

Poetry Series

**Sivaprasad Parackal**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2021

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## **Sivaprasad Parackal(5th May 1981)**

Sivaprasad Parackal was born at Thiruvananthapuram in the State of Kerala in India on 5th May 1981. He is a Post Graduate in English Language and Literature and has a Bachelor Degree in Education. He is working in the Finance Department of Government of Kerala and currently is an Under Secretary in the Department. Prior to his engagement in the Finance Department, he worked as a Lecturer in Communicative English in the University Institute of Technology under the University of Kerala. He is an advocate of Public Education System and Government schools. He has dealt with issues such as man's hypocrisy, his pseudo ideals and uncertain life etc. in his poems.

# Crime And Punishment

Crime and Punishment

Thou art the cradle of life  
The elixir for survival  
Bloomed innumerable souls on thy lap  
Spreading fragrance since the Origin

Tend and nourish thee with soft hands  
Each of thy countless children  
And pinch their ears for disobedience  
As does the village school master

For the umpteenth time they broke thy peace  
Replied thee with the fatal blow  
That paralysed the whole world  
Thou art to set the house in order

Callous thee art not  
To keep them in hell fire for long  
Redemption is in the offing  
As spring always succeeds the winter

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Romance Of Ironies

Ours is the romance of ironies  
That thrives on virtual volumes  
Glide thou away from my skies  
Like the desert mirage does

Preferring detachment to attachment  
Ask thou to bury our dreams in oblivion  
Vanish thee with the words  
' Remember me less as you love me'

To thee, love is purely abstract  
Dreamy and serene and not sensual  
Hardly entangled in animal instincts  
It dwells in thy mind

Fight thou to reconcile and disown to own  
And feign strangeness in proximity  
Ours is the romance of ironies  
That sets its plot in dream lands

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Sleep

Sleep

The mysterious pause of lethargy  
That interrupts the song of life  
Which moves along the corridors of time  
With occasional ebbs and flows

It takes the soul away to the unknown  
And rewards with peaceful death  
Only to revive and rejuvenate  
For greeting the new horizons

We die along with the death of the day  
To be reborn in the morning  
Exploring new pastures and avenues  
And drinking life to the lees

Through these deaths and births  
We are destined to pass  
Before the embrace of eternal slumber  
From which none can awaken us

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Hypocrisy

Hypocrisy

Just below His abode of snow, an innocent angel was desecrated by His own middlemen

Then we cried, protested, vowed and lighted lamps

Children of the sacred animal butchered their fellow being who kept their mother's flesh for being in flesh and blood

There too, we raised slogans, blamed rulers and arranged feasts to serve their mother's flesh

We together said the North is the land of demons.

Back in our own home, in God's own country, buds are trampled for pleasing political masters

Little gods are left to wriggling worms to feed on as they are uninvited guests

Mothers witness in cold blood their own kids being battered to death

In the land of Renaissance, women are starved to death in black magic

But we together say ours is the land of empowered women and flourishing youth

Where have the tongues of society gone who raise hue and cry when justice is raped in the vast North?

Have those servile souls hidden themselves in their own cocoons waiting for a cry from the North to come out wielding swords?

Sivaprasad Parackal

# An Impossible Retake

An Impossible Retake

Boasted the man of his knowledge and practical wisdom  
And let the brain overhaul the heart  
Paid he the price for his pragmatic theories  
As he failed to recognise the neighbouring pearl

Had met the now intimate one in infancy on the threshold of tragedy  
But innocence had failed to see innocence  
Years been gone nullifying his divine innocence  
Rich had he become in occidental language but poor in knowing the noble ones

Met the lost soul again on its quest for knowledge  
He wore a mask of discipline, seriousness and rudeness  
Now, sitting in the arm chair ruminating the past he sighs over the  
meaninglessness of his clownishness  
And realises he had failed to own the pearl

Excuses he had many but none to convince even himself  
Frost been his master and knows a coming back is beyond reality  
Yet he hopes the impossible to happen  
Tomb is the final place of his hopes which the pearl may observe with awe.

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Birth

Birth

Something moves inside me  
as I feel dizzy and restless  
with overwhelming emotions  
An aching from within

Slowly it attains form  
and the pain aggravates  
as thorns continue to pierce  
A poem is in the making

Soon it gets bloated  
feeding on broken dreams  
and unborn desires nourishing it  
In the cradle of misgivings

Feel I the birth pangs  
as mind gets ready to expel  
through the canal of fancies  
Thus come out my musings

Sivaprasad Parackal



# Immortal Child

Immortal child

Like the summer's rain did he leave  
But did let his child live  
Oh! the pain that consumed him  
The pain of creation that eluded them

'Immortal is the child', echoed the men  
But enquired none of the kiln  
Guardians the child had many  
But no care did it get any

The newborn tasted the knife but shed no blood  
Searched they for the vital thread  
'What was in the father's mind?'  
Failed to picture the real kind

At last came a layman  
'Immortal Child' made him a wise man  
In flesh and blood appeared the child  
Escaped from the civilized wild

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Metamorphosis

## Metamorphosis

Somersaulting in the fields, he lived in the woods.  
Looking at the twinkling stars, he lay on the dung smeared floor.  
Bearing plantain umbrella, he went out in the rain to school.  
Greeting tadpoles, fishing trouts, launching colocasia boats, he knew mother Nature.

