

Poetry Series

sam dan
- poems -

Publication Date:

2019

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

sam dan()

Augmented Life - To What End?

Metal men are invading!
There have been a million sightings
Often, it is the loss of a uterus
Or a foetus.
Sometimes, some collection of sperm
Or a human egg.
That's what they're saying,
When they're back.
Just now, it was a nasal surgery -
Yes, they don't have noses like we do...
Are we supposed to battle it out
With these sub-super-human 'anges'
Or will we lose out?

sam dan

Dystopia!

Where children lead... can they?
And servants dictate...
besides
Looting, slaying, lying.
I'll have to appease
My grumbling-withheld part of me
And try to get back
On the morrow
To etch out a Xanadu
And Col's good ol' Kubla...

sam dan

From A Good Life To A Wretched Pedestrian Existence

It was the life of an intellectual
when there was time -
to contemplate, meditate, propose, reinvent
and help adapt to changing times...
to improvise and find more meaning in the things we did.
Now, we trudge like slaves
in a desert - this quicksand of life
where even fresh air is scarce,
clean water too precious a commodity,
you cannot afford to consider
thinking of the foods we eat
because all of it
has turned to genetically modified poison.

sam dan

Gregor Samsa

I felt like Gregor Samsa,
One early-lazy Sunday morning
- Checked to see
If my limbs were still there,
Each in its place
Ordained to be so.
Muffled thoughts birth out
With difficulty
Into the dense atmosphere.
Stifled breath
Made possible only by
A somewhat omnipotent air-conditioner.
Mon Seigneur, je te dis 'merci! '

sam dan

Jumping

Jumping the queue
Does it feel
Like greatness has been
Suddenly
Thrust upon you?
An adage, bestowed by the masses?
Gullible, as the rest of them
Can't they see...
Don't they take notice?
If he cannot wait his turn
- a pitiful excuse,
From one who ventures
On his pitiful behalf...
that he had missed breakfast!
Btw... who was that Manipuri woman
Who tried in vain to take on the AFSPA
Of the mighty Indian government?
And where does our little weakling
Stand by comparison?
Fallen... star! Fallen in the Muck!

sam dan

Making Peace With Mediocrity

When to make peace
With mediocrity
Is an enviable proposition
Imagine -
What lot in the present,
What predicament
Could make you
Have such a thought as this!
- When their heroes
With whom you seek camaraderie
Looked up
To you as an enigma...

How now fallen
You seem....
Or have you just, come full circle?

Or perhaps, just about?

sam dan

The Future Shall Care Of Itself

For the future
Shall take care of its own.
So, worry not
Over the future!
Perhaps, that is to say,
Well, everything is taken care of.
Aspirations bestilled?
A quiet heart
With everything at peace within
Isn't it bliss enough? !

sam dan

The Pale Horse

.... Cancer has become so common place -like fever!

Every family has had someone

or the other afflicted

- and die of it.

THE PALE HORSE!

We have come to it and we

still

do not realize!

On sens dire 'mollare'

mais il ne faut pas laisser.

Il faut continuer à vivre.

We have to go on with this business of living

because

it has been given to us.

- Simon J. Daniel. (22Mars,2019,10: 29 du matin)

sam dan