

Poetry Series

# **Ravi Moirangthem**

## **- poems -**

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# Ravi Moirangthem()

An artist's life is more public than other's.

# A Mother Born

A heartbeat against the womb  
Vibrates right to her motherhood-  
A surprise! subsiding all sorrows.  
In her sudden slant,  
Her radii-hair circle into a holy halo.  
Exalted by every cherubic kisses  
Of the hertbeats,  
The gloaming goddess stands still-  
So naked,  
So beautiful.

Outside the holy room:  
Inter-country borders only outline egos  
And bills decompose into lowly laws  
Star-crossing peoples' fate.  
In another heartbeat, another kiss.  
Jamil wakes up to her world-  
Hazed by uncertainties,  
And sings to herself, for she knows,  
She is pregnant with a refugee  
But pregnant with hope.

Ravi Moirangthem

# Disco On Fire

With my skin bouncer-stigmatized  
And my attitude welcoming immorality.  
I enter, through her, the disco.

A designer's constellation of disco balls  
Rotate lawlessly in their asymmetric system  
Bestowing upon us rays of sin,  
Awakening animals  
In the red miniskirt girl moving,  
In the reddened disco dancer nearby,  
In the land of Kama sutra.  
Every decaying hours of the dark night  
Inspire more unholiness.  
And there is  
Pollution replete with vibrations and vapors,  
Fashion evolving into nudity,  
A messy mass partying with discorded hair  
Looking like animals.  
Yes, we are partying like animals.  
We are setting the disco on fire.

As if to eradicate immorality,  
The fire fly in like culture-vulture  
Burning up mascaras, vinyl, lust  
And Dj-ing us into a macabre dance-  
Devils running amok under the holy light.  
I see all shriek as we burn:  
The shy girl whom i caught staring at me,  
The sexy girl whose breasts  
I wished would bump into me.  
We all burn as fuels while the music crescendos,  
We all burn like animals on sacrifice,  
Yes, the disco is setting us on fire.

Ravi Moirangthem

# The City Is Mine

The city is mine.  
Tonight, she tempts me with her  
Blazing, skyscraping legs wide open.  
Knowledge is powerful,  
Ambition is propelling -  
I use them both to dig into  
As I uncover every bit of her.

The city is mine.  
She reveals more through her  
See-through glass walls.  
The smell of success, promises of domination,  
Filmsy straps of her glittery corsets,  
Nudeness of her tongue-  
They all arouse me.  
Love is blind,  
Lust is direct  
And moral belongs to the losers.  
My character began at smoky discotheques  
And merciless competitions tempered it.  
My manner is to conquer all.

The city is mine.  
Her silky roads spread out  
For me to ride on.  
Unloyal attrition rates,  
Urgencies of opportunists and saleswomen,  
My Servlet-serving skills,  
Satyric blood rushing in my members-  
They all favor in my conquest.  
At triumph, my orgasmic skins burns  
And my hair rises into feral flames.

The city is mine.  
Her curvy skylines bend before my knees.  
In our moment of gory and glory;

She moans of rock-concerts  
And the agonies of slums.  
Years of struggles have sculpted my killer skills.  
Now, the city has to shine and service me the whole night.  
Yessss! I've fixed to live through a lifetime of orgasms.

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