

Poetry Series

Vinaya Joseph
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2024

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Vinaya Joseph(05/10/1979)

An observer of life, and emotions.



PoemHunter.com

Never Get Frustrated...

In life's grand symphony, frustrations may chime,
But in the dance of resilience, we find our prime.
Through trials and tribulations, we learn to let go,
To embrace the currents, to ebb and to flow.

For in the realm of dreams, persistence is key,
Each setback a lesson, a chance to be free.
Let not the shadows of doubt cloud your way,
But bask in the sunlight of hope every day.

When obstacles loom like mountains tall,
Remember, dear soul, you are capable of all.
With unwavering courage, you'll rise above,
And conquer each challenge with strength and with love.

So release the grip of frustration's tight hold,
And welcome the journey, both new and old.
For in every stumble, a lesson is found,
A seed of wisdom, in fertile ground.

Let go, dear friend, and never dismay,
For in perseverance, you'll find your own way.
With faith as your compass, and passion your guide,
You'll soar to new heights, with joy by your side.

Vinaya Joseph

Research

In the realm where knowledge thrives and grows,
Lies a path where inquiry flows.
It's the realm of research, where minds unite,
To seek truths hidden in the light.

Methodology, the compass true,
Guides the scholar in all they pursue.
With careful steps and purpose clear,
They navigate the frontier, void of fear.

First, they ponder, they deeply delve,
To frame questions that their minds compel.
Hypotheses rise, like stars in the night,
Illuminating the path, guiding their sight.

Then comes design, meticulous craft,
Choosing tools to cut through the abstract.
Quantitative or qualitative, each has its place,
In the tapestry of knowledge they embrace.

Data, the treasure, awaits to be found,
In surveys, interviews, or experiments profound.
They gather, they sift, they analyze with care,
Seeking patterns amidst the data's glare.

But ah, beware the pitfalls unseen,
For bias lurks where objectivity convenes.
Transparency, rigor, are the guardians bold,
Protecting the integrity of stories untold.

And as the journey nears its end,
They share their findings, to foes and friends.
For in research, true power lies,
In the sharing of knowledge, under open skies.

So let us honor, with reverence and awe,
The methodology, the beacon we draw.
For in its light, we journey on,
In the endless quest for truths, till dawn.

Vinaya Joseph

Echoes Of War

In the shadows of strife, where blood stains the land,
War raises its banner with a merciless hand.
Yet in the heart of the battle's grim fray,
Lies a truth we must grasp, come what may.

For war, that cruel master, with its thundering might,
Claims victory in darkness, but snuffs out the light.
Its promises of peace are but whispers of deceit,
Leaving scars that time alone cannot defeat.

In the echo of gunfire, where dreams turn to dust,
Lies the folly of conflict, the price of mistrust.
For in every shattered home, every tear-stained face,
Lies a testament to war's relentless embrace.

So let us not be fooled by its seductive call,
For peace is not found within walls that fall.
It blooms in the hearts of those who dare to believe,
That love and compassion can conquer and relieve.

Let us rise above the clamor of swords,
And forge a path where understanding affords,
A world where differences are celebrated, not feared,
And the echoes of war are forever cleared.

Vinaya Joseph

The Wait

In the quiet of my room, I sit and wait,
Before the screen where dreams may shape their fate.
With every tick of time, my nerves take flight,
As heavy rains outside paint the night.

The drops cascade, a rhythmic symphony,
Matching the tempo of my anxious plea.
Each pitter-patter a whispered prayer,
Amidst the storm, I seek solace there.

The minutes stretch like endless strands of rain,
Each one a test of patience, a strain.
Yet in the lull, a calm begins to rise,
A quiet confidence amidst the sighs.

For like the storm that rages fierce and wild,
I'll face this challenge with a steady smile.
With every lightning flash, a spark of hope,
I'll navigate this interview, I'll cope.

So let the rain pour down, let thunder roar,
Within this moment, I'll find my core.
For in the midst of waiting, I find grace,
Embracing every challenge I must face.

Vinaya Joseph

Tagore & Her

In quiet corners of her mind,
Vinaya whispers Tagore's name,
Her heart, a verse by him designed,
A candle flickers in his flame.

Through pages worn, she hears his voice,
In every line, a song so pure,
Each word, a melody of choice,
His love for life, her soul's allure.

In twilight's hush, she finds her muse,
His poems weave through dreams she spins,
A world where beauty never lose,
Where every sorrow gently thins.

With every dawn, his light she seeks,
A guiding star in sky above,
In Tagore's words, her heart speaks,
An endless ode to timeless love.

Vinaya Joseph

'The Squirrel And The Crow'

In a realm where branches dance with light,
Where nature weaves its tapestry bright,
Two creatures met, in morning's glow,
A squirrel swift, a crow in crow.

The squirrel, agile, with fur of flame,
In treetops played, a lively game.
With nimble leaps and bounds so free,
It danced among the canopy.

Beside it perched, with feathers sleek,
A crow of black, its gaze unique.
Its eyes, like beads of polished coal,
Watched the squirrel with a knowing soul.

