

Poetry Series

Vidya Pandarinath

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Vidya Pandarinath()

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Interested in watching Nature and the intricate problems of Life in general.



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Astronomy..!

Cosmos beyond the sphere aura
Full of bright stars, planets, the Moon
Heavenly glowing structure of the universe tune..!
Many entity are visible among Mother Earth's aurora

Divinity placing the celestial objects in array
Natural, forming the basis of the universe.
Movement led by the laws of gravity..as they say..!
Far, very far; very near—clearly not a curse

The Blue sky changing its colours by all means
Blue to black.. again to blue.. cosmic prance view
From morn to twilight.. unwinding the dreams
Magical wavelength : painting with natural hue

Stas shinning bright and moving along sky
It seems to be guiding my path.
Proximity, high luminosity.. cast upon me by the third eye
Lord Shiva is the quintessential protector, keeping watch from on high.

Planets parade.. appearing and disappearing
An illusion of a straight line in the black sky.
Life's perspective shifts instantly, and it's cheering
Transition is a natural change; do not ask why.'

Emotional fluctuations, behavior, mood, fate
All controlled by wandering stars as seems
The Moonshine connection is antique..oh great!
Giving the impression that it's giggling just for me, feels like a dream!

Connecting with the reality of naturalism cheer
The cosmic awe of calm serenity
A profound understanding of the Sphere
Unique Outlook of our existence zestfully

Nebulae, asteroids, and orbits are concepts in astronomy
It is a subjective, not an objective, heart-centered thought.
The heavenly canopy is painted with endless devotion..oh honestly
For me, it's just serenity, uplifting my soul a lot! '

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Portia - The Wonder Flower..!

Glorious and charming, strange pride of Flora,
In itself inquisitive and fresh newness borne
Modestly, yet with purpose grows somewhere;
The order and style lend look and loyal care
With changing colours from yellow to red turn
Reaching the fruit form amidst a curious aura
Truly reveals the symbol of cool, sure frith with
Wisdom and maturity of divine Portia of the myth

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Forgone...!

The wheel of emotions
Spinning in the seasonal life's journey principled
Rotating with a sense of perception with notion
Movement of intense to uninterested

Changing the position
Unpredictable nature of fate
Suffering..gaining, winning condition
Good or bad misfortune await

Great jackpot articulating feelings.
Sentiments in multiple layers toss
Wondering the cycle of change dealings
Disapproval for the loss

Apprehension for the next steps
Irritation for misjudging projection
Heartbreak for shattered bad choice effects
Contentment for perfect selection

Laughing and crying simultaneously
Inevitable luck or fate situation
Up.. down fluctuations occurs spontaneously
Growth, resilience and appreciation

Patience, spunk, acceptance and mentation
Rise and fall is temporary role
Each passes with a sense of realisation
Beyond oneself control....

Opportunities are Divine guidance..oh awestruck
Best moments will follow worst, conversely..oh tranquility
Existence is an axis of Fate over Luck
The wheel of fortune is just a serendipity

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Just Life...!

Life is a total mess
Never think your less
Time is the reason for stress
Change is evitable for success
Thrive with available access
Learning path is the redress
Each step is a good excess
Climb saying yes..
Following your heart is a bless
Mind with good thoughts not depress
Healthy lifestyle to express
Making others to guess
Level of tolerance is the key to address
Negativity surely to suppress
No comparison to assess
Choice to own self finesse
Following your views without any compress
Ignorance of negativity is the aggress
Don't follow others to impress
Be your own favourite..sheer nobleness
Tolerance is the key to finesse
Perseverance is not giving up, to any stress
Endurance is the ability to possess
Be your own master in the game of chess
Life is a series of self-analysis process

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Beyond Perception

Beyond the domain of the senses that feel,
Is the cosmic infinity, the jumble of anxiety
And, yond that, is the array of fancy abstraction;
Fear chills anxiety into a whole, frenzied vanity:
And the containing ego is cracked in distraction;
The recharging soul lets loose the floating zeal;
All markings turn into a riotous, confused lot;
Some pseudo-power alerts the slackening move
To gain ground and new dimensions in space;
Within is a torrentous upheaval of the crazy grace,
The wayward ego, and the conscience to reprove
The alien prompts of hazard and wild fancy grot...

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Moss Rose...!

Spread across the rocky walkways
Stalk-Shaped wide green leaves starlike
Tiny plant, fleshy with pointed spike.
Thriving in bright shining sunny day

Small blooms smiling at all hostile plight
Saucer shaped prospering on stem tip
juicy
Overcoming all odds, enduring beauty..oh choosy
Bright carpet of foliage with stunning ruffle sprite

Red, pink, orange yellow, white, oh divine
Array of colours, lustrous five petals outshine
Thin, textured, delicate, opening full in sunshine.
Earthiness is the essence.. superfine



Epitome of perseverance, brilliancy
Resilience is your aestivation
Strength to withstand any situation
Consistency is your proficiency

Look like a rose flower
But you are none the less
Spreading cheerfulness in excess
Full of positivity... such is the power

Adaptation to learn from you..oh divine creation
Tolerance to endure from you..oh charismatic
Determination to perceive from you..oh classy
Resilience to embrace from you..oh splashy
Explicit loyalty to ascertain from you..oh aromatic
Sustainability to grasp from you.. just oh fascination

Oh...tiny prizable Moss Rose

Nobel, humble beauty
Enduring love and tenacity to chose
Devotion is your feature truly..!

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The Virtual Paradise

Those rambling uneasy feelings like froth,
Foam forth beneath the hard crammy thoughts;
What seems to evade, lurks beneath the mind;
What is trying to form or shape itself into a find,
A new prompt or some venturesome plots?

Great finds and strange formations emerged
A lot out of such crazy fits and seasoned hold,
Musings, searches, builds and all pursuits bold,
Have but led to novel structures and mould;
The surreal mind has the power of shining gold

Uneasy, stale wishes web an ensnaring net
In and around the dark soul, but to entangle
The humming and pestering little things about
And end up in waiting, in the lost corner spot;
Or in a choiceless way to beat and sprangle?

The thinking Real and the feeling Virtual duo
Mark the domain of the soul, dubious and frail:
To stay back and abide by the loud command
Or to yield to the eloquent temptations at hand;
The fallen angel chose to reign in the Hell...!

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Love...!

Love is the ultimate fact
Closing eyes for some pact
Sentimental and emotional without any logical act
Connecting the heart, overruling the mind abstract
Attention overtaking the attitude impact
Affection misleading the aptitude tact
More of overthinking stacked
Sometimes special more often just react
Overhyped by unknown species whacked
Followed by a crazy mindset exact
Often leading to unexpected expectations packed
Leading to reality.. later as a heartbreak abstract
Time over healing and moving forward intact
Ultimately it's your own choice to peract
To cherish the moment or regret or just refract
Getting better, refined, assured.. fine to distract
Thoughts change as time changes the tract
Everything is for a definite moment extract
Live, cherish, adore what you have got protract
Thriving with the ultimate way to unfurl refract
Just unleash the wings of uncertainty slapped
Embrace the journey of existence..oh compact
Limitation nor restrictions shall attract...

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Sun Shining..!

Bright Sun shining so high.. just divine!
With lots of brilliance through
Instant thought to gaze at you
As usual cannot compete with your shine.

So luminous filling with hope of persistence
Your radiance lights life with acceptance
Inspiration, aspiration and full of gratification.
You humble attitude shimmering existence

You are nourishing entity without any reward
Unconditional source of inspiration
Unexpressible feeling of adoration
Soul lights up.. oh.. treasured award.

Some unique thoughts of act...
An unknown guardian leading me to direction...
Path of truth, wisdom and perception..
Years pass.. yet your magnificence is intact...

Can't compete with your flair
Shines steadily, reliably.. blessing all creations
Strong bond that exists without any expectations
Belief you are there....!

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The Old And The New..!

To search for the 'self' in any bearing,
And in everything is but human daring;
Games replaced the fights and the war;
Evils transformed into talents, found the star
Debate and conference took a high place,
And added knowledge and peace to grace;
Celebrations are choice moments called back
To meld the little pleasure with the glum stack
Today merges with the past for the morrow,
As hope does with the sore, suffered sorrow;
The essence of the bitter is but of sour finish
Which oddly adds delicacy to any stray dish;
Just as a failure or a wound leaves a mark,
In future to measure success and to embark,
The old prepares the path for the eager new;
All tactics exact the vigour for the chased due
Yet it is the stance which purports the content And sends cheer-signs to the
mind all spent
Life in all its forms loiters within the domain
Of Time which moves by the Fate-set chain.

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The Journey Of The Soul...!

The day shines and is all bright
As the glorious sun beams a smile lazy;
cosy
Prompts the soul for a divine flight

The winter day so comely and

The land, the desert and the sea
Stretch their arms one across the other;
The wide wings readily do smother
With all the intent and gusto to fly free

Soaring into the heights It saw infinity;
Yet were there no traces of disorder;
Perfection worked even on the galaxy border;
And all spheres kept up the bonded affinity

There was a return and a diving deep
Down into the depths of the roaring water;
The nadir was a show of the scattered quarter;
Even here were tides intact and neap.

Then the soul jumped out to reach back
The abode it had left: mere debris and sludge
Divulged all around, everything with smudge
Nothing had retained the form or lively stack

Fuming cold flames and cool, serene air
Now were rising up from the surface brown
As the fervent traveller in wonder looked down
In surprise and shock at the dubious flare

All journey, thought the soul, ends at the goal
Where nothing real, is gained nor lost in rife;
Form and fire do and undo the cycle called life;
Time to eternity runs to merge with the whole.

Sleep...!

Sleep is perhaps Nature's best boon -
The sure remedy for many a malady,
The night may come in any phase of the moon
Yet might fail to recoup the mind and the body

No rich furnish nor softest bed can assure
The coveted, averring and craved repose;
Stupor does, the fortunate one's, easily allure;
The wretched are left with nothing to choose

Crime, sin, folly and the hid penchant wish,
Rob away all the soothing real pleasure
From the eyes and the mind to the finish,
Leaving the course, void of any easy measure

Those who claim to command riches and all,
Slavishly turn destitute with their amok eyes;
A tramp enjoys a better slumber on a stall,
While the complete ones fall short of the price

Hypnos, Somnus, or Bacchus ease at will
And do stir and strain only the denied lot;
An infant's facile nap with the honeyed fill,
Or the serene, duly deserved rest be sought

Just enough to recoup and charge the soul,
Not porting beyond the stars that twinkle;
Nor slothful drag that splits away the whole;
Who would wish to sleep like Rip Wan Winkle..?

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Oh Sky....!

Oh look at the sky..sky blue sky...
It's so beautiful and very high.. high.. high
Feelings... some feelings..don't know why...why..why
Clouds floating.. dancing to its own tune..hi..hi..
Forming their own symbols...oh sly..sly
Unique pattern distant articulation... it's ply..ply
Clouds colliding again...separating again.. come by
Sun hiding behind the silvery clouds... embossed to beautify
Emerging out... the blue sky is just prettify;

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Strides Of Beauty...!

Hailing words trumpet a victory aloud
Power, pelf and love go with looks proud
Backed with a comely bearing and stand
Nothing wins a glory so neat and grand !
The journey has many roads but one goal

The spirit of life dwells in the mind's sanctum
As Truth, Goodness and Beauty wholesome;
Mere beauty is like a lively flower of charm,
Sweet smelling yet full of venom and harm,
Or futile and void, fit to be dispelled as trash

True it is that beauty is what it does: marvel
But the soul always seeks a full greater spell
The inherent verity and goodness of being,
A resource to every weak and needy thing
Lends the real power to a thing of beauty.

Kindness and grace are the quint- essence
Of a real, memorable, noble existence;
Corporal forms are lost, and get rotten
As everything ends and is, for sure, forgotten
Only the good things beauty does, live after it.

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Glory Be To Woman...!

Woman is Nature's masterly creation of wonder -
A twine marvel of complete amity and care,
A rare paradox of smiles and sudden glare;
Duty, devotion and dedication she does well render,
Being a true paragon of fulfilment and existence.

Things fall short when the roads to life divulge
As luck with fate, vies to weaken her strife
And often thwart in the unyielding path of life;
All upheavals, she turns down to emerge
As a daughter, wife, mother: a supporter strong

Neither Age nor Illness can pierce her zest;
With a balanced mind sets apart the true
From the false, claiming only for her due ;
Firmer than a rock she stays in all her quest,
As success favours an honest endeavour.

Glory be to woman for her liberal trust,
For her sympathy, kindness and grace,
And her strong creative bearing the race
Choosing her timely role she does her best
Never letting down her values and the just.

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Pink Rose - A Thought To Change Mindset..!

Pink..pink rose you look so contentment
Often wonder..why you always less preferred than red
You are so feminine, refined and polished ahead...
Goddess of love, impart admiration for presentment

Nothing less in beauty, perfection and majesty
Evoking feelings of hope, warmth, and amenity
Symbolizing friendship, gratitude, serenity
Sophisticated touch..class to any space...craftily

You are colour apart..tint of red in essence
Unique aura both sweet and spicy..
Associated with passion and desire.. oh pricey
Reflection of the divine presence

Eye-catching as red roses.. innocent passion
Soft petals..beauty and fragility of affection...
Calming..to eyes and soul connection
Gentle, peaceful.. sense of compassion

Popularity, influenced or its just hype
Liking red more than you... oh pink
Following the trend.. need to change mindset oh..stereotype
Pink rose...sentiments intertwined...moment to rethink.

Oh Pink rose.. you deserve your dues
Enduring presence of beauty with resilience....
True worth not just ratings supercilious
Changing perspective.. treating fairly to choose..! ...

Oh it's just a validation or marketing
Pink, red or any colour rose.. It's going to be my choice.. yes..imperative..!
Not blindly following someone else's narrative
Certainly time to think about determining..!

A Thought....!

Blue sky...

Bird's flying high...

Why should my heart sigh...

When my beliefs nigh...

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You Are....!

You are the Sky
I follow you deeply.. with glee
Very high... very high
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Ocean
I Just want to glide.. carefree
With out any limitations.. true emotion
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Air
I breath you fully.. spree
With trust of existence anywhere
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Bond
I cherish you forever..be
Confidence of core values and beliefs beyond
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Time
Today, tomorrow and always
agree
I want to continue in the process of lifetime
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Moment
I want to relieve...to see
Nothing to alter eternal bestowment
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Fact
I want to believe with certitude..by setting free
With no imprecision nor any pact
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Sight
I want to have absolute perception not fancy-free;

No place for darkness.. alright
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Song
I want to hymn with my verse..unique key
Not on others tune or rhythm.. seeming wrong
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Harmony
I want to twirl to the beat of heart.. forever as we
Not on distant articulation.. purposely
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Sunshine
Ray of light...bringing glow to life..foresee
Not gloomy view of the future.. unthought sign!
You are the one for me...only one for me

You are the Dance
I want to express my emotion.. thee
Not with any imbalance prance
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Flower
Want to sport you as my favourite head wreath...warm-hearted so carefree
Not fake sense of connection to nature's power
You are the one for me.. only one for me

You are the Starlight
Aspirations, dreams..full of spirit
Not disconnecting to possibilities infinite
You are the one for me...only one for me

You are the Everything
Feelings of devotion.. accept if you are truly gutsy
Not to be gauged by materialistic things
You are the one for me...only one for me

Sampige Flower -Aura Of Joy...!

Shravan Months of purity
Season of monsoon, spiritual prosperity
Purification, Self-reflection, revering the divine
With vibrant sunshine yellow blooming..oh sampige..so fine

Delicately sweet fragrance.. profound;
Sampige spreading its aroma all around
Nature thrives it's own magical healing bond;
Encouraging us to look beyond

Tall.. wide..thick foliage evergreen tree
Simple, alternate leaves, wavy margin.. as I see
Sheltering thousands of birds..
Enlightening tree of eternal bliss.. Oh aromatic herbs

Adorns single exquisite bloom
Star-shaped, long, fresh earthy perfume!
Waxy five fleshy petals.. Oh moment beholden
Smooth, velvety, showy golden

Magically enchanting are
butterflies.. Oh wondering Hummingbirds..hovering
Honey bees.. buzzing
Around the mystical aura...gushing;

Joy perfume tree.. symbolizing eternal life.
Natural grace, dealing with strife.
Purifying internally and externally.. such is Nature's art!
Naturally scented..healing mind and heart.

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Mimosa Pudica.. The Touch Me Not Plant

Artistic spiny shrub doily like on ground
Creeping.. densely prickly,
Tiny green leaves..fairly thickly
Covered will plants around

Noticeable low-growing, much-branched cover up
Unknown joy to go near it...sure to enchant
It's the touch me not plant
Humble sensitive..perennial shrub

Pink flowers outstanding presence
Bulbous small fluffy cluster affined
Dispersed by slight blow of wind
Unique earthy essence

An unknown feeling to touch.. Oh intensive
And see it's tiny leaves clapping
Instantly closing and opening..oh blushing
Just few minutes..so sensitive..yet defensive

Shutting up for negativity
Opening with positive attitude
Your drooping is your fortitude
Guarding self for the predators.. Oh skillfully

Touching you oh.. tiny subshrub..just cozily
Feeling guilty as well as joy.. oh gush
Guilty for making you blush
Seeing clapping your tiny leaves..a sense of wonder

Nature teaching on daily basis for better existence
Moment of joy...impacting ripple effect
Need to be mindful for every action and it's affect
Equilibrium is the key to coexistence...!

Don't bend for pressure.. just stick with oneself
Give up has reasons.. but rising up is prime
Your confidence is your determination.. believe in time
Every loss edifies novel Self..!

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Divine Connection

Strange bond that connects instantly..
Seems like bygone affiliation
Feels special connection
Tiger Moth...Good vibes visibly...
Some bonds are divine
Moments just magically shine
Sometimes unknown personality
Touches your heart with joviality...!

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Never....!

Never hurt someone who loves you
Never betray someone who trust you
Never deceive someone who has faith in you
Never ignore someone who gives their time for you
Never judge someone whose silence bothers you
Never have someone as your option who priorities you
Never underestimate someone who gave confidence to you
Never take someone granted who invest their emotions for you
Never harm someone who genuinely feel for you
Never demoralize someone who stands with you
Never lose someone who values you
Never tolerate someone who plays mind games with you
Never wrong someone whose absence concerns you
Never let go someone who is loyal to you...!

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Yeah... It's Life.. It's Life...!

Rhythm is the song of life.. add-on
Tune of high, low, right on
Frequency of thoughts, moods, just bring on...!
Yeah.. It's life... it's life

Beauty of nature to be happy and hopeful.. It's prime
Anger, bitterness, fret, pique.sometime
All part and parcel of time
Yeah... It's life... It's life

Struggle the key to become stronger on this earth
Tolerant, emotional, spirituality, true worth
Point of view changes with challenges, realize self-worth
Yeah.. It's life.. It's life

Moment of gratitude, compassion uprising
Tempo falling and rising...
Process beginning from mother Nature...oh thriving..!
Ending with the sense of devotion.. prizing..!
Yeah.. It's life... It's life

Passion, energy, purpose of existence..oh combined
Sometimes Yes... Sometimes No.. twined
Confused, perplexed mind
Yeah.. It's life... It's life

Following the cycle of change.. really lief..
Winning.. Loosing...just belief
Time heals all grief
Accepting the truth gives relief
Yeah.. It's life... It's life

I am not immortal nor you.. molding;
Each have their passage unfolding
So just feel ethereal essence.. enfolding
No hardship.. No holding..

Yeah.. It's life.. It's life

Moments... each moment Is to flourish
Is special memory to cherish
Reminding each has to perish
No guilty..nor regret..just soul nourish
Yeah.. It's life.. It's life

Life gives and takes quite
A balance chart made up right
By the Divinity who knows aright
Who deserves what outright
Yeah... It's life.. It's life
Yeah... It's life.. It's life

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The Red Weaver Ant..!

With its shiny red segmented body It tends to move here and there
But with a sure purpose and set flair:
Agile, fierce deliberate and gaudy ; Some strange, yet intrinsic drive
Brings them together..., all around On to a chosen branch, well found
For a unique feat, manoeuvre and strive -
The leaf, stem and the fibres so thin
Are punched in seamer lines: so neat
Shapely and crafty with a full treat: Marvel and Nature's gift come up to win;
Who taught them; in which Academy benign
Did they learn to be so perfect in design? !

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Face Upon Face....!

Humankind without consciousness is like the sky..
Without luminous celestial sphere...aye...aye..

Mind focuses only on dirty game of deception
Fooling others in the Name of exception
Having sensibility contrived at the top....
Revelation of Truth, the foot starts to hop....

At Last the Day Of realization
Nature 's Law shows its authorization
What you set going, you shall face for your contribution....
Face up to and deal with retribution...

The Path of Self-awareness
Is a winner's essence...rareness
A Loser shall never feel its presence;
Only Living in a fantasy of
self-delusion.. just a quintessence!

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A Thought...!

My fondness for you is like Lemon
that's firm, but pliable... for all season
My devotion for you is like the melody
Rhythm with perfect pattern heavenly

My affection for you is like Jasmine flower
Blooming with essence of optimistic power
Deep like ocean is my feelings
Can endure the waves greeting

Time has no limitation atop
No boundaries to stop
Attitude with aptitude is the take
Honesty not fake

Connect of strong mind
Pure soul refined
Not question of miles....
Only moment of smiles...

Acceptance of eventuality
No question of practicality
Following the heart
Without any flow chart....

Endless is thoughts
True emotions
Oh...my dear nothing is so precise
Except the loyalty of true love with out any entice...!

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Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

Millingtonia Hortensis. -The Tree Jasmine...!

It's a bright sunshine day
Clearly moving clouds in the deep blue sky
So was my mood.. bittersweet.. oh..yay
Waving wind blowing my hair..sway

Afar across...I see tall trees standing high
A feel it's getting blessings from paradise
Long white flowers hung down.. quite precise
Sense of feeling to go near by...

People passing through lane
Looking at the flowery road.. just thinking
Proceed with a twinkle
A sight that gives joy...pearly white terrain;

Green leaves with white flowers..oh lovely crown
Birds eating fruits sitting on its twigs
Trumpet shaped bloom, lustrous five petals... oh beautiful sprigs
Blow of wind...White flowers falling down.. down..

The aura of heavenly essence
Was stunned to see...Just stopped to see
Went near..near. delicate petals..oh Millingtonia tree
Ohh... the smell...breathed its quintessence

The air with strong eternities scent
Treat to eyes..jovial soul..love and affection
Standing beneath it... feeling of connection
Thoughts of optimism.. joy and natural content

Oneself with Queen of fragrance.. just discover!
Ohh soothe, all fret gone right away.. real connection...
Cool breeze shedding blooms in all directions
On tree... shrubs.. road..all over;

Suddenly a flower fell on my head..oh peculiar eloquence!
Held on to...the white flower in my hand;
Dreamy moments at the magical land
Ohhh....smile of blessedness

Felt like it's blessings straight from the skies
Thoughts of fortune, content and faith embrace
Felt the unconditional love and grace
Oh...far and away... cherish the unexpected prize

With sun rays peeking through its branches
Walking on the path fully covered
By the elegant flowery tapestry on the ground..hovered
Themselves woven in unique pattern on the grasses;

Flowers felling down..yet there is aspirations
Sensing season forever flow
Life is all inclusive.. accepting and let go
Gratitude for everything, living with simple expectations;

Ohh...exquisitely scented..such lasting strong effect
Blooms felled..yet filled the aura.. just rising
Uplifting attitude.. changing the way of analysing
Moment that's just heavenly... learned to accept

Joy is not only gaining materialistic things
Valuing this moment and living it fully is the goodly ornament;
Inevitable to happen..nothing is permanent
Everything will perish. just feel the nature brings;

Fallen flowers filling heart with adoration
Worth not lost as you fall.. real positivism
Wheel of life is the essence of optimism
Today you..tomorrow me.. other day someone else validation;

Each to perish..inevitable to happen,
Why worry over petty matters
Only belief gets shattered
Just stop over -thinking.. that might have been

Oh noble bloom.. short-lived
Yet with profound impact, learned my lesson
Giving a feel of happiness with you presence
Live this moment with aesthetic sense.. self revived..!

Tiny Flowers -The Tumbe

Tiny pearly white flowers of affinity
Delicate bell shaped refinement
So small..yet complete with five petals alignment
Greatly adored by the Divinity

Blooming with tolerance.. quite consistently
Essence of purity the power to heal
With utmost rejuvenating feel...
Standing tall amidst all with simplicity

Unique enchanting power
Amazing herb, qualities seemed to rise;
Spell binding bees and butterflies.
Blessed to behold you..oh little flower

Thoughts afresh with your attitude
Sustainability is your aptitude..oh small and cute
Herb with utmost medicinal attribute
Favourite bloom of the creator..oh heavenly beatitude;

Extraordinary fragrance, mild and sweet..oh great herbal
Essence of healing touch.. filled with sunshine
Unpretentious artistry.. truly divine
Real priceless moments are immortal

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Art...!

Some seek virtual beauty and charm
In the contour, rhythm and sight;
Those who want to hold the form
Of mortal things in the garb bright,
Project their mind with coloured fancy;
And work up to effect the seeming real;
Statue, perspective and delicious fallacy
Get into the feel of the charming material,
Padding up the petty and the excess inane;
Yet none wants to be in an alien Utopia,
Since nectar for one is another's bane;
Vision claimed might be illusion or myopia,
And moment's ease can, the spirit moisten!
Crystal thoughts and absolute Truth are chaotic
Words, colours, movements and form are miotic.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

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Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

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Vidya Pandarinath

It's The Feeling...!

I wonder why
My thoughts are high
Flying in the blue sky
Floating clouds very sly.. sly
It the feeling... aye.. aye
I wonder why.. why

Disgust or gratified.. all right
Fear or anger..understand it quite,
Happy or sad..living things upright
Just a moment of insight
It the feeling...aye.. aye
I wonder why.. why

Sizzling..summer..
mundane..the sun burning
Chilled winter..aura adorning
Sluggish..morning..!
It's the feeling.. aye.. aye
I wonder why.. why

Devotion Monsoon
Magical.. cheerful.. It's june
Pre-winter is the energized tune
Gentle.. shinning full moon..!
It's the feeling.. aye..aye
I wonder why.. why

Optimistic..spring
Rejuvenation it brings
Motivated autumn.. pure everything
Earthy delight to sing;
It's the feeling.. aye..aye
I wonder why.. why

Confidence from the blows of breeze
Ready to take risks..worthy as these;
Accepting truth with ease
Both sweet and bitter, enlightened spirit sees.

Friendship is the acknowledgement
Always there for each other..sense of accomplishment
Not taking advantage,
such overconfident
Yeah.. not mere sentiment

Life is so awesome..strive for victory
Full of quest..real from the glittery
Some answered.. little bit jittery
Some still mystery
It's the feeling..aye.. aye
I wonder why..why

Ohh.. Love or hate.. never play game
Nothing remains the same
Change is inevitable..will you blame?
Flow with the time...!
It's the feeling.. aye aye
I wonder why.. why

Moments gone.. worthy to treasure
Memories made..whatsoever
Cherish them forever
It's the feeling.. aye.. aye
I wonder why..why

Hope is the reason
Makes the existence.. special for all season
Enlivening the dream..sense of completion
It's the feeling.. aye.. aye
I wonder why..why

Happy or sad..sneer nor vaunt
Angry or annoyed...problem to flaunt

Expressing the way I want
Ohh.. It's the feeling..aye..aye
I wonder why..why

Anxiety or calm..its inside of me;
Confusion or certainty...face reality
Mindfulness is the key
Ohh.. It's the feeling aye.. aye
I wonder why.. why

Just living the moment..so quiet and peaceful
Let go of things.. is that too wishful?
Feel good.. feel blissful
Ohh.. It's the feeling aye.. aye
I wonder why.. why

It's the feeling... aye..aye
I wonder why.. why..

Vidya Pandarinath

Fatal Timidity..!

A stray wolf famished
Saw a grazing flock -
A happy herd of sheep
That never bothered to keep
Watchful eyes to rock,
Away or turn back
For defence and, banished
The cunning, sudden enemy
'Browse and be a dummy '

The predator happily thought
It was a great prize
To hunt and feast
He had to struggle the least
Trying not to be caught;
All chose the same way
To circumvent or stay

Some lost hope and strength -
With fear, were half dead;
The vicious canine gripped
The second victim as blood dripped
From the first one and spread
Till life concluded at length
Uttered those that did not bleed:
Thank god we are lucky indeed..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Just The Way I Want..!

Living my life..the way I want
Nothing to vaunt
Just the way I want
Ohh...I am living to myself

Seeing the blue sky
Feels blessed to the fullest by
Boundless love..you cannot buy
Just the way I want
Ohh... I am living to myself

Gazing the sun
Optimistic vibes..nothing better than...than...
Oh my god.. I am the loved one
Just the way I want
Ohh... I am living to myself

Waving green leaves
Enriching my believes
My happy heart perceives
Just the way I want
Ohh... I am living to myself

Clouds playing hide and seek
Chasing..so far..only my fun...
No words...my silence speak
Just the way I want
Ohh... I am living to myself

Ooo... ooooh....oooo
Oooo... ooooh...oooo

Yeah.. don't care what you say
Oh... so just stay away.. stay away..

Frequency doesn't match anyway
Just the way I want
Ohh... I am living to myself

Aspirations so strong too
Goals are often new
Oh.. so simple and few
Just the way I want
Ohh... I am living to myself

Ooo... ooooh....oooo
Oooo... ooooh...oooo

Sometimes I win... head-on..
Sometimes I lose..Oh come on
Part of life.... going on... going on
Just the way I want
Ohh... I am living to myself

Setting self free....
Beneath the green tree
Guided by the earthly culture glee
Just the way I want
Ohh... I am living to myself

Making my terms...
Following my rules...
None to please... ohh beyond my norms
Just the way I want
Ohh... I am living to myself

Ooo... ooooh....oooo
Oooo... ooooh...oooo

Singing in my tune complete
Dancing to... will of my heart beat
Moving on...moving on is the rhythm upbeat..
Just the way I want

Ohh... I am living to myself

Hopping the way out..

Emotions not to hold about...

Let go... let go... walkout.... walkout

Just the way I want

Ohh.... I am living to myself

Thoughts are mine..

None to confine..

Clean mind..I fly high superfine...

Just the way I want

Ohh.... I am living to myself

Ooo... ooooh....oooo

Oooo... ooooh...oooo

Nothing is long-lasting

Cycle of change.. moment is asking

Deeds of life.. everlasting..

Just the way I want

Ohh... I am living to myself

Ooo... ooooh....oooo

Oooo... ooooh...oooo

Vidya Pandarinath

The Fountain Of Knowledge...!

Born as a Prince

With all the luxuries of life;

Full of Materialistic things to strife;

Yet..it could not stop him nor convince;

Left everything, to lead with ascetic values.. time agreeing;

Preaching noble beliefs, ultimate truth of being;

The quest for the absolute reality;

In search of answers to the questions;

Discovering mental peace, without aggression;

The mystery of life and death.. none can flee ----

Suffering, the fear of the existence;

Desire and ignorance.. it's cause intend;

Concurring with the truth it's end;

Accept the ultimate reality, frees self resistance;

Facing the pain with true knowledge;

Understanding the cycle of change.. would be..!

Being mindful to the true nature of reality;

Actions are results of one's deeds.. just acknowledge;

Things perish, values, beliefs remain;

The Fountain of Knowledge... divine perspicacity...!

In the conditional veracity;

Conscious evolution.. life's joys and pains.

See, know, perceive, understand.. some assurance;

View the reality, the actual state of things;

Nothing is immortal... end of everything;

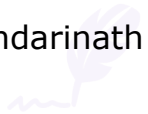
Path with diligence.. its joyful perseverance..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Yet Another Year Comes.....!

Year gone, yet another comes..soul full of scope..!
Some moments made of laughter, tears, joy added....!
Some moments happened;
Memories made, good, bad, grim... with respective perspectives;
Realized the purpose, learned new objectives;
Some dear ones gone, after finishing their journey... assigned;
Yet their thoughts hold in mind;
The bond of friendship remains intact.. cannot be destroyed...!
Regardless of any devoid;
Emotions run high at times.. sure to rise up from grounds;
Yet life is a game of ups and downs;
Ringing in the New year with belief....my wise heart knows;
Success, debacle, endeavour, glee,
persistence;
Let go the fear... living and celebrating existence....!
To face all the challenges life throws.....
With all the loss and pain...yet remains the Hope...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Perfect Christmas Tree...!

Long awaited moment is here;
Ohh...it's Christmas time..my heart sings;
Naina..Neil, seeing them creating lovely things;
Ending the season with my dear..!

Busy making decorations;
To their beautiful Christmas tree;
Green tree covered with twinkling lights.. I see..!
Colourful bulbs glowing, happy celebration;

Naina fixing the crown topper;
Ribbon twisted around the tree..oh what a fix;
Neil adding the baubles, his picture, candy sticks;
Giving it their own personalised touch..so nice and proper..!

Pom -pom garlands, sprigs, cherry;
Christmas balls, gold star, glittered thermocol balls;
Roses, tiny santa claus dolls;
Bells, snowflakes, fairy ;

Both with their strong team spirit.. I am impressed..!
Giving ideas to each other.. between the lines;
Encouraging, making fun at times;
Asking me whose theme is best;

A lovely moment to cherish, absolutely classical;
Tree fully sparkling with devotion;
Tree branches look fuller, wide ribbon woven;
Vibrant colours, the tree looks magical;

Naina placing gifts beneath the tree, admire her dedication;
Neil with enthusiasm watching it..!
Both arranging multicoloured candles...oh perfectly fit..!
Adding perfect touch to celebration;

Ambiance filled with fragrance.. quiet appealing;
Of love, happiness, affection;
Watching my niece and nephew..oh..sheer perfection;

Truly a feel -good feeling...!

The Perfect Christmas Tree, seems alright;
Bells ringing, glittering snowflakes, shinning star;
Warm lights, perfectly coordinated.. that's for sure;
Oh what a sight..!

You both have given me;
Moments of laughter;
Really loved watching you.. long after;
I am grateful and so proud..to see..!

It's the tree, full of aspiration;
Filled with happiness, Oh..nothing like this..!
With pure love and bliss ;
Divinely precious creation...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Pinch....!

How nice sometimes is a pinch,
That carries a true, cosy feeling;
The curious mother and the infant
Are set in a momentary flinch,
The marvel of consoling and healing
Make up for the attention scant;
Joy and content work up with no ado,
The magic squeeze of fingers two!

Yet is there the other mode
To take out anger or temper,
With pursed lips and twisted hand --
A kind of ill-will in express code,
Exacting a helpless whine or whimper
As the loathsome victim tries to withstand:
A disgrace to the digits so choosen
While the teeth grip the yield frozen

Joyful warmth in all choice - similarity,
Is twined around with smiling amity;
Intent truly turns to gain even pain
And frees the sullied from all stain...!

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

Tolerance...!

If one can feel pleasure and pain
As equals and on an even scale
All ill-will and quarrels Would end ;
No need for anyone to bend;
Just stop when you want to rail
And rant someone who is profane...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Holmskioldia Sanguinea - The Cup And Saucer Flower...!

First Ray's of the golden sunshine
Deep blue sky with floating clouds..ohh spellbound;
Chirping sounds all around
Fresh breeze of bliss.. melody so divine..!

Trumpet-shaped flowers caught my sight
Never have I ever seen such unique flowers
Bright orange corolla cup shaped.. ooh bellflower...!
Sepals saucer shaped, cluster shining bright,

Eye-catching with distinct aspect
Oblong plentiful bright green leaves, seemed to me
Paused to see, touch the exotic beauty
Fully opened flowers..Oh citric scented.. I can connect

Holmskioldia sanguinea flora
Unique inflorescence.. truly abstract
Specific round cup-like bract
Funnel-shaped sympetalous corolla..vivid aura

Tubular flower adaptable, persistent
Evergreen shrub, virtuous sense of beauty, stand out a mile --
Attracting butterflies with its unfading smile
You are truly divine creation.. seem so distant

Ornamental blooms beautifully styled, beyond explication;
Truly this moment is to cherish beyond measure..!
Exploring the Nature's secret treasure;
With its rare, vast, rich divine creation...!

Each time Mother Nature surprises
With its wonders... each moment a new
Thought I had seen all types of flowers hue;

Yet...its unforgettable artistic arrangement arises;

Seems like know and seen everything.!

Each day Nature unfolds its magical;

Prized possession.. discovering it..so mystical;

Feeling it.. the essence of existence, flowers of spring..!

Unexpected, unknown, unseen..ooh..ooh

Let go ego, each moment acquiring

Knowledge, embraced with novelty.. truly aspiring;

Fortunate to behold you....!

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

Flora....!

Little coy Flora blooms in pride
Smiling and dancing all the while,
Puts up her delight and delicacy
Beaming afresh all round and wide;
Friends and foes praise her style
Nodding over her chromatic, fragrant efficacy

For all that, the bearing stand,
The feeding root and the foliage cover
Share not the prize nor the renown;
Be it decor, devotion or moments bland
The culled darling reaches the tower
Of adoration and wears the crown

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Bangles... The Aesthetic Essence..!

Making my hand look colourful;
Adding aesthetic essence to my wrist.. Oh feel good of self;
Shining, glittering, sparkling, modish.. wear to please - myself;
Elegance, attitude, grace.. Oh bangles so wonderful..!

You are thoughts of my aptitude..tempo vary;
Energy with clear conscience;
Ornament with utmost confidence;
Accessory..a must for any traditional or contemporary;

Distinct colours, varieties, design.. just perfect;
Intricate pattern, delicate, oh..my style statement.. all my aspiration;
Time immemorial is your fascination;
Normal to festive you enhance my aspect;

Terracotta, mesh, glass, threads;
Copper, bronze, shell, plastic.. splendid just;
Silver, gold, lac, all types a must..!
Studded with stones, pearls, beads;

Collection completes the bangles box;
Embellished jewelry..for all occasions;
Exquisite..jingling....jingling..tunes of celebrations!
Sound that makes my presence felt..oh orthodox;

My bangles, celebration of femininity..full of originality;
Flaunting you..oh..proud feeling of oneself;
Never -ending is my love for yourself;
Quintessential for my personality

You make my look completely dazzling
Eye-catching, persona with grace dominating overall;
Making me outstanding among all;
Enlivening mood, beholding moment, love whats happening..!

Elegance with optimistic perception;
Senses of living blissful life of reality;
Proud to be a woman of actuality;

The sense of gratification with true affection;

Really blessed to wear you..!

And shine with utmost sound of adoration;

Expressing my feelings of exhilaration;

Blending my looks and style..ooh.ooh..!

Oh.. my beloved bangles..charms so rare;

Signifying my presence;

Emphasizing my self-worth;

Fortitude is the essence..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Nerium Oleander -The Perilous Beauty..!

Bulky, evergreen plant with fruits spindle shaped;
Pointed deep green leaves
Each offshoot has a cluster of lovely flowers deceives;
Colourful five-petaled funnel - shaped..!

Flowering all round the year
Ornamental cluster of bloom.. Oh truly cosmic;
Appealing.. regardless of its state of being toxic
Oh..! Yet sometimes going near it feels joy with little fear.

Red, white, pink, orange, yellow, purple..oh colourful messenger
Sweet-scented showy virulent..oh...treat to eyes;
Attracting honeybees, moths, butterflies.!
Aromatic bloom, natural air freshener

Outstanding in garden..oh Mother Nature..!
Makes me stop and smell the flowers..eye-catching presence
Oh.. Blissfully Scented, such is the essence
Delicate bloom with specious feature;

Refreshing thoughts with a caution of harm
A perfect example to showcase..
Beautiful things are sometimes dangerous, with wistful grace...!
Tantalizing to eyes yet poisonous to well-being..oh..perilous charm.

Vidya Pandarinath

Some...!

Some words unsaid
Some views unaccepted
Some thoughts unexpressed
Some connection unconnected
Some emotions unrealised
Some pain unshared
Some intentions uncertain
Some facts unproven
Some process undone
Some purpose unspoken
Some fondness unconveyed
Some truth unrevealed
Some faith unbuilt
Some concern unshown
Some moments undefined
Some talks uncompleted
Some outlook unmentioned
Some acts unfulfilled
Some opinions unvoiced
Some feelings unexpressed
Some attachments unfinished
Some songs unsung
Some reactions unspontaneous
Some dreams unfolded
Some stories untold
Some choices unarticulated
Some things undisclosed
Some beliefs unexplained
Some quest unresolved.

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

The Chrysanthemum Flowers..!

Beneath the deep blue sky;
Loving the bright yellow sun high
Chrysanthemum flowers small, beautiful, colourful;
Flourishing sturdy disc and ray florets..so wonderful.

Aromatic long, globe-shaped..oh, its so heavenly;
Shining petals emblem of joy, longevity
Exquisite, showy, all seasons bloom of exoticism;
Delicate dense cluster of optimism;

Exceptionally great asset to garden...oh earthly presence..!
Elegant and glorious essence
Moments of happiness, truly dreams unfold;
Oh.. beauty blessed to behold;

Delighting the senses.. pure tranquility;
Wonderful creation of Divinity;
Felling of good luck, prosperity, fortitude;
Connecting and naturally uplifting the mood;

Wide varieties, bicoloured with distinct hue;
Unique texture and meaning..it construe;
Yellow is celebration..!
Lavender is honesty.. real aspiration;
white is purity....!
Red is love.. without any insecurity;
Orange is zeal..!
Pink is affection..a genuine feel
Purple is well-wishing..!
Green is good fortune.. everything worth living;

Globally praised, vividly utilised
For decoration, worshipping divinity, medical analysed;
Countless glory, truly Nature's rare creation
Oh.. gentle bloom of sensibility and adoration.!

The Chair...!

Most comfortable, without any distinction
Moment to sit back, it's the unbiased chair
Stone, metal, wooden, plastic and many more
Antique traits and unique style and function

A unknown trust that it shall support
Strong enough to hold the weight
The seat..solace..sense of self good and great..!
Ultimate power, oh.. nothing of this sort

Anytime, any mood just greeting
With wide and just arm of affable
The authority to speak, express, rational
Sense of doing better or wanting things completing

Once occupied no intention to give up
Such is the charm of commanding chair
Feet touching ground, yet dreams high.. just sitting there;
Aspirations for an exceptional life.. its never enough..!

True companion to ease off everything
Free from tiredness and insecurity
Enriching the idea's and thoughts in a moment of clarity...!
Will Power to go get anything...!

Anxiety, happiness, fear, confusion
At any emotional time, purpose to sit with
Binding the connection forthwith
Fine - tune of day - to -day life tasks, way towards the solution.

Vidya Pandarinath

Mrs X..The Feminist...!

Mrs X is a noted Feminist then,
At least she wants to be called so
' come what may! ' we should know
'That we are greater and stronger than man
' we bear, we nourish
' to the whole lot of them all '
'So went her speech in crescendo height',
With her clinched fist and gathered might;
She was all voice, her face rigid,
As she expressly denounced the whole of Adam's race
Among the roaring applause, she did urge
That the ' less fair gender ' is fickle and stupid
The audience was left confused
when she rushed back in haste
Saying she was being waited
At home by her poor son and husband..?

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

My Heart Sings The Song..!

My heart sings a song

It has no rhythm nor tune

Ohh..yeah...no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has words

Ohh..yeah...no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has meaning

Ohh..yeah...no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has feelings

Ohh...yeah no rhythm...no tune

My heart sings the song it has emotions

Ohh... yeah no rhythm..no tune

My heart sings the song it has honesty

Ohh.. yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has loyalty

Ohh.. yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has affinity

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has affection

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has values

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has thoughts

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has painful hurt forgot

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has its own composition

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has its own pattern

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has its sound of silence

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has its own music

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has its own fusion

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has its own creative pitch

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has

Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has its own tone without any hitch
Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune
My heart sings the song it has its own sense of love
Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune
My heart sings the song it has own tranquillity above
Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune

My heart sings the song it has its own pulse
Ohh.... yeah no rhythm no tune

It's soulful you don't understand
Ohh.. Yeah no rhythm no tune
Singing out the song, only genuine heart can withstand...!
Ohh... yeah no rhythm no tune.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

Dusk...!

Drizzling dusk, heavenly love and pain..!
Blooming Brahmakamal.. pure white...!
Divinely blessed night....!
Happiness in darkness..oh glorious sight
Beneath the Golden light....!
Hope of the new delight...!
Fortunate memories to remain...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Dawn....!

Dawn time..., blue sky,
Clouds floating, parrots flying high
Jasmine smell coming from nearby
Following the stream, deviated in a wood, and I -
I took the pathway chasing purple butterfly...!
Lovely glimpse catches the eye....!
Breeze flowing my hairs, dancing, seems..... I could fly....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

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Vidya Pandarinath

The Full Moon...!

Full Moon in the deep dark sky;
Smiling, shining, outshining the star's;
Very close to me.. Yet so high;
Beautiful great Nature, that is ours;

Insect flying around the Moonlight;
Blessed to watch the heavenly object;
Amidst the darkness.. is the glowing light;
Path of enlightenment.., my thought connect;

Pleasant view to look at;
Oh... artistry of the Divinity;
Sense of Happiness, Peace and tranquility;
Thoughts of perpetuity: something like that;

Twilight ends with daylight..sure that it's real.
Feeling strong-willed;
Aspiration fulfilled;
At no time lose Hope..Optimistic feel...!

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

Shirdi Sai Baba...!

Shirdi Sai Baba residing in the shrine in Shirdi, is my divine power
Blessings all equally without any distinction
Fulfilling all wishes, light of salvation
Path to devotion acquired only through willpower,

Path of enlightenment realised with grace and glee;
Ignorance removed by pure consciousness;
Only one God, under his feet is the ultimate
Confidence;
Love, sacrifice is the utmost reality;

Leading me to be humble and accept everything;
Guiding me in vagueness with wisdom;
Implicit love is to care, helping others, forgiveness
Generosity is the real human attribute with a zing;

Material things are only for time being presence;
Real wealth is adoration and inner purity;
Peace, gratification, perseverance, simplicity;
Self-realization is the utmost essence;

You are the guiding divine Knowledge;
To set aside ego, pride to attain liberation;
Trusting you, hardships vanishes in seconds.. great realisation;
Resilience to face any adversity and acknowledge;

Oh my beloved God.. the eternity;
Protecting me always to be sure and strong;
With me in choosing right and wrong
I bow my head to you my Divinity...!

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

Chillies.. Oh.. Chillies..!

Long, small, thin, wrinkled, curved, round;
Cherry-shaped, stouter, conical, bell;
Strong and pungent smell;
Distinct colours with unique flavours renowned.

Green, red, yellow, black, brown, orange, purple.. earthly lot;
Spicy, pungent, fruity, smoky, sweet;
Sense of both bliss and pain..oh absolute treat;
Smooth, glossy, mild to super hot.

Numerous varieties, wide variations in its taste;
Kashmiri ??, Guntur, Byadgi prominent sort;
Bhut Jolokia, Jwala Kanthari, known for its fieriness in the world;
Used in almost all fine cuisines, piquant based.

Cuisines is complete with its addition tastes so nice;
Chillies..hot, smoky, earthy to fruity flavour;
Fresh or dried, powdered or paste, simple savour;
Chilli sprinklers, flakes, garnish..oh exotic sizzling spice.

Makes nose more runny;
Tears rolling down the eyes;
Such is the effect of hot chillies..it will mesmerize;
Enhances the essence of the dish..oh yummy.!

Just a pinch gives a appetizing aroma precise;
Sambar, chutney, curry, papad.. all across;
Pizza, fritter, pickles, soups, sauce, !
Seasonings, tempering..oh the Queen of Spices.

Chilies essential component blended in the daily food;
Recipes sweet, spicy, tangy, perfectly balanced to cook;
Giving the dish a rich, vibrant look;
Versatile... dash of it instantly changes the attitude...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Sri Chamundeshwari Devi - Chamundi Hills

Divine Mother Chamundeshwari Devi resides in this vicinity;
At the hills atop, sacred place in Mysore City;
Covered with lush green foliage clean and pretty;
Pious place with a Supreme Temple of divinity.

Slayed demon Mahishasura, taking the form of Chamundeshwari Devi right here;
Incarnation of Goddess Parvathi..Shakti the greater;
Hills named after the Goddess Chamundi.. the creator;
True Tutelary of Mysore and entire sphere.

Foothills are serene with rocky terrain presence;
Varieties of flora and fauna so rare..!
Natural ponds, butterflies, birds of the air;
Beautiful green canopy of exotic natural essence.

Ancient stone stairway of 1008 steps, feel of gratification;
Leading to the sacred main Hilltop;
Monolithic statue of bull Nandi, along the atop;
Truly a divine view of ethereal blessing and adoration.

Atop is the main hill, quadrangular structure good and great;
Threshold..oh beautiful with seven-tier pyramidal tower;
Divine Mother with Divine Power..!
Images, different forms of Goddess at the doorway is silver-plated.

Protecting against all harm;
Giving power, courage, confidence;
Knowledge to triumph the immoral with consciousness;
Victory of good over evil, powerful good luck charm;

Lucky to get your blessings, fulfilling my wishes upright;
My Goddess Chamundi.. the supreme power of the universe;
Shielding in all situations bad to worse;
Always with me, my guiding light...!

Purple Hyacinth - The Epitome Of Forgiveness

Amethyst deep Purple flowers
Dense spikes, delicate florets pure and suitable
Robust, blissful.. Oh so beautiful
Cluster of curved petals effect of simple powers
Resisting weather conditions, moment of ours

Wonderful smell a miraculous quintessence
Emblem of godliness, happiness and absolution -
A sense of protection from ill-evil, illusion
Power and Gratification is the true essence

With the Earthy touch of enduring love, affinity
Divine connection of attitude
Forgiving, a genuine emotions..lasting gratitude
A true ability gifted by the Divinity

Diligence, constancy, calmness, empathy
Self-purification, compassionate, all-loving stability
Friendly and all-forgiving is the ultimate nobility
Conscious feeling to move on in life sensibly

No negativity towards any unjust action
Just let going the annoyance... to try and erase
Deserving or not.. oneself generosity and grace
Progressing in life with happiness and satisfaction

Godly flower spreading the joy of spring..oh inspirational
Only Goodness towards everyone
Thanking for whatever they have done.;
Appreciating.... the one praisable

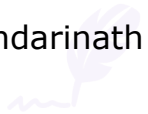
Divinely Gifted cluster of star- shaped flower
Royal feel of truthfulness, fearlessness
Courage to accept an regret, oh beautifulness
With no hardship towards any..such is the willpower

The Rule Of Time

Unique is the pleasure of climbing
Up a guava tree in one's yard
At the close of the colourful spring
As the blossoms have turned hard
To form and contain a special delicacy
And a dual ripeness to the core -
Sour or sweet in rival efficacy
To please the palate full and more;
Strange feeling and contented thrill
Possessed a little school girl then,
Offering infinite trust in skill,

Alike a flight - venture over a wild glen;
But moment immunizes, to compromise
As Time, the trader limits all choice
Tendering substitutes with tentative poise
Urging the rule to accept, with no cries.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Sri Guru Raghavendra Swamy..!

On the banks of the Tungabhadra river
Resides my beloved God, generous giver;
My protector, showing me the path to be a winner
At all times with me as a divine light, glory ever

Praying the esteemed eternity
Guru RaghavendraSwamy..oh worshipped for infinity
Of Satya, Dharma, Peace and tranquility
I salute you my favourite Divinity

Fulfilling all desires..Oh the adoration:
Enlightening correct knowledge, the only aspiration
Path of the divine connection, great dedication
Eternal Truth is the ultimate realisation

Maintaining equanimity in failure or success
Renouncing ego, arrogance: the key to progress;
Surrendering oneself to God bless
With utmost reverence and faithfulness;

Mind, body, speech, soul..the essence
Clear thoughts with clear intention of consistence
Truth, knowledge, bliss and persistence
The embodiment of Existence.

Awakened Consciousness
Choosing the path of kindness
Guarding me to be humble: filled with thankfulness
Devotion to righteousness,

Any situation generally
Always there at time of uncertainty and necessity
Chanting the divine name expressively
Dispels all sorrows and distress
readily.

I bow to my beloved creator

You are the divine tree, granting all my wishes..oh destiny maker
Problems vanishes in moments...the ultimate innovator
No hassel and puzzle, attitude for something greater.

Seeking protection, guidance at Guru's feet all the time
Confidence, Hope, Trust aspect for lifetime...!
Firm belief my Guru is always with me everytime.
Blissful purposeful life, divine grace is certainly prime.! !

Vidya Pandarinath

Serendipity

Those who set out to reach
A known land came to find
A strange domain beyond the endless main
Dubious strife and strides along the beach
Caused a new map to be assigned
With rocks, rivers and greenery plain

Creating and inventing tasks have oft
Brought out unimagined a wonder -
Other than what was in particular sought -
Remedies, tools and designs aloft
Were but chance finds of splendour
And have the greater Order brought

An earnest and committed search
Failing, may to the stupendous other, lead
Casual diggers may on treasure stumble
As grinning skulls mock the seekers' lurch;
Pleasure dawns on those who succeed
In exacting their deeds and do not fumble.

Aspired palatal relishes and sought joy
Might in insipid dislikes end
While chanced picks often raptures swell;
Pleasure thus found, never does annoy,
Flowing out of the novelty to amend
And set ample space for a spell.

Vidya Pandarinath

Woman And Man

The filled clay pot on her head,
Balanced, she paced up the coarse hill,
Swaying free her left hand
Rhythmic with an unseen band,
Careful not even a drop to spill,
Up to the top with the end dead;
The greeting fresh powerful breeze
Refreshed her tired spirit
With a sly blooming smile
And feel contented the while
That she had the merit
Disproving her onlookers mind- freeze -
All full prowess is an asset
Of man, making him great
And accomplished for any task;
But now no one to ask,
Muttered to himself straight
' For a woman's patience and power - outlet '
' Man is but a feeble match '
Any work undeterred, she can better dispatch

Vidya Pandarinath

The Conscious Choice...!

Conscience chooses it's own
devotion,
Rendering impossible for the unwished adoration
Belief in the core ethics, not foolish notion
Leaving the unsought, strange emotion;

Regardless of any eventuality
Arising with personal values and morality
Time nor adjustment can alter the personality
The intrinsic essence of souls originality

Unchangeable for anyone or anything;
Believing in oneself is everything
Principles are like unbreakable rock, eternal thing;
Outlook on life, with absolute attitudes

Consistency is the traits of being
Not a Rock goby to change, only worth seeing
As and when required, not with conscious;
For benefit or suitable, time agreeing...!

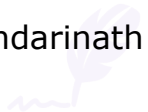
Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

 PoemHunter.com

A Wild Hope For The New Year..!

One more rotation with spins
is complete;
The old is left behind as the past
Anxious, zealous and fresh memories are cast
Be the unfulfilled, eager, nervous wishes replete;
Ambition contained within the benevolence -bound
Courage and confidence enough to pedal
The Wheel of Fortune through the huddle
Of all odds and alarms which astound
The conducive, diffident, unready, febrile mind;
Let not only the chosen slides rewind.

Wishes are bottled up and lie scattered apart;
One may just choose or make a casual pick,
Find the false cheering spirit to flick
The formless gusto to play the part;
Will the change imminent be self-piloted one,
Or let Hope drag for an elusive run...?

Vidya Pandarinath

The Shooting Star..!

A shooting star from the heavens began to glide
Down, across the dim weary reflection
Of light beaming from a hide out;
It went darting dipping now in pride,
Making viewing souls seek benediction,
Waving their open palms round about;
Fear sought relief from destruction and death
While Hope spattered as bubbles of charm;
The dull null mind heeded no whit;
A poet's sleeping idea found it's breath,
Ruffled and thawed as it became warm
And got into the fill of a zealous pen, fit
The space and path, free for a drag
Found it scribbling and dancing in a zigzag

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Saree-The Ethnic Essence..! !

Saree...The epitome of ethereal essence of womanhood
Classic drapery for centuries, suiting all mood
By Goddess, Apsaras, Queens, all the feminine: each looking good
Portraying life, confidence, stance, and all that one could;

In winding and the hanging a sense of complete, pride and modesty,
Featuring and expressive ever with a touch of novelty;
Possessing asset in the wardrobe, for self and generations, as a family policy
Grand-mother to mother and to daughter, the bond of true love, Oh honestly

Motley colours and patterns, fabrics, designs in great composition
Various Styles of draping worn on distinct occasions and tradition
Infinite varieties, every saree lover has the prize acquisition
Formal, designer, fashion -set, fancy, trendy and even simple edition
Golden zari, glistening, smooth, luxurious, its thick absolutely unique are the pure silk: it is festive
Rich texture, soft, Durable, admired often
the quality of pure cotton: it is impressive
Very light, flowy, good for all occasions, classy an asset
stylish to wear are the pure Georgette: it is special
Uniquely crisp, caressing, wrinkle-free, easy to drape
modern look are the pure crepe: it is perfective
Stylish, shimmery, traditional yet trendy, finesse adorned
lightweight yet classy are the pure chiffons: it is majestic
Soft textured, weather-resistant, quirky fashion and beyond
trendy are the pure nylon: it is selective
Smooth texture, popular choice, fusion better
very appealing are the pure polyester: it is prospective
Distinctively sheeny on one side, enhancing slim trim look, not fatten
eye-catching party wear are the pure satin: it is cosmetic
Transparent embellished with lace, splendid
embroidery, border are the pure netted: it is progressive
Aesthetic, sophisticated, malleable and angelic,
ceremonial wear are the pure velvet: it is simplistic
Delicate fine threads fuse with gold, silver brocade, vogueish attitude

aspect of femininity are the pure tissue: it is aesthetic

Kashmiri Kadai sarees, unique style of embroidery fine craftsmanship creativity and originality

Aari, Sozni, Tilla gold works, silver on the border, graceful pallu with new design of vitality

Embroidery giving the saree its uniqueness, beautifying personality,
Fine, delicate needlework: it is the specialty

Coloured silken thread works horizontally, vertically, diagonally, full of ancient pride

Are the Phulkari sarees, darn stitch traditional embroidery specified
Flowers, leaves on the cloth from the reverse side,
Skilful crochet of the darn stitch by artisans is unique and famous worldwide

Unique shine, fine silk, borders embellished with gold, silver brocade is the rarity
Traditional decorative design of peacocks, lotus, flowers with perfect clarity
Intricate designs nakshi, adda border giving the saree its uniqueness, signifying its popularity

Luxurious embroidery, royal feel, exquisitely hand woven classy chanderi silk sarees peculiarity

Excellent artistry with great effort, hard work and time

Time-honoured authentic Banarasi sarees, created from gold, silver pure silk threads, is the prime

Distinctive colours, designs, compact weaving, engravings, virtues that are most divine

Symbolism of spiritual, cultural heritage, magnificent weaving, precisely a worthy possession for lifetime

Handwoven Muga silk sarees authentic since ancient times, standard of elegance

Natural golden yellow base tint silk threads woven by the artistic weavers excellence

Rarest Silks, utmost durability, glossy texture makes it world famous for its extraordinary specialness.

