yourself...'
And something on cancer
awareness...

Suddenly doctor* came
and sat with me.
So simple and lazy
his attire,
beautiful
his well trimmed beard,
merciful
his eyes-
even light-years
not sufficient enough
to measure
the depth of them,
kind his voice-
soft and generous,
fills your souls

with so much of belief
and enthusiasm!

With patience immense,
he answered
all my questions,
gave some brochures:
'Freedom from pains...
Little bit more of life...'

Pointing to their logo,
he told, 'Very simple,
three pictures-
a window,
a bird flies up
and a flower,
drawn by one of
our patients...'

My heart
felt so heavy
while leaving from there.
A great sorrow
torments it even now:
who drew it? I didn't ask,
couldn't visit that
lone heart, if alive...

Dear friend,
frontiers are common ones....
And you drew this window
to fix on the great wall
separating life and death,
didn't you?

Through this smiling flower,
you mean: comeback to life,
peaceful days
in unison with nature,
buds of hope,
don't you?

And your bird:
flies up
from this great prison
called earth
to the free skies of
eternal peace,
doesn't it?

Dear,
you defined
the undefined
with just three symbols!
Let me kiss
those pale fingers
with my soul!

And those two squares
left unfilled,
what do they symbolize?

'Your heartlessness...'

Whose voice is that?

09.09.98

A window, with four squares inside, is the logo of pain and palliative care clinic, Medical College, Calicut and this poem is the explanation of that window. Unfortunately I cannot include that logo here. Just imagine a window with four squares and whose upper left square consists the image of bird flying up. The lower right square has the picture of a flower.

*hkumar, PPC

In our country, more than a million people are suffering from cancer. And 80% of them are in the uncontrollable and incurable state even at the time of diagnosis. What can we, do for them? Palliative care is the answer. It is the latest branch of modern medical science. Palliative care society functions for those patients who are incurable and those who suffer from pain. The clinic functions only from the help of kind people and their donations. The patients, they don't need your sympathy, they need government has to relax the supply of pain killers like

morphine for the suffering patients since most of the painkillers are included in the list of 'drugs! '

We request all writers to send copies of their books for the light reading of patients in PPC. Let us pray for our brothers and sisters, light their life, bright and colourful. Number of patients is increasing day by day, requirements also. Kindly extend your co-operation, only we are there to help them. Kindly send your donations to:

Secretary,
Pain and palliative care society,
Medical college.P.O.
Calicut - 673008.
Kerala, India.

premji premji

(061) Residue Of Life

Remembrance

.....

premji premji

(063) O Angel.....

O Angel,
In the time of love,
Life is a silent prayer
All silent prayers!

Don't know how to describe you!
You:
The soul of innocence
Or innocence of the soul,
The soul of pain
Or pain of the soul,
The soul of loneliness
Or loneliness of the soul,
The soul of poetry
Or the poetry of the soul.....

Or
The soul of all souls
Wild with love at heart?
Who are you?

Days of love are
The days of pain never ending,
Days of pleasure immense!
Yes, they are the days of purge!

Like a wildfire, your words
Torment my soul...
Like a gentle caress,
Helps me resurrect like Phoenix...

Like a butterfly,
I flutter to kiss
All your dream-flowers
To enjoy all the hidden metaphors.....

A creative heart
Likes to be naked
And tormented always!

I know that
You are weaving wings for.....

premji premji

(064) Buddha Smiles!

Once
Buddha smiled
looking at
a Rose flower,
then Zen born:
the soul of peace!

Through cable
Mrs. Indira Gandhi
got a short message:
'The Buddha is smiling! '
Still I can see
that nuclear smile of
dark pride
on her face!
Now Buddha smiles
again and again!

Dear Buddha,
the intense moonlight
on Buddha-poornima -
is it a mushroom cloud
envelope your
darkened soul?
(So disheartened,
I know:
never will the resonance of
your silent screams
from those craters
fall in their ears!)

Pity!
The wrath of power
even behind
a poet's* veil!

14.05.98

AB Vajpayee, former prime minister of India, a poet himself!

premji premji

(065) Comrade Lenin

Comrade Lenin is
The most unfortunate man on Earth!
Even after thousand full bright moons
He is not the part of Earth!
Sleeps, so deep, in mausoleum and
Wakes up millions, depressed!

Afraid I am, someday he will also be
An auction piece
That's the end of a dream
Cherished by millions
That's called globalization, they say:
Come; let's live in the new virtual world!

I know: just one man is enough
To plunder globalization
He is the father of our nation
Sad, He lives on currency notes
Which he hated, being the cause of corruption
Practice non-cooperation, his ideal,
Only way to throw away globalization
Which uproots the inborn culture of
Every nation...
If you don't buy,
Then where will they dump their products?

21/05/08

premji premji

(066) Dark Tide

O Time,
Hurt me with your
wild moments,
claw my lungs and
pour into my heart
agonies of the unloved!

O Time,
When you fall in the depths of
Pain and solitude, you understand
The serenity of love!

But, O Time,
Let me tell you this:
Love, like revolution,
Every time eats away
Its own kin!

premji premji

(067) Deluge

O Noah!
Righteous Noah!
Don't open
Your ark...

The olive leaves
brought by your doves
were left near your ark
by Satan!

It floods still,
floods of injustice,
violence and
brutality!

O Noah! I command:
don't open your ark
and bring out those pairs,
just wait till water recedes....

Time and waiting
pass with the same velocity!
Remember my words,
the ordain of your loving God....

15.01.96

premji premji

(068) Belur And Halebid

Belur and Halebid are
Two marvelous places with
Unique identity:
Poetry on granite!

Halebid means ancient house
She stands here from past
Several centuries
Under scorching sun
And pouring rain,
Made her carvings
Polished like mirror
So many idols of Hindu Deities
And stories from epics
Adorn the stone walls
They are really perfect
But sculptors who carved
These stone monuments,
Left some places unfinished!
They remind, the universal fact,
Everything is incomplete
And that incompleteness is
The real beauty...

But, how can I forgive
Those British, who removed
Precious carvings
To adorn their personal collections
From these wonders...
How can I forgive them
For removing the precious stones
From the walls of Taj Mahal...

Every empire is
An embodiment of greed!

26/5/08

Belur and halebid are two wonderful tourist spots in Karnataka, India

premji premji

(069) Peak Of Ignorance

A practicing young Doctor
Searching for
'Hippocrates*' in Google!

Father of modern medical system*

premji premji

(071) Enigma

Every child is a wonder
Every parent is a hunter
Bundle their ideas with harshness
Plunder their dreams without kindness
May be there are exceptions
But they are the minority
Happy with their children's creativity

The most unfortunate thing on Earth is
To be born as the child of two Teachers
Or the child of a self-made man...
Living with them is a real mess
Days without any kindness
Imagine my plight, being
The son of two self made Teachers!

Some Teachers are wonderful creatures
With special comparators
Some kind of meters they use to
Compare me with others,
She got three A+
You got all bloody A grade...

One day, I was caught for
Penning down some poems
Poetry is of no use, they told,
Study hard to qualify Entrance
Then you will be either
A doctor or engineer
To live, you need a profession
Not poetic procession

Till five, I was in the care of Grand parents
My father was working two districts away
Mother used to leave before I rose up
As her school was twenty miles away
Grandma used tell good stories
To free me from scorching distress
I listened with all eagerness

She only taught me the meaning of love
She used to take me to the paddy fields
She used to bathe me in small streams
Where small fishes hit my little wounds
She led me to natural wonders
That opened my inner-eyes later
Plenty of time I had, to squander with friends
That annoyed my mother hard,
I may pick up bad words,
What a funny excuse!

When I just turned three
Father made my friends flee
Started teaching how to count
That I don't want to recount
I started counting ...one...five... three
For my mind was there under that mango tree
Which carried ripe mangoes for free
'Thudd'...He slapped on my thigh
I started crying at volume high
His disciples say, he is a fantastic teacher
I still feel he is the poorest
Patience is the mother of the art of teaching
It's not a matter of preaching
It's something that matters in practice

Every child is a wonder
For child is the father of man...
I too have two little sons...

Papa...Close your laptop,
Younger one shouts,
Tell me a story
Connecting a Crow, cow and...

And?

And a crocodile...

Little ones are real trouble
Who put you in
Life's Greatest riddles...

31/5/08

premji premji

(072) Cultural Double-Deal

A.K.G*:

The man who loved all,
loved by all and
one who was always
with the have-nots!
Indian coffee house is
an ultimate proof of that.
You can spend a day
right in front of
a cup of coffee!
A safe haven for
lovers and intelligentsia!

One day in hot march,
I was sitting inside
before a cup of cold coffee.
Just behind my table,
a play was going on!
Two 'Bujees*' were sitting
in the furls of smoke
discussing....
'What is our real problem? '
'Slavery.'
'What kind of? '
'Mental slavery'
'To whom? '
'Old white skin! '
'Who can remove that? '
'Our cultural leaders.'
'Whether it is possible? '
'Yes, my dear friend
behold, this mental slavery and
cultural slavery,
all are dead snakes,
still around our necks! '
'But our intelligentsia,
the cultural minority,
what do they do? '
'They are lifting the dead snake

through speeches, writings etc...'

'And then? '

'And simply they leave it
there only! They put it back'.

'Why? Survival instinct? '

'Yes, they should also survive,
so the society won't change! '

They left laughing and

My cold coffee started boiling!

*Intelligentsia

A.K.G: an: former Parliament opposition leader from Kerala.

15.8.06

premji premji

(074) My Mother-Tongue Malayalam

Between the dents of globalization,
Every local language faces extinction
My mother-tongue is
My real mother
Her name is wonderful
'MALAYALAM'
You read it from eitherside,
She is the same
People call it spoonerism
I love to call it wonder

'Tamil: ' Her mother is virgin
'Sanskrit: ' Her father, an ascetic
Just under half percent of
World population speak
My dialect...Malayalam

Every year, they say,
Almost three hundred languages die...
Being the youngest of all,
I wish she could withstand
The cultural invasion
Popularly named Globalization!

02/06/08

premji premji

(075) Prem

The most
I love,
You love me
through love!

The more
You hate me
through love
than love me
through hate!

Prem: Universal love

11.05.98

premji premji

(076) What A Bike Means To Me!

While wandering through my friend's timber-yard,
I wondered watching those huge Redwood trunks
Lying unnoticed with more than 200 inch girth...
They are from Amazon, my friend told.

Amazon River basin –
'The lungs of the Earth' –
And her rain forests will
Soon become extinct...
Then what will happen to my Kochi,
The queen of Arabian Sea?
Will she sink?

In Kochi, even beggars own bikes
I hate bikes, if I ride one
I will end up under a private bus
They are the most silent killers
Their drivers are most dreaded people!

Every healthy man breathes
12 kilograms of fresh air everyday,
My doctor tells.

Now imagine how much fresh air
Your bike consumes; for I just give
A simple equation:
Every bike is equal to 10000
Healthy men!

When the snow of Mt. Kilash
Melts complete,
That's the end of mankind...
That day is not farthest...
When you are riding on full throttle
At least think of our future
In large scale!

premji premji

(077) Premji

Who am I?

A man without profile...
I am not a pseudo-nationalist...
Not a pseudo-secularist...

My world is without boundaries...
I am that: 'PREM', inexplicable by English...
I am that nothingness...
Nobody...

I am not a poet...
A mere poetrick*...
But, I love words...
These twenty six letters are my weapons...
I don't know how to use them properly...
Still I write...
You may call it nonsense...
but it makes sense...
That's the bitter truth...

*poet + trick

21.5.08

premji premji

(078) Risha Is A Wonderful Poet

Thank you Risha,
For being the pleasure
And treasure of poemhunter...

Risha,
At your age of ten,
I were learning only
The English alphabets!

Risha,
You are like ocean Pacific!
So calm outer
Strong currents underneath
Straight goes your poems
Into the heart
Not into the head
Where only intelligence
Is stored...

Risha,
Open your beautiful eyes wide
Keep your antennas up
Every moment
And receive the signals of nature
Transmit them through poetry

Risha,
Someday in future
You will be the
Poetic ambassador of Bharat*

Risha,
Before I close my pen
I should tell you something
Never forget our mother-tongue 'Malayalam'
She only gave you ideas
For ideas are the seedlings of poetry...
Thank you Risha
For you brought me to

Poemhunter family...

India

Risha Ahmed is only ten years old. She has already penned down more than 125 poems.

premji premji

(079) Memories And Me

` Memories and me',
I saw in your diary,
` are we those
two hungry Piranhas
fighting in a
square glass box?

To kill your hunger,
I plunged my heart
long back and
it vanished within
no time!

Or we,
those two
contrasting colours-
vibrant enough,
yet discrete-
fuse together
in harmony
in a vase with those
twelve sun flowers*?

Should I flee from you,
as remembrance itself is a
never-ending pain
like love? '

*A painting by Vincent Van-Gogh

04.05.98

premji premji

(080) Nails

Nails:

my beloved friends
in childhood
and I kept them
carefully in a
metal chocolate box!
Small pins,
stolen from aunt's
dissection box
and I used to pin
small butterflies!
Drawing pins
taken from Dad's
table drawer
and I had fallen
for their wild glitter!
Lost interest
in small ones
as I grew up
and bigger iron nails
flooded in the dark corners
of household!
And I never knew:
someone could utilize
them to fix the top cover of
Grandma's coffin
and that day
Jesus touched my heart!
And today, all rusted
they sink beneath
every footstep
and pierce my heart
every moment!

07.01.98

premji premji

(081) Poetry Night.....

Prem,
How can you say
No one reads your poems
When each night
I breathe in and inhale
Their fragrant breathe
Before I go to sleep
You know, my dear friend,
I've been with this Booklet
Day and night living with it
My thoughts too they fill
Today I sat outside my house
As no network for sometime
The words for your Dhyana Buddha
They came flowing from my heart
You have become a part of me
My thoughts you dictate
You command me to write and I do
Thoughts, style and words
None my own they've born anew
Most astonishing what we do
Like a Koel who calls
And the answering call
Floats back from afar
We two sing a song
Poem with words mingling
Like Jordan into the Dead Sea
From two mad poetic hearts!

Angelina

premji premji

(082) Sweat Of Sun

Sweat of Sun
Pours down
Monsoon

premji premji

(083) Magma (Angelina)

Magma...
Purifying fire
Offering flowers
Of kissing flames
Purging fire
You heal...
You cleanse...
The core of life..
Boiling always..
Alive.. Active...
You never fail
To rouse a flame
Salt... Water...
Like a sheet
I try.. to cover you
But..You rumble
You grumble...
You boil and erupt
Like a torch...
Lighting the sky..
Flow out... flow out
All your pain...
Come, come to me
I wait.. I invite
Torch me with your heat
Touch me with your flame
Within your fiery arms
When You and Me embrace...
The core.. the crust...
The cover... all..
Become one and blend
Into the foundation
Of this earth...
Forming..Life...Anew...!
Come, come to me
I shall dissolve
In a vapour.. raise
Fall upon you again
As gentle drizzle...

Pound into you
As piercing drops...
Swallow you into me
As a storming tornado...
And carry you safely rocking
On my heaving bosom of waves
into peace... life....love!

A poem by Angelina Pandian

premji premji

(084) Stop Your Pantomimes

When I was a child,
I had the vigour of a new sprout!
You nipped me in the bud,
you desperately tried to cut
all my soft feelings!
You thought: love is
nothing but education,
you tormented me
for drawing a picture
on the wall,
you made me imprint that
I am useless in mind!
You harassed me every moment,
you insulted my
innovative ideas
by calling them 'Utopian'
and stole them openly,
you enjoyed
degrading me in public,
you took away all the credits
of my successes,
you left me in the
mid-seas when I wanted
a shoulder to lean on,
you wanted me to be
more and more selfish,
you never believed my words,
you considered listening
to me an insult,
and now you ask for the
thing which I don't know,
you never taught!

Love...

What is it Dad?

Is it only studies?

Or a career?

What is humanity dad?

Now you ask me
to listen to you!
But, why should I
listen to you?
Why should I have your
properties,
when I am your
least valued one?

Like every tyrant,
you wanted me
to be a fool,
but not any more!
You told me to
sacrifice my love,
my only solace
for family prestige,
but no way!

Now, I am a banyan tree,
all branches cut...
No twister can uproot me...
No wild fire can burn me....

I am a banyan tree,
Grown on the fort of
your false prestige,
proud and selfish
dead old minds!

You can't pull my roots out,
no mercury can make me dry,
no threats can make me worry,
no sentiments can make me cry!

Now, we command:
Stop your pantomimes
and listen to us,
The youth: the depressed,
The empty minds of future!
Or be erased even from our memories,
end your lives

in the cage of loneliness
with lost hopes,
tormented by maniac depressions.....
Be doomed and doomed every moment...
So it is the time to change
and be forgiven!

Time and tides
Wait for no man!

24.04.1999

premji premji

(085) Capital

While teaching Industrial Management,
One of my students asked:
Sir, tell me what is your capital?

Ignorance and bit madness,
That's my capital!

premji premji

(086) Kerala: The Most Beautiful Land

While walking though
The traffic in Cochin
During the peak morning hours,
I feel: every day is a wonder!

Fortunate are we Keralites
For we don't have man-made wonders!
Our mother is very rich with
Her natural wonders
Which attracted so many hunters,
Even Killers like Vasco da Gama

Sea to mountains, she has,
Rivers and lagoons everywhere,
Bright sunshine all year
Fertile her land grows spices, with
Wonderful people known for
Their hospitality which
Removes your hostility!

We don't have pyramids,
Taj-mahal or Great walls...
We only have natural wonders
For every man-made wonder
Is crystal of frozen tears and
Blood of millions of slave hours

I see the dome of Taj
Like a tear dropp of
Ustad Isa...
He took twenty two years
To construct Taj-mahal and
On the very moment of completion,
Sha-Jahan ordered to
Chop his right hand!
Every king is a cheat!

Behind every man-made wonder,
There is a sadistic pleasure...

Welcome to my dear Kerala,
A must see destination
Selected even by
National geographic magazine
If you can enjoy her greenery,
Your minds will remain evergreen...
That's her grace!

28/05/08

premji premji

(087) Lone In The Dark Lanes

Yesterday, I had been to a
Carpet shop in Broadway.
He showed me those thin
Carpets and explained, 'Kashmiri.'
Don't know what prevented from buying
and back home, your letter waiting.
The same simple joys and your great anxieties:
I am afraid of those huge blacks who kill
even for a pair of shoes and dark goggles...
Not peaceful even here yaar...
No piece...No sleep...'

Dear, remember the place where we met
For the first time,
under those lovely mayflowers...
Those days, in the city of palaces*(Mysore)
and lovely gardens, how wonderful!
Same classroom, same room in hostel we shared...
Those apples and walnuts, you brought from
Srinagar at the end of vacations...
Those days of exams, lousy labs...
Waiting for response from those oscilloscopes...
Those small gossips, walks through lone lanes...
And your Dad's love: a valley in my mind,
greener and greener and greener...

Those violent days of early nineties,
days of abductions and abscondings,
how silent you were, dear then....
Not even reading the headlines of news papers,
not listening to TV news...

Remember, you running away from
watching `Roja..,'*(a movie on terrorism)
And that dreaded day we roamed a lot...
Back at night, unclear heard your Dad's name
in the news headlines.
Then someone came in search of you
and a phone call, yes you knew it...

That night- the darkest of all-
unconscious you took rest on my lap.
Did I cry? No... tears may wake you...
When you left, dried up my glands.

We all waited for your comeback,
praying for his soul rest in peace.
You came when exams approached,
nothing did me say...yes you knew...
what I intended to say...

Deedi- your elder sister, a doctor herself-
unveiled that episode later:
in that morning, he was leaving for office,
someone came- hardly twenty- and
shot at point blank...
Our driver betrayed, otherwise
he would have lost his family...
Anyway they came in time...
When brought to medical college,
they asked: 'Hindu or Muslim
and who shot? '

'Hindu, terrorists...' I said,
Twenty doctors vanished,
only me, not in consciousness...
He left without any medical care,
those three bullets could fail his heart...
Helpless I was...
Yes you can cut others...
but not your dearests...
See the fire in my son's eyes
who saw him shooting...
It will never extinguish...
We lost everything and now
hiding in the city of graves*...
Who knows, when do they
pump bullets again?

One day, from a deep silence,
you told, "He was my class-mate.'

Now Kashmir: hell on earth...
Bullet fire: their country song...
Their Carpets: dyed with blood...

Every national holiday
makes me frightened...
Republic day... twenty-three pundits shot...

August fifteen...
Our independence day
How many more souls will be free,
any idea, dear Punditji*?

15.07.98

Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru. former prime minister of India

It was a real experience of my beloved friend Leena from Calicut. I wrote this on her perspective

premji premji

(088) Dream

Dear,
Yester night
I dreamt of your face,
like: a glittering pearl,
like: a blossoming lotus!

How luminous
and captivating is
your face!

Whose love
made your face
so attractive?
Whose kiss
made your lips so red?
Whose thoughts made
your mind so calm?

The mild heat of your love
keep the fog of tragedies away
and your love dissolves in me
like lovely moonshine in earth!

You are not my slave
and I not yours!
But we are slaves of
true love!
Your love keeps my heart
so warm always!