The squirrel chattered, its tail a whirl,
As it raced along each leafy curl.
With acrobatic feats untold,
It chased the wind in a dance so bold.

Yet high above, the crow did soar,
Its wings outstretched, it seemed to explore.
With every flap, a story told,
Of windswept journeys, of tales untold.

Through dappled shade and sunlight's gleam,
They moved as in a timeless dream.
In their dance, a bond did form,
Between the squirrel, the crow so warm.

For though they differed in form and flight,
In that moment, their worlds aligned just right.
In harmony, they shared the air,
A squirrel's boundless joy, a crow's wise stare.

And so they played beneath skies so wide,
Two kindred spirits, side by side.
For in nature's grand tapestry,
All creatures find their harmony.

Vinaya Joseph

Article 370

In the vale of Kashmir, where mountains stand tall,
Once echoed a decree that held a thrall.
Article 370, a clause of debate,
A tapestry woven with threads of fate.

It spoke of autonomy, a special status held,
In the hearts of the people, its story swelled.
With promises made and histories told,
A delicate balance, in valleys cold.

For decades it stood, a symbol profound,
Yet controversy whispered, its echoes resound.
A bridge between past and uncertain tomorrows,
A legacy etched in hopes and sorrows.

With strokes of the pen, decisions were made,
Amidst fervent voices, a nation swayed.
Opinions clashed like thunder's roar,
As Article 370 walked a path unsure.

Some saw it as shackles, binding tight,
Others as a shield in the darkest night.
But in its essence, beyond the fray,
Lay the aspirations of a people's sway.

For Kashmir's story, a tapestry vast,
Wove threads of longing, shadows cast.
In every word, a nation's tale,
Of unity sought, beyond the pale.

As history unfolds, and chapters turn,
The legacy of Article 370 will burn.
In memories cherished, in lessons learned,
In the yearning for peace, for which hearts yearn.

So let us remember, in the annals of time,
The complexities woven in prose and rhyme.
For in the valleys of Kashmir's grace,
Lies the journey of a nation's embrace.

Vinaya Joseph

Whispers Of Childhood

In fields where daisies gently sway,
Children laugh and chase the day,
Their giggles float on summer air,
Innocence beyond compare.

Tiny hands that grasp and seek,
The world's wonders, mild and meek,
Eyes alight with dreams untold,
Hearts of purest, brightest gold.

They build their castles in the sand,
Kingdoms vast by tiny hand,
Each grain a treasure, every find,
A map of worlds within their mind.

Beneath the canopy of trees,
They weave their tales with utmost ease,
Knights and dragons, queens and kings,
Imaginary realms with wings.

In puddles splash, in mud they play,
Their laughter lights the cloudiest day,
No burden yet upon their brow,
Only the magic of the now.

As twilight whispers them to sleep,
Stars above their secrets keep,
Dreams of joy and endless flight,
Fill their hearts throughout the night.

Oh, to see the world so bright,
Through eyes unclouded, pure delight,
To be a child, so free, so wild,
A fleeting time, a tender smile.

In every game, in every song,
The spirit of youth carries on,
A fleeting glimpse, a briefest stay,
Innocence that leads the way.

Vinaya Joseph

Beyond Death

Beneath the earth, where silence keeps,
A body rests, in timeless sleep.
The soul departs, as shadows rise,
Yet in this world, its essence lies.

The hand that carved, the mind that dreamed,
Now part of dust, no longer gleamed.
But thoughts inscribed on paper bright,
Illuminate the endless night.

The voice may still, the breath may cease,
Yet words endure, they find release.
In every heart and mind they stay,
A living pulse, a bright array.

For mortal flesh returns to clay,
But deeds and dreams, they light the way.
So though the end will come to pass,
Your work will stand, like tempered glass.

Beyond the veil where echoes fade,
Your spirit walks, a path well-made.
Immortalized in lines you penned,
Your legacy will never end.

Vinaya Joseph

Nothingness

In the void, where shadows dwell,
Nothingness whispers, a silent spell.
No light to guide, no sound to hear,
Just emptiness, devoid of fear.

In nothingness, there's no beginning,
No end in sight, no need for winning.
A vast expanse, where time stands still,
No dreams to chase, no void to fill.

Yet within this emptiness, a beauty lies,
In the quietude of endless skies.
No burdens weigh, no chains to bind,
Just pure serenity, for the wandering mind.

So embrace the nothingness, let it be,
For in its depths, true freedom we see.
A canvas blank, awaiting our art,
To create anew, with every heart.

Vinaya Joseph

Anonymous

In the quiet whispers of anonymity,
I find solace, a hidden sanctuary.
No more the weight of expectation's strain,
As I dissolve into the bliss of being plain.

Unseen by the eyes that once sought fame,
I rediscover the essence of my name.
No longer bound by the shackles of acclaim,
I embrace the freedom of the silent lane.

In the realm of nobody, I am free to roam,
Unburdened by the echoes of renown.
No pedestal to uphold, no mask to wear,
Just the rawness of existence, pure and bare.

So let me fade into the gentle night,
A nameless shadow in the fading light.
For in becoming nobody, I find my truest self,
In the quietude of anonymity, I find my wealth.