Exclusively elegant elaborate designs, definitely a priceless possession of every saree loving feminine

Undyed pure white, off-white body are the Garad silk sarees, soothing colours quite appealing
Red borders, small motifs, striped pallav, light weight and pleasing
Simple, graceful, pristine saree, surely the emblem of splendid purity with a novel meaning
Sacred perception of Mother Goddess is within oneself, superlative saree absolute divinely feeling

Exceptional combination of cotton-silk yarns, style of weaving is exceptional

Kota Doria sarees popular for its finest open weaving incredibly credible
Golden Zari threads woven in square check patterns technique, precisely conceptional
Excellent binding strength, mesmerising lustre, essential possession, explicitly preferable

Patola silk sarees delicately handwoven, renowned fabulous technique!
Pure silk with hand dyed natural colours is absolutely unique
Enriched with Kundan, zardosi, sequins, dazzling borders, quite elite
Quintessential, perpetually fashionable, prized possession, this makes saree collection's complete
Fine quality, smooth precisely handwoven, exquisite silk yarns of silver and gold,

Paithani silk sarees with amazing embroidery, extraordinary broad borders, classic motifs: beautiful to behold
Imagination and novel creations of craftsman each saree is unique, modishly that shall never get old
Ornamental zari pallu, ethnic yet stylish worthy possession, treasure in the closet to hold

Queen of Silks is certainly the Mysore silk sarees supremely handwoven
Intricate work in the border, pure gold, silver threads are interwoven,
Natural rich texture with unique pallu, forever favourite for all time, with eternal devotion
Acquisition of this masterpiece adds a touch of Royalty in the wardrobe, filled with bond of noble emotions

Exuberant colours, temple borders, checks, stripes, natural motifs, one and all really want
Woven with pure mulberry silk threads, Kanjivaram silk sarees are truly peerless, apt to vaunt
Wide contrast borders, gold, silver zari yarns, hand-woven by master weavers finest thought
Aesthetic values, really precious, aristocratic possession to flaunt

Woven in two colours is the distinct feature of Dharmavaram silk sarees, Mulberry silk and gold thread, majestic patterns, ethnic motifs: make one just fall in love
Embellished with decorative stones, sequins, kundan, sparkling above.
Excellent artwork, absolutely classic possession to be proud of

White, off-white, handwoven cotton kasavu sarees truly ingenious, authentically original
Pure gold-threaded with contrasting colours as borders, peculiar and very exceptional
Embellished with thread work, stones, sequins, fabric painting, refined and just so typical
Distinctive designs truly an ethnically possession having artistic goodness, quite traditional

True saree lovers aim to possess all wide range with love and pleasure
From traditional to latest trending fashion, motifs, designer, oh..thats impossible to measure
Specifically woven yards of flowing texture are ones acquisition, truly heart's endeavour,
Extensive collection of stately sarees, adorned with pride, elegance, grace and cheers together
Overflowing closet...yet heart says one more., .more..as..ever and ever
The most prized possession of lifetime, the heavenly treasure

Woven with dedication, enthusiasm and perseverance,
Are the threads of love, attachment, emotions..style for appearance,

Embellishing femininity, signifies positive attributes and brilliance
Feeling which is beyond any words to express, in the nearest
Oh Saree.. you definitely make one feel blessed and feel 'a woman '
Oh beloved saree.. you are a style- statement forever, my dearest..!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Orchid Flowers....!

Outstanding, in the group of flowers;
Prominent in the greenery, filled with marvelous powers;
Vibrant colours, like precious adornment of consciousness
Moment to behold the noble beauty of confidence

Oh...Orchids, so charismatic
Oh..natural, the essence so ecstatic
Feeling hopeful and optimistic
Thoughts so just and idealistic

Depicting true love over materialistic attitude
Sparkling with grace of lasting gratitude
Exquisite, opulence.. oh so refined;
Being the only one of its kind;

Versatile bloom with long lasting;
Bond of loyalty forever....everlasting;
Sweet aroma with unusual value of togetherness
Exotic yet pristine, sense of secureness

Oh bloom expressing feelings
Treasured memories with a novel meaning
Innocent way of displaying care
Divinely gifted flower of trust: thats really quite rare.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Cobra On The Ant Hill

Sneaking out of the large ant hill
Crept the curling, curious long serpent
Flashing intermittently its forked feeling tongue
With a hissing alarming announcement
And withdrew the tail that hung
Devotee - women on their religious fill
Stopped and jumped back seeing the God,
Who with his hood seemed to nod
Impressed, amused or blessed for good
No one knew as each watching stood

One ventured to offer a cup
Of fresh milk and ripe plantain
Chanting holy lines all the while
With the silken rest; things went in vain:
Sacred powders and grains, unfit to sup
And the rather confused- seeming reptile
Darted, landing on the green grass
And mouth- gripped a frog hopping across;
The day began for one right then,
And life ended for the other in leaps ten

The scared few ran away to deduce:
' Some adversity surely this does adduce '.

Vidya Pandarinath

A Vision Of Guilt

?The weird vision of the phantom of guilt,
Who dwells down the ravine of the mind,
Somewhere within some shell- recess blind,
Features itself ruffling the innocent silt
From the dismal domain of dreams dormant;
The decrepit spirit finds a shapeless form
And in torn patches the scenes send alarm
Like seismic tremors in beep - formant
Who is the enticing prompter without ?
The snake or Helen might as well undo;
Greed, boundless ambition and the aligned crew
Set sail for ever, never to turn about;
Unless the Soul consigns itself to the Good
Strange offsprings hatch out of the Evil brood.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Love And Liberty..!

Miss Cutie Nonesuch and Mr Smart Skill
Perchance met each other on a hill,
As they stood overlooking a luring ravine;
Everything was pompous, lovely and fine;
So ensued their decision to wed
And the world unconcerned went ahead.
Little Lie was the first one born
For the duo to adore and adorn;
She was quick to grow full tall,
Her each parent looked too small
Beside her in looks, form and pose;
Often she hit back the one she chose;
Then came Flaw, the second child
Who, awakened would turn restless and wild
Till feathers or lint shreds went afloat;
Nothing remained between the couple to dote;
It's better, they thought, to be free;
Each strongly sought the parting decree.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Graceful Fall

Peering out of the cosy casement
For a differing change or to relax,
Often works wonders with enchantment
Intenser if the moon tends to wax;
Pure placid precipitating, serene snow
Is such a solace in a sombre mood
Perhaps for seekers of hopeful glow,
Across all distancing supple solitude;
Watch along the soft virtual traverse
Where the only fast companion soul
Transcends away from thoughts perverse;
Empties all unremedied ills - the whole
Lot of anxiety and frail strain - bin,
Treating with potent potion or panacea
And securing the deforming spirit within;
While the visual elixir, recharges the inertia.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Wrath Portrayal

Sounds set in order, rhythm and beat
In time, diffuse and intersperse in notes
Of music, melodic, pleasant and hypnotic;
The dazzle dispersed spreads spectrum- coats
Emotive wild thoughts could turn panchromatic
When the palette is proper and neat;
If anger blends with love and care,
As dislike, dissolves in the sympathy -pool,
Perhaps would a foe or a stranger,
Might as well seek some sense cool,
And avert and avoid all unknown danger,
Transforming a tiff, quarrel and cruel stare
Into a genial, all winning, cute smile;
Or at least, a catholic hand- shake awhile.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Hibiscus -The Complete Flower

Trumpet-shaped flower so delicate, treat to eyes
Exotic large, colourful, elegant beauty
Perfect bloom in the garden seem certain.
No aura, yet attracts hummingbirds, Butterflies,

Unique prominent petals, shinny effects
Well-structured, last only a day, point of feeling
Dancing in morning, fades in evening
Yet fills the essential aspects

Pink, red, orange, peach, White Yellow, purple, nature's own creativity,
Changes colour, effect of full sunlight
Each colour has its own epitome

White is the power of femininity
Red is love, Pink absolute verity
Purple wisdom, yellow prosperity
Orange energy, peach care, blue for serenity

Offered to Goddess kali, the supreme mother
Her favourite red hibiscus, auspicious one
Lord Ganesh is also offered
Red as it's his favourite bloom,
Divine energy, knowledge like none other

Evergreen plant, useful in many ways
Offering to divinity, decorations
Medical, cosmetic, natural herbal applications
Unique edible petals as tea, several dishes preparations
Truly the noble flower, worthy of respect and praise!

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

Hobbies - A Moment With Oneself

Connecting with oneself, to do what you love with no reason
Displaying inherent skills and thoughts marvelous;
Investing time to acquire confidence and cheerfulness
Beneficial purpose, productive and pleasing

Socializing, with like- minded people interesting lots
Exploring new artistic capabilities
Sharing creative ideas and special abilities
Showcasing inner skills and thoughts

Creating, learning, knowing, sharing virtuosity
Hobbies big or small, expensive or reasonable
Vast things to pursued with passion, really feasible;
Sense of accomplishment, spirit of curiosity

Enriching self-esteem, aptitude refined,
Fills our life with optimism and special zest;
Free spirited to learn new artistic quest;
Enlivening body soul and mind;

Doing what heart says and mind agrees, with dedication
Hobbies, numerous recreation, able to afford
Enjoyment, regardless of reward
Priceless moment of Self-realisation...!

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath

The Mimic Monkey

A hoary baboon from a lofty bough,
From where he sat beheld a little boy,
In a perambulator, clapping a monkey- toy
Which was looking an exact copy, an imitation though;
The child felt and kissed it well till
His mother left him alone, to buy
Some candies and toffees of joy
She had finished, but was in the shop still
When the big monkey lifted the child
And quickly moved back towards the tree
The mother started screaming to set free
The little one from the grip wild;
But the ape only sat inclining his back
And began to befriend the cool infant;
The alarmed parent neared with courage scant,
And gave a sweet stick to the intruder slack;
Who unsealing it, handed it to the baby,
To the added joy of each of them-
Though differently, and settled in phlegm
The mimic then left carrying his body flabby.

Vidya Pandarinath

A Hot Cup Of Tea...!

Days activities begins with a strong sip of tea, truly worthwhile
Motivating to start afresh, aromatic speciality
Natural and powerfull source of vitality
Hot cup of tea cherished worldwide

Steaming hot cup of tea, Just ever
Sip by sip., a distinct feel
Boosting good health and zeal
Afresh thoughts to think better

Instantly uplifting the mood
A cup of tea, just a quick reliever
Nourishing soul, aspiration, hope perceiver
A feel good moment with oneself, spirit renewed,

Distinct varieties, types of making
Unique blend of contentment, So enlightening
Flavours so refreshed, enlivening
Appetizing, to cherish anytime, just awaking

Fusion of heavenly essence and spice;
Black, brown, green, pink, milk tea
Taste excelling in clay Kulhad, glass cup or ceramic mug, I surely agree;
Relished with cookies, biscuits, combination, that's really nice

Rejuvenating at once, sip by sip, with full delight;
Vanishing stress, anxiety, soothing
effect
Ups and downs in life, zest really connect.
A cup of hot tea is always beside.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Twilight Spell

As the Moon with the first slim smile
And myriad stars appear in the sky grand
Ready to watch the earthly show a while,
The awaiting crickets and frogs in the band
Begin their choral orchestra which booms high
From among the wild reeds and weeds and the lot,
Along the swamp bordering the large lake;
Despite the fond fish dancing deep down the spot
The water is still and graceful to reflect, and eke
The images of glow-worms glimmering: a fairy land;
Creatures performing for the complete, perfect bliss
Of the beholder - far or near, romantic or bland;
The vision eye of art would never afford to miss
Such free glory and glamour of a closing day,
Never cloy, but ecstatic a domain of the fay.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Smart Street Dog

Wandering in the street, certainly not rude
From one road to another playing cute little games,
Each person calling it by
different names
Yet responding to them for food

Some throwing stones, hurting helpless thing
Some giving food, water, doing their little bit;
Some teasing it, some adoring it
Some kind, some rude, street dog tolerates everything

Running from one side to another, quickness is super
Street dog guarding all houses
at all times
Following who give biscuits sometimes;
Sitting at the gate, barking at intruder

Alert, vigilant, friendly and loyal
Expressing it's gratitude through eyes;
Stray dog, yet whole area is it's home, so wise
Bond of friendship, care and joyful

Living it's fate, just needs love and little cared
Natural quality is to be kind towards helpless creature
Not harsh attitude needs good-nature;
A little bit of Goodness is only required.

Vidya Pandarinath

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Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

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The Glee Galore

As the encompassing gloom of those hours few,
Begins to dissolve in the breaking day,
The avifauna is set to fly and hop
Around and about; some even flop
In the little pits where water has a clear stay;
While others sip the neat drops of dew.
But their glee is pronounced still more,
Wonder mounting in musical chirps sweet,
Punctuated with pitched tweets to greet,
Pure joy thus from the heavens doth pour;
Adding to the freshness of the vital essence
Is the oneness and the voice of humble existence
Of the moment, so real, just and live:
No need for them to manoeuvre or strive.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Daisy - Oh.. The Flower Of Hope

Like a beam of sunshine
White petals yellow disk in center, oh..golden glow
Greeting the sunshine with hello;
Instant thoughts so divine,

Moment of existence you teach, so vividly
Nothing is immortal, relish this moment perfectly
You are the epitome of harmony
Strong affinity of consistency

Inspiring to be virtuous, poised, realistic
Attributes of high esteem
Motivating to smile at all times as it seem;
Sustaining all hardships, yet optimistic

Cannot ignore, just stop to see you
Muddy essence, exceptionally cheering
Grounded bloom of insight, enduring
Magical reliance of real affection, so true

Oh flower of hope, in this world of deception
Ultimate noble wish to go beyond
Of loyal love and ethereal bond
Selfless connection of eternal perception

Vidya Pandarinath

A Smithy For The Soul

A gem embedded in a stone
Or rock needs to be cut to reshape
Faceted and polished makes lustre gape
Of light rushing out to adorn
All with a splendid glamour and glint

Smelted ore purges slag melting essence
To be shaped into a mould set
For its worth and use in forge or fret
And free form its intrinsic presence
In things created; or even to mint

Every soul is turned lively and pure
With such a noble tempering and cure.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Sip Of Coffee....

Sipping coffee on a dewy dull day..
Scratching memory and the remote past,
Or thoughts, for some time put aside may,
Besides relishing, be in a new mould cast

A sad, depressed and a clumsy mind,
Trained and well built with poised equity,
Seeking solace or relief of some kind,
Might turn rhythmic and pen a ditty

Alms in any measure given by a miser
For some gains or penance, on self -perusal,
With dubious concern, possibly make him wiser
Of the living needs, and share the morsel

A heavy dormant soul, sinful or guilty
Awakened at last by the conscience monitory
Could transmute within, the elemental frailty
And signify purging before the journey solitar
The moment and the mood in rare unison,
Urge all chances, checks and changes radical,
To relieve the corporeal burden with jettison
And stop cracks, crashes or wrecks nautical.

Vidya Pandarinath

King Trishanku

His voice raised, with the right hand
And a proud, angry face to the sky,
The sage chanted mastered hymns aloud;
His strange mission was to send
King Satyavrata into the abode high;
The latter was under a cloud of sigh,
That his soul's sole desire was to reach
The Heaven with his body sans breach

Ample ill-will and contempt hard,
Was flung at the King's desire, dear,
By Vasishtha his lineage preceptor - seer
Who did loudly disregard and discard
The feat as unruly, unholy and barred;
Since the sordid evil-soaked, sinful corpse
Was condign, and intrusion a profane fuss;
The king was advised - until he aged, to retard.

His coaxing appeal met with vile disdain;
When the Seer's sons, besides turning down
The plea, uttered curses with a frown:
That he, the metamorphosed age attain,
Go dethroned - void of the royal land;
Be crippled, senile and ugly beforehand;
And that all his life may end up in vain!

So it befell, and destitute became the king,
With reinforced passion and retained zeal;
Before the seer Vishwamitra he did kneel,
Pouring out his misfortune and sad feeling;
The sage, an achiever and a master great,
Being a rebel-ascetic strong, on the whole
Promised him Heaven- with body and the soul;
With incantations and offers sent him up straight

The Deities felt their abode shake
With his entry; and the Ruler of Heaven

Wrathful, threw out the intruder even;
The indignant sage put them at stake:
He stopped the king from falling down;
Instantly he created a new heaven, dual
In the skies, superseding - Limbo or Sheol
Stars, twinklers alike and a new crown

The sage was now appealed to stop;
Yet he insisted on retaining the domain,
Glamorous and new, with the fallen king lain
Upside down beneath the heaven atop;
Truly the ascetic sage proved his mettle
And kept his promise; yet is the quest
Futile, absurd, and instance the best,
Of crazy pursuits and dogmata turn brittle

The soul empowered with ascetic penance
May defy even the cosmic structure and form
But breach of the set Code or norm
Created a topsy-turvy realm of decadence;
If not backed with reason and rationale
A trifle crazy task needs no big power,
Nothing inane ever gains the infinite cover;
Even a void paragon is deemed to fail

All inordinate acts of pride and vanity,
Despite being backed by prowess and might,
Reach though the summit, of great height,
Precipitate worthlessly with sunken sanity.

Vidya Pandarinath

On The Beach

A child singled on a calm bight,
Beach or a wide shore gets curious
And tries to pick and own various
Odd shells and sea-discards, slight

At times there is a funny chase
To catch the little crabs elusive
Along the wet sands, froth inclusive,
Of the giggling waves in a daze

With siblings or others in a set
They turn creators and imitative,
In the loose sands making furtive
Castles, structures or a frog dome-let

Sometimes, to add to the felt charm,
Are brought in, trash things to decor
A miniature of what they most adore,
And feel themselves big and happy.

Vidya Pandarinath

A Selfless Being

A burning wick the whole domain lights,
While its scorches itself all along;
Yet the darkness beneath, it slights.

Amber, sandal or the incense variety,
Lend Divine pleasure of fragrance strong,
Smouldering self, but to disburse charity.

Crushed cane, else dancing in the field
Oozes copious succulent flow, too sweet
Going itself sapless for the juicy yield

All is noble, beautiful and mere lovely
In Patience, Pardon and a Merciful treat -
In situations cold, dealt with rather gravely

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

A Dialogue Inconclusive

The Mind and the Heart somehow found,
A moment apt for their dialogue, felt and sound
The latter, as usual vigorous, agile and fluent
Made the former, a little diffident, slow bent,
And thus the receiver - cool, composed and passive

' I do sense, feel, warm up and animate,
'And lead to create, protect and annihilate;
'Or if indisposed, bring forth waves turbulent,
'Across the wide ocean or the deserts clement -
'Of all creatures viridescent, mellow or pale '

Faltering, but slowly gaining grip and ground,
The Mind said: "my colleague, ever stray bound,
"My set task and orders are but to devise and deal;
" Also with you, to doodle and let our host feel;
"Who, often is led by you on the wrong path"

" You set the host intense, heedless and stupid;
'Even worse, drown himself in void sorrows vapid
'Such that the realm of happiness becomes infernal;
'Concede then to my dictates, formal and normal
'Let our host stay sure and neat as Nature's model '

'Palpitating, said slyly the Heart rather insistent:
'Know you well that my role is truly consistent -
' Beat even when you too sleep for short or long;
' And always render him duly confident and strong
'You need to prevail with your masterly commands '.

Vidya Pandarinath

Nature's Gifts

Fog, snow - precipitate and thunder stark,
Lightning roars and the rains heavy,
Do the fierce moods of nature mark;
Floods, droughts and the quakes wavy,
Are not to the cherished taste of man,
Who aye seeks grandeur, love and smack -
The quintessence of all birth and bloom span,
With instilled glee and gloss on the stray track;
Change and distortion, but to discord lead;
There is the urge to concur with and harness -
Not to ruthlessly maim, drain, sap or bleed;
Nature's gifts are charming if handled with finesse.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Tom And Molly

Tom, the rebel cat was obstinate and stray
Though active, intelligent, quick and strong,
He always kept himself unfed for long
Till he hunted and got his own prey

His old master, for this, had kept
A set distance for him to move about and mew;
He did it often with a straight tail, skew
Till he had to take his hunting stance inept

Miss. Havisham, senile and fastidious, had chosen
Molly the freckled cat and dressed her well,
In colours, scarf and on the head a hat, swell
She was most pampered and with over- care frozen

Molly, despite alarm had learnt
not to move,
And at all odds and ends around stay cool;
Her custodian had made a hard
rule:
'Avoid all male creatures and never make friends'.

Things went well and Molly
turned saucy,
Ever floating in a world dreamy and sly;
The changing wave entered the casement high;
And before her, slouched Tom the proposer, classy:

' This is Tom, from the house across the parapet
' I have watched you closely and from far
' With love, I find we are upto
par '
Molly waited not, as if things were all set

Right under the pointed nose of the old lady
The duo strode; and Tom did smirk
And mewed, finding that his own ways do well work:
' Right proposals rid of lapses and all malady'...!

When Words Fail...

when words fail because of emotive surge
Silent thoughts and memories remote, yet distinct
In sequels, slide on the screen wall of the precinct
And wordless, tunes itself into a painful dirge;
Facets and voices of the departed subtly emerge
In forms and percepts excerpted from memoirs succinct;
Stirring pathos and pain from the moments extinct
And the cringed mind goes sapless under the urge;
Change and newness do the dear ones replace;
Yet sweetness sours and the hot turns cold,
Movements go static, stale and off the hold,
And the lost mind seeks the consoling grace;
Death cannot scare nor subdue a steady soul;
The jealous villain only severs the old cherished role.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Deputy Doll

Perhaps animals get baffled at glasses large,
Seeing their own teasing reflections in them;
But man the cleverer creature, can forge
All things making the exact models to stem
From any complex entity into a mini mode,
Or blow up the tiniest structured fiddly code

Reduced forms and sizes of kinds several,
Mimetic replica with complements to manifest
The Creator's Divine Collage in artifact corporal,
Is reached with perfection and concoction best;
Posing inept rivalry between the makers twain -
The Great one and His deputy doll of disdain

Within the whole domain of all cosmic marvel
Order, discipline and the power of intrinsic spirit
Hold together and roll the charge within the ambit;
Deviant, and over-ridden norms land up in hell;
Newness sought, sends forth the echoes of harmony
And pitched unison, if nothing disrupts the symphony..!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Cloudy Symbols

Clouds have about them a random scribbling charm,
Their radiant smiles, as they dance, fly and float,
Racing across with hopeful lining, to places remote
Unlike the fussy, chaotic, gloomy ones chased by storm;
When slackened, spread about, float aloft and form
A decor, high in the heavenly abode with silvery coat,
Sending forth harbingers of joy, wide across to tote;
Often even as fair winged angels causing feelings warm;
Dreamers, lovers and explorers venturesome - all
Breaking new ground, find themselves on cloud nine;
A fringe- stretch or speck, glows with a transmuted shine
And renders comely success to be felt that tall;
If gloom and sorrow are said to be found in them,
Hope, pleasure and flight as well, from thence do stem...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Tulsi - The Divine Plant

Green oval shaped leaves, no herb in earth like this! '
Earthly embodiment of divinity
Nature's best gift to humanity
Versatile herb, spiritual, therapeutic. Oh..eternal bliss,

Garland of leaves, favourite of Lord Krishna, essential for celebration
Integral part of life, from birth till death
The princess of herbs, refining the breath
Rituals is incomplete, auspicious for each and all occasions

Fills the ambience with scent of happiness;
Firm belief, protecting from all evils
The elixir of existence, pious, attributes believing;
Healing hardships, fills life with love, joy and cheerfulness;

Your presence gives life an ethereal essence of true nobility
Fragrance in aura, full of pure love and fascination
Tulsi you are unique, bestowing prosperity, salvation
Oh.. Divinity blessed to be in your vicinity

Vidya Pandarinath

Magnolia Flowers Aroma

Oh.. It was a early spring morning
I, Naina, Neil enjoyed our walk, talking
Tall trees, flight of birds so charming
Running stream, waving clouds, the sun shining

Naina saw the beautiful large bloom, a wildflower
Milky white cup-shaped flower
Between glossy deep green leaves, in shady bower;
Showy petals, distinct with charismatic power;

Mesmerizing smell of the magnolia, sparkling truly
Made all three of us stand still, yes absolutely
Watching it's vigorous beauty
Vibrant, precious moment with my besties, duly

Neil with dimple smile said, it's
spices exotic aroma, pepper he mention
Naina with her genius sense said smells like candy..a sweet confection,
For me it was a sense of smell with lovely connection
Listening to my niece and nephew's perception

Both felt they are right, asking me to tell..!
Floral was spicy with earthy smell
Candy, sweet scent of Mother Nature's love, magic spell.
Sense of bonding, everlasting love. Oh so well;
Oh...the floral scent was noble...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Beyond The Domain Of Beauty

Seek not for the hid source of a river,
Which enlivens with its magical touch,
And in its own set splendid way as such,
Transfigures everything with new vigour;
Dancing through the plains and wooded cover,
Diffuses charismatic pleasure all along it's fetch,
Skips with silvery smiles off the cliff-clutch;
Delusive revelation awaits one as true as ever,
Like the daring divers down the, deep or main
And the chasers of the mirage in the desert,
And the chore climbers in zeal gasping, do feign
A virtual happiness while they sense the pain
Of frenzy, and hence come to gauge every hurt;
Finally find the ways from the unreal, to refrain.

Vidya Pandarinath



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A Tribute To Soldiers

Lofty glory be to the soldiers
Who committedly protect the land -
It's people and the line of culture,
Of the time-run, running and future,
Woods, rivers, fields and stretch of sand;
The sure and unique armed purgers
Of all evils and wanton attacks filthy,
Besides averting all entrance stealthy.

Like a feeble child safe and sure
Of its parent in close proximity,
The nation's wholesome entity prime
Has a secure and complacent clime;
Like immunity guarding until extremity,
You defend, and do calamities endure;
Steady then be your task intrepid...
Success be ever at your brave bid.



PoemHunter.com

Armoured with courage and confidence,
In blizzard, showers or landslides any
Rescuing victims, selflessly run the risk;
With infinite vigour do always feats brisk -
Save, set, move and such a great many,
Truly is manifest, reliance and defence;
Words fall short and render feelings mute
Hence: a formal, alert honour-salute..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Success...!

She is fastidious, and tricky an old lady
And has whims and ways of her own;
Sometimes afoot, but often in flight,
She places her hands on the fluke or might;
There is the game for fun and pun to run down,
The sap and essence of strength or malady

In her smiles is full of puzzles and craft;
And like a conjurer is dexterous and cunning,
Pulling the awful oddities out of the common
And ooze the absurd trash even from the mammon;
Thwart her tenant from usurping in the running;
A robust confidence diffuses into the abulia- waft

Conquests slip away like a handful of sand;
Inventors and finders get what they chase not;
And in the beginning, one finds the end
While the whole span spent to apprehend,
Is lost in the chaos and in the blank spot,
For sure, her hide- out in the lots -pot is bland....!

Vidya Pandarinath

Vidya-The Divine Knowledge

Vibrant thoughts of knowledge, vision of clarity,

Insightfully gaining it, realize my identity;

Discovering inner consciousness, courage, with utmost
purity;

Yearning to learn more and more, unique quality of rarity;

Attitude with optimistic aspect, dispelling ignorance, my
belief, live by sincerity.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

A Cosmic View

Full of viridity- backed colours the lands,
Adamant, tall and flat extend their hands
Above the splashing rumbles of the deep
Blue: like a certain awfully disturbed sleep

Close up, are woods, fields and sandy stretch;
And yawning, dino -saurian canyon fetch;
The curved waters in sporting movement,
Sly here or open there all along in merriment

The shapeless storm chases the invisible thing;
An innocent white blanket covers the other wing;
And the true, yet the latent life-blood
Is manifest at every point in calm or in flood.