Dear,
please remove your veil...
O God!
Who are you my love?
Goddess of love or
the full moon that shines in deserts?
The beauty of all stars
in the depths of your eyes!
My love, I can't stand

your shocking beauty,
the aura of love
that covers you is
so intense!

premji premji

(089) Insomnia

“What’s God’s biggest boon to mankind? ”

What is your answer, dear friend?

If you ask me to answer, I will say:

It’s nothing but sleep...Deep sleep...

Blessed are those who can sleep

Irrespective of perils, places and

Strange situations...

Sleep makes you refresh

Every day is a rebirth

Fills your mind with

Beautiful dreams!

If it horrifies you,

Change your attitude

Towards the world...

Sleep...beautiful sleep makes you

Pleasant every-moment...

When are you going to bless me again?

premji premji

(090) For You Valentine!

O Valentine!

Among hanged,
I could find your face.
Some like you:
will never die,
they judge
love as freedom,
they torment
death to death!

O Valentine!

You lived like a saint,
were executed
like a rogue!
Dear apostle of love,
I know you are the happiest:
someone bringing
happiness to others!

O Valentine!

Your cards display
all the praise of love!
But, for me Valentine,
every card is a torment,
wrath of power,
wild gasp for breath,
high strangled cries,
sacrifice!

O Valentine!

Now you are just a day!
A day of love
expectations,
frustrations,
agonies and solitude...

But my Valentine,
Your silence

strangle me!

14.02.98

Dedicated to: The unknown souls perished in the Coimbatore bomb blasts on St. Valentine's Day on 1997. My friends told more than four hundred people got killed, but the authorities said: only less than hundred! Who will account for the poor beggars, cobblers etc! Let's pray for their souls rest in peace.

premji premji

(091) Journey

Life,
even in the time of love,
is a journey
from loneliness,
through loneliness
to loneliness!

So
I wish dear,
if you were
in my open arms
for ever!

04.05.98

premji premji

(092) Grandma's Ice-Cream

My Grandma was a wonderful woman
For her wit genuine
She was embodiment of grace
That we find now-a-days scarce
When parents were away
She looked after me with great care
Hell a lot of work she had at home
She used to leave me in my cousin's care
When she had to go to the local market
One day she told: look, what have I brought...
I have brought an ice cream!
Alas! It ended up in my scream
For only stick was left with!

premji premji

(093) The Alchemist

Every critic says:
It's a tale deals with
The subject:
'Faith vs Will.'

But what I feel:
It's just 'Faith vs Fear'!

'The Alchemist' is the magnum opus of Paulo Coelho, the most sold novel ever in the history of letters!

premji premji

(094) God's Own Country

I were in search of
A watch-dog with
Good Pedigree.

'You are a fool'
My friends laughed at me,
'Pay just Rupees 500/- monthly
And get a human watch-dog'

That's Kerala
God's own country!

premji premji

(095) Drrrrrrrr.....

Voice of
A globalized
Modern writer!

premji premji

(096) Feel The Difference.....

Share and care,
said Jesus...
Heap and fear,
Pope says!

premji premji

(097) Happiness

What is happiness Dad?

Dear Son,
Mahabharata says:
Happiness is the result of
Good conduct!

What is good conduct Dad?

You will get hit...

premji premji

(098) Why Birds Extinct?

Everyone loves Edison
for his inventions genuine
But sad, I have to say you,
he is the father of light pollution!

Light, you may think: it's alright
But, it is also a silent killer
Everything unnatural is a killer:
the unwritten law of God!

Your mind is the temple of Soul,
enlighten with your innerlight
O Divinities, you are that...
You are that inner-light...never fading!

Artificial light is the simplest of all reasons
why birds extinct,
why lifespan of humankind reduce,
why eyesight reduce so fast!

18/11/08

premji premji

(100) Hitler And Globalization

HITLER said:

Peasant is the asset of nation,
Not industrialization...

Globalized modern democracy says:

Peasant is the burden of nation,
So cut down all subsidies...

Tell me who is more humane?

premji premji

(101) Farmer

worth not,
even for a bullet,
industrialist smiled!

premji premji

(102) Globalization

Farmers

Around the Globe

Face Genocide

premji premji

(103) Iraq 2003

BUSH

Thorn Bush!

(sad, how can i write a poem with only 13 characters!)

premji premji

(104) Gandhi

Now,
He doesn't listen to
Ramdhun,
Wear Khadi (cotton) ,
Rotate his loom...
Not even thinking of Ramarajya*

Pity!
Everything is looted by
His descendants!

Kingdom of Rama

premji premji

(105) Something In Common

An Indian soldier in Kashmir or
An American soldier in Iraq,
They all face the same reality:
Death, every moment...
Imagine the unbearable stress
Which they share in distress
A sniper bullet, a car bomb
Or a suicide bomber....
Why God? Why did you
Create so many boundaries
Around the globe?

If you go for a silent walk
Through the their minds,
What all will be seen:
Lonely parents, wives, children
Living with immense tension...
How can they support their families
With meager salaries,
Government offer?

Every war is the brainchild of
The minority with power,
A group of mad people...
And the majority has to die,
What a paradox...

An American soldier in Iraq thinks:
We will have to move down to Iran
After the presidential elections,
As we cannot survive without wars
And of course, oil prices are increasing...
But when can I reach home?

premji premji

(106) The Canticle Of Canticles

Dear,
My love for you:
the Song of Songs,
The Canticle of Canticles!

Your love:
redder and sweeter
than wine
brewed from my blood
innocent of love!

Your love:
a Beethoven symphony
in a deep ocean of silence:
yet unplayed,
a birdsong: yet unsung,
a drizzling in desert:
yet unfell!

The scent of your love:
the scent of all spices
watered with my young blood!
May be you are dark,
but your mind:
whiter than wild lilies!

Dearest,
let your grace
be the blood that flows
through my veins...
Let your dreams be the oasis
in my deserted life,
morning twilight in my vineyard
and in my darkened soul!

Tell me Solomon,
without you, is there
any love? Any love songs?
Any deep ecstasy of love?

27.05.98

premji premji

(107) Monica Smiles

` Monica* becomes model'-
Headline of a tabloid.

` More than
a million shades of red!
IRAQI RED
The lipstick of the future! '

07.03.99 *Monica Lewinski

Dedicated to those millions of Iraqi kids died of malnutrition and
lack of medicines.

premji premji

(108) Spring In The Wilderness

Dear,
left with only one wish
in life: to leave,
like a cool breeze,
like bright moonshine,
without hurting anybody!
But my love,
your wish is also the same: why?
Is love the cause?

Dear,
I read your mind long back...
Though we are far away,
no distance between us!
You are with me always!
When we are carried away
by a twister of love,
how can we leave?
The dawn yet to come,
won't it be ours?

Dear,
betrayal is death
and no one likes to die
twice when alive!
Where do we reach
by leaving our love?
No holy places, shrines and
rivers will give us peace!

Dear,
why should we live,
so wild, in these
concrete jungles?
Together stay, share some
wonderful moments
and then leave!

But,

when our love make us live,
how can we leave?

18.03.96

premji premji

(109) Moon (Oneryu)

Knight of the night.....

premji premji

(110) Song For A Dead River

1

Rivers,
do they have
exequies,
graveyards and
requiems?

11

Silent flows
a river before me,
we call her Chaliyar*.

She exhumes
dead fishes,
gives us
venomous dreams,
corrodes away
our time: so precious,
accelerates our
cell growths,
curtails our
life span,
sterilizes our soil
and preaches us -
'Life is a
never ending itch! '
Still we love her.

And her tormentor*,
he stands
on steel and concrete,
exhales clouds of
black smoke,
liquefies our lungs,
taints our sky-
so blue earlier-
tarnishes our river

under the cover of night,
spurts his excrement into
our maiden's womb...
and at last
entombs us like dogs!

Between
the dents of pollution'
he squeezes
her soul out,
throws a face-cloth on her,
hails the power of money
and their eyes
dazzle out of profits!

111

She flows
blinded and
deafened like
the Goddess of death!
So dark, her cascade flows
and our tears make her
still more dark!
Bereft of all feelings
quiet flows
and the dark moon
floats on...

Being exasperated,
our benefactress
becomes tormentress!
She likes to separate
our lives entwined...
Still she is enshrined
in the lower depths of
our hearts!

So
let's not wait for
new incarnations

to save her...
Be martyrs in the struggle
for existence,
for our right to live!

Let's not rest,
let's walk
on all paths untrodden,
let's not retrace our steps,
let's fight
until her arteries
carry blood... pure blood,
until we extricate her...

25.11.99

*Grasim industries, Mavoor.

premji premji

(111) Song

Soul

Solitude

Solace

Song

premji premji

(112) Solitude

So lone
the crescent moon,
no shining stars,
only clouds make
dark tides!

So lone,
you sit at a
dark corner of
the long corridor,
know not
the soft touch of
gentle breeze,
know not
the silence encompass,
know not
the lone soul deep within!
So lone,
lost in thought of home,
sweet home!

So lone
You are dear,
even in my heart!

premji premji

(113) Love Cycle

Where there is love,
There is slilence
Where there is silence
There is peace
Where there is peace,
There is divinity
Where there is divinity,
There is love!

28.5.08

premji premji

(114) Tsunami

Turbulent waves,
Sinking shrieks,
Uprooted lives,
Numb minds,
Agonised nations,
Marooned bodies,
Images of Tsunami

27.12.2004

premji premji

(115) Spirit Of Freedom

'Dream, dream,
Keep on dreaming':
His* advice.

But I say:
Don't dream your life away..
A dream will remain a dream
Until it is broght into practice.

He dreams of factories
In the Mars
Where man is yet to reach!
Here I dream for a bowl of rice
For the children
Below the povertyline:
The longest line on earth!

Dear Kalam Sir,
If thoughts do not result in action,
It will end up in depression!

*APJ Abdul Kalam, Former President of India

premji premji

(116) Secret Of Married Life

No 'ME'....Only 'WE'

Nothing MINE...Only OURS

premji premji

(117) Raja Ravi Varma

For me, it's a moment of pride
To tell you that
I am from his village*...
The village of Prince Painter!

The lanes in front of his palace
Were forbidden for our ancestors
They were from lower caste
They called him 'Prince Painter'
The priests in the nearby temples
Were from upper caste
They never allowed them inside
Simply calling them untouchables

To get some sandal paste or vermilion
Our ancestors used throw money
Over the temple walls
Money has supernatural powers
It is not untouchable
Even though thrown by an untouchable
The priests fought for the money thrown in
Threw out sandal paste in return!

Their Prince was annoyed so much
He painted Deities for them:
The poor and depressed
His lithographs of Gods
Adorned every household
He was our leader of renaissance
He was God incarnate!

He painted Gods with immortal grace
He was tormented for that in court
His pictures of Goddesses had
The face of 'Sugandha', a Parsi widow,
Model and lover of Prince painter
Hindu upper caste fanatics couldn't stand
They wanted him behind the bars
God let him win the case

But his Sugandha consumed poison
Thinking that he might lose in court...
She bid Goodbye on his lap...
His jasmine left for ever
She was immortalized on pictures lot

Imagine the pain of our great Prince
Now the modern painters from India
Call him 'Calendar Painter'
They accuse him ruined Indian painting scheme
They say his paintings results
Could easily be achieved by photography
But I bet, they can't paint even a
Finger as painted by our Prince...
It's mere jealousy
It's only Indians can degrade another Great Indian!

My college mate was from his palace
He took me inside once
Showed me his studio
With not even a picture of
Our great prince...
It is in ruins
I wish sometimes
Our prince should have born outside

Recently a Sanyasin told me:
Her Brahmin relatives are
Busy removing paintings of our Prince
From their pooja-rooms...
How can they worship the face of a widow?
'How do I imagine my Krishna
Without Ravi Varma? '
She laments...

You are our Prince Painter
The Prince of have-nots!

Kilimanoor* His native village

premji premji

(118) Silent Cry

Nila flows
through your* village -
like every heart
tormented!

Everyone needs her
and she gives them
herself without
any complaint!

But, dear Nila,
when I touched you,
I could listen to your
silent cries!

Stricken with deep grief,
I understand:
many to taint you
and none to cry for you!

MT Vasudevan Nair, Noted writer from Malayalam

15.02.97

premji premji

(119) Obama Or Mc Caine

Whether Obama or Mc Caine,
America will be the same as ever:
Hardcore conservative!

premji premji

(121) Poverty Line

Neither straight, nor curved,
The longest line
On Earth!

premji premji

(122) Three Miracles

Dear Mother*,

Desperately
They are in search of
Those three miracles
When your life itself:
The miracle of miracles!

*Mother Teresa

Mother Teresa was a saint by birth...
For such a life what is the need of beatification?
If they search for stupid miracles, they will never be able to beatify a Pope!

premji premji

(123) Shalvy Mulberry

Shalvy Mulberry:
Martyr of letters,
Rainbow in the dark!

With young leaves of mulberry
and your blood, you fed
those worms of letters!

When they became
Lords of letters:
you were the scapegoat!

Depths of kindness,
respect in words and
dagger in the heart!
They needed you for
editing, publishing,
selling and after all
for an address: 'Mulberry'!
This time belongs to them!

O Unquiet souls,
beware,
his blood will
never sleep!
It will torment
you every moment!
Every footstep!

12-04-06

*Owner of Mulberry Publications, Calicut, who ended his life of desperation.

premji premji

(124) Naked Truth

A jilted heart is like
a plastic cup,
once crumbled
thrown away!
It won't decay
and never be
a part of earth!

Golden letters
filled with love
may fade away,
but blood stains
remain blue always!

18.07.96

premji premji

(125) Untitled Like Them

Every birthday,
reminds me of
those unborn!

Sucked by syringes,
pulverized by metal fists,
eliminated by local midwives,
doctors turned butchers...

Jesus! It is
a silent torment like yours!

Dear,
imagine the plight of the one
who survived among
those millions
that traversed to your
delicate womb!

If you are so adamant,
let's abort our love,
not our child!

My grandma used to say:
the finest moment
in a woman's life:
the moment she knows that
she has conceived!

You find it the hardest,
I fail to understand!

O Mother, *
I stand with you:
every abortion is a
silent murder...
Worse than suicide...
Killing a helpless soul...

Dear,
we came alone
and we leave alone...
At least let him or her be with us
To fill our hearts with
those flowers unseen,
melodies unheard,
divine smiles and
lovely laughter!

21.01.98

*Mother Teresa

premji premji

(126) Uranium Waste

Mama,
Is there anything
to eat?

Sure Honey,
Tonnes of
Uranium waste...

Let them sign it fast,
you will come to know:
YOU ARE REAL WASTE!

premji premji

(128) What Sisters Can Do!

He was feeling so very sad,
His eyes were dead,
His hunger perished,
His sister also felt very sad.
'This is really bad',
She told,
'Don't be mad,
It's not a matter of shame,
Leave it as it came,
It's life's way,
Don't worry boy,
Some nice girls
Wait for you there...'
None of her words
Entered into his ears as
The pain of loss of first love was
The hardest of all!
His cute damsel was
Her most loved friend.
She came and told:
'I must talk to you! '
Rest is his-story,
Still a mystery...
May be that's
The hidden path of love...

premji premji

(129) What Is Life?

life is a bliss and
time is her real soul
camouflaged as a curse....

premji premji

(130) War (Oneryu)

Wrath, Agony and Ruins.....

premji premji

(131) Original Sin

Original Sin,
Beyond sin:
Insinuation!

premji premji

(132) Mother Teresa: The Scintillating Touch (Silssa 1983 - 99)

A sacred hand towards the poor,
A golden heart for the invalids,
A heavenly smile for the refugees....
O Mother,
Who other can be all these?
Your touch on my shoulders
And on my face,
In which heaven
I found myself – my heart-
With the pleasure it filled,
My tiredness swept away and
My anger turned to gratitude....
To whom?
To my mother, father or God...
I don't know...I don't know....
With you I am now
And I only know that
The scintillating touch
Still on my shoulders!

Silssa. (1983 - 99)

(Mother Teresa blessed my sister Silssa during her school days in Cochin and she remembers that experience through this poem)

premji premji

(133) The Corridors Of Life (Silssa 1983 - 99)

We met
Somewhere in this
Narrow cooridor of
Medicine!

This pain and loneliness
Striking somewhere!
And the stinking medicines
Made our tongues
Tasteless!

But,
We made them stand back
By our little chats,
Silly games and
Mocking eachother!

But, sometimes I fear:
are we restricted
Only to this frenzy of despair
For ever?

Or,
Will there be
An enlightened new path
Opened by His grace?

We saw
So many doves here,
But, now, sometimes
Why they appear as crows?

On seeing my panic
On other faces
It makes out to me:
This is life
And it has got
So many corridors!

But,
Are they really dark?

Silssa (1983 - 99)

For the very first time, I liked staying in Regional cancer center. It was because of a small boy named Arun. What this Arun means? If I am to write, it means Sun, the sole living source. He made my life joyful in this medical desert. We used to have long chats in the used to play also teased about the officials in this hospital. cute naughty brother.

But today, he is going. And I feel like a girl who lost her boy for amusement! But, he will be coming back here soon again.

(Arun didn't come back. I didn't tell her that he is no more)

premji premji

(134) Mittu (Silssa 1983 - 99)

Mittu,
Why did you come to my life?
Why did you capture my entire love?
Why did you become my everything?
Why did you make me laugh so much?
Weren't you my brother?
How could you leave this sister alone
In this dark house without any shoulder
To lean on?
Come back my dear.....
Come back.....

(Mittu was her pet dog. He was given to a family friend by her mother, since it was very difficult to keep two dogs in the same house!)

premji premji

(135) Revelation (Silssa 1983 - 99)

I want to end up this journey
It is only having twists from its usual paths
Somebody is pulling me, saying:
Come,
Come out from this dreaded path.....
You can't bear all this...
You are not supposed to bear every thorn...
Only some you have to...
Follow my path.....
Follow it.....
But, it is not easy to follow...
You have to suffer a little pain...
You have to be selfish...
You must make others fall in sorrow...
If you are ready, please come fast...
The voice stopped....

Silssa (1983 – 1999)

premji premji

(136) Every Victory Is Momentary (Silssa 1983 - 99)

Am I mad?
Many things are piercing
Their sharp arrows on my soul, my body
And my life..
Madness is flying around
And I want to throw it away...
I can't resist all these sorrows...
I don't know what is surrounding me...
Anyway, it's not giving me peace...
Why God?
Why are you giving me all these?
All my friends are enjoying their victory
And I am enjoying my unlucky fate!
I am trying very hard to get out of this...
But, God is not giving strength to my mind...
Whenever I gather strength,
Another blow is coming through
Its usual way!
I know, that is life's way!
My mother,
Today her heart is
Splitting like a fallen dewdrop...
So many dreams on me she had...
Always expected me to win a rank
But now,
The day which she wished to
Celebrate by distributing sweets,
She is sitting with very empty eyes
And an empty heart near me..
The day which she wished to
See her daughter like
The Sun of happiness,
She is seeing her face,
With not even a single hair,
Not even capable of walking herself....
I want to die...
God...Please kill me...
Kill me please...
I beg you...

I pray you...

Silssa (1983 – 1999)

My sister scribbled this poem behind her prescription with a pencil. She got 542 out of 600 in Secondary school leaving certificate examination. She studied in Saint Teresa's School, Ernakulam. She was just fifteen... Everyone asked her not to write, except me. She wrote the examinations with mortal pain and mental pain without any preparation. Why God, why did you torment her with such a disease called 'Ewing's sarcoma'? I cannot remember the way you cried out when our car crossed the gate of Regional Cancer Center. You remain a bruise in my soul. Without you, I am like a fish thrown out of water to a molten sand bed!

premji premji

(137) The Color Of Death (Silssa 1983 - 99)

It's dawn now. The slanting rays of the morning light fall on the window sill. I have to go now, to the world of medicines, drips, ivy's and blood.

I walked near it...As I put the first foot, I heard the cry of agony which spread over my mind like my 'dove dress' spread with blood. I went to my wards...Fifteen rooms...appeared to me as fifteen prisons...with inmates waiting for their destiny...Either to life or to...no... I don't want to fill it up...

As I pushed the first door, I saw him sleeping...smiling face with his little finger in his mouth...I didn't want to break a three year olds dream... but my duty is forcing me. I took his finger out from mouth. He started and opened his little eyes...his eyes – without eyebrows and eyelashes – coming to know the cruel reality from sweet unreality. I felt his lips are ready to put his agony out.

I found a small vein in his hand, which had accepted injections thrice of his age. I slowly inserted the needle as he broke into tears, calling his mother. His tears made everything upside down. As I lost the vein, I had to take it back. Blood came out and it fell on my hand. I didn't wipe, I left it there...

Now, I am her to appear again the same act. This time I prayed and inserted the needle. His cries are still there, but only weeping...now...

As the Ivy started flowing, I knew, he is back to his world. I came out, still my mind in him. I walked to the next room. I knew, I...never to stop this...I am here to follow...may God's wish is this... I knew, he has given me a duty...saving lives...

But, I don't know, still why this white dress represents black: the color of death!

Silssa (1983 – 1999)

My sister wrote this story in the first week of July 1999. She wrote it with great pain as she couldn't hold pen. The bones in here body were becoming spongy very fast. But by God's grace, she completed it. I got this manuscript from her small book which she kept along always, within that she used to write 'NARAYANA', the name of God! God is also a very selfish, whatever he likes, of others, he grabs it without any mercy!

premji premji

(138) Right Answer (Silssa 1983 - 99)

Am I sailing in a sinking boat?
When will I come out of
This octopus hands?
When will I be able to start
An ordinary life?
When will I become
A day-scholar again?
Everything is there,
But only behind this huge mountain...
I wish, I will be able to climb it soon...
Every night, I dream about my life
After recovery...
I usually don't touch,
The closed days after it...
I go far ahead...
For what?
To run away from reality?

Silssa (1983 – 1999)

premji premji

(139) For A Little Darling (Anjana)

A dropp of tear
For you my love,
Though we haven't met
So familiar are you to me.
The pain you bear
I have known long back,
Through the eyes of the one
Who shared my mother's womb,
And it brings you, so close to me.
What shall I pray
For you, my darling?
Should I ask the stars
To take care of you,
When you be there with them?
Or, should I ask them
Never to call you back?
What would you prefer to,
Eternal peace or mortal pain?
Hard to choose, isn't it?
But, pray should I,
For you are loved by someone
Whom I love
So...Deep...
So..Deep...

Anjana

(This poem is written by my beloved friend Anjana. She opened her heart through this poem. Love is strange! When my sister was writhing in pain, love was blooming for her beloved brother! Was it a sin?)

premji premji

(140) On An Angel (On Silssa)

Now:

I am just a statue,
made of salt,
so how can I cry?
Tell me dear...
One dropp of tear may
dissolve me away!

Now:

my mind is just a sea,
made of tears,
so how can I cry?
Tell me dear...
One dropp of tear:
nothing before a sea!

The innocence in your eyes
cuts my soul
like a razor...
When you
writhe in pain,
how can I make you smile?

Every needle pierces you:
craters my heart,
every moment of pain:
I can feel at heart...
Like crucifixion, has to
end up in resurrection!

'Why is he so cruel to me,
for what fault of mine? '
You lament to me...
When I myself is
a silent lamentation,
how can I console you...

Every known philosophy
is meaningless

when it is applied
on our beloveds,
it is a universal
truth, bitter!

Dear, through paining you,
He torments himself....
The aura of your Krishna
is that of self torture!
He is just testing you
and he likes to surrender...

Every hair you loose:
lost days in my life...
Every extra cell grows:
never intend to hurt you,
they curse themselves
every moment, you know!

Now I am just a candle,
both ends burning!
I can't stand her pains.
O! Deity!
Deign her,
bedew on her!

Just leave her to existence,
I will leave anything instead:
poetry,
own love,
own life,
anything for her!

If you need a soul:
just take mine,
put it into any chaos,
plunge it into
any chasm,
I will never complain...

Every moment,
myself- a

silent prayer!
It is selfless!
O! Almighty,
let it be honoured!

30.04.98

On April 98, my little sister Silssa was diagnosed suffering from Ewing's sarcoma, a type of cancer which makes the bones spongy. She was just fifteen, a budding writer herself. She used to write stories in Malayalam and English, poems in English. She was an embodiment of love...my Guru...dispeller of darkness! In 1999 she left me alone, of course it was a year of losses in all the ways!

premji premji

(141) You And I

I hate cameras
For they slaughter time
I hate cameras
For they stagnant time

But,
I love you
And your black Yashica
Autofocus camera:
Prisoner and imposter of
Light and shade...

Eleven years back,
On a Mayday,
The city was a red sea
Like your red lips.
Heavy-hearted,
I stood before your doorstep
With a roll of film
And two alkaline battery.
Without a smile or a word,
You loaded it.
But, how to use it,
I didn't know.

'Look through the view-finder,
Set the frame and click...
Don't shake...' You said.

Clicked for the first time in life,
You remain as a lovely snap.
You, my little sister, sitting with
A collection of short poems.
So thick your eye-brows and
So dark your long cascade....
So beautiful you were
In that green skirt and top.

My love, You handed over

That exposed film roll
Like a corpse awaiting
Post mortem.
Contented you were:
I didn't kill camera mechanism.

You, my little sister, cried a lot
While looking through those photographs.
Empty eyes, mine, crawled through
Your head without even a single hair.
Doctor's voice is still reverberating in my soul:
Hair fall is the aftereffect of Chemotherapy.

Couple of poems, some drawings
And a diary with untold emotions,
You left for me, to grieve all life.
Neither you nor love, I remain all alone,
With your snap, about to fade....

premji premji

(142) Five Elements

Dream starts...

Troubled sea....night
Twister arises with intense power...
We are struggling in the mid-seas...
In a ship without anchor...
Soon deep buried in a whirlpool.....

Dream continues....

Naked like careless children,
We walk through hoarfrost....
Trapped in an avalanche...
We dissolve...

Dream continues....

We look into the fuming mouth of
A huge volcano...
Like moths, we vanish....
We burn.....we diffuse....

Dream continues....

We travel like two ants...
Flying up on a huge kite,
Without any control.....
We sit in the vortex of a twister.....
The earth is vanished from vision....

Tell me,
Who are you?
Fire? Air? or Water?

The sand underneath your footstep....

Dream finishes.....

premji premji

(143) Amoeba

guilt...

when feeling of guilt:

a cactus is growing,

within the heart,

body and soul....

and the very being,

deserted,

bleeding for ever.....

see,

the red flower...

now, the thorns are

shedding...

your cactus is shrinking...

o...it has vanished...

you feel an empty heart,

mind and soul

all empty...

weightless like a feather,

you float in air...

you are reborn...

a flower-baby...

void.....

aum.....

au..

a..

amoeba! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

premji premji

(144) Ink Pen

I wish, if everyboby
on earth, used ink pens...
then half of the world's
plastic garbage
would have been away!

premji premji

(145) Is Poetry Also Cruel?

being a poet,
I walk though the blade edge
separating sanity and insanity.
the most lucid things
I find, are abnormal
in some other set of eyes...
that's the cruel face of life...
but, sometimes I doubt:
is poetry also cruel?

premji premji

(146) National Disintegration (Oneryu)

Disunity.....

premji premji

(147) Root Cause Of Evil (Oneryu)

Injustice.....

premji premji

(148) Relics Of War (Oneryu)

Refugees.....

premji premji

(149) Grammer Of Love (Oneryu)

Unwritten.....

premji premji

(150) Grace On Demand (Oneryu)

GOD.....

premji premji

(151) Cause Of All Wonders (Oneryu)

Faith.....

premji premji

(152) The Soul Of Creativity (Oneryu)

Madness.....

premji premji

(153) Bourgeoisie (Oneryu)

Word

Misspelled and

Misused the most

premji premji

(154) Contemporary Sin (Oneryu)

Honesty.....

premji premji

(155) Imitation (Oneryu)

Suicide.....

premji premji

(156) Path, Shortest, To Poverty (Oneryu)

Globalization.....

premji premji

(157) Question Asked The Most

Don't you have
Any other work
Sad, I am a poet

premji premji

(158) Evil Within Everyone (Oneryu)

Envy and ego.....

premji premji

(159) Purge

Factor common for
Totalitarianism,
Dictatorship
And mass graves

premji premji

(160) Politics

Factor common for
Democracy and corruption

premji premji

(161) Afterlife

'Blow up and blown up first
Bloom up in afterlife':
Clerics preach
And laugh within
Watching the seeds of terror

premji premji

(162) Alphabet Of Evil (Oneryu)

I

.....

premji premji

(163) A Mind Without Ego (Oneryu)

Holy-fool.....

premji premji

(164) Common Factor Of All (Oneryu)

Imperfection.....

premji premji

(165) The Most Misused Lie (Oneryu)

Afterlife.....

premji premji

(166) Journey Through Passion (Oneryu)

Creation.....

premji premji

(167) A Thorn Within (Oneryu)

Hidden love!

.....

premji premji

(168) Colonial Cousins (Oneryu)

Corruption and nepotism.....

premji premji

(169) Lightning Kissed A Metal Fly (Oneryu)

Air-crash.....

premji premji

(170) Weeds

Sown with the wind
Weeds of terror
Realtime horror

premji premji

(171) Suicide

A caterpillar made of steel
ran over bones parallel.....

premji premji

(172) Peace (Oneryu)

An untriggered loaded machine gun

premji premji

(173) Poetry

Strange passion.....

Internal combustion.....

Forbearance.....

premji premji

(174) Snow-Bite (Oneryu)

O! hailstone.....

premji premji

(175) Boil In The Soul (Oneryu)

Dejection

After rejection.....

premji premji

(176) Greatest Sin

Poverty is not a sin,
Dostoevsky had written.
But, if you turn your face away
That's the largest sin

premji premji

(177) A Mind Without Poetry (Oneryu)

Desert.....

premji premji

(178) Antidotes Of Pain (Oneryu)

Love and hope.....

premji premji

(179) Butterflies (Oneryu)

Dancing souls.....

premji premji

(180) Balance Sheet Of Life (Oneryu)

Only pain is the asset!

premji premji

(181) Logic And Intuition (Oneryu)

Man and woman.....

premji premji

(182) Embodiment Of Pain And Stoic Endurance (Oneryu)

1. Woman
2. Gandhi.....

premji premji

(183) Embodiment Of Intuition (Oneryu)

Woman.....

premji premji

(184) A Mind Without Thoughts (Oneryu)

Moksha.*.....

*Redemption

premji premji

(185) Religious Mutation (Oneryu)

Terror.....

premji premji

(186) Religion Of A Politician (Oneryu)

Inaction.....

premji premji

(187) My Mother's Gift To Mankind (Oneryu)

Zero.....

premji premji

(188) Mother Of All Aggressions (Oneryu)

Impatience.....

premji premji

(189) Salt And Tears (Oneryu)

Pop an mom.....

premji premji

(190) Intense Attachment With Sounds (Oneryu)

Music.....

premji premji

(191) Helmsman Of Humanity (Oneryu)

Poet.....

premji premji

(192) Boon Reserved Only For Artists (Oneryu)

Immortality.....

premji premji

(193) Poetry (Oneryu)

Ideosynthesis of internal music.....

premji premji

(194) Horrible Cacophony (Oneryu)

Elections.....

premji premji

(195) Truth Untold (Oneryu)

History.....

premji premji

(196) Real Taste Of Life (Oneryu)

Acerbity

premji premji

(197) Sharper Than Harpoons (Oneryu)

Words evil.....

premji premji

(198) Eighth Colour In Spectrum (Oneryu)

Peace.....

premji premji

(199) Civilized Murder (Oneryu)

Abortion.....

premji premji

(200) Language Within (Oneryu)

Mother-tongue.....

premji premji

(201) Who Kills The Thrill? (Oneryu)

Caution.....

premji premji

(202) Waxing Materialism And Waning Spirituality (Oneryu)

Globalization.....

premji premji

(203) Shortcut To Madness (Oneryu)

Reccuring thoughts.....

premji premji

(204) Stepping Stone To Peace (Oneryu)

Tolerance.....

premji premji

(205) Time Is Stagnant (Oneryu)

Photograph.....

premji premji

(206) Risha Ahmed

Risha,
You are the wonder,
You are the splendor,
You are the grandeur
Of Poemhunter!

premji premji

(207) Police (Oneryu)

Power on lease.....

(Certainly not to the public!
Then to whom?)

premji premji

(208) Synonym Of Fearlessness (Oneryu)

Swami Vivekananda.....

Netaji.....

Bhagat singh.....

premji premji

(209) Crest-Jewel Of Art (Oneryu)

Poetry.....

premji premji

(210) Breeze Wrote A Haiku On Your Lips (Oneryu)

Stolen kisses.....

premji premji

(211) A Query To The Sea (Oneryu)

Please tell me your favourite brand.....

premji premji

(212) O Precious Zone (Oneryu)

Ozone.....

premji premji

(213) Mercenaries Send By People To Get Themselves Killed (Oneryu)

Politicians.....

premji premji

(214) Reminiscence Of Love And Life (Oneryu)

Rhyme and rhythm.....

premji premji

(215) Married Life Without Mutual Accusation (Oneryu)

Mirage.....

premji premji

(216) Lovely Friend And Deadly Foe (Oneryu)

Conscience.....

premji premji

(217) The Last Sentinel Of Humanity (Oneryu)

Poet.....

premji premji

(218) Common For Heaven And Hell (Oneryu)

Mind.....

premji premji

(219) Synonym Of 'I' (Oneryu)

Autobiography.....

premji premji

(220) Procrastination And Decline (Oneryu)

Co-ordinates of India.....

premji premji

(221) The Most Lucid Critic (Oneryu)

Satirist.....

premji premji

(222) Green God (Oneryu)

Leaf.....

premji premji

(223) Love Unconditional (Oneryu)

Salvation.....

premji premji

(224) The Separation Of Mind And Matter (Oneryu)

Death.....

premji premji

(225) Triad (Oneryu)

Infinite intelligence, poet and you dear reader.....

premji premji

(226) Totality Of Neo-Liberalism And Global Recession (Oneryu)

Mental depression.....

premji premji

(227) Supreme Sacrifice (Oneryu)

Mother.....

premji premji

(228) Lonely Wick Waiting For Its Turn (Oneryu)

Lantern.....

premji premji

(229) My Worst Horror (Oneryu)

Mirror.....

premji premji

(230) The Whitest Of All (Oneryu)

Eye-white of a child.....

premji premji

(231) Death-Knell Of Culture And Humanity (Oneryu)

Globalization.....

premji premji

(232) Soul Of Hunger

a mad-man watching,
solemn offerings to departed souls
eaten by crows!

premji premji

(233) Who Are They To Dishonour Our Beloved?

Who are they to dishonour our beloved?
Who do they think they are?
Who are those cultureless boors?

Dear * Sir,
You took that matter so silly...
But, how sad..
It is a matter of national disgust...

How can those Continental Airlines people
Act like continental idiots?
Checking your body, luggage
And your shoes...
Even after overcoming diplomatic immunity...

If they did this to you in our own motherland,
What will they do to the prisoners of
Abu-Ghraib and Guantanamo?
How volatile is their culture!
(Vultures have no culture!)

Dear Kalam Sir,
You could have left those shoes for them
To remain as their crest-jewel...

Dear ,
Power is not infinite...
And one day, you will also have to
Step out of power...
Your own people are doing research, even now:
How to insult you in every step....
Then you will understand
The insult what we suffer now.....
But, sad, why our politicians don't understand
The feelings of people?

* Abdul Kalam, Former President of Bharat (India)

premji premji

(234) 'of Course T20 Is Dead'

The game T20 explored almost all the possibilities of contemporary cricket and that's why this capsule cricket is the most popular now among cricket fans. It lifts the spectators to a new world of uncertainties. These games are examples of pomposity and great playing skills. But, is the halo of T20 is also fading?

If you have a glance at the Indian Premier League matches, one thing is evident that the commercial break after 10 overs, kills the joy of the game. This break affects the performance of batsmen as they lose their concentration and balance of batting when the game is restarted. So shall we think of another format for a twenty over match? Shall we transform the commercial break into another enthusiastic period of time?

Today IPL T20 matches are played in four sessions of 10 overs. (Two continuous sessions of 10 overs for each team) let's convert these for sessions into four independent innings. Now the 20 over match is transformed into a limited over test match, with innings of 10 each match between teams will be the fireworks of four ten-ten innings. The target will be defined only after the third innings. Imagine the tension build up at the fourth innings. The spectators will be in delirium! Here every bowler will be allowed only two overs / innings.

Each team has to use only one cricket ball for the entire game. The boundaries are set larger than the conventional T20 matches. There is no follow on in this game format. This pattern throws open a lot of possibilities to the players. If anyone fails in the first innings, he can come back through the other innings. Income of the players and BCCI will be sky-rocketing. Now the game is more tight, dynamic and unpredictable. The thrill multiplies in tones. The slogan of this cricket format, which I like to call 'tens4', is 'Beyond Tactics'. If at least one game is played in this format, even you will also say: 'Of course T20 is dead!'

The game is free from rains....if rain comes after 20 overs, the winner will be the highest scorer of the first session of 20 overs.

Come...lets tens 4..... total cricket....

premji....

(Translation of an article written by me in Keralakaumudi daily.

premji premji

(235) Tens-4...Rules For The New Cricket Format

- In a single innings, each of the bowlers can bowl a maximum of only one-fifth of the total overs i.e. 2 overs in a total of 10 overs.
- Only one new ball is allowed for a team.
- For wide balls, 1 run and 1 ball is awarded to batting team.
- Strict control over allowing wide balls (At least three bails distance from leg stump)
- If a bowler ever delivers a no-ball, the batting team gets one run for that ball and one extra ball.
- In a normal tens-4 match, the innings interval lasts for 9 minutes (first session of two innings and the last session of two innings) .But the main interval, between first and second session, will be 15 minutes.
- If and only if, each of the two teams have completed one innings, will be a match deemed to have played where result can be obtained.
- There is no follow on in tens-4. But innings victory is there.
- In each over, one bouncer ball is allowed.
- The first pitching distance of the ball should be 12 yards and above from the bowling end. If a ball hits the pitch less than this distance, it will be considered as a no ball.

Format

The format of a tens-4 match consists of four ten-ten innings. The game is played between two teams, each of them having two innings of 10 overs. The team, who wins the toss, can either elect to bat or field the first innings. Now their first innings score is defined. Immediately after the completion of first innings, there will be a break of 9 minutes. The first fielding team will bat now their first innings. So after the completion of these two innings, the first session of tens-4 is over. The lead will be the difference between scores of the two teams. Then there will be a break of 15 minutes. The next two innings will also be played similarly as in the first session.

Field Restrictions

- If the fielding team delays of bowling its innings within the prescribed time allotted for an innings, a penalty of reducing their overs for their batting innings will be done. This is based on the extra time they take to complete their bowling of 10 overs.
- The fielding restrictions will be as that of One-day matches.
- The power-play will be restricted to 3 overs / innings.
- The ground size will be a compromise between T20 and One day matches

Decisions

□

- If the match could not complete a minimum of two innings, result will not be obtained. In such a condition, 1 point will be awarded to each team.
- If the match is delayed to start, the second session innings can be shortened to innings of minimum five overs. If the delay is more, only the first session of two innings will be played and result obtained.
- If the match is interrupted after the first session and some time is lost due to rain, the umpire can reset the innings duration based on the available time within the time schedule of the match. But in such a condition, each team should get a minimum of at least five overs for their respective innings.
- If the first innings of the second session is batted and before the completion of 5th overs of the second innings, play is completely interrupted, then the winner is the first session top scoring team.
- In a match, if the second session is abandoned, the winner is the top scoring team of the first session.
- If there is a tie in the above situation, the team with fewer wickets lost is the winner. (Tie means equal runs for both the teams in the first session innings)
- If there is a tie in the case of wickets also, then the team who had given the least no of extras will be the winner.
- If there is a tie in the extras, then the team with maximum number of sixes will be the winner.
- If there is a tie in the number of sixes, then the team with maximum no of fours will be the winner.
- If there is a tie in the case of fours also, then 1 point will be awarded to each team.
- If the match is interrupted after the completion of 35th over, the team having the highest run-rate will be the winner. Here we will consider the run rate of only the corresponding overs of the second batting team. (Ie, if the second batting team bats for 16 overs, the run-rate is calculated and compared with the run-rate for the first 16 overs for first batting team. Whoever has the highest run-rate, will be the winner.
- If there is a tie for run-rates, then the team who lost lesser wickets will be the winner.
- If there is tie in wickets also, the team with fewer extras will be winner...
- If there is tie in extras, the team with maximum sixes will be the winner.
- If there is tie in sixes also, the team with maximum fours will be the winner.
- If there is tie in fours also, then 1 point will be awarded to each team. This method will be adopted up to 39.5 over.
- If there is a tie at the end of 40 overs, each of the two teams nominates three batsmen and one bowler, to play a one-over per side. If a team loses two wickets before the over is complete, it loses the game. If this does not happen, the team with the higher score from its over wins it. In case there is a tie after this super over as well, then the game will go for do or die.

Jai Hind

Premji

premji premji

(236) The Most Powerful Search Engine (Oneryu)

A poet's mind.....

premji premji

(237) Process Defined As Love Transfer (Oneryu)

Life.....

premji premji

(239) Limited Over Test Cricket

Premji or Sachin, who suggested the idea of limited over test cricket format?

dear friends,

please read my poem no 234 and 235. these two are not poems. they are new concepts the game cricket. i told the concept of matches which can be played based on limited over test cricket format. i told this idea to the world, through keralakaumudi daily on 9/8/09.

i designed a game named tens-4, here the innings are limited to 10 overs. on 4/9/09, Sachin Tendulkar told times now, a news channel, of spitting the 50 over innings of oneday cricket match into two 25 over innings and play in test fashion. here he limited the innings to 25 overs! i am no way interested to defame Sachin. but i have to say that such an idea has already been told by me on 8/8/09

please refer to my blogs

all the blogs tell, the dates i published my idea. i need your support in this matter, who deserves the intellectual property right?

the following is my first blog

Saturday, August 8,2009

'Of course T20 is dead'

The game T20 explored almost all the possibilities of contemporary cricket and that's why this capsule cricket is the most popular now among cricket fans. It lifts the spectators to a new world of uncertainties. These games are examples of pomposity and great playing skills. But, is the halo of T20 is also fading?

If you have a glance at the Indian Premier League matches, one thing is evident that the commercial break after 10 overs, kills the joy of the game. This break

affects the performance of batsmen as they lose their concentration and balance of batting when the game is restarted. So shall we think of another format for a twenty over match? Shall we transform the commercial break into another enthusiastic period of time?

Today IPL T20 matches are played in four sessions of 10 overs. (Two continuous sessions of 10 overs for each team) let's convert these four sessions into four independent innings. Now the 20 over match is transformed into a limited over test match, with innings of 10 overs.

Now each match between teams will be the fireworks of four ten-ten innings. The target will be defined only after the third innings. Imagine the tension build up at the fourth innings. The spectators will be in delirium!

Here every bowler will be allowed only two overs / innings. Each team has to use only one cricket ball for the entire game. The boundaries are set larger than the conventional T20 matches. There is no follow on in this game format. This pattern throws open a lot of possibilities to the players. If anyone fails in the first innings, he can come back through the other innings. Income of the players and BCCI will be sky-rocketing. Now the game is more tight, dynamic and unpredictable. The thrill multiplies in tones. The slogan of this cricket format, which I like to call 'tens 4', is 'Beyond Tactics'. If at least one game is played in this format, even you will say 'Of course T20 is dead! ... tens 4 total cricket..

Jai Hind...
premji

Please read, what sachin told to times now, a news channel

Tendulkar told Times Now on Friday that he thought of the idea as far back as 2002, when a Champions Trophy final between India and Sri Lanka could not be completed despite 110 overs of cricket over two days.

'First they played 50 overs and we played two overs before the rain interruption. The next day, Sri Lanka again played 50 overs and we played eight. In the end we were declared joint winners. I thought, 110 overs and still no result! That is when I thought, we should have 25 overs first for one side and then the other. And then once again 25 overs for one side and then the other.'

Tendulkar said such a split would ensure increased excitement and closer games, since it would negate the luck factor of the toss and ensure a level playing field for both sides in case of day-night games, when batting becomes difficult under

lights.

'Today, we can tell the result of close to 75% of matches after the toss. We know how conditions will affect the two teams. But it (splitting the game into two innings) is not too dependent on the toss because, (if) for example it's a day-night match, then both the teams will have to bat under lights. In those 25 overs you can use your 10 wickets the way you want. Suppose if it rains, then (also) you can plan, ' Tendulkar said.

With Twenty20's increasing popularity threatening to cut into the viewership of ODIs, the ICC is keen to pull out all the stops and renew public interest in the One-day game ahead of the Champions Trophy later this month. Sachin said the game's administrators would do well to consider tweaking the format.

'The conditions change very dramatically but (adopting) this (split format) would ensure that it's the same for everyone. All those things are there, I was just thinking about it. Maybe if they (the administrators) take it, then not bad, ' Tendulkar said.

please compare....similar ideas will flash into different minds. but what important is who told it first. all the national media ignored me... now too they are ignoring...i hope you will not....

now keralakaumudi daily had published another article on 8/9/09 telling that i had proposed the idea of limited over test cricket format through them on 9/8/09. Amrita tv (a pioneer news channel in malayalam telecasted this tory in their top 10 news on 7/9/09.

the english newspapers of this nation tharoughly ignored me!
i need you support.....

premji premji.....

premjith

premji premji

(240) The Rate Of Change Of Madness (Oneryu)

Life.....

premji premji

(241) Lost In Conversation (Oneryu)

Love and life.....

premji premji

A Life Worth Living

"You have a call, " my wife woke me up early in the morning, mercilessly. I wanted to throw that electronic beast towards the wall as I had been sleeping, so weightless like a feather, for many hours, that too on a lazy Sunday.

"Premji... Saraswati Amma is no more, " Father Zachariah was on the end. A great sadness doomed his ever-pleasant voice.

?

Clad in white cloths, Saraswati Amma slept peacefully on the cold floor of Gandhi Bhavan orphanage. So peaceful and contented was her face.

Ajayan, her 'little boy' of twenty five years, sat next to her quite impatiently as his lower belly was burning with hunger. Little girls and aged women among the inmates were chanting hymns.

Father Zachariah stood beside her as if he was deep buried in a trance. My wife touched her feet and offered her respects. She looked into my eyes before keeping a couple of fresh flowers plucked from our home garden.

Who is this woman to me?

?

An year back...

"A poor woman came to meet me today, " I told my wife while having a cup of coffee in the evening.

"Every woman you meet is a poor woman, " she laughed. 'except me! '

"But... her life is the bitter most one that I had ever seen... I gave her a hundred rupees..."

"This is why I keep your purse almost empty every-time..." She was not ready to leave me. "House owner called me twice in the morning... We didn't pay him the house rent so far... How come that's possible for you haven't claimed your salaries for the past two months..." she began firing cannonballs again and again to my tormented heart.

"But, she is no ordinary woman..."

"There are many people who even come to my college in search of some financial assistance from staff and students. But, most of them are frauds, " she said.

"But..."

"But, if are so sure, then I have no complaints for it is the duty of a human being to support his brother and sister, in what-so-ever possible ways."

'You are great! " I hugged her tightly...

"Leave her... naughty old man! " my younger son started shouting from somewhere...

"You... little idiot..."

?□

I was sitting all alone in my office room, surfing through the latest issues posted

in – the crowd-sourcing portal of our honourable Prime Minister. He is a visionary to collect the opinion from people before deciding policy matters. Democracy is meaningless without the participation of people in governance.

“Good Morning Sir, may I come in? ”

A lean woman, in the fag-end of her fifties, showed her head through the half door. Some portion of her pale face was covered by the long end of her old Sari*

“Please come in, ” I showed her the seat in front of me.

“Thank you Sir, ” she sank into the chair carefully.

“What shall I do for you? ” I asked her calmly.

“Sir, I came in search of a boy who makes arrangements for fund-raising for poor folk like me. It seems, he is from your department.’

‘Praveen? ’

‘I think... yes...’

‘I am afraid, he is absent today...’

And the poor woman frowned like a water-plant transplanted into a desert....

‘Sir, then I will come some other day, ’ before getting up from the seat, she tried to rearrange the long end of her sari as a scarf.

‘Please follow me...’ I told her calmly and started walking towards the classroom.

*a five meter long traditional drape used by Indian women

?□

Saraswati Amma stood before fifty students like an embodiment of pain. Most of them stared at her as if she was coming from the moon or so.

“You are free to talk with them, ” I told her.

“Sir, I haven’t faced even a single gathering in my life, ” she said. “You...please inform them about my problems...” She tried to avoid that situation.

“They are not a strange gathering... They are your children... Will any mother ever hesitate to talk with her children? ” I tried to impart her some courage.

“Dear children..., ” she looked into her eyes. “My name is Saraswati Amma. And I am a cancer patient. My husband is no more... All I have is a son... But, he is a delinquent...” Tears began to roll down from her eyes. “I have no relatives... We are staying in a rented house and I am not sure when will they kick us out, ” she took a deep breath. “I am incapable of doing anything... I visit educational institutions and ask them for some financial aid... I am not afraid of death... But, what shall I do with my son? ” she asked us. “All I can ask you is this... please help me as much as you can...”

Most of the students sat quite lazily as if nothing had happened. Poor woman lost the rest of hope in her life.

“Will you please explain, what really had happened in your life? ” I asked her.

“Sir... Earlier, we used to run a small vegetable shop. Whenever I was hungry, I used to eat a raw vegetable... something like a tomato which was about to ruin... or a raw cucumber... or a carrot... Since we were very poor, we couldn't even waste a piece of cabbage. Our daily food was made from all these leftovers.

Later, we began to sell fresh fruits too...My son used to consume the leftovers... He is a delinquent now... and I am suffering from brain tumour." She wiped her heavy eyes, unkissed by sleep for many years, while watching the painful faces of my students. Absolutely silent, they were listening to each and every word uttered by her.

"Whenever you eat a banana, remember that it contains 'furidan'- the deadliest of all chemicals... Whenever you eat a grape, remember that it is coated with endosulphan... Whenever you eat a mango bought from the open market, remember that it is coated with many pesticides and beyond all... it is quick-ripened by using carbide... a dangerous chemical... Whenever you eat a pineapple, remember that it is flowered with the aid of chemical hormones... You are what you eat... I can say this openly, because I am a living example..." She lifted the scarf a little and showed her head to all. Unfortunately, it was as bald as the baldest of all in the world.

"At least grow some curry leaves in your home garden... you know, they contain the maximum pesticide."

The children shelled out even the last penny from their pockets, and handed over to her. Anuja, the one and only girl student in the class, approached her with a small packet.

"Please have it..." Anuja told the old woman. Her voice was writhing in pain.

"What is it, dear? " asked the old woman.

"It's my lunch... I have no money to share with you..."

"O! my little one, " the old woman hugged her tightly and kissed her head.

I couldn't stand there as my lungs began to chock.... But, my legs didn't allow me...

?

"Sir... will you please this video in your youtube account? " Sunil, one of my 'violent' students asked me. He was a 'real nut' in the entire college till he had developed a great friendship with me. Every student needs some recognition in this world... some sort of consideration... some sort of special care...

"You do it... Sunil... I will share it in facebook, " I replied.

"Thank you Sir, " he began to walk away. "I will send you the link."

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It was one the most touching videos I had ever seen in my life. Sunil shot the whole Saraswati Amma episode in the classroom in his mobile phone and edited it neatly. Millions of shares made her so popular all over the world and she was invited to many places for giving lectures. Many people helped her financially and her family was adopted finally by Gandhi Bhavan, an orphanage for poor and destitute.

"Sunil, what made you think so differently like this? I asked him one day.

"Every problem is associated with a possibility. If you are capable of finding out that possibility, you can get out of every problem. You taught me this simple

concept during your classes on life-skills. And it was the only possibility left with her, " Sunil smiled with confidence.

"You are simply great! " I couldn't stop congratulating him.

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I stood beside her dead-body like a burning wick... Many important personalities visited the orphanage to pay her last respects... Soon, I saw him getting out an old Maruti car... Swami Satynanda Giri Maharaj

?

Satynanda Giri Maharaj, a Sanyasin, noted orator, scholar and an Ayurvedic medicinal expert, was about to begin his daily evening discourse in his ashram. I was sitting there in the third row along with my wife. I like his discourses as he is capable of enlightening my soul even with a single word!

"Dear all, Greetings..." he began the spiritual discourse in his firm but kind voice.

"Yesterday, I went to meet a great woman... You know, she is suffering from brain tumour... I know, that the disease can be cured easily... I capable of doing it by his grace... I had to prepare a special medicine using the brain of a black goat, " he stopped for a moment. "Usually people come to me for medicines. But, I went to her as I felt she is so important to me. But, do you know, what did she say? "

"What did she say? " my wife asked me out of curiosity.

"Please listen to him, " I pinched on her left thigh.

"She said... All my life, I had been a strict vegetarian, " Satynanda Giri Maharaj began to speak again. "Why should you waste another precious life for a worthless life like me? " He closed his eyes for some time.

"This is what is called true spirituality... It is a solitary journey form virtue through virtue to higher form of virtue... It is beyond the limits of religions.... It is beyond the limits dharma..."

?

To Mamta Ji @her 64th b'day.

premji premji

Akeldama

Gautama Buddha stood near the dead-body of Judas Iscariot. Hot blood was still gushing out from his broken skull. The potter's field remained as a red painting made of blood and his bowels gushed out looked like mating pythons.

'One-day, this place will be known as 'the field of blood'; Gautama told himself and sank into deep meditation. When he opened his eyes, Jesus was sitting beside him with tears...

'Why do you cry? '

'Sacrifice recognizes sacrifice...'

Gautama smiled and that smile got transferred to Jesus also, for true smile is made of sacrifice!

premji premji

Ball, Man And A Nation

Didier Drogba.....

premji premji

Dear Steve Jobs, What's Happening Around Apple?

Father of the Digital Revolution...

Master of innovation...

Design perfectionist...!

Who else can be all these

Other than Steve Jobs?

"If you live each day as it was your last,
someday you'll most certainly be right";,

You inspired millions

During the graduation ceremonies

At Stanford University, on June 12,2005.

But, painfully I understand now,

You spoke out those lines

To those ill-treated Foxconn Workers

Who assemble Apple products,

To feed your global networks.....

Exhausting workloads,

Humiliating discipline,

And cramped dormitories!

Who else can be more aware of

Their slave days than you?

To them, everyday is their last day!

Sad, every product of yours is

Waxed with tears and hatred!

CONSOLE THEM,

AT LEAST WITH A MISSING BITE

ON THAT CYANIDE-LACED APPLE!

'Behind every huge success, there is an element of treason! ' - Premji

premji premji

Format

Don't cry out: 'O! God! '
For He doesn't have any power of hearing...
No eyes, He has, to see the suffering billions
And not even a single dropp of spittle on His
tongue...
A scoundrel emptied the throat of thirst...
A tear-dropp of an Angel
Was only there to wet my lips!
One should not pay and get intoxication....
Madness, that you get
Without payment, is the real intoxication!
No definitions for me...
No language...
Intoxication is the liquid diamond
Kept in fire!
My love letters
Talk the language of revolution...
Keep that child away
For madness is an epidemic!
White germs are there in my veins...
No madness-manometers are there
To measure the expanse of my mind...
My neck has a simple wish: to swing...
I cut the rope to pull up water from the deep well...

A. Ayyappan

(Rough translation by Premji.)

premji premji

Gandhi, Khaddar (Cotton) And Me

I purchased two meters of Khaddar,
Hand-spun and hand- woven cotton,
Day before yesterday...
It's rough, bit costly... don't care...

Many voices follow me
From the very moment I wore it...
Some ancient voices:
An old weaver, whose thumb was
Chopped by the British, desperately tries to sell
Products of Manchester Cotton mills... (1870)
A group of British Army leaders decide to
Make a memento with those chopped thumbs,
Dreaming: the Queen would congratulate!
'Every Empire is an embodiment of greed'...
An old farmer, stares at the
Dried up cotton fields with dead eyes,
Zoom of the whip falls in his 'slave' ears...
Gandhi, fully clad in three piece suit, contempt
Himself while walking through the poor folk,
Not even properly clad with rags...
The panic of the British industrialists,
When Indians boycotted the extradiete clothes
Listening to the call of Gandhi...
The boom of gunshots, shrieks, grunts...
The hymns while rotating the Charka...
'He Ram'... Gandhi writhe in pain,
'The assassin is a Hindu, not a Muslim':
Mountbatten shouts to the violent mob...
The yarns of Congress party leaders
Commemorating Gandhi on every birthday of
Gandhi in Congress houses across the nation...
Their starched white cotton clothes reverberate
The laughter of Monsanto executes,
Who convert the Cotton fields of India to shambles
With their genetically modified seeds...
The heart-rumble from a farmer who committed suicide...
The silent dream of an old man and family
Who weaved my shirt...

Our sweat join here...
Sweat recognizes sweat...

'Sir, you should wash it before stitching...
You know, it is pure cotton, it will shrink...
Pure Khaddar shrinks,
Those who wear Khaddar become plump! '
The sales girl told me...

Khaddar, it is a culture...
The most powerful weapon of Gandhi...
Symbol of self reliance and
Non-co-operation, purity and sacrifice...
An atom bomb to plunder globalization...

Sad,
Not even a single Congress man in India
Wear hand-woven Khaddar!
They all prefer the new generation Mill Khaddar...
New generation 'Gandhi's are of no exception...
When will they show the candour to tell
Their followers to abstain Mill Khaddar?
When will they save the lives of millions of
Hand loom weavers with such a move?

'Never'
Gandhi breaks silence!
Kalavati laughs in the darkness...

premji premji

Hidden

Sickle

Hammer

And the Star....

If hurt with any,

You will see the Stars!

premji premji

Like A Canticle

1

Dear,
I leave my heart
with you:
a heart bleeding,
live in vein of pain and
lone in silence!

And I know,
for you, only
two ways left with!
Me, happy
to accept
any of them...

Either you can
keep it living
on and on and on,
or
kill it
with mercy!

If kept in your heart,
I will resurrect!
Glitter like
a carefully cut diamond:
with million faces,
light entrapped!

And if thrown away,
will burn like
Sun in gutter...
Shall fly up-
wings burnt
without any destination!

Just tell me,
when is the judgment day?

Optimistic my soul,
pessimistic my heart!
Thoughts, like unbridled horses,
torment a torn heart!

11

Dear,
Pour into my heart
agonies of yours,
hidden tragedies...
Let me gamble with it
and lose heavily!

Dear,
may be I am nobody,
but still
I pray for you:
let happiness be
happy with you...

Dedicated to: Perumpadavam Sreedharan, who wrote 'Oru Sankeertanam Pole':
a novel based on those twenty-six days of Dostoyevsky's life (While he was
writing The Gambler.)

premji premji

Pandit Bhimsen Joshi

'Mile Sur Mera Tumhara'

'When my musical note and
Your musical note merge,
It becomes our musical note'

The dream heaven
Still reverberates in my soul...
O! Holy singer,
Immortal is your voice and life....

Pandit Bhimsen Gururaj Joshi (Kannada: ಭಿಮಸೆನ್ ಗುರುರಾಜ್ ಜೋಷಿ; Marathi: भिमसेन गुरुराज जोशी), (February 4,1922 - January 24,2011) was an Indian vocalist in the Hindustani classical tradition. A member of the Kirana Gharana (school), he is renowned for the khayal form of singing, as well as for his popular renditions of devotional music (bhajans and abhangs). He was the most recent recipient of the Bharat Ratna, India's highest civilian honour, awarded in 2008.

premji premji

Politics Of Pregnancy

Who cares for her shattered dreams when she is
Brutally raped on the very first night?
Who cares for her preconception health when,
For him, the only activity is making her pregnant?

Who cares for her repeated abortions
Which results in cervical damage,
Which in turn makes her unable to carry
The weight of a later pregnancy?

Who cares for not to satiate his excessive lust
When she is pregnant, which can cause
Abortion and maternal mortality?

Who cares for prenatal care that can keep
Her unborn baby and herself
Healthy during pregnancy?

Who cares to relieve her excessive work load at home
And her ever expanding stress to provide
High-quality child care for her five or six other children,
From earlier pregnancies?

Who cares for her signs and symptoms of anemia,
Her fatigue, increased heart beat or palpitations
Paleness of inside of eyelids, gums and nail beds
Desire to eat indigestible or peculiar foods?

Who cares for her backache, increasing weight,
Change in her centre of gravity and powerlessness?
Who cares for her malnutrition, poor health,
Lack of education, overwork, mistreatment?

Who cares for her dental hygiene, her broken teeth,
For the baby grows within is another tyrant
Who grabs Calcium, even from her teeth and bones?
Who cares for her cramps and muscle spasm,
Heartburn and indigestion, insomnia?

Who cares for her needs to go to the toilet frequently,
As the growing baby reduces her bladder capacity?

Who cares her inability to get comfortable
When she has neither clean water nor safe sanitation,
And necessary support either from health services?

Who cares not to tense her,
Already she is suffering from all sort of
Tension and high blood pressure?
And her mother-in-law terrifies her again
The consequences if the newborn could be of a girl!
Sad, woman is the greatest enemy of
Another woman, in the most needed times!
If she dies, none is worried...
For he can marry once again!
More dowries, more sex and more kids!

Who cares for her post natal depression,
As none to take care of the newborn and other kids,
She has to run for office and other workplaces
With heavy breasts, pain and bladder infections?

Who cares that every pregnancy weakens her a lot
As she need some time to recover her health...
And on the very day she can spread her legs,
By force, he starts his activities again!
He knows how how to starve the newborn
Just by emptying her breasts!

When things are like this,
Every religious clergy flays
The limiting of the family size by birth control!
Christians wish for a Christian world
Muslims dream for a new world under Islam
Hindus, Buddhists, Jews and
Every religious fanatic dreams of the same!
They offer gifts for women for bearing
More and more children
For more children is their cheapest weapon!

When will they dream for a HUMAN WORLD?

Healthy children need healthy mothers.
Healthy mothers need healthy food,
Loving husbands (optional!) and caring society
For true world is made of love!

premji premji

We Have To Retrieve That

During my college days, I watched a movie named
'Women against rape'. But, now I know someone,
Bhanwari Devi from Rajasthan,
A rape victim, still fighting...
She was gang raped by Gurjar* men
(In presence of her husband, tied up)
When she tried to prevent them
From marrying off a baby girl
Who was just nine months old... Fifteen years passed ...

How can an upper caste man Rape a lower caste woman? ,
A District Judge asked in 1995!
'LUST HAS NO CASTE, CE!'
Her medical examination happened after 52 long hours
And the Police seized her 'LEHANGA' - long skirt,
As the only evidence late in that night! ... Head down,
She walked away, wearing her husbands long Turban...

Her fight for Women empowerment continues and
The Supreme Court issued guidelines that broadly
Defined sexual harassment at the workplace and made it
Mandatory for Corporations and business establishments...
To have committees against sexual harassment.
Child marriage rates reduced drastically in Rajasthan
Police more vigilant in attending cases against rape..
Imagine, just a single woman could make all these,
She deserves nationwide respect...

But...
Her family is ostracized everywhere...Her son is
Continuously bullied by upper caste crooks...
She has no income from her barren lands...
Her only income source is a buffalo!
O! God, please protect that animal
From being poisoned by some 'caste fanatic'...

She is Bharat...
She is mother Earth...
Her 'LEHANGA' is our tainted nature...

We have to.....

Gurjar* A caste in rajasthan

premji premji