

Poetry Series

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL
- poems -

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RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL(7TH OCTOBER 1951)

I am an amatuer poet trying to write to contribute with whatever I can, to Poetry reading and writing, which has taken a backbench in the history of Literature, nowadays.

I was born in the State of Kerala, (in India) which is called 'God's own country' is lusciously green with Rivers, Backwaters, waterways, bays, lakes, temple tanks, mountains and hills.

I graduated from Osmania University, Hyderabad, in the state of Andhra Pradesh.

I worked for a Goverment Petroleum Company for 26 years as a an exec. and am retired.

I stay in Chennai, Tamil Nadu State, India.

I am married with a daughter who studies in Manchester, My wife does all the work for me.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

2 0 0 7 * * * * * * * *

One more year comes
To close with billions
Of births and deaths,
Sun dawning and setting
Every day, the world of people
Going about mundane
Work everywhere,
Politics taking its toll
On them, many dying
Of military actions,
Yet love dominating
Everones mind,
Unconquerable,
Undiminished,
With billions of weddings
New to bond the couples
Of love, the trees flowering
Making seedlings,
The animals going around
In jungles, with fear, hunted
By the hungry carnivores,
Two thousand and seven
Years after jesus was born,
To carry similiar themes
Of unity, love, partisanship,
Columbia making its
Journey from earth to space,
Internet messages
Flying in billions,
Human being left one more
Year towards profound
Progress and lasting peace.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

2008, What Will You Be ?

Dear 2008,2008,
What shall you deliver?
A few assassinations?
A few typhoons?
Will there be aTsunami?
A few fresh presidents?
Anything unprecedented?
How many million death?
How many million births?
How many weddings?
How many divorces?
How many crimes?
How many jailbirds?
How many fresh loves?
Will you make the world
Happy or sad by an average?
Or will you make it merrier?
Or will you make a world war?
How will you be?
How has the boss of yours,
Mr. God written your horscope?
Or will it be on a daily basis?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

A I D S.....

The virus caught on
To innocent people
Who made some sex,
From the sex workers,
Through blood transfusions,
Of unknown quality
It gripped the earth
Like a vice like
The erstwhile tuberculosis,
Small pox, miasma disease,
Leprosy and others
Which people feared most,
The AIDS spread the threat
On even ordinary lovers,
To make love, even to kiss,
Even being nearby,
Of the infected unlucky,
It continues dreadful
Unconquerable, reducing
The mating rate of humans
By large extent,
Denying of the small
Conceived illegal act
Of the love acts.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

A Soldier's Wife.

She was married to a soldier,
Who left for the camp,
A month after holidays,
Word coming of war in siachen
In kashimr, soon arrived
The news of demise
Of her dear husband,
By a captian of the army,
Annoucing a compensation
Of half a million bucks,
Which was claimed
By his parents and in laws,
She was made a destitute,
Sent to her own parents,
Crying the sorrows
Of the dear departed,
Growing his child
In her bowels, despising
Her cruel fate, actually
Suffering the sacrice for the nation,
Even more than the dead soldier.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

A Young Priest's Loves.

There lived a priest
Near a nunnery,
Where young the young niuns
Lived in plenty,
The young Brother
Scaled the walls
Everynight to have
His holy love fulfilled,
Of course with a condom,
But when forgotten,
Made his produce
To the orphanage nearby,
He prayed for his sins
To be forgiven
Yet sending the nuns,
To momentary heavenly
Bliss which couldn't
Be attained but for his
Brotherly blessing each night.

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A N A C O N D A

He lay hidden in the placid lake
Attached to a fast flowing river,
Hunting on animals
Which came drink the water,
Its stomach bugged with the victim,
Staying still in the bottom
Of the lake, surfacing,
Writhing on land, searching
For food, sometimes hungry,
Sometimes resting
For days after a huge lunch
Or dinner, Anaconda,
Saw a human's leg
Through the muddy waters
Came close, caught his legs,
Shaking, beating him up
In the water of the lake,
Slowly swallowing him alive,
After days of digestion
Spitting out the skeleton,
Anaconda had another meal,
But hunted down by
Other human beings,
Keeping its skeleton
In the museum with many a company.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

ANGEL'S LOVE

She came to earth, bored of
The sub gods, others in heaven,
Went here and there alone,
Looking for a love, not gotten
So far, saw a muscled
Not comely, but hard working,
Fell in love with him,
Appeared in his bedroom,
Caressed, kissing him,
Arousing him, all the while,
Having sex with him,
Manya time, luring him
More and more, disappearing
One day, the worker searching
For her in vain, with forlorn
Thoughts he lived on,
Astonished to see her again,
With alittle angle after
Two years of her exit from him.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

A Rose For A Thought (Couplet)

Give you a rose what you think of me,

My poses to impress you hope will raise me in your mind.

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A Visit To Heavens.

She was sick on and off,
Consulted five doctors,
Became weak day by day,
Lost consciousness
One day night,
To go into a coma,
Taken to the emergency
Intensive care unit,
She fought for days on end,
For normal life and feelings,
She was filled with tubes
For air, blood, saline,
Medicines pumped
Dialysis done each day,
She recovered in twenty one days
The real reason for her
Short trip to heavens
Not known except for reactions
Of medicines administered
By another specialist,
We never know whether
Our medicines kills
Or give life, with real proof
Never explained or known,
How many visit the heavens
Permanantly or shortly
Is any one's guess or belief.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

A Young Dream...

Very early in the morning
He came awake a dream,
He in the throes of middle age,
Shocked at the dream,
where he was fondled
By adame of twenty,
Lying under him,
In the writhing, wriggling
Of passion, with open legs,
Kissing over and over
On the face, lips,
Again and again, waking up
to a graeat wonder
Why he ever saw
Such a dream of passion,
When he led a life,
Of peace, chaste, good nature,
And from may be god, who
had sent the same to him,
For eason beyond his understaning.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Abdul Kalam - Ex President

A boy in teens got up at four
In the morning to sell
Newspapers in the area
To make a living
And go to school,
Studying very hard,
His father dead and
Fisherman uncle bringing
Him up giving words
Of encouragement he never
Forgot climbed the steps
Of colleges doing his
Engineering and joining
A foremost venture,
To become a leader
A motivator, and a mentor,
To launch rockets and satellite
From a country so poor
To feed all the populace,
And became the President
Of the country, while forgetting
to marry and raise children,
But his love for them
Prevailed and soft words
Of advice flowed from
His wise tongue, ardently
Listened to and followed
By one and all, becoming
An Icon in his own times,
Who else but Abdul Kalam
The great teacher of India.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Aboriginie

He is an aboriginie,
Listening to the the music
Of the forest, of twittering
Birds, howling monkeys,
Hum of the bees, roars
Of lions and tigers, living
Out of fruits, leaves, flesh
Of animals he caught
With care, never to reduce
The produce of the forest,
Lest he go hungry.

Living in a shack of wood
And grass, with animals
Roaming near his neighbourhood,
Never harming them,
His children playing with them,
And the snakes, he lived
With his folks drumming
Dancing, singing all day,
Mounning the death
Of dear ones and celebrating
The arrival of new ones.

He was foreign to fight,
Jealousies and threats, listening
To his headman and priest,
Living a life of tranquility.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Agony.....

It was like a snake
Which gripped it's prey,
Trying to swallow it alive,
The pain in the mind
Writhed in tandem
To the time, never leaving
Even for a second,
Life seemed to be unbearable,
Thoughts of happiness
Seemed very distant,
Leaving memories
Of the past appearances,
With shadows of it
Dancing to the tune
Of the pain left, which the suffering
Made on the canvas
Of the forlorn mind torn
Into divisions of solitude ideas
Which ticked away in the light
Of the day gone unseen, unfelt.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Air, Oh! Air! !

You are so gentle
And life giver, without you,
None, even the plants, flowers,
Fruits, and animals can survive,
Yet you can make
The gentle sea so turbulent,
To make tsunamis,
And when you are furious,
Make typhoons, cyclones,
To destroy anything
In your path, to make
The peaceful abodes
Of people into graveyards,
Oh, Air, why you go so mad,
But occasional, what harm
Have the beings do
To make you so infuriated,
And violent in your moods.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

All Is Fair In Love And Love

Man, woman, we should
Love all all the time,
Instead of mouthing,
Hate nothings which
Does but bring divisions,
Hatred, fight and battles,
Which bring people
In opposition, for nothing,
Hence everything is fair,
In love and love only,
Where love is the best ruler.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!
Kindly transform us, our priests,
Our kings, our women,
And the terrorists so we can
Live in peace without fear
Factional wars, attacks
From the extremists!
May our women walk free,
Without a veil, May our men
Live but with one woman,
May our kings and laws
Not cut hands and legs,
Or stoned to death for a small
Offence which but can have
Given a sentence in jail.
May our sects live in peace,
Praying to Allah for unity,
And infinite harmony,
And melt into the rest
Of the human kind with ease.
Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Alzheimer's Disease.

He was a vigorous
Executive of rare calibre
Working over forty years,
Winning many rewards
For his service and honest
Duties, making his company,
Climb to unimaginable heights.
Wealth, reputation,
He was slowly overcome
By old age and forgetfulness
Which tried hard to overcome,
He couldn't remember
His old close colleagues,
Roads he travelled daily,
The liked foods he ate,
The accomplishments
He made for his company,
Couldn't recognize his friends
Relatives, even his children,
He moved around the room,
With his wife alone,
He was lonely in his thoughts,
Trying hard to remember
The happy days he left behind.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

America! A Mistaken No-Action!

People worked hard
Day in and out,
In America, to make a living
With dreams only,
To be rich oneday,
The ones who are rich,
Only a stomachful,
Like everyones in the world,
One in ten criminals,
For getting very rich,
Or to take care of
Their suppressed hatred,
A field of emotions uncontrolled
It shone only because
Of the businesses
It carried out for most
Parts of the world,
An american is unaware
Of the peace, tranquility
Of the human minds,
Elsewhere, only
With swollen pride
Of cars, sky scrapers
Which are of no consequence,
In a world where we have
To search for happiness,
Peace elsewhere,
Perhaps in the east of world.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

America.... Thou Doth Shine

America, america, thou doth
Shine among human kind
Pulverised by all cultures,
With many wars behind,
Both good and bad, your people
Are kind understanding,
Except for the few misled
By the tongues of politicians
For their livelyhood and luxuries,
Your work, endurance for the world
So massive that none
Could match, but tried to be
Copied by many, and tried to be
Entered into the right and wrong
Ways to be spoken
As an American, melting into
Thy culture of prosperity
And tolernce made by
Sacrifices your fathers made.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Angel Of Love

Loved flowed from her
Soft grand heart,
To give solace, a feeling
Of heavenly existence,
Likening to the feeling
Of being kids
Looked after by the parents,
She was everywhere
Where love was lost,
Words of kindness
She rendered tirelessly,
She with her immortal life
Blessed everyone's existence,
Loved by all the gods
For her acts of kindness
She moved all over
The worlds easily,
Watched by the stars
Of all galaxies and she was
Bless with the kindness
And love love given as boon
By the almighty who made her
For the hapless of the worlds
Hither, which shone with her love.

Ravikiran arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Anger Futile.

She threw things at me,
Abused of the properties
Stolen by brother and sister,
Why I married her at all,
Showed the knife,
Keeping on the stomach,
On which I got very angry,
We went into a tussle,
She kicking me with her foot
Into my stomach.
Throwing footwear at me,
then we sat down,
She tired, me with a heart
Broken with fight
Followed by the anger
Which was so futile,
Not able to overcome
At the appropriate time.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Anonimous

It was a meeting
On the road,
Never able to forget her,
She came back to mind
Again and again,
With the fragrance
Of the perfume she wore,
Again meeting
Her in the bus,
Not able to speak to her,
Her smiles to her friend
Hanging in memory,
The laughter so delightful
To think about,
Showing off her pearly
White teeth with soft lips,
The curves of which lingering
In my thoughts, I flet
Gooseberries on the body,
Life felt cool, different
At the arrival fo the anonimous.
The anonimity so cherishing.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Are You Coming To Me?

you have been hasty,
In your speaking,
We have been at love
For years on end,
When will you come,
To my little home,
To share my little pleasures
To be with me,
On the sofa and bed,
I am waiting
With patience,
Which I feel is monumental,
All my home too is witing,
For your soft touch,
Your susing them,
Come be with me,
I have been waiting
So long for your presence,
All day and night,
Come home, come home,
Be with me, lest
I will end up thinking,
When you will come,
May be to the grave.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Are You Really Mine ?

Are you really mine
And only mine,
When so many surround you,
Since you are so comely,
So beautiful to percieve,
Be mine only,
I beseech you,
I request you,
You must be mine only,
Lest my life be barren,
I think of you every other second,
Dont leave me in doubt,
Dont leave me to sadness
Of not being mine only,
Take my love
Which I carry for you
All the time for you only,
Your smile bewitching
Always in doubt,
Kills me bit by bit,
take into your kind heart,
Will you be mine only?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Arent You Mine, Mine Only? (Couplet)

Doubt gnawing in my mind, evertime you smile that way,

I feel like I dont possess you fully, arent you mine, mine only?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Aren'T You Mine? (Triplet)

Aren't you mine mine only, since I can't stand

Another one in your dreams and life,

Be mine and only mine, i will you be yours forever.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Aren'T You My Woman.?

You know well,
I know you as much,
We have been together
So long, so far in life,
So aren't you my woman,
Yet never said,
You loved me,
For which I am much peeved,
Don't make me wait
Any more, come say it,
You love me as much
As I do, will live with me,
Share our stuff, our belongings,
Our beliefs, disbeliefs,
Our loves and be together,
Aren't you my woman?
Please say it,
And let me overcome
The anxiety I carried
So far only for your sake.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Arent You The One? (Couplet)

Arent you the one, the one of my dreams,

I have waited from my teen to be with?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

As It Comes

Life is like the way
As it comes,
Much merriment,
Much sadness,
Much anger
Much excitement,
More sacrifices
More and more greed
More unexplained failures,
Less achievements,
Less satisfaction
For reasons not know,
Yet we don't think
Life to be enjoyed
As it comes and goes
To bring more events
To toal our life so similiar,
Be rich, poor, famous
Pompous unknown or otherwise.

Ravikiran Arakkal

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

As The Time Goes By (Couplet)

As the time goes by, we are not aware we change our age,

Attitudes, postures, affections, surroundings difficult to recollect the past.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Asoka, The Great Emperor.

He inherited a small empire,
Through valour and bloody
Wars he made a huge empire
Through the years of
His early rule from Iran
To vietnam, from Himalyas
To the south of India, suppressing
All that who rose against him.

Once when he was the banks
Of Ganges, which turned red,
With the bloody war he led,
He saw an old woman searching
For her dead son's boody,
Weeping all the while, making
The lion hearted melt in pity,
And hating the acts he did.
Thence came a saint and told
Him of Buddha and his ideals,
Of giving alms, oneness
Of mankind which Asoka
Adopted and spread throughout,
His empire which one and all
Took to for centuries together.
Asoka did build monuments,
In the name of Buddha and love,
Which spread all over the east.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Astrologer

He predicted the oncoming
fates on so many good
Bad and mundane,
Said about the rise of manystars,
Polticians, workers, Goverments,
Climate, countires, on the
Status of bith time, and
The postions of stars,
Made fame and money,
But one day was killed
In an accident he could
Foresee of his own fate.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

B R A G G I N G.....

We feel we are
The smartest, owtwitting
Everyone else,
Feel the most successful,
while is really
A failure, or of medium size,
Feel the greatest poets,
But writing mostly unreadable,
Feel the best husband or wife,
While we are just not thrown out,
Feel the most intelligent,
But stupidder than most,
Feel capable than others,
While achievements are
But little to memorize,
Feel most friendly,
But lucky we are not hated,
By the mercy of others,
Feel the most decent,
While bieng mostly indecent,
Feel most honest,
But little are lies left by us,
Feel the greatest - hey-
Not the greatest, but one of them,
But we are in the commoners
List of nodoers or little doers
To the society we live in,
Feel the most hardworking,
But is really on the lazyline.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Balls And Circles. (Couplet)

Everything is balls and circles

For humans to be in and out of balls and circles.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Banana Leaf

It is big, yet so lively,
Dancing in the wind,
Green and full of life,
Making the one who look upon,
Jealous of its vibrant nature,
With the fruit and tree,
It looks magnificent,
Making the men and monkeys
Happy alike, a fruit
Makes a wholesome food,
Yet we laugh at it,
May be we are
So dependant on it
We calls us bananas,
Whenever we are mad
About something or other.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Bank Of The River.

Coconut trees, aricanut trees,
Swayed in the soft wind,
Fully green, was the bank
Of the river, which had
The fishes palying along,
Catamarans, boats with oars,
Slided by the bank,
Filled with people and goods,
Many waiting on the bank
To catch a boat to otherside,
Shrubs, mangorves
Filled in someparts of the bank,
Beautiful was the sight,
I always kept in mind,
Cherishing it when alone,
The bank had houses
a few feet away, where
I too lived long ago,
The life of people
Shape of houses changed
The river bank was the same
As ever serene, filled
With people talikng away
All the time till
they departed for somewhere.

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RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Banyan Tree

The shade was almost circular,
The sun couldnt penetrate
The thick green leaves,
Of the huge banyan tree,
With hundred rootlets hanging,
Giving it an auspicious look,
People thought it devine,
People of east feared it
during night sheltering ghosts
Of the dead people
Hid it in daytime, but came out
During night, but at evening
Many sat in its cool shadow
Chatted for a long time,
Surrounded by goats and dogs,
The Banyan tree had umpteen
Number of other plants on it,
It was a life giver, a giver of peace,
Most often it stood in front
Of a temple giving the temple
An aura of devinity, this tree
Was the one which saw
Many a generation pass by,
And stood in penance
Of the good old ones and new one
It sure was a shelter for many
A being of many kinds on mother earth.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Beggar At The Crossroads.

The beggar of sixty begged at
The Cross Road near my home,
to whom I gave ten bucks,
Occasionally to get his great smile.

He huddled under the tarpaulin,
When at night and rains, showed
His hand to passers by and motorists
Who had to stop at redlight,
And lived on the alms thrown into
His old vessel from which he also ate.
the meals from the sums he got.

One day I saw a beggar woman,
Alongside him faded yet pretty,
And both sat and chatted away,
When their working of begging
Is over and laughed together too.

Another day I saw the corner
Where he lived, was empty,
Since both had left together
for another place, where they
Can spend time more comfortably,
and I felt lonely riding passing by
The Cross road where they lived.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Benazir ; Tears For A Plucked Rose.

She was a rose,
Among thorns, of extremes,
Oppressed womanhood,
Oppressed downtrodden,
She was courageous,
Even death which
She recieved courageously,
Perhaps courage
Was her second name,
She led a population,
In faith of developing it,
Tears rolled on cheeks,
At her assassination,
On many faces, uncontrolled
Grief stricken, she became
A matryr in a few days time,
On landing in her homeland,
What would have the earth
Felt where the tears fell,
Though a lot more blood
Was shed, we have nothing
But tears for a rose plucked
Before being withered by time.

Ravikiran Arakkal

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Benazir..... A Soul Lost

A femine of supreme courage,
even after her father
Was hanged, she fought
For people's rule. alone,
Married to an hostile husband,
Ina community where women
Are oppressed, she led
The people even in exile,
Only to shot many times,
Laying down her couragious
Soul to give more courage
To women and people
In a country which produced
Tyrant rulers for fifty years,
Her soul an deed will be prasied,
For all the time to come by.

Ravikrian Arakkal

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Best Losers.

Maximum guys are
Best losers,
Loosing in games,
Loosing in bets,
Loosing many things,
Loosing loves,
Loosing battles,
Loosing money,
Loosing friends,
Loosing emotions,
Loosing relatives,
Loosing a lot more,
But even loosing the feeling
Of lost items where
They are winners by forgetting.

Ravikiran Arakkal

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Best Man.

He followed her like
A shadow,
Over and near the altar,
With memories
Of his having spent,
His best times with her,
In and out of bed,
Just that he din't have
The dough to marry her,
But knowing that
She will have the best time,
Only with him,
Even after her wedding,
Only to enhance their
Best times they have had
Together, wondering
How people are wedded
To money than man and woman,
Feeling how thye will
Play the hide and seek
Game with his friend
Who is the bridegroom
Rich over their heads,
But can keep the bride
And the best man most happy.

Ravikiran Arakkal

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Better Half.

A better half and a lesser half,
Makes the life wholesome,
The lesser half always working
Harder for the full pair,
Life a handout for the betterhalf
Always proclaiming needs,
the lesser half toiling to meet
All the demands,
Life goes a full circle,
From day to day,
Both having mismatch of opinions,
Bills piling up for payments,
Also both working for
The ones produced by lesser toils,
The gifts of shared pleasures,
But a difficult task of bringing up
The progeny with much hardship,
Yet to sepearate
As unwritten losses,
Hardly caring for both the halves,
But finding thier own halves,
To peddle the life cycle,
To continue with no end in sight.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Birth In A Bus

She, travelling in abus
Long distance,
Felt delvery pains,
Lay down in the aisle,
Passengers made
A cover of long cloth,
After an hour
Delvered a girl child
Who were taken
To the city hospital,
The hurry of birth registry
In heavens making
A merry day for
The passengersat the arrival
Of one more new born.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Black Hawk Down

The helicopter circled
above the fighters
Below with the machine guns,
The occupants of homes
Scattered in fright
Killing many, injuring so many,
The fighter shooting
Form the ground,
Running zigzag, taking
Shelter near the walls
Inside the fort like shops,
One shot hit the fuel tank,
Making it go afore,
Bursting into flames,
Landing and smashing
Into a building, killed
The pilot and copilot,
Gunnery severely injured
Knocked out of senses,
The commanders
And the politicians,
Not knowing the pain
Of innocence and ignorance
Bringing people and many
A black hawk down, down, down.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Blessing

May a blessing come

This way, true and fine,

To wash away my sorrows,

Misfortune got so far,

Let there be a ray of prosperity,

To kindle a hope

Of new living, a better living,

Both in sprit and materiial,

Which god will come

To my calls, prayers,

I wish to submit my mind to him,

Life is not but this blessing,

And I feel this is yet to call

At my doorstep, at my call

Beckoning to shower

The blessing in the offing.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Blind Love.

Wish for love for my love,
Why is it not returned,
How come it is not transported,
Flow both ways,
Like a stream it flows,
Only in one direction,
Is it that the reciever
Is blind to love,
Or is it love itself is blind,
Selfless, it doesn't want
To be returned to the sender,
Yet the feeling of loving
Is grand to go by,
Returned or unremitted
Never lesser than before,
But overflowing in the mind,
By the one who gives it,
Blind is the love by itself,
Whether returned or not.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Blind Date

He made a blind date
With a damsel on phone
And internet, promised
To meet in a restaurant,
To recognize each other
By the color of dress
And the orchids, they
Wore on clothes,
But met a black beautiful
Damsel who was
Sweet in walk and talk
He fell head over heels
In love with her in half hour
To lead a long love life
Ending up on the bed
Together arm in arm
Wedding on the future
But kid in the beginning..

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Blue Mountains

The wagon took a turn,
Started climbing up slowly,
The blue of the mountans
Appeared in sight,
Majestic in posture,
With so many peaks,
Green blanket of forest,
Blue clouds crowned over,
Moving in tandem,
The serpentine road
With hairpin bends,
Passing over stone bridges,
Over riulets and surfed falls,
We moved into the dewed
Air, sights blurred,
To end almost near the peak,
With cold winds sending
Shivers over our bodies,
The blue mountain
Is unique with smells
Of perfumed and eucalyptes
Smell freshening our breath.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Blue Eyes (Couplet)

They were as deep as a blue ocean,

With so much hidden underneath, but not seen from surface.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Blue Planet

From far in the space,
All can see a blue planet,
Shimmering like an
Aquamarine, aqua it is
Three fourths, but teeming
With such variety of life
Seen nowhere in the universe.

Gods and satans may be
Jealous of its beings
The trees, winds, clouds,
Fish, whales animals
And humans living in harmony,
Aiding each other even
As food and water,
That they seem to visit
The blue planet in secrecy,
And make the fight
Each other mercilessly.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Body Odour

She came closer to smell
His body odour,
Which arose since
The perfume he wore
Has worn over,
Bent over to him
Did she stand
For closeness
She felt so attracted
To him, and wondered
Why people ever
Used the perfumes
Since the natural
Smells can be
So attractive,
But yet many hated
The smells emanated
By the body
And its discards,
Yet all carried it
With some shame
Which non knew why?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Bombay Suburban Train

It tolled along
With heavy wheels,
Taking all the
Overcrowded comaprtments,
young ones clinging
On to the doorway,
To have fresh air,
In the summer heat,
The second class
Full of smell of sweat
Of the poor ones
Working in shops,
Factories, offices,
With soiled shirts,
Women clinging
To the rod above,
With occassional boys
For a soft rub,
Shooed out by girls,
The train speeding
Form station to stations
Stopping hardly a minute,
for the rushing fellows
To rushin and rush out,
The ones out clambering
The stairs with howls
Some prefixed seated groups
Singing loud Bhajans
The water dripping
From fish baskets,
Carried by fisher woman
On the nearby shoulders,
Curses, abuses,
Merriments on the aile
Of the walkway full
Jostling crowds everywhere,
The suburban train
Teems with life
Like none other in world,

Alike an anthill
Full of ants in beeline
And scattering for food.
In busy schedule all day long.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Boon To A She Mouse!

Sacred saint sat in meditation,
When he heard the scream
Of a child she mouse
Which took to being rescued
From a kite which tried
To catch her and eat her,
The saint opened his eyes
And transformed the mouse
Into a beautiful firl child
Bringing her upto
Her marriagable age,
Asked her whom she will marry
Who said she will marry
The mightiest being on earth,
The saint brought the sun,
Who was asked by her
Who is mightier than him,
And was replied the clouds
Who blocked him, who said,
That the wind drove him,
Who said the mountain stopped
His journey, who said The mouse
Was mightier making holes
Into his sides, the girl
Wished to marry the mouse,
Whcih boon was granted
The wish and transformed
Her into a female mouse
Married her off with blessings,
Thus a she nouse became
A she mouse like nature
Made her as an offspring,
Proving we like our own kind,
Whatever boon we get
From anyone and cannot
Stand a change for long.

Ravikiran Arakkal

Boss. The

He walked like
A native cock,
Erect, with small arse,
Giving indolent looks,
Sometimes giving
Orders to subordinates,
Asking a manger
To even purchase
A broomstick, since
He felt the caretaker will
Chaet a few pennies,
Making one disliked
To work, Human resouces,
Accounts, engineering
Excise works, giving
Glances of superiority,
Abusing in front
Of subordinares,
Contract workers,
Telling his tales of successes
Achievements with
Chest blown out,
Talking cricket as if,
He was a commentator,
Analazing each cricketer,
Describing how the batsmen,
Bowlers, fielders
Performed on the field,
Jested jokelessly,
Without any meaning
Or funny contents,
Hawing away in glee,
The subordinates hawing
Just to fool and please him,
He was a boss of a kind,
Threatening everyone
With promtions or bad
Appraisal he wrote merrily,
In lenght and great glee,

To the secret jokes
Of his subordinated
Who acted only to please.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Brave Boy.

He was a common boy,
Walking on the path
Of the Temple tank,
Saw a boy trying
To pull her out of water,
Both submerging
In deep waters,
He didn't think a moment,
Jumped in to the tank,
Pulled out both,
After a great effort,
He lay breathless
On the bank of the tank,
The moment making
Him one of the bravest.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Break Heart

She was taken away,
In the train,
Since the appointment
And conduct of
Open heart surgery was
Two months away,
He having to do
His official work,
With diabetes and weak legs,
He returned home
In desperation of having
To live alone for such long
Time, since had a heart failure,
Advised for open heart
Surgery, which made him
Heartbroken and wretched,
He went to his place
For the operation,
Hardly able to stand up
With the feelings of grief,
She said bye, smiling,
Into the theatre, he praying
Wild for her life and comeback,
Alive from surgery,
He laid and stumbled
For a full day till
She came awake,
Giving rice porridge
As per the kind nurse's advice,
She vomiting part,
Walking with help for a week,
she returned to convalesce,
For a full three months,
Recovering from the open heart
Surgery, returning to cook
And for him for rest
Of their lives till either
Lived for whatever life offered.

Broad

She was broad on her butt,
It lolled from side side,
As she walked along,
Men giving her a sly look,
Not of dislike, but of pity,
Which she did not want,
Yet she could not stop
Devouring whatever she liked,
But thinking of her
Days when she was slim
Comely, stealing looks
Of men handsome and otherwise,
She felt a pity for herself
Which she could not
Wipe out from her mind,
For being known as a broad.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Brother's Death

He was soft and nice,
Standing on the desk,
To rescue and challenge
His elder brother's enemies
When the young one
Was only five, yelling
At the distractors,
Always being the elder one's
Protector and well wisher,
Yet married at youth,
Harassed by wife and in-laws
Writing off his properties
To them on their compulsion,
Thrown out by them,
In mental distress
He was shattered to pieces
By the train, in front
Of which he jumped
With sadness filled in heart,
Making his brother cry
Day and night for years
For decades on end.
In fond memory of brotherhood.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Brown Girl

She was soft spoken,
Of six feet five,
Lithe, swinging her body
As she walked, a virgin,
Not knowing the pleasure
Of love the nuptials,
In her twenty three years,
Liked by all, she chirped
Away in happiness,
Providing an atmosphere,
So feminine, everyone
Watched the brown girl,
Walking around,
Keeping all the males
Guessing with wild dreams,
But she, not giving
Any hopes of advances,
Everyone wondering
What she really thought
Of her days with
A male friend chosen
For her partner for life.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Buddha

Yonder you can see the palace
With all its magnificence,
With the Imperial guards,
Minsters, jesters, harem women,
Passing in the bylanes,
With the choicest of goods,
Inside the palace, for purchase
With the gold coins people carried
On their cloth pouches, tucked
Into the different clothes they wore
On their waste for identification.
This great palace is the one
Left by the Imperial Prince
Siddharatha which meant
The one in search of salavation.
Not having gone out of his
Palace, one day on a tour
He found many lepors and poor
People which he failed
To understand why such things
Happened in his world of pleasure
Inside the palace, where
He had a wife and many consorts.
After months of thinking,
Did he leave the palce in silence
All alone, and travelled far.

He sat under a Banyan tree,
In meditation, trying to find god
And the ultimate bliss which
Dawned on one day.
People came and visited him,
Thinking he was a holy man,
And made offerings which
He denied and meditated.

One day he broke his silence,
And taught all around,
That material pleasure is nothing,

Helping needy is the supreme duty,
Knowledge is but devine,
And there is no god in the world.

He was called Buddha, the enlightened
and became a god himself
to all his followers and, Alas!
A religion was made with his teaching.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Bull Shitter.

He was one of the greatest
Bullshitter in the world,
Bullshitting his achievements
At all times, climbed
The Comapny promption ladder
Very fast, his bullshitting ways
Very finely made,
Endearing everyone,
With praises of everyone
Who met him, especially
The gullible bosses,
But at last in a top position,
He was not able to perform,
His bullshitting ways
Coming into plain light,
He sat and bullshitted
His achevements to every one
Who came his way.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Butter Fly

It came out of a cocoon,
which we feel ver sick
To touch, spreading its wings
Merrily in the wind,
Fluttering along and against
The breeze, a soft body
And mind suckiling
The sweet matter of flowers,
Unseen mating, laying eggs,
For the next spring
To arrive for the progeny
To enter into a cycle,
Livign a short life of happiness
And colors, dying unnoticed
By any animal or human,
Melting its body into earth,
Softly to sleep forever.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

CALL GIRL.

She lived in an lux apartment,
Taking calls everyday,
Attending to customers,
For afew thousand bucks,
For the service of sex rendered,
Stashing away money
For the future to get married
To a decent guy in another town,
In a country where money
And cars are hard to come by,
She led a luxurious life,
Most services rendered
By her in five star hotels,
The outside world oblicious
Of her deeds and sale
Of her pretty body, she lived
A life of acted innocence and virginity.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

CAMPUS LIFE + + = + +

Coming on cycles, in buses
They conferred in a cafe,
Almost equal to teach time,
Prasing pretty dames,
Of dances one hade
With the females, males,
Fighting in groups for elections,
For president, general secretary,
Following college girls,
Ducking classes for movies,
Singing in groups,
Having parties at each other's
Families falling inlove
With sisters, noeghbour girls
Of Campus mates,
Cracking jokes all the while,
Studying har into the night
For the oncoming exams,
With plays, dramas, monoacts,
Song competiotions,
Studying toghether in nights,
Visiting cafes at midnights,
Going for late shows toghether,
Daily small partying,
We spent three years
Like three hours of our life,
Campus life unforgettable
To top it to get a graduations,
Most making to paostgraduation,
Or seperating for jobs
Awaiting for start of a real life.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

CLOUDS.

The sky was clear,
With blue clouds
Rushing from one end
To another end of the sky,
Blown by the wind,
Never tired, changing
Hues from the morning
Red to orange,
Then to blue with white,
Giving a shade,
Like an umbrella
From the rays of hot sun,
Which simmered down,
When the clouds passed by,
Lively the clouds were,
Becoming dark,
Before the rains,
With a silver lining
At other times,
Giving company
To the rain bow
Whenever it appeared,
How can one imagine
A sky without clouds.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Camel

It went slowly with the weight
On its back across the desert,
With its owner beside it,
The neck with water filled
Like a bag, the heat
Of no avail to it,
Though the desert simmered
In the heat, heating up
The desert sand dunes,
For months on end,
For its owner sell the produce
Across the desert,
The ship of the desert
Slowly sailing through
The great sea of sand,
Occasionally resting
With its owner, sleeping
In the desert at night
Keeping the company
Of the night sky and air,
Coolness so alien to it,
It led a life of the hot desert
With its mates, from its birth
To the death a loss
Unbearable to its owner.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Candle

The candle burnt itself
Giving light to see around
All things in th room,
From time immerorial,
Like the life of a human,
The wick being the soul
And the wax being the body,
Slowly melting away,
A little wax remaining,
Like the body of a man,
The wick burning early,
Like the soul leaving early,
But taking nothing in return,
For its bright life made'
For people who are thankless.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Capital (Couplet)

Capital in money and punishment

Gives a sort of mental sentiment.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Caste And Creed

Deviding the society,
To have more leaders,
To do various jobs,
and to have followers,
Making them fight
With each other,
Caste and creed divisions
Sowed the worst
Seeds of hatred,
Bemeaming people,
Even untouchabilty
Being a part in parts
Of the world, became
The biggest menace,
Even forcing to marry
Within their own relogion,
Caste, creed, eith different
Forms of naming,
Marriages, dances, forlores,
Even death ceremonies
To disunite the humanity,
Making such unsroumantable
Difficulties even
In faith, parctices of life styles
Bringing the veil with it,
To women to hide
Their visage, forcing them
To hide behind, doors and walls,
Even though they were
Wives, sisters, daughters,
to be looked down
By their own men,
Making one wonder
When humanity will overcome,
their longstaning foolishness.

Ravikiran Arakkal

Castle Of Feathers

I dream of living in a castle
Of feathers, with my beautiful
Dame, with door, walls
Of feathers with fairies
Serving the nectar of honey
Mixed in the best of wines,
With feather doormen
Attenders, me whiling away time
With feelings as soft
As the featherdowns of a dove
Eternally, no troubling feelings
And sadmen visiting
My castle to beat the heavens.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Ceaser's Wife.

She stood alone in the midst,
The senators filled with sorrow,
Not able to console her,
since she had no tears rolling
Down her cheeks, nor a feeling,
Of sadness shown on her face,
Since she was used to the rise
Of her beloved husband,
And foolish acts of her children,
Drunk day in and out, never
doing any thing akin to Ceaser's
Life so dominant and caring
For her and their empire.
She accompanied to the place
Of the tomb constructed
For her assassinated husband,
And stared at it unflinchingly.

Ravikran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Change Of Colors In Sky. (Couplet)

Whenever in the open, the sky colors change stops us a long time,
Making us stare how it changes its hues, like the life changes its colors.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Chastity Belt

There lived a monarch,
Who married at fortyfive,
Keeping his chastity intact,
To marry a madamosielle
of eighteen, to keep their
Chastity forever to go
To Heavens together.
Then the war started,
By a neighbouring king,
To enlargen his kingdom,
And our king started for war,
But doubting about his
Lone queen who may
Turn to a lover for fun.
So, one night, he put on,
A gold chastity belt, on her navel,
After showing a lot of love,
And locked it for chastity's sake.
Did our king win the war,
But, alas, he lost the key,
In the dunes near his castle,
And both of them, queen
And king searched desperately.
After many a days they got
The key back, to their great
Glee and lived a chaste life,
Forever afterwards
To ascend to heavens together.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Chemistry Of Love (Couplet)

Chemistry of love is like the palmistry of sky,

Like also a combination till the process lasts until the product is made.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Chick, Chicken (Couplet)

Both chick and chicken are dear,

Chicks for perceiving, chicken for consuming.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Chicken

I am the golden chicken
Who lays so many eggs,
Not of gold, but you devour
In numbers Uncountable,
when a teen beaut passes by
You call her a cool chick,
You also eat us everyday,
And when a fashionable dame
Passe by, you call her chique
Why do you have so
Many varainces to describe
Me the cool chicken of the roost.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Childhood

Remebrances so lasting,
From the time I clung
To my mothers breasts,
Walking with faltering steps,
Finding the fun in running,
Chasing the puppy
In the corridors of home,
Smelling the flowers,
So different and beautiful,
Trying to catch squirrels,
Playing with the caught crab,
Playing football in the field,
Dreaming of becoming a Pele,
A mahout, bus driver, farmer,
Learning to peddle the bike,
Looking stealthily at pretty girls,
Loving to be kissed and caressed,
Running to school with friends,
What a great life it was,
Never to return, when was
It better at five, ten or seventeen.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Children Of The Street.

Homeless, they played
Their circuses with smaller ones,
Many begging, abused
Physically, they lived
Almost all their childhood
On the streets envying
Others with homes,
And parents, always merrily
Cheerfully going
To the school playing
In the playgrounds,
The streets children
Lording over by
The illegal keepers
In chains unseen, incared
By the society, later on
To become pickpockets,
Knifewielding criminals
The society paying
A dear price, for turning
A face of unconcern,
Then turning to police
Of their own to put them
In jails for the innocence
Growing into a menace,
Polluting the very own society.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Chinese Syndrome

They followed Mao Tse,
The benevolent dictator,
Who made more dicatror like
Following in the name
Of communism, yet heroes
Were made by the party,
Exactly dictatorial,
Making the humble chines
Worship these human forms
In uniforms of blood red
Like a titanic dragon in chains,
The chinese follow the path
Of the prolific speakers
Preaching an equality
That they do not follow,
Neither enjoyed by the populace,
Here lies the Chines Syndrome.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Chinese (Couplet)

Chinese is finesse, with 2500 charecters,
Spoken like the cats meowese.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Chocolate Love

You are the sweetness
In the chocolate I eat,
I find thoughts about you
melting away like the chocolate
The taste lingering in my mind,
To chew like the cud like
The cows in my shed,
I savour to the thoughts
Of your my love to you,
You beat of all queens,
Chocolate of all chocolate,
Cakes of all cakes,
Plums of all the plums,
When will I really taste
Your lips, caress you
Fondle your parts so secretly
Kept chaste by you
And have the bliss
Of eating a swiss chocolate.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Christmas Tree

It is merry time, since
It is christmas and I am
The christmas tree,
Decorated with colored
Bulbs, ribbons, showthings,
With children running
Round me, fellows partying
And dancing with gifts given
And taken, Santa claus
Dropping in with more gifts,
Everyone happiest
In the year closing in.

I have only this day more
To live and see merriment,
Tommorrow, I will be carted
To the waste dump to join
Billions of Christmas trees
All over the globe together.
Man why do you cut us
Trees live in so many numbers
Just to decorate your place,
Is just merriment enough,
Leaving us to proctect you more.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Cinema (Couplet)

Cinema, cinema which make moving picture look real,

But sometimes far from the real one, yet enjoyed by almost everyone.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Clinton Hillaryious

She stood petrified
While her husband
Had an affair
With an intern inside
The white house
When he merrily jabbed away
To glory a plumpy
Young woman, beautiful
Loving like a lovebird
A fifty odd man
And his fame,
Hillarius didnt know
What to do or mate with,
Decided after he stepped down,
To follow his path,
With all her unspent energy,
Like Edmond Hillary
Who conquered Everst
For the first time
To conquer the peak
Of Americas demo
As a fete a first female,
Of the most powerful nation.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Close Encounters Of The Sixth Kind.....

Life started as a normal one,
But two boys communicated
That my thoughts can be heard
Through telepathy, they howling
At my thoughts disliked by them,
As the years passed by,
Confirmed that the telepathy
Was universal, people reacting,
Learning from my experiences,
Behaving and making wishes
Akin to mine, more time passed by,
When revelations and communications
dawned on me that many thoughts
Are transmitted by hidden
Group of people, officials in fact,
Working for governments
In succession for propagation
Of political propaganda
Mostly for the top leader
Of the ruling party; more realisation
Dawning, realising, that they
Tortured me through robotics,
And satellite by a remote console,
Making pains in body, mouth, organs,
Twitching tendons of the body,
Whenever I thought against
Corruption, terror politics,
Of murder, deception, overpowering
Other small leaders, making them
Slaves of the party rulers,
Arrogantly sidelining others,
Making political careers hereditary,
Always torturing my body
Through robotics and telepathy,
Even making my wife insane,
Fighting with me all day,
Robotically using punching
Abusing me, to control, confuse
All the population of the country,

Though it effected all six billion
Population of the world,
The torture system smuggled
Through commmunist USSR,
Who got the techololgy,
On invasion of Berlin from Nazis,
When they lost the second world war,
Here it exists the Satanic
Close encounters of the sixth kind!
In India, the fabulous land unfathomable
Cultures, Religions, races and arts!

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Close Encounters Of The Third Kind.....

Yesterday, the fan
In the hall fell down
Making a sound like
A bomb exploding
Over our glass dining table
Crashing it to smithreens
Breaking the bottom glass
Also, to thousand pieces
Three seconds later
My wife left from the chair
Directly sitting under the fan,
To cook a new dish,
Near to where the gods idols
Are kept for worship,
Not even scratching her skin,
Escaping a big Accident
Waiting to happen,
Where as if providence
Saved us from a major mishap,
It was nothing but,
A close encounter of third kind.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Coffee Shop

People sat
Around the tables,
Sipping coffee
With nicknacks,
As snacks,
Gossiping and having
small talk, it was
A time passed
Away merrily,
Couples in love
Looking into
Each others eyes,
Discussing their
Future lives,
Coffe shop isa small
World of its own,
People changing
From time to time,
We gathering
At appointed time,
To while away time,
Exchanging our
Very valued thoughts,
We felt mattered for the world.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Coffin

The wooden box lay in wait,
For the body to be carried,
To the graveyard where
Many rests in peace,
But unloved is the coffin
Which does the job made out
For it to carry out for
The last rites for humans
To climb to the upper world.

A small surprise escapes us,
On sight of a coffin, made
With so much care, but none
Really wishes to rest inside,
Unless we are stiff and lifeless,
Ready to be eaten by the worms
Of the earth, leaving our strong
Remains inside the coffin,
Which but doesn't know
What to do with them.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Come Out Of Dreams.....

Come out of dreams,
Baby, To flirt
With me,
Live with me
I dream of you
Everyday
come out, comeout
To be loved by me
In real
We can walk together
In sun, shower and snow,
Come and give me
Your love forever

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Conflagration

A boy lit a match,
Left it carelessly
On the dry branch
In the forest,
Which lit up a small fire,
Turning wild in the wind,
It became a wild fire,
Blazing on the trees,
Plants, leaving the animals,
Plants darting into
The thicket of forest,
And nearby river,
The fire gnawing
Its way into the roadside,
Crossing it into
The big city suburbs
And the city itself,
Setting on all the cars
Homes in its way,
Killing hundreds,
The fought by one and all
Did not quench
Its thirst for all the things
In its path, leaving
Monstrous flames
Into the day and night sky,
To be seen form afar,
Settled down after
Day's' of fighting
And the change of
Wind's direction
Which was the main
Accused in the conflagration
Like the way human minds
Act in mob fury,
Without thinking
About the consequences.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Consider His Love

He was unable to express,
His longing for her,
Always in my mind,
Like the soft perfumed
Wind she spread around,
When she walked
Near, yet far was getting
The idea into her,
His idea of longing,
Feeling jealous
When she puted
At other men around,
Wondering when he can
Communicate his infatuation
He whiled away his time,
In thoughts and dreams
When she will be his own.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Coreolanus

He was a great warrior,
Of great might and led
The Army of a monarch,
Who added much land due
To his war chief's conquests.
Distant was his fame,
Which made other warriors
And monarchs jealous,
Which made brought them
Together to fight Coreolanus.
His beloved mother came
to know of this united army.
Which closed like the ocean,
And tearfully told her son
From fighting the kings.

Head held high, he consoled
His mother and put on the armour,
To fight the enemies with valour,
And to keep his king's honour,
Sped away to the battlefield.
Both armies met and fought,
a long lasting battle, but the might
Of the enemy was too much
For Coreolanus who fell
And died in the battlefield.

His mother kept her son's head
In her lap, gone was her son
But the honor of his deeds,
Made her wipe the tears.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Corporation

It stood tall

Among peers,

Made billions

Blind to the employee's

Woes, they worked

A backbreaking schedule,

Many times forgoing food

And sleep,

None to comfort them

The Corporation

Seeing on productivity,

The retired ones dreaming

Of slavedriving in sleep

Being promoted

For the happiness

Lost on being awake.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Corruption

It has entwined
Human like no before
The civilization,
Time a pectator
Money exchanged hands
For each work done
With the coruupt money
The man posed a rich one
All humiliiy and faith lost
In human beings,
It made rich sick people
For the enjoyment
Of material life,
friendship disappeared
By the disease of corruption.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Countries Of Division

Live we do in seperate
counties that devide
Us on borders for no reason,
With military guarding
As if someone is going
To attack us and put
Us jeopardy, with fears
Of mass killings and bombings,
Why should we have
Such absurd deivision
Of religion, monies,
Materials, cultures, practices
IHasn't the time for uniting
Passed long while ago,
Where all humans
Can live, travel, migrate
In harmony and make
a common destiny for survival.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Crematorium

It smelt of death
Body burning slowly,
WAfting through air,
Body leavingthe soul
All dreams coming
To an end,
Alll materialism
Being left
On the earth
For the person
Being forgotten slowly
Byt he ones left behind.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Cross Roads.

Here is a cross road,
With five roads meeting,
With vehicles rounding it,
Which ever way it takes,
One can go a place,
Either short by one,
Longer by others one by one,
Like the world is round,
Yet all pass it at the highest speed,
Like their life depends on it,
What is the hurry, they know not,
As if they are in a great hurry,
To spend their life at speed,
From birth to death,
The cross road junction,
Mutely watching each of them,
Smiling at their speed,
Knowign well they do the same things
At home, office or work place,
The cross roads silently
Advising them to slow down the pace.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Crow

It felt like a black sheep,
Wept for the color it had,
Yet sheened its feathers,
Cute was its appearance,
Compact its structure,
Yet none liking its appearance,
It lived on the crumbs
People left here and there,
Keeping its presence known,
Making the nest on the branch
Of a tree in the vicinity
Of humann existence
It went about teaching
Its young ones the trade
Of lifting the eatables,
The fast flight with the zigzag
Fashion in which it went about
To escape its predators
Stealers of food from its hold,
The crow did the man's
Scavenger acts, cleaning
The premises yet thankless
From the humans, generally
Disliking its nearabouts,
Often afraid what it will steal
The next time, but the crow
Was dark and beautiful,
Like a dark girl in gloss.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Crying.....

What makes you cry,
Your eyelashes wet,
Hot tears rolling
Down your cheeks,
Sobbing uncontrollable,
Trying to hide
Your feeling of hurt,
What could have happened,
Did someone ridicule you?
Did somebody desert you?
What made you
So uncontrollable,
Yet you looked more beautiful
When you shed tears,
Come and part
With your grief, yo share
And expeience together,
Say something to soothe you.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Cupid's Arrows

All are hot by the arrows
Of Cupid sometime or other,
Feeling its touches in the mind
Of soft love so much inborn
In all, but woken by him,
Many a times in life,
In teens, youth and oldage,
To bring a smile of hope
Of return of love, yet
So powerful is his touch
Still magnificent if not
Returned even if at all.
Many are mutual. he throws
the arrows simultaneous,
Leaving the pairs in bliss,
They know not what happens,
To their lives and up in bed.
He is the god, who, the head
Has left without any reasoning
To keep people in deep thought,
And dreams so realisable,
Yet so painful if not returned,
Which is also enjoyed
By people in happiness
Of lost love feelings
Kept forever deep
In their minds of lost oldflames.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Cycle.

I rode my bicycle for a number
Of years, before my car came,
In great delight of speeding
Away competing with buses
And cars, futile, but with
great happiness of riding
My own bike with own strength.

Places I travelled, saw monuments,
museiums, libraries, and coffehouses,
Went to college and university,
It was thee who made it
Without cost except small repairs,
Clocking alakh odd kilometres,
Withouth any pollution whatsoever.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

D U R A T I O N... (Couplet)

Duration is the time spent by fate in gyration,
To manifest itself how fate has no mate match.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Da Vinci

All that he drew turned
Into life to look upon the views,
Yet so still as if people became
Still in motion, moving everybody
who saw his ceations,
To become masterpieces,
guarded fiercely,
So no harm could happen
To them, so great was
His masterstrokes
With the brushes he used,
And making so much
Argumentations, even
To make poeple popular
Saying that he used his own
Face on the walls
Which stood for his works
To be kept alive.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Dancing With Passion

He danced with all passion
In his mind, when he had
A young blonde to dance with,
Supine was his body,
Rocked, yelled and gyrated
With the lass dancing by,
Sheer pleasure on his face,
The night lapsing by
In silence to their undulations,
When the party was over,
He left with a sigh,
But of satisfaction
Of winning a million beauties.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Dead Body.

It lay still in the box,
Ready to be transferred,
To be burnt as per custom,
Lifeless, it was,
But full of life
a few hours ago,
People admiring
The dead man's life,
Never done while alive,
He had a life of great
Expectations, his family
Mourning the grief
Of his departure,
especially, his wife, children
Who depended
On him for livelihood,
His colleagues showing
Some grief, but not
Very true, since they
Imagined that it was
Not they in his place,
Holding on to life,
Which they didn't know
What really to do with it,
The dead body's soul
May be happy,
Since it has finished
Its troublesome sojourn.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Dead Bird.

Till yesterday, it sat
On the powerline,
And the tree in the yard,
Sang soulful songs,
In different tunes,
Calling for it's mate,
Today it lay dead
On the street,
Not noticed by none,
Sometimes crushed
By the passing vehicles,
Spreading it on the road,
Of the remains it had,
I can't listen to its song
No more, took it's dead body
To the trash bin,
For it's burial somewhere.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Dead Sea.

The sea is dead,
With no qualms,
No salt in water,
The mud so devine,
The dead can rise,
From the land of resting,
With beings so quiet
With seldom wind blowing,
Not many waves made,
It lived a life
Different fom other seas,
Like life oozed out
But yet protecting
The life it can look after,
Why on earth,
It was so different
One wondered on it's shores
Yet none inhabiting it,
Not awre of the difference
It made from other ones.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Dead People's Tree.

The tree stood alone,
Inside a ground,
With huge walls,
Sometimes decorated
By a dead body,
Whenever a death
Occured in the community,
The tree had vultures
On it all over,
Which ate dead bodies
With much avarice,
Leaving the bones on ground,
The flesh torn, eaten,
The death a feast
To vultures, with the assumption
That the soul is transported
To the heavens,
If consumed by the vultures,
Which are nature's
Eaters of the dead ones
As it was in ancient times,
The ritual kept
By the community.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Deadly Life.

Life seems to be so deadly,
Many a times in both ways,
Trying to get near death,
Very much harassing
In our motive life,
somebody or other,
Attacking verbally,
Directly or indirectly,
As if they are the epitome
Of our lives repeating
Their harshness
Towards our soft minds, feelings,
why people are so
Fickle-minded is anybody's guess,
Making life a deadly
Experience, a path till death.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Death

This event happens to one and all,
Making every living being
To come to an end and dissolve,
Into the earth, which created
Everything on it, to live and feel
It's goodness and hardships,
Created to be enjoyed by it.

Death in it'd ever pristine form,
Dances every second, in rejoice
Of the end it has created,
Which none can decipher,
And if god or Satan is behind it,
Must have a busy schedule,
Of creating more from the death
It make out of every being.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Death Of Body

Peaceful it rests
And take the life
Out of everybody,
Never to let being move
Ends all miseries.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Death Of Great Aunt

She was the one who
Brought me up to ten,
When my mom was on a job,
Far away, at two thousand kms,
She fed me, gave me milk, ,
Taught me to read and write,
Made my special dishes,
Looked at the street,
For me to come back,
Each time I wrote to her,
Waiting for a glimpse of me,
Lived a good eight three
Years of love, compassion
Like that of a good mother,
All of a sudden, she expired
With tears of sadness
Of missing me on the deathbed,
She was the other name
For motherhood
Which we cannot explain.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Desert

Sand dunes lay

All along for miles and miles

With no animals

But with some crawling

Creatures,

With occasional mirages

Of lakes here and there

Still people lived

In the hot desert

Simmering in the heat,

Traded some goods of desert,

Commuting on camels.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Desert.

It lay long and winding,
Into nothingness,
With sanddunes allover,
Unending with mirages,
Of oasis, occassionally
Crossed by people
For the rock salt
To buy goods from the otherside
Of the great desert,
Carrying food and water
For months of survival,
Seeing some deser people,
Who lived in it,
The full circle taking
So many months,
But the travail an yearly episode,
The great desert
Somehow guiding
These folks, where the desert
Animals abound,
The desert's beauty undescrivable.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Devil Women Of Tommorrow ! .

Once upon a time like
No time has seen so much cruelty,
Like that of that of the devil women,
Hungry to make me deformed,
They chew the cud horrors,
Abuses, filthy thoughts, speeches,
And actions that time stood burning.

They fanned the fire hatred in others,
To damage the suffering of their past,
Which was inflicted upon them,
By the men of their acquaintance,
They bled them pained them by pulling
Nerves, brain and organs, through remote,
By robtics and through satellites,
Stolen from the past, which made machines,
For propogationof faith, so dear to mankind.

They made men insane, allured them,
Copulated, gave heavenly pleasures,
Tortured them slowly and severely,
Laughing, boozing drugging each other,
They killed the men, at last with a sinister smile,
Monies and large properties they made,
Dazzling themselves with gold and jewels,
By selling their brains and brawns, which praised
Transmitting thoughts through a mans head,
The infamous glries of lunatic politicians,
Greed for power, dollars and lusting for
Cheap beautiful bodies of half whores,
Who fought each other for some customers,
And dimes, and threw them on the face
Of their hubbies, at their plush homes.

The dame devils knew they were insane,
Hence enjoyed and succeeded,
In affecting the whole man populace,
Of the world, and and may be
Even far of beings of the far off constellations.

But one day, may the transmitter man catch,
Them with their stinking codes and secrets,
And will thrash them in the public,
And the devils will start burning,
In the fire of their own Devilry, evils,
Hatred and malice, jealousy and lust.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Devotion

He thought of the almighty
Allmost all his waking hours,
Every minute he said
Prayers in praise
Of his lord who ruled
His mind and body,
Felt his destiny was made
By the almighty he worshipped
Yet not knowing
Why so much misery
He went throughn his life
Often with dispeasure
Of so many happenings,
Yet he was happy
That it was of God's making
Felt solace in his devotion
Unwavering he lived
A life of serenity
which couln't be felt
By his fellow beings.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Devour And Endeavour

We are the billionaire lot,
Always endeavouring
To make more money,
Working the least,
But making others work harder,
We devour the maximum,
Both through mouth and pockets,
Hardly leaving anything
For others to experience,
But remember,
We have all the lux cars,
Castles, luxury yatches,
Pleasure homes to live in,
And remember that
Our bathrooms are larger
Than your living rooms.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Dew Drops

They hung to the trees,
Like diamonds on a necklace,
Cooling them,
The air filled with the mist,
Akin something exciting
To happen, sometimes
Giving an eerie look
To the atmosphere,
as if some fairy may land,
Do some magical thing,
While the dew drops
Watching the sunrays,
Making rainbow 's colors
Around them, sparkling,
Yet waiting to disappear
As a cloud to appear,
Another day, s dawn,
Smiling awhile, ate trees,
Nature, bees, early singing birds,
Their presence a pleasance,
That many watched every morning.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Diamond Accursed.

Like a piece of muddy glass,
It was obtained by the miner,
Who gave it to the owner of
Mines who stared and stared
At its large size and colour,
And gave it to the cutter,
Who made it into a many
Faced shining brilliant diamond.
It's journey started off with such
Events so secret but so much gory,
The thief who stole was stabbed
By his friend, who sold it to a king,
Who was beheaded in war,
The conqueror who possessed it
Committed suicide on waning
Of his brutal infamous conquests,
Taken by a merchant, shot by
another merchant, to possess
The most lovely diamond,
Ran over by a truck while
Speeding away, at last the diamond,
installed by the government,
For public view, with typhoons
Onfesting its place surrounding
Its building and towns., and cursing
Everyone it saw from its cage.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Digital World

The world was all manual

Everything made by hands,

But has developed, alas

Gadgets of digital kind,

Most factories running

On Automatic machines,

The planes by autopilot

The cars also becoming

More automated,

The man from the bushes

Has come a long way,

To be led by gadgets

And computers in the future.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Disease

This one made its onslaught,
Through the blood, then the liver,
Making her bedridden,
Slowly she moved
To the doctors' cabin,
Who prescribed her
So many medicines
Like some food to eat,
She went pale, lips swollen,
With rashes of the antibiotics
She swallowed, cracking
Her throat and tongue,
She was totally like her
Usual self, running around
Cooking, fending for family,
Sad and crying most of time
At her plight and helplessness,
Recovering very slowly,
Like the god was angry
For some mistake
She knew not what,
Worrying everyone around,
Sending sad waves of emotion,
Like the life slowly ebbing.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Does It Really Matter?

Why should it matter,
Whether love is returned
Since it best for giving,
The real happiness is
Being a loser in love,
Cause one is never satisfied
With however much
One gets back,
Life seems more sweet
Giving away love,
Innocence of unexpectedness
Of it being returned,
It can go on and on
To as many as who come by,
Let love remain love,
Pure and serene, not a bargain.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Doubt

I was in doubt

Whether i was good enough Or not

Whether I was in love or not,

Whether I was sick or not,

Whether I was old enough or not,

Whether I was young enough or not,

Whether I will live longer or not

With this doubt I lived my life

For Sixtyfive years.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Dream

During my sleep

I had a dream,

My lovegirl

Appeared

Flirted with me,

Spoke no nothings to me,

Played games with me

But alas she was gone

When I opened my eyes.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Drought

The road simmered

In the heat,

Flowers died

No fruits being born

Trees withered

With dead leaf,

Land parched

With broken mud,

Rivers shorn

Without water,

Drought came to the land

Of plenty,

With people left

Without water and food,

Danced the twist of death.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Dude.....A.

Walking straight
Like a ramp model,
He imagined himself
One of the most handsome,
Thinking all women
Are after him
For his love, loving him
Close to their heart,
Her travelled in a new
Fast car, wore clothes
Of big and costly makes,
Waving his hand to everyone,
Like he is very special,
Dames smiled at him
From behind, without
His knowledge, he never
Trying to let himself
Fall for any dame,
Or asking for a party
He was a dude like
Many other without letting
Himself have
The small pleasures
Other youngsters enjoyed.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Dumb Girl

Profound her silence,
Mute were her words,
But all understood her,
She was intelligent with her signs,
Comely was her face,
Lithe were her body,
Graceful in her mannerisms,
She discarded the signs
Of the males for bodily pleasures,
she wanted to be loved,
Bu only onw man in earnest,
Her soul yearned for her
Commin prince charming,
Waiting for him to arrive,
She went about her chores
With a smile to everyones' liking,
Much gaiety she showered
Around her silent actions,
Which none other than
Simple love can manifest,
In silence which was her signature.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Elephant

It stood huge
Ate a lot
But when tamed
Listened to the mahout
Showed tricks
Made people
ride its backside
A gentle creature
Living ahundred
Years sometime,
Lived with people
With quiet peace.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Elephant Indian.....

It stood still in chains,
Recollecting it's youth
In the green forest
With it's mother,
living with it's family,
Other children in the gang,
How it was caught
By the humans
By digging a pit
Where it fell and tried
To climb up,
But was caught, chained
Was taught to behave
In several manners,
To drag weights, wood
By it's tusks entwined
By a rope, how to stand
Still in a line with other elephants,
To move in tandem,
For human celebrations
Carrying idols on his head,
Decorated by golden pendants,
By it's drunken mahout,
Beating up, poking
With metal pointers,
It always dreamt of the streams.
Mudbaths with other wild ones,
Crying in silence,
Shedding tears, now and then,
The elepohant dreamt
Of a female it will not
Meet in it's lifetime,
Lived the life like a saint,
Huge in size, yet mute
Cursing the onslaught
Of humans of it's habitat
And making him a slave.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Elvis, The King Of Muses

Have you ever heard
A pilot singing to such
Great fame unparalleled
In the history of music,
he composed gave music
Sang it with great applause
to become the king of muses
Of the west, even dancing
To the rythm, so perfect
His lean body made
Like ribber oscillatted,
Twisting in all directions,
Giving a new dimesion
To Music and dance
That a university was, ade
in his owner, but short was
His life like all thing come
To an end fast and sudden.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

E-Mail

It goes everywhere,
From continent to continent
Country to country,
Person to person,
business to business
Of love, dating and hatred
Making money-
The right and wrong ways,
In the form of courier charges
Of lotteries, lawyer fees
For sharing false inheritances,
Tmail has come a long way
To replace the letters
Posts and couriers
To rule the newly awakened
The ones to be taught
On computers freshly,
In the areas of backwardness
Of date enlightened tomorrow.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Embrace An...(Coup Let)

An embrace is for ever a remembrance of love,

Rendered unselfish, seldom forgotten, without any cost whatsoever.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Europe.....

A continent of revolutions,
happenign every year,
It is the father of modern world,
With te communism,
Reformations, social revolutions,
It tought the world,
Of the rule of people,
The so desired democracy,
With emancipated scientists
Finding out new invntions,
Theories, it was the hot pot
Of the world, where
All others took their lessons
Imitating it closely,
And for the nature being
From cold to hot, winter
Summer, spring, autumn
Playing its due roles,
From oceans to mountains
It spread a lot of things
Matters for the world to study.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Expectations.(Couplet)

Expectations are like inexpectable feelings,

Seldom fulfilled yet nice to carry around till they die.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Eyeful (Couplet)

An eye ful of curves and bulges,

Make one's day fruitful and delightful.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

FOLK DANCE

The street was lighted,
With lighted bulbs in hand,
the group moved along
With singers, at the back
Of which danced the dancers
In tandem to the song
And music, clapping
Their hands, for a few
Long hours,
With colored dresses,
Enlightening the surroundings
Drummers beating
To the song, pipers
Blowing in melodious glory,
All came out to watch
The illuminated, enlighting
Folklore and dance
Which spoke of a love
which happened
Thousand odd years afore,
Giving the same old glory
Passed on for centuries.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fabric Of Love

It is so fine, like a sheet
Put in to present to Victoria,
So thin yet so strong,
Stands all troubles,
Turbulences, the ones involved
Goes through like a storm
But feeling like a gail,
Soft and touching all minds
Softly, yet strong,
But it is not everyone
Who makes this fabric of love,
Strong and genuine,
And benefit the from the strenght
So carefully made
From the deeper inside.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Faith (Triplet)

Faith says the soothsayer, is a myth

Discarded even by the most faithful,

Used only when it suitabel to them.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Faithless.....

He was faithless many a time,
The secret matings He had,
Belching on the thoughtd.s,
Of cheating his wife,
Without her knowing,
Though she was faithful to him,
He had a kick of cheating,
And thought of the luscious once
He shared the bed with,
Never ever he dreamt
Of being fully faithful,
More affairs he desired for,
What he exactly got out of it,
He din't know, yet gloated
On the newness of the flesh
He caressed with adulation,
His most cherished thoughts
Were his faithlessness,
But he love his wife dearly too,
His twotimings his speciality.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fallen Flower.

It lay on the floor,
Whithered from the stock,
Which held it firmly,
Lifeless and the scent
Gone forever,
Not praised by anybody,
As it was in it's prime,
Reminding of our own selves,
Stamped by the passersby,
It's beauty gone,
Shrivelled to be unrecognizable
Of which flower it is,
Bees passing by
Ignored it which tasted
It's honey till yesterday.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fat Woman

She had broad breasts,
More broad backside,
Oggling at the males
Passing by, she walked on,
Reminiscing of her times
When she was lean
And comely, when
All the neighbourhood boys
Chased for her attention,
She was still comely,
But like the sex queens
Of old time movies,
But with little attention
Paid to her, she felt
Very cheated by the fat
She carried, unable
To reduce her buxom boissom,
Nor the protruding middle,
But had many a n old man's
Stares to her credit.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Father

Father from east had a child,
From a marriage his mother
Disowned and threatened
to commit suicide, if he does not
Marry her niece as per custom,
Remarried left his child and mother.
Years passed by, the memory
Of his tortured him, promised
Him a million, which the son
Denied, and lived with
His stepfather, which pained
The real father, who took
to the street and the places
Of worship to get rid of his actions
And died heartbroken
On the pavement of a temple.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fear

It lingered like
A dark cloud,
Scaring the other
Thoughts away,
All alone, it swept
The bottom of mind,
With sheets of turbulence,
Life like coming
To a still, stopping
All other activities,
Showing it's destructive
Process, with nothing
Positive, or evolving,
It knocked off the peace
Of mind and whereabouts,
It ruled it's lonely existence
Over everything calm
And quiet, liking
It is end of all ends.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fear (Couplet)

Fear is something that does not wear out,
Even if the sown on the filed of fertile minds.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Feel Feminine.....

She felt a little shy looking
At handsome men
Wanting to date them
In solitute and in conversation
Private sharing the feelings
Of both. dying her hair
Using lotions to remove
Unwanted hair over her body,
Drenching her face with
Other costly solutions
Doing exercises aplenty,
To attract all the men
She meets, feeling hot
In her private parts,
Yearing now and then
For a lasting kiss
She walked lithe
With her body swinging
Like a catwalker
Thinking of romance
Every six minutes
The way she was made
By the gods who made
Adam, Eve, Serpant and apple.

Ravikiran arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Female Soldier

in her teens she joined
The military academy,
dreaming of defending
Her country all the while,
Passed out with ranks
And colors, bettering the males,
She served the army,
In full faith and dedication,
till the male superiors
Made advances for mating
Pleasures which she resisted
And was tried to be raped
for which she went
to the military courts,
and getting court marshalled
By the male chauvanists
Siding the superiors
Ending up without the job
Or jail due to the intervention
Of Supreme court of the country,
where did justice and faith
Disappear with her condition?

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Female.(Couplet)

Female is femme like a mail,

A male gone fearfull of their tales.

Ravikiran arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Festival Of Lights - Deepavali

On this day was the demon
Killed and virtue preserved,
When the people celebrate
With crackers, firebombs,
Crackling the street with delight
Eat all the sweets they can
Consume with much delight,
Gives the shopkeepers happily
Selling everything from hair pins
To luxury cars flaunted by
The ones enjoying the day
In much celebration and pomp
Hugging friends and relatives
All the day long for celebration
Is here for the victory over Evil.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fingers

All of you ten numbers
Fellows are defferent
From each other, even
Your prints are never same
In all billions of people.
All the achievements
Of people made on
This globe, were made
By you in unision
With the brain people
Posess but not aware
Of your great worth.

You made feats in Engineering
Marvels in art, tools,
Sculptures, architecture
Scripts and books, you made
The contribution of which
Is sung in great lenght
But not the praise for you.

Many use their mouth or feet
To write and paint, but there is
Real substitute for you,
Who can change even
The moods of people
By pointing a finger at them,
Adding to your expressions.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fireflies.

They are flies born out
Fresh new rains, of today,
Flying around the fire
we lit to ward of the cold,
Brough by the rain.
They flew against the small
Gail tha blew acroos the bushes,
Which gnawed at the rain drops,
Stopped a few hours back.

They flew and flew round
The flames of the fire,
Taking in the heat the fire made,
And danced like butterflies,
Failing to bring the grace,
To fall into the fire, making
Small sparkles and sound,
Living a very short life,
And again ascended to heavens.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

First Lessons Of Passion.....

He was from southeast,
No dating, no sex
Before weddings,
Which is very holy to abide by,
Yet, the lois gurgling
For some mating,
For both the sexes,
Youth life a dream,
Of passion to be experienced
Of much later times
Than the west,
Our man walked
Into a hotel where
He was asked or wished
For some excitement,
With his virtue in doubt
He agreed, and a damsel
Was carried above
In the upheld arms of men,
she smiled and they made
Small talk, and pulled down
Their clothes down,
They made love, whence
She was called
For more customers,
She staggering a bit,
With the manly punches
He made on the bed,
A very young whore,
In satisfaction of love,
Fulfilled unlike
In her profession
To earn a few bucks
For survival, he learning
The first lessons of passion,
For the use of wedded nuptials.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

First Rain.

The heat simmered on the ground,
Road, all around, with the hot air
Blowing with a vengeance,
When it grew dark, by the dark clouds,
Suddenly it started rained titter, pitter,
The air smelling sweet with wet ground
The smell thrilling the nostrils,
Trees dropping droplets of water,
From the fresh rain,
Small rivulets on the ground,
The month long wiat of the ground,
Being on it, blessed for more,
The first rain came again,
As a welcome visitor,
Like all the years, but fresh and newer
Again, to the delight of the mind,
The thoughts of life's misery
Temporarily to be replaced,
By new hope and delight.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fish

I live in cool deep waters
with my friends in cool, always
Swimming circumventing
The rocks and the weeds,
Away from the din of the soil,
Perpetuating always,
In disdain to the nets of man,
Visiting the sights that make
Anyone feel fresh territories,
Along with algae, starfishes,
Seacucubers, octopuses
Some of are blind since
We forgot the use of eyes,
But the sights are breath taking,
We, all the while escaping
From the sharks and the biggies
To live a life of peace unlike
Our cousins on the shore
Or in surface waters, whom
the cruel men hunt by
Making them their food,
And looting the treasures
Of oceans created ages ago,
To make more hungrier
For sea faring and eating us.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fisher Woman

Laid in a basket,
She carried the fish,
For selling from door to door,
Making a few bucks
A day, she toiled
Walked a long way
And back home,
To her children and drunken
Husband, who beat her up
And took all the money
she earned the full day,
She lived with money
Given outside to another
Woman, sent her children
To school for a little
Studies, to become
Full human beings,
Be away from her harassing
Husband, who worked
And drank all day long,
She trode on taking
All the abuses, smell of fish,
To make a living going
For herself and children.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fisherman

He took off in a small boat
With a single oar and a net
To venture into the sea,
To catch the flowers of the sea,
Fish in plenty, in his net
Went deep and far from the shore
Getting his boat tumbled
Up and down driving hard
Against the wind and waves
In the great silence of seas
Passing by staring barracudas
Whales, sharks, unafraid
Stopping in the mid ocean,
To spread his net, catching
A netful produce of the sea
Filling, brimming his boat,
Lolling in the waves,
Returning to the shore
In great happiness, to meet
His loved ones, leaving
The orange skyline on course
To the shallow waters
In front of his humble hut.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Flood

It poured all day

And night,

As if skies opened up

Killed many animals,

People stranded on

High ground

No proper water

Being available,

Hungry and wet,

Government stalled

Houses under water

Killing some People

Due to flooded areas,

People organizing

Food and water to shelters

Water made its fury

Man made due to

Climate change because

Of High emission.

Florence Nightingale

She went around
The warcamps with
A hurricane lamp,
Nurising the wounded
Soldiers, who fought
For their nations,
But did she have
A fright in mind
Of the night and unknown,
With love glowing
In her heart all could see
Whispering to the wounded,
And crying men,
A lone woman amongst
Fighters, she was
An angel that people
Could see and feel,
Curing as many
As she could, shedding
and paying for the dead
With the voice of a noghtingale.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Flying Kiss (Couplet)

A flying kiss from a missy is never missed,

But passed back without any miss at all.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Food, Oh Food!

I have been chasing that truck,
For 2kms, now and I will be dead
For the morsel the world cannot reach me,
Or the gods that cant make in my soil.
Why do these guys fight madly,
Brother to brother, friend to friend,
I and my type of folks live and die,
For the the beliefs and wrath
They carry, billions on arms are
Here to fight, but not a grain
To swallow, the land has become
Waterless and dry, even the rivers
have flown away, as if scared of
Human madness, Oh food, food
When will you appear for our hungry
Souls, which sure will go to heavens,
Since our penance are over forever,
And our sins have been wahed away
For all the humanity by our hunngry stomachs.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fool's Paradise.

A paradise existed,
in the mind of a fool,
Who dreamt of things
Not attainable by him,
Like a very beautiful dame
As a bride, a Rolls Royce,
A big luxuriuos yatch,
A few millions' worth of house,
A private jet for his use,
But the dream was his own,
No one could question,
He laid on the sofa
And dreamt away to glory,
No string attached,
No cost to be paid,
Life like a dream hw spent,
All his hours of restful time,
To be savoured alone.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

For You Only.....

I am waiting for you only,
For years on end,
Why haven't joined me,
what makes you so hesitant,
We know each other
Body and soul, how long
Will we remain sepeated,
Or is it that you cherish
Our daily sepearations
Find it sweeter,
than the ordinary things,
You may have
To stand or share,
I wiat for you to come home,
Forever to make our nest,
And be sweet hearts together,
I have kept my heart open
For you and only you.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Forest

Darkness lay at the bottom,
Of the forest, dark and thick,
With the daylight making
Streaks here and there,
monkeys played
On the branches,
Leopards prowled for preys,
Snakes crawled on trees,
Birds whistled, hooted, sang
As if in an orchestra,
Wind whistled through
The bamboo thickets,
Orange splashed by
The Forest fire trees,
Rivulets murmured a songlet,
With falls on the mountainside,
Covered by the forest,
Life was casual and slow,
In the forest, from where
From where we originated.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Forlorn Love

She was in sad mood,
Feeling for the lover,
who discarded her
For another one,
Had she waeved
A number of dreams
Living him in blissful love,
Sleepless, she mourned
His leaving her,
Like the end of her life,
She pulled on life,
Always lost in thought,
Further along the time,
Forgetting him slightly,
She felt good his leaving,
For her love not returned
And searched for
A better mate to last long.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fornlorn Love

i loved her so much
she was so beautiful
to my eyes, i wanted her
so much, i could die
for my love, but she
married a rich man
and left me with my love.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Four Hands And Four Legs

Somewhere in Bengal,
In the east of India,
Was born a girl child,
With four hands and legs,
Not knowing yo stand
On which legs,
Nor knowing to use
Which fingers to pick up,
She would have been
Thought divine or monstrous,
Was opeated upon by doctors
Of the south, to remove
The extra legs and hands,
To attain a normal girl
When she was four year old,
Thus was a feit accomplished
A success in five thousand cases.
A marvel in modern science.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Four Letter Words

Are we not so sensitive
To the four letter words
Which we use profusely,
At every next breath
Yet hate them coming
From someone else
What is so incorrect
And unworthy, we have
The same organs and acts
Never using in respectable
Parlance or in yexts
So much read by us,
But with averice in a thriller,
Read by billions of us
Day in and day out! !

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Fourteen Days Of Misery.

She fell on the sofa,
Not able to speak,
Almost still,
She was taken to emergency,
Of the hospital
At night so still,
Put on ventilator,
Other support systems,
Her husband waiting
Day and night
In the chair given,
Till she progressed
After eleven days,
with tubes and constant
Dialysis, it was he who suffered
The most, the tension, pains
Of endless waiting
Extending the life
To fourteen days of utmost misery.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Frau'Pblem

Love is a fraubplem,
Which men cant overcome
Women having the upperhand
Choices for them
To choose from many,
From poor to rich
Unknown to common,
Blessed is the dame
With a cute face and a lovely
Body To flaunt to men
And smirk silently
At the advances made by them,
Throwing sweet smiles
To the ones they like,
Fraublem is every mans problem.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Free Bees.(Couplet)

Welcome to all free bees

Like the honey for the honeybees.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

French Teacher

Being in Paris for over
Thirty years, he taught
French to younsters
At sixty five, reminscing
The Eiffel tower, the squares
Of Paris, the promenades
The painters, especially
The beuties, with a smack
Of his old lips, mentioning
Them quite often,
But not mentioning
The life of love he led,
He lived ina old fort like house
Looking after his
Wife and shy daughter,
With thought of france
Where he lived so long,
For company of his oldage.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Full Moon.....

Cool moon shine showered
the waves in the sea,
Like a silver spread,
Shimmering in the rays,
Shattering with the lolling
Water in the gentle breeze,
Small bats doing somesaults
With black wings,
The trees in the shore
With a hal in the moonshine,
The full moon looked down
Coolly upon earth,
Spreading an eerie peace
And quiet, with only
Cricckets singing
Their songs with their
Hoary hairy bodies,
Boats with small lights
In the distance of ocean,
Moon traversed from east to west,
Smiling on th lovers
A million and odd in arms
The moonlight only way
To witness their secret love.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Full Of Lust.

The youth filled with
Full of lust,
Inexplicable, not understood,
The feeling enjoyed
By one and all,
The feeling in the loins
Like a joyful pain,
Both the sexes
Never to overcome the same,
But welcoming
With open arms,
Why this happens
To everyones wonderment,
An act of procreation,
Suppression of which
Becomes holy,
Control becomes faith to humans.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Funny Bones

Sometime ago
In a graveyard,
Some bones
From the coffins
Came to life,
Found their own owners
Missing, made a plan,
To unite with available ones
To form a complete skeleton,
And enjoy the pleasures
Which their former owners
Could not achieve
In their lifetime,
Entered a bar,
Scared the bartender,
Butlers to death,
Ate all they could consume
And vacated the place,
Without paying the bills,
Continued their rampage
And set out on a world tour
Without passport and visas,
But ultimately ended up
Again being arrested
For using the claim
As VIP ambassador's
Visas to enter Timbuktu
in Africa, and using
False passports and visas.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

GUARD

He stood still for a long time,
Open the barricade
For incoming vehicles,
Saluted the superiors continuously,
In the forest coffee estate,
At night sat alone,
In the cubicle made for him,
Thinking of his predecessor,
Who was thrown to death
By a vicious wild elephant,
How he sat still when it visited again,
Shivering with fright,
But it returned after hooting
In a shrilling blood curdling
Sound that can be heard for miles,
Making to return to his home
Far a long way,
Yet his monthly emoluments
For his big family
Do what all have to do,
Life looked peaceful, but eerie
At other times, stillness
Cooing of birds, running rabbits
Giving him company,
He smile all the while pleasantly
Ignored by the incoming
Persons, staff of his estate,
But his soul was a lovely one
Which very few stopped to think about.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Gandhi The Greatest

He is the freatest among the greats,
Fighting opprsson with non-violence,
Experimenting with his own life,
Even in sex at his times where
Sex was a taboo world across.
So great was the love he created,
the whitemen never felt like torturing
Or even killing him afraid of
The reprecussions it will make
For them to continue to rule.

He kept his promises, even not
Allowing his children the foerirgn
Education, which felt so alien,
Taught by the then violent whites,
Who ruled torutring, cutting organs,
And killing the citizens whom
they felt opposed their horror rule,
Controlled from far away, for
Looting his country of it's produce.

So great was his power of mind
And words, that the criminals and
Religious bigots threw away their
Metal Weapons and followed
Non-violence which eh preached
To humanity, and made the whites,
Leave the country, without violence.

He was all the greats put toghether,
The Buddha, Jesus, and Mahavir,
What hte whites achieved in thousand
Years, obtained in fifty years.
No words can praise his thoughts,
And actions, but alas, can be of
Lesson to the present polticians,
Before the people will raise again
May be with violence since
They had wiped out Gandhis's

Advice by their actions of corruption
And use of his name for material gains,
And herarchical rise of offsprigs,
Despite many of their children
Cheating the illgotten wealth.

May the world become non-violent,
And have peaceful thoughts and actions,
LIke the gratest of greats, Mahatma
Preached which none can discard.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Ganges

she bore a civilization,
She fed her children.,
Made passage for them,
And bore their dead bodies
In her lap half burnt

.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Garland Of Flowers.

This is the garland of flowers,
Of many hues, colours and scents,
They are but dead and forlorn
No more able to feed the bees,
Who wept heir demise.

Wild were their homeland,
Transplanted to the farms,
For the dough for men,
Who harvested merciless.

The land which bore them
were once was wild,
Happily they nourished,
The flowers in the past.

The lovers who wore them,
Never saw their colors,
Or breathed their scents,
For mere show of their loves.

Buried the flowers lay,
Not bearing the fruits,
Which they did in the past,
And their souls were unfulfilled.

In silence the flowers prayed,
For their natural demise,
Salvation of souls in future,
And make the men kind to their kind.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Geek

She woke in the morn,
Took bath swiftly
And off she went to work
Moving only in the chair
Till late evening
She worked for a marginal
Better salary,
Without much fun
She lived on
To be tired of life
In the youth itself.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

German Teacher

He was so fragile,
Six feet two in height,
Even a wind wilted him down,
With almost a frail
And a tall wife,
Both in the dept of German,
He talked of his country
Came to university
In a walkswagon,
Taught eins, drie, fief
Sext, seben, oct, noin
Etc to all the students,
He a professor in german,
Very cool and gentle
His wife more gentle,
When told by me
'Guten Morgen, Herr, '
Scampered away
As if laughted at
Being Hitler's follower,
He hit a rkshawman,
By his Valkswagon
Emptied his purse
Gave all the contents,
To the furous rikshawman,
And described his fright,
To all the students,
In English with duetch tang,
Was not to be seen
After my vist to th varsity,
Thirty years later.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Ghost.

It loitered around day and night,
For the peace he couldn't get,
For the salvation it couldn't get,
For the lifting to the heavens,
Looking around feeling jealous,
Of common peoples' lives
Which It did while living,
Sometimes getting a delight
Of scaring the ones in night,
Unseen it wandered,
Sometimes delighted
Since it need not work,
It's lifecycle monotonous,
Wondering when it will be
Transported from the earth,
But yet conversing with similiar
Ghosts who came by,
All almenting their plight,
Which none could understand,
As to why the lazy ghosts were sad.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Gigolo...The....

He is available for a price
With various services
Ranging from chauperoning
To getting laid in gusto
With various postures
And sublime happiness
Leading to orgasms
For the dames without
The nuptial pleasures
Unsatisfied so far,
Costly he is, handsome hunk
He is to the look pleasures
And to be boasted
By the women's circle,
He lives a life of sexual
Attainment both for him
And rich luxurious buyers
Of his expensive services.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Ginger Woman

She always acted gingerly,
To all in the office, outside,
But golden was her heart,
Not seen by the nearby,
Kind acts she did many,
Yet not reciprocated,
She felt often oppressed,
Depressed, she behaved
In a fashion often misunderstood,
Yet straight was her behaviour,
Loving one and all
From her innerside,
She was beautiful too,
But kept away the males
For fear of cheating her love
Everyone called her gingerwoman,
But she was sweet
Like the sugarcane,
Or the honey which none realized.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Girl On A Motorbike.....

She rode a powerful
Motorbike, crossed
Two countries in Europe
Inside one hour,
Parked the bike
Near a public garden,
Walked to the bench,
To be hugged
By a forty year old,
Her lover and professor,
Laid on the bench
At seven in the morning,
Made mad love with him,
Stood up, buckled her
Windcheater and rode
Away back to her college
Which she did for four years
Almost every day
Till she did her graduation.

Ravikran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Gold

Everyone runs
After the yellow metal
Valued more
Than money
Looting by thieves
Killing for gold,
It has run its life
Of human greed
Much loved by the women
So many thousands
Of life lost
We wonder
How long this
Dominance will last
May be till humans last.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Good Bye! City! !

Good bye to thee city,
I have had enough of your
Dance floor, dancing girls,
Call girls, big arcades,
Promenades, stadiums,
Theatres, megamalls,
Fast luxury cars, executives,
Bosses, broad avenues,
Big parks, and so many
Other you offered to me.

Goodbye to you and your
Busy life, I am returning
To my lovely native village
Where friends are not
Greedy, jealous, and bossing
Over or slips a meaningless
Smile on their plain faces.

Here i will live in peace,
With loving friends near
My old school reminiscing
The hazardous life you gave
To me, which is not easy
To leave, but the nature
Will change my mind
And let me live in love,
With no regrets to leave behind.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Good Shepherd

He walked with a lamb
On his shoulder, guiding
The sheep herd for
Its grazing, singing hymns
Of the almighty's praise,
Attracting every one in his path
Talking of god's greatness
Loving all being everlasting,
Telling his tales of old times
When people lived in peace,
Ruled only by the law of god,
But feared was he as the godsend
And the godson, fearful
Of his innocent utterings,
The healing touches he made,
He was crucified for no reason
Causing to be the most worshipped
Daily drunk and eaten
As his flesh and blood
With far reaching institutions,
Which overtook the same empire,
In its own place in times to come.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Greatness (Cpuplet)

Greatness is what everyone runs after,
But the least gets this stage of madness.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Green And Red

Colors we love and make
Most prominent are
Green and Red
Since we are made from
the green of plants
filled with chlorophyll
and we made
Of haemomoglobin
Deriving from fruits
Nuts and grains of plants
And the birds and animals
Who eat them, we cannot
Survive without the green
In this blue planet
Full of trees, plants and grass
To end up in them
Through the soil
Which feeds all colors
So dear to eyes and brains.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Guantanamo Prison.

It contained all sorts
Of prisoners, from nations
Far and wide, merciless
Was the treatment met out
To them, though, criminals,
Yet inhuman treatment,
Kept in confinement,
On suspicion and otherwise,
They last many years
Of precious life,
many innocents among them,
Guantanamo, was an epitome,
Of illtreatment, misknowledge
Of how to treat humans,
Though committed crimes
Hated by one and all,
It stood tall, in being
One of the worst places
To live in, even compared
To the slaves of yesteryears.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Guru Shankaracharya.

A boy with his mother,
Entered the waters of river,
Playing with the waves,
early in the morning,
In the cool dewy windy times,
Suddenly was caught
By the leg by a crocodile,
Boy splashing
And half submerged
Shouted to his mother,
Who cried aloud and prayed
To the god and told him,
That the boy will be made
A virtuous priest,
When the crocodile left the boy,
Who was taught all
Vedas, puranas, which are
The most sacred verses
Of a three hundred years afore,
And became a bachelor saint,
Who taught all the people
In his travails on foot
All over the country, India,
Made many temples,
Renovated many old ones,
Established four ashrams,
Which are even sacred of date,
The young man united
With the goddess he prayed
Always, to go to heavens,
At an early age of thirty,
Sankaracharya is
The holiest priest
Ever made in the holy Bharath
Which is called India now.

Ravikiran Arakkal

Guten Morgen, Guten Morgen

Guten morgen, guten morgen,
Good morning, good morning,
It is another new day, calling
You to wake up for a fresh day,
Who knows what good is in store,
Toady apart from the smoke,
Din fo traffic and jams on the road,
May be you will get a nice
Treatment which was there
Never before, may be a kiss,
Or the job will be superb,
With an evening endearing.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

HARDSHIP.....

Life seemed to be
Almost unbearable,
Most of days hungry,
Clothes little to wear,
Torn to tidbits,
A shelter hard to come by,
Shivering in winter,
Wet in the rain,
In the hut with holes,
Hunger growling
In the empty stomach,
Work none to do,
If done paid paltry,
Not enough to quench thirst,
Or feed the hunger,
Children howling
In misery not known,
They led life at the brink
Of death they dreamt,
Stealing, theiving not known,
Yet seeming to be
Very requisite to their condition
But yet not good
At that art, they lived
A life of honesty,
Looked on by the almighty
Perhaps in despair
Unable yo provide
Even food let alone other stuff.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

HEROINE (Couplet)

Heroine like the drug heroine hit the young male minds,

Make exotic, quixotic images and goes under her influence for long.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

H O M O.....

He was a hunk
On a motorbike, disbursing
Hateful looks at women,
More hateful to the more comely,
He having lu cars, yatch,
Million buck houses,
Eyeing with watered mouth
At the men passing by,
Sexing with likeminded,
Arseholes opened
And baged for pleasure,
With moush to moush kisses
Their actions breaking Homes,
Homo lived a life of peasure
Of different kind, entwining
Mating male bodies
For the dislike of softness
Women offered, why this
Happens from immemerial,
Now that this has become
The famous acts, as if
In defiance of god's ordains.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

H U S B A N D.....

I was faith in all sense,
In thought, speech and action,
Dedicated to the wife,
He lived his life for her,
Taking her every where he went,
Doing many chores for her,
He was ready to die for her even,
While she was childlike,
Abusing at every turn
Of her childish mind,
Sometimes turning violent,
even when he looked
At other damsels,
donning herself with innocent
Yet ruthless doubt,
Her heart weak, sometimes
Bedridden, she gave a sort
Of hellish experience
Even which he felt heavenly,
He was a husband
Of many a ones alike,
Wondering the woman hood
And her companionship
A bit too hard to .

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Halo! There!

Halo, there, didn't
We meet there,
Laughed and joked
In the night
For a long time,
sharing our good,
Bad, miserable times,
Seperated all a few years
Before, have you forgotten
All that happened
That day of fun, frolic,
Our jests about
Our own lives,
How we had been foolish
So many times,
At so many places,
With so many people,
How we fooled so many,
Did you forget all that,
Now I can see it in your eyes,
You recollect our sharing
Of so many thoughts.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Hammer And Sickle

They fought the lords, fuedal
Won freedom, land, properties
To form a Goverenment
And chose the hammer and sickle
As the motiff on their flag,
To last a long time to come
But seeing the prosperity
Of the rich and famous
Of lands foriegn, to untie
Their tounges by laws made
By themselves, and dicators
Their party created, they shrugged
Their own yoke of making,
But to land up in problems
Of poverty, inequality,
To create confused ethos
Not knowing to return to their
Old rule of hammer and sickle.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Hang Man

He sat almost lifeless,
Thinking of his surroundings,
Free from the sinful thoughts
He carried due to his occupation,
He was a hangman,
By profession, living
Out of the hangings
He carried out for the law
Of the land he was born,
Many a times torturing
His mind of the thoughts
Of the writhing bodies
He hung, mostly at night
Or the early morning,
Worrying about his sins
He felt he committed
For himself and family,
For both the ends to meet,
Now that he retired,
Many a time he felt
The free air, the suffocation
Of a night before a hanging
Lost at last, but with dreams
Of many a past hanging,
To wake up to find
That he is free of his duties anymore.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Happy Bachelor.

She was goodlooking,
Never married,
Not in an affair iether,
She walked lithe, slim,
A bachelor woman,
Not much heeding
To the advaces of males,
Always happy, never
Having to care for
A husband or family,
She sang to herself
Most of the time,
Did her own chores,
With a smile, helping
As many as she could,
All loved her in office,
But matrimony was
To her a tie, for life,
So she let life alone
To spend alone,
Never worrying too much
About anything,
Not wanting to raise
A family, with only
Good thoughts in her
Mind, she was a happy
Bachelor girl,
Most married ones
Was jealous about.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Harakiri (Couplet)

Harakiri is the braveman's action,
Ending life when it is in trouble forever.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Harry Potter

Rowling sat and thought
And thought thought and thought
Finally ending up in a boy
Harry Potter who fought
With evil magicians,
Chased by monsters
Saving many innocent fellows
Going through falling boiling
Oil, smoky fearful passages
Evil looking birds on their fannies
In the darkest of nights,
With boys and girls fighting
The monsters running
Through pages which
the children devoured
In billions waiting for a copy
From four a.m. till midnight
Paying hugely for the mysteries
Harry Potter brought them,
Making Rowling a millionaire
Who had found even
A price costly, her imagination
Satisfying the eager readers
Giving a fame which time
Will find to raise very difficult.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Heart Song.

It sang tunes not known
So far, melodious
With full of feelings
Of a happiness
Thus far unknown,
Of something grand
Which happened
Without any forethought
Or foretelling,
Listening to which
Was a feeling
Of being on the borders
Of heavens, yet many blissful
Occurrences to happen
The heart sang unstoppable
Like a cuckoo seeking
It's far off mate
By it's melodious rendering
Whatever be the case
The heart's song was
A welcome visitor uninvited.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Hey Ram !!

Thou was born as a prince,
Wedded to the daughter of earth,
Stolen by a Demon king,
while thou were in forest,
as per the wishes of your
Bereaved father to keep
A promise to your fourth stepmother,
Thou fought a divine battle
To win and kill the demon king,
With the help of monkey king
And his subjects, thou art,
The epitome of manly faith,
Ever dedicated to your queen,
Who went under the earth,
After you had to testify her purity,
By making her walk over fire,
As per wishes of your subjects,
Thou the son of god, as a man,
Kindly bless us to revive
Your kingdom of justice and prosperity.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Hibiscus

One flower blossomed
Today, beautiful and blood red
In colour with stems so green,
It looked even more fascinating,
But no bees came to it,
Since it lacked any smell
That is so natural to flowers,
But it smiled back to all
Passing by, in fervour,
Slowly oscillating in the wind,
No body plucked to offer
To the gods or put in the hair,
So it outlived than other flowers,
To beautify the plant
And the garden of its residence.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Hole Deep (Couplet)

isn't sexual excitement a hole deep,

But not a hell hole but a heavenlyhole?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Horror (Couplet)

Horror and terror are twins,

Both inseparable from each other.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Hospital

The car slowly rolled
Into the hospital,
A different world,
Of suffering patients,
Aching bodies,
Wheelchairs down the aisle,
With the glucose bottle,
Needles puncturing
The skin, flesh, veins,
Hurrying nurses,
Attendant boys lazing,
Doctors in surgeon's aprons,
Queues for the consultations,
Fellows accompanying
For no reason whatsoever,
Some weizing, some catching
The chest or belly,
The lab carrying out
The tests wanted, unwanted,
Everyone is in a hurry,
But some merrily chatting
On or near the bedside,
To the related, or new friends
Made in the hospital,
The place for curing
The sick is a busy place,
Sometimes, carrying away
The dead bodies,
Sometimes filled with sound
Of a incoming ambulance,
The hospital is a world
Of its own kind
Where everyone reaches
Sometime or other,
And cannot miss for a chance.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Hot Rub In A Bus.

She cried for
She had to travel
A long distance,
After her studies
From her university,
The boy consoling her,
She got a seat
Near the front,
Next to the aisle,
Beside a middle aged man,
With her forlorn thoughts
Crowding her mind,
Finding them unbearable,
She put her legs across
On the man's legs,
Softly rubbing on his
Making him sensitive,
And unberable to her advances,
He started rubbibg her
All over her body
Throughout the night,
She enjoying it all the way
To her home and leaving
Him all alone to make him wonder
What it was all about,
And why she used his old self
For her sensual peasure,
Without even uttering a word,
And enlightening him
Of sensuality of women,
At a time he has spent
Most of his lifetime wondering,
About women's secret feelings.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

How Does It Go ? (Couplet)

It goes like always, with little changes, life is ever going forward,

Trundling over years and incidents with the same experiences again and again.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Hunch Back

He went about as if
He carried a great weight,
Keeping his body upright,
But keeping head high,
Feeling a different man
From the others,
A sort of complex
He couldn't understand,
Life seemed normal though,
Dames giving him
Pitiful looks he didn't want,
He wanted to be an equal,
Yet felt being treated
Differently, though his brains
Were superior to others,
His bent back a sadness
In his heart, a loneliness,
He couldn't express to none.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Hypochondriac.....

Feeling sick all the time,
Imagining pain here and there,
On the limbs, inside head,
Heart, stomach kidney,
He ran from doctor to doctor,
Swallowed pills innumerable,
Consumed this syrup, that syrup,
Did all types of exercises,
Yet doubtful of his body's condition,
He spent all his time,
Worrying about diseases,
Medical companies, hospitals,
Doctors making most out
Of his pay, He lived a life
Of unknown fear,
Making himself miserable,
At times considering
Himself half or fully insane,
With the self made thoughts and worries.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

I Am Not In Love * * * *

I am not in love. man,
Since no body loves me,
A lonely woman, a common
Beaut in search of love
From some handsome
Rich hunk to wrap
His hands around me
With so much love
That nobody has gotten
So far, to live in lux,
Like all dames desire,
Not harming anyone,
But to be admired
Along with my would be
Loved one, my eyes hunt
Day and night for such a guy,
But, yet they slip by
Leaving me alone
Along with the common guys,
So I am not in love,
I am yet not in love.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

I Fell For U.....

I fell for you at first sight,
But my love stand alone
For you, always in great
Excitement it creates
At a mere thought about you,
How you struck me
So deep in my mind,
With you doing nothing,
It is a mystery, I think
All the while, you being around,
Even in your absence,
what sense makes it
So wanting a woman,
So much, exactly
Not know what to do with,
Exacting so much sensual
Part of my own self,
What makes you so dear,
To be longed for so long,
Like the wand of a fairy,
Your presence had been
Electrifying, yet makes
My excitement made more
Out of the mundane life,
Whatever you be,
You created the sensations
In me not felt so far.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

I And You (Couplet)

I and you are like parrelell like all parrellels are,

Never meeting in pointing of understanding our feelings.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

IGLOO.....

Winter dawned on the pole
The man and family
Making a home of ice,
An igloo to pass the winter by,
Completed in a few days
They stuffed all the frozen
Fish, penguins and the sorts,
Closing the entrance
With a few ice bricks,
They lit the lamp with
Fish oil, the woman
Sewing the leathercoats,
For the extreme winter,
With dogs barking outside
Near the icesledges,
Made of whale and animal bones,
The kid sleeping on and off,
Time tickered by,
A full quarter year,
Till the sunlight lit the sky,
Slowing the sun dawned
In a few days time.
Circling the east horizon,
Round and round
Till it reached the zenith,
Overhead in circles again,
Slowly melting the igloo.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

I Like You, But Dont Dare To Love...

You are so supine,
So appealing, i can't but like you,
Yet don'y dare to love,
With so many handome ones,
Around you like honeybees,
I carry my likink with me,
Deep in my heart,
I am sure you won't like me,
Let alone love me,
The feeling is dear to me,
Like the scent of a fresh flower,
You make me smile,
Make me happy with the feeling,
A dream half fulfilled,
You may not disappear,
I pray in my mind,
Let your fragrance stay,
My liking will be there,
Though you are not aware.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

IMMIGRANT

He came with golden dreams,
Spending a huge amount
Of money, to the nation
Cherished, Got a job, worked
Day and night to make
An ordinary living,
Fazed by the luxury
Of a few rich guys,
Unable to adopt the culture,
He felt alien, getting used
To his own kind of people,
Wondering whether
This was the golden dream
He achieved, fully knowing
He did much better, respected
In his own country,
Yet the currency rates
Making him cling to the country,
The Immigrant lived
A mixed life of made up pleasure,
Making complexes
In his own native land,
Yet not able to return,
Due to the dilemma
Of making more and more money.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

INSIDE.....

The soft walls of mind,
Contains the fluttering
Of emotions, love, passion,
Jealousy, hatred, loneliness,
Happiness, sadness
Fears and many others,
On sight, hearing,
Of some stimulation,
They come into play,
Making what we are
Of thoughts of togetherness
Fondling, kissing,
Beating up up someone,
in order what we don't know,
the control of which,
We do not have,
Yet we practice everyday,
Night, all the time,
To overcome to conquer,
Harness, let loose at will
But to no avail of consequence.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

INSULT.

I worked hard
For this project,
With all my brains
Poured out,
Submitted to the boss,
He glanced through it,
Like it was a loathsome
Thing to percieve
And handle, tossed
It on the table,
Said ther is nothing
Useful to him or company,
Hurting my feelings deeply,
Which I knew had
A lot to offer,
For the betterment
Of our comany's progress,
I chewed down the nsult
For my salary's sake,
Telling regrets about
My project and thanked
The nutty boss profusely.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

I Will Break My Head.....

I will break my head,
Over the stone yonder,
If I cannot win you over,
<y heart will bleed,
You will be the cause
Of my agony, grief,
So accept my love,
Be my love, live with me
I promise you to give,
All I can, keep a good house,
Filled with goods you need,
Just accept my love,
My heart, or else
I will break my head
Over the stone yonder.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

I Would Be Rather Dead.

Life looks like a steeple
Unsurmountable,
Never able to scale it,
Like the peak of a mountain,
With hardships from
Step to step
Second to second,
None to offer solace,
Making me wonder
Why we are made to be born,
To fight no enemy,
But the unpredictable fate,
which is akin to terrain
On the icy mountains
With chilling winds,
Slipping ice, burrowed snow,
Traacherous at every step,
Life looks better to have
Been over a long time ago
Where we are in the coffins
Shamelessly admitting
Defeat of a life's loosing battle
Where we would have been
Frozen dead bodies
Eaten by the worms,
Left to lie as dismembered
Skeletons in glee
Of defeating the torturous life
The reason of making life hard
So unknown and secretly kept.

Ravikiran arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

I, The God, Return In All Ages

Krishna, the Lord of one age
Told his royal friend,
that he is the incarnation
Of God, and Shall return
In every age satans, demons,
Tyrant kings will rule
The madness filled
Of wealth, power, cruelty
In many human beings
Unbearable by the others
To fight injustice, cruelty
Acts demonish among
Other peaceful poeple
To kill them, give solace
To everyone to live in peace,
Love, in humble servitude
To mankind from ages to ages

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

In A Hurry

He was in a hurry,
All the time, in life,
To grow up as a child,
As a teenager,
As a young man,
Always falling in and out
Of love, rushing his jobs,
To return to go home,
To go for the party,
Life in a hurry, he felt
Though uncomfortable,
Yet something to finish off,
Also wedded many times,
Having children hither
And thither, he ran from
Pillar to post, To meet
The demands of daily life,
Not knowing that
Old age has slowly
Dawned on him,
Realising that he lost
A lot of good living
Hurrying through life,
Forgetting to enjoy its moments.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

In Jail

He was an executive
In a company,
Jailed for questioning
For embezzlement of funds
Met a chain snatcher,
A thief who broke
Into houses
To steal valuables
A young fellow
Who scared people
With a knife for their valets
A honorable man who gave
Away a dishonored cheque
For millions purchase
All shackled up in a cell
Eating wheat balls
Cleaning their rooms
Doing errand jobs
In jail, a gathering
helping one another.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Indian Love Dilemma

Young fellows and dames,
Passed by each other,
The dames glancing
Form the corner of eyes
Not daring to look directly,
At the handsome guys,
Fearing social comments,
the fellas staring at vital parts,
Greedily, not even daring
To speak of their loves,
Passions, share, date,
Even unable to think
of making love after
A love possible love affair,
So social ostracizations,
Strong to mentally challenged
Or in actions, weddings
And nuptials made only
After sectarian
Arranged marriages a hump
On the love lives of Indians,
Their suppressed emotions
Accumulated akin
To an atom bomb in store,
Pre marital, extra marital
Matings at single
Digit percentages,
The love passion emotions
Suffused like the whistle
Of a prssure cooker,
Wasted away in glimpses
Of seminaked actors
Actresses on the large,
Small screens, Indian passions
Boil over in India's
Young minds and bodies.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Internet

Thou has become the connectivity,
No nations could penor excise,
People in universe communicate
Without ties or visas, and save
Lives and make it easy,
Over the mountains, seas and skies,
Undisturbed by political conservatism,
And rule like a benevolent and silent,
Emperor of the universe, making even
The unseen love each other,
By the hearts opened up through you,
Which cannot be said in person,
Taking hours and years
Of billions of humans, never possible
So far, You will surely unite everyone
In the world with information,
Which makes people hearier
and understanding, to make a world
Unparrelled in history so far.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Invitation To Death

Tired of living,
With my old body,
Thoughts running amock
Pains in the body,
Too old to dream
Alas I invite death
To put me to eternal sleep
Gong back to
the earth Which I am
Made of,
leaving all
Material possessions

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Is It Over? (Couplet)

Is it over, my dear, the love we have kept so long,

Which we cherished with such savour that all were jealous.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Is Our Life Worht Living?

The life of ours with colors
Wishes aspirations offers
Us with many things,
The things we may attain or not,
Yet it gives us feelings
Of living a full life,
Despite the maximum
Of it, it appears to be
Of a dream thing,
People coming into our lives
Exiting with some words,
Yet it looks as if we live it,
With full vigor, doubting
Whether this is the life
We wanted to live,
But all the ones look alike,
None having a big complaint,
To ve vociferous about
Except a few who feel cheated
By fate or somebody else, ,
It always goes forward
Not ewver caring who thinks what,
Yet the life is worht a living
For most cause of the feeling about.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Jail

Bars holding from the outside
World, no trees, houses or streets,
With twenty of the condemned
Ones, he was put in a room,
With open lavatory, from where
They took bath, washed the only
Cloth used below the waist,
Drinking the same water,
Sometimes joking, telling
Their own tales of home,
And offences committed
By them, thrown a single
Newspaper shared only for
A few hours, sleeping on a mat,
He lived a life of confinement
Crying at the pangs of friends
Of the cell, he lived in
Eating only a portion of food
So tasteless and with wheat balls,
Getting used to the criminals,
One trying a stamping dance
On the face like a madman,
Surrounded by howls of inmates
From the nearby cells,
He laid listless in the cell.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Jasmine.....

it was stuck on
A stub of stem,
With a great fresh
Fragrance all around,
In the middle of night,
Spreading for yards
Beyond, like life
Is just another fragrance
It brought to the world,
During the day,
It offered honey
To the bees, butterflies
Smiling all the while
With petals like teeth,
Slowly swaying in the wind,
It's smell a heady scent,
Not leaving the nostrils
For hours together,
The memory lingering
Like that of a fairy
Seen once in a lifetime,
Jasmine lived on
For a short while
But with a presence
That was almost permanent.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Jinlge Balls....(Couplet)

Jingle balls, jingle ball all the way,

Into the soft thick bangles, bangles all the time.

Ravimiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Joker

He made his own jokes,
Lived a life of paltry,
Always smiling away
His life of misery,
Outside he laughed
inside he cried
For all that he lost
And what he couldn, t gain,
Making everyone
Laugh and applaude,
Making laugh at nothing,
But invented new jokes
For his admirers
Who were his customers,
Earning a few bucks
Everyday which was
Like a joke of his own making.

Ravikran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Joy

It bubbled
Through my heart
So much was my joy
On to the street
I sang with full mind
But with sealed lips
Lest someone
Think I am out
Of my mind
I wanted to dance
in step with
The wisp of air
That passed by,
Yet I was aware
Of the surrounding,
This has not happened
So far in my life,
The joy became a memory
Throughout my life.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Joy (Couplet)

Joy, enjoy iy like boy, with a toy,

Never let it downsince it may never return.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Jungle Stream

It gurgled through stones,
Fell in small falls,
Washing the banks nearby,
Animals quenching their thirst,
Making the mountain side green
Forever for long,
Birds singing on the branches,
Looked at it un merriment,
Butterflies, bees flying over it,
The stream seemed
Like it fell from heavens,
To nurture the earth,
It was of course a heaven,
On earth wherever
It flowed by, bedecked
By wild flowers on both sides,
It is sure a life maker
And a life supporter,
But its course decided
By modern man
But wold in his thoughts and actions.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Kabul-E - Wala (Man From Kabul)

When I was five year old,
A man used to come,
To home from far,
Selling balloons and pipes,
Sitting down and telling stories
Of his far away land and home,
He coming for many years,
Peaceful, always smiling,
Playing with children,
But alas! look at the same Kabul
Filled with bombers, gunners,
Spreading violence everywhere,
What time, thou hast done
To this peaceful land,
Which used to be so tranquil.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Kathrina

She was the typhoons
Of typhoons, inundating
The areas she struck
So heavily, breaching
Dams in her path,
Drowning a few towns,
Making them take shelters
In Stadiums, leaving
Them with great fear,
Making the men mad,
And rape the hapless
with hungry stomachs.
The great president caring
The full world gave promises
Fulfilled partially and late,
The madam secretary,
Shopping for nine thousand
Dollars footwear and
Tuttutting the typhoon,
The destruction so heavy,
and willtake decades
To recover from it's
Satanic effects made
In such short time.

Ravikiran arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Kindness (Couplet)

it does not take any thing hard to be kind in action,

But a gesture once in awhile, which make our heart so endearing.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

King, Martin Luther

He stood with hands on the dias,
speaking firmly and clearly
Of the inequalities suffered
By millions especially the blacks
Talked of 'I have a dream',
Which was met with a bullet
Later on as if to make his speeches
Demise early, which became
More resounding in
The next future giving
the equality he yearned for
Yet despised by the racists,
But accepted by most,
The color divide disappeared
Into the past, making many
A black achiever in all
Spheres of life, yet great
Was his path following
To the teachings of Gandhi the great.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Kiss Me.....

Kiss me kiss me dear
so your flavour linger on my lips..

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Knife In The Back...

He was the best friend,
Believed him all along,
Through mastery of tounge,
Wine and women,
The best freind became his boss,
Started abusing him,
All along the work,
Threatened him of dire action,
If at all a word was made
Against him even in jest,
The best friend told all lies
To his top bosses,
Made his life miserable,
To top got him transferred
To the corner of the country,
Spoilt all his appraisals,
Made his life miserable again,
From afar by his contacts,
The best fiend became
A knife in the back forever.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Knowlege (Edge)

Knowledge is at the edge of wisdom,

When attained we get sustained for bother.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Krishna... Krishna...

he was born to the head
Of a cowherd's, but was
In the jail with his mother,
and was smuggled out
In a basket through a river
On a rainy day, brought up
Hidden, since his cruel
Murderous uncle was told
By the astrologers that his
Nephew will kill him, And so
the king ordered all the male
Children to be killed,
And sent demons to kill
His nephew whom Krishna
killed one by one.
As a boy strong though
He was killed his cruel uncle,
And made all subjects happy.
He danced with all damsels,
Fell in love with his consort
Radha which the poets
Described in millions,
To tell the man woman
Love story so dear
To human kind as always.
He grew up to be the wisest,
Killed the monster serpent,
In the river Kalindi, dancing
The dance of death on
The seven headed monster.
He took the side of Pandavas
And advised the brother
Of Emperor. who lost their
Empire to their cousins
Winning in a deceit game
Of dice, to go to war,
And not flinch killing his
Own cousins for the sake
Of righteousness of men.

The war was won his life
Mission fulfilled, he was killed,
On his return through a forest,
By the poisoned arrow
Of a tribal who mistook Krishna's
Feet for a the ground.
Krishan's advice is the holy
Gita, where he says he will
Return everytime whenever
There is injustice enmasse,
For the humankind.
Hence, I pray to thee,
To return now, to make peace
In our minds so much filled
With greed, violence
And avarice to be rich and famous.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

LESBIAN

She walked on the pavement,
Seeing the sights on it,
Her eyes searching for
Beautiful damsels,
Finding one so voluptuous,
She followed her,
Taking her in all detail,
The pouting mouth,
Luscious lips, blue eyes,
Breasts and bottom like,
Like a mannequin,
The lesbian caught up
With the beautiful one,
Offering her a drink in
Swank bar talking
Sweet nothings, requesting
Her to come to her home,
Which was accepted,
She trying to disclothe
the beautiful one,
Unable to control herself,
But the beaut swept away
In disgust, disappointing
The lesbian, who sat
And dreamt in the chair,
Of the details of what could
Have been if she succeeded
In her futile attempts.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Ladies Finger (Trpiplet)

Why is a vegetable called a ladies finger,

Is it cause it is soft and very fingersome

And pointing at everythign when held by anybody?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lady Bird (Couplet)

Lady bird lady bird, you are
So sweet Like a sweet fruit's seed.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lady Telephone Operator

He was the lady telephone operator
Beautiful, breathtaking,
Cooing into the phone
Talking to the callers
To the company, sitting
Supine and straight,
In the rotating chair,
standing up to occasionally
Her good structure,
Falling in love with her
Looking like his lovely mother
Reminiscing of Cleopatra
With curls like a halo
Around her lovely face,
The owner of which
Fell for his love, keeping
Her chastity intact to be enjoyed
Fell into the silent words
Of unspoken love,
She despaired as her parents
Denied the union with her lover
On the grounds of religions
Different they belonged
To leave her lover forever,
To please religion and parents,
She tied the matrimonial knot
To a divorcee to submit
Her so sacredly kept chastity,
And to look after her kids.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lakshmi - Goddess Of Wealth.

She was born as a goddess,
played in the heaven's forest,
Bathed in its streams,
Married to the supreme almighty,
She was powerful on her own,
Whomever she blessed
transformed their fortunes
With unlimited wealth and materials,
She sat on a lotus in the river,
Where she played as a child,
Nearby roamed all her blessed
Animals in harmony,
She pouring out gold
From her open hand,
With the other one in blessing
She came to worshipped
As one of most with devoted.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lamb.

It was an offspring,
Gentle, playful,
Not knowing its fate,
To be cut a few days
Or a few years later,
Yet its gentleness,
Playfulness incomparable,
Eating small leaves,
Drinking from its mother's
Udders, always running about,
Life was sheer pleasure,
As it to say, we must
Learn from its innocence,
Happiness unbound,
Never leaving the side
Of its mother, like
The way babies of our own,
But taking a longer time
To grow up unlike the lamb.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lame Damsel.

I was standing in the bustop,
Waiting to catch a bus
To go home and relax after
The tiring classes of college,
When I suddenly noticed
This Damsel sitting on the floor
Of the muddy bustop,
To catch a bus alone
But braver on her face
And pride of facing life
All alone without help.

The bus came and stopped
Suddenly with a screech,
And waited for her to creep in,
Who noticed me sympathy
On my face I couldn't control,
And a dropp tear fell on doorstep
Fell from her eye, leaving me alone,
Waiting for my route bus to arrive,
Not knowing the value of the tear.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lamp

It showered light
All around
With some oil
And a wick
It led human culture
Into a great civilization,
Made people work
At night too
May a path it lighted
For humns to move
Led inventions
To be made
For the more powerful ones.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Later Than Never (Couplet)

Let the good happen later than never,

Since waiting for us is forever.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Laughter Club.

They stood in a big circle,
Started laughing, laughing
For nothing making gestures
At each other in mid mumbai parks,
Slowly turning into real
Laughter uncontrolled
Unfazed by the onlookers,
They went on like this
For quarter an hour,
Making their life merrier
Each day, they called themselves
Laughter clubs, relaxing
Their tired old minds
Early in the morning,
To start a fresh day's work,
Followed by this unbridled happiness.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Le Petite

He was three and half feet,
From the ground, with short
Arms and feet, getting
Quizzical and insolent looks
From many, also getting
sympathetic feelings,
Both he neither needed
Nor savoured, but did
He wish for a smack
From a beautiful damsel,
And dreamt about nuptials,
He could only dream of.
One day he met a damsel
Of three feet, aware of
His shortness and comings,
He fell in love with the one
Of his own kind and married.
Despite his fears his kids
Were tall and normal
Making him on of happiest.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Let Me Dream.....

Why don't you arrive
Nowadays, my sweet dreams,
What I have done to you,
You seem to be aloof,
I feel left alone,
Come caress me
With your presence,
Your lovely moving images
Of your undying spirit,
In lovely colors and continued
Events you bring
Like a celluloid play,
Please make it as long
As can and pleased with,
Come hither, my sweet dreams
Never leave your proximity,
I will make you dearer
Than the dearest of my lifetime,
Savouring you with
My sweet remembrances
Which you will find softest
Of the soft feelings
And Oh, dream rest in mind
While I am asleep,
And we will be the best friends
Together, for ever till I live.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Life Is A Circle.

It is a circle, from birth
To death ending up in cries,
Of arrival and departure,
The soul may even go round
In circle from death to birth
In another for the cycle
to continue as believed
In the east as per
Our deeds entering
The cycle like animals,
Birds, other beings,
Keeping the soul in tact,
So we must be careful
As per the myth to do
Good deeds only,
To rebirth again as humans,
Though to be battered
By our own emotions,
And suffer through human life cycle.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Life Is Gentle.....

It is gentle, like a soft wind,
Unable to surmount the woes,
Griefs, like gentle things can be,
With nice feeling being sported,
Hating hard sides of it,
We move through
Even with gentle breath,
Five minutes of which
Can kill us, but yet we
Act hard to get,
Act like harsh people,
Forgetting we can't take it,
If returned in same manner,
We living like soft worms
With gentle bodies, feelings,
A flame or misplaced word
Harming body or soul.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Life Is Like That!

Most of the time spent
In mundane, moronic,
Peaceful, soulful times,
None to praise the same,
Life goes on
With little to be sad about,
Few realising it,
Yet expecting to be better
Than ever before,
Mostly happening so,
But unnoticed it goes,
Bringing more together,
Life goes on forever,
Even death a better writ,
But everyone scared of it,
Life goes on forever,
With little to be sad
Or regretted about.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lifelines Of Self - An Epic Of Today's World.

I heard the cocks when I was born,
During the midsummer heat,
Lying along side my mummy,
I loved the sounds that I heard,
Since I couldn't open my eyes,
For sometime to come.

My mother took me a thousand miles
North of my village OF gorgeously green
Watery always, and coconut trees
Singing and swaying in the wind.

For another year did I live with
My father who left for another woman,
Since his mother threatened of suicide,
Due to my mother being an orphan.

The hot coalmines were my playfields,
and my mom and her sister did look after me,
With lots of love and kindness since
I was fatherless and forlorn.

Did then my mom marry a second time,
For me to have a father, but alas! he
Made me go to my village and live
With my uncle and aunt, for his own
private life and children to be made.

In the village of paddy fields and coconuts,
Aricanuts I grew with crows, parrots,
Cattle and cows, loving the greens
Of Nature, the mother of all.

I played with crabs of fields,
Marbles with my friends,
Cooed with cuckoos and
Stoned the crows and mangoes.

Lots of mangoes, jackfruits,

I stomached, and writhed in pain,
As I had many stomache aches,
And dreamt of elphants attacking me.

I told bull stories to my neighbour friend,
And told lies of seeing snakes in hundreds,
Chased my puppy in and out of house,
Went to the temple for return of mother.

All my studies were poor, watched
The rose on my tutor's hair,
And thought again and again,
Of my father and mother to take me.

Two brothers and sister i had
In five years, and they were foreign
To me since they returned
With my mother and stepfather.

Rich were my mother's parents,
But frittered away their wealth,
Since they contracted leprosy,
And lost their fields and golden swings.

At last my mother returned with kids,
As I returned nine and in fifth class,
And bought land and farms with
My father's money earned underhand.

Exalious was I with the new school,
Known rich and fabulous, with teeming
Pride, I did spent another five years,
More with merits so far unknown to me.

My classmates took me bodily, one day
To a pretty damsel, in the school,
And sai she was mine only,
And my dreams lept to the pretty damsel.

Unspoken was my feelings
Of infatuation at eleven, when I didn't
Know the meanings of love and sex,

Since our land is not but infatous.

As i grew, i was more attracted
To my classmate's sister who was
In the opposite girls chool and
My dreams turned wild due to few glimpses.

At tweleve I got a teacher of sex,
From my classmates, who taught me
The pleasures of masturbation,
But no solutions were coming.

At forteen, I went to college,
With a first class, topping the class
Filled with pride and disdain,
But found all college fellows to be same.

One year i prided and jollied in
My success and pained at the language
Medium in English, but made to the
Forefront in the second.

Men's college and full hundred and one
Students, I did marvel at the procession
Of damsels of women's college
Marching by in colors with prettiness.

My mother had aches in stomach a plenty,
And when we got the results,
It was of cancer in colon,
Which was confirmed later on.

I diid pass out with good marks,
But lesser they were by few nos,
And Icouldn't get admission without
Donations and large sums which I denied.

My soul was in turmoil, and knew not,
What to do with children of twelve,
Eleven and nine, with a father
Who knew little about love and life.

My mother writhed in pain, screamed,
And we prayed together, got potions
From Japan and Himalays, but she lay
With a hole in stomach which did defecation.

At last she died, making me pray to god
To take her to heavens, where she belonged
On the night of Deepavali, the festival
Of light, which mocked me in the night.

Then, I sorrowed a long time of two years,
Friends brought me back to life,
I watched wenches passing by
In adolescence, I was very lonely.

Brothers left, sister left, to hostels,
Which my father did, lest they don't study;
I grew with friends and an open world,
Munching on buns and bananas.

Three years of graduation became five,
Due to agitations and copying in exams,
The students became turbulent,
Of a land of fuedalism and bureacracy.

Now did I learn the intimacy of damsels,
Friends of friends, sisters of friends,
And glimpsed at their feelings
Of money and matter viz. the western.

Learnt I did of western culture through books
And films of hollywood so dear to me,
Which told the stories of their lands,
Loves, styles, histories and beauties.

My father flirted with a whore,
And said she will be our mom,
Who made my brothers bring booze,
And danced in the night parties, seminaked.

One day she abused about my father,
And I did boot her out, whence my father,

Congratulated me and praised me,
And left for other whores.

Did I pass out with good marks,
But couldn't get a good job,
I did poultry and taught all subjects
In tutorials and colleges.

I grew up to be a man of ambitions,
But frustrations, overtook,
Yet the friends and dames,
Made my days bright.

One day 'It' happened, I felt as if
People could hear my thoughts,
And at twenty and five, I came
To know that I had one way Telepathy.

I felt as if I was blown in the head,
Didn't know what to do and knew,
Why so many cheated upon me,
Since they can hear my thoughts.

I felt people smirked at my innocent
Thoughts and dreams, I felt cheated
Since no friend, relatives or none told
I had Telepathy which caused more cheating.

I felt communists overtook the world,
Or my real father bought and used
A machine to get me back, to have
An heir to his vast properties.

I never knew this Telepathy was
Fully global and felt to be temporary,
To make a prank or use for
Scientific research by, may be Whites or Reds.

Tired of thinking the possibilities,
And the aloofness my students, friends, and
Relatives, I was very frustrated,
And finally was sacked from the job.

Railway ticket i took to a thousand miles
To seek a job with the help of
A distant relative and waited
For leaving the land of green.

On the day of my journey, two hours,
Afore, i got a telegram, to join a job,
As an exexecutive in a Company
Which sold petreoleum.

My spirits rose, five months had elapsed
after the interview, which had killed
My spirits, and along with
The feeling of hidden thouthgt distractions.

With mixed, yet elated spirits,
I joined the company, and made
The last of the recruited lot,
Simply 'cause of thoughts.

Twenty five years i spent in the company,
Cheated of my promtions, and stolen credits
Of my hard work and punished for
The wrongs of others, put on me.

Car and house i made, in the land,
Which are hard to get, and i married
A damsel of eighteen, in this land,
Where wedlocks are arranged by parents.

I was cheated of love in the company,
by a damsel of fair beauty acted as if in love,
And shook her head in denial, since I was
The man of telepathy and different religion.

Again, I tried to reverse the trend of
Cheating, and my subdued actions of
Thoughts and actions, and then only, I knew
That the trasmission was worldwide.

Again was I tortured by thoughts

Of aggression by the Reds or capitalists,
Hitler's soul or living in hiding
Attacking for worldwide rule and fame.

Through the thoughts they can
Communicate all and one,
And use me as a mouthpiece,
To have total suppression and superiority.

Is this not many a people do,
To live in luxury, comfort and fame,
At the cost of one and all, and live long,
Like the way world has seen all times.

I was bedridden for fifteen days, when
After when daughter was born to me,
who showed Signs of affection, apart from wife,
Who bore all ignominies with me.

My colleagues punched the air,
With their clothed croches, whenever
I thought of my wife, as if to molest
Her image to show their superiority.

So cheap they were, for five and twenty
Years of my service, and a few strangers,
Also mimicked the same to denounce me
Mentally to hide their inferiority.

I suffered mental blocks and in two thousand,
Went to jail, to litigate with the company,
'Cause they put me in the future sacklist,
When the company will be taken over.

For seven hard days, I did spend
With poor thieves, petty criminals,
Homos and killers, I felt like I did
A mistake of litigation than leaving.

For the litigation, did I put 2.5 million bucks,
In my account, of the Company's which
The Company charged me

With criminal conspiracy and theft.

I saved my job and the company lost,
To come back to the s.o.b s of my company,
Who transferred and demoted me,
With internal enquiries fraud judgements.

Contracting nervous debility and diabetes,
I was hardly able to walk, and they made,
Me work on Tank Lorry Platforms at 45 c.
And abusing for even arithmetic mistakes.

Voluntary retirement I took and for three million,
With which I live, serving the world which I did,
With programmed telepathy for those lesser
Wiser and intelligent, and make think of impossibles.

Tell me thou, where is God and Humanity,
Is there anything to hide, in my telepathy,
Did the world not develop mentally
And materially, and feel an empathy to me?

Drop a line, a thought, say the truth,
Help the less and speak to me
Of anything good or bad,
Please bear with me since I am world Television!

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lightning

It came down as a bolt
From the blue, burning
The trees in its path,
With animals scattering
From its thunderous sound,
Birds flying in circles,
With terror in minds,
Killing a woman
With its inflamming
Tounge, in an instant
Turning to other places,
As if to turn its monstrous
Dance appearing fearfully,
Occasionally, like
Let loose from the hell.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lion's Fears.

Times have changed,
No more the king of forest,
Always hunted
He runs around in fear,
Of the guys with traps,
Guns, nets, even afraid
Of catching an easy pray,
He has lost many a friend,
Grouls in anger, disgust
Oif it's own fear,
But not able to surmount it,
Ir was always by the side
Of its, s mate and offsprings,
Hungry for many weeks,
It felt cheated by time,
Its throne lost, food seldom
To come by, the lion
Roamed in darkness
Without footfalls,
Smelling that erect animal,
Lest he catches or shoot him,
Content with the small preys
He can muster,
Feeding its children,
With nightmares of being caged
Or shot in the daylight.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lips (Couplet)

We smile with the lips kiss with the lips
We speak with the lips both good and bad

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Little Flower

The little flower dazzled in
In the sunlight, yellow,
Very beautiful, swinging
In the soft little wind,
Along with the small leaves,
Arising a feet aground,
Singing her song
In whispers, only her mates
Could listen, butterfles
Honey bees rounding it
All the time, she felt
Like dancing with pleasure
Of the short life it lived,
Giving a glow to its plant,
The little flower thrilled
For the company
Of many more companions,
To sing a tuneless song.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Local Affair

He was married,
Had children,
Living a married damsel
Nearby blot, they fell
For each other
With sweet talk,
Started an affair,
Not known by their
Dear ones,
Ending up on the bed
When none were around,
They lived a secret life
Of affair so many does,
Stealthily, smiling
To each other attraction,
Having an overdose
Of life apart from
The open lives they led.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lone Tree.

It stood on the walkway,
In the paddy field,
Alone, with branches,
Spreading out,
giving away a shade,
To the passersby,
Some of whom stood
Under it's cool shade,
Enjoying the passing wind,
It carried many a bird,
Nested, rested
On it's branches,
In the night it looked
Like a ghost,
But alone looking
At the moon and stars,
Refreshed i the morning,
It continued it's stand,
All alone in the field.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lonliness...

I find lonliness handsome and great,
Cool thoughts march along,
When Iam lonesome and in solitude,
The peace is palpable
And tpuchable and as sweet
As love revisiting without
Any forethought,
Man, i can hear the whisper
Of all wind and the leaves,
Searching for the company of each other,
To be of solace and warmth
Which we are able to muster.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Loony (Couplet)

Loony, boony, it is a boon to be loony,

We are not aware of what happens when moony.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Looser

He was a loser
all his life
Lost in exams,
Lost many jobs,
Lost his lady love,
Lost his wife,
Lost his children,
When he grew old
Lost his money in betting
But he was always
An optimist
And never lost hope.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lord Ayyappa

Born out of two male gods,
Siva, the supreme And Vishnu
Who took the form of Mohini
The beautiful angel
To kill a demon who had
The blessing of Siva,
To burn to ashes everything
Brought below the hand,
Mohini made the demon
To promise by putting
His head under own head,
Burning himself to ashes,
Lord Ayyappa was born
Out of the thigh of Vishnu,
Since Siva insisted to see
The beautiful form of Mohini.
To be killed was tried
By the jealous minister,
Of the king who took him
From the care of animals
Of the deep forest
While hunting, Ayyappa
Grew to be intelligent,
And very wise for his age,
United all religions
In his father's kingdom,
Defeated a she demon,
Became very famous,
Worshipped by all,
Went to the forest,
To throne his brother,
The real son of the king,
And sat in penance,
At the spot where his arrow
Fallen from his drawn bow,
In deep meditation of almighty,
In the deep forest, among
The tribes that lived by.
He was in permanent

Chastity, untouched by women,
And is open to direct worshipping,
Only after long chaste rules,
From where he gives
Blessings of his holy sight
From the hills of Sabari mountains.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lottery

Lottery makes

People rich and famous

The poor man becoming

Mighty overnight

Gets invited to functions

People give new found

Respect, The lucky one

Changes overnight,

Now eager for more riches

Till he becomes richest

In the world, so so many

Loosing sleep on

The easy money

Through the lottery route

Ultimately making

The lottery man rich

And some work to do.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love Birds

They sat together,
Side by isde,
Twittering, knocking
Their beaks, in unending
Kisses, watched by a girl,
Who has caged
Them together, occassionally
Eating out of the small can,
Always thinking
Of the free world outside,
And how they had
Flown in freedom,
From tree to tree,
Shedding unseen tears,
Just for the fun of seeing
By the cruel peole,
Who cannot understand
Their plight
And imprisoned flight,
Not even to spread their wings
At least tem times on a stretch,
They sang a song
Of pain, but hought
Of as love musings.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love In Moonlight- - - -

Moonlight flowed down
Like lightened milk,
Giving a haloed glory
Of light making the plants,
Beings in an beautiful sight,
Then I saw her approaching,
Her hair tied down in a knot
At the waist, with indian saree
Showing her inner body shape
With navel in the open,
I followed her caught
When she looked with fright
Smiling recognizing me,
I kissed on her full lips
We tumbled in glee
In the moonlight, getting
The pleasure of milk and honey.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love Makers United

The only organization
Yet to be formed
Is the Love Makers United,
Where every adult
Is a member honourable,
Either made or yet
To make love,
Encompassing every aspect
Of love, teachings, techniques
Of all kinds bisexual,
Homo, lesbain, all united
In one single forum,
To choose their choices.
To manifest itself
In mankind's history,
To last forever,
Going great lengths
Of time never ending,
It is yet to be made,
Enrolling members
Free for all activities.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love Wanted

Searching for some love,
He wandered hither, thither,
Like a lifeless mummy,
Lusting for a good feeling,
How he reached this situation,
He wasn't aware,
Life looking listless
Like a waning sunset,
He looked upon everyone,
For a dropp of love,
A motion of body in his favour,
Even raising of finger,
In good stead, he felt
Was enough for his dried up mind,
Unable to think of living
Alone with signs of love,
From others, he wavered
Through his thoughts
Of unbearable loneliness
And being cast out without love.

Ravikiran arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love In Moonlight

We sat together arms in arms,
Lips to lips, soul to soul
Together in one axis,
The soft moonlight
Flowing over us,
On the moonlit beach,
We saw the sea glistening
Whispering sweet nothings,
We felt never to part,
With sighs of love,
That spread over the ocean,
Across to the next shore
Beyond, where it became
A soft wind twirling
Over to the land,
We felt binded in a timeless
Frame and didnt know
That is was sunrise again,
When we parted
with much sorrow of sepearation
To be united again.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love Lace (Couplet)

A lovelace is a sort of lock which is much difficult,
Smooth tie hard to break, sweet felt, yet bitter sweet.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love Letter

It is this letter

Which makes me feel better

With the blood from heart

I have penned this

To accept my true love,

The plain man that I am,

Love, please receive my feelings,

I haven't felt so much

In love for years together,

You arrived like

A fresh breeze of air,

I cannot live without you,

Leave me not for a second

Since my mind pains

Without your presence.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love Of A Poor Poet

I am yet, a singer but poor,
Singing of love to you,
I am unable to offer more
Than a marble Taj Mahal
In the courtyard of my heart.
Oam but a poor sheperd
Simfing of you to you,
Who cannot hear,
Because fo our state,
I know you like my love
so pure and serene,
Which you can keep forever,
In your hidden thoughts,
Even if you depart from me,
to a distant land with another
A man I know will not be liked,
As much as you liked this
Poor singer of silent plains.
i will keep my love for you,
Always wrapped in sadness
Of not getting my most loved one.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love Thy Neighbour

He had this neighbour
Lovely, lithe and sweet
In her whispering talks,
Following her walks
With his eyes, all the while
Not able to talk his sentiments,
Of sweet love he felt for her
Dreaming of getting
A date alone with her
Yet afraid to speak to her
He kept his love
For his neighbour
In his forlorn heart.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love Unremitted

I loved a damsel very dearly,
She was not of very fair color,
But beauty writ large on her face,
Lovely smiles so endearing,
Making dreams of kissing her,
In secret to none can share
It's sweetness, lithe was her
Gait, with a waist and hips
A fairy can be envious of,
But to many a look of dearness
And love she returned
But with a smile which said,
She could but acknowledge
My love that existed but can't
Return for reasons which she
Never bothered to explain
And I was left with a love
Unremitted an unforgettable.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Love, Love, Potion Of Youth.

Love is the great medicine,
the potion for youthfulness
For each other and sexes,
Everybody craving for it,
Yet giving it selectively,
Mostly to the ones
Where it is not returned,
Which is the most mistaken
Path, why which it is
So much unsatisfying,
Making every one forlorn
Originating stories of sadness
Grief untold, unexplainable,
Why which we should be
Practitioners of love
To everyone and beings.
To keep us evergreen,
Like the ones we praise.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lovely Love. (Couplet)

All are thirsty for love, love,

Liken to the hear's lub lub.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lover Mischievous

He said:

You are the honey
In the apple pie
You will kept in the inside
Of my Heart's inner rooms.

She said:

I will tie you up
Like a kite and fly you
In the air with my love
And make a pickle
Out of your body and mind.

He said:

I want to eat you
Like a mango, build a castle
For you to live with me.

She said:

I will make mince meat
Out of your emotions
And throw you out of door.

He said:

I don't mind whatever
You do to me, kindly
Give me a kiss, a caress,
And i will give you my millions.

She said:

You are no good,
You van keep your love
Fool around with it,
But i will kick you on the bum.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lovers Unlimited

Human life has this way,
Of being lover' unlimited,
Always full fo lovers,
Though meant for procreation,
It's time of love
Never receding but on increase,
We have been in it,
Or is always in it,
Life goes on never without it,
More than ever with it,
We have experiences
Different so varying,
Which makes it so likable,
We following it with rigour,
Let this blessing og god
Be there forever for us to follow.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Loves Me, Loves Me Not! (Triplet)

Love me, love not, i dont know what to think,

Of the many ones I loved, but never said but spoke

In a language different, that thye loved me.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Loving Sufferring! !

We are one kind
Loving suffering,
From everything by a feeling,
From being smiled at,
To being thrown out
Always liking to feel sad,
Sidetracked, lonely,
None can describe,
Munching and chewing
The cud of thought
Again again, and again,
Feeling more than
Jesus Christ who carried
The cross of his own teaching,
Walking away from good
Happy thoughts, which
We could have diverted to,
But no, the self suffering
Is more dear to us,
To carry like a bundle along,
Once in a while to share
With dear listeners,
To carry our burden too.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Luck (Couplet)

luck is like a free buck, never being got

When needed, but attained when not expected.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Lust (Couplet)

Life looks bust without lust,

Everything looks lost without lust.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

MACHISMO

With bulging muscles,
A gait to boot,
With a tight outfit,
Walking like a giraff
In slow motion,
He eyed the beauties
On the pavement,
Some dames taking
An eyeful fo him,
He felt walking on clouds.
The other guys feeling
A litte put off,
He made his appearances
At places prominent,
He was the epitome
Expression of masculinity,
Chasing the females,
Making many a teenage girl
Giggle with delight,
His protuberance
Tightly wrapped
And put like a piece
In a showcase in ashoppe.

Ravikran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mad Man Of Naranath

A century ago there roamed
A man with dirty, torn clothes,
Round the villages and cities,
People called him the mad man
From Naranath, his birthplace,
Who always laughed with joy,
With no miseries and family
Ties to tie him down,
Laughing away the grief
Life brought to people
In their fortunes, ups and downs,
The fame of various guys
And whiling away his time
eating with offerings
He recieved from kind ones.
Most of the days he rolled
A huge round rock stone,
Up the hill and rolled
It down with great applause,
Likening it to the work
carried on by people
To attain money and fame,
Which collapsed like stone run.
Many worshipped him
Like a devine messenger,
And called him to stick
A gods idol on the sanctum,
Which he agreed readily,
But spat beetle juice
On the sanctum where
The idol sat glued forever
Inseperable, which made
Him even more devine,
The madman of Naranath.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Madam Marie Curie

She sat and worked on a desk,
For over fifty years in the cold
And heat of a room searching
For something that could do
To mankind through Chemistry
And Physics, along with her
Husband, to produce the rare
Mineral Radium, which also
Kills people along with curing,
Which madame Curie invented
And brought an end to her own
Life, which she dedicated
To human hind with her
Own life and incessant work.

Many followed her path of science,
And did they contribute
Many an invention, so good
To fight incurable diseases,
And instruments that saved
Many a million human lives.

May god bless us to remind
Of her sacrifices to more works
that will dispel our pains forever.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Madness. (Couplet)

Madness is somebody's point of sadness,

Beyond bearability, and end up in more grudges.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Magician

He is a great magician,
Appearing and making
People disappear, cut them
In the center, through a box,
And alas, they come back
In one piece, beaming back,
Take rabbits out of hats,
Making other wonderful
Things happen on stage,
Ride and drive blindfold,
But his wife disappeared
Into the box never to appear,
Since she eloped with his friend.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mahabalipuram

Small town with a great past,
Ruled by many kings,
ships of olden age,
Left it's shore
In search of other cultures,
Life seems to be at standstill,
When we see the rock edifices,
The grand temple on sjore,
Telling the past glory,
Lost over a period,
Seeing many kngdoms
Come and go,
Glorifying it more and more,
But now a vistors' spot,
The granduer in tact,
Tried out by the awesome sculptors
Who toiled in heat,
To erect and chisel
The pieces of art,
Time couldn't destroy.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Maid Servant.

She was of unknown age,
But over middle age,
She came swept the floor,
Swapped with we cloth,
Cleared the trash away,
Washed the plates, utensils,
Always bent over
With the long time
Of working un a bent fashion,
With no breakfast,
Eating with whatever
Given to her by the people
Who made her work,
She toiled all day,
Ate little, returning to her
Leaking abode in the rains,
With memories of her
Dead husband, and the son
Who had to work for a living,
And earned barely
To lead a married life,
Together they lived alife
Of dreams of riches in future
Like the way thier kind did.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Make Love With A Dog...Canine Love....

A three decades ago,
A very beautiful sexy damsel,
Kept an alsatian as a pet,
For her safe sexy needs,
Fell in love with the animal,
Maten often with the alsation,
Felling more satisfied
Than mating with men,
And one day the dog
Felt more canine, pushing
His thing into her stuck in
With his round knob
Lashed her with his teeth,
Killing her, she going
Into sublime pleasure,
Ending in sublime end,
Dying a horrific death.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Malala

She was shot
In the head by terrorists
For preaching
Education for the girlchild
Recovered and continued
Her work, An example for
Womanhood, she must live
On in peace for the
Betterment of human beings
All over the world.
She became the braveheart
Of the woman's world.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Man - Dition. (Couplet)

Manditions, condition of man is subtle, gentle even a small piece of fate
Changeth his mind so badly, which he never worries of future and actions.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Man Of The Bush.

He lived in a bush,
Lived from abush,
Hunting for little animals,
Sat under the bush,
When it rained,
Yet getting partly wt,
He was under the bush,
When it snowed,
Shivering with the cold,
It was the bush region
He lived in, never thinking,
Liking the cilization beyond,
Foreign was his own country,
He live alone with family,
Speaking their own tounge,
Disliking the ones
That came, or passed by,
In monstrous machines,
But he lived a life
That was content,
Unsurpassed by any.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Man Spider

It walked upright,
On two legs, imitating
A man, and followed
Damsels on the road,
Mystified by their beauty,
But not able to bear
Its feelings in the loins,
Couldn't mate or
Attract a woman,
Who ran away at
Its presence, who chased
Them but slowly,
Not able to catch
Them with a burning
Desire to kiss and fondle
Them, frustrated
It jumped from a scyscraper,
But ended up falling
On its eight feet,
To cry away its desparation,
In silence bit with webs
From its eyes which
Made him more sad.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Man-Dition (Couplet)

Man-dition, the cobdion of man is so inprectble, yet cyclic,

Almost all things hapeen to everybody during their life.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mango Tree

Under the huge mango tree,
Some thirty feet in height,
In my house of childhood time,
I threw stones at the mangoes,
And she felled one promptly,
Into my gaping mouth.
I had a hell of a time taking it out,
Since it was tightly embedded,
Which I felt her anger at
My continuous pelting of stones.
She was one among the millions,
Grown by me to eat
The king of fruits who ruled
Without a crown or throne.
She was cut ten years later,
When my grand uncle expired,
In the land where mango trees
Are used to cremate Hindu bodies.
She burnt half alive, taking my
Uncle's soul in land where
People believed creation
Will bring transportation to heavens.
May a day I looked at the spot,
Where she stood regally,
Shaking her branches in the wind,
Like a princess with her hair flying,
She was one example of the good,
Which silent beings do service
To us who do hardly any good
Or useful to any being on this planet.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Maniac.

The road looked forlorn,
A single guy, coming alone,
With thoughts of violence,
Of inexplicable kind,
Suffused in his mind,
For loves he felt lost to him,
And not returned to him,
He felt lonely, yet strong,
His mind throbbing
For the violence,
He cherished so much,
Yet knowing why this happened
To him alone,
He remembering
His acts of violence,
Of stabbing shooting,
rapings he made
In his lifetime,
Gloating over, how he escaped
All that laws made,
Wiping out, or never
Leaving any evidence,
He proceeded to his next victim,
How he will commit
This one more crime,
And many others in future,
Till the law caught up
with him he never took
A serious view about,
Since his greatest punishment
Was his own feelings
In his soft mind thought to be hard.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Maple Leaf

It turned yellow,
From the green
From which it was born of
Slowly growing
Many cornered
Living into the summer,
On the tree decorating
Slowly turning red,
Getting detached
At the stem,
Fell on the earth
With the heaviness
Of the snow it carried,
Then wafting in the wind,
Turning the side
Carried away with the snow
To clear the road
Whereby it lived
And died silently by.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mare.....

She pranced across the plains,
In sheer joy of running
In freedom unknown to horses
Who are kept under latch and key,
With her mane flowing
in the wind that followed her
With her lover running after
All over in long distance,
Eating the grass and fruits
On the ground with the fresh smell
Of earth and the dust
That blew in the wind,
Smelling occasionally
To pick up scent of any predator
She walked in majesty
Following her herd
Whining now and then
Of sheer joy of free existence.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Marketplace

Overflowing with people

The marketplace

Stayed from time immemorial,

Colours decked in the way,

Women in gay colored clothing,

Children laughing merrily

Many having fancy food,

Mind takes on a merry ride,

Marketplace stayed on

Till late in the night.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Markus Antonius.

He was young and fullblooded,
Orator none of his time
Could match, it eas then
That was Caesar was stabbed
From behind by Brutus the crafty,
In secrecy which came into open.
Antonius then stood and gave
Speeches so fiery, that Rome
Stood burning, for the acts
Of the culprits behind the assassination.

For days did he make long
Speeches which Roman heard
With hearts throbbing in undulation
With the words he uttered gracefully.
It was then Cleopatra appeared,
To charm him so heartily,
With whom he left his country,
Leaving the leniage to the powerful
Throne fo Rome, in a ship
To Egypt to have the heavenly
Nuptials Cleopatra offered.

Thus ended the rise of a powerful
Orator to the throne of rome,
Never to be honored again.

How many are the Markuses
Of today who fall for wenches,
Forgetting their duties and nation?

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Marriage (Couplet)

Marriage is a carriage,

Life spent in a barrage.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Marriages Are Made In Heaven

Marriages like the registry
Are made in heaven,
With the relatives, friends
Making earthly arrangements
Of beds, flowers, wedding suits,
Feasts, ceremonies, bethrotals
All complete to make
The pair unite in sheer bliss
Living, copulating for
Indescribable years of harmony,
Love, making children,
But now that separations,
Divorces in huge numbers,
The wedding God and staff
Having a busy schedule,
Late night work of remarriages,
With enough confusions,
Complication, errors to boot
To the normal workstyle
Of yesterages where
People seldom married
A second, third, fourth time,
Emanating curses from the god
And overstressed staff
Who imagined to copy
The system in heavens too.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Married Only Once-Praise The Lord!

No memories of wives,
Of past, no alimonies
To be paid, no extra children,
To be bothered about,
Praise the lord, for
Marrying only once,
and making my stick
To me, sometimes
Not so faithful, yet getting
All the words rotten
From my darling wife.

While it is like that for some
Why is not so, that
The mating pleasure
Restricted to weddings
By faith, must be extended
To all sorts of imaginations,
To mothers, fathers, sons,
Neices, Nephews and sisters,
Since is it not man made
For their own faithful thinking.
Which happens but rarely.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mating With A Dog...Canine Love....

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A very beautiful sexy damsel,
Kept an alsatian as a pet,
For her safe sexy needs,
Fell in love with the animal,
Maten often with the alsation,
Felling more satisfied
Than mating with men,
And one day the dog
Felt more canine, pushing
His thing into her stuck in
With his round knob
Lashed her with his teeth,
Killing her, she going
Into sublime pleasure,
Ending in sublime end,
Dying a horrific death.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Matter Of Fact (Couplet)

As a matter of fact the matter may a fatter acoount,

Of a simple thing which has nothing to do with the matter in fact.

Ravikran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Maya

The great ruler sat on the throne
Decked with flowers
Before him were laid
A number of men and women
With flowers and leaves
Adorned from their necks,
The priests and priestesses
Dancing and chanting
Magical muses from
Their lips painted red,
Tongues protruded in tandem,
They offered their praises
To the gods of skies,
Offering the bodies
Of the laid ones before them,
Whose heads were chopped off
At the sign of the ruler,
And to be boiled and eaten
In the feast followed
By the pleasure of gods
Who looked down upon
The mortals inside
The tall walls of the fortress.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Me, Another Poetaster.

Me me, the self claimed poet,
A poetaster, someone
Who is a bad poet,
Never sticking to
The iambic, trochaic feet
Of the laws of poetry
It's metrics and merits,
Write away to glory,
With pieces fo feelings
Inked in words solitary,
Gushing out without
Poetic permission, to be read
In glee or grief of having
To read my ugly produce,
Yet my life with an ambition
To become a poet
Read and enjoyed
Though it may never happen,
Leaving me a poet disaster.

Ravikiran Arakkal

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RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Medha Patkar

Born of humble origin,
She grew to be the companion
Of poor and downtrodden,
And live with them they good
Life awaited her as a homemaker,
An executive or political leader
Of repute which should have been
As easy as speaking to anyone.

But she fought for the landless,
The evacuated for dams, bridges,
And ecological disasters,
The Government would have made
Due to the projects of 'production'
Which the nation had to take
On its children in tolls of lives.

She did hungerstrikes, demo
All over the places, slept
In pavements, whereas she could
have been lying with her husband,
And children, but she sacrificed
All material pleasures living
Like a saint, fighting for justice,
Over forty years in the country
Of half knowledge and illiteracy,
Where men and women knew
Not how to keep their rights.

Awards came and gone for her,
She toils on, all over many
A place a thousand miles apart,
in front of assemblies, parliament,
On street and project sites
To save the week from
The dinosaurs of development.

May the times remember and rever
Her and deeds to make an example

Of how a lone woman can make
So many things happen to protect
The ignorant from the gnaws
Of the money rats who are always
Hungry for more wealth and power.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Men On Bikes

They whirred on
From signal to signal,
At top speed in between
Making the pedestrians
Where there was no walkway,
Thinking of themselves
Of as heroes from movies,
Some of them crashing
Into people, themselves
Falling at great speed,
All ending up with
Broken limbs, arms
In hospitals, the bikers
Seeing it never learning
A lesson from the happenings,
But speeding in traffic,
As if the females
Who watched them,
Worshipped them
For their mad manoeuvres.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Menstrual.....

It is this cycle where
We are really different
From other mammals,
Makes a woman complete,
But in it she is down
And feel weaker,
Yet make her woman hood
Complete in all senses,
We wonder why there
Are medicines to stop
The cycle, even temporarily,
But yet she is prepared
Through the ages to face it
Human life is yet so different
In man and woman
Just by the presence
Of Menstrual cycle,
And she feels almost let down,
When the cycle stops,
But yet with some relief,
this yet another game
Of nature on human beings,
It is not menstual,
But really a womanstrual.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mental Hospital

He asked a few uncomfortable
Questions to his mother in law
Who had apolitically powerful
Brother who asked the chief
Of the Mental Hospital,
And was whisked away
By the staff and goons
Of the politican and was
first given an injection,
which made him speechless
With tounge so dry not
Enabling him to talk
and put in solitary confinement
With a single cloth to wear,
With howns, sneers, and cries
From the next cells full of madmen,
Turning his mind turbulent
and wishing for the touch
Of outside world, of hummning
Streets, music, wife and daughter,
He cried lonely and cursed
The ones for his confinement,
Feeling pity for the mad ones,
who took bath naked
And jeered at each other
Singing in howling unearthly tones,
But when he was released
He ran to home and felt
Heavens returned at devine intervention.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mermaid

i was sitting in the beach,
Forlorn and sad since
My love has left me for good
For another guy, more masculine
Rich millionaire, me thinking
How life could so ditching
When a beautiful damsel
Swam ashore, Alas,
But with tail fin instead of legs
Sat near by me, fell into
Conversation about me
And her sealife, where
Her lover ditched her
for another beautiful one,
We meeting everyday
In the evenings, caring
For each other nursing
Each others feelings,
Falling in love without knowng
Kissed deeply one day,
Tumbling on the surf,
But alas, again, not able
To mate toghetehr
Sperated with sorrow
But keep our love going
For times we don't know will end.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Merry Christmas To Santa.

Santa, Santa, Santa
The merry, merry saint,
Of happiness, pleasure,
Song, dance, and boons,
We do not have
Anything else to give you,
Since you have everything,
Most the gift of joy,
And can offer nothing
But wishes for a merry,
Merry, merry, Christmas,
And ask for the boon
Of your joyful return,
Which makes us so happy,
From the far north,
Of snow, ice, ledges, reindeer,
To return every year,
Which pleases us
Even mere sight
Of your kind in our land,
Merry, merry, merry, Christmas
To you Santa who keeps
Our hopes year long.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Merry, Merry, Merry, Merry Christmas

Mary, mary dear mary,
It is a merry, merry., merry.
Merry christmas once again,
The day the Great Christ
Came down to us,
To be happy and together,
To impart our happiness,
To one and all,
To share all the goods,
To one and all,
to drink dance
In mere happiness,
Not another day in the year,
More happier on the earth,
So much in unision
We exalt leaving all worries
To only celebrate,
Forgetting all the hatred
In our hearts, to unite
In the joy of merry. merry,
Merry, merry Christmas.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Metamorphosis

It was an egg laid on
A simple leaf,
Hanging to it all the time,
Then the heat of day
Turned it into a pupa,
Then a larva, which brought
Multicolored spread wings,
Which made the butterfly,
Fly against the wind,
In the sheer joy of flying,
And eating out of flowers
Many a one, dancing
With its fellow mates,
Splashing colors to the air,
It lived a full life of happiness.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Miami

Lovely beaches with waves
Washing ashore,
Full of color, natives
To match the grandiose,
Flowers in full bloom
Smiling at the visitors
In gay abundance,
Young dames dancing
Topless with garlands
Of flowers with colored
Petals looking like
Made for special ones,
Miami burned in
The sunshine with the sun
Looking down merrily.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Middle Aged

He was a middle aged
Bulky in the middle,
But hungry for everything
In the middle,
Of the lips, Of the middle
Between legs, between
The breasts, his eyes
Rowing ofr sights,
For the use of his middle
On some fair one's middle,
Fishing out femmes
Everywhere he went
The middle aged
Dreamt back on his
Young days, when
The company of the
Owner of fair middle ones
Was easy to come by.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Midnight Dream

I found the woman pushing
Herself into me, all naked,
Kissing mooching all over face,
She was a sort of violent,
Like she has not felt a man before,
For almost an hour
She twitched herself
Around my body,
After I was made naked
By her, I suddenly woke up,
To find it was a dream,
The beautiful woman was not there
Around, but the sweet dream
Has left me sweat, but confident,
Wishing it came true,
I searched for her face
On the street, to find
Anyone similiar, but to no avail,
The dream left a fragrance,
Staying in mind all the while.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Milk Maid.

She worked from four
In the morning,
Giving away the milk,
She collected from
The booths, delivered
At doorsteps of all,
Making a few thousand
To meet both ends,
Working in the cold winter,
In rains she ran
From home to home,
To fend for her children,
And add to her husband's
Paltry income made of sweat.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mirror, Mirror Why Doeth U Lie.?

Mirror, mirror why doeth
You lie so much,
Ever shining, showing
Reflecting all objects,
We look at you
To see a face,
Which is always disliked
Even by the pretty ones,
Thou, never revealing
The insides of the ones
Who looked at you,
For the truths to be revealed,
Mirror, mirror why doeth,
You lie so much to us.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Moghul Emperor

A two hundred years ago,
There lived an emperor
Of the great heirarchy
Of the Great Moghuls
With riches unlimited,
Horses, elephants
Uncountable, a full
Fortress of gold, jewels,
A harem with a thousand
Beauties of royal heritage
In marriage and donated
He lived a life of ultimate
Luxury, with wine from counties
A far and near, courtesans
Unlimited with a mighty army,
He made the dames dance
Naked with lighted candles
In their secret places
And mating with the one
Who had the lit candle
For the longest time.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Money (Couplet)

Money, sunny, honey is puny,

If more than funny when used like an idiot bunny.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Monotony.

Monotony surrounds,
Like a stone wall,
Unsurmountable,
Nothing happening unusual,
Days, months, years on end,
Like going in circles,
Getting up, eating,
Doing regular things,
Like reading newspaer,
Doing the same paerwork,
Doing routine tours,
Travels, usual holidays,
Excitement a far off
Dream yet to happen,
With occasinal deaths
Of old fellas, even love
Seems not to excite,
Monotony stands
Like a monument
Of nothing in particular.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Morning

The sun came like a thief,
Beyond the thick dew,
Which did not want to leave
So early, leaves, flowers
Drenched in the dew drops,
Laughed at the rising sun,
Which slowly heated up
The air, earth it touched
With it's radiant rays,
Slowly blinding the sight
Of the sun itself,
Turning the orange hue sky
To bright yellow, then white,
Providing the heat of life,
To the plants, trees,
Which made their food
Out of the air and water,
The morning sun warming
The oceans, rivers,
Slowly saying goodnight
To the night it left behind.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mother Earth

She rounded

Of the sun

Beautiful and graceful,

With large oceans

Produced all beings

With mountains and rivers;

But when the humans came

Polluted the air

Dug holes on her body

For fuel and metals

We wonder what will be

The outcome

With the climate change

We have five billion

Years before

She become one

With the sun.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mother Theresa, The Great Mother

A young nun started from
Checkosloviaka, in a ship,
To India, landing in Calcutta,
To serve humanity, one and all,
Stayed in the nunnery
For a few years, to step out alone,
To help the destitutes
On the big streets, all alone
And in forsaken groups,
Making other women join
In her endeavours,
To run an institution
Worldwide, to make her
Soft speeches and healing
Touches which the ailing
Turning mighty day after day,
Like the touch of
The mother devine, they could see
And feel in comfort confines
Of the veil of emotions,
Of the great mother
Of all times and her offsprings,
Mother Theresa becomes
The greatest mother angel,
Without any offsprings
Of her own but the outcasts.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mother...

She fed me from day one,
With the milk of her love,
Like the nectar from heavens,
And I hung on to her breast,
for an year and a half
What all had she done for me,
Married a second time,
When the first one left,
Surrendering her chastity,
In the land of chastity worshippers,
And not for more ecstatic nights,
But to feed me well and good,
Though she had to leave
For the full delight of
The step father who not
But Left with three more kids,
And continued his leching also.
She left wth his leching,
To fend us more with me,
And gove us with education,
But with enough bondage,
Lest she leave her for good,
And look after the properties,
Bought by the bribes he took.

But las, she did not last long,
Her love couldn't elongate
Her tender life and care,
Since she was contracted
With deadly xolon cancer.

She writhed in pain for
An year and half despite
Medicines from japan
And himalayas and asked me
To pray for her deliverance.

At last she died on the holy day
Deepavali, the festivals of light,

On the day the god killed the demon,
And her body creamnated
On the bank of a city river.

Oh! mothers, why do you keep
Your chastities and virginities,
which anyhow will be undone,
By your wish or otherwise,
Yet fondle the thoughts of your
Kids who will live anyway,
to follow your steps forever.

My mother stares on me always,
As if to take care though
the millions she made was cheated
By my step brothers and sisters;
and her love lead me to fend
For my offspring till my death.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mother-In-Law.

This was a mother in law
Of a different kind,
Delivered five girls
And a boy, always guarding
The chastity, marrying
them to rich families,
By posing to be of good lineage,
Deviding the sons in laws
By devilish interventions,
Making them fight
With brothers and sisters,
For paltry sums of inheritances,
Trying to be the lead lady,
And also making them
Dislike each other,
To make them disunited,
She ran the racket from
Her own home showing off
Her lone son the great protector
And defender of her wishes.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mother's Day

Is there a day without birth,
Possibly there can be a day,
Without remembering mother,
Yet she is always there,
In the corner of mind,
With the milk of love,
Always to say wrong and right,
Good and bad, soft is her touch,
Even the abuse is most bearable,
Life never goes without
A mother's touch, our planet
Revolving round her
Even the lush of love
Ends up in her carrying
In her soft belly, even the love
Meant to make a woman
A mother, in the last of her aim,
To nurture her produce
From the best man she can find,
Get and make the crawling kid
Into something of mature
Men and women, there had
To be somebody to found
A mother's day in the all pervading
Of motherhood of all beings
Especially the two legged of us.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mouth And Its Ends.

I am all of your mouths,
With cheek, tounge, lips
And teeth, ending up in
Two holes differently both
In you men and women.

you use me without
Forethought shouts
At each other, sometimes,
Saying sweet nothings,
For praise, anger, and disdain,
You use my lips to mooch
In ecstatic bliss and use
For such nuptial pleasures,
Undescribable in words,
Even doing circus on beds.

You use the other end
For such morning pleasure,
For ejaculating the materials,
You injrst through your oesophagus,
With so much variety
And numbers uncountable.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Mundane.

Time seems to be seemlees,
Passing away second by second,
Harly any thing good or great
To be done, life looks mundane,
A copy slightly different
From one another,
with a tang of anger,
Love or hatred here and there,
Making it more difficult
To pass, but with a defenite goal
Of getting older, but not wiser,
Everyone looking like anyone else,
With news items giving slight thrills,
Or interest of a murder,
A rape, a theft, a crime,
Few good or brave acts to be read,
will the time change
Bringing exciting actions,
If nor by the hour, but once in a day?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Murder Of A Brute

She lived with a brute,
marrying him out of love,
Handsome he was,
Ahunk showing martial arts
And a sweet talk which made
Many a beautiful dames
Fell for headlong,
He started bashing her up
From the sixth month onwards,
Using her body mercilessly
Raped for sexual satisfactions
And his unique perversions,
Which lasted a full two years,
Since she had loved him so dearly,
But frustrated with her mental
And bodily injuries, she shot him,
On one of his perversities
And went to jail in harmony
Of ending a menace so disarming.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Muse!Thou Must Bless.

Muse, most dear muse,
Thou must bless thine slave,
To make you more lovely,
And sweet and flow through
My heart and feelings,
To pen the matters of beauty,
Vulgar and mundane,
To make me and everyone
Happy on your appearance
So dear to our hearts.

You had failed my in my feelings,
To appear continuously
For a long period fo time,
Unable to express my experiences
inside and outside my large world,
Which changeth so fast.
Only you can record the events,
And the things that matter to humans.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

My Country.

My country

Is multifaceted

with umteen cultures,

Over one billion

Living peacefully

And in harmony,

Muntains, Rivers Lakes

Bound by the oceans

Adored by one and all,

Admired by foriegners,

Who had made it a slave

From poverty it has risen

To wealth in abundance,

India I adore thee.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

NEGRO

They always live in peace,
Hardworking,
Doing jobs menial,
Getting punishments
For the madnesses
Of their lords and owners,
Prospering a little
With the times,
But ignored, despised
By many, ending up
Sometimes as robbers
Or petty thieves with knives,
Due to insolence
The society showered
On them by many a citizen,
Yet living a life of
Simple life and happiness,
Not seen or attained
In the Castles and luxury homes
Of the millionaires
And billionaires,
The society made, foolishly..

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Nap (Couplet)

A nap like a cap does good for head,
But tappers off in the course of time.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Narendra Modi

HE is a statesman
A leader of mettle,
Led the people daringly,
Brought many changes
To the country,
A man of poor people
since he served tea
In the yester years,
Grew through the potical
rungs so difficult
To make:
A orator so stunning to
Listen, he will lead
India to the awesome heights.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Neem Tree

The neem tree stood tall,
And spread out wide,
Dark green all over,
Giving shelter to passersby,
The dogs resting under
Its huge shade, goats feeding
The grass that grew
Under it, the wonder
Medicinal tree a shelter
For everyone near by,
Even letting the crows
To build nests, along
With the sparrows
Who made sacks for nesting
All types of birds resting
A small world built around
The neem tree swinging
In the wind made a world
Of its own to the jealousy
Of the shrubs nearby.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Nice To Say....(Couplet)

Nice to say, nice to hear only when the money speaks,

Where did the good love disappear, without selfish gain?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Night Sky

The night dawned on
The horizon slowly
Enveloping everything
With darkness,
To the pleasure of night's
Creatures which flew out,
Crawled out, for prey,
The sky littered with stars
Like diamonds in darkness
Moon slowly dawning
From nowhere,
With a eerie light,
Showing everything
In its path lesser than
What they really are,
The air filled with music
Of the night's creatures,
Most beings sleeping off
Their routines' tiredness,
Night stayed long enough
Till the sun's rays
Glorified the eastern
Horizon, saying adieu,
To the rest restful, peaceful
Night which many took
Fright, though it's beauty
In darkness is indescribable.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Night Shower.

It rained yesterday night,
Blocking the full moon,
Cooling the hot winds,
Rain dancing on the ocean,
Making the birds shiver,
Wet with the rain,
They huddled together,
The rain making small streams
Seen through rays of noon,
Which stole through dark clouds,
The trees swaying
In we wind, whistling
Through it's branches,
Night rain making ghouls
Not venture out,
Lest they get wet,
The forest animals happy,
That their lakes will be full again,
For their daily drink,
Let the night rain continue
To coll the souls inside,
And the body outside.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Nirvana .(Salvation)

He sat down and chanted
Mantras so secret that
Few knew about them,
And did fasts and penances
To ascend to heaven
Keeping his celibacy
In strict discipline, that none
could match except a eunuch.

Years went by, and one day
He breathed his last,
Young as he was, and
Everyone believed
He ascended to heavens
And attained the immortal
Bliss and salvation
Through Nirvana which
But a few saints can obtain.

Whether he attained salvation,
Was never proved,
But did he abstain from
Worldly pleasures all enjoy.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

No Space To Walk.

This is the great universe,
With the galaxies,
With trillion stars,
The solar syste, milky way,
Where we are smaller
Than an atom in comparison,
Yet there is no space to walk,
On the walkways, footpaths,
Of the great metros,
Me always jostling with crowd,
With lost thoughts,
Dreams of millions only remain,
Worrying about getting home,
Daily chores a list unending,
Life a worry of bills payable,
People as if an herd,
Traversing the terrain,
Crossing the flooded rivers,
With little air to breath,
Water in ration, unable
To make a crossing of the street,
In peace, fearful of being hit,
By a passing vehicle,
Driven or ridden by mindless robotic
People, the walkway fo the metro
A flooded river even in night,
Making me wonder
Whatever happened
To the country road it was
Not a faraway time ago,
Where will I walk in peace,
Where will I breath in solace alone?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Nothing Like The Truth.

There is nothing like
The truth itself, millions
Of defending lies,
Can never hide the truth,
It comes out at it's own,
Even when it is hidden,
It does harm only
To the ones hiding it,
Life is a truth, but in mystery,
Which people seldom
Understand, like happiness
Easily forgotten,
Truth is easily hdden,
But it is there
All the time alive,
Only to be seen
For the seekers of truth.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Now Or Never (Couplet)

It is now or never, my love to unite,

Since we don't know which force will divide us apart.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Music flowed From his pen,
Yo enthrall all in Malayalam
The language of Kerala,
Honours hundred he got
But was humble
Married his sweetheart
Cinema filled
With his songs
He lived a full life,
And died peacefully,
Obituries done with honor.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Ocean

Mighty is the ocean, lashing
the shores with waves
Surf of pristine white,
The children playing
In the shallow waters,
Somersaulting in pleasure,
Over the waves, the surfers
Riding the waves,
Fisherman out in the deep
To carry their catch
For their living, the blue ocean,
Lay spread three fourths
Of the earth, caring for
The land it served
With so much of life in it,
And in the ocean,
Like a mother, it saw
The birth and deaths
Every day in billions,
Sometimes rising
In huge monstrous waves,
Tumbling every thing
In its path, men hardly
Aware of its presence,
The sea made its presence
It felt in the deep
And the surface nurchuring
The full life of the earth.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Ode To Poem Hunter

It is moneyless,
Frightless, endless,
Makes all readers
Happy, the poets
Jabbing away
Thier thoughts
Openly, yet kept
Secretly, some mirthful,
Some naughty,
Some about happiness,
Some about sepearation,
Some about death,
Some about loves,
Some about nature,
Encompassing all walks
Of life otherwise
Unexpressable
The beauty shines more
Written verses of choice
Poemhunter goes on,
Without a stop
Like the lock work
Of life on this blessed
Planets where
Poeple are so emotional.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Oh My Flower.....

Oh my flower love,

Your scent was

brought by the wind

You blossomed today,

You looked at me

With suspicion,

I was in love

With you at first sight

You disappeared

Into the crowd,

Leaving me alone

Wondering where to look

For you.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Oil Man

Humans found out

Oil is burning,

Then the revolution started,

Used in vehicles,

Plastics and medicines

Elongated the lifetime,

Turned water to human flesh

With the chemical energy

Man will die a pitiful death

Without Oil,

Life span reduced

Chaos in every sphere

Of human life, But burning

Without it respite

How this plant Hydrocarbon

Changed the human life

Not comprehensible

For him how to live without it.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Old Is Gold.

Old is gold, perhaps better
Than gold, gems, diamonds,
The wisdom got cannot be beaten,
Mostly free from sensualties,
Thinking like a child again,
Life is a little pain,
With the settlement of ailments only,
Memories of the past sweet,
Seldom sour, of the times spent,
In facing hardships, overcoming
Many people of great friendship,
Conslong self in troubles,
A self practice without malice,
A screen mind with little to dream,
Even daring to welcome
The onset of death anytime,
Oldage in humans in golden age,
With no greed, except a feeling,
Of a survival mostly distateful.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Old Woman

She staggered on,
With the frivelled skin,
Old legs harly supporting
Her weight, looking
Hither, thither,
Crossing the lanes
Very slowly, to the mall
To buy daily needs,
Helped by most,
Walking down the lane,
Very slowly, thinking
Of the ones who met her,
Her children. grandchildren,
Working else where,
All the time reminiscing
Her old days, when her
Husband was alive,
Talking of everything
Under the sun, children
Busily playing, with affairs
She never opposed,
Of the marrages four
In numbers, she slowly
Read the newspaers,
Watched th tv, wondering
When she will be bedridden,
Death dawning on her,
Why oldage should happen,
When there is so much
To live and happy about.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Oldage.

Youth lost,

Hope simmering

With death in view,

Arms and legs

With cramps,

Walking almost

Like a crawl,

Oldage dawned slowly

Love a foreign word

With no respect from

All around,

Made life amiser.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Onam - Festival Of Kerala

For ten full days, the people
Of Kerala, south of India,
Feasted, enjoyed
Each others company
Every year, to welcome
The old emperor
In his spirit, who was stamped
Down to hell, since
The ultimate god
Was given a complaint,
that a king ruled on earth,
Better than the heavens,
Gave alms to everyone,
The ultimate god came down
As a dwarf priest
Asking the emperor
For three feet, giving the alms
Of which, the dwarf
Became a giant,
Measured hell and earth
With one foot, another one,
Measured with the heavens,
Asked the emperor,
Who realised the ultimate
And offered his head
For the third feet
For measurement,
And was given a boon
To be chosen which emperor
Asked for a date to visit
His empire once a year
Which Keralites celebrate
As onam to show their
Prosperity akin to his days
In his empire, jolly are the days
When Kerala celebrate,
The days by all religions,
Castes creeds, rich and poor
Alike, and make the emperor

Happy on his visiting days.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

One Year Old

He stood up catching
The chair, trying to walk,
Falling on his plump back, ,
Again and again trying,
Succeeding in taking
One, two steps at a time,
Crawling most time
On the knees and hands,
Playing with the toys,
Making sounds of cars,
Calling only mom and dad,
a sight of the little one,
To fondle and caress;
His innocent face,
But taking in all lessons
To make a bigger boy,
A man in years to come,
The plumpy boy slept
Most of the time,
Always playful, crying
Occasionally very loud,
When he is hungry,
Or an ache none could
Place in his little body,
He lived a living pamperd
Adored by all who saw him.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Open Sesame (Couplet)

Open sesame, let have fame and dime,

In time. like not the past same, for all the time.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Open Sky.

From here I can see
The art of the sky,
Shrouded by the apartments,
But a hundred kilometers
I am on with the open sky,
Which has become a rarity,
Unlike in my childhood,
When I played always
Under the blue open sky,
With my boy fiends,
And neighbourhood gurls,
The open sky was
Always in different hues,
Of blue, pink, orange,
With white, black, blue clouds
Watching which I grew up,
The colours of the sky
Is rarely seen by me,
The delight and companion,
Of childhood which din't speak.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Opinions

We get all sorts fo opinions,
Opinion on how to talk,
Opinion on how to write,
Opinion on what to eat,
Opinion on whom to love,
Opinion on whom to marry,
Opinion on why to divorce,
Opinion on child upbringing,
Opinion on sex matters,
Opinion on beauty,
Opinion on handsomeness,
Opinion on eduction,
Opinion on careers,
Opinion on business,
Opinion on medicare,
Opinion on people's death,
Opinion on pregnancy,
Opinion on oldage occupation.
Opinion on investments,
All of which are seldom
Is good for anybody.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Orient - An Inheritance.

Huge temples jutted out,
As if in prayer,
Over the greenery,
Towns mingled with farflung
Villages of simple culture,
Adorned with Churches,
Mosques, Buddhist monks
Praying, chanting
the mantras of peace,
Tranquility, brotherhood,
Life moved slowly
In the innerside of orient,
But fast to catch up,
The rythm of the west,
The prestine cultures, structures
Inherited down thousands
Of years standing the test
Of time that passed by.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Osama - Prophet Of Terror

Born into a rich family,
In multiples, he traded
In goods and found
Religion and politics
Attractive, took to arms,
to fight for in the name
Of Allaha, unleashing
Terror and destruction,
The enemies he misunderstood,
For Allah who preached
For peace and love,
Osama preached terror
to those who opposed
Viel for women, polygamy,
Strong were his soft training
Making young men commit
Suicide to make juman bombs
And unleash terror
Who has nothing to do
With his begootted biews,
All over the world,
Even in hiding, chased
By black hawk planes,
His dwellings shelled
Hiing in mountain holes,
Osama became one
Of the most Prophets
Of Terror for the whole world,
Yet his actions awakening
The very ones he tried
To keep in chains aware of
The liberty of women
And liberation from
Religious bigots who made
Them obey by rituals
Of the kind unknown so far.

Ravikiran Arakkal

P I M P.....

He stood in the corner
Of the cross roads,
With a red bow on his neck,
Whispering to all passers by
Of the luscious dames
Available in his list,
With the pricetags,
Describing all the whores
In detail, Some becoming
Customers, while he talked
Over the mobile too,
To other would be customers,
Beckoning in the same style,
Making big bucks, according
To his standards and taking
It to his virtuos wife
And expexatant children,
for the small gifts be brought
Out his daily earnings
From the whorehouses,
Leading a calm, quiet life.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

POWER!! POWER!!

So many run after it,
To have the hang ion everyone,
To show their superiority,
To be a ahead of everyone,
In stance, stature, pride,
Esteem, money,
As if they are superhuman,
Yet are ordinary,
Not realising the sheer stupidity,
Of feeling superior,
Yet the culture is distraught,
With this psychic obsession,
Mother, fathers compete,
In teaching their children,
The requirement of being
Superior to anyone common,
Bringing in a feeling
Of inferiority, since they fail
To attain this level of satisfaction
Of superiority and be gear
Encompasse by a world
Of Power they imagine
Exists in the world
Of ordinary human beings,
Where the plesure is reserved
For the small things in life.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Pain.....

A pain lingered in the mind,
Like a shadow, which cannot
Be comprehended,
Shapeless, of unknown magnitude,
Making it sharper now and then,
Sometimes looking a friendly
Known person or origin,
Sometimes unbearable,
Very loathsome, details
Of the pain vaying evertime,
Leaving a belief that it will
Never be overcome,
To be lived with all the lifetime,
Like the days lived by,
Like the hours, minutes ticking by.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Pakistan's Pains.

Pakistan, Pakistan, howw did
You get to be like this!
Painful is thy condition,
With no freedom for your
Children, harnessed by,
The dicators, bigots of
Religion, fuadal lords
And the terrorists, slaughtering
And bloodletting, while your
Neighbours are peaceful,
Who enjoy enduring peace.
Why do'nt you tell your children
To rise and keep the few
Who tortured them so long,
And learn from the lessons
Of Khuran, Gita and the Bible,
to love one and all and fight
The Despots, and criminals,
So as to be happy forever.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Paparazzi

He took photos everywhere
But with a difference,
Chasing the wealthy and famous,
Unknown and knowingly,
From streetsides and from treetops,
Of dames talking bath nude,
With the ones of opposite sex
Partying and mating or kissing,
Making the victim ride or drive
Or even run away to get
A private life of their own
Paparazzi wrote truths
Semitruths, lies and wrong news
To become a legend of its own kind,
In the world to make few more bucks.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Parliament

This a house sacred

Where laws ar made,

But arguments fly past

Like fireballs from acannon

Yet it worked for

A long time

To control the poulation

Of its action

Civil and criminal

Human life made to abide

By law books,

To keep people make happy

Or unhappy

And make historical laws.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Parting With Daughter.....

She was dear to my heart,
An only child, holding
My finger, she walked
and grew up to be a woman,
Never letting her love
Be diminished for her parents,
But time did its work,
Of making her independant,
Who used to travel
In the front of my scooter,
Holding the handlebars,
And on the back when
She grew up. travelling
Giving directions, cautions
Travelling in the car
To far off distances
Where we made holidays,
She had to ultimately
Depart, part from us
For the studies higher
To a distance
Of seven thousand kilometres,
We parted in sadness
The hearts couln't bear,
Her mother in tears,
But she braving
To a new world of knowledge
And work she felt
Must be accomplished
Even at the cost
Of parting the parental love
Which she so much
Felt had to be carried,
But can't afford
To have at close quarters
For her good of future times.
Even at the cost
Of parental melancholy
Of loosing her proximity.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Peacock

I dance in ecstasy just before,
It will come puring down the earh,
To cool the air and surrounding,
And make th grass leap alive,
And grow greener in the plains,
And make the forest shiver
In the coolness it brings,
With gale fritring along with the
Branhes and leaves, alos making
The streans to well, and flood
The furgling river making it
Fall a hunded yards down
The waterfalls, to soften
the sighs of elephants deer
and all the my wild companins,
When farmers sing in joy
To seed their farms for feeding
The billions they depend
On the waters from heavens.

Look at me spead my tail
And feathers in harmony
With the winds that blows before
The showers I wait for an year,
On the earh so beautiful,
Where nobody can dance
So well to stare in consternation.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Pegions

They jumped around,
The courtyard,
Feeding the grains
Thrown on the ground,
Cooing a little,
Sitting on the ledge,
Of the fort, singing
All the while,
With no regets in mind,
No sadness to be borne,
Happy all the time,
Flying in circles,
Seldom leaving the place
Of their abode,
Where they lay eggs,
Roosted lived
A life of peace
Which the onlookers
Saw with jealousy,
Their birth and death
With no birthdays or obituaries.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Pen

You evolved from a feather,
So soft and touchy,
making marks on paper,
and from the little pointed
Knife of the east to scribble,
On dried palm leaves,
to today's fountain pen
And the ballpens writing
Billions of books
Which the men wrote
Of his passions, history,
Records of money
And the Governments
Work with your soft touch.

But we are worried about
You, who may disappear
With the onset of keyboards
touch screens and
Voice commands of the computer,
Will you also disappear,
Like your predecessors?

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Perverse. Mr...A Tyrant Of History.

He was born Delhi in India,
Brought up in Pakistan,
Grew in Army by palming off
Parties and wenches,
Pleasing all the heads
He had while growing,
Attacking and killing
His countrymen of his origin,
By his actions through Inter service
Inteligence and terrorosts
made in his own adopted country,
Displaced the democratic head,
Through military usurpation,
Became head of the nation,
Challenged by all countrymen,
Retained his own position,
Through military might,
He is Perverse Mush,
A tryst in the history of Pakistan.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Pet Dogs (Couplet)

Pet dogs are like wet skin with only onw difference,

Wetness, moisture leaves the skin, Pet dogs never leave.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Picasso

He was the soft artist,
In mind and his touches
On the canvass, which
He drew many a modern art,
Soft to women falling
In love with tens of them
Marrying four, of them.
Damsels and their
Places of secret came
To life with his brushes,
So lithe, that even animals
Said a different language
In his so abstract an art.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Picture Savvy.

We have become picture savvy,
to get into frame of film,
To appear in newspapers
And telly to show our beaming
Faces to look back in glee.
Dames poses nude and seminude
For an ad or newsitem,
Kissing in front of lensmen,
With anyone near by, the list
Goes on to a guy who gave
His own obituary for seeing
In the papers, guy trying to jump
From a multisory, to the guy
Who stabbed a woman,
To get into telly news.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Pilgrimage. (Triplet)

Pilgrimage is a journey to dities

Of oldage, who have forgotten

Obligations wished for, so direly needed.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Platonic Love

They were of one kind,
Dreaming of nuptial pleasures,
Not able to talk of it,
Not even able to speak
To each other, since words
Were caught in the throat,
But smiled at each other,
Thinking of ending up
In each other's arms,
Kissing, caressing,
shying away from expressing
The feelings they had
Secretly in their minds,
Making meaning of gesticulations,
Occasional winks,
They lived a life
Of Platonic love,
Till they were married off
By the parents, as per
The custom of south east,
Of the world, where
Many a pair enjoyed
Pre marital and extra marital
Bliss of their own chances.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Poet' Woes.

The muse diasappearing,
When the mind was turned to it,
Giggling from distance,
Playing a game of catch me if you can,
Troubling the mind,
Searching words, and matter,
It stays on and off,
Sometimes over a long period
Of time, the poet feeling
Like a forlorn lover,
Having a tryst with the muse,
Now appearing, now diasppearing,
Never in a constant mood,
He chasing the mind
Of the eluding muse,
Happy with it's appearnce
In his mind, feeling lost
When it palys its hiding act,
Not able to punish it
In any way, since his love
For it so long and deep,
the poet is in a penance,
For it's unearthly presence.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Police, Police ! !

They sat together
In crumbled chairs,
Some with only three legs,
The radio crackling,
With the chief shut inside,
A few criminals in a room,
With dorr of iron bars
Stiniking walls,
Crouching on the floor,
The ploice bargaining
Ever for the first information
Which is need to be done
As per the law, bribed
To the hilt, the policemen
Lived a life of criminility,
Worse than common
Punished criminals,
They often summoned
To courts for cases' legalities
Told umpteen number
Of lies on being bribed,
giving even advices
To the accused, the policemen
Stressed out of eighteen hours
Of duty, mostly suffering
From many sicknesses,
The model citzens
Lived a life of appalling
Misery, dishonesty
But of course obedience
To the corrupt superriors,
Governed by the politicians,
Who revelled in extreme corruption.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Politician

He came up
Through the rungs
Making demos at
The opposition ruling party
Made to the jail for
The same acts
He became a homely word
Appeared in TV
But the monies
He made, made his
Children criminals
And he died a death like
All other humans.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Politicians, Military An Absurdity.

He stood on the platform,
Lashed his tongue,
Against his opponents,
Calling them names,
Incapable of doing nothing,
He himself done nothing,
Talked of education,
Healthcare, women welfare,
Of the countries to fight
A war, for reasons
People half understood,
But never giving a consensus,
He was almost like
The military men who ate
Quarter of the countries
Income, did almost nothing
Except for fighting
Once in a while war,
Of no consequence
To the people of the country,
They belonged, both
Military and politicians
Devouring a quantum
For almost doing nothing
Existing for namesake
Of country's development
And protection it barely needed.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Polls

Here is the election,

The candidates

Full of promises,

The symbols danced

In the wind,

Everyone excited

That their candidate

Will win the polls

Attacks and counterattacks

Made the campaign

Is a festival of

Democracy and its fun.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Politicians Ofr Wrong Doings.

Politicians and wrong doings,
Look like twins,
Politicians for wrong doings,
Wrong doings for politicians,
Never inseparable,
Alike in nature,
Always happening
In hiding, in darkside,
with the dark side,
Of the mind in both,
Never stopping,
Even after ten million of years,
Of human existence,
As if it is written in our genes
Both to exist forever,
till humanity exists,
Both thriving our lives.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

President Of A.

He presided over all those around
Him in much gusto, always talking
And nodding his head, the poor
Disappeared from his vision,
None but enemies fighting
His country and men he always
Thought of, which made him
Agreements on paper with
Heads of other nations,
While kissing or fondling a kid
For the telly, and the viewers liking,
always looking at his charts
Of popularity, which made him
Fight in alien lands, against their
culture, so dear to them,
though it killed many of sons
Of soil, while he merrily waved
To the crowds while alighting
Or climbing to his beloved Air force one.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Priests Of Christ...

The priests of Christs prayed
For all and one, but also prayed
For the renunciation of sins
They committed on boys
And women who they slept with,
Asking the god to take them,
to forgive them for the natural
Sex urge that they couldn't
Control and ended up in
Cajoling others to bed with them.
No different were the fairy nuns
Who twittered and flowed
From and to the Churches,
Praying but munching on
The secret matings they had
With priests or young ones.

Why the elder priests and saints
Change the rules of fake celibacy,
That none follwed all the time
Ending in compensations
Ordered by the court, to the glee
Of the used where god has turned
A blind eye to the rules of the church.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Prince

When I was awench fo sixteen,
a prince used to blow kisses
Unseen my farmer father,
Hiding behind the fence,
he came riding from the near
Castle which i could only dream.
One day he came inside
The compound climbing the fence,
Hugged me and showered kissed
All over the face, and breasts,
Made sweet love wothout my father
and sped away never coming back.
I think of my first lover, chastity
Breaker, though, I married,
had six children, the incident
Never told to my husband,
And chershed in my hear forever.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Prostitute.

She was stolen from
A well to do parents,
Shown a chocolate,
For which she fell for,
The stealer taking her,
To a big metrocity,
Used for child abuse,
Later as a prostitute,
She unable to remember,
Her parents and home,
Her parents never knowing
About her whereabouts,
She became a full grown
Slut, used many times
A day, her fate so locked up
By the unsympathising
Society, branding her
And her kind, womanhood
And her like wept
For a long time, then forgetting
Becoming a service
Provider, whereas
She would have been
A respectable homemaker,
May be a professional,
If she were not been kidnapped.

Ravikran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Psyhiatrist

He met her on recommendation,
Who was working
For free to poor,
In an organisation,
Meant for Pschyshophrenias.
she spoke to him gentle
In deatail of confusions
And fears of his mind,
The storms and turbulences,
Which made him
Cry and laugh at the sametime,
Reacting in abnormal ways
To the normalcy of all.
she gave long advices
Conslolations which cooled
His hear and mind,
Added to a few pills,
Which made him hale
And hearty in a few months
Time by which he adored
To her pretty consrevations.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Puppet

The man started the show
With multicolored puppets,
Men women and children
Playing stories from mythologies,
So endearing and understandable
With the puppets walking,
Dancing, fighting, talking,
Every watcher enthralled
Talking of Buddha, Rama
Jesus and allah, so different
Life like, like us living
In the world where we are
Playing with anger, jealousy,
Humour, sadness, but we are
Puppets of the universe,
Which is the god almighty.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Queen Laxmibhai

She was queen fom orniray,
Borh married to a king in love,
But lost him on death, after
Presenting with a son, whom
The dominating British
Decided will not ascend
The throne without their terms,
Which amde the queen
Challenge bravely with
The english who sent the army
To make the queen a prisoner
of their offered agreements.

the brave queen wellversed
In battles, challenged them
In the battle ground, with
Her son tied to her back side
And fought for many days,
Dying a martyr for her country.

many are the queens who
Sacrificed their liveswithout
submitting to the wills
Of the British to aquire all powers
And control this sacred land.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

R A B B I T

Sitting on hind paunches,
It bit into the carrot,
Again and again,
With great relish,
As if it was a heavenly dish,
Scampered away
Into the it's homely hole,
At the lightest of footfalls,
Listening with ears,
Without missing any noise,
Smelling into the air,
For an approaching predator,
Very fearful with
An all tme throbbing heart,
Running zigzag,
Never giving itself up,
Soft and gentle,
Like none othe animal could be,
Spending a lot of time,
With folded hands,
As if in penance,
For its little ones and family,
Survived a few millions of years,
Without any meat whatsoever,
Rabbit is an example
For us guys how genle
We can be if we wanted to be.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

RECESSION >>>>>.....

Prosperity played its
Nature of fullfledged appearance,
For a very long time,
Making everyone happy,
Working in jolly moods,
With splendid homes
Fabulous cars, material riches,
Slowly fading away
Into an era of very few jobs,
Money hard to come by,
Recession took its place,
Bleeding away the prosperity,
Making beggars of workers,
Rich men tightening the aid,
Life becoming costlier,
Satan made his way,
Once again through
Business, monies, markets,
To make a many suicide,
Other to loll in impoverishment.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Rain

It rained cats and dogs,
Yesterday morning,
With the droplets dancing
To the tune of the wind,
The drops living a short life,
Uniting on the soil to become
Streams gracefully flowing
To the lake down below,
emanating a heavenly
Earthen smell, like
The sweat of a young damsel.

I had as a young lad,
Walked in the rains as many
Times as possible feeling like
The heavens wished to bless
Me with its soft touches,
Along with wind lashing
On my face, so brazen,
Yet harmless, like playing
With me, on the road
To nowhere, to give me
Memories and occasional
Experiences when it pours
All of a sudden without
Any warning whatsoever,
The encounters so lovable

Many more the rain blessed
When I speed along on
A cycle, mobike, but only
to feel the cool in the car,
Its blessings so overwhelming
Giving the water of life,
With which we are made three fourths.

Ravikiran Arakkal

Rainbow.

It was a long time ago,
I have seen a rainbow,
In the city it is hidden
From the view,
Whenever it appears,
It might be appearing
Once in a while,
Either as a full or part one,
The last time I saw it,
Was when I was
On long drive to hometown,
Full and in all colors,
I miss its absence
Whenever I can get
A full view of sky,
Which reminds me
As a child when I searched
The sky everyday,
For its full bow along the sky,
I miss you, rainbow now.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Raining, Raining...

It was raining, raining,
Non stop, blub blub, blub
It dropped on the shallow
Sheet of water flowing,
Making bubbles that burst
In merriment to the drops,
Childhood dawned
In the mind, when I made
Small paper boats
In the flowing water
Akin to the ship in seas,
The rain came down
In beautiful shower as if
Sent down from the heavens,
Pure water droplets,
To cool the polluted earth,
Wash away all the wastes
Sins of our making,
Cars, scooters, splashing
The water sheets,
In a beautiful rythm,
To drench the passersby
Who went by under colourful
Umbrellas, like in a parade,
Raining, raining here,
Is oft the most beautiful sight.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Rascal (Couple)

Rascal is like with a new invention,

Not of fiscal but of muscles.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Refugee

She travelled hundreds
Of kilometers, cried for her food
rested very little,
Lived without food sometime,
Her parents dead in
The meaningless war
For someone's great position,
She knew not what will
Happen to her, living in shelters
Sometimes no one took notice
Of her she lived the life
A beggar, but fate can make her
Some one of repute, like
Many a refugee did in the past

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Resisiting..... (Couplet)

Why do you try resisiting my love, when iyt is clear on your face,

That you cherish me, endear me, love through the parting of your lips that is
your smile?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Return My Feeling.....

The love I had for you
Is so precious and makes me feel
Lonely, when you don't return it,
It lurks in my heart
With every beat,
I felt it will be duly returned,
Yet not so, I feel sorry for self,
If not full, return in part,
Be kind to me,
I yearn for the soft touch
Of your love feeling,
I promise you, I will keep it,
Till I end, till the last day
Of my life here, try somehow
To return as long as you can,
The moment of which
I will cherish forever,
Return my love feeling
Though you may be
In heart someone else's
Or your deep love
Is for someone else,
Be kind for a sometime,
Return, please return
Part of my love feeling.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Return My Passion (Couplet)

Return my passion, like not the fashion

Don't change or give it to someone else since I am waiting.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Rice Fields.

The field filled with a quarter
Of water, which stayed still,
Full of life, bugs crawling
On the leaves of paddy plants,
Dragonflies flying around,
Crabs crawling on the boundaries,
Fishes swimming gaily
In the small waterways,
Waterfowls, cranes catching
In the field, small paddy flower shoots,
swaying the soft wind
With a musical murmur,
Walking on the pathway,
With an love song, a folklore
On the lips, life was seperate,
Sweet, endearing The wind
Wishing a bumper crop
To the farmers, life is
Serene and pure in the paddy field.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Ripper.

He looked at various dames,
Watched them in detail,
Following unknown
To their homes' premises,
With the art of unlocking
The door locks,
He made entry to their rooms,
Raped them in brute strength,
With a sock pulled over his face,
Making ahundred and odd rapes,
Once forgetting to lock
The house after entry,
The molested woman cried
In great anguish,
Bringing all the neighbours,
The ripper at last caught,
Confessed to his rippings,
Made an entry to jail,
But with a glee of committing
So many rapes in his time.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Rock It, Babie, Rock It! !

Rock it babie, rock it,
For the new year has come,
Rock all of your bottoms
And tops, in line with music,
Nothing to fear or fret for,
Life cannot be any worse,
As it is or used to be,
Rock it, babie rock it,
Here is the new things,
News to be passed by,
Rock all the year,
Rock all the months,
Rock all the days,
Rock all the hours,
Rock all the minutes,
Rock it to the next year,
Rock, Rock Rock it,
Till all the rocks crumble.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Rolls Royce

It was Rolls Royce car,
Magnificent in sight,
Rolling away gracefully,
Carrying the monied
Mighty heads of states,
But pitiable in condition,
Since it carried the sinful
Bodies who over indulged
In life to show off everything
They made and had,
The riders changed in time,
But the Rolls Royce roled
On and on gracefully,
Carrying the unwanted
Of the earth beautiful.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Rose

She stood pretty
Her head held little bowed
Her fragrance in the air,
Loved by one and all,
But short is her life,
To be mourned by
The honeybees.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Rose.

It's fragrance peircing the nostrils,
It swayed to the tune fo wind,
In slow motion, wishing
It will not be plucked
For show of someone's love,
Or end up in aboque,
With it's own dream endearing
In its hear large and full,
Yesterday it was yet
A shy bud, blossoming
Into a full one today,
though it knew of it's short life,
It was nver sad, but smiling
Every second of it's life,
Till it felt the pangs of early oldage
In it's petals which shrivelled
And started withering,
It managed to make a full life,
Escaping the short life
In a boque or single offering.

Ravikran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Rubber Woods.

It lay miles on end,
green with the top,
The bottom too, green
With grass, swaying
All the time gently
In the singing wind,
A very lonely thought
In mind, with nobody around,
It feels a bit eerie,
But the loneliness,
A cool feeling with self,
The rubber for company,
As if to say, don't worry,
I am company to you,
I will there forever,
When you come by,
Singing with the leaves,
Spreading a cool shadow,
All the time in summer and rain.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

S H A D O W....

It followed me everywhere,
Wherever light fell,
Like a faithful friend,
Never hurting me,
But silent, sometimes
Short, sometimes long,
Seldom of my own size,
I watched him
In different shapes,
Of face, body, arms, legs,
Like I couldn't imagine,
Occasionally reminding me,
Of my childhood,
when I made images
Of rabbits, dogs, horses
With both hands and palm,
Can there be a life,
Without the sun, light or shadow.

Ravikan Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

S H A R K

He swam in deep waters,
Sometimes surfacing
For a breath of air,
Catching his preys,
After short, long chases
Devouring them
Relishingly, moving
In the great sea
With great happiness
Of his usual freedom
And superiority when
He was caught in the web
Of a large and strong net,
Pulled into the tug,
Dying a breathless death,
He was cut open
To show what all he ate,
And his guts, his head
Separated, in pieces
He lay in tins to be fried,
His soul in distress
Of an untimely, uncomely death.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

S U I C I D E.....

He was dead as a mackerel,
Consuming the poison
In the bottle that lay nearby,
The reason not known,
But it was the love
That he did not get from
Anyone near about him,
Of what kind does not matter,
Now that he has expired,
For the love he wanted
Would not have costed
Anyone anything,
But yet none spent or gave it
To him, for which his heart
Ached for a long time,
And made the poor man
End his own life not for
Much reason mentionable,
On the earth where life is so cheap,
And words and love
Is supposedly costlier,
To be used in more frequency.

Ravikiran arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sadist.. A.

He became a saidst,
Without his own knowledge,
His potency lost
In an unfortunate accident,
He made his wife
Mate with his friends
Watched in exhilaration,
Feeling a thing or two,
Which he couldn't accomplish,
His poor wife trying
To make him happy,
Did as he asked for,
Their life a abnormal existence,
But both being together,
The poor sadist unaware,
Of his own mental deformation.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sai Baba

People on the street,
Fought with each other,
In the name Hindu and Muslim,
Killing many, wounding many
More and looked at each other
With Hatred, when a man
Clad in dirty torn clothes
Smiled and sat peacefully
In the shade of a tree.
Worn with the battles,
they asked him what made
Him smile so happily,
And replied inner peace
Made him very blissful,
And advised them that
There is but one god
And all men are brothers.

As time went by, people
Listened to his melodious
Voice, danced and sang
with him and called
Him Sai Baba
The ' Devine Father ',
And all became one
Without battles and shouts,
Which place, where
He lived, danced and sang,
Became the Shrine of all Religions.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Saint Gylaphous.....

Saint Gylaphous was a saint,
Known for his holy faith
And actions unparrelled
From India, and died during
His prayers to the lord almighty,
And ascended to heavens
But was transported to
The heavens for europe,
Where he was detained
For discrepancy in his visa
Alphabets of Initials,
And was deported immediately.

Unable to get a ready deadbody
In India, his soul transported himself,
To America, where he got
Into the body of a whore
Died of AIDS, but was soon
In buisness in dollars, which
His inner self was unable
To account for, learnt in time,
But was stuck on earh for a long
Time to come but accumulating
His holy points, since such service
Was holy for the holy world,
And got prompt entry
To heavens on a correct Visa,
Issued in the name of the whore.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Santa Claus... A Joyful Arrival

Jingle bel, jingle bell,
Here comes the Santa,
Who is the merriest,
Makes eveyone merriest,
Not the presents,
But his presence
Is the best sight,
To bring the christmas eve,
To the climax of happiness
Which none other
Can match, his arrival
On reindeer sledge
Is the happiest moment
In the year, to please,
The children, young and old,
Santas work throughout
The year planning, prepairing
For the eve of love
Everlasting, on the dayw
Which arrives every year,
Waiteed for by everyone,
For the celbrations to occur.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Saraswathi

You are beyond any words,
Because you are the goddess
Of word, art, music and culture,
So nimbel, and beautiful,
Your own father Brahma,
The lord of creation fell
In love iwth you afrer creating
Thou, paramount power
Of letters, bless me the humble
One who prays for your blessing.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Satanic Ways++++

He sat in his gorgeous throne,
Planning to attack ways
Of destroying the peace of men
On earth, with vampires
nearby who boiled people
In hot cauldrons of steel,
With cries of the victims
Filling the air surrounding,
Satan struck of a plan
To counter the good of god
And entered the minds
Of all priests of god who made
Strict rules of celibacy, virginty
Women to be put in veil
Producing human bombs
Terrorists, vain preachers
Who brought the peace
Of earth to an end and make
War among people
Who lived in peace together so far.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Save Me Jesus

Save, save me Jesus

You gave me food

When I was hungry,

Gave me job

When I have nothing to do

Wiped my tears

When I was in pain,

Gave me peace when my mind

Was in turmoil,

Let your kingdom come

For people to be happy

Gave me a child

When I was childless

We are all waiting

For your arrival

For the world to be peaceful.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Scaramouche

Clad in colorful costume
Of yesteryears,
With full of romace in heart,
He fell in love with
Dozens of damsels,
Both married and unmarried
Who returned his love,
For his chivalrous actions,
He lived from bed to bed,
Giving much of nuptial peasures
Delights untold,
Making one wonder
Whether it was he
Or the damsels who benefitted
From his relationships
Scaramouche went
To participate in crusades
To enhance his image,
To win over more damsels
In distress and hear for peasure.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

School Boys' Secret Talks.

They spoke of love
And letters of love
Exchanged or given one way,
To the girls school's girls,
Of embarces made
In secret places, kisses made,
Of thw stuck brinjal
In the orifice of fachelor
Female teacher, desperate
for love making she was
Unable to make,
Hot water poured by
Neighbours by the call
Of the frightened teacher
Who was called Brinjal
Thereafter, spoke about,
The class mate who mated
With a cow due to frustration
Again hot water for release,
Due to his sticking to the cow,
Describing th sex of grownups
In secrecy as engine work,
Measuring their penises
In lenghts on erection,
Finding the loinhairs,
As a symbol of manhood,
The teens teemed with
Talking of growing into manhood
And the details of girls,
Feminity and signs,
and how to trap a girl
Into the sublimation of love.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Schizophrenia.....

She slowly became schizophrenic,
With thoughts woven
By herself, hated all others,
Throwing things at husband,
Abusing him of monies
Cheated by his brothers
And sister, cheated by her
Brother and sisters,
Attacking with a kitchenknife,
Braking bottles and glass
Showpieces pointing at him
Occasionally biting,
scratching him with nails,
Bleeding him many a time,
He felt pitiful of his wife
Never left her side, always
Hugging her, even when
She danced a psychotic dance,
Showing all her hatred for no reason,
But after a proper medication,
She came back to normalcy,
But not knowing
What all wounds she left on him,
Yet more affectionate
Than before to be lovable again.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sea Side.

Tranquil, like a saint's mind,
I stood along the sea shore,
Watched the crabs run sideways
Over the wet silky sand,
Which stuck at the fack of feet,
I watched a hundred waves
With their music of rushing
To the shore, unhurriedly,
Yet to a rythm of their own,
Children playing in the sand,
Somersaulting in the waves,
An occassional boat passing
In the waves to catch the fish,
Men clinging to the ropes,
When it became dark
On the horizon, water shone,
Like a silver plate,
Moon hovering over
With it's smooth smile,
Looking down on it as if it saw
The sea for the first time.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sea.

The sea sent the sloshing waves,
To kiss my feet, legs, body and face,
Loving me as always as I approaches,
It's caress so soothing
Like the fingers of a woman,
The waves mischievously
Taking away the sand
From under my feet,
Making me loose my balace,
Like the way one feels at times,
In real life, the sea watching
My imbalanced dance,
Gurgling all th way, with asound
In the wind, singing relentlessly,
As if to tell me to be happy,
All the time, all my life,
Till I left the sea shore,
With a heaviness of spearation,
The sea smiling it away like always.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Second World War Soldier's Return

A short brown soldier
Fought the world war
In the Burman land,
For four years,
With his skin tearing away,
On bieng removed,
Drinking rum,
Ducking bullets,
Sharpnel from crumbling
Buildings and glass windows,
He was shot and removed
To the heap of dead,
The family getting
The news, did last rites
For him, the war ending,
His parent's mounning
Their dear son's death,
Still part of lasr rites
Conducting saw
The apparition of their son,
On the doorway,
They howled in horror
When their son
Told them he has returned
Crawling fron dead's heap
And reached home
To the amazement
Of the villagers talking
Of the second birth of the soldier.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Seperation.....

The bus left the stand,
With her, I left it,
With her thoughts,
Home looked deserted,
Without her,
Her daily chiding,
The short sepearation,
seemed to elongate,
By every hour, day,
Missing her nearness
Her chatter finding fault
With so many things
I do everyday,
She left very lonely,
Her angry, smiling eyes,
Appearing all the while,
Her visage cut out
In my mind, I felt left out,
Forever, but the day came
With her on the doorstep,
With the shoulder bag,
A solace and smiling
Tired face with the travel fatigue,
The seperation making
Fond memories in mind.

Ravikran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Seven Colours.(Couplet)

The seven colours like octaves of music,

Make millions of colours like the mix of music.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Shall We Say Good Bye ?

We have been together,
For a long long time,
Now that we are tired of each other,
Shall we say goodbye?
Go our separate ways,
To find more meaningful
Thrilling life, like it oft happens
To the once lovers,
We shall start afresh on our own,
Yet we have much
To remember of our togetherness,
The love we shared,
The lives we led together,
The long hours we spent together,
It is time for adieu,
Let the good times remain
In tact without being
Any more spoiled,
By our too much intimacy,
Goodbye dear, goodbye,
We shall meet again
As friends somewhere, sometime
Let us part our ways here and now.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Share And Money Markets \$\$\$\$\$\$\$

Everything people worked
And lived for has been converted
To Shares, accounts, money notes,
Agreement, contracts,
To make one exchange
Dreams and realities
In papernotes, smartcards,
Junk, real bonds, the rise
Of which made men
Happy, sad, unite and fight,
For more of these,
Friendship, humanity,
Love, harred, made, used
Driven by these of nothing
That really matter
To people to be worried about,
Even making the Gods ans Satans
Work through these.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

She, The Ship's Captain

She wore the uniform,
For over thirty years,
As the captian of a ship,
After working like a man,
As a helper, first, second officer,
Rising to be the captian,
Always acting shooting
Orders, which was promptly
Carried out, never marrying,
No one doubting,
That it was a female captian,
In a male's name,
till she was seventy five,
When she declared the facts,
Making everyone wondering
How this happened
In this simple world
Of dominant males
And chauvanism prevailing ever.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

She, The Carpet Bagger....

She was lithe, a professor,
Beautiful, comely,
Honey tounded, differently
Attracted to old rich men,
At last marrying a billionaire,
She got all that she longed for
All the fame, riches, pictures
In fab magazines,
At last the old rich man dying,
Inheriting all his wealth, fame,
She stood tall in society
Bagging the carpert
She desired so long
From childhood, also earning,
the handsiomes hunks
Her money and beauty bought.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Shiva, Shiva! !

Thou the supreme god,
Of all the gods,
Who dances eternally,
With skulls round thy neck,
Serpants adorning
Your chest, tangled hair,
Dancing over the burial groud,
With thine ghoul subjects,
Thy rule was so divine,
Thy anger so unbearable,
Thy third eye shut moastly
Thou must make thy presence,
Once more for our bleessings
We await eternally,
For thine devine appearance,
Once more thou must
Do thy dance in this world
Again for our bereaved souls.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Showers

It showered aound me
On the head and body
Cooling the soul,
Making small rivers
And pools of water,
I remebered
How I made paperboats
And played
In the muddy waters
With earthworms crawling
Like snakes coming
Out the holes in the earth.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Silence

It hung like a ton of steel,
Still and lifeless,
Yet there was something
Graceful, beautiful
About it, though
It seemed to stop
The life around,
Bringing a serenity
That was rare to come by,
Making it more lovable,
Sounds seeming to freeze
In it's grip so tremendous,
And a calmness, quietness
Felt seldom anytime,
With an inner peace
So profound it seemed
To prevade everywhere,
Conquering time and space,
This silence is grand
To feel for all the time,
Yet so rare to attain.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Single Mother

She lived alone with her
Most precious treasure,
A daughter, left by her
Beloved who changed her
For a woman with
A better face and coquetry.

She worked with her colleagues
Helped by one and everyone,
She took her daughter
To school and gardens,
To zoos and amusement parks,
Denying to get married again,
Since her daughter will
Get treatment differently,
From what she wished for.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Skin Deep.

Beauty is nothing
But skindeep,
Fairness is nothing
But skindeep,
Yet we have our heads
Turned at a beautiful one,
falling for which
Makes our heads turned
Making our lives turned,
Sometimes miserable
Of not attaining
A buet or handsome one,
Never bothering
The beauty of mind
Of the many possessors
Who pass by leaving us,
Languishing in vain,
About the materials,
Beautifully covered
In skin deep wrapups.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Skull Universal

We carry the skull universal
Carrying on a shoulder,
Till we become a handful
Of mud to melt into the earth,
The skull universal carrying
The brain, which makes
Our emotions of jealousy,
Tears, smiles, laughs, fears,
Of histories, tales, religions,
Studying in the universities,
Of everything under the sun,
You, skull have no replacement
Attached to the skeleton
To support the soft parts,
Taking more time to be one
With elements of the earth.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Slave

She was poor
And looked like
Awreck,
Worked eighteen hours
A day, paid nothing
But ate leftovers
A slave hit by
Her owner many atimes
Until she saw daylight
brought out
By an old gentleman
Who came to know
Of her plight,
She knew no more
Delight thn this,
Felt owed her life
To hom all her life.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Slaves

They were thrown in a ship,
So full they did not have
Any place to move or sleep,
Taken to the continent
Of the great dream,
Thrown into the sea when
Dead, with little food they
Lived in the ship, with big eyes
Of desperation, disunited
From their dear ones,
To work for eighteen hours
Daily, spat on small displeasures,
Of their lords and owners,
Made the continent golden,
With factories, highrises
And highways, to be looked
Upon as the attainable dreamer,
Who did not work, but others,
Work and die with exhaustion.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sleepless....

Turning side to side,
Changing the headrest
And toes, she lied
Sleepless of the love
She dint know
Where to put a finger on,
Dreams of sweet sleep
And sleep's sweet dreams
Left her, she lay alone
In the bed forlorn,
Swept by a cool emotion,
She slid from thought
To thought thinking
Of the company
She could have had
With men she spoke,
Imaging in one of
Their arms, being kissed,
Fondled, caressed
She spent the full night
Sleepless, yet knowing
Fully well that her worries
Are of no consequence,
That sleep just did not come.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Soldier's Mother

He joined the army
With much gusto and applause
For serving his country's
Soveriegnty so supreme
In the mind of citizens,
Trained on years to become
A full fighting soldier,
Transported to other counties
To fight thier wars,
His mother expecting
To return with full honors,
But acaptain of the army
Announcing the demise
Of her dear son, for causes
To the high placed ones'
Causes which was fought
By so many, yet continiung
The war on foriegn soils,
For the country's vain honor
Despised by most
Around the vast world,
She sat in front of the famed
White House, to stop the sacrifice
Of other mother soldiers sons,
Vainly looke down upon
By the might head of the country,
Giving looks of disdain
And despise, she fought
A war peacefully to end the war
Unwanted by one and all.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Soldiers Of No Cause.

Now that the world
Is more enlightened
More demo-cratic,
Than ever before,
Soldiers have become
Fighters of no cause,
Only eating and defecating,
Going about in uniforms,
Said to be of descipline,
But with no moral desciplines,
Raping, looting, plundering
The people of attacked
Nations in despair,
which are already
In moral conflicts unknow,
The soldiers have become
Robotic morons,
With no intelligence, wisdom
Bunched together
As unwedded mostly,
Lustling unbearably,
For love and copulation,
Man's tranformed being
In uniform has ended up
As soldiers of no real cause.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sonia Gandhu

She looked like someone
Who arrived from
Heavens to save the country,
Giving speeches in Hindi,
In broken words,
Hanging on to the name
Of Gandhi the great,
And the name of husband
Mother In law who
Really misruled the country,
With disdain for the poor
In the heart always
Shaking hands with
Heads of state in regality
Doing nothing for the downtrodden,
she imitating her in laws style,
Using the military planes,
Fooling all partymen,
Stealing underhand money
In a circle of military men,
She in the name of democracy,
Used one person as a scapegoat,
Through satellite robotics,
Making him praise
Her not gotten greatness,
Tortured him and family,
Bleeding his wife through
Frequent menstrations,
Making him giddy, painful
Stabs sent through robotics
Making the whole world mad,
Through which she sustained
Her hold on partymen,
Taking frugal votes, yet making
Pacts even with opposition
She lived a life of Satan,
From Italy, where she should
Have been a dishwasher
Or a beer server, husband left

The way she behaves,
But really grew her unmarried
Doubtful son in the party
With no work done
for countrymen or citizen
Only making them mad
Through robotics and telepathy.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sophia Loren

She walked undualting
Her bosom and back,
Tall and with pouted mouth,
Like a sex goddess.
She acted alove
Hundred times,
Mother, Sister, raped woman
Of world war, as loved
By a Russian soldier,
She was the epitome
Of womanhood
In all aspects of it,
Loved by all men of her times,
Married a man
Lived faithfully, unlike
Other glamorous star,
Famed beyond anyones reach,
She became the woman
Of the centuary of twenty.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Soul Mate

When and where it is
Impossible to say,
How we meet our soulmate,
On what pretext,
On what ings
Our souls meet,
Life seems to be a luckypot,
From where the choices made,
To make life together,
To face hardships together,
It is a sort of mesmeric,
The magic how the meeting
Is made to enjoy
Whatever the life offers,
Another soulsearching
Needed how it all went
In the meanwhile and past
Together how we spent together.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sound Of Love- I

It came soft and gentle,
Over the small waves of wind,
Touched my inside,
I could see her almost,
With my inside,
The way it sounded,
It was the gentleness
Of her voice which stopped me,
She came from the side,
Round the corner,
Beckoning me to her,
I remembered her
As my long lost love,
For reasons beyoond my grasp,
Once again her voice
Was honey to my palate
Of my mind, I turned to her
In dismay, how this
Could ever happen again,
And in a giffy, i realised
That she will not be lost again,
The sound of love is here for good.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sound Of Music.

It drifted through my window,
I was unable to pin on it's origin,
Something in me thrilled
With the sound of music,
The shy wind carrying it,
It's melody ringing
In my ear and heart,
Never heard before,
Life seemed to listen to it too,
So subtle was its notes,
That it seemed to dance
With the waves of wind,
It seemed to come from the heavens,
But I saw through the window,
A young lass at the piano,
In the bulidng yonder,
Singing in a ccoing voice
With the notes she made
I watched enthralled
Till she finished, yet the notes
Leaving my mind, it became
A memeory I cherished
All the time I could remeber.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sound Of Love I I

This sound of love i cherish
Most singing of tunes
In my mind, long and lasting,
Of the beauty of hers
Largely writ in my heart throbs,
Why she is so special
I don't know, but the song of love
The sounds it makes in me
Describes of her comeliness
Her attire, her stance
Her gait, her smile
Seems so unearthly
Only to be attained by me,
Specially reserved,
Yet many light emotion's toils away,
Making me toil all the life
For the continuance
Of the sound of love
To be ever lasting describing her
For times to come.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Speed. (Triplet)

Speed is like a reed in the wind,

Going forward and backwards,

Unreadbale when in motion.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Spinster

She was tall and beautiful;
But way of man's behaviour,
Never ever mated or even
Kissed She lived along life
Of eighty, very successful
As a business manager,
Only shaking hands and
Occasionally hugging them,
Resisting all advances,
she is the spinster of date,
Liked for kindness and love,
For one and all, she lived
A full life but without a male.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Spinster In Love - Laura Donald

She worked at eighteen,
Most beautiful and shapely,
For a few bucks a month
On a casual basis, worked
Hard as a stenographer
Fell in love with her boss
A sales manager,
Getting a post as an executive
Later after a few years,
Whence the boss left
After fight with his bossy boss,
Never leaving her lover,
Growing to be a manager
In the company she worked for
Desiring to deliver
His child out of love
Not choosing any other,
Aborting five times,
Carrying her love for him,
Laura stayed a spinster
For quarter of century,
Living with her parents,
With a lone heart full of love.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Spring Song.

Spring, oh spring, your lovely
Self is here for a few months,
When you bring along the butterflies
And flowers along, sweetsmelling
Througout day and night
To keep everyone thrilled and happy.
Every yer we think and wait for you,
To arrive in grandoise and cry,
When you depart to your place
Of choice, perhaps the heavens.
Musnc, songs and dances we do,
When you are here, with dragonflies
Fly in tune to the soft winds,
Like the love feelings we carry
So dear to us which often disappear,
Like the way you do each year.
Why don't you stay foreever,
Throwing away, the autmn, Summer
And winter to make us smile thruout.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Squirrel.

it stood for a moment,
Looked at me in astonishment,
Climbed a nearby
Branch of a tree,
Bit into a nut, tasted it,
Sitting on the haunches,
Catching the nut with two hands,
Still watching me,
Wagging, stiffening
It's tail, finished the nut,
Scurried to the next tree,
Chasing it's mate,
Playful, the ran a round,
wit no care in mind,
Making me remind
Of the young days,
When I chased squirrels
In vain, to grow at least
One fo them as pet,
Which failed even after
So many attempts made.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Stars

The stars of night sky
Danced twinkiling away
All the while when now
It is clear, cloudless,
shedding a starlight
The moon yet to dawn,
Giving a little blue light
For crawling around,
The owls doing its rounds
Like vampires let loose,
The cheetas in trail
Of the smell of the prey,
Cobras after its due diets,
After the little beings
Which also searched
For their dinner,
Stars seeing down all
The night beings daily chores,
Keeping comany
To those who slept
In peaceful delight
With unque dreams
Of their choice, the srars
Beckoning the moon,
To dawn, rise do its
Full course of circling
The earth, its mentor
Maker to add to the light
In the sky, lit by stars
Always peaceful and shining.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Statesmen Of Steel..

All were of praise of the Statesman,
Who came to limelight and glory,
In the papier mache and the screens
Of their homes feeling gratitude,
For the great works he will carry out.
As days and years passed by,
There were only orals of world peace,
As the great hero made
The billions, yatches, villas and planes.
Forgotten were the destitute populace,
Medics, medicines and food became
Short and dry, yet the statesman
Made his statements and made
Countries fight between,
While counting the midnights
Of their delight of pleasures
with wine women and ecstatic feasts,
Paving way for the poor and destitutes,
To cut shoot his head or send him to jail.

Many are the worhty statesmen of date,
Who left the shame to gods to declassify.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Statue Of Liberty....

A huge statue stands
On the shores of humanity,
Carrying the flame of liberty,
Yet her dreams and minds
Behind her erection stands
Only partly fulfilled, being looked
Upon by the statue,
Never moving kindling
The flame of desire
For liberty for words,
From poverty, wants
And the liberty of womanhood,
So much misunderstood
By the men of the world,
she will carry the flames,
From the heights it was given
To her to keep aloft
For the perception
From the seas, skies and roads.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Step Father

he was a clever one,
Marrying a woman
Of great beauty with a child,
Divorced or thrown out
By another man,
Grew him up and kept
The son away far away,
And when the mother died,
The step father giving
Step fatherly treatment,
Not giving enough money
To study and made him starve
While giving luxuriuos lives
To his own three siblings,
Forcing the stepson to teach
His step brothers and sister,
When their job is done
Threw the step son out,
While keeping many a keeps,
Teaching his siblings the same
But providence hepled
The step son with a great job
When the step father
Came close to him
To make him look after
In the oldage of the stepfather
Which was denied
And suffered a twenty years
All alone since his siblings
Also denied access to them.
Just like he did to his stepson
Throwing away after usage.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Street

Where do you go, my street,
On and on with no stopping,
Till the dead end of the oceans,
Or the foot of mimalayas,
Rich is your path with trees,
Mountains, villas, huts, compexes
Avenues very many,
Shops on banks, manking
A living for steert vendors,
On your a billion Vehicles
Jammed with the pedestrians,
Old men taking a walk,
Streetwalkers looking for customer,
Life teems round the clock
somewhere, and lonely in others
You have no parrell but
Your kind winding up and down.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Street Dancer

He was black and slim,
Stood on the pavement
For the crowds to walk by,
Sang a song of extreme love
Somebody carried
In his mind, writhing
His body like rubber
On the pavement
In swift movement,
did circus like action,
Somersaulted, jilted
Rocked all the time,
As if a motion of poetry,
His tinned voice
a perfect match
to his body jiltongs,
Passerby throwig away
Coins in his tincan
He stopped the dance
Every ten minutes
To take a breat and rest,
He left in the midnoon
To have a bite of burger,
He loved so much,
His life so simple,
To the people who are
Well to do, or rich
Even poor feeling
A sense of guilt
At his dancing alone
In the pavement
For his good but,
Not so poor a living.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Street Vendor.

He pushe a cart,
On four cycle wheels,
Filled with fruits,
Shouting loudly,
The price of fruits,
In asing song voice,
Ocassionally finding
A customer or two,
To sell his merchandise,
At fair price with
Little profit,
His presence was
A daily accompaniment,
A usual timely sight,
For the pedestrians,
He moved slowly
Along with short halts,
To make a living
For him and his family.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Street Dog

He walked like a king,
In hiding, eating out of
Trashcans and leftovers,
Having the company
Or the other dogs,
Disliked by many,
Petted by a few,
In rain, snow and sunshine,
Taking shelter in the side
Of the street where he
Was born and brought up,
Many times to the jealousy
Of the dogs of homes,
Who lived in luxury,
But not as a free being,
Till he was hunted by
The merciless dog pound squad.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Stressed.....

Like a vice grip,
The thoughts tortured
Without any leeway,
Groping into the dark corners
of the mind only showing off
Images of what cannot be,
Impossibles happening
Repalcing the mundane
Ordinary pleasures,
Tighteneing the feelings,
With no smiles to appear,
Life seeming to be bleak
Black as moonless night,
Even without starlit terrain,
Choking the breath
With inordinate delayed
Emotions sticking out
To throttle the grandoise
Of life otherwise a pleasant
Moments that used to tick by
In orderly timely nothingness
Life became a stress
Of inexplicable escapade,
Where there is really
No escape but for jumping
From thoughts of tension to tension.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sun Setting.....

Blazen with an orange hue,
The sun started setting,
As if the running clouds
Are on fire, the trees
Gently swaying in the wind,
Birds roosting, after
Their feeding and happy flights,
Darkness started setting
On the eastern horizon,
With the mountain haloing
With the gently setting sun,
Stars dawning from the east
To the west of sky,
Bats started their
Daily evening prowls,
The sun said aduie
To one more daylight,
To star on the horizon
On the other side of earth,
Night softly landing after
The sun enduring daylong.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sunday

Today is a day of laziness,
Who ever thought of it
Is one great man,
For people to mostly laze away,
Holidaying, partying,
Or just snuggle in a sofa,
Seeing the tv, reading a paper,
To its last letters slowly,
Sunday is a day, for
The work doesnt beckon us,
The pace lagging behind,
No traffic jams, most shops
Closed, everyone enjoys
Its onset and regrets
Its departure so fast
The fun ebbing out so hurriedly.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sunflower.

You were born with a dream,
Of following the sun
In his relentless path
From east to west,
And you followed his path,
All day in love with him,
Forgetting the honeybees
Pollinating, impregnating you,
Your love is immortal,
From times immemorial,
Till you die or dried
On the stem that carried you,
Again to be reborn,
As a sunflower in pursuit
Of your eternal love to sun.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Super Star Single Mother

She was a superstar
And a great looker,
Beautiful in mind and body,
Waking waves of applause
Wherever she went,
Making movies a great hit,
Not loving anybody
In particular, she adopted
A girl child and lavished
Her love and affection
No real mother could impart
She was always fending
Her daughter, laughing off
Proposals and advances
From rich handsome males
She remained a single mother.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sweet Home.

How nice is it to be at home,
Alone or otherwise,
With the walls smiling
At the emptiness
Stillness with meaning,
Life seems to be unlike
Busy, resting on the sofa,
Watching a show,
Beside the beloved,
Or a friend visiting,
Having food anytime,
Resting in peace,
The solace of uncared
Spending of time,
Which seems otherwise costly,
Spent in liesure,
To the fullest value,
Life is worth it's comfort
Spent at home awhile.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Swiss Miss's Kindness.

She got him from the road,
Knocked out and injured,
By a hit and run vehicle,
Dragged him to the car,
Put him in the car,
Made him lie down on her couch,
Fended, nursed him back,
To good health,
Feeling for his condition,
stroked his hair, chest,
Kissed him caressed him,
Lied with him, mated with him,
Till she was in love,
But he left her in time,
A good poet and novelist,
Whom she had read with avarice,
He was left of her affection,
Her unique love and care,
For all along the time,
wondering why they did not
Unite forever for their feelings sake.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sx 6327 ? ? ?

Twenty seven years hence,
We made it to 6327
Times of mating,
Tumbling, copulating,
Kissing a million times,
Thus has been the marital bliss,
Not often breaking the male vow,
Again doing it in all poses,
Like that of Kajuraho statues
And the Kamasutra taught
In detail, like the tick of clock
Clocking the numbers
May not be everyday,
But the moods, longings
Made us to do the act of love.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Sympathy (Couplet)

Sympathy and empathy are like mythology,
Not useful if not supported by money or love.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

THE DAWN

The sun appeared stealthily,
Over the hills, looking
At the earth it has seen
Billions of days, searching
For what it did not know,
Crows woke up even before,
Cocks doing its cuckadoodledoes
Birds scattering and together
To fetch for worms and fruits,
The sun sent rays slowly
Into the room shyly Through
The windows waking up
The sleeping fellows,
The milk man milking
Early in the morning
Taking it in the cans
On his loved bike
To the restaurants and homes,
The maid sweeping the courtyard,
The sun made his appearance
Felt by his heat alowly
To all the beings, shooing
The mist on the road and field,
Started climbing to
His position from the hilltop
To the centre of the sky
To give the warmth
To the trees which all depended on,
To start one more new day.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Taj Mahal

Shah jahan stared at the sight
Of creation he loved from
The prison made by his son,
Aurangazeb, and wept
At the thought of his days
With his lasting love and wife,
Mumtaz, in whose name,
The monument he built.

Great was his feeling
In recreating his love as Taj,
where he begged his son
To bury him alongside
His wife, so both their souls
Can forever be together.

Taj shines as the glory
Of love that is not said,
But crafted in stone, to make
And venture lovers last together.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tarrot Cards

The fate of all lies
In seventy three cards
Of Tarrott to be told
By the tarrot astologer,
Who says it softly
From birth to death,
Of accidents pending
Small, big lucks awaiting
Small, big joys to happen,
Small, big griefs to happen,
Times, works, jobs,
Mannerisms to be followed
Only for the best to arrive,
In faith of mith lies
The tarrot cards waiting
For a new visitor arriving.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tears Of Allah

Somewhere in Africa,
Or middle east there is
A lake, that has pure water
Called 'Tears of Alla'
Which wells up now and then
As the violence in the region
Increases or 'cause of
Vieled women crying
Silently in their slavery,
Isolation from the world,
Allah cries now and then
To shed his tears on the doings
Of the misled people
That live in his name
And does atrocities
In his name and religion,
Which he cannot bear
Anymore which wells
Up as his tears and shed them.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Teen Love

i have been searching
For you in the streets,
In the complexes,
In the theatre,
In the coffee houses,
In the eateries,
In the dance floors,
where did you disappear,
fallen in love at first sight
Oh, doe eyed, oh fish eyed
Oh, lotus eyed, honey
Where are you, my love,
Come and be with me,
To be fondled and caressed,
You walked away
A sweet dream ending,
At waking up
In the morning of a day,
Leaving only memories
Of a sweet honied sight.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tell Me What You Think Of Me. (Triplet)

Tell me, please, tell me what you think of me,

Good or bad, useless, useful, lovable, hateable

Tell me please, tell me I am on the brink of my mind.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tellys' Say

I show all porgrammes
programmed by you guys,
And watch it devouring
All the seminude babies,
Event, places, stories
Series, and talkshows
Day and night with littel
Interruption, none leaving
Me alone inslitude,
Made the computers
And the net from my theme,
And yet call me idiot box.

But it si you who carry
the idiot box on the neck,
Above your shoulders,
Fighting and shouting
All the time in your life,
Unlike us who never
Has anything to fight for,
Except carry lessons to you.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Temple

The main diety sat in grace,
Surrounded by smaal temples,
Of gods of lesser improtance,
People offered money,
Flowers, coconuts, flowers
And camphor to please them,
To be blessed for material
Gains they believed showered
Upon them by the gods inside.

They went round and round
The temples, praying in silnce,
And songs sung by many,
Whatever happened to them
Was of no consequence,
But the bliss of prayers prevailed.
On their minds and faces.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Temple Tank

It was serene with calm waters,
only splattered with the kids,
Jumping into it,
Me going for a bath everyday
In the morning with blessing
Of the god afterwards
Of the temple near which
The tank stood still,
With the young wenchies
Along with the old ones bathed,
Where we guys stole looks
At the wet bodies of girls
With wet clothes, searching
For the seminaked bodies,
There wasnt anyother place
In the world which was
As memorable, along with the school,
Old meemories of the childhood
Filled when I passed by the Tank
Or the old temple, which I used
To circle three times in the twilight,
With prayers in my mind,
We the friends going to different
Parts of the country,
For our livelihood, advancement,
The Temple tank is as serene
As it was, but more calmer,
That the homebaths replaced it,
Yet an occassional dip in the water
Felt the old holy times come alive.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

The Corrupted.....

They lolled in illgotten
Money, of blackmail,
Taking bribes for every deal,
Turning the nation,
Into a corrupted entity,
Making the whole population,
Withe with sickness
Of corruption,
Rach politician competing
Each other, making
All officials of government
Machinery more
Corrupt, kicking out
The good and uncorrupt
Officials, punishing them
With false cases,
The nation's father's soul
In deep distress at the plight
Of people for whom
He and his freedomfighters
Fought out a long battle
To throw away the foreign
Ruler's yoke of oppression,
A revolution was in the making,
Once again to fight
The wrongs of corrupt minds,
Which spread their viles
Like wildfire, and to create
An opponent militant situation
In the young ones' minds.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

The Ramp Walker

She walked with
Her supine body like plastic,
Undulating the buxom,
Bottoms, so gracefully,
She looked like a serpent,
With trimmings so light,
That the erect nipples
Brushed on the fabric,
Only in a g string,
Translucent to show
Of her shaven cleft,
Which made the males,
Swallow the saliva
Through the throat,
Even beautiful women,
Nodding in sexy delight,
Stutters closing hundred times,
Flashes all around,
She floated by in grace
To appear in fab mags,
Fashion tvs, and in internet,
To live a surreal life,
To be possessed forever.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

The Statue.

It stood still staring forward,
With a heart of stone,
But something stirred within,
It tried to smile
Happy seeing lovers passing by,
It tried to cry,
When beggars fought
For some crumbs of bread,
It tried to be afraid,
When the police fired
At the furious mob,
It tried to be miserable,
When there was a traffic jam,
It tried to laugh,
when someone joked nearby,
It tried to be shocked,
When there was an accident
Near to its pedestal,
It tried to be sick,
When some crow sitting
On it defecated on it,
It felt jealous,
When all the going ons
Go around it,
But unable to move face and body.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

The Land Where The Sun Never Sets.....

It was the land described
As the land where
The sun never sets,
But the emporor trying
To control full earth,
Where the sun ruled
Everywhere, by turns
Dawning, setting everyday,
But his attempt brought
A heat like that of million suns,
One day by his greed,
In the form of atom bomb,
Yet he couldn't go
Where the sun never sets
In the poles for a full
Half year in turns,
Doing his duty and blessings
To the earth, which was
A part thrown out by him
To make beings of varieties
Not created else where
In the Universe where
He was not but a star
In billions in all the galaxies.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Threat. (Couplet)

Threat arises from the heat of unfulfilled

Actions asked to be complied for free or less.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Thrissur Pooram - Festival Of Thrissur

A thirty drums beat
In unision with as many
Subdrums, pipes blew
In tnadem to the rythm,
With thirthy elephants,
Five lakh people in the ground
Around a huge holy temple,
The worshippers dancing
Nodding thier heads,
Small traders making a sell,
Each elephant adorned
With golden masks,
The yearly festival
Of the town of Thrissur,
All one day long,
A glorious sight indescribable,
With a gusto, visited
By many from hundred kilometers
Away, the day passing by quickly,
With colored fireworks
Into the long night,
In succession, the works,
In competition
Of the two gods' temples
To win who is the best
In the show of devotion.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Thug

He was thug og great body might,
But liitle fo brawn, his feelings,
Afire even on a small misplaced
Word, he beat up or knifed
even the innocent ones mercileesly,
With a glee unparrelled, incited
By his cruelty, or by his crafty
Bosses who paid him handsomely,
For all his enimical acts on those
Who were victims of his scorn,
Even though they did no harm to him.
Justice caoght up with him after awhile,
Yet he was unaware of his deeds,
As harm to people and society,
and languished in jail banging
On the bars of his cell incessanly
Thirsting for a moment of freedom
He so much misused for his natire

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tiannamen Square

The square of men and women,
Mao tse tung the erstwhile
Dictator smiled in glee
At the red flags abounding it,
With people in China
In long lasting red dictatorship
Of the remannants of red army,
The chiefs most powerful
In the world, causing
The students to rise and summon
In the square, who were
mercilessly shot down
In minutes, numbering
Three thousand to make
One of the mass massacre,
In one place in modern times,
But futile were their attempts,
Only to culminate to make
A President in american style,
More powerful, but a dictator,
The most powerful in the world,
In the name of communism,
And the red rebellion
Which he did not participate,
But made his posion,
Through political manouers,
Making china reel in poverty
In the rural areas about whom,
The Beijing red leaders don't care.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tiger Lost.

It walked around the forest,
Like it has lost everything,
Catching a prey once in a while,
To quench it's hunger,
Gone were the days
When it roamed freely,
Always watched by poachers now,
Escaping bullets by a hairbreadth,
Forest shrunk in size,
Its kind not many living,
The tiger roamed afraid
Everysecond alone,
Lest it shot and skin kept
In a richman's home,
Wondering his birth
Was ever possible,
Since he has forgotten
The parent's memory from his brain,
Both who were killed
And taken by poachers,
His own wilder nature
Making the hunter hunted,
It lived a life of fear forever,
Till the men decides not to kill
His kind out of mercy
And the preservation of his species.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tiger, My Expired Dog.

Tiger, tiger, I mourn thy death,
even after forty years hence,
You were my friend and lover,
Keeping out thieves, animals
Out of our farmhouse, all the time,
Till you left me, since another
One was added to be your friend,
Which you could not bear,
Due to jealousy, since the love
You feared will be shared,
And you took to the streets,
Leaving us alone, making
Us hate, the other one Brownie,
We waited for you day and night,
To your return, which you never did,
And was run over by a truck.
We think of you how you saved
Me from a cobra's bite, by your
Timely attack from behind
And visit your place of rest
Where we buried you forever.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Time... Dear Time....

Time, my dear time, you have been,
The most wanted by men,
On the move and idle alike,
Not even been to spare a moment,
Even to dream since the loans are here,
To care of one and all needs,
And the damsels have shifted from dreams,
To web for dates; share and chat,
All that they want is
Indulging the thrills of a rare rape,
That comes for a few lucky women.

So true like always, you stand
Never still, and drives us guys nuts.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tipu Sultan -Tiger Of Mysore.

He was like a tiger tearing
Apart his enemies and
the Arrays of British, defeated
Many a king who took sides
Of them, speading his kingdom
And sending shivers up the spines
Of the Britsh who used all
Tricks in their dictionary
To make hom surrender.

He used missiles for
The first time in history
Of mankind and scared the
Wits out of his enemies,
But was defeated and killed
By the sheer treachery
Of his own men who made
Secret pacts with the british
And abstained from war,
Some even fighting against him.

His glory can never disappear,
from the pages of History
Of this country, who made
many sons of war and peace.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Today

I got up

In the morning'

Showered

Prayed,

Had my breakfast,

Watched tV,

Had Lunch,

An old man's chores

The sun setting

With the golden rays

Ready for dinner,

One more mundane day

Passed unnoticed

By all.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tomb

He was at last laid to rest,
His material remains to rot
In the coffin, with all his
Friends and relatives present,
Mourning in detail, with the priest
Chanting the last rites,
His tomb stood in accompaniment
With others of the dead ones
His memory fading fast,
From the minds of loved ones,
An occasional flower,
Laid on his tomb where
He laid in peace forever.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Top Gun

He was soever masculine,
Female heads turned
Passing by, imagining
In his arms, lips on his lips,
He was the selected top gun,
Who laid a thousand female,
Living a life of ever mating,
With his gun work very hard,
His mind boggling
With female shapes and sizes,
Circling his life ever,
He knew little about
Other things like management,
Living his life with leftovers,
Of his rich father,
Who dreamt of his son,
Accumulating more wealth,
Than more use of his son's
Gunwork in the listless bed..

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Touch The Sky... (Couplet)

Touch the sky, feel the stars, none like it,
It doesn't cost anything but a feeling of glee.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Treasure (Coulet)

Pleasure is the treasure,

Like leisure is the best without pressure.

Ravikira Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Tsunami...

Quiet waves washed
The sea shore, a soft breeze,
Whistled through the palmleaves
Birds sang in the air,
then came the giant
Wave of three hundred feet,
Washing out all the dwellings
Hundreds of feet from
The shoreline, smashing
The roads, cars, trucks in sight
Tumbling them up like toys
Washing ashore the boats
In the sea, people grappling
Anything they could catch,
Killing all the animals in sight,
Demolishing part of human
Creations, so much belieing
The hope of people that the ocean
Mother of so many beings,
Will never harm them.

The poor fishermen belived
That retribution has come,
Through th Tsunami,
For all the wrongs they did in the past.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Twenty Seventh Anniversary

Blissful twenty seven yeras
Passed by in a jiffy;
Merrily going around,
Busy making ahome,
Most nights in love,
Few, sometimes many
Fights for small reasons,
We toiled along easily,
to pass the time, more merrily
Than being cross at each other,
With akid brought up
Well beyind the standards,
Always in arms we lived
In sickness and happiness,
Rarely jealous at each other,
To see many more years
To cross like milestones of life.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Two Minutes To Midnight

The sky was azure blue,
When the whir was audible,
To the onlookers,
Who couldn't locate it
Due to the bright sun above,
The pane dropping something,
Sped away hurriedly,
Bursting something
On the land where the stuff
Landed, making
A thousand suns come alive
On the earth, evapouraring
Human, all being
Flesh and bones,
Sending a heat wave
Of thousand degrees
Blowing up everthing
In it's accursed path,
When it was two minutes
To midnight, of sixth of August
On which dated a girl
Was born to a man,
Thirty five later,
Who felt the heat of unwanted
Wars of the world,
Rising out of conflicting ethos, mythos
Yet remebering the day
Every year on her birthday.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Typhoon

It came slowly and turned
Out to be abolt from the blue,
Destroying all man made things,
Trees, bridges, houses,
Taking cows a hundred feet above,
Taking a child above,
Leaving it softly on a mound
Of hay, accumulated by it,
Taking cars, buses a few hundred
Feet away turning them upside
down follwed by torrents
Of water washing off everything
In sight, killing and mutilating,
Many on its wild path,
To end up like a graveyard
Torn to pieces, as if done by satan,
Which the god looked helplessly by.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Unholy Trip

Fumes littered on the road,
Filled with two
And four wheelers.
Honking away for no reason,
But jamming in the road,
Impatient drivers, riders
Accelerating in neutral,
To end up somewhere
Or other, in a hurry,
But of no consequence,
Polluted roads filled
With potholes filled
With rain water,
And the emanating smoke
From the exhausts,
Still sounds of horns
Ever more disturbing,
The trip to anywhere
In the great city,
Was nothing other than,
An unholy trip made daily.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

VOID.....

A few minutes, my mind
Stopped thinking,
No emotions at all,
It felt no happiness,
No sadness no pain,
No jealousy, no anger,
Like the clock stopped
Ticking, serene, clear
Was my mind, void
Was what I felt,
Which came as a blessing,
Seeing nothing in tv
In the front playing a movie,
I felt happy at thinking
Of nothing at all
Refreshed, peaceful,
My mind came back
To it's own of thoughts
Day's works, problems
Call to my daughter,
Lokk after my temporarily
Sick wife, give her
Milk, medicines and fruits,
The void that happend
Was immemorable.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Vampire, Albino

Out of genetic configurations,
And as if a mistake of nature,
Was born an Albino Vampire,
Who was fair in face and body,
He thrashed his teeth into
Peoples neck to drink their blood
So sweet to his taste and liking,
But the people bitten became
Merrier and funnier loving fun
Like nobody else can be,
Transforming their victims
Like themselves, dancing,
Singing songs all the while
Loving all the awhile all the ones
Falling into their path, making
Everybody happier and merrier
Transmitting thier love throughout
Their path and victmisation,
Even changing the black vampires
Jealous and envy the deeds
Of the merry Albino Vampires.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Vengeance.

It boiled over in his mind,
Knocking off everything else,
He just wanted his heated
Emotions to work
With it's maximum wrath,
Destroying his opponent's
Good existence,
His mind schemed
The execution of his plans,
Contorted by his hatred
Of the wrongs he felt
He suffered at
His opponents hands,
Life becoming a blur,
Of concentrated feelings
Of destrucion he envisaged
Will occur to the aimed enemy,
He felt glee at his own
Loathsome thoughts
He carried so long alone
But yet not to sublime
Satisfaction, since he did
Not know the end of his vengeance
Should bring to his opponent.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Victoria, The Queen.

She was not a queen,
But really an empress,
Without the gusto,
She sat on the throne,
With her loving husband,
Neither debauching
Or failing in faith,
Called Vicky, by the wedded,
She ruled an empire
In peace all over the world,
With much stability,
Never opposed or hated
By the Lords or commons,
Or her subjects, due to her
Wise and endearing,
Acts and orders,
To be praised by
One and all to usher
And leave a golden era
Of suffering humankind.
She looks on all
With majesty sitting
On the throne, with kindness
And wisdom of her era,
From the garden
Where many and all
Pass by in admiration.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Visit To My Village.

The bus rolled on
Seven hundred kilometers,
through towns, villages,
Hills, over the rivers,
To end up in my home town
Near my village,
Which I visited from my hometown
Smelling the paddy fields,
To wake my memories
Of childhood around
My old house, school
The girls, friends
Who have aged with me
Along with the woman
Who was born one day ahead
Who looks after my fields
Me staying with my fretful
Mother-in-law and sisters-in-law
Still tied by the old rules
Of virginity and demure shyness
My wife fighting for more share
Of her property
Getting it to be richer
By a million dollars, but tired
Of partitioning arguments,
Me smiling at the goings on
The growth of countryside
Into a modern suburb
With plush houses and cars
Plying on the roads
where even a bullock cart
Was rare and luxury
A forty years ago,
And chewing the cud
Of memories of school
Colleges, beautiful bus rides
And my infatuation for wenches
To the beautiful ones,
Never ending anywhere,

But to end up in the metro
To do and an exexutive,
Lastly saying good bye,
To my relatives, hometown
And village which made me
Into a man with understanding
Of the world everyone lives in.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Vulgarity.

Vulgarity is a state of mind when someone has,

Bulging emotions about others and cannot carry on in mind.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

W O R T H (Couplet)

Life is worth till death,

From birth to be spent in mirth.

Raikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Waiting Damsel.

She was of the kind
The east of the world made,
Marrying to happiness
Of her parents,
Who has to arrange
For her marriage
She waited for proposals
Which came and went,
Her parents or herself
Not liking the groom,
She had been waiting
For almost a decade,
Sometimes the groom
Or his parents
Not liking her or family,
She was a dame
In distress in waiting
For the wedding,
Only which permitted
Her blissful nuptials,
As per the east of world.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Waiting....

I was always waiting,
waiting for dinner to be served
waiting for my daughter to out,
Waiting for the servicing of the car,
waiting for the bus to come,
Waiting for the train to arrive,
waiting for the night sleep,
Waiting for the calls on phone,
Waiting the credit card to be mailed,
Waiting for the ration card,
waiting for renewal of driving licence,
Waiting the daughter to come,
Waiting for good word from the boss,
Waiting in Q for the ATM,
Waiting for the email response,
Waiting for the promotions,
Waiting for daughter's results
Waiting for a praise from my wife,
Waiting for the friends to gather,
Waiting for a five star meal,
waiting for a look from a dame,
Waiting for the loves not reaching,
And waiting for the death at last.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Wandering Mind.

The mind wanders many a time,
Without permission,
Of my self obsessions,
Bringing in a pleasure
Not noticed, a cool breeze
Of thought passing by,
Thinking of mundane things,
Like a dame which passes by,
Of a dude walking away,
Of a speeding bus, or car,
Leaving my worries
Of the material pleasures
I lost to make, or is to make,
The pangs of someone's
Unwanted, unliked remarks,
Hurting my mind many a time,
the wandering mind,
Stopped more often than not,
By selfish likings, dislikes
Why does this happen,
And why don't I let
The mind wander in peace
To bring in serene peace without cost?

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

War

People fight
And die,
In the battlefield,
All love lost,
For some foolish proprogand
Tyrants make reputation,
Loved ones to berieve
The loss of healthy
Men who tireleseely
fight war for almst
No reason needed for life.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

War And Peace.

What is peace if there is
No war, something to fight
Wordy or towards murder,
We cannot but exist
Without war, tired we find
The peace, sometimes
A momemnt. sometimes
A long time, till our tiredness
Wears off, then again
It is fight all right,
Like life is made to fight
To finish till the last breath,
While we fight away
To gain some goods, fame,
Our life is never complete
Without great many
Number of wars, battles
Or at least a wordy duel daily.....

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

We Live In A Happy World... Yet..

Almighty made a world
For us to live in happiness,
Small and large in size,
Yet we hunt for trouble,
Fighting mad on principles,
Selfishness, ethos, myths,
Belief we do not grant
for one and all, ending up
In trouble, sadness, madness
Anger of our own making
Having no control
Over our own mind,
Not expanding to contain,
The problems coming by,
Making a mess, forgetting
The pleasures of togetherness
Love, forgiveness,
Offer us in plenty to live
In happiness that is
Denied by our own selves,
Forgetting that the earth
Is the paradise made by god
For adam eve and children
Who we are really
To live in pleasure forever.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

What Is New ?

Is there something new?
yes, a new day, a fresh
Set of experiences,
Wiping out the old ones,
More fun, frolic,
More guys, damsels to meet,
Life has something more
To offer, even to feel the grief,
Someboy or other provide,
Apart from the nearing
Christmas and new year,
The excitement growing
Every moment, life
Relently growing forward,
We not aware
Of what is new, new?

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

When I See You.....

Love comes to life,
In me when I look upon you,
Why should it be generated,
By your mere sight,
Whatever perfume you wear,
whatever attire you put on,
It looks comely,
Your shape so adorable,
Your face so pleasant,
My mind leaps with pleasure,
why is that you create
So much excitement
In my simple mind,
I may not make you mine,
Permanently, or live with you,
Perhaps it will spoil
All my thrills of sight of you,
A mundane daily presence
May be the last thing I wish,
May my longing for you
Be everlasting, undying.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

When It Rained That Day.

Walking along in the sunshine,
It started raining suddenly,
Harsh winds blew,
Heavy drops it rained,
Lashing the road
All the bikeriders stopping,
Taking shelter in shops,
Then I saw her drenched
To the skin, showing
All her secret places,
Tall and with a gait,
She walked along,
In the rain alone,
Like drenched flower,
Not stopping for a shelter,
I felt something very special,
About this lone woman in rain.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

When You Will Understand.....

I hope it will be fine,
Till you understand me,
My longing for you,
My rushing emotions for you,
My readiness to do for you,
Even commit a crime,
I hope you will understand,
I am sure the day will come,
And you will come to me,
To be on my bosom,
Wishing to huddle with me,
I wait for the day every second,
Though it has been a long time,
Just waiting for your gesture,
To say that you understand me.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Where Did My Life Go?

Oh! dear life, my dear life,
Where did you disappear?
It seems so desperate
And lifeless nowadays,
Like my love left in teens,
Please come back,
With your pleasing presence,
Your usual fragrance,
The cheer you bring
Everytime you are around,
Is it that you can't please
So many people
At the same time, taking
Turns to enter their minds
Providing cheer with your presence,
Or is it that You feel lonely,
That your old happy self lost,
Whatever be the reason,
I miss you most,
Please bless with your nearness
Your loving tender messages,
Life, come back once again!

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Where Hatred Fails....(Couplet)

Where hatred fails, love tkaes over,

The bearer of hatred not knowing where it disappeared.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Whereabouts

I am one with no whereabouts,
With no adress to speak about,
Life in the street
Is the presence of living
I being around on earth,
Little pleasures daily'
Like the bugers, pizzas
From the cheap eateriy,
Defecating in the public toilet,
Bathing wherever
Water can be found,
I live like any other rich man,
Feeling high on the notes
Of the jingles of coins,
Rasp of the noted in my pocket
When the collection is higher,
A bum and beggar's feelings,
Not known, unpraised
By the stupid world nearby.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

White Man

Whiteman, whiteman you have
Been all over the world,
Ruling, living, replicating,
In india, asia, africa, americas,
Founded roots in the euorope,
You had conquered and spread
your toungeand religion
To suit to your needs.
In india you demolished
The native kings, changed
The religion of many people
And invaded from England, Spain
France and Germany, apart from
The others of europe, wave
After wave in war and merchandise,
Cut the hands of many to end
their intelligent crafts, to spread
The sale of your own goods,
And left the land devided,
To fight among themselves,
so you still be supreme.

In americas you demolshed
A whole race of the native Indians,
Cheating them of their own
Land where they existed peacefully,
and cut the breasts of their
Womenns' breast t use as
Tobacco puches and killed
All the men and children
Mercilessly and made the land
Your own, and advice the world,
Of peace and kinship through
the barrel of gun you loved
so dearly which did your conquers.

Most of you still descriminate,
Keeping away other colored,
Many of you still fight other colored,

Who live peacefully, but you live
On their produce, meat and grains,
By the currency rates you made,
Deavouring and endeavouring.,
Forgetting that you came from
Africa, the blackman's continent,
And your skin colored white
Due to the cold of nature.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

White Man - 2

He laboured all day and
Part of evening, without
Complaints, and did
Research in his closed
Enviorns closed by cold,
Invented machineries and
Tools, high power maths,
Physics and Chemistry,
Which the world devorued
Through his propogation
By land, sea and air,
Used by billions of the world,
But not peaceful in wind,
Which eluded him, why
He didn't know and followed
The lesser intelligent
To follow their paths and theos.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Why Did You Come ?

Oh! why did you come,
To awaken my sense
Of belonging, my passion
I have for you,
If you were not near,
I need not fear,
Of my lowering of my own
Mind, which sways
With your perfume, presence,
It does somersaults,
Leaps of wishes
As to how it could own your mind,
Conquer it with my thoughts,
Myself, myself only,
Though selfish,
Your presence is sweet
Stabbing pain of wanting,
If you were not here,
I would have escaped these,
With a calm mind,
I could have gone around,
I feel difficult even
Not looking at you all the time,
So, why, why did you come at all?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Why Din'T You Come?

I had kept the table
Decorated and with flowers
For a candle lit
Dinner, washing the plates
Cleanest, cleaning the room
Full day, for a dinner
With you, my loved one,
Buying a bottle of champaign,
But you din't come
And I waited for full night,
What reason you have
For not coming
For a night of feast and pleasure,
What stopped you from coming
To my humble abode?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Why Do I Think Of You ?

It is twenty years,
Since we met last time,
we spoke very little
To each other,
Keeping some hidden
Emotion of liking,
You left marrying in thirties,
I marrying earlier,
Due to your silence
To my advances,
Which I could not decipher,
But, yet I don't know,
Why you linger almost daily,
Why did not forgetfulness
Overcome your presence,
Your nearness to me,
Why do I think of You at all?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Why Dont You Love Me? (Couplet)

Why dont you love me, my love, I love you so,

What makes nto take and return it, so I am happy.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Why Should I Listen To You?

Now that you have no love
Left for me, why should I
Ever listen to you,
Your words of discomfort,
Your words of your unhappiness,
You were so close to my heart,
Never leaving my side,
Now that you find me old time,
Why should i lend my ears,
Do anything you wish for,
Is not love to wrk both ways,
Where did you leave your prestine
Love feeling for me,
Which i yearn so much now,
Why did you get so bored of me,
So forlorn you are,
Find anyone else interesting,
Does this mean that closeness
Is boredom, loveless,
Why should I still do things
You ask for me without any love left?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Why, Oh! Why Did We Part?

We had taken the full life,
In our stride for a long time,
finding some differences
which we didn't know
Why they occurred,
Inflaming our life together
For argument's sake
we parted our ways,
Like you said, now we have
New partners more unbearable
Not understanding ourselves,
Why, did we part, for
Paltry reasons, when we shared
So many days, nights together,
We now know, we were
Cruel to each other,
After sharing such long years,
Together, in happiness and sadness.

Ravikaran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Will You Be With Me ?

In the turmoil called life,
When you have so much love
For me told and untold,
Will you be with me all the way,
In the pleasures and pains,
To be shared alike,
To go with me with your sweet smile,
I beckon you to be
Alongside, forever
Till death cheats either of us,
Come be with me, be mine,
Forever to come
Though me may find not
So attractive in the days to come,
Since usage make sort of old like,
Please be mine, mine mine only,
For the days to come and go,
Be there forever,
I believe you are made for me,
And for you forever,
Will you be with me for
So long time to come?

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Will You Tell Me ?

Isnt it time that you tell me
That you love me,
More than ever before,
More than everyone else,
I can make it out
Through your eye contact,
The way you behave with me,
Lessen my anxiety,
Say it one time
So I am satisfied,
So I can cool my mind,
we can go froward toghether,
To face the tough ones,
The easy ones of problems,
We can share each other
More than ever before,
Be one in body and mind,
Forever in life toghether.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Will You Wait For Me ? (Couplet)

Will you wait for me for some more time,

I have to earn and burn a lot till I attain you

And burn more physically and mentally.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Wise Guy- - -

Upon a time there was
A wise guy educated
By gurus, learnt vedas
And vedanta, the full knowledge
Of everything under the sun
In Indian continent
Wanted to cross a river
Took measurements
Of various depths
Found out average
Of four feet and crossed
In glee to drown in the middle
And was rescued from it
By a passing fisherman.

Next time he boarded
A train from point A to B
Got an upper berth,
Climbed down to buy
A bottle of water,
Whence the train left
And another train
From point B to point A
Which he clambered into
Lying in an upper berth,
Asked the person
In the lower berth
Where he was proceeding
To which the reply
Came as point B to A
When the wise man exclaimed
Look at the gain of science
The person in lower and upper
Berths travelled in
Directions of opposite
And slept peacefully
To reach where he stated from.
To his great amazement.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Women's Day.

Why at all there should be
A Women's day?
Do any day passes without
A woman, delivering a child,
Do not work at home,
Do all the chores for all,
She has the only capability,
To produce, she brings up
Men and women differently,
Will the day come,
when she will rise in her mind
To be an equal, teach men
To be of the same brain and brawn,
When will she understand,
She is superior in her
Suffering in the world,
Both for her sons, daughters
Of all the one she hears about,
The day she realises her capacity,
Only then the Women's day
disappear into oblivion,
Till then best wishes, best wishes,
To all women in the world.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Wonder (Couplet)

Wonders, wonders, where are you,

For me who wander, happen at home yonder.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Wonderment (Couplet)

Everything that is betterment,
Happens to be a wonderment for everyone.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Worker

We are nothing but workers,
Workers of machines,
Workers of money,
Workers fo banking,
Workers of computers,
Workers of Surgery,
Workers of medicine,
Workers of agriculture,
Workers of animal,
Workers of mining,
Workers of oil,
Workers of flying,
Workers of transport,
Workers of cleaning,
Workers of cooking,
Workers of nursing,
Workers of teaching,
Workers of learning,
Workers of building,
Workers of factories,
Workers of music,
Workers of singing,
Workers of writing,
Workers of disposals,
Workers of offsprings,
Workers of production,
Workers of upbringing,
Workers of sex,
Workers of sleeping,
Workers of dreaming,
Workers of pleasing,
Workers to death.

Ravikiran Arakkal.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

World War Veteran.

he limped from chair
To chair, walked along
With the help of a stick,
Sat on the steps
Of the memorial,
recollecting his years of war,
Hunger, pest infested farms,
His lady love of war days,
Their short stay together,
The joy they shared,
The mud which he crossed,
How his stockings took
away his skin after month's
Of wearing, the death
Of his fellow soldiers,
Burst of shells, heavy bombings,
Search for water,
Trip through forests on day's end,
The joyous arrival of news
Spontaneously of winning
The war, his return from war
With one leg less
To his dear wife and daughter,
the passing of years
In peace, leaving his wife dead
His lonely life with dreary dreams
Of his war days to waken up
To a morning of peaceful sky
Looking at him through the window.

Ravikiran arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

World And Us - A Question (Couplet)

This world and us is a permanent in askance, not realising

What our relationship is, in quest we live our life time for the simple answer.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

World, Third And Fourth

In hunger they lolled,
Not even to work,
For a piece of bread,
Without no school
To go and be enlightened
About the common
World which rotated
On its axis slowly
Along with the so called
First and second ones,
Which looked upon them,
As illiterate pagans,
But using their produce
At low cost using
Their economics and
Currencies so greatly
Boosted by their drunken
Slur due to the cheap
Self-esteem boosted
On their own doing hardly
Any good to the world,
But for armed interventions
Ridiculing the cultures
Evolved over such long
Periods of time immemorial.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Write, type, write, type,

Write, type, write, type,
Punch away to glory,
We hunt for the readers
Of sadness, happiness,
Separations, loves,
Hatred, sympathy, empathy,
Nature, vulture,
Jealousy, melancholy,
Harmony, praises, races,
Sex, vex, maximums,
Minimums, youth,
Booths, breast, bums,
Paradise, heavens,
Satans, gods,
Madness, psychos,
Leavings, bereavings,
Breads, roads, ice, mice,
Babies small, big,
In ever going chase,
We dedicate our muse,
For a great no. of readers
Through Poemhunter.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Yes, Boss! !

He had to behave as if
He was in fours, all the time,
Saying Yes Boss, Yes Boss
To various heads
Of various departments,
To get their good opinion
And their approval
In a company of loose order,
Giving wine and goods
Of the choice of the bosses,
Pleasing them with praises,
But they behaving like
Heads of states, Making him
Do all sorts of jobs
From mornig to evening,
Giving his appraisals
Poorer rating, to keep
their stoing hold on him,
Making him toil all the while
The Yes bosses getting
A sack, when the management
Changed and the new board
Noticed the misdeeds
And mismanagement
Throwing them to the streets,
Ending up with odd jobs.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

You Kept My Letter Open.

I had poured out my heart,
To you, of my love,
Unquenchable,
And I saw you kept
My letter open, not knowing,
Everyone saw its contents,
My love so dear to me
Written in bitter sweat
Words I meshed out of
My imagination,
Everyone knows my passion
For you, and my uncontrollable
Feelings I scribed,
Which you kept open,
Breaking my soft heart,
What do I do now,
to face everyone who knows,
Everything I penned you
In utmost secrecy,
Only for your eyes.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

You Weren'T The Same.....

Now I dont know
Why you changed so much,
We used to exchange
Our secret love,
I feel forlorn, you aren't
The same as before,
I pray always you to return
To your way as before,
I long for your hand
In my hand and a muse
On our lips
Which we enjoyed a long time,
Come on, baby,
Change back where you were
When we can be together
And be happy as afore,
Change baby change,
And be my love again,
And be pleasure of my heart.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

You.....

Honey, you are my bunny,
Soft and silky in my thoughts,
Soft and silky to feel,
You are my everything,
My dreams my attainment,
How you reached my heart
And soul unknown,
Yet you pervade in all my feelings
My breath, my actions,
How will I survive
Without your presence,
Your little soul ticking away,
Near my whereabouts,
I am happy, your with in touch,
Which makes my life
Livable worthwhile,
Honey be there by side,
Within my view,
Lest my feelings wither
My life listless, lifeless.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Young Guru

He sang the song of love,
Universal, clad in plain long cloth
In a soft supine voice,
full fo melody, how not
To hate and bring all togehter,
The grace of god to all,
Never to desapir in failires,
Of material, money or sex,
To keep the mind calm,
As listless as a lake,
Never to roll emotions,
Like the waves of the seas,
Taught Yoga for concentration
Of mind and body bliss,
To see everyone as
Fellow human beings
And love all the beings
Of the mighty universe
Dawning a new sense
Of peace in his followers,
Young, old greedy and cruel.

Ravikiran Arakkal

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Youth Lost

The blood in me has cooled,
Youth lost, gait cumbersome,
Fingers trembling, pain in joints,
With memories of young days
Lingering always in mind
Of the days many a damsel
Spoke to me with interest
Full of smiles, and body language
Suggesting they like me,
But me walking away in disdain,
to show of the young blood
In me, suggesting that I will
Get better ones, driving by
In speed terrifying many
On the road, getting into
Wordy duels and four letter
Words not palpable at all,
Oh, youth where have been
Lost by me in such swiftness,
I couldn't even tell you to stay
Longer to make my life,
More eventful and hearty.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Z E R O.....

He was called a zero,
Despite his hard work
And good mannerisms,
He toiled all day long,
To keep his life going,
Looking after his children,
Parents, like the zeroes
We are what are numbers
Without zeros when
We make six billions,
So many zeros, to give
Meaning to life and numbers.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL

Zika

It came through mosquitoes
Killed thousands
Terrorized people
By spreading fast
And becoming a pandemic,
by moving from forest
To cities of milling population.

RAVIKIRAN ARAKKAL