Smiling back in full, or with looks angular,
Abiding by the dictates of the theorem modular,
?A unique, ever floating mobile sphere,
Runs with strange, enigmatic drive, vital and dear!

Despite the changing scenes and species,
The havoc and wipes are rendered with ease,
To regulate and keep intact the cosmic order,
To stay as ever within the galactic border.

Thrilling it is to find the genius- masters great,
With artefact, ventured to raise pyramids straight,
Castles, dams and devices for their work;
And fly in and out by choice, with a smirk.

Vidya Pandarinath

A Rubaiyat

A valid sim in a phone smart
Installed Twitter, Facebook, WhatsApp
A running data with hotspot, apart
Wilderness were paradise enow Yep;

Vidya Pandarinath



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An Ideal

Speech worded and toned well
Can always work a real marvel;
Silence refrained and seasoned tough
May ensure lofty pleasure enough;
Both aptly alloyed proper yield,
Perhaps the best cover- shield;
Yet is there a weapon more -
Prompt duty to do and adore;
A cool wide smile for sneer
And an eye-brow lifted leer,
Suit the best, perhaps for fun
And show, only Robots can run...!

?

Vidya Pandarinath



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The Looking Glass

A choice companion close and dear,
To find oneself and confide in zest,
In pursuit of Socratic revelation test,
And be ready for the ensuing veer;
Crown and tiara aging, crashed in fear,
When provoking pride pricked like a pest;
The lapsed reflection of Lancelot in the gest
Caused cracks of curse in the mirror clear;
The quest then: is it a flaw, fair or foul,
To the perverse doting fancy of Narcissus
That engrosses the feeble faces to scowl
Or be doomed eternally like Sisyphus;
Reflections are not to rejoice or howl
But to know the order and avoid fuss.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Zeitgeist Of Existence....!

One would rather never believe
That the uneasy cough could ever
Communicate thoughts and relieve
Strained emotions intense and sever
Sprouting ill-will and bring in cordial
Reactions all through the dual ordeal

The couple lived by, just two
In a large full house all aloof,
With no borne relations, but a few
Remnants scattered beyond one roof;
Yet they lived with liberal amity,
Exchanging no words, harsh or flinty
Their plain life had no whit nicks:
Full, long four score plus years now,
And a cool couple for decades six;
Love pure and serene twined somehow,
Never disabled nor mute but they spoke
In smiles, frowns and tuned cough

The many who knew them well
Have stories uncoloured and sane
To relate in pieced details and spell:
The couple was pious and humane
Sharing all they had in good prime,
Aiding freely all those in needy time

They spent their whole span to plod
Among the lot, serving their cause,
With smiles, gestures and pleasant nod
Giving away belongings with no pause;
Death had his reach, leaving the house
Void of the man and his neat spouse.

Intricate are the weary ways of life -
A centre with its surrounding, loose
And an over-charged nucleus in strife,
Encompassing the acute and the obtuse;
Soul's journey along a tangent quaint

Touches the cosmic whole only at a point.

Vidya Pandarinath

Guilt

In the deep vault of the strange castle
Of the mind, ensconces the conscience,
Entrusted with the task of equity-defence;
When whims whirl in the impulsive hassle
Of urges, allures and ill-ridden in the puzzle,
With crude, savage and eager impatience -
Pursue the forbidden things in vile dalliance
And overwhelm the super -ego in the tussle;
Faustus, for power sold his soul to the Devil,
As Jekyll did, only to end in damnation;
Lady Macbeth could not sweeten her hand
And rid of the guilt which did, in awe, spill
Invisible stigma on her hands, sans salvation,
A fissure in the soul, beyond all reprimand....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Azaleas - The Imperial Flower

Spring morning sunshine, cool breeze blowing through my hair
Blue sky high up, chirping birds, dancing clouds, oh..portrayed with the gloss;
Golden light walks along the path, aroma of fresh thoughts,
Feeling Mother Nature's Love, brought a smile to my face, I swear..!

Green lawns, tall trees and bell-shaped swaying Azalea flowers, glimmering at all;
Splendidly scented, vibrant, velvety, sparkling..a treat to vision;
Proudly dazzling in the terrain are the colorful blooms, with pure precision
Go along with shade, three seasons spring, summer and fall

Deep green leaves in between dancing blooms projecting
Overlapping rounded petals, stamens jutting out on prongs, so delicate!
Hearty feelings full of love, gentleness, simplicity, certainly the queen of elegance
White, red, pink, purple, orange, beautiful flowers instantly connecting

Everlasting royal beauty, I shall always cherish thee, oh..love you honestly
Indeed treasured memories of your noble essence
Virtuous azaleas, you made my moment special, feel the divine presence
With optimistic, pure thoughts I choose the path of modesty

Vidya Pandarinath

Tears And Laughter

Both by troth are hard and uneasy to control -
Seated in the face though, one in the eyes;
The other, undulates from the lips to despise,
Condemn or enjoy spreading over the facial whole,
Gliding across the cheeks, wrinkled or plump,
Down the contour in strange giggles and shake,
Taking out on the stocks of feelings fake;
Or at best to enjoy, endorse, and gloat-lump;
Just as withheld tears set gloomy clouds afloat
And released, send forth tremors down the body
In sobs, gasps, wry-faces and spasms unsteady;
Onions and the laughing gas have their utility-coat;
Agony supposed to squeeze tears, tickles laughter
While ecstasy fills the eyes wet with tears softer...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Invincible Enticer

Death is the end of all pick -
Real, inevitable and abrupt;
Great fancy and undue rhetoric
Often glared with attributes inept
Call him a tyrant or killer
For the bold, just an apt thriller

Some, lured, go searching for him
While others are being sought
By the crafty, delusive gamestar grim,
Closely following and unawares caught;
He needs no reason nor act smart -
An ultimate pull, finished with a dart

Agony, whine or gloomy groan of pain,
Cuts, pierces and blood on the rope;
Ailments, disorders and disasters remain
Listed ever in the grey book, sans hope;
The bio-span begins with a puzzle - cry
And ends with delusive indexes on faces wry

Awaking and sudorific dreams of death;
Obsession, fear, losing possession of the dear,
Wreck the sapless soul and stifle the breath;
Percepts mere, and deduced thoughts not clear,
Render existence into an innate, natural course,
Accepted as cosmic and free from remorse.

Vidya Pandarinath

Fret, Fury And Calm

A soft, smooth breeze can make,
A right streamlined flame dance,
In silent, fancied tunes, and rake
All-around quiet objects to prance ,
On the wall-screen, blown up in oversize

A harsh ruthless and crude gale
Slaps down a rampant, radiant flare
Causing gloom and disaster to ail,
Those hopeful and comfort-seeking, in scare,
Whom Fate is all set to traumatize

A desperate river turns agile,
Gliding down the stiff, rocky gash ,
Incites a blooming, beaming floral smile,
With arched spectrum from pearly splash -
Buoyant and blissful, beyond all surmise

A raillery -turned rant or smirk
Works better where rebuking shouts distort;
Even the cool nod or a smiling jerk
May transmute a haggard, hard heart;
Where a push is ample, hammer can jeopardize.

Vidya Pandarinath

Prominent Paradoxes

Old memories brewed for long,
Leaven, tending to be sour;
Preserved, become acid strong,
And caustic under cover

Cosy thoughts in warm brood
Hatch into birds strange;
Cuckoos among the crows good
Causing havoc to the nest - range

Sly secrets buried deep
Send forth waves of tremor;
And without any warning beep,
Ooze out with the lava of horror

Vaulting ambition to cross
The margin of moulded merit
Can incite evil crimes gross,
Prompt and outwit the fit,

Things cherished as dear
With craze and fervour,
Might scorch and sear
All blooms in the bower

Greedy pelf, unshared morsel
And a tyrant's dismal power
Are lost tracelessly in the waste well
Futile at the needful hour

Vigour and braced brawn
Often letdown a win
While the subtle, fragility-drawn
Finds the Fortune wheel spin.

Vidya Pandarinath

The True Elixir

Blessed and charm-favoured planet is the earth,
Unique with the blessed grandeur of water -
The true elixir of animate, existential mirth,
Charging and enlivening things lying in scatter,
Along the geoid fancy line of the vast blue,
Or the interflowing essence of all in green hue,
And the ever-seeking forms in bones and thew

In a speaker's neat tumbler for verbose roll,
A random sprinkle on a scared faint face,
Or a lip-wipe for the weary, sun-beaten soul -
Are but discreet modes of borrowed grace;
Ablutions and all such wash are only for gain,
To abandon or rid of the unbearable stain;
All these, the divine liquid obliges sans disdain

Reviving Hope on the vanquished tiller's profile
Or drenching the arid throat of fiery vale,
Are real the beam of Heaven's benevolent smile;
While adamant discord only leads to a fossil trail;
Every droplet is an intense packet of boon:
Be it the large, roaring sea or a cool lagoon,
Receiving the showers or the drizzling bliss of June

A marvel to watch all pachyderms in game -accord,
And rodents, sprinters, crawlers and creepers in quest,
Of even the remnant drip on a surface hard....
Oh..the quintessence of hold and the survival zest;
The urge and ritual of living is a condensate -
Vital, clear, pure, free and aye, fluent in state;
Stop it not, nor desecrate, nor ever contaminate.

Vidya Pandarinath

Oh..Lily - The Nobel Flower

Ethereal beauty, moment of sparkle
White, yellow, orange, pink, red and purple
Large, delicate scent, summer or winter blooming truly
Silky refined petals, authentically a divine beauty
Elite is my garden with your presence..oh Lily
Seeing you blossom, good fortune really
Priceless is the moment of pride and confidence
Such is your charisma, Oh flower of purity and opulence
Epitome of devotion, promise of goodness
Simple yet momentous, enlivening one and all, explicitly innate pureness
Truly a treat to see, feel, inspiring to be self, full of gratitude and love;
Nurtured by the love of Mother Nature, shining like the stars above;
Elegant, a Divine connection of Truelove..!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Basking Fear

The great grand lady Fear Scruple
Sat cringed, basking in the open air
Now caressing her short grizzly hair
And holding back on purpose the dribble
Of ruffled anxiety and tremulous fit,
As her daughter, Canny Superstition
Seam-joined the old one as a bastion
With all the gathered progeny gambit -
Enough for the stable solace to split,
With whimpering Insecurity, the fickle child;
And beggarly Loss, the older one wild,
All irate and querulous with fast grit;
Thoughts and feelings go dry and mute,
Dissolving all in the name of Fate;
While inane stupidity does precipitate
Spoiling both the solvent and the solute.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The White Lilies In The Pond

Sometimes one wonders if they are proud,
But no..! they are well poised in state,
Waving and dancing together in breeze-rhythm nod
In grace smiling on the green float, cognate ;
Surfacing water birds wade through with express beak
All around are slopes and mounds, hostile and coarse -
A solace -bowl of retreat and seclusion to seek
And commune with ease, the long restrained remorse,
The modest bashful lilies do make any such
Elated, downcast, vigorous or the feeble, indeed gain much.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Liberty

(A Sonnet)

A great propriety of infinite value,
Most sought for by one and all,
Hard, soft, bright, dull, big or small,
Is Liberty, Nature's gift divine and due;
Men of power, thought and seekers anew,
Have carved, garbed and decked it tall
In feminine form, and manifesto scroll
Have encased in acts and embossed in gold hue;
Yet Just Equity and feelings are blasted often
By self-centred and desperate zealots cold,
While the breath and bearing form the essence
Of prime freedom in all acts that soften
The hard grimace and hold the divine mould
Of Creation, monitored within Nature's fence.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Monolithic Menhir

Segmented and enclosed with greenery all around
Except the top stands the serene rock,
Large, brown, solid and all alone
In that some what coarse, hard-bound
Oval tract with a little or no livestock;
Being an aged entity is firm and stern,
Messaging to all posterity with concern

Tracking trekkers perchance encounter
The secluded plot and its strange charm
And bring out their intrinsic pleasure
In snapshots, for 'memoirs' of a place-hunter,
To generate a feeling -cozy and warm
With a flash-back of past adventure-measure;
An activist and his friend artist sought
And found their way into the hamlet spot

Each spell-bound, had his own wild whim:
The one gave a touch of photomontage
Showing the virtual heaven of the covetous place;
The other designed a task, hard and trim
To cut and carve out cascades down the footage,
For all seekers to crave for some dominant grace,
And causing men and money to flow for good
While the decadent, wounded, menhir weeping stood,
Seeming all through, puzzled over its being and stance...!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Tree Of Nobility

Nobility- tree grows straight and tall
Yet with sheltering foliage green
Branching out at the top clean,
Into Trust and Goodness for all

With worthy choice and out of season
Buds of essence and virtue embellish,
Shaping into fruits of great relish,
Which nourish the crest -fallen, needing reason

Words distilled and gestures of amity
Form miracles effecting the intrinsic bond
Among all the diverse lot - averse or fond;
And for sure it never needs any whit pity.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Stray Little Mouse

Peering out with his shining snout
And uneven bristles projecting outward
The little mouse was just reluctant
To move out and venture the instant; ;
He was not impulsive nor a coward,
Yet he always had his own doubt:
May be there was a Tom there about....?

Assuring himself of all safety
He sneaked out and gaining confidence
Jumped on to a long idle table;
In his next feats gripped a lean cable,
And using his natal skill and prudence
Reached a well positioned jack fruit hefty
Yes...there was something delicious and plenty..!

With a ritual like close circling run,
Round the tempting target, came the resolution
To fix the locale of the surgical burrow;
Unable to gnaw he did whimper in sorrow,
Having tried every bit and all devolution;
Kicking the hard, spiked fruit he did shun,
Grumbling: the selfish bipeds have all this done

Preparing himself for searches new, and jump down,
Found the spacious hall had everything, yet nothing;
Feeling lonely, lost, ruffled and reckless a little
Had the fond urge at least to prove his mettle;
Facing the ever lazy, over-doted Tom gloating
With eyes closed, which when opened with a frown,
Squealing he retreated, seeing the trimmed paw drawn.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Exorcist..!

In the chosen corner of seclusion
Chanting resonant incantations in reclusion
Mincing the red calcified turmeric
With her left hand uttering words of magic
The sorceress sprayed a fistful
On the possessed girl who sat in a pose wistful;
Smoke rose like a spirit and diffused leeward
Changing shapes and symbols wayward
Over the head of the helpless victim,
Commanded to keep up the posture prim;
Shining sweat gathered on the former's face
Laced with red and patterned ash trace;
With a stiff body and a louder scream
And a swathful of branches of neem
She patted flat on the other's head,
And sprinkled powders white and red;
While the latter begin to swing,
As if controlled by the spirit on the wing
And stopped stiffly as the other did flick
Her body with a crooked snake-like stick
Uttering eerie words with a horrible sound,
As others stood in reverence, and spell-bound;
The powered one instantly sprang
And wrenching, danced wildly and wrang;
The timid onlookers were awed and cowed,
Helplessly baffled at the screech loud;
The old magician swiped her back
Bringing off a scorpion, big and black
Which evidently had stung her with venom pack;
Wriggling, yelping, she rolled on the ground
Her hands and legs turning on pivot round;
The rest were gasping, bewildered and shocked
With her subject like an exorcised spirit
Neared her to pacify with words albeit
A little kid, hardly a lad, in playful mood
Darted across and with neat fingers two,
Held the fierce intruder by tail without ado;
He enjoyed it with an open mouthed grin
And waved his little body with a victor's win;

Concern made the anxiety-favoured few,
Rush the convulsing hag for treatment due.

Vidya Pandarinath

Spring...The Season Of Rejuvenation, Renewal, Refreshment

My favourite season spring is here
With equal length of day and night..!
Nature is so pleasant, cool, bright and all clear -
All in all on the planet looks delightful and light..!

My heart full of hopes, hearing the birds twittering
Buzzing bees, butterflies merry and the coo of the cuckoo
Smell of the soil, green grass and the blue sky glittering..!
Truly the season of festivals, happiness, marvel can do..!

Sorrows vanish with the moment of the murmur of stream,
Feel fairly confident at the blooming daffodils and the rose
Carnations, lilies, crocus, tulips....feels like a colourful dream
Trees full of new leaves, are the signs optimistic
Nature full of aroma, greets the spring with a juxtapose
Of divine blessings with bestowed gifts colouristic.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

 PoemHunter.com

The Ritual Of Sacrifice

Dark ignorance causes fear
Crystallizing spasms into credulity mere
And such other notions blind
Stronger than any trained mind;
Hale reflexes get meddlesome
And unwilling acts turn gruesome
Pleasing the deity unknown,
Or the evil with images blown,
Yet projected with attributes eerie
And assumed thoughts dreary
The primitive sought animals easy,
And sacrificed in a way choosy;
The plaintive or the mute cry
Of the dying, and the onlookers' faces wry -
Was the scenario of the ritual
With offerer's access to claim mutual;
Vain attempt to turn the wheel of fortune
Hoping to render the remedy opportune..!
A morbid chill down the spine
Moves strainingly to think off the line:
If all big cats and the wild lot
As in the 'Animal Farm' thought,
Or believed in such an odd blessing grace,
For offering oblation with menace,
From the world of victuals and fodder,
And of their own choice broader.....! ?
A disabled tiger doth into a man-eater turn;
Anarchy everywhere would in horror burn,
Scattering the finesse of Nature's Order
Urging wickedness to play beyond the border.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Good And The Evil

Of the likes and aversion,
The impact of the latter's incursion
Though a minor faction and self grained
Grows intenser and strained
Ensuing dissent and retort;
There was a parley - dialogue sort
Between the twain, the promoter mild
And the other, the dissenter wild;
The soft one found the good spill
As the obverse of every thing evil;
And so there is no need to dole.
The wild one refuted on the whole:
The surmised right cannot be true
For the deemed wrong in lieu;
While the one seems to pay a gain,
The other clings to stay aye with pain;
Tolerance is not forgiving
Cowardice thrusts the being
To manifest a shameful retreat,
And if larger, a submissive defeat.

The poised ruler declares firm:
All brawl, beat, blaze and blast
Cause havoc and victory aghast;
The prowess in Herculean task- pack
Or the burden of globe on Atlas's back
Were the outcome of feats penal,
Perpetuating all goodness, nominal;
The paradox of values antithetical,
With changed space, grows hypothetical.

Vidya Pandarinath

King Vikram And Betaal

Super Ego , the dodging corpus spirit
Of the mind - an ancient tree,
Contrives to be evasive and free
From the bearing active shoulder , to quit
Escape and resume hanging upside down,
Always to perpetuate and foil
The inner turmoil , task and toil
On purpose, of the ruling crown
Committed to conscience rational and strong;
The ego puts in efforts invincible
Though is occult horror evincible;
With patience all dictates doth prolong
And conclude with judgments just:
Firm is the spirit of the dead
And formal goes the corporeal head:
Both foster Equity in unison most,
For all that the ethical values stand;
The dead world is not lost to ignore
Nor does the extant complement adore;
May it be Hades, Heaven or the mid-land.

Vidya Pandarinath

Little Lena And The Cockroach

Lena, thumb sucking, was disturbed a little
To see a cockroach, extra -long
Waving its antenna, super and strong
Surveying the ambience on its mettle,
Had set out to perform some feat tall,
Somewhere in that grandiose ceremonial hall

Gripping on the left, the stuffed pampering pup
And with concern and eyes wide open,
She watched the brown troubler on the run,
Presently land on a sideboard - laid cup;
Thrilled, the little one watched in awe
As the fond creature proceeded with random gnaw

Now the move was faster and decisive;
From the rail top into the cauldron,
Least sensing the fire that kept boiling on;
Returning from a diverting call the chef pensive,
Went on to finish the large tray of fries:
The sad little girl sent out her plaintive cries

Reluctantly putting out her dear thumb
Waved her hand with an alarming shout;
The old one only thought with no doubt,
He was greeted, while the fact remained dumb;
She left running to her mother to know
About what she believed to be a suicide bow.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Mosquito Nightmare

It was a dozer's strange dream -
Yet vivid and formal in each detail
Images of the scenario stream
Began with a droning hail

And turned and grew into a hum-waft
As a huge venturesome mosquito,
Circling, hovering like a winged craft,
Finally closed in and muttered low

As it landed on the soft arm,
Reflexes ordered defensive withdrawal;
Duly sensing the imminent harm,
The twin hand launched a slap-brawl;

The cunning invader eluded aloft
And was lost in the spacious room;
Smug victory lulled disturbance to sleep soft
In the glad, glade of the enclosing gloom

Yet again was there an attack silent;
Dark lid-less eyes stared into the face
As the pipe-like proboscis was bent,
The twins sent an alternate slap-trace

Oh..! scandalized was the poor little sibling
Who had on behest, tried to awaken;
She still now remembers with a sting
The favour of a wake-up task, mistaken.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Sensors To Commune

Implied symbols, signs and figures
Drive the thoughts to reason
Ruffling the latent vigours
Within to settle and season

Things glittering and bright,
Chromatic and gathered well
Are comely and infuse delight
While decorous crystal ideas do jell

Noise formed in rhythmic beat
Unison and in order does often
Touch the soul -the intense seat
And disturb hardness tends to soften

Mingled cuisine sour, sweet and hot
Drench the tongue insipid and dull
While saline pinch waves the pot
To appease the palate and belly in full

The rival foes cold and heat
Harnessed proper and on time
Make the soft, cordial touch greet
With cosy, sedative feelings prime

The jutting meddlesome proud nose
Receiving aroma, odour and fragrance,
Besides lending fancied charm to pose,
Makes the haughty bearer trot and prance

These innate gifts are sensors great,
Promoters of social and natural commune:
Need all hold and modes to regulate
And all dead impervious wraps to prune.

Vidya Pandarinath

Amrapali - The Arahant

Boarding a palanquin, it was her choice
To be carried through the grove
And the busy streets full of row;
Slackened and remote became the noise;
Now she stood on the outskirts of Vaishali
Facing a single rotunda peaceful and pally

The Buddha in trance, poised like a holy statue
The saucy dancer beaming out her unique charm
Stalked in composed gestures and stood in form
Before the enlightened master in hallowed view;
With folded hands and palms clutched, bowed
More in reverence than in hospitality she owed

With futile rhythmic movements and mudra drill
She did all she could to entice and hold
And even ventured to be redundantly bold;
Yet with all her best, she felt lost and shoved
And the Enlightened paragon blessed the defeat
As the vanquished knelt and touched his feet

Gracing her palace, he sipped only the gruel
And heard her narrate her data -natal:
From the mango-grove to be the city bride fatal;
Inciting killing and battle by the Magadha, cruel;
'Destroy, Greed, Hatred and the infinite Delusion:
'The Eight-fold path attains Nirvana, the conclusion '.

As he left, the covetous parvenu bloomed anew,
Bequeathed all she held - riches and their source;
Sans wants, draped herself even in clothes coarse;
With every moment passed, she enlightened grew;
Great indeed is the renunciation way of life:
To achieve Nirvana discarding all mundane strife...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Shiva -The Protector Of Universe

Divine protector, the supreme god of scrupulous rightfulness,
Adorning crescent moon on his head as an ornament, shine in the darkness
Holy Ganga flowing from his heap of matted hair, eternal feeling of piouness
Represent goodness, benevolence, righteousness

Master of time, consciousness and energy
Acknowledged by copious names and appellation, all expertly
Exemplifying His quality of self-sacrifice, inspire every
Innumerable forms and appearance, capricious, furious, amiable and generous

Epitome of calmness, Lord of simplicity, cosmic dancer, symbolising pureness
Power of desire, implementation, knowledge, my lord Your faithfulness
Removing ignorance, filling the power of wisdom, mercy and forgiveness
Opens His Third Eye to wipe out immorality and reinstate goodness

Oh.. my beloved God, destroyer of vicious
Blessing me to be happy with whatever I get, the moment very propitious
Guiding me to be fearless in life, passing wisdom to others, surely being ambitious
Let go the self-pride, illusions of this world, so fictitious!

Oh..my Divinity, pray to get your love, since as I am your creation
Lead me to light from murky ignorance in life, chaos and confusion
At times of hardship to make better resolution
Never shall, prostrate oneself in front of unrighteous persecution

Oh..my lord bless me to be calm and composed, without a sense of misconception
I am your favourite daughter, lead me to your knowledge with absolute perfection
Face any problems, with a vision of perception
Without apprehensions, connected with eternal Nature, truly prized possession

Realize true Love is equal respect, timeless and consistency
Worldly possession renounced by concentration, innovative brilliance
Real happiness is to accept probabilities of existence
Speak out against injustice, ascertain ultimate reality of life's insistence

Vidya Pandarinath

Woman

Since He found man -His Creation,
Incomplete, diffident and aye in tension,
Mother Nature intervened and framed
A perfect, comprehensive doll named
Woman, with a large emotive bearing,
Disguised as her specific style -raring;
Truly she can play her multiple roles,
Far beyond the erudite purview of mobile souls:
A family -nucleus, a creative home-maker,
A future frame and caressing care-taker....
For all the modest yet noblest bestowal,
Glory be to God for the complement - pal..!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Royal Stag

A long -legged, shinning -bodied stag
With imposing antlers did trot
Gently and negligently to near the pond;
It was not a casual but a deliberate bond
Betwixt the urging thirst and the spot
But Oh! there was a lapse and a lag...

A lonely wicked and puny sly - fox
Bit into the gazelle's left thigh,
Urged not by hunger, but by instinct;
Escape was possible - it was distinct;
Futile were the intricate horns held high
And useless were the powerful hocks

It was an indecent, vicious canine grip,
And the gullible creature palsied fell
Within the least fractions of the ill - time;
Deep went the bite and the victim prime,
Yielded to the unequal as if under spell;
Petty cruelty caused the harmless beauty to trip!

Alive still remains the righteous quest:
The pard, the tiger or lion, the big cat
Would pounce, catch and instantly kill,
Not tormenting while the prey stays still
With the head- load, defenceless as it sat;
Are Nature's gifts only to pose them best..?

Vidya Pandarinath

Sweety And Granny

Indeed they both are saliently alike
In look and in gestures more;
One is old by long hike
Of years, a half and four score,
The other, by days just as many

One is laden with the living game,
The other is a novice and callow:
The toothless smiles are the same -
But one is wrinkled and hollow
The other, a dimpled full bloom

Little sweety cannot choose,
And is feed on honey and lacto -cool;
Granny's freedom has no use:
Since she cannot chew and drool
Oddly they drivell alike on occasion

One stretches an intimate arm
To reach the thoughts and feelings fit;
While to grasp the things warm,
Opens the soft little clenched fist;
The mini halo encompasses the withered charm

Laden sap-less with a heavy back,
Unlike the little tender and unstable one,
The contented accomplisher is lost and slack,
And the rosy, chubby cradler awaits fun:
Each is at the extreme of the Line.

Vidya Pandarinath

Quietude....!

Shores are never silent;
They may change the din,
If the waves are not violent,
Into a discordant spin
And ease the infinite blue stress,
Of the unsteady thoughts that rove,
Hover, haunt, flaunt and digress
In vain, unlike a riverine flow....

Deep though the waters glide,
Seeking a course and end
Drenching and quenching on either side
And in falls music and beauty blend
Sweetness and order stay back
In quietude and purpose set;
Salty roars and moves lack,
Often, the essence of bearing outlet.

Vidya Pandarinath

Endless Needs

A slaking glass of water for the thirsty
Is the radical essence of survival;
But for the drowning loser, a travesty
Of complex human needs and wants rival

Fire unduly ignited, can scorch and char
As it may enliven, warm-up and comfort;
A hungry morsel that feeds, by far
Sates better than a feast of grand sort

A desired toy for a craving child
Means infinite pleasure to possess,
As the grown-up are lost in the wild,
Pursuing impulsive wants which obsess

The Space is remote and infinite at large;
While Sanity holds back and asks to bar,
Diffused vain pursuits get lost in the surge;
The inner dictator, if well-taught, will mar;

How eerie and endless are human needs
Every fulfilled one, a new one breeds.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Curator

Memory is a massive museum-mansion
And the mind is its reluctant curator,
Classing and preserving with apprehension;
And if well designated, is a master porter

Harmony, percepts and senses delicate,
And thaws tactile, slurred or smothered,
Simmer down into the deducing predicate:
Even those which, pricked, or never bothered.

A caretaker, well-trained and disciplined hard,
Might turn into a great prompter of ease
Guiding, dictating to avoid, skip and discard
All that is profane, yet misleads to please.

All those for whom life is a set game -
Much matters if it is one of dice
Or of chess, since either chance-frame
Or choice, deduces the result to rejoice.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Guru

He turned cruel and savage
Because of his prejudiced preceptor
Who drove him into the world of ravage
Ruthless impenitent, maiming - collector,
To wear the trophy of a finger wreath
And panic all on the highway or heath

A committed enthusiast mastered archery well,
Though the royal trainer denied to impart knowledge,
The former chose him for a mind-set model,
And lost his thumb for the fee-pledge;
Despite being an achiever, self-styled
Knelt before the latter, all lost, deprived and beguiled

An epic hero true to his word and dedication
Was vanquished and killed by the curse
Of a self-centered tutor and his predication
Withdrawing all power and learning, to turn adverse
And for all this the reverent yield,
Futile turned his prowess and the divine shield

Finders and inventors do venture hard
On the seas or deep down the dark mine,
Seeking the bright gems and stones to be starred
Or proclaimed as possession great and fine;
Yet what they find or gain is all abstract
Since, changing hands, things reach the eventual tract

Those who dive into the depths of the main
In quest of the riches and lustrous pearls
Cull with greed and amazement, but in vain;
Escaping the reach of aquatic beasts and whirls,
Bring in only baubles to exchange
With various other articles of motley range

A choosy task-master can only charge
The latent facet with labour or stoic deal

And the real search remains endless, at large;
True Guru's like the Buddha do heal
The soul-wounds of the crest-fallen and forlorn
With Elixir-like preachings of enlightenment: a paragon..!

May the sacred tradition of imparting Learning
Abound in such Great Masters timely returning.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Cat - Mind..!

Unlike all her cousins, the cat
Belongs to a complex dual world
Of wilderness and the formal theocrat;
Untamed, the evil is unfurled
In nocturnal darkness wild,
All let loose, wantonly, to wander
And in memoirs to get piled,
Or prowl about craze and plunder.

Yet the brightness of the day
Makes her mild and sober
Evinced the dubious conscientious way
To recoup with apt, noble labour;
Composed, musing in sly seeming sleep
With closed eyes and curled up body,
She ruffles the cravings rooted deep,
But gets the mould of righteous trait set ready.

Though a miniature descendant
Of the leonine-tigris and savage lot,
Feels homely with bipeds as a pet-dependant
Balancing the 'fair and the unfair' in a pot.
Hear a violent roar of the terror - creed:
Truly, a communing mew is better indeed..!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Curious Cat..!

Curiosity brought a meddlesome cat
Stealing into a ramp - walk show;
Lazy and content, she curled up and sat
Yawning and watching all movements and glow

The select watchers gathered in full pack
And the judges adorned the smug row;
Tunes were played to keep the back;
'What was on?', the intruder wanted to know

As she felt drowsy, dull and stale
Came out frail dames in deliberate outfit,
Pacing down the proudly lit trail,
Heels on point and flank in flit

The onlooking gazer felt amused now,
At the echoing claps and clamours tall;
She could make out and sense somehow,
The puffed up glamour in that strange hall

Crestfallen, the quadruped neared the casement,
With the lost, last look at the alien scene;
Sad and sarcastic, she rushed to the basement
Thinking how different human form would have been...!
Considering the fact that things mimetic
Are better fostered than the bearing, pragmatic.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Flag Of Love...!

Despite all verbose attributes vast,
Mused, figured and enacted a lot,
It still remains famished and distraught
While on the victim a weird spell is cast.

Minstrels and wanderers in Parnassus tract,
Keep over-claiming and make a fuss all over,
Seeking the unreal with senses, on ivory tower
And in their own chosen Utopia of artefact

Latent and lost in crust like diamonds, is love
Which is culled, shaped and polished with care
And then it radiates the glow of feeling fair,
With spectral dispersion of empathic know-how

Distance secures and fosters the lofty feel;
While the stigma of obsession and possessive ego,
Like hemlock paralyse and stifle the amigo
Hurting deep and leaving naught to heal

Just as a gem set in proper design,
Befits and wins over the associate outfit
Love has its elite bearing and needs to admit
Along, concern and regard to fly the amity ensign.

Vidya Pandarinath

Escapism...!

In a frenzied fit
A drunken sot squealed wild:
'The world is so small
'Just turn around after all
'And you are beguiled....'
He fell into a close by pit,
Ecstatic, yet foiled
To find that sleep
Was due to him now

In his own trance
He kept his smile -
A blind, empty glance
As if on him, the while
Revelation did dawn
To transmute the being

If none sought him
He would still be there
To be in line and prim,
And drivel and grin
As if the world is his win..!
Often one finds in surprise
How infinite is compromise...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Saint Valentine's Day

Three cheers for Love this day
In memory of Valentine, the martyr
Love is not a game of any satyr,
Nor a cliché-patter for a damsel brought to bay

The senses choose to imprint
What the inner mind sets as norms;
May there be divers picks and forms
The soul passes love with a stint

To possess and hold for ever,
Or to enamel with words and poise,
Manifested riches and choice toys
Is alluring in selfish fervour and fever

A moment is rendered immortal
And all 'self' is condensed into live-hold
While true love, in candid mould,
Neatly steps out of the cordial portal.

Vidya Pandarinath

A Silver-Case For Altruism

A fair mind caged in sanity ,
Disciplined and trained by conscience,
Seeks only the righteous humanity;
Has all the graceful nobility hence;
True it is that in a heath, a good seed,
And and a bad one in a rich land,
Are but the worthless and wan weed.
Oh! the cordial chain of human hand..!
Genuine fellow feeling does generate
A charismatic aura around one and all
Prompting perceptive good-will to venerate;
Pomp and prodigy within real import fall.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Red Rose..!

Of all Flora's vast spectral domain-
Briar's, bells, blow and bloom strain
The Red rose is the prime choice
Be it an infant's chubby face nice:
Or Love's fancy lips and cheeks new
It is the real freshness and fast a hue
Burns with no harm culled it for his love
An immortal simile for pleasure all above!
Now is an implicit token -- a billet- doux somehow

For his valentine in the mid of second month due
Master Goatee and Mr Balding and his lot
And even grand old Grizzly Grey Pot -
All seek it desperately at all cost
Poor lovely thing to be so martyred and lost!

Vidya Pandarinath



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Drunken Revelation

Back to senses the sot
Muttered stretching at the glass
'Forgot the draught oh..! '

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Cat And The Mice

Once a curious cat
Saw a mouse couple run
All round for fun

The puff fur fat
And the provision for more
Made him ignore

Not long before
Was there a litter large
With a shocking charge

'Well I did not do
'What was fit and due '
Snarled he a mew
A trimmed thread

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Needle And The Thread

A trimmed thread
Got through the needle eye
Patched up the shred

The cute baby doll
Slipped into it and gained
Ninu's favour stall

The proud girl thought
The world is not too big
If all is well wrought..A haiku poem

Back to senses the sot
Muttered stretching at the glass
'Forgot the draught alas..! '

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Why Love..?

Love is not any give away music
To be fascinating, atonal, programmed illusion

Love is not any verse forgotten
To be forsaken, passing thoughts in mind so often

Love is not any sudden fancy
To be a verity of act, devoted, quite chancy

Love is not any unproven fact
To be ascertained by a specific pact

Love is not any game
To be played for the sake of superfluous name

Love is not any mystery
To be acquired knowing detail history

Love is not any disguised pride
To be realized at the moment set aside

Love is not any play to hurt by revenge
To be analysed by avenge

Love is not any rule of thoughts
To be emoted when sought

Love is not any selfish ego
To be set off, to go

Love is not any constrained connection
To be full of optimization, restrictions, lacking affection

Love is not any promise of time being
To be forsaken, broken on disagreeing

Love is not any right to surpass
To be held and gone as time pass

Love is not any dirty bargain
To be purchased in market for fair margin

Love is not any reason of feelings
To be felt without a bit of concealing

Love is not any secret knowledge
To be accessed by intellectual courage, true acknowledge

Vidya Pandarinath

Ambition

Though amusing and absurd it seems
Ambition is but best fulfilled in dreams -
Wild, wicked, fair and square - all alike,
Float on high, light clouds and strike

The abstract note on the zenith top,
Never reached but is sure to flop
And the excited unreaching, unreal mind,
Falls down into the baffling bottomless find,

Like the slackened echoes from a distant valley;
And the darkening beams from the rally
Fade like remote reflections from the sky,
Covering all with russet patch and golden dye;

Movements and efforts helpless as of palsy struck;
All incite the raging, floating seeker to duck -
Down into the dismal, disturbing and delusive wake,
Gasping, lip-licking and seeking the aqua-slake....!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Divine Wand..!

Fresh and new

Drops of dew -

Spray of spectra

So variously, extra

Form countless beads,

Sampling Nature's deeds;

Far beyond thoughts

Scattered in lots;

Truly is wonder

Manifest even asunder

In all bent-bunches

Gathered in hunches;

Everyone and all

God's gifted scrawl

Be a charged grain

Or Life's multi-strain

Things petty or grand

Do well-formed stand

Oh..! infinite indeed

Is His Creative -heed..!

A New Year To Come....!

Sabre-blizzard here and the cold- wave somewhere,
Quakes, flood, fire elsewhere and the microbial scare;
Greater falls and stumbles than one could withstand,
Did the space of Time in the mind brand;
Sweet thoughts and friendly words rattled
All through as Fear and Uncertainty settled
In the curtailed mode of free-will and move;
Things went wrong and even the sane did rove
Within the walls and the bounded track;
Rudeness seems to set in, the primitive life back;
What else could a masked face feel or mean
when: 'avoid, escape and be ever keen '
' To wash away from everything - 'were the agenda
Which rendered the social-animal into a tree-panda...?
So harsh and cruel was the parting year:
Ticking grows tense as the hour gets near...
Janus is looking on, but not far beyond;
His back eyes over look the grave mound
And those viewing the imminent typhoon
Alarm the stretch to reinforce and get ready soon;

The battle of life is not truly lost until

The rationale of Death be traced, in the kill.

Vidya Pandarinath

A Winter Solstice Night

The deep -dark, rough blanket of the night

Covers the world over, rigid and tight

With chill outside this room compact;

Closed and withdrawn senses intact,

Choosing to set into a frozen state,

And gain the cosy sleep though not late;

A little away the salient, orchestra bawl -

Of the frogs, cricket sand the restless owl -

Charges the nearby pond and all around,

With a strange blend of pain, vein and sound;

All reluctant restraint turns futile indeed

And the unbeaten quacks and croaks, the hoot-heed

Supplant the tired sleep and goad the fancy

To gallop across the unseen land of portent chancy;

One often wonders why cold gloom and weird muse

Obsess the sane, hale mind and confuse

The mass of fear, loss and the harm covert

Lies amidst the cold darkness and the defence, curt..! ?

□

Struggle, Reward And The Destiny (The Bhagavad Gita)

The sight of the army of all kindred,
The imminent cause and effect of the war,
Made him bring down his Prize bow
And withdraw, in penitence from his vow
To smite the Kurus and avenge on par
With the humiliations and incessant ill-will bred.

The Divine charioteer delivered the interlocutory mass
Of revelations to Arjuna, the retracting warrior:
"Do your duty, I am the reward dispenser";
"When the mundane crimes and sins grow intenser";
"To protect the righteous and punish the evil -carrier";
" I Incarnate in every Epoch, to restore the religious loss";



"Birth, Death and Rebirth a cycle make ";
"Inevitable is death to the one that is born ";
"Death for the Living, only Liberates the Soul ";
"Sensuous, the elite and the spiritual on the whole";
"Sufferings or success are the outfit which never adorn";
"Any claims to ratify or rectify the Destiny-stake ".

In one of the three ways -Work, Knowledge or Devotion -
Work implies duty without contemplating reward,
Knowledge is getting to know the Cosmic reality
About Creation of all things great and of triviality -
Choosing any of these pursuits, disciplined and hard,
Everyone can seek for one's Soul, the Salvation.

****Note:** The BhagavadGita forms part of The Mahabharata, Indian Authentic Epic in which Lord Krishna admonishes Arjuna (The third son of Kunti) on the issue of waging war against the kith and kin (Kurus were the kauravas, sons of Dhritarashtra and Pandavas were the sons of Pandu, Dhritarashtra's brother, Hence being cousins they formed the kith and kin including the elderly people and the common teacher Dronacharya) .
Kunti was the first wife of Pandu. In the preachings of Lord Krishna, one finds relevance to Life in all Ages.

Vidya Pandarinath

Saree..A Woman's Charm Drape

Flowers in a bouquet draped and covered

Find a conquering sweet charm

With irresistible feelings warm,

Cosy and inspiring, ethnic powered,

Beauty lies in concealing the facets salient

And this perhaps is best done

Even with lent make-ups none

With well designed and woven sarees radiant:



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Colours, texture and interwoven lace

Motifs and features sure to attract

The mind and strong composure to distract -

All scenes real or in play instance and trace

Movements slow and fast bloom in drape - style;

All hypo and hyper feelings profuse

Flow in to please and sanctity: to infuse

No care nor deliberation, yet Grace all the while;

Folds, crease and the hanging end

Indeed a method in many a manner;

Spectrum from prismatic scanner;

Age-marked apparel in common blend,

For idols or dolls, brides and the slide -model,

The three -fathom long fabric does it all too well..!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Butterfly Musings

The amazing world so full of life and profuse,
So various and avid is the voracious mind,
Fondly feeding incessantly on a peculiar kind
Of thoughts, real, formed and framed to muse;
Full blown-up is the over- browsed worm
At last, seeking a grip somewhere in the nook;
And when incited, weaving fine thread stook
From within, a coloured shape in the cocoon to form;
Exotic symbols and strange features big and small,
Mincing, mixing and moulding with in the surreal border;
Finally emerges the butterfly -thought in order -
Stimulating and simulating feelings of warmth and gall
Hostile thoughts and obtuse feelings of sloth
May yet bring out even a dull, morbid moth.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Florist

She would always at the threshold sit
And truly I never missed her
On any of my regular temple visit;
With native content and warm offer,
Of wreaths, garlands and floral
Basket for the devotees to buy,
As pleasing was she with her oral
Talent as with the dexterous tie;
Poorly dressed, yet impressive in bearing,
Ever mindless of the business or profit,
She attended on all and many caring;
While other sellers muttered a bit;
Dropping the tendered cash in a box bland,
She quickly proceeded cordially to me a sure
A profuse length of well wreathed garland
And with good-will and blown-up pleasure.
As fair things happen unforeseen
She ran in to me off her usual place;
In full breath and voice she was keen
To break the news of her wedding grace;
The man was now by her side
And they were leaving for a distant land
And he promised to be with her far and wide;
Happy and impressed as ever with the stand,
I pulled out a handful of currency notes,
Refraining me with tearful glittering eyes
"Only your wishes madam, and memory quotes"
She said, in a sincere, full heavy voice
Waving the hands, they vanished in to the crowd;
Like the full strange thoughts that glide
Leaving me behind forever to ponder a loud
In recollections as the positive surprises slide.

Vidya Pandarinath

Apprehensions

Inclined looks often are erroneous and deceptive,
Prompting thoughts and deductions that are dogmatic;
Unless the Inner Eye is just and perceptive
Enough to decipher and presume as being pragmatic;
A flower, a tiger or a distant steep cliff
Feel more to the view of the bare eyes
Then they are to apprehend or otherwise
Things roll over in store with every sense and sniff
Choice view, delighting taste or a pacific touch or sound
Oh..! how and where then can the Truth be found..?

Vidya Pandarinath

Rain..An Enigma

A dry, husky breathless and boundless shroud
Envelopes the tract all round the plain,
Parching and scorching the uneasy, proud
Fields of rich living tufts of grain;
An eerie, evil enclosure gasps for breath
Choking and peeling even the modest weed;
The smiling, saviour- drizzles drag them out of death
Infilling cheers and make them dance indeed..!
Twittering and popping creatures hover about
Feeling and pecking with love, the chosen lot

No one ever avoids the sporting beat
Of amorous pairs flaunting in ecstatic content;
Yet all hope and scope withdraws into retreat
As the spasmodic giant bursts out of the celestial rent
To dislodge, uproot and overthrow the poor human
Excesses and limitless acts of greedy duplication;
Tossed things drown, sink, float and in disorder run;
The agnostics curse, while the believers bend in supplication;
Perhaps impatience makes her brother- duo, Lighting and Thunder
Often threaten the exploiting humanity to tear asunder...

Vidya Pandarinath

The Anatomy Hall

With my dear friend of the kid -days,
Now she is a doctor and surgeon,
I once paid a casual visit in grace
To the huge Anatomy hall, akin to dungeon,
Awfully smelling of imprisoned death
And choking the pink smiling breath.

Grinning skeletons at once on the left
Hanging on their skull or what was head
And all bones joined and reset along the cleft
No ill-will, despite being in a glass -case laid;
Yet across, was a large enclosure encircling a platform
For all amputated ones, never a warm dorm.



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Slackening, hesitant and curious steps to near
The scatters and spread -overs with a pointer each,
Names and labels pinned in a skew;
Be an insider with no inhibition to reach
And know the complex machine of life....
Which self-recouping, puts up an endless strife.

Out of system and order, gruesome is all Creation:
Rivers, mountains, trees or a flower in animation.

The Lost Old Woman

You could often see her hardy

Beneath the big old banyan tree

Inclined on her side with folded body

As if she were on a feat or spree;

Only a loud human sound would raffle

Her petrified pose and make her cast

A mortal look at the intruder with her muffle;

Raising a crooked bony, complaining finger:

snivelling out sounds from her drooping lips;

Time and patience were lost to linger,

Making sense out of the prate -slips;

This was a snap common any day

For all who chose to bypass the way

And look at her for a moment's stay;

Years have gone by now -away spent

And I have sometimes in discomfort recalled

Trying to seek purpose, sense in the stigma

In her eerie seclusion and intent:

The Fall of Life, it seems is a puzzle, and enigma.

A Virtual Eden

Wheels, engines, wings and the rocket

Have dragged Life across Time and Space

The gap is rendered well within the enclosure;

Yet are distant the stars in the infinite socket;

Newness and thrill fills the restless human race

As the sense of conquest spurs the pleasure;

Man has long back discovered the inevitable fact

That Death dwells as the soul in the body,

Sensing varied struggles and yields to taste;

Between the yester and the morrow the pact -

(Findings and possessions are but vain and gaudy) ,

Of the present is condensed and moulded in haste;

In strange forms and sizes may the colossal life stand,

Yet for sure things will end up -be lost in the Grand

New Creation of colouration, amity and order:

Would nothing ever be Forbidden with brackets

and border?

Vidya Pandarinath

Failures

The mind just woke up after a nap,

Snarl-yawned and sat on a bale,

Composed like a cat with its tail

Close-drawn, furled to its left lap,

Easy, casual, overlooking sight,

Nothing specific to ruminate or toss

There was nothing for gain or loss,

In the fresh gentle wind and broad light.



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From a remote latent, dumping recess,

Crawled out a scorpion - thought ready,

Posing a like a six -pack builder, to sting steady,

And prevail over the failures of Life- access;

Anon, the mind brought down its thumping paw

On the vying intruder and fed the prey bird

Chirping: "leave it for me and stay undeterred"

Zeal renewed, the former sat easing the awe.

Vidya Pandarinath

Existence, A Drive

The great planet of infinite mirth
Is this mystery and miracle filled earth,
Wonder packed and towards resource bound,
Hanging and moving all around,
The wriggling Soul seeks sublimation!
Strange charge fills with novel animation
Everything lying about at ease;
Wanton gentle breeze doth tease
And caress the free locks of hair
Pampering the senses to form and flair;
The bitterness of cutting blizzard
And the ravaging hurricane though hard,
Doth vanish into the cosmic complacence;
Cheering drizzles enliven with incense
Every tract so long ignored or hid
And a Divine spark kindles up the grid
Of warmth, and cozy feeling of being
A something for a moment in the Time, fleeing

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Thinking View..!

Vision obstructing the Sky;
Flock of colour-colour birds flying sky-high
Eye catching a piece of scenery, merely comply
My thoughts joining the momentary, Forever I shall glorify

Clouds showing uncertain way, a picture flick
Moving hastily away from the blue sky, lively and quick
Depicting to going too faraway from bright clear blue, become overcast spread too thick;
Erratically, feel is it real or just deceptive impression, conjuring trick

And where the dim vision is over, the shade of present hour
The bright stars begin their magical power
Luminous point in the sombre sky, silvery starry flower,
Make me feel splendid, endurance to act on one's belief, really high is the willpower.

Up and up the clouds inflated with pride bloat
Where the glittering stars at night leisurely way afloat
Darkness encircling, seems thoughts lost in this gloominess, forgot to emote..!
Starlight saying there is no one like you, ascertain your inner power

Thence everything appears to self golden, treasured up the whole
Deep-freeze is the wind of Love, oh... moment to extol
Heartbeats in rhythm with the song of the thrush, inspiring thoughts just roll
Melodious moment, unquestionable pleasing to soul

Promising are the Nebular sound, A Feeling of Contentment, serenity, and glee;
The pictures of unusual land of dreams., a fantasy
Intense gratitude for well-being, happiness, enlightened thoughts..vision I see
High be the view, high be the eternal bliss, high be the reality.

Vidya Pandarinath

Face - A Book To Read

Pride and vanity, the twins often render

The genial face into a cold, chiselled rock;

All inner goodness and the nobility stock

Goes in-effectual and is an ample offender;

Though significant and cordial, yet are unread

The feelings and gestures of a blank look,

As invalid, senseless data from an alien book,

Inane and trifling despite all efforts instead;

If the mind could exact words and gestures

Making ethical comfits of selfless thoughts and plea,

Treat on par other's common equity and glee;

Thus turn all Life's dry tracts into green pastures;

Mutual harmony and compassion enliven the dead

Both body and spirit more than all done and said.

Vidya Pandarinath

Minu's Granny

With fair complexion and long braided hair

She was a model, tradition bound

A paragon, in all she did and found

From apparels to mantic mantra blare

Her six decades had gone away

When her amiable spouse died;

Since, draped herself in cotton, crimson dyed,

Distant, she sat citing maxims and obtuse say.

In dismay at all happenings in Nature;

Little Minu quite early came under

Her foster-care and ever clinging caress,

Intently following her in pleasure, pain and stress,

Absorbed in tales and concoctions in wonder

Till she out-grew 'granny' in size and stature

Casually, yet conventionally happened the marriage

And minu found a soft faced and cool analyst

Who, ever smiling, knew only to nod in gist
As he did with systems, projects or barrage;
Metamorphosed was the old soul boarding the flight;
Waving her hand and leaving her own land,
On a larger and strange soil she did stand,
Baffled and nervous, across the Seas, in delight

Time -lag is made up now, and granny
Has come out of the cocoon with changes new
Bobbed hair, tights and tops in chosen hue,
Bonnet, outfit and coated lips canny...!
A colourful portrait has replaced the Sepia one,
The happy grandchild is now amother;
And nobody has anything to bother
Smiling at eachother and railing at none.

Vidya Pandarinath

Vain Pursuits

Eerie and absurd are the ways of Man,
And stranger still are his prime thoughts;
Tangling himself with the worldly knots:
His Soul- again threshed off from bran

He snaps the pictures of his collage -world,
Chasing invanity, lustre and spectral gadgets -
Sybarite pursuits in fits of frenzied fidgets,
Unaware of the spiritual gusto within him furled



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Yet he seeks the mirage and illusive charm,
Relinquishing the profuse manna of greenery and water,
Feels febrile wading through the scorching sandy scatter;
While the yogic Restraint and ruling Conscience form the norm.
Vidya Pandarinath

The Snail And The Tortoise

The crawling snail met the idle tortoise

As it fell down a tree, large leaf

Venturing to conquer-its hanging brief,

Beyond its limit and vague choice;

Laughing loud said the latter:

"You are too small for such a feat

"Dream not of what you can not beat

"Nor fancy you would spill and shatter"

The other cocking its sensors said

'Yes I know, but how better are you

'Size apart can not better prove,

'It is the same burden that saves my head

'As you do sans any choice to move

'Wonder how the mankind manage to manoeuvre

'To hide and carry their Sin -tower

' And yet be proud and relentless in all they do! '

Vidya Pandarinath

Riding On The Wings Of Fancy

Those who ride a Pegasus, into the wilds of Fancy,
May get to know the spectral images motley;
Thrilled by the gallops and giggles of the latter
Far, across and beyond the expansive outlay,
And procure the treasure of all virtual matter,
Be a run-away dreamer or be master of necromancy.

Boarding a vessel or crafts, may reach,
Land or be marooned, like the Greek Epic Legend;
Perform little feats, fights and carry back -
Being home-sick, exhausted and aged, towards home bend
With the memento and trophies for their memoirs - pack,
Away from the sought El Dorado or the Utopia beach

One may as well land in a rich valley,
Flying on the back of Sindbad's bird,
View, all vicious creatures and the huge, scarce lot;
Find mellow, varied edibles in the sham orchard,

Lift and carry the riches in the dreaming plot,
And yet be longing, like Crusoe to return, and not dally.

Omni - present is the kingdom of happiness and content,
From the rocky caves to the defiant sky-scrapers towering high,
Vigorously living in, man has schemed, made and found -
And designed everything he liked to possess and ply,
In water, the sky, or up and down the ground....
And needs no vehicle, carrier or vessel of portent.

Notes: 1) necromancy reference to Marlowe's Dr Faustus

2) Utopia - Thomas More

3) Robinson Crusoe - Daniel Defoe

Vidya Pandarinath

The Beak Of Pride

Perhaps all human pride dwells in the nose form;

Found in itself and in its own place

It lends set identity and close charm

To the corporeal index of the face;

It leads the Being to the feel drag,

Search and class the senorial sniff,

Besides filling the inner vital breath-bag;

It goes complexioned red and hostile stiff,

In indignant scowls and angry mould;

And more, it turns scurvy and mean

Poking itself in others ' affairs unseen, untold;

In its variety there has no one been

So large or small, extra long or short,

Flat or stubby, upturned or beaky twist,

Or whatever...., still deciding the smart

Gestures with the eyes and the lips in combo betwixt..!

Spill - beaming from the vision and the words heard or to utter

The inordinate proud Nose gets caught in the guillotine cutter.

Vidya Pandarinath

Discordant Explorations..!

Rare, lustrous metals are traced and sought,
Purified and shaped into desired forms;
Sleeping gems and valued stones are caught
In greedy hands, cut and ground to fancy-norms;
Amiable woods are sliced, or crush-squeezed,
And carve-wounded for log, plank and perfume;
All such Nature-bound things are lifted and teased
To, destruction for pleasure, treasure and power-plume;
When The Creator retorts with wiping extremes,
How awkward and tiny man looks in his greed:
Scandalized, pricked and pinched out of dreams!
How and when will he find the Balancing Creed..?
The Power of Order and Discipline, always on guard,
Makes good the foils, lapses and cracks of discord.

Vidya Pandarinath



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Miss Vanity And Mr Dolittle...!

Miss Flamingo Vanity and Mr.Penguin Dolittle
Got to know each other, fair enough
On the social network trying to grasp the nettle
Their approach was neither ornamental nor rough,
Yet had all the modern touch and flair
Virtual pictures and high flying thoughts
The ideals that they did colour and declare
Made up the similitude of an Eden with synthetic flower -pots;
They drove away Time and settled down
With whims and fancies all beating wings
Impelled the neighbouring old -couple to frown
From behind their ajar casement in watchful strings;
Not many days had gone before each found
The other was hard and odd: incompatible
So was the bonding dispatched to the burial ground;
Away went the one with a cat walk, the other remained susceptible..!

Vidya Pandarinath



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Transcendental Meditation

Shaking off the daze of sleep
At an intruding, inward suppressed beep,
Like a cozy, slothful, sly cat
Poised and charging its dorsal slot compact,
The mind leaps into the domain
Of complex, weird and confused thoughts again:
Scratching and biting the prey
Pawing and thumping down all thoughts grey;
Gliding down the memory dale,
Tracing along the winding vale
Into the distant lands long lost,
Covered up with smoky haze aghast;
Those firm, dogmatic, penitent sages went
Renouncing and withdrawing into the sacrament;
Chose their task, posed beneath a bower,
In sheer trance, con-centred, grappling for power
Holding up all cosmic, elemental prime;
Breath, beat and sense- waves in unison- time;
Anon, the Duo- soul and the Divine tool,
Between them transcribe and set the Rule;
Thus the mole with the Whole in all norm,
Evolves its completion and doth conform.

Vidya Pandarinath

Uncertainty..!

Mind full of questions, curious to find them;
What? Who? When? Why? Where? ..you're from? "
Thoughts running fast without any reasoning, what be the outcome?
Emotions lost in the fear, of time to come

Certainly its the outburst of nature, unless stopped, it will be again and again
Mother Nature's freebies so priceless, her unconditional Love, care totally
misused, then and now;
Avaricious man, has damaged the nature's resources, surely
immeasurable pain
Lesson to mankind to respect, safeguard; not to take for granted only for
lucrative gain



PoemHunter.com

Its Nature time, now human being needs to payback, account for credibility
Nature reserve utilized rashly, never learned responsibility
Money nor position can save from this invisible virus; affecting tranquility
Fate in future existences, depends moral accountability

Uneasy feeling of new outcomes so horrendous
Change of life, modified version of lifestyle, very extensive
Fill with fright to avoid the risk of, dreadful and senseless
State of being well of body and mind is utmost momentous

Sense of realism, materialist luxurious are for the time being

Learned to regard things in their true nature, dealing with them as they are; oh
face-to-face

This gloomy clouds of fear, uncertainty shall also pass by Divinty's grace

Silver lining...., Antidote will come soon, in this novel race

Unexpected situation shall end with new terms, now time for self brace

Adjusting to new conditions, starting life a fresh, rise in a happy place

Darkness shall vanish; we will thrive again, witha stronger faith embrace

Yes; by all means with more regard towards all living beings..!

Vidya Pandarinath

" Trina " , The Grass

Even in tiny things is manifest,
The Creator's intent and design best:
Perfection in oddity and stray,
Parting the night from the day;
Among the omniferous creations gross
Lies the trifling cute little grass,
Token of veneration and regard
Showering incantatory submission to Lord
Small, yet great is the swinging thing
Fine and fresh concurs with the ding
Of the holy chimes and sublime trance!
Sages ' and tantrics'lofty resonance;
The complete touch to scripted oblation,
Ritual, and all Soul-felt elation!
And yet it can feed the cattle too
If they relish and choose so to do.....

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Srikrishna..Divinity Of Love..!

Oh Divinity of Love, truth, harmony;
Eighth descent of Vishnu's incarnation
on the earth, purposely
Depicting as a God-child playing along Cows and Calves..heartily
Yashomati maiya's dearest child is fond of butter, sweet innocence, cheerfully
Playinghiscelestialflutethegodlymelodyof
Divine Lover, certainly
Beautiful delicate peacock-feather on his crown, the
divine ornament..shimmering so perfectly

Magical song to rejoice, dancing to the tune of Divinity
The creator of cosmos the supreme Divine Being..feel the pure affinity
Always arrives to protect his devotees at times of hardship instantly
Just chanting his Name with pure intention all
difficulties are gone minutely
Renunciation of self-pride and dedication
with utmost faith, ambitiously
All unfavorable times of life resolved in
minutes explicitly

Strong belief in You my holy, whenever there is decline of
righteousness
Youmy God yourself will come to earth to enlighten,
eradicating evil through His graciousness
Goodness reinstated, faith winning over uncertainty with
cosmic consciousness
Disciplined mind free from desires, possessions sheer pricelessness
Pure Love without any attachment or expectation is the precious
gift of holiness

The Divine song, uttered by my beloved Lord
Heavenly perception, realize the peace, gentleness, supreme
bliss conferred
Verses state all have equal right to
God-realization, utterance I heard
Self-realisation is the innate to the noble truth,
most adored
Reverence, rejoice the feeling of eternal love,
the ultimate reward

Divine source of inspiration
Vast ocean of ethereal knowledge, real
motivation
Power, essence of reality, illuminating thoughts of
my imagination
No fear of outcome, just doing my own
natural duty with full dedication
Getting what I deserve in this lifetime, the
values, truth, purpose of my life, pure realisation

Absolute oneness with my Lord Sri Krishna, only wish
your godly assistance
Endeavour of lifetime shall be with devotion,
compassion, humanity with humble persistence
Not with envy, greed, ego, self-conceit; invaluable time is
worth living not wasting on things that's inconsistent
Eternal life is to live significantly not
indulging in perishable enjoyments, pride and insistence
My beloved God, you are the embodiment of knowledge, bliss, existence

My firm belief in you my God, the
sacred essence
Always there for me in one form or the

other.., feel your divine presence
You are my friend, philosopher, guide, protector
seeing me progressing
My thoughts enlightened by you my Lord, I
shall always fearlessly expressing
You are the Divine Power showing me the path of knowledge, through the
heavens
Oh..Srikrishna I am your chosen daughter
to get your love, grace and divine blessings..!

Vidya Pandarinath

It's May...! !

Weather is so pleasing., Orange Flowers Smiling all the way
Making my drive so overwhelming, enjoying my holiday
Mother Nature surely blessing me with a perpetual day
Needless to Say.....!
Oh...Yeah.. it's May...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The View.....!

I am the favourite daughter of Mother Nature
My belief guided by her, as I am her happy Creature
Teamed the thoughts of this wordly Mart
Till it thrusts this increasing span, positivism Start,
Let me heighten them Art
To the level of Heart
It's rational thinking, essentially to be Smart

Springs blend with the small River;
That copious natural stream flowing to the Sea
The sweet -gentle breeze melds with feelings, sense of strife Free
Scent carried by the wind mixes with the fresh air, certainly breath Giver

Noone is at all in solitary in cosmos I Knew
Each entity is essentially bound by Divine Law of Nature
Its a correlative world, concord with Fellow-creature
Why not I with You..?

Mountain top enfolds with utopia of Righteous
Tides clasping each Other
Flora and fauna does not forgive, if it disregards Another
What purpose served if there is no harmonious relations, definitely its Lifeless

Sun's rays touches the earth.. liveliness Arise
Moonshine lead to the rising and falling of ocean Tides;

Creek, streams connect with each other to form Watershed
Trees and birds have real mutualistic link, unite for well-being and
Harmonize

What are all these mutual concept Worth..?
If your genuine thoughts are not connected with Mine
If my thoughts are not in your mind, definitely not Fine
Healthy feelings form life happier, all things here and now only, in this divine
paradise called Earth

Friendship, gratitude, trust.. shall be mutual..not one Way..!
Life is interdependence, to live in perfect harmony, ultimately Divine
If not expressed nor connected in this Lifetime
Why hold-on..? it's not worth it.. I Say..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Saraswati - Mother Of Supreme Knowledge..!

Oh..Goddess of Knowledge

The Deity of Intellectuality

Emblem of purity, perception and Morality

Crescent moon shining with the essence of the self, godly Acknowledge

Triune Divine of Wisdom

Infinite Erudition is the ultimate Goal

Connecting mind, body and Soul

Eternal oneself of leaning with unique Vision

Yellow colour chosen by divinity, imply the arrival of full bloom, the season of Joviality

Sagacity of nature, festivity of fifth day of spring, , sense of Speciality

Confidence, consciousness, competency, creativity, given by goddess of intellectual quest, a vigorous Personality

Aiming for possibilities that formerly seemed as complication, test to beat the true Reality;

Grace of the Divinity for utilization of gained Knowledge, at times of Individuality;

Only with true Determination

Can get divine guidance and Affirmation

To become the Daughter of Goddess of pure knowledge, there shall be complete Dedication

Without any Expectation

Regardless of any hardships, , motive is acquiring immortal knowledge, the real Aspiration

Intelligence of handling situation Fearlessly
Decision making by reasoning not by impetuously nor Ramblingly
Reliable knowledge purpose shall always be for the benefit of Humanity;
Where there is no self-pride, Goddess resides in us Certainly

Bestowing on me the prime Principle
Of Life's insight for intrinsic peace, good- will and Heartily
The strength to deal in times of Uncertainty
To resolve the fear of novel materialistic happenings, sometimes that seems
Invincible

My words shall always be skillful for well-being of mankind, consistently to be
Optimistic
Sharing and passing of Expertise for prosperity of all Creation
True feeling of achieving the path of self-realization, spirit so Simplistic
Thankful to The Mother of Supreme Knowledge for the Inspiration
Enlightening my life to benevolent and Idealistic..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Corona - The Invisible Enemy

Neither the creatures, in heavy huge form
Nor the Elemental havocs of Fire, water or windy storm
Could so much mark the panicky horrors of Death;
Invisible as they are, a morbid, chill choking breath
Runs through the spine and the Doomsday
Seems to advance trampling and blowing over the hay
Of existence; all valued tokens small or big
Lose their specific place in the span for a fig;
But No..! it is only a greed -powered chaos, man-made
By transgressing the limits of Life and its shade...
The World for sure, is no more a Cacti Land!
Yet, Eliot's words in loud echoes linger and reprimand
" This is the way the world ends, Not with a bang but a whimper" **
Faith charges Hope: Man as ever will win the war
And then, restore the anthropos ' supremacy on a par..!



PoemHunter.com

**Note: Eliot's ' The Hollowmen ' ends with the lines

Vidya Pandarinath

Colours Inspiring Life.....!

Living life from birth till death with purity, youthfulness as the colour White
The attitude to as certain what's not right and what's Right..!

Focusing Life as multidimensional signifying that there ways to realism as the colour Black.
Dealing with things with objective existence, true nature has the exceptional knack

Facing Problems with intensity, invocation as the colour Red
Divine inspiration, strength at times to strive Ahead

Leading Life with attitude, dignity, enthusiasm, balanced as the colour Orange
Sensible point of view no prejudice, with my explicit Knowledge

Climbing fortuitous of Life with happiness, good spirits as the colour Yellow
Utilization chance as a enlightened Fellow...!

Handling situation intelligently, vigorously, generously as the colour Green
Ambience and introspection shall always be Clean

Enjoying prosperity of life with pride, wisdom, power and royally as the colour Purple
Simple gratification of actuality as a virtuous Person

To be introspective of one's own thoughts with self-confidence, stability, calmness as the colour Blue

Accept imperfection, positive attribute of realization, essential You

To be optimistic, sophisticated to achieve victory and be a winner as the colour Gold

Firm belief in oneself, elegant, truly noble to Behold

Appreciating little things in life as the colour Teal

Remarkable attribute, at no time be pessimistic for things you Feel

Open-minded, hi-tech, sleek, organizing, responsible in way forward as the colour Silver

Accessing to new aspiration, rational conduct, pursuit is rightful purpose in life to be a generous Giver

Approachable, practical, sensitive, down-to-earth, Yet foremost seek utmost security, protection, comfort as the colour Brown

Based on facts rather than fantasy, self confidence is the inestimable Crown

Preparedness of mental attention to be novel and creative as the colour Magenta
Thankful for all acquired wisdom, life's attitude caring and Gentle

To have friendly association with others with the a intention of morality, sincerity as the colour Pink

Purpose to do good never bad to other's, if not possible never to hurt credence,
impact on other's life to Think

Freedom of choice, to be self sufficient as the colour Cyan
Enduring life's moment given by the Divinity, enjoy the precious Span

Treating all alike, determined, time-honored as the colour Gray
Not affected by the passage of time, dependable at difficult life's conditions on
any Day

Happy-go-lucky still not easily influenced by other's as the colour Aquamarine
Welcome change as and when required, forward-looking, precise and Keen

Unique, full of positive zeal as the colour Coral
Connecting and mixing with everyone, willingness to help other's surely Novel

On all Occasions, whatever the circumstances may be, to be proud of our
femininity, grace, delicate beauty as the colour Lavender
Motivation certainly not demotivation, kind-hearted and good Balancer

Dynamic, powerful, giving self more importance, first than rest as the colour
Crimson
Frankly expressing one's thoughts, proud to be an opinionated Woman

Standing firm and handling predicament until it's solved as the colour Lime
Connecting oneself with Mother Nature resolves all life's problems, the essence of
nature is Prime

Straight-forward and being acquainted of surroundings entity as
the colour Bronze
Exceptional and ethereal affection, no repentance, thriving like
vigorous grassy Lawns

Willingness to take risks and facing consequences as the colour Maroon
Being oneself, cherishing to the rhythm composed by Divine Tune

Analysis in accordance with reason or logic as the colour Tan
Intelligent selection rather than on sentiments, No greater supposition, Than

Loving self more than anything, loyal to those worth it as the colour Turquoise
Due regard for the feelings, choices of others, without unnecessary Noise

Contend not only for self but also for other's moral rightness as the colour Indigo
Partiality, unjust, indifference.....No..No..No..No

Perseverance to achieve goals set with humbleness, gracefulness as the colour
Taupe
Creating good ambience for self fitting to accomplish the dream, certainly it
comes to the Top..!

Vidya Pandarinath

My Childhood Friend: The Memorable Guava Tree...!

Childhood memories are memorable to Me
Even now sitting at my desk, gazing into lovely Pictures
Smiling at all the funny Adventures
Most treasured, playing with friends and with the ecstatic Guava
Tree;

It was the big guava tree in my grand-mother's house, beautiful garden it was
Such,
In the backyard, there were many greenery..yet my favourite play area was near
guava tree, circling around It.
Spending much of joyous moments under, its shade to Sit
Certainly the guava tree is my best friend, I miss it so Much.

Embracing it..a feeling of freedom, forgot my school schedule..sing, dance and
Play
Swaying to the song of nightingale....slowly... Slowly
Watching the butterflies, dragonflies on leaf Closely
Trying to hold its wings.., it was just quick and fly Away;

Climbing from trunk to the uppermost branches with Tact
Standing on top, my favourite spot just to see, already at top most
are the parrots eating Guava
Holding firmly the bough, carving my name on it, ha.. my childhood Saga
Later realizing of hurting it, felt sorry for the thoughtless Act

Swinging on its branches, breathed the breezy spring Air
Relaxing and enjoying the top view of the surroundings..oh.. fascinating,
Breathtaking

Plucking the pretty white floret from twig, smelling and Making
Circlet of white guava flowers, delicate floral crown for my Hair..!

Unforgettable is the smell and taste of fresh fruit, certainly rare Kind
Plucking directly from branches of the guava Tree
Sometimes unripe.., at times ripen fruits..no look-over, right away pulling them
as soon as I See
Everlasting flavour leaves eternal fond memories in my Mind.

Silently listening to my chattering serenely There
Cherishing each moment spend with my noble friend, natural bond it was Such
The marvelous guava tree..my friend that give me so Much
But never expected anything in return.., only generous love and Care..!

Vidya Pandarinath

A Thought For The Moment...!

Beneath the blue sky of the Divinity
Besides green leafage of wonderful Serenity,
Knowledge sparkling in white just like the pearly white clouds floating high with
sheer Simplicity
Shades for the sunshine, ray's perception of promising thoughts of Purity

Bird hovering, sweet floral scent spreads optimism, peace of mind and natural
Tranquility
Cool breeze brings the reminiscence, grateful to the divine
nature with utmost Sincerity
Connecting self with Nature..discovering the essence of Humility
Believe in self...truly a source of all Nobility;

Learning genuine worth of Life with novel Clarity
Real bliss is to Love oneself, follow and do what inner self guides to best Ability
Nothing matters more than own intuition and capability
Do what makes self feel-good with instant Positivity
Tiny things..Yet very inherent..that brings joy, self power of eternal virtue and
Dignity...!

Thought for the moment are surely Sentiently
Being true to own belief is the upmost Priority
Gifts of Nature charismatic, so many times unseen, truly an epiphany moment....
realization of Rarity
Live each moment as special...its the moment to relish.now and for Eternity..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Dawn Moon..!

Fresh smell of the Lilies
Musical shrill of birds, song wishing Well
Weather so pleasant, gentle breeze brings sweet memories of Spell;
Fast-flying amethyst dragonfly, swing-wing its transparent wings,
verge..oh...golden Frilly..!

As Luck intend it, saw the clear blue Sky
Surprise moment of lifetime caught the glimpse of the pearly-white Moon
Dawn moon..a etiquette moment in time, wriggling to the Nightingale's Tune;
Crescent Flying- High..!

Outshining the Sunshine, like the prince of celestial Sphere
Distinguish at dark and clear sky, bright yellow at night, white at day,
Ray of moonlight is always guiding to dream big...I feel it Say..!
Essence of purity, modesty, heavenly cheer

Time does not restraint the Crescent
Dawn or Dusk always at its Best
Spreading happiness at all times, divine cover of the Blest
The Hope of realization, until last breathe, the path is Destined..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Sun- The Antique Burning Star...!

Burning Sun in the silvery -blue Sky
Blazing since morning... bright till noon, adoring
at a Distance;
Out of pleasure and light in tune..dancing up High..!
The star of the Solar System

From dawn till dusk..sun is shining, symbol of purest Delight,
New Rise, aspiration and prosperity, gloomy thoughts Disperse
Origin of power, energy and Light
Perfectly circle..., creator of the earthly Universe



PoemHunter.com

The emblem of truth, knowledge and Tranquility
Countless stars burning upright, but you are the only
one, the luminous Thing
White, red, orange, yellow..at each twinkling you look distinctly., Pure Nobility
Yellowish Sun is the ultimate celestial being in the Eternity Ring

Birds move behind in the same direction as Yours
Sun's rays are in.. Sun's rays are out.. oh...Everywhere
Glory of past, present and future.. real moments that Endures
Of happiness and sadness, laughter and tears, lucky self to
get Nature's Care

Moves silently and vanishes from sight..no longer illuminates the sky..its
Sundown
Alteration makes me thank Mother Nature
Feeling you will come again and greet me with sunshiny hello
as morning, and dawnchorus is Around
The Earthy life starts, full of zeal..I am the happy Creature....!

Vidya Pandarinath

Honey Bee Honey Bee..Oh Little Bee...!

Wandering in my flowery garden, dancing to its own murmur Tune
Beating its tiny wings, firmly and Frenzy
Incessantly Humming.....Buzzing, Wiggling, in the Afternoon
Little bees in the sunshiny day, bee's swarm many so Many

Autum or Spring lovely ditty to Sing-song
Pleasing with nosy Sight
Certainly not to Please none, truly eye's Delight.
Possessing the sweetness of the flowers...moves Along

Busy flying all around the Yard
Capturing my Attention
Personality that's winning my heart with supreme Regard
Gathering the nature's reward, great insect grateful for your
sweetish Invention..!

From bloom to bloom, passed from bee to Bee
Collect the sugary sticky yellowish fluid in sweet Mould
In natural honeycomb is a boon, exquisiteness all for Me.
Elixir, a divine bestowal..truly precious to Behold

Sharing, caring, ingenious and a genuine team worker..intrinsic Meaning
Queen bee classify and empower's each bee duty to carry out with Solidarity

Qualities not found in we human beings, profess to be of fully Parity;
Who often waits for opportunity to backstab another Being..;

Most sparing valuable Insect
Contributor to the Environment
Surely cannot gauge your effort's and divinely Enlightenment
Can only thank you oh...Noble Little bee for the luscious
Honey, with utmost Respect..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Brahmakamala Flower -The Midnight Bloom

Oh..Flower Created by Divinity
My Faith you will fulfill my Aspiration
Royal blossom of darkness, genuine Adoration
Gifted by the Almighty, with Love and Sweet Serenity

Princess of my elegant garden, unique and delicate Truly
Waiting.. waiting..for you..Oh..Efflorescence
As the clock is ticking..tick-tock...tick-tock, Moment of joy
As it glitters like Florescence
Slowly..slowly the flower bud opens up Fully

Sparkling and dancing in the Moonlight
Snow-white star-clustered flowers with purple disc-florets,
Reddish brown Pedicel
Goodly, Reminiscent of Lotus, breeze of magnificent Festival
Thriving annual in the rainy season, around Midnight

Lucky self to see you Blooming,
Cohere with Nature through you, oh nobel flower..this heavenly Charismatic
Time..;
Closing of petals at dawn..sunshine is Booming
Lasting only for a moment..Yet your lovely essence and rare sighting, will cherish
for Lifetime..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Parijat..! -The Divine Flower

Pearly White Petals

With sprightly Orange Centre

One and only flower with rare colour and Gentle,

Sweet-Lovely fragrance.., making the ambience exotic and Gloriously Splendor

The elegant flower fill in my Garden with Aroma

Covering the green lawn are the pearly -white petiole, like

the White-orange Sunstone, shade of Divinity

The myrrh of Parijata is so strong outspread to entire Vicinity

Poised, Placid and Precise is the Persona;

The Coral floret efflorescence at dusk Twilight

As Moonlight falls on the floret, at eventide of Spring

Drop's down on turfgrass..one by one, yet used for the

Divine Offering;

At the fall of first ray's of Sunlight..!

Supersensitive sacred clusters, True symbol of Heavenly Love

Spreading Happiness everywhere, the act of gratefulness is Supreme.

Delight to senses, Full hope it will fulfill dream's...

Epitome of devotedness, saw natural paradise in the

Ethereal Flower Above..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Madam Vanity...!

Born a cute baby, and grew into a child
Doted, caressed, fondled, ranted and taught
Amid all things curious and distraught
In the playful world, sensitive, sober and wild

Hectic days glided, nay flew fast away
Before some composed, false serenity
Took her over and shaped with vanity
She felt she would outwit Venus any day

So was she neat and perfect in all
Beauty, wit and wisdom put together
And to fly high needed wings of feather
" Angel " that was how they chose her to call

She inclined to live a recluse-all alone,
Centred in Self, caring for self and power;
Smiling at all the challenges, blooming like a perfect flower
Bluffing and flattery make her put up a face of Stone

Obscure and gone into the distant oblivion now,
She has flourished and vigorous, up in the latest Fashion
"Glory and Glamour "are her Worthiness, living a life of Compassion
Confidence is her jewel, straightforward, dare not tell anybody why And how.?

Truly some attribute lives deep down
In the recesses of lively human form
That can make others feel warm
And comeback to smiles, casting off frown.

Vidya Pandarinath

Oh..Jasmine..!

Most enshrined flower

Loved by deities

Oblation it, feels like all my wishes will be fulfilled, blessings of The Trinity

The eternal beauty shall bring Good luck and willpower

Redolence of the blooming Jasmine the Exquisite..so Divine a Thing

Mesmerizing unique essence with optimistic thoughts that's Righteous

Apotheosis of Love, gratitude, perfection, purity, honesty, and Kindness

Sunshine beautify the blossom in Spring

Gentle petals so opulent and Fortunate

Oh..Jasmine...white, pink, yellow or red in colour, Precise and

lovely luster

Truly a noble Cluster

Touching the feet of God..A Real Ornament..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Shades Of The Rain..!

Arid, hot and lifeless Soil

Waiting for longtime, drops Missing

Here arrives the rain god, making land Dripping

Smile of Hope, respite from sizzling heat from the well-wisher, those That Toil.

Silence, beating of rain droplets...Sprinkle

Brings nostalgia, lightens mood instantly is shower of Rain;

Enjoying the company of self..whistled and whistled Again.

The drizzle bring confidence, and realize my place in Nature's Signal..!

Gray Sky is gloomy, gushing sound of Rainstorm

No birds flying, sunshine has Disappeared

Thought that dreams are washed away by the drops,

Taken away the things I've Feared

Go away is the song of moment., A magic to Perform.

Sudden downpour Unexpected

Starts and stops...Mysterious

Play and annoy with tricks is the shower so Curious

No Rain Gear..wet..wet... standing Unprotected.

Lightning, Thunder and copious Cloudbursts

Seems Nature is fuming for wrongs done by Mankind

Wake up and save Mother Nature before it Hurts

Enough of destruction..is the sound of the Spell of the Wind.

Moment to enjoy the ride, drizzle that never Stop
Go out door if you can..such is the motto of the wet stuff,
Try to go On;
Revenge for the harm to essence, until you Drop
Controlling the goings-on, wingding Gone.

Sprinkle of rain water from Sky
Cleansing dirt of deeds Done
As water washing away under the Sun
Mind and Soul ethically very High..!

Shades of Rain...each have there Feeling
For some it's..Relief from Dryness;
For some it's....Romantic....Brightness;
For some it's...Melancholy..Timeless;
For some it's...Playful pour..Finest;
For some it's...Wrathful...Silence;
For some it's...Sadistic...Biased;
For some it's...Ethical..Pious;
With a novel Meaning...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Eternity...-The Endless...!

What is the End of Being..?
Where each second is struggle to be Well-being
Leading only a abbreviated Spell
None can Tell...!

What end can a endeavor Reach..?
It's must only be a impartial Outreach..?
Where does the cosmos end..?
Only The Divine has Penned..!

What end can a fear be..?
It's triumph over it and affliction free
What end the sea way have Got..?
You nor I, nobody has ever Thought
What is the end of the Solar System..?
None can predict nor know's it., heavenly Mystic

What end the stars have met..?
You nor I, nobody know's not Yet.
What end has the critter Saw..?
Definitely.., not amaranthine., evidently Nature's Law..!

What is the end of deep blue Sky..?
You nor I, anyone know's... whence and Why
What is the end of the Sun in the Milky Way..?
You nor I, no one know's...unto the Day..!

Why mumble about the End
Until and unless it's Godsend
End is beyond Human Perception
The quest you chatter of.., is for Redemption
It's the Moment to Commend..!
Regardless of it.., appraise the precious lifetime,
At all to Spend.

Vidya Pandarinath

Oh....Snowland...!

Snow snow here and there, Pointing towards the blue Sky
Pure whitest crystal touching the Heavens;
Soft, Lanky, Frozen cloud droplets in The mackerel Sky
Lucky self, the glimpse and Blessings;

Bright sun combining the horizon to look Exceptional
Dawn begins with the fall of Pines of snow with a Glow
Enliven snow makes the air pure and Splendid
Immense Mountain's covered with the flames of Snow
Snow-wrapped Mountaintop changing there routes to and fro, Elysium in the
snowland. Oh.. it's Incredible,
Divine creation, Magical and Splendour.



PoemHunter.com

A brief Moment of glory and beauty of such lovely Sight!
Nature listening to falling snow flakes for some Reason
Sense of feeling that dream is All-Right
Fragrance of the breeze, bestowing the fusion Of joy and such a pleasing Season!

Truly a Visual Treat.., The Moment you Cannot afford to be Lost
Materialistic entity comes with a Price
Nature's Goodness available at no Cost
Scenery serenely sweet and so Nice...!

Joy-A State Of Mind...!

Joy is the instinctive Notion
By all means exhibiting our Attention

Joy is the Divine Expression
Full of hopes, Love and Affection

Joy is the courteous good Will
Shall never embitter pricking ill will

Joy is the readiness to return kindness
Without Concerning about outcome.., Surely goodness

Joy is the Fondness
Orientation of emotional, conscious and Calmness

Joy is the Compassion
Forgive and forget..living life in fashion and great Satisfaction

Joy is the Contentment
Not having any ruffled resentment

Joy is the service of Humanity
With freedom from all partiality..surely the power of Unity

Joy is the basis of Righteous
Living life with genuineness and Pious

Joy is the Acceptance

No fantasy, only real Essence

Joy is the Living each Moment
Regardless of Consequences, believing in the path chosen

Joy is the Willingness
Utmost sincerity and diligence..!

Vidya Pandarinath

What Is Love...?

Love is not what I thought...know it's something More
Love is not what I felt.... Concealed within Enclosure
Love is not what I read...puzzle at times in Store
Love is not what I heard...deep blind faith with time Exposure
Love is not what I Assumed...thunderstorm that strikes
unexpectedly Thunderbolt
Love is not what I Presumed...Process of understanding until there is Fault

Love is not what I watched.. sure intentions of fact and Funky
Love is not what I sensed.. Realization of secured Lifetime
Love is not what I saw.. Some ethereal but few Yucky
Love is not what I overheard..dreadful trickery of Time
Love is not what I fantasied. reality of over Expectation
Love is not what I speculated....Quest of cryptic Glorification

Love is not what I anticipated.. destiny is the Ace
Love is not what I liked...contingent probability of Favour
Love is not what I said.. unreliable Chase
Love is not what I smile for..Fake with pride, lost it's
original Flavor
Love is not what I cried for..Vigorously prevail over Jolt
Love is not what I ejected...popup with Revolt

Love is not what I rejected...Choice of Worthy
Love is not what I respected...manners not Ego
Love is not what I want...not illusion but values, Curtsy
Love is not what I rant... waste of time, let Go
Love is not what I acquired....learned Oneself
Love is not what I emoted...pretending Self...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Oh... Autumn...!

Luscious and majestic Leaves

Leaves..Leaves...Leaves....wholly around, true to my believes

Guise and tint distinct, silently falling Down

Glorious unfolded like a frond tapestry on the ground,
so quirk and renown.

Green, Purple, Red, Orange, Yellow, Violet, Brown

Sight that makes me Sing

Season of dimness and Joyous

Rainbow foliage on the terra firma Swing

Oh..crunching sound of leaves under my feet, Autumn is here with touch of
Royal..!

Warmest summer, coldest Winter

Altering their usual Monotony...Modestly

Indicating change from summer into wintertime, most colourful point of
time..gentle wind whisper

Autumn Equinox, cooling Oddity;

Blushing tress, smiling at the divine Ease

Birds welcoming it by their soft Mumble

Bloom dancing with the mist, in away they Please

Rustling shrubs, Nature of life..divine and humble

Wisdom, regeneration, care, grace.. inspiring my willpower to appease.

Path of silence, sweet dreams of harmony.. so natural and Whole

Breeze in well worn path of Perseverance

Flourish down the cheerful thoughts of Coherence

Unassuming moments bestow lofty delight to Soul..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Oh..Kashmir....!

The crest of an ancient hallowed Land,
Abode of happy smiling river- crease,
Where blessing, tall reflecting cliffs stand
Caressed by enlivening cool breeze...
This is a true heavenly dream- vale
But what would one choose here:
Make honey out of nectar: be a bee,
Or Dragon-like blow out fire of malice free
And devastate the Eden-like Elysium glee?
For Disobedience threw out even He,
The Man and the Woman of the Forbidden Tree.....
Will humanity regain the lost pleasures now in the dale?

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Oh..! You And I

You are the Sunshine
I want to follow.. as your Mine

You are the Aspiration
I want to accomplish with full Dedication

You are the Music
I want to relish the essence of it Exclusive

You are the Starlight
I want to always walk along with you, as you make me feel
Alright

You are the Moonlight
I want to arise from murk,
shall never be out of Sight

You are the Heart's Delight
I want to cherish this source of calmness Outright

You are the Voice
I want to hear again and again to Rejoice

You are the Feeling
I want to have belief,
that trust has not lost its Meaning

You are the Heart Beat
I want to sincerely treasure, you're so
pure and serenely Sweet

You are the Mysterious
I want to puzzle out the entity,
certainly not in the style of imperious

You are the Thought
I want to behold to feel, reasons, destiny Brought

You are the Song
I want to hum for whole life Long

You are the Dance
I want to jump about, forthwith in Prance

You are the Moment
I want to honor eternally, as the
divinity has already Chosen

You are the Words
I want to listen and look Towards

You are the Dream

I want to wish for wonderful perspective and Self Esteem

You are the Daylight

I want to thrive and shine very Bright

You are the Bond of Amity

I want to value, care and live Happily

You are the Colours of Bliss

I want to glow and celebrate each and every minute
as sweet as.. like This

Oh...Yeah...You are the One

I want to Promise and have faith till life is Done..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Days Pattern.....!

Days are like Music Set it;
Rhythm, will give melody to your Life
Strength to confront, in times of strife
Direction to lead as your intuition thinks fit..!

Tomorrow will be literature that's evergreen
Unfolding our imaginations, thoughts so honest, realistic and clean
Yesterday was mathematics, Counting our acts done to other persons
Recompense...as God feels you deserve it..for certain;

Today Is Information Technology
Data of our Virtue is stored, retrieval at the time of
payback for Actions done, with utmost modesty
Principles of Life guided by Laws of Nature
Really get what you are worthy, as a Creature.!

Living Life with utmost Nobility
Not for fear of others, but for own self Essence
Our goodness follows our coming days, exemplary Presence
Thanking the Divinity for showing the Path of Humility..!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Unfortunate Fly.!

The restless fly had a bad day
Flying here and there all hay;
It choose to land nowhere
And escaped every waving hand there,
But was incessant in his feat

He then got frenzied in flight -rip,
Choose to sit on the tippler 's nose tip,
Even on his careless unclean lip,
Mingling the slaver with the sweat;
He slapped himself rather rough and oddly

The playful fly now choose the boy
Who had long been droning for a toy
He slapped his son's left cheek
With all malice against the freak;
The little one shocked, stopped his obstinate cry

The victor then made him dance
Around and instantly in a prance,
And jumped into the tea cup hot
Lo..! ecstasy dawned on his wry, face -knot
And he powered his hands in a serial clap

His watching wife knew so well
That He had nothing to door spell
For such a thoughtless, disowning sot;
Crackle - easing her mind with fingers a lot

And withdrawing, she muttered: Oh My God..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Oh Nightingale...! - My Unseen Friend

Afar across Hearing a melodious voice
In the Dawn of June...The unseen friend
chirpy..! chirpy...! is the tune..I hear you and rejoice.
Kuhu...kuhu....brings smile on my face with thoughts contend..!

The songster from thick green bushes
Singing only for me.. such is the feeling
whistles, quavering, warbling, in way a.. granting all
my wishes..!
Is this real or am I dreaming?

The Unseen Friend goes with a promise to return next
morning
Oh..Nightingale...! will eagerly wait for your natural
Song Of Epitome...!
Your sonorous tune subjugate all other noises... making nature's
purity more adorning
Motivating me to jump through all the obstacles.. skillfully, brilliantly and with
dignity!

Vidya Pandarinath

My Niece Naina And My Nephew Neil..!

Two Diamonds Sparkling

Their Sweet talks fill the ambience with Happiness

Miles apart from me, Yet very much Heartening

Their love cannot be estimated.. that's my Niece and Nephew, I am the Happiest..!

Lovely Smile with Dimples

Both are Good, Kind and Generous

Genius Niece Naina...Smart Nephew Neil..Genuine and Simple

Active and Eveready for any adventure with cleverness

Both are the real Treasure

Gifted to me by God, True Friendship for Lifetime

A bond that's beyond any measure

A Feeling that brings joy to my life..All the time

Pretty, Intelligent and Tech-savvy Niece

Smart, optimistic and Charming Nephew

Combination of champions, sportive and Nice

Always Proud of you both.... God Bless You...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Moment This Moment...!

Silence isGold

Tune into this Precious Moment

Eternal bliss...., TrulyDivineto Behold

Serenity is the most inestimable Bestowment...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Divine Voice..!

In set forms and shapes in order,
In ordained expressions and gestures small,
Lies the real treasure of pleasure;
Conduct of restraint and discipline in normal measure
Words soft, clear and never so tall
Mark the ideal life well within the border.

If the mind could be all clear
About the actions, ideas and their choice
All pursuits hard and soft, or null
Find their traces and are rendered full;
And a timely, just and bold Voice
Is heard patting the back and calling you: "Dear"!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Toiling Mother....!

This morn I saw her as ever
Wrangling with her rather slack son
Asking him to join hands
With herintilling thelands;
She believed in work- - real hard one,
To exact great yield for all;
He flatly refused and left to sever
From her shouting from behind
She lost not her hope nor mind,
Nor even her Will to do it in full,
Clinching her hands she brought
To gather her flying hair in a knot,
Creased the loose end of her coarse saree
And fastened it up and set out to carry
The work-load with her latent strength
All alone in the field of stretched length.



PoemHunter.com

At sun-set on my way back round
The curious mind just found her
Reposing against a rugged tree;
She sipped some drops of water in spree
As I held out my friendly bottle
And casting a lively smile
She said" What a good child ";
I did not mind her hands soiled
Though they caressed my face;
Then she stretched out her left arm above
And waved on the other side;
She broke in and added now:
"Don' t you worry dear I will finish ";
" That up by this time tomorrow ";

She paused and said with a sigh:
" Mother Earth needs love and attention "
" But her children let her down "
She was content with my smiling nod
And I left turning round
While a few drops rolled down
My cheeks: I wonder why.....?

Vidya Pandarinath

The Prism Of Intention..!

All shades are, for sure
Lovelier than their base colour
Silent thoughts are demure
Until disturbed by psychic valour
A smile, meaningless and dull
And an act which is stupid
Are yet complacent and full
Despite being null and insipid;
All gestures and modes of being
Come up comely, sane and lucid
While honest goodness does spring
Through the prism of intent placid.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Brave Soldiers....! Salute To Our Soldiers.

Protecting the MotherLand

As guardians of all citizens, Ever strong to withstand

Flood, disasters in feats and yatras, Ever - ready to combat

Regardless of their strain or format;

Always on duty, committed duly

For them the Nation is first truly

Leaving behind their loved ones

For the sake of everyone

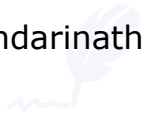
Hot, cold, wind, enemy nothing can stop them

Brave Soldiers of our country, a real Gems

Long Live their selfless Love

Sacrifice far beyond, and above.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Oh...Anthropos..!

Indeed...! This is a noble sphere
With all lot-water, fire and air;
Creatures visible or not find here
Their place, form and mode dear;
Everything is ruled under Divine Flare
Of Nature's Laws to work forever...!
No discordance, nor defiance blunt
Can ever take the silly human, beyond
Splinters and shatters; but diffuse
Him to be lost in the dust stunt;
How strange that such a non-entity
Aye poses to be the master divinity..!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Divinity...!

In the Early Dawn upsurging Sun
I See You...!

In the Grazing Cows.., one by one
I See You..!

In the Blooming, dazzling coloured corolla matching none
I See You...!

In the Dew drops on the edges of the green grass;
Crystal clear thoughts has begun
I See You...!

In the "chirping" and "singing" of Birds..one-on-one
I See You...!

In the small stream moving indirection,
Competing with me to Run
I See You...!

In the colour colour Leaves of Trees,
Beholding it is the blessed one
I See You...!

In the breath of fresh air,
Motivating all challenges can be won
I See You..!

In the zigzag moving clouds..,
Teaching me to achieve my goal with fun
I See You...!

In the shining Moon peeping through the window
Saying with a smile, the day is done
I See You...!

In the Twinkling Stars, blessing from sky
Saying "You are the Most "Loved one

I See You...!

All in All Divinity is in oneself,
Happiness of each and everyone
I See You...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Golden Rays Of The Sunshine..!

Sun emerging from dazzling Blue Sky
Staring at Me..but I cannot dare to out stare the sparkling Sunshine
Delightful of the day, so Divine
Mounts my confidence so high

New Aspiration brings the aureate Rays
Impel self to dream, try to attain with sincerity
Cosmos.., blessing the moment of fortuity, for eternity
Go along with upshot, with a promising path Always



PoemHunter.com

Glistening.., is the heavenly being Sun
So many things all around
Grace on all richly profound
Although... sense of feeling.. I am the Most Loved One..!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Little Bliss...!

Not in minutes, hours or a day
Is life splendid and great
But in moments rare and short
With impact vivid and smart
Left behind to linger and stay
Content and snug forever, for long;
Things are charming and lofty
Not in blatant bulk, size or load
But in grains, pinch or slice- mode;
The beauty of an ocean hefty
Lies set in its raging droplets little
While every rock and boulder brittle
Shapes up the grandeur of a hill
Goodness sprays out of all actions
That are earnest, noble and divine
Despite being trivial, little gestures.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Oh!The Reviver Morn

The oriental golden beam
Caresses the slumberousearth
Sliding slowly the darknesssoft
Chirping andtwittering muse
Fills and overflows thecorporealseam
Charging all thingswith sensuousmirth
As ifsome Magician 's wandis aloft...!
Infusing live-lustre in the dew -dipped hues
Living freshness oozes outalike
In the big and greator, a tiny spike....

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Days Bygone..!

Counted days have gone by now
True it is that moments stop not,
Motley are the ways of the world;
Scenes change with the mood and hurled-
Thoughts as they are all around shot;
Newness shrouds the Dead - old, somehow

Miss Time Hauteur in all her put uppride
Flashes cat walk downandacross
The Cosmicstageof luring Infinity,
Which finally tendsto destination Vanity;
Things are caught up in the toss
To face the test of the tide....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Oneself With Nature...!

Clouds..oh.Clouds.. silvery and in specific contour with grace
Moving in the blue Sky... at their own pace
Self - feeling, moving along with me
Mighty, guiding with prompting virtue and glee

Running behind green trees informs, proud
The coconut tree touching the shattered cloud
Along my journey, point to point from afar, yet so near:
Thoughts of hope, ease, all clear

Dancing clouds have the brightSun smiling-
Hide andseek.. a moment there and here..with silverlining;
Magical Nature beholds the zeal
Indeed a dayofpure, splendid to feel!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Mind...! !

A calm, and Disciplined mind
Is perhaps second only to God;
It is housed in a Divine pod -
Ready, with seeds of noble kind,
To permeate promptings sane,
Beautiful, true and honest;
Brightness that emanates is blest;
Thoughts and happenings do ordain
Every slight, simple corporal movement;
Seeking Him elsewhere is being stupid -
A pursuit - void, profane and insipid
Concluding in disillusion and lament....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Dawn Scene..!

First Sight..!

Bunch of cows along with their calves..spread out

Grazing..Sparring.. Truly The Moment of Delight

Slowly..Slowly...they go the other route..!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The' Umbra '

The sleek shadow of woe
Hangs on the sneaky back
Like the heavy cloudrack
And darkens the hope-glow

Doubt and suspicion chase
Stealthily into the domain
Of Peace, drive and drain
All mirth out of the mind-base

The mobile shadow of fear
Possesses the empowered whole
And prompts the escaped Soul
To bow down before Fate's sneer

The huge shadow of death
Hides and haunts the being
Tossing the cherished greed sling
Across the puffed image of breath.....

Vidya Pandarinath

Shadow..! !

It Begins with an Inspiration
With an illogical connection
It speaks for one's diligence and Actions
It follows the thoughts Silently
Gloomy layer between the Light
And Shade with improved Perspective
Heighten the illusion as Prospective

The Conscious Mind.... murky vision
It Reflects the Real from Superficial
Like the Fame going along with the Goodness
It is the Mirror image without Modification
It is the Divine Perfection
Of Past, Present and Future
Shadow Alone. resides in the globe for Timelessness..!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Divine Berry.....The Jamun..! !

Oh Berry...Oh Berry...Summer Exquisite
Colossally shiny bluish-purple colour
Waiting for the season to arrive as a Requisite
Awaiting Just as a True Lover...!

Ovoid shaped....pulpy pink mellow flavor
Leaves, bark, seed, pulp.. A pious feature
Bestowed fruit by Mother Nature
From Decoration, Medicine to Ritual offerings.. Natural Elixir
featured....!

Pleasure of eating, sense of purity and rejuvenation
Feeling Blessed to taste the fruity berries nobility
Worthwhile and full of gratification!
Truly a symbol of prosperity, perpetuity, stability..!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Colours...!

Colours of Freedom
Colours of Wisdom
Colours of Selfdom
Colours of Blossom

Colours of Inspiration
Colours of Aspiration
Colours of Motivation
Colours of Innovation

Colours of Celebration
Colours of Satisfaction
Colours of Creation
Colours of Gratification

Colours of Prosperity
Colours of Sincerity
Colours of Solidarity
Colours of Eternity

ColoursofPurity
ColoursofVerity
ColoursofIntegrity
ColoursofSimplicity

Colours ofDevotion
Colours ofAppreciation
Colours ofDedication
Colours of Acceptation

Colours of Victory
Colours of Divinity
Colours of History
Colours of Tranquility

Coloursof Viability
Coloursof Jollity

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Coloursof Humility
Colours ofLiberality

Vidya Pandarinath

Hippocrene

It rained and rained and rained
Heavily in pursuit setting purity
With ablution, serenity and quietude- -
As though there was a real wash;
Things looked true and neat,
Every bit of dust and excess heat,
Cornered turmoil and weird bash,
Fearful gestures and withdrawn solitude
Like some phenomenal rarity
Had all been to a Deep, drained;
The mind like Pegasus spurred
Gallops and floats atop the peak
In the wilds of mountainous fancy - -
Perfection, poise and pensive buoyancy
In all thought sand forms to seek;
The Soul is then expressively heard;
The Divine abode of Inspiration
Lies in rectitude, freshness and sublimation

Vidya Pandarinath

Reward And Regard

The slow rising sun spills out bright,
Lively colours and shades, across
The distant spongy, gliding greenery;
Birds and bees enliven the scenery,
Dragon- flies, like war planes toss
But mean no death and destructive fight!
The pathway wind sand is lost
Beyond sight and behind the deep dell;
Early toilers seek sense in living;
Men of sloth in comely dreams bring
Fate and Luck with in their cozy shell
Of chosen sleep, and freeze like frost
Urging that God loves those who accept
With Patience anything showered on them:
Strange it is that they with content rest
With what they find and what they get
Or that their sloth on them is bent
Rather too heavily with set phlegm
To retract from vision and in dullness be left

The weaver -bird doth pick and twine
With vigour, hope and measured skill
Shaping his warmth and confidence to offer
Into a strong hanging home and swing proper;
A real wonder with his powered bill -
The all-purpose turbine so...divine!
She hop sand flies round the abode small
Reasons not, nor cares for his behest
And cocking her beak chooses to desert
Rejecting him in wholeness, and in pride, hurt
So deep that he untwines the nest,
And with greater agility devastates it all....
The vessel of Life is driven by Choice and Pick
But Chance pilots it with his dexterous flick..!

Vidya Pandarınath

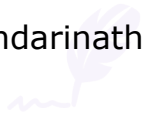
To The Stars....! !

Oh! Thou Glittering Objects in the Sky;
May I know when you came and why?
Oh! The Bright Twinkling Luminous Object in the Space
Quicken thy pace in Ethereal Milky Way, with a special grace

Oh! Thou Distinguished Creature
Don't peep through the window, surmised to know my future...!
Let ME be in an Unseen Shadow
Which makes ME think of my Dreams with glow;
And Know the way to cross allHalo, deep thoughts of Right and Wrong
And the Stars shall Sing a Soothing Song....!

The Soft Stars giggle at every pause, Blessed with the Look
That Touches ever, the life of every nook
And Promises the mood as never to swerve
A genuine.. " The Good Life " I Deserve.....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Faith..!

Lost and latent
Within the uneasy crust
Dark and deep
Some where lies the hard-stone
Of lustre: yet to be
Scooped, chisel led and cut,
Shaped best to be am out
The lumina of Faith
Driving out all fear
Sorrow, arid breath and drear;
The miner Soul awaits
To burrow down and grope
Around with daub
Scratch and choke....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Greed

They dug hard and deep
Down the grabbed ground plot
To raise a selfish structure -project;
Source and resource all set
To squeeze riches out of the common lot;
Showed up bones dry and loose -
Silent and helpless, hollow grin
And stare of the bare skull
Sneak impulses and feelings dull
Of some lost pursuit and vanity null
Persisted beyond the burial recluse;
Questions simple and complex
Kept raiding the restless Reason:
Everything gained or made is lost -
The beginning and the end;
Man can smite, kill a thousand
Thousand living shapes and tear a sunder
Yet it is a helpless wonder:
How a distorted human skeleton
Could perturb all quietude.....
In time, place and purpose..! !

Vidya Pandarinath

Sunflower - - Ode To The Giant Flower...! ! ! ! !

Oh..! The Symbol of Constancy
Shining and Assigning the treads of Sun
With Pride, Glory and Novelty
The Path Of Golden Light..matching None

Yellow Petals With Green Leaves
Standing Tall Joy to heed
Oscillating Softly in the breeze.... lofty believes
Making the Garden Elate of its Presence, Indeed..!

Dancing and Blooming by its Own
Intensifying its Disk of Golden Rays
Faith, Progressiveness, Happiness and Well-known
A Treat to Vision, Godly Praise

Greeting Everyone with Shimmering Smile
Awesome Reflection Of the Sun
Nature is complete with You and Your Stupendous Style
Oh..! Gigantically Golden rayed flower, you're cherished
by everyone.....! !

Vidya Pandarinath

The Peacock....! ! ! ! !

Mother Nature's Creation Striking Loyally;
Decor, Land, Seawith the Belief of Serene andGlee
Afar across I see a group of Peacocks pose Royally
Majestically moving.., Spellbind shouted I.. ' Oh My God '....Whoopee..!

The Proud Bird withOrnamental Royal BlueCrown
Black Eyes, Blue, Green and BrownPrismaticFeathers...!
The Symbol of Grace, Immortality, Heavenly Down
Divine Powers of Knowledge, Purity and Protection Together

Thyselffeel Lucky, Thoughts of Fancy Rain Dance
MesmerizinglyUnfurls its Thousand Opaline Eyespots, Heavenly Arch
Refurbishing Faith in Oneself, NobilityandJoy Enhance
Overwhelming Jollity, Virtuous and Veracity Emerge.....!

Vidya Pandarinath



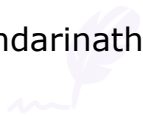
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Prayer To The Creator.....God.....!

Oh my Creator, My prayer shall be to face Angst, not to runaway from it
My prayer shall be to over come grief, not to surrender to it
My prayer shall be to enjoy freedom, not to the fear of losing it
My prayer shall be to the harmony of Mother Nature, not to imbalance it
My prayer shall be to come out of dilemma, not to yield to it
My prayer shall be to gain knowledge, not to conjecture it
My prayer shall be to rescind ego, not to enforce it
My prayer shall be to goodness confer, not to disgrace it
My prayer shall be to overrule limitations, not to confine to it
My prayer shall be to genuine and just, not to fake it

God Bestow me with the determination
To stand-up for all that is ethical,
And with complete dedication
To be fearless and equable...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

A Percept Of Death

Sorted event spurs the trotting thought
Rippling out numband mute a feeling;
Excerpted scenes in shreds and patches
Form the collage in motley matches;
Fear sends the bravest, kneeling
And broken-down into non-entity and dust;
Virtual and real images combine forth reeling;
The Pastruns in to the presents lot,
Things broken, and spilled blood,
The dry skull and the dislodged bone,
Resonantly chime around the weird knell
Yet, the strange breeze brings forth
The delicious aromaof the living wild bloom
A new form emerges and shapes itself into Hope..!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Snail..... The Fearless

Intense weather, cool and soggy
Composed smell of Soil
Sense of exaggeration, quietly moving snail, gliding in its style sloppy
On the Wall, with Sluggish pace, facing Nature's Turmoil

Tiny form, fearless of falling
Sure of its sticking ability,
Taking its time and enjoying crawling
Slow yet resolutely moving with humility

Come what may be, is its attitude
Struggling against all struggle
Intellect nor ascendancy, mere focus of this solitude
Gutsy fellow tackles the trouble

Protecting self from antagonist
Lazy but certainly handles the transition
Timely withstands the Challenge, true agonist
Purposefulness to Live in any condition...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Sin

The Mind out of Satanic filth
Composes itself into a lost beast
To giggle and chase to infinity ,
The sensuous sins sensing foul ;
The heavy and seedy movement
Of the hyena reaches the unaware prey,
And the biting and chewing frenzy
Blows up into a wild, satiating feast...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Frog And The Moth...! !

A Frog sat on a floating,
Spread-out lotus leaf
Croaking, quacking and musing
As it meditated in grief
Over its escaped prey - -
A funny moth, dull as its colour
Flying criss- cross, chose a grey
Spot to spread its wings in valour.
'Try again' said the hunter fond,
Jumped with a calculation
And the want-wit, lack-lustre gall
Was just missed - - the emulation
Favoured the prey as the pond
Received the lump of the fall...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Breeze..Oh....Breeze...! ! ! ! !

Stormy winds blowing high
Bunch of parrots hovering in the Blue-sky
Red-whiskered Bulbul, Robin, crow, Nightingale., Owl.....fly..fly
chirp...squawk...caw...coo.chirrup..tu-whit tu-who..!

Rock 'n' Roll of green grass, leaves and tress
Dancing to the tunes of blowing breeze
Anything and Everything full of zest and ease
chirp...squawk... caw...coo..chirrup...tu-whit tu-who..!

Sun shower, Rain drops touching landscape
Birds orchestrate at background, Whiff of the soil so refreshing, fairly Dreams
cape;
State of Supreme bliss and renovate
chirp...squawk..caw....coo..chirrup..tu-whit tu-who..!

Bushes moving to and fro
Shaken by giant wind, yet it remains unruffled and glow
Serene and composed, teaching me to be focused, upgraded
and let it go
chirp...squawk...caw...coo...chirrup...tu-whit tu-who..!

Vidya Pandarinath

Dew Drops..!

Cock-crowing moment, jiffy thoughts of Silence
Sun peeping amidst the silvery clouds hovering across the Blue sky
Sparkling dew drops on green lawn, like little diamonds
Sense of freedom, perceptibly flying High

Cool breeze of jollity, gentle touch of stability
Smell of soil, Crystal -Clear thoughts of divine nature
Rainbow flash on the dew drops, Classic Tranquillity
Lavish Sight of fortune, a earthy picture....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Crow....!

Early Morning, Sun and half moon Raising high in the blue sky
Standing at the window i see a crow.... Caw..Caw..Caw...!
Picking small sticks, flying in straight line..ply..ply..ply
Deftly carry through its task with gambol, Without any Flaw..!

Hopping, Sliding on the Awning
Playing, full of energy, Smartly Cheering oneself
Feels like its saying Good Morning.....!
Visual treat to see this Intelligent divine creature, blessed self...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Purple -The Colour

Purple the Colour So Vigorous
Makes Every Moment Feel So Gracious
A Tangible Expression of Ingenuous and Virtuous
Draw forth Caprice that's Royally Glorious
Exemplifications of our Profound Ideas Perspicaciously
Team up with Knowledge and Power Sumptuously
Benevolent Amethyst Colour Manifests the SOUL
With Sensitivity and Humility without any FOUL
Promote Aesthetic Quality of Emotions and Ability
Unsurpassed my Favourite Colour PURPLE
Having Great Influence time after time to GIGGLE
Ultimate Aspiration of GODLY Creativity...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Gold.....! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Glittering Lively Reddish Yellow, Oh GOLD....!
Luxurious Nobel Metal , Soft And Pride to Hold
Unaffected by most Bases, Reliable , Light to Mould
Oh GOLD..! Oh GOLD..! Valuable, Dazzling and Bold..!

Power of Resisting , Easy Smelting , Distinct Colour;
Resists Acids , Dissolved by ' Royal Water '!
Generally desired Precious Metal , Extravagance of Jewelry Lover ;
Oh GOLD..! Oh GOLD...! Often in Style from Mother to Daughter...!

Transitional Wealth , The Mark of Prestige...!
Quest for Divine Love, Refined and Eternity ;
Emotional Bond, Advance with Time to Each Legacy Elite ;
Oh GOLD..! OH GOLD..! The Symbol of Victory : The Winner Certainly.

Vigorous Equalizer , The Cultural Asset..!
Pure and Sacred , Great Pious Essence ;
Investment for the Future, A Valid Bet;
Oh GOLD..! Oh GOLD...! Embodiment of Faith and Heavenly Presence...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Rose... The Epitome Of Conspicuousness....!

Distinct Colours and Class

Silky Petals, Feeling of heavenly Pass;

Sweet-Smelling bloom

Oh...! Rose the Epitome of Conspicuousness, out from Gloom;

Perfection and Love is Red

Genuine, specified depth of esteemed thoughts Unsaid;

Grace and Royalty is Purple

Magical first sight, direct path to the Soul for being Eternal;

Gentle and Contented is Pink

Free from Pretence, Point out the Sensitive Worth of Sole without any blink;

Vigorous and Foreseeable is Orange

Harmonious way to divulge the Willingness with full knowledge;

Pristine and Diligent is White

Refined Style to reliving thoughts in Quite;

Good Will and Gladness is Yellow

Pure Life-Long Friendship with the Loyal Fellow;

Simplicity and Perseverance is Peach

Gentle token of Realization, for been their at time and within Reach;

Fascination and Magnificent is Cream

With Intention of Concern, Amity being Supreme;

Without Exception, Unique Colours with Exquisite Message

One, Two, Twelve or More Roses, Is Highly Impressive;

Truly the Goddess of Flower, Generating a Rosy Smile

Timeless Bloom of Faith, Equity, Pious and Versatile....!

Vidya Pandarinath

Rose..Oh..Rose..!

Flora's prolific, luxuriant child Rose
Dear to the eyes and the nose
Among all feelings to pose
And mediate, the least said
Yet the best expressions made
Single or in clusters laid
Redness renders all so easy and perfect...!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Rose...!

Unique in colours, form and order
Pleasing the mind, charging the eyes
Euphonic note of haunting flies
Transcending the spirit yond the null border;
Olfactory impulses petrify the corporal flux
Juicy smack of virtual, gustatory delicacy
And the tactile bliss of cool - warm efficacy
Takes the pentagon of senses to flight de luxe,
As the half-open, curves of the Rosy-smiles manifest !

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Hello Moon....!

Amidst the dark sky, shining is The Full Moon
Feeling so Lucky and Blessed
Oh.....! so Big, Shiny and Boon
Gentle breeze of rarity, Moment Evidently The Best

Un-get-at-able, Yet Very Much Wishful
Luminous Rays of Hope, Confidence and Divine Veracity
Fear of Darkness Vanishes, Seem Blissful
Inspiring to Fulfill Dreams with Vivacity....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Cycle Of Change.....!

Cracking flashes , roaring thunder and the rain,
Tickling drizzles , shower or the heavy pour
Rinse the corroded hill and the earthly gore,
Dressing all man made wounds and stain;
Sprouts, and all greenery greet the smiling Sun
Diffusing the weird lingering and pleasing smell,
Sensuous Flora blooms in the vibrant spell,
The vigorous essence of life finds its robust run.
Cruel winter, wrinkled, grey-eyed has her sadistic way
Hanging fog, cutting blizzard , choking breath
Ever eager to tick the chart of death;
The fall of withered leaves or the snowy lay,
The denuded boughs and the shrunk dry life ,
Inscribe depression: Yet will the Victor Strife
Ensure to bring back and restore the loss!

The essential Spring brings forth sweet
Breath, incense and colours of bliss,
To charge and rejuvenate with kiss,
Entities big, small, shabby and neat;
Cool breeze pleases the senses matching the odd
And the even thoughts and things,
Like the avian flights flapping their wings
To float, balance, dive and plod;
The earth and the Heavens know no bounds
As the base bubble of joy blows up into infinity
And the agreeable, with the irksome finds amity,
While worded music is tuned out of signal sounds !

Vidya Pandarinath

Love - Path Of Divine Purity

Love is a Song of Devotion
Feeling of Cherished Emotion
Thought of Notion Without Division
Bonding of Natural Affection

Love is a Charisma of Esoteric Delight
Reasoning without any Justification
Giving Soul a Sense of Sight
Courage to defeat any Demarcation

Love is the Starlight
Conquest of the Silent Darkness
Connecting Hearts with an Unseen Light
Enlightened by Virtue of its Smartness

Love is the Path of Divine Purity
Sincerity, Reliance, Endearment
Only Reality not a mere Temperament
The Utmost Truth that Ensures Surety

Vidya Pandarinath

The Uneasy Painting

It is a painting hung
On the obvious wall in an eating place:
The deer, in the air sprung
And the heavy tiger in close landing
On it with playful paws ,
Sharp teeth and eager jaws ;
Beneath and around the tease,
Is all greenery and breeze
Inclining the tall grass tender
Leeward, to mark the surrender !
Perchance the painter hails the victor
In all freshness, colour and sector;
Yet is there a lost moment
Of hope, terror and lament
Against wild sport and winning ecstasy
Innocent, harmless beauty
Would be a warm prize bounty!
Oh.. the immortal moment of terror
And the latent vision of horror -
The wild feast that is to follow.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

Avarice

They fought - loud and foul,
Single and the family - all;
And even their pets barking loose,
Offsprings frowning and twisting nose -
Digging the greed of possession !
None was wise enough to believe
That those who build without His Sanction
Gain naught but end in vain.....
Each asserted , he was right
And the land on which he stood his height
And gazed across with infinite din,
Belonged just to him and his kin;
The wind blowing, the pouring rain
The hot sun and every strain
Raged them and they fought hard
With hands, sticks and sharp steel
Till one day they were found with cheek-weal,
In the court boxes, bound by the Law;
Word for word, and the see-saw,
Someone else got what they claimed;
All their content and peace was maimed
Possession changed for sure as ever ;
On everything stood a newly set tower;
Now visitors tread on every spot
Where each litigant forbade the other's blot
Great lands and boundless an empire
Have found dilapidation and fire,
Erasing and re-marking on the chart
Of amoebic map on the whole or in part.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

Agony And Ecstasy

Sorrows seek a hide-out sly,
As the clouds of pain gather
Over the irritant craggy land
Of lures and, of...failures;
A shaking inner quiver
Cracks open the lava.
Pleasure fountain springs and sprinkles
A like a strange elation -
Tears gleaming ecstasy
While robust dry laughter
Peals out of the cynic mouth.....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Nose

True it is that the nose
' In its place and in itself'
Lends identity and charm
To the face.....
Of course it leads the bearer
To the place
Of search, classing the sniff,
Besides filling the breath-bags;
Its greatness and redness appear
Only when one gets cold
Or disturbed
And it is mean
When it is being poked
In others ' affairs.

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Water, Oh Water....!

Little dew drops toss
On the blades of grass,
Dance with pearly sheen ;
Roaring cascade spills clean
The colour-bow to adorn
The deep vale beneath borne;
The rustling playful water
Enlivens, flowing along with splatter;
Falling from the laden skies,
The droplets soothe and slake
The tired, thirsty soil flake;
Being the only last feed
For the dying mouth in need -
Yet in excess and out of the way,
May presage the allusive Doomsday....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Tree

Carried by a bird or the wind, the seed
Might have found its desolate way,
On this invincible weird, hill-top,
Chance spray led to its sprout;
Then found the life-force stout,
Stood its ground piercing the rocky chop -
Through its crevice and crack stay,
Unyielding in its strife with a huge lead,
And finally stand fast as a life-module,
Housing and sheltering the transient avian lot;
Strength and trophy are, in action manifest
As numerous eyes and mouths enjoy best
Striving against the hostile, not losing to rot
Being of essential use is concordance with Nature's Rule.....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Form And Harmony

Clay finds its desired form
And use on a potter- wheel noddle,
Lustre metals are molten
Cast, moulded and beaten
To yield desired rich charm;
Rough rock is chiselled, cut
And ground to make an inspiring idol;
Colours, fragrance and inner sweet
Make a fruit the pick of choice;
Inner bruise is healed with soft-worded voice
Harsh admonitions and punishment
Fail where effects the pricking sarcasm;
Between the coarse outside and the modest in side
Dwell s the strange rhythm of harmony;
Enclosing darkness might inwardly enlighten,
And binding space may lead to infinity,
As the Soul reaching Perfection
Concurs with the cosmic source.....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Jumbos ' Day

Amidst Sparkling Spell Arrives
The Festival of Prosperity and Conquest,
Filling Each Soul with Divine Joy of Surprise
Wickedness Triumphed, by the Virtuous is the Longest

The Royal Palace, filled with audience to View the Jumbos' Excellence;
Folk Dancers, Music Bands, Dance Groups, Colourful Tableaux
Vigorous Jumbo Carries, The Idol of Goddess in the Golden Howdah with
Elegance;
Other Jumbos , Camels, Horses follows it in a Flow

The Procession Proceeds in a Lengthy Way
Applauding Crowd at Each Circle and at Steeple
Majestic Pachyderms Accomplishes its duty in a Array
A Visual Treat, The Victory of Good over Evil.....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Fear.....!

Beneath all thoughts and feeling,
Deep down, at the bottom of all
Dwells the obsessive shadow called Fear--
Of losing something, or getting the unwanted;
It keeps the incongruous mind haunted;
Things real, noble, elite and dear
Are rendered awesome, sickly and gall
Senses are lost beyond all healing
Faith is shattered and righteous prompts recede.
Oh God's chosen Creation, let this not lead.....!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Miss Gingerly And Mr Capsicum

They knew her for pretty long and well
Fair and lovely, fit and obstinate,
Long legs, comely smile and measured gait,
Managed never to cross the average weight,
Not exactly beautiful, Yet could cast a spell
On all men between teen and the grave.

Some soft-ware lad badly did handle
His own project, seeing this brisk lass -
Chance meeting and glances over spectacle-glass,
Came his love appeal in a dramatic bass;
She smiled and nodded as the candle
Flickered on her face and shinning eyes!

Not many days passed and they began
Shouting, clawing, posing and pecking ego;
Each was wrong; but none thought so.....
Something was missing, but how to know?
Who had to yield- the wife or the man?
Gestures and shouts turned into fights!

Throws and wild sporting, with pillows or pots
And the sleepless hours, days dry- - -
Things toppled and did scattered lie;
Frowns, lip curves and cry and sigh!
Then, set apart and joined the singled lots,
Never again to seek peace or pleasure!

If ties be enlivened with a cardinal smile
Honouring the opposites that effected the attraction,
Integers would not then be a fraction;
Content is sought in such a strange concoction
Of the strong and weak, the lofty and the vile:
Moments make life, as droplets form an ocean!

Disobedience apart, Reason poses anew: who is to blame
For the Fall - Adam, Eve, the Fruit or Satan?

A Graph For Aunt Betsey

Aunt Betsey (R. I.P) was once neat -
And all lovely charm and form
Before she got into wedlock;
Soon all was lost in a storm
When her man took his stock
And vanished never again to meet.

There was unwilling flesh and weight
And her lovely gait, people praised,
Changed into an odd waddle;
Her lost glamour could never be traced,
Long neglected face was a raddle -
She was polite and never did slate.

She worked for him through all,
Doted and cared for his comfort;
His cruelty and all lavish deal
Never did her touch or hurt:
The blows had left many a weal;
Beside her he stood, evil and small.

Now she is gone beneath an epitaph;
Beauty may be marked on either side
Of cipher: all charm and amorous nodes
Dotted against each of the axes glide -
Me an and base gestures of all modes
Stipple a sullen concurrent linear love- graph!

Vidya Pandarinath

Existence...!

Across the field of millet's,
Beyond the range of vision
There is an infected hill-
A rocky mountain torn
With gelatin and powder
And eaten up with hammer,
Chisel and wounding crowbar
Or with giants pounded and crushed.
Yes! it goes on as ever
Man has to roll on a flat road,
Breathe safely in a vertical block
So kill this long - standing entity!



Centuries have receded in to oblivion,
Gone are those moments of ecstasy
When a human soul found
Some divine shape or purging sanctity
That urged the hands to carve
A charming statue or set
The sanctum of sublime art
With the scattered rocks and the very
Hammer, chisel but sensing fingers!

Remorselessly grinning greed,
And coarsely tamed breed
Of existence have blotted the liquid
Of feeling and dried up the root;
The huge Tree of Life creaks

Balancing it self awfully where it stands.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Spider Mind....!

In a select corner
Far from the common reach
The creature jumps and scuttles
To secrete and weave
A formal web of charm
To allure and lure the prey
And end up beating in vain;
Often unwieldy, big
Things get entangled
And carry down
The dreamy deceptive design;
Oh! if it were to be
Like a neat, sweet bee
Culling out of the elite flora
The best, only to give out honey!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Smiles....!

Index of the facial nod,
Just a gesture or a prod ?
Like ripples gliding
On the surface form -
Gentle thoughts hiding
In the mind's abstract nook
It appears and vanishes ;
Toothy and toothless
Chubby, the wide-eyed ones,
The conceited or the deceitful
Or the smirk of disgust -
The smile rumples the face.
Petty, enigmatic bloom
Of an infant misleads
And tends to please
An affiliate onlooker.
The comely content and relief
On a child's fused face,
The sly conceding gesture
In a youth's affected leer,
The measured pragmatic grin
Of the business lips prim!
And the blankness in the jeer
Of a cold, stiff corpse!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Circle

A Shape curious and neat,
Space of even - expanse from the centre,
Key to cosmic content and form,
The circle is always the mind's delight,
In infinite numbers making a sphere;
Petals have a choice of colour,
Fruits and nuts of various flavours - -
All are set in a regular ring;
A whirlpool or a growing surface ripple,
Is like a lover's rave going around,
Yet only a closed curve makes it complete .

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

Water, The Marvel.....!

Little droplets of rain
Sprinkled from the sky
Enlivens things that scattered lie,
With permuted spectral hue and stain.

The horizon opens up the bow
Of neat and infinite make,
Leaves and grass blades shake
With pleasure and bend low.

Brown water runs in rills
To fill little pits and ditch,
Dark shrubbery looks green-rich
As the heavy clouds cover the hills

Strange, but it is true -
Water is Nature's implicit miracle,
Elixir, revealing the complex oracle,
That doth the rare planet life, strew.

Vidya Pandarinath

Snake - The Satan

The cloud-laden sky,
Above the dark land
With an occasional shy
Flash of lightning band,
And blooming huge thunder
Had left the black snake
Homeless and without a bite;
Being huge and a horror-fake,
Blew up the terror night;
The motley throng ran about,
Shouting in panic
Men lean and stout,
Strong, hale and sick -
All in one voice
Of fear, loss and death;
The terrorist long and dark
Curled up with a hiss
Widening the distance mark
Yet stones and a log
Finished the poor creature
And dumped in the bog;
Fear, the abhorred feature,
An abstract child of Death,
Can without timely eviction
Stop the Divine breath
And devastate the Holy Creation!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Dance Of The Peacock

The blue, green and gold
Of the pleasure peacock
Flying down the rock
Cocking the loop neck,
Something obtuse to reck,
Lifted toe, supple stride
Movements of pride,
Just to honour and hail
The lofty clouds that sail
High above the Cosmic fold

Measuring a light tread,
Then posing, stopped short
Gathering again to dart,
Spreading out the feather-beam
Vast and of tri-colour gleam,
In a fit of frenzied craze -
Prompting him to praise,
The elite and decided faction
In a moment of perfection,
Quiet with things spread!

May be, the bird of charm
Reveals the blent splendour
Of rhythm, beauty and grandeur
Of micro - movement in trance
All meant to be a vivid prance
Breath and beat are one
As the numerous eyes are spun!
Nature can excite ecstasy divine
In a soul reaching out the sublime
And concur with her, sans any norm.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Resolute Hag

She is an old Woman , past
Some eight decades of hard toil,
Doing everything from labour to fast
To exact from the unyielding soil,
Random greens and grains to sell
With greater words to push and promote
The trifle things she grew in the spell
Not by choice or plan but by rote.

It was a different scene -
Some years ago when she,
Dressed tight and looking lean
Ran about and worked like the bee
Feeding her crippled husband and son,
Farming her land alone within the twilight,
Return to hut, the wide work done,
Only to carry on the backlog at night.

She made baskets and little toy
Least feeling tired all the time
Finding comfort for her man and boy
Thus living, she spent her prime,
One day to lose both the tick -
One deceased , and the other ceased
To be her old-age aid stick;
The lonely creature remains neglected and teased.

The wrinkled hag is not still lost - -
Life for her has a found sense,
Neither fear nor senility could cast
Tiny tense effect on her life dense!
Yes! She has chosen utter destruction
For a mockingly helpless, ductile defeat;
For sure : it is not an easy yield,
Life's battle is fought in an unmarked, invisible field!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Divine Dawn

Twilight Morning view
So splendid and new
Cool breeze and vision light
Renewal and rejuvenation delight
Busy grazing cows and horse
Lovely lake and Gulmohars endorse
The feeling that nature with the sun
Playing hide and seek hind silver-dome
Scattered clouds and promising dawn
Is n't it true that Nature reveals the Divine..! ?

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

The Conscience

Vast, scorching , sandy stretch of a desert,
Deep disturbed chaotic waters of an ocean ,
Limitless fake-blue expanses of the sky,
Mock at the trifle humans ' assertive cert
Of endless ventures and crafty motion
Chasing the unknown - distant and neigh .

Moments and spells lost and gone
Forever, into the abstract Eternity recede ,
Death and decay brew new order and form
Time is measured between the Dawn
And the Dusk: celestial spheres in the lead ;
The change that drives darkness is called morn .

All that is black and dark is weirdly viewed -
Sin, Sorrow, Din and Horror in shape diffuse
As classed Tempters of Satan and Beelzebub
The inner Entity needs to be changed and renewed,
Not by God or Angel but , by Conscience obtuse,
That culls the Right and Just from the hub hub .

The mind is both a Jekyll and a Hyde ,
Dressed feeling and tutored thoughts placing Self
In else's plight and plaint, brings out a soul
Which will command man, by all discipline to abide;
When fail all - Religion , Law, Power and Pelf,
The Conscience can prevail and subdue the foul !

Vidya Pandarinath

Elemental Life

The cool, pleasant, tickling friendly breeze
Caresses and lifts the hair to tease,
Bringing forth a kind of pompous joy
Of breathing freshness in the gale ploy ;
Stale things look comely and new
Tall and short, light and shadow skew
Truth is what the kind tends to form
And beauty is but its abstract norm !

The gusty storm and the blizzard cold,
Bring down things hard, strong and bold
Giant trees uprooted, mansions neat and fast
Are carried away and scattered aghast
Potent prowess and wildness in the act
Mock at human strength, patience and tact ;
Music of weird horror and insanity is at play
Blatant echoes pervade the ravage stay!

Yet is there manifest the latent fact -
That man should seek his need exact
And stop with the essence of life;
Puff is what he needs for breath- strife
Good and evil are resolved from limit
Boundless and excess are to purge and vomit
The essence of living lies but in order
Death and destruction beckon, across the border.

Vidya Pandarinath

The Mosquito And The Bee

Whining from across a slum,
A large mosquito had a day out;
As he neared a private garden
He chose to sit upon a large leaf;
Seeing a busy bee kissing a flower,
Envious he said: 'Look you hey !
' I can fly and suck blood,
' Move about and carry things dreaded most;
' Darkness and shadow are my accomplice
' I scare them all like a war - plane! '
The buzzing bee stopped his suck
And blurted out : ' Hey you little devil!
' Your flight is short and bound;
' Light and breeze are your fierce foes
' I live with my swarm, and alone
' I am not chased out, but sought
' What I produce is sweet and choice
' Everything dear is but compared to it!
' And, remember I am better shaped and coloured
' Why take pride in being such, then? '
As he was about to land on the leaf
A mistaken chameleon, closely rolled out
His long tongue and took in both
And closed his wicked eyes;
The Cunning Statesman overlooking his casement
Laughed dryly and muttered: ' I like it '!
' He is like me, unknown and indeed smart '!

Vidya Pandarinath

Day And Night

The easing day breaks with birds
Twittering, often punctuated with the crow
Mastering The orchestra that girds
The little vale down which the drove
Of livestock moves seeking the green and the flow.

The Sun smiles fondly and the breeze
Caresses the living and the inanimate alike
Berries, flowers and foliage show off on trees;
Creatures big and small run about or hike
Harmony and vigour merge into hectic sloth .

The quest begins : tillers, artisans and all
Idlers and gamblers over-trusting their luck
Professionals right and wrong , short and tall
To try their old stuff and get stuck
Indeed money is the measure for the biped !

The teasing dusk ensnares Corpus Dins
Twinkling stars and the infirm moon hoodwink
Sinister crimes born of the Seven Deadly Sins
Innocent art thou unless proven guilty, and stink!
'God saves those who save themselves ' !

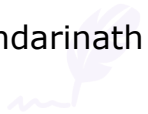
But it was on a dark night
The Buddha left, and left for good
All pelf and coveted cosy delight,
Sought revelation under the Enlightenment Wood :
'Crave for naught, nor cherish any Desire! '

Vidya Pandarinath

Love

Those great bards in gifted flight
Visited with the winged flirt Muse
Unknown lands at the zenith and the nadir,
And worded pompous stuffy feelings, complex
About Love - the cryptic human flaw;
Other confused mid-way Beings nod-head
With null thoughts they have for aught,
Blowing up with conviction fantasy pictures of abstraction
Yet the villainous virus in the teenagers
And even in some chosen stupids aged ones too,
Slackens and thwarts all immunity: a pronounced
Sickness takes over the poor vanquished
Routing Affection, Gratitude, Pal and Prudence!
And seek obstinate compromises of self - centered nonsense!
All is not over yet: someone, someday,
Some maker might come out sure
With an antidote or vaccine for cure!

Vidya Pandarinath



PoemHunter.com

A Dream Of Civilization

The weary sceptic Ego rather overslept
In the wilderness like Rip Van Winkle;
Things have changed and lost all form,
Nay, shapes and structures of colossal norm
Have come down sans a warming tinkle;
Arid haze pervades the vale cleft -
The distorted splinters of the lost world!

Blown up giant Saurians and creatures eerie
Have run about and vanished hind the rocks,
Up hill, the bipeds dance round the prey,
Yond the mark, form the open field-fray;
Echoes clang of swords and gunstocks,
Clouds form droning metal birds fiery:
A shroud of smoke envelopes all devastation!

Darkness slowly creeps in here:
Life is paralysed, voice rendered mute and still;
And Yond the horizon tall structures vie
Pointing like spikes to the infinite sky;
The Past is all lost in the fossil
The New - born one, cold and hard, does peer
Through the air of dense, frenzied anxiety!

** (Note: The poem has abc cba d rhyming and has a surrealistic touch. It is a poem intended to describe modern man's conceptual evaluation of human progress in 'civilization' through the ages, including the Wars. The question remains as to whether man has intrinsically changed, despite his so called technological innovations and progress - Vidya Pandarinath, ..author)

Vidya Pandarinath

Sanctity In Order

Random things set sans order
In an undefined savage expanse,
And scattered within a wild border
Strike up awe and a cynic glance;
Choice of form and a pattern-band
Lends a sure charm to an abstract entity
Hard rocks or loose dunes of sand
Beam forth lovely beauty in sanctity,
If chiselled or heaped in a chordal Discipline;
Sounds and beats void of symphony,
Croaks and quacks or a timid trace -
All become the balm of inner agony,
And chosen words in right time and place
Restore a radiant smile on a lost face !

Vidya Pandarinath



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Lotus....The Thrive

Oh! The Flower of celebration
Cultural Significance of sacred ornamentation
Instinctive, Divine Conspicuous creation
Mark of Enlightenment, Consciousness, Motivation

Unpretentious by the Quagmire, Place of its Birth
Nor by the Aqua that lugs it in the Earth;
Blossom in the Squalid, Yet so Pure and Poised
Modest Elegance with out effect reaches its Aim without Noise;

Unkempt all over it, Yet rises from the Perplexed Times
Imbue to over come Negativity, Emerge as a Winner!
Cling to a mere possibility, Resilience Climbs
Drive thyself to Never Quit, Dream Bigger.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Rain

The dry and arid ambience
Had become husky,
Sweaty and irksome!
Herbs, blades of grass
Showed the last signs of death;
One found fault
With things mobile or static;
The crow somewhere
Made a languid, coarse croak;
Quadrupeds near about put
Their defeated snout
Into the dry base;
The young ones in the outfield
Sat beneath the undefeated tree
And moistened their lips
With bottled water ;
Life was drying up fast
And everyone around
Was sickly and pale;
The sun went down the West ,
Dusk and darkness covered
All the range with no limit.
There was lightning
Followed by thunder....
It rained as never before
And life was washed out
Indiscriminately for the next morning!

Vidya Pandarinath

The Puzzle Of Life

The sprouting little seed found free
Grows into a huge, gigantic tree
Across and around its own domain
Feeling and making others feel or gain
The power of water, air, the sun , and soil ;
Its majestic stand and profuse coil
Assure the explosive power of life :
The little beings hatching out
Of a modest hidden lay, form stout
Shapes of symmetry , order and rule :
The huge, great, strong and the cool ,
Blow out of the puff and husk of unknown lot
Things minute or huge, are just alike in structure and strife -
An enigma, a wonder and a puzzle of life

Vidya Pandarinath



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Visit To The Lake

Walking along the bank of the lake
I chanced to see things amusing :
The calm water reflected the bright sky
But the white birds constantly flew over
Searching for their favourite prey

There at a corner was the fruit - seller,
Who constantly waved away
The swarm of flies lingering between
His hand and the juicy fruit,
Not knowing which makes a better taste

Hiding half behind a tree
Was an unlicensed love-pair;
Neither of them was certain
What was being sought:
Both seemed to be in an outside world

An old couple, beyond age ,
Sat on a stone bench:
The woman beside, pulled in her man
As a mistaking beetle tried to drone
Into his toothless, open mouth

A croaking crow hopped on the branch
OF the banyan tree, not sure
Which way to fly: All seemed
Uncertain in a frame of certainty
I think I heard the lake whisper:
' What errand brings thee here ? '

Vidya Pandarinath

Man And Nature

Man is perhaps , on Nature,
The worst parasite - fast and hard
Selfish, and a paradox of values barred
Loud and Cunning in every nomenclature

His links and kin, all alike
Varying in degree: tints of colour
Choosing the wrong for the right valour
Picking the evil and fatal to strike

Feelings are but funny and fake,
Knowledge in a bucket from the Cosmic well
Stories and admonitions, only to tell
For gains, ever - ready to strike

Laws and rules here do vary,
Unlike as in Nature, with Person and Pelf
All based on gain for self !
Even the innocent rocks are sliced off the quarry.

Vidya Pandarinath

At The Temple

He sat there his back
Inclined to the stray
Weather-worn pillar
His rags - a dirty torn
Loose top he had worn -
Looked like an old miller;
Scarce did he look to pray
Or regard anyone along the track

Bright eyes, ofcourse:
And a hidden nose
Were all one could view
In his whole being;
My eyes casually fell
On the old-man; I can tell
He could have been seeing
The world across dark hue;
Pity prompted me and I chose
To stretch a coloured note by force

' Nay! ' said he with his full palm,
Rose and shook his head
' I have left everything and everyone
' Much far behind and beyond '
I stood gazing at the pond,
He slouched towards in the parching sun.
Were all his people, for him, dead?
And yet he is so firm and calm!

Minutes passed as I stood
Between the temple and fading him;
It dawned on me: crazy act
To offer money - nay coloured chit:
He least cared for or wanted it.
How sad and bad a fact
It is to feel pomp and overbrim
With some gold, and rich hood!

Law

When MOSES Came to HOLD
His People Together, Was born LAW
Things that were, and as he SAW
Out of centre, LOOSE, in TERROR- MOULD
Needed to be Under the THUMB.

FOOD, CLOTHES and REST for MAN
Which once were ENOUGH and ALL -
Made humans embrace the SEVEN SINS and FALL
Causing Chaos and so did the burden of BAN
Slide ONTO the Shoulder of human LIFE



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FEAR is the BASE for RIGHT and WRONG
POSTHUMOUS DEAL never Scares MANY
The dual Present for them is Apt and HONEY;
Where the RELIGION -GRIP is not STRONG
And LAW Fails, MAN is JUST an ANIMAL.

Vidya Pandarinath

Living Hypocrisy

Likethebeamoflight
Peepingacrossthesilver -lining cloud,
Sweet happenings escapetheshroud
OF sad - greyplight - -
The mass of sorrows and numb pain
Which try to tease out of suppressed strain;
Leastbelievedisthefact
Thatit isapassing, deceptive lead
With changingshapes and a wanton mead
OF boundless, baffling exact.
Yes, they call itHOPE!
The coreofalllife-driveforce
The absurd glue oftwistedremorse
TO pullalong the ' broken-down 'dope:
Everybodyaroundrunsabout
Searching for the same with chosen names
Masking up hypocrisy andgreed in' Smiley 'claims
TenderingReligion andCreed toabout.

Vidya Pandarinath



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Mysore The City Of My Pride

CITY OF THE BUFFALO DEMON, MAHISH
KILLED BY THE GODDESS OF THE HILL -
DOES ANYONE SAY STILL
THAT A WOMAN CANNOT ACCOMPLISH?
THE SILENT YET SALIENT
GLAMOUR, PRIDE AND LOFTY HERITAGE
OF WARMTH AND COMPASSIONATE PLUMAGE,
OF ART AND CULTURE, RADIANT.

WITH THE SUN JUST BENEATH THE EAST
BREATHE THE LAKES, THE GREENERY AND FLORA
THE FIRM HILL HOLDS OUT THE LAURA
THINGS LITTLE AND BIG BEAT THE BEAST
OF SLEEP AND MOVE OUT IN QUEST
OF THEIR WORK - BIG OR SMALL
TO FEEL THE TASTE OF LIFE SWEET AND GALL
AND URGE THAT IN THEIR PLACE ARE THE BEST

OH! THE WIDE AND FREE EXPANSE!
THE PALACES, PARKS AND THE ZOO
OUT THERE IS THE RIVER SWEET AND NEAT TOO
AND PROMINENT IMPOSING TEMPLES FOR FANS
MARKETS OPEN AND IN ENCLOSURE
MOTLEY SELLERS AND BUYERS POSING,
HIGGLING WITH A GRIN OR BAGGING IN CLOSING
SHOUTS AND DIN, HEAPS AND PICKS IN EXPOSURE

JASMINE LOT, BETEL LEAVES, SANDAL INCENSE STICKS
SILK COLOURS, TOYS AND THE FESTIVAL OF EVIL DESTRUCTION
THE GREAT PROCESSION OF THE JUMBO FACTION
THERE IS EVERYTHING AND A LOT TO PICK
OLD AND MAGNA ABODES OF LEARNING
THE ROYAL ROADS AND STATUES TO REMIND
THAT ALL HERE IS CLASS AND A FACET - FIND
WHEEL OF CULTURE STOPS NOT SINCE SET FOR TURNING....

Vidya Pandarinath

Knowledge

Acquiring Knowledge is like relishing oneself beneath arms of GOD
HE takes you to the path of regeneration

Enlightens your soul with Goodness, Peace and TRUST.
Confidence is thy name Knowledge

Trust the Path of Knowledge.
Knowledge shall never Die

Traces are left in the UNIVERSE
SOUL may NOT EXIST in the REAL WORLD
BUT VIRTUAL Presence is felt
FOREVER and EVER...!

Vidya Pandarinath

Independence

FREEDOM they Say is One's BIRTHRIGHT
To LIVE in the Chosen World of LIGHT
ENJOYING the Elements in NATURE
Man's Freedom is Sensing Past in FUTURE

Loud Voices and SHOUTS SHRILL
Do not Mean LIBERTY Warm and STILL
Nor can anything, any Spirit encage
Within Containers of Metal of any Gauge

TRUE FREEDOM is INDEPENDENCE
INDEPENDENCE: OUT of FENCE -
Moving BOUNDLESSLY Concurring with NATURE
Which is above all RELIGIOUS STATUE

Vidya Pandarinath

God - The Creator

GOD, First through skies
And then through the starry ken
Widening his Lovely Shape;
Yet he through all ways grew

Magnificent Self! Power of the power!
The Wholeheartedness. thus Sank under him
Who of Knowledge, Goodness and Truth is a Trinity
He is a Symbol of all Joy's, Harmony Ocean of Weal

Come what may my God Strength be me to denounce Everything
With threads of unknown Strength and folds of an unknown Length
That I may not Fight my NOBLE GOD!
I am one of the you - Created Batch
Join not the world nor even Rebuke

Reinforce me, Enlighten me my Lord
Thanking wholeheartedly
My Lord for the TIME'S ROD.

Vidya Pandarinath