With empty stomach, he learned the two arts from the revered ones.  
He saw, heard, smelt, tasted and felt with those who had no tags then.  
He was a mere man's kid among men's kids who never asked each one's origin.  
From that eternal shrine, he learned the first lessons of love and care.

Now that he is settled and successful in life.  
He finds himself refined and urbanised.  
Realisation strikes him, "I was an uncouth idiot then!";  
And he vows to raise his dear ones in the new world keeping them aloof from the country's distractions.

To his great relief, woods, pastures and streams have disappeared.  
Paddy fields are buried in oblivion.  
The only thing that drags him to the unpleasant days is his alma mater.  
The deteriorated, fern laden building still exists lighting the lamps of knowledge to the uncouth ones.

So wise he is, makes his kids cozy in the refined house of knowledge imbibing the language and manners of the Angles.  
"Thank God! They escape from my damned days and manners.  
Yet you say I am denying the little ones the virtues of the past and warmth of harmony?  
After all, what do you expect me to do? Send my kids to the world of primitiveness to learn the archaic things?";

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Teacherhood

Teacherhood

They spend the days with the little gems  
Our kids' real second mothers  
Who dance and sing with them  
Live they their dream life in that earthly heaven

Age does not deter them from crawling or hopping  
Hesitant are they not to mimic or mime  
They judge and mediate; solve and reconcile  
Relive they their bygone days of innocence

Givers as well as takers they are  
For they take back with them the kids' repertoire  
Their pranks, little jealousies and stubbornness  
Even their liking for arguments and murmurings

They like to instruct at length but are averse to the reverse  
Basking in past glories, they remain in the race  
Sometimes 'I' comes out unwarranted  
And multiplies into 'WE', only to please the self

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Final Shore

## FINAL SHORE

Here lie those who walked before me  
The ones who dreamt of better days  
Sleeping undisturbed and unhindered  
For no alarm or dream wakes them up

Alone are they not in the slumber  
Egos and rivalries fill their chambers  
Pride and envy sleep with them  
The leveller brings them together

Stories of triumphs are reduced to bones  
Snatched beauties are no longer theirs  
Success built on lies grins at them  
As they lie embracing the ultimate truth

All races and duels end here  
And the meaningless tussles too  
Competitors call it a day  
As the safest haven beckons them

Every voyager's final shore  
And every mortal's healing space

Sivaprasad Parackal

# General Strike

## General Strike

It is not a red letter day; but turns out to be one  
Never does it fall on a rest day; but offers total rest  
An annual 'ritual' which none dares to ban  
For every soul will be in the streets to protect the year old 'custom'

Everything comes to a halt as it sets the sail  
Even the life line of the nation comes to a stand still  
It strikes at the core crippling every human action  
Absolute immobility is the real show of strength

Whoever may be at the helm, demands are the same  
The age old utopian demands for which there are few takers  
The right hand may upset the flourishing lotus  
But the 'ritual' will go on as rulers are the best sponsors

The privileged workforce won't lose a single penny  
The impressionable genuine labourers are the sole losers  
The toiling class loses yet another fruitful day  
The hungry becomes hungrier and the thirsty thirstier

Blame not the imposters of fraternity for the catastrophe  
As the endangered races know no other way to stay 'alive'  
Years go by, such absurdities continue  
After all each human year is packed with absurdities too

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Ageing

## Ageing

The incurable disease, marked by wrinkles  
that signals a gradual retreat  
from the blistering day towards the evening  
with silver head and sturdy heart

A recluse in the world of chaos  
where men in their prime reign  
belittling the sweat shed by those  
who have tilled the lands for them

A shadow of Hebe's\* vigour  
and a stranger in familiar worlds  
where he is a lonely walker  
who treads along the paths of neglect

Wishes he to be under the shade of trees  
that he watered and manured  
and which bear fruits now  
but surpass each other in disowning him

Without any complaints, he moves on  
donning his role to perfection  
and enlivening each scenegiven  
before the final curtain falls.

\*Hebe /hi: bi: / - Goddess of youth or prime of life in ancient Greek religion.

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Progressive

Progressive

Progressive are those who despise their own Mother  
Speaking ill of Her is freedom to express  
Compete they with each other to please Her neighbour  
Disowning Her makes them liberals

They feel ashamed of Her 'primitive' culture  
Wish they to dissolve Her boundaries  
Claim they to be the apostles of change  
And seem to dream a lawless land

Men of conditioned responses  
Dance they to the tunes of their doyens  
Who pretend to be the saviours of the oppressed  
Seem they to wage war against the social milieu

Though they forget, it is She who makes them progressive  
Had they been born in the valleys and deserts of holy death?  
They want to rewrite Her past and future  
But can they write without the Walls?

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Mind

Mind

The abstract companion within us  
with lightning speed and fathomless reach.  
The womb of crude desires and passions  
beneath the veil of noble thoughts and feelings.  
The citadel of moments and memories  
which take one to the world of bygone days.

Remembering is digging up the past  
with the accompaniment of sighs and ifs.  
Reinventing scenes and people  
escape we into the wilderness of day dreams.

Holding on to the wings of imagination  
live we in unborn ecstasies.  
Like the thread-broken kite we soar  
into the horizons of distant possibilities.

Blessed minds meet each other  
in their flight to the infinity.  
Unite they in their own fairy land  
though separated by time and circumstance.  
Live they in each one's thoughts  
consoling and comforting each other.

Sivaprasad Parackal



# Mask

MASK

Thou were the underrated  
Perhaps the most underrated  
Everyone had a glimpse of thee  
Though with fear and anxiety

Found thee in sickhouses  
Among the sick and the curer  
Thou were drenched in her sweat  
Who picked up our trash

Masked men were a nightmare  
As they snatched and robbed  
Rogues ruled the roost in streets  
Masking in and masking out

Tides turn overnight  
Thou become the symbol of the civilized  
Man's identity goes awry  
As thee steal his face

Thou art the real game changer  
Out of the blue, thou rise  
Fencing the innocent smiles  
And my beloved's thirsty lips

Replacing man's pretentious mask  
Thou steal the show  
Cocooning the noblest animal  
And sieving his life breath

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Moribundity

## MORIBUNDITY

Each passing moment is of uncertainty  
The only certainty is now so close by  
The sound of laboured breathing  
And fluttering of its wings

Every land is doomed  
And every soul is fear struck  
Mortals try in vain to delay the inevitable  
Who is groping for its victims

Armless in the battle field, the Man stands  
Bewildered as to yield or retaliate  
His pride is reduced to dust  
There is no creed, race or colour to distinguish

Nature's fury at its worst  
Leaving none to bid him farewell  
Whose behind can he hide?  
As even his gods are unguarded

Sivaprasad Parackal

# Suicide

## SUICIDE

An act of cowardice when a loser does  
Disgrace to kins it brings  
He does have the right to live but the right to die is not his  
Escaping himself from worldly sorrows is crime he commits

An act of valour when done to eliminate the infidels  
Laurels and accolades to the martyr it gives  
His is a holy act as salvation his soul attains  
Murdering pagans opens him the door to heavens

An act of heroism when a patriot commits to outwit traitors  
Sound of sighs and chants reverberates  
His is sacrifice unparalleled and flawless  
His soul will be spared in the other worlds

An act of redemption when depressed Plaths\* embrace  
In dreams and letters live scores of such souls  
Born they to end themselves but taste eternal honours  
As the one who drowned herself in the Ouse\*\*

\*Sylvia Plath was a famous American poet who committed suicide at the age of 30.

\*\*Virginia Woolf, the celebrated English author, drowned herself in the River Ouse at Lewes.

Sivaprasad Parackal

# The Real And The Unreal

The Real and the Unreal

Never in my wildest dreams, I yearned for thee.  
Came thou to me as gentle as it could be.  
Taught me thou to greet even nature's smallest blessings.  
Learned I from thee to feel and love all of man's siblings.

Together now we greet the young sun who shines brighter than ever.  
Days offer us with plenty of novel things to agree or differ.  
Bidding farewell to the glowing moon is our part.  
Meet we at nights in dreams which is His tricky art.

In two different social cages we are put in.  
Chances of our retreat into ourselves are thin.  
Yet we seek to go back to our age of stress and strain.  
We breathe the same air and feel the same rain.

Perhaps, we are illusioned by the mirage of love.  
In fact, life itself is an illusion that lures us to live.  
A tight rope walk between the real and the unreal.  
About which we are clueless as we do listen to the reel.

Sivaprasad Parackal

# The Outspoken

The Outspoken

They say it's made in the Heaven  
Men tie the knot to make it happen on Earth.  
To the disciples of Comte it's a permanent social legal contract.  
The society's nod for sleeping together.

A few are destined to get their counterpart without much fuss  
But many are left with endless wandering to find the perfect match  
Has anyone succeeded in that hide and seek game?  
The game is on irrespective of the outcome

Two oceans of differences meet and feign that they do 'live' together.  
They 'kill' themselves in the youth for a life of dos and don'ts.  
Standing on their own graves they take each other's hands to 'unite'.  
That sets the tone for the much awaited drama.

Imprisoning the minds, spend they the days together  
Excel they each other in pleasing the eager audience  
Umpteen years of togetherness do they celebrate in their zombie life.  
That is the greatest conundrum.

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