

Poetry Series

sreedevi sadasivan
- poems -

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I am from Kerala, India.

I am a Film director. I completed Film Direction course in Pune Film and Television Institute.

As far as poetry is concerned I have written seven poems in ten years. So not the prolific kind from any angle..

Confessions At The Battlefield

The question still haunted my heart,
'not whether i would, but for how long? '
I looked into my palm and saw my lifeline crisscrossed with others,
all stained with blood and soil.

Suddenly my hands shook and i smelled humen flesh
my neck refused to turn back
and look at the dead corpses staring at me

I could still hear those words ringing down my ears,
fight for peace, fight for justice,
yes this is glorious..
glorious as the blood soaked sunset.

But now i have to lift my foot,
soar my bullet into the frozen air,
freeze a moving bead of sight,

I have no time to wash the stain,
I have no time to wash my stain.

sreedevi sadasivan

Dirty Poet

How do you write a poem?
Capture that teasing inspiration.
Make it dance inside your head
and in sudden burst of rage
pen it down,
like heavy downpour
Clean and fast
smooth and gay.
But i am the dirty one.
unlike the natural,
i write and rub
tear and stop.
look up and change the words.
I fret and tire
painfully,
like giving birth
but lacking that moment
of divine happiness..
when you feel your baby in your arms,
coz somewhere in all my fuzz and measuring,
i loose my moment of birth
and I wonder
Am I wrting a poem after all?

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Flight Without A Soul

I saw those blue butterflies fluttering
Around my white daisies
and slowly with pin dropp care caught
them with my net.

I then ripped out their colors,
dropping them naked on the wet ground
burned their wings till they flew ashes
which I stitched again with a rusty needle.

A touch of perfection glows as it's
framed lifeless and dump to pink wall.
Catching all the whispers of silent admiration
who read the words engrossed under it
"Flight without a soul" with the
sheer of a genius.

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Last Encounter

He came down from the stars in his evil ship
His long green hands carried the seeds of destruction
My eyes protested, how dare you touch our earth
our only space, home, heaven.
What made you cross the line of conscience?
greed? power? or simply fun?
He read my eyes and raised his voice
every living soul in the cosmos knows the tale
How this beautiful green earth turned brown
how the lichens turned soot
how the ice melted to sea
how you dug your mother's grave
You lost the right to lift your eyes
you must have stone in your heart
to still hold up your head so high
suddenly I felt my lips sewed up
and my head bowed in shame
I watched him as he turned his hands, slowly.

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Love Letter

You look at me with wonder when I am all dressed up for a party
Like I am the most beautiful thing you have seen
And you look at me in wonder when I wake up in the morning,
My hair all messed up and my makeup ruined
And I ask you what you are looking at
But you stay silent with a smile
I never realized how long the park roads we used to walk were.
I never realized that half the park lights on road didn't work, that it looked dark,
gloomy and lonely,
till I walked it without your hands holding mine.
I always kept my mind shut from you to hide all the little cracks and imperfection
Coz I thought you would get scared and run
But you chose to wait with patience and when you finally got in
It's like you fell in love with all the cracks too
You never judged me when I was afraid sometimes to do the right thing,
Or when I chose to run
Coz you could see that deep inside I was brave
and deep inside I was good
I never realised the void in me till you filled me up
and now don't leave me to be filled with emptiness again
And I love you so much, coz you taught me to love myself

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My Biggest Pretend

My Biggest Pretend

His eyes have grown big like a cat
I think I am in love with you, he purrs
I flinch at those words
Inside, my dark tarnished heart trembles
No, it's an impossibility it says
You know how it all plays
You will hold hands and walk through the beach
He will crack jokes and you will pretend to laugh
But one day you will laugh quite easily
Your trigger to be careful
You would tell him a million times that you love him
But never looking at him in the eye
Watching him only in the depth of his sleep
He is feeling like the pretty tea- cup you press to your lips
Enviest the tea that you take in, its warmth touching you inside
But he doesn't know what's quite wrong yet
Doesn't know what to demand
Until one day with those big sad eyes he tells you he is sorry
Can't do this anymore
And you shiver faking surprise
You watch him as he walk out of the door
Yes you have won
Broken him
In the process shattering into a million pieces
But a million colours is what I see in his eyes right now
I look at him and I laugh like he has cracked the biggest joke
My biggest pretend yet
He turn his eyes away hurt, offended
And I close my eyes as he gently walks away

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The Bus To My College

(I used to travel in a really crowded bus everyday to reach my college. That gave me the inspiration for this poem. Quiet ironically the bus was called heaven)

Cold breeze tickled my nose,
As I stood there waiting for heaven.
Eyes planted on that misty lane,
Coins still wet and clutched.

There it creaked to my front
And ceased.
Its door ever opened and calling,
I plunged into with a deep breath.

Before I took a second
I heard the bell ring and
Fell, tricked by inertia
Praise Lord, I could grasp a hold

Blinded by headed walls,
I sensed the mind of
Sandwiched bread
My weight crushed from all sides.

Learning the ballet was never so fun,
Tip toeing to save my leg.
Pricked and pierced from all around
I felt amidst stingy bugs.

My inside turned upside down
As it cherished its favorite U-turn
And slithered to and fro
In rhythm to its motion.

Where on earth would you get this treat?
Eat hair and drink sweat.
But keyhole respiration
Is an art by itself.

I did envy those sitting souls,
Their seats worth the queen's throne.
It struck, the freedom bell
And I packed my lungs a third.

Coming out in parts was sick,
But when that bit of proof was thrown
I felt the pleasure of seven births,
For the morning air couldn't be sweeter.

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The Space Where Darkness And Light Collide

I don't know what touches me more?
The darkness within or the light outside.
but I keep looking for those empty spaces
where they touch each other and disappear
No darkness, no light!
So that my eyes are neither too bright nor too dim
and I see things for real,
for what they are....

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Unfolded

Paper Screams:

You are dead

Dead to me dear

Even though you married me

You madly loved the idiot box

Frowning whenever you took your eyes off

It seduced you with its mad frenzy cricket

And action flicks of heroes getting money and girls

Hope your flat-faced friend also keeps you warm at night

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