Vinaya Joseph

Language Barrier

In foreign lands where tongues dance unknown,
The language barrier, a wall of stone.
A career's path, obscured by words untold,
In silence, ambitions struggle to unfold.

Opportunities whisper, but lost in translation,
Efforts muted, dreams face stagnation.
Each phrase a hurdle, each word a test,
Navigating the maze, a daunting quest.

Misunderstandings bloom, like weeds in a field,
Clarity obscured, potential concealed.
Connections falter, bridges collapse,
In the absence of words, progress elapses.

Yet amidst the silence, hope still gleams,
As determination fuels ambitious dreams.
Through perseverance and a steadfast will,
Mountains of language, one can conquer still.

So let not the barrier deter your stride,
For with resilience, success will abide.
Though the words may differ, the spirit remains,
In pursuit of dreams, language never chains.

Vinaya Joseph

Honking Horns

In Vaduthala's streets, a ceaseless stream,
Where cars and buses in a tangled dream,
Honking horns create a constant din,
As traffic congestion thickens, closing in.

Pedestrians weave through the maze,
In this urban jungle, a daily craze,
Rickshaws, bikes, and trucks unite,
In the chaos of Vaduthala's plight.

Neon lights illuminate the night,
But traffic jams persist, an endless fight,
Yet amidst the chaos, life still thrives,
In Vaduthala, where motion never subsides.

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

When Souls Merge

In sacred union, hearts entwined,
Two souls embark, their paths aligned.
Through joy and sorrow, hand in hand,
They journey forth, a blessed band.

In marriage's embrace, love's purest art,
A bond forged strong, a beating heart.
In holy matrimony's glow,
Their spirits merge, forever to grow.

With vows exchanged, a sacred vow,
They pledge their love, then take a bow.
Bound by faith, by hope, by grace,
In God's embrace, they find their place.

So let us cherish, honor, and adore,
The sanctity of marriage evermore.
For in this union, Heaven's light does shine,
In holy matrimony, souls align.

Vinaya Joseph

Save The Future

In harmony we strive, hand in hand,
To nurture our planet, protect its land.
Sustainable development, our guiding light,
Balancing progress, with nature's might.

With every step, we tread with care,
Preserving resources, mindful and aware.
Renewable energy, a beacon bright,
Guiding us forward, towards a future right.

Communities thrive, in eco-friendly embrace,
Embracing diversity, in every space.
From fields to cities, a tapestry we weave,
In sustainable dreams, we forever believe.

So let's join together, in this noble quest,
For a world that's vibrant, and truly blessed.
Sustainable development, our pledge to uphold,
For generations to come, a story untold.

Vinaya Joseph

Crow & The Sun

Amidst the blaze of summer's fierce reign,
Where the sun's heat scorches with relentless pain,
Crows take flight, seeking refuge from the glare,
In the sky's vast expanse, their struggle laid bare.

Their once lively caws now sound weary and low,
As they navigate through the fiery glow,
Each beat of their wings a testament of might,
In a world where survival's a relentless fight.

Trees stand tall, offering scant shade,
As the earth below seems to slowly fade,
But still, the crows persist, their spirits strong,
Though the summer's intensity seems to prolong.

In this harsh domain, they find solace in the breeze,
That whispers secrets through the rustling trees,
And as the day wanes, and the sun starts to wane,
The crows find respite from the relentless strain.

For even in the midst of summer's fiery grasp,
Nature's resilience emerges, a steadfast clasp,
And amidst the struggle, there's a beauty to be found,
In the crows' perseverance, on this scorched ground.

Vinaya Joseph

I'm More Than Letters On My Cv

In the realm of dreams, I've toiled and strived,
With knowledge vast and skills alive.
Yet fate's cruel twist, a bitter pill,
Denies me entry to that cherished skill.

Degrees adorn my walls with pride,
Echoes of triumph, where dreams abide.
Years of learning, sweat, and tears,
But the job I seek eludes and veers.

Experience, a well-worn cloak,
Woven with threads of trials bespoke.
I've braved the storms, weathered each test,
But the door remains shut, my hopes suppressed.

In the silence of rejection's sting,
Echoes of doubt, shadows cling.
Was it not enough? Did I fall short?
Questions haunt, torment my thought.

Yet in this darkness, a spark ignites,
A flame of resilience amidst the nights.
For I am more than letters on a CV,
My worth transcends what they can see.

Though doors may close, paths may bend,
My spirit refuses to break or bend.
For in each setback lies a hidden cue,
To rise, to learn, to dare anew.

So onward I march, with head held high,
With courage as my ally, I defy.
For the journey's not over, the story unwinds,
In the dance of life, hope always finds.

Though this chapter ends without the prize,
In the tapestry of fate, new paths arise.
For every no, a yes awaits,
In the symphony of time, destiny orchestrates.

Vinaya Joseph

September

September, a tapestry of gold and green,
Where summer's warmth begins to wean.
With each passing day, the air grows crisp,
As September's touch leaves hearts adrift.

In fields and forests, a subtle change,
As nature begins its gentle exchange.
Leaves turