

Poetry Series

Raghavan Warriier
- poems -

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Raghavan Warriar(10th March,1960)

Another brick in the wall-Pink Floyd

Along The Ganges

I came to you to "embrace the wings of void"*
Like a boat without a sail and oars to guide;
Along your banks and away from the crowd
You walked me through timeless present
To make me feel the realm of eternity.

Guilt of beauties and crime of bandits,
Ego of scholars and adurance of pundits
Acquired sin from millions of births
Dissolve in you; to evolve anew.

Nascent prayers, nestling in flowers
Pots of ashes, carrying a life's hope
Paeans of pilgrims and hymns of priests
Tears of a girl, her enemy; her flesh.
Coins to calm the fears of passage
Carcass and corpses, food and fodder
Dissolve in you; carried away from view.

Bells ringing a call to gods
Lips chanting a fervent hope
Pyres burning a life's effort
A Seer preaching empty words
Along your banks
Amongst the crowd.

Selfless piety cupped in folded hands
Mindless gaiety of a drunken party
Useless idiot sitting on a bed of nails
Ruthless looting of a pilgrims party
Along your banks
All in your cause.

Along your banks
A naked Sadhu prays with a Sufi fakir
Greatest master walks like a drunken monk
Hopeless addict looks like the highest priest
Lazy Brahmans discuss the meaning of life.

Along your banks, away from the crowd
And among the crowd, I saw
The angst of minds between life and death
And a failure to build, a bridge between
The banks of birth and death.

Raghavan Warriar

Curses In Old Age

During my school days it used to be Commander Mary
Who owned me like her Private and made me merry
When her rule became oppressive and results depressive
I decamped from her regime and jumped from her ferry
Now she torments me as headache and stiff neck in the mornings.

Then I fell in for the frame of beautiful Gita
Mesmerized by her beauty and attached to her like a kitty
She pawned me for her pleasures and played me like a pawn;
Till I slipped out of her net to save my wallet.
Maybe it is her curse
That makes me forget and look like an idiot.

In the young age I lined in with sensitive Lily
Whose rain of tears made me beg, plead and pledge
And follow her like her servant wherever she went.
Until I discovered she will feed the elephant
Of my desires with only a banana at a time.
Then I withdrew from her presence ignoring her protests.
Surely it is her curse that is the cause of my tremor.

Then for a few days I was a sidekick to arrogant Gracy
Acting as her bouncer and unpaid secretary;
Till my efforts drew laughter from the crowd
And too much hard labor for very little reward.
So I resigned from the post to her great annoyance.
Maybe she still stays as an ache in my lower back.

Hey young flirts! Be careful when you play;
When you hang up your boots and decide to quit
The injuries from the field will haunt you till the end
As pain, weakness and trauma all over your self.

Raghavan Warriar

Friend

Soothing and gentle
your calming presence.
Extending your hands
To ease the thuds
Of my fall.
Sleeping in the quilt
Of tangled dreams
We woke up to the
Facts of a sordid life.
Covering your wounds
With baggy clothes
Of jokes and smiles;
Tending mine with a
Heart of steel
And balms to heal,
Burns of deceit
And lesions of defeat.
Let me
Anoint you with the
Milk of moon.
Vibrant hopes of
A silent prayer.
To take my share
And feed you forever.

Raghavan Warriar

Generations

Holding the hands of my six year old,
Walking through the village lanes
Where dreams and myths fuse
Into vanishing forms of chameleons.
Recreating a childhood fantasy
Through the dusty pages of four decades.

I was a proud father
He looks like me
He will be me when he grows up.

I showed him the waterspout,
Where we used to play with paper boats.
The hole of a defenseless rat, raided by snakes.
The erotic lavender on which, I saw an uncoiling cobra
In my horrified look backs, during a panting run.

The formicary and the legion of ants
With whom I shared my childhood poems.
Who scissored my words and stored with the grains
To chew them later, watching the rains.

The spot where the old beggar used to stand
To curse me daily on my way from school.

Green of the fields bordered by hills
Passage for demons in ephemeral forms
In the ice cold light of full moon nights.

Dancing light of a stone lamp inside the peaceful temple.
Playing hide and seek with words and hymns
In the prayers out of my childhood fears.

The angry witch, hidden in a whirlwind
Ready to lift, little children off their feet
In the melting heat of an Indian summer.

The branch of tree from which
The pregnant girl evaporated

By the kindness of a rope,
To save her family's pride.

The flush of the girl, whom I gifted
With the first flower from my favorite rose.

He heard me out with patience and asked me at last
"Dad where in the village did the Superman live?
Through which streets Mad Max chased the Night rider?
Which are the shrubs that shielded the Anaconda in its hide? "

I realized his fantasies were of intergalactic wars
Which decides the fate of world.
His heroes staying in far away planets and
Going for a stroll in cosmic space.
His villains hiding in black holes and
Planning a new attack on whole mankind.
Where Anaconda is a normal snake
And my poor King Cobra a pathetic worm.

Suddenly I realized that I am just another half a century old
Redundant machine with zero book value;
Still not condemned because it is working.

Felt like an old Raleigh bicycle discussing speeds with a Ferrari.
A supernova holding the hands of a proto-star of Orion nebula.
A dusty typewriter eyeing with envy a computer keyboard.

Raghavan Warriar

Love

A word and feeling that rolls back a million times
Eluding its true meaning; evolving into new feelings.

As a child it was the warmth of mother's bosom
While dozing off into sleep.
Father's sad smile when forgoing all comforts
For our sake; in the prime of his youth.
The cold hands of my friend on my temple
While hallucinating in the delirium of typhus.
The mighty Lord Siva in the temple
With whom I shared my little secrets
And my patented hatred for teachers.

In youth it was the smile of the girl
Who tried to cross my path in vain.
Lone mother waiting at the front door
For the return of son; long lost to fate.
A glass of water from a faceless Indian
After a long walk in the summer sun.
Blake's poem and Segal's novel
Silent presence of my Master
Who answered all questions with his mental vibes.
Decaying flowers on the tombs of birds
Who flew away from the perils of existence.

Now
It is the firm grip of my kid on my finger
When he is fast asleep.
My sad smile when I forsake
Life's pleasures for his sake.
Cold hands of my wife on my forehead
Consoling me from life's defeats.
The eternal dance of mighty Lord
When he talks to me through the
Creeping warmth of morning sun.
Feels me through the soft hands of new born baby.

The feelings never end
The meaning is never clear.

Raghavan Warriier

Mathematical Idiot

On that cursed date
As I was getting a little fidgety
With my throbbing eccentricity.

She told me to hold back
Until she has figured out
The cube root of infinity
And I accepted it with dignity.

Papers rolled on and on
With figures of eight side on
I couldn't hold back my yawn.

She didn't have much fun.
But she went on until it was dawn.

I took my leave cursing all gods for my destiny
She could not figure out the cube root of infinity
But she sure could protect her precious virginity.

Raghavan Warriar

Me

1

Meandering inside the confines of my solitude
I asked the forest, which tree is your boundary?
The trees shrugged and told me;
We are real, but the forest is in your dreams.

Crushing under the garland of a life threaded on desires
I asked the toddler how you play with angels and chat with stars?
Little one cooed, the weight of your dead knowledge makes you heavy
I play in my ignorant bliss in the palm of God.

With my head splitting in the confused balance sheet of life
I asked the seagull what makes you fly free of worries?
The bird replied, I flap my wings only in the freedom of present
And don't care about the rest.

2

What makes the gospels, dear to millions?
While my poems are trashed, in the bins of time.
The energy of love cuddled in those words and
The darkness of my ego knitting those lines.

Fed up with traveling in the linear time of past to future
Wandering aimlessly in forests of forms and names
Bored with unraveling chains of cause and effect
I long to be freed into Your meadows of timeless space.

Where is the edge of reductionistic space and time
A point of mathematical singularity
From where I can jump, into eternity
And float in Your great void.

The great void of dynamic emptiness
The holistic energy of a nascent universe.

To join Thy kingdom
Where You trade happiness in the markets of silence

Barter love in the battlefields of death
Drop a gem of hope in the urns of history

For me to look forward to; to live.

Raghavan Warriar

Only Tree In A Lonely Desert

Stingy green
Dirty brown

An arrogant girl
In a man's world.

A Drop of green
From God's palette.

The break of planes
For painter's brush.

A Poignant still
For a movie's climax.

Landmark to guide
Lost traveler.

A physical marker
For Bomber's radar.

The proof of sanity
Amidst, ocean of cruelty.

Not the lusty tree, which tickled, Eve's nipples.
Not the lucky tree, which witnessed, Budha wake up.
Not the guilty tree, which rested, the soul of Saviour.
Nor a happy tree, which shaded, the resting Prophet.

Resilient to prove
Hitler's theory.

Boorish bully
Banished from forest's chat room.

Uncouth specimen, unfit for gardens
Roguish host, greets you with thorns
Depressed girl of suppressed passions
Orphaned child with a violent rage

Still I like the lonely tree
Breath of life in the furnace of sand
Dream of a forest
In the middle of a desert.

Raghavan Warriar

Patched Up Guy

Patched up Guy
You are a curse.
Covered in sins
But showered with praise.
Patched up guy
You are all bits and pieces.
Like an old clock
With a digital display.
Patched up guy
You are simply a stage.
Right drama for the occasion
And a right plot for the season.
Patched up guy
I am a curse.

Raghavan Warriar

Plastic Minds

Look! Those who win have plastic minds
Ready to mould and ready to bend
And always taking, a shape that sells.

Willing to love at the click of a button
Eager to leave at the dropp of a hat.

Pretend to accept a load of lies and
Extend in return utter falsehood.

Brilliant saint of selfless love and
Willing trader of global gossip.

Daring rebel of the virtual world; but
Pathetic mongrel, once challenged.

A fiery critic of systems in place; but
A cunning trader for the price of bride.

Plastic minds are malleable and ductile
Ready to mould and ready to bend
And always flowing along the trend.

Words of sympathy, full of empathy,
Words of love, full of concern and
Words of chivalry, fit for a knighthood

Plastic minds are full of words
Ready to give and ready to break
And always used to cash in a gain.

Plastic minds are masters of deceit
Ready to beg and ready to bow and
Always choosing the winning side.

Raghavan Warriar

Run Fast My Son, Before It's Too Late

The plot is hatched and the plan is perfect,
The ruse is made up and the noose is ready.
They are mad, with murder and spite
You are sadly, alone in this fight.

Buck up and take flight
Before it's too late.
Look for a cover
Before they discover.

Cover your soles
With rubber or rags
Choke your panting
In the vaults of your chest.

They are everywhere and they are watching
Run fast my son, before it's too late.

The night is long and the alley is dark,
The law is sleeping and the judges are bought.
Life is a mirage fading in distance
Death is dancing, like a shadow behind.
Run fast my son because the daggers are drawn
Keep up your pace, until the break of dawn.

Your mother must be waiting;
Watching for, movement at gate.
Your father must be pacing;
With a storm in his chest.

Evade the hounds, hide in a burrow; Or
they will be crushed, with lifelong sorrow.

Don't be stupid to turn back and fight
Don't be foolish to beg for mercy.
They all enjoy, the wriggle of a lamb,
Caught in their midst and helpless to fight.

They have the law, They are too strong

They have the lawyers to cover their wrong.
They can kill, anyone at will,
You are the cheapest, in their long bill.

Run fast my son, hide yourself my son,
I'm confused my son, with fear and sorrow.

Change the story, they have written for you,
Let the damn destiny, make a rare mistake;
Stop those bells, waiting to toll,
Give your life, at least a chance.

Raghavan Warriar

Sacrifice

When I was taken over by desire
I consumed myself in the fire
Forsake my book of wisdom
Forgot the pleasures of freedom.

The ice seeks the heat
To melt and join the river
River loves the slope
In its rush to be consumed (by the salty broth.)

It doesn't matter whether
The wax burns the flame
Or the flame melts the wax
Embrace of desire consumes both.

It was our goal to reach love's misty peak
But all the effort made our limbs weak
Blinding mists dissolved our forms away
And we fought the cold with our locked grip.

Now, when fate is blowing our breath away
When forms and names are fading away
We discover the hard truth
That it takes a lifetime to fulfill a love

Raghavan Warriar

When You Read My Poem

Just read the first line of my poem
And if you don't feel like reading
The lines that follow, then maybe
Bin it; it isn't worth the trouble.

At the end of poem, if you see
Only me in the poem and not you;
Forget the poem; it is only a soliloquy.

If the poem doesn't leave a thought
To carry; A line that reverberates
A piece of nature or love for the world;
Trash it; it is only a heap of words.

If you are still persistent, I am afraid
Something is seriously wrong with you.
Get checked by a good psychiatrist.

If you are sane and still want to carry on,
Then use a heavy sledgehammer;
To break the beautiful rhyme that
I cunningly knit into the words to create
All those ripple in the surface;
Also put it to good use to break
The feet thumping in the rhythm of words
Created to cover up my poetic weaknesses.
Please powder all the beautiful words;
Set in the right place
To hide my filthy mind.
Throw the powder in the furnace of truth.
If you see everything going up in smoke,
Then, throw my pen in the furnace.
All the spoken words are not meant to be heard.
It is better to be silent than to be an imposter.

Raghavan Warrior

Wish List

If I die today and become a ghost tomorrow,
Will I be an idle ghost full of sorrow?
No I will be a very busy one,
And will spare none.

First will be the neighbor
He is constant menace.
I will roast him
In the oil of his choice.

Next will be the guy
Who ogle my wife with a greedy eye.
I will squeeze his balls so hard
He will touch the sky and fall back like a toad.

My friend who borrowed money
And never returned a penny
I will pull his pants down in the mall
So world will laugh at his Johnny that is small.

My old teacher who used to box my ears
Until I can't hold back my tears
I will tickle him with a feather
Until he begs for a breather.

My boss who is a professor of abuse
Who squeeze me until I am of no use.
I will make him carry a rock up and down the hill
Until he falls down like a useless quill.

Hey new Gurus of time management! Listen
Here is something you can add to your lesson
If you plan your time well and set your priorities
Even ghosthood isn't that empty as it is for the majority.

Raghavan Warrior

Worship Of Goddess In Procession Through Town

Rein in and bridle your steeds of passion
While waiting for glimpse of the divine beauty.
Sparkling like peacock in ambling gait
Drawing a glance from the hermit and priest.

Moisten your thoughts with mildness and calm
While musing in sway of her wonderful charm.
Sweeten your words with all pleas and pleads
For she has a choice from, millions like thee.

Have patience while praying for any favour
Offer her flowers of all colours
Persist in praising her until she heeds
Granting you bliss is, her own sweet choice.

Raghavan Warriar