

Poetry Series

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Radhakrishnan
- poems -**

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Umeshkumar Radhakrishnan()

Drops Of Thought

Trickle
trickle
drops of thought,
traced across the mindscape,
scanned searchingly for more complete ones.

Wonder! How letters and w o r d s struggle
to fathom
abstractness,
thoughtlessness
through these scribbles, squiggles!

And yet reach that shore
where shapeless thoughts meet grains of ideas
and man
through time
turn them
to ideals
or
is it vice versa?

Wonder! Wonder!
Letters scribble and
trickle
trickle
thoughts
make a Man of the animal!
or
is it vice versa! !

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Evocation

Here I stand blank
 searching for words and
 something else?

Come, Come, I call out to you.
Come and draw my paper blue.

No! What sin are you committing!
 You enslave the unwilling,
 harass their souls.

 Thou art a sinner.
 No sinning evermore.

A Sinner! Mistaken thou art.
 I invite them to glorify,
 to make peace in me.
 Not to chain them,
 but to tie life's string to tune.

They arise in me
 or I make them arise.
For, the sole goal is
 pleasure to the painful heart
 and solace to the tattered soul.

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Images

Images

Do they convey?

They do seem to be
something they are not.

Clothes dried on a rope
- two ends tied to two crosses
in a graveyard

Brown birds, brown nest
- on a withered tree
- another on the transmission tower

What do they convey?

Life dependent on modernity
or on the grave of ancestors
or on the life of others?

Think, think, what life depends on?
Is dependent life, a life?

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It's Time

It's time to time the untimely,
to walk down the road to find a sudden end
and a greeny by-lane.

It's time to prove your mettle
and metal your proof
for life has 'if' in it
- a conditional, circumstantial clause.

It's time to pluck the blooming
cloud-white cotton for the future bed.

It's time to feel your views
and inquest your feelings
for life has green in red
and red in the green.

Are you prepared – perfect
with shoes of strong health
with the bag of acquired skills
to press upon life's calling bell?

for it's time,
the doors are opening.

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Present In Absence

Shapeless water art thou,
that glistening flows
down the stream
- Silvery blanket with
gallons within?

Formless cloud art thou?
Changing place and shape
as time and wind passeth thee
- Smoky amorphous with
mercurous diamonds within.

Cunning chameleon art thou?
Although feature-full,
turneth circumstantial
- Nature-made that deceiveth nature.

Thou art misleading.
For like these,
thou need this disillusioned, murky nature
to be natural,
to set unending shades into one and every streak of light.

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To Lean

An old man sat in the park,
 leaning,
A young man jogging he saw
 leaning,
tiredness, satisfaction or safety?

Leaning against the wall?
Where to lean - the heart?

The young child has leaned for-ever
There goes the procession
The one who leads
 sounding the death-knell
 stumblingly proceeds forward.

The bony legs and sagging skin
The while beard and protruding veins
 disallowing him to Lean.

The stumbling, struggling heart
 prays for the young soul
 to lean in heaven forever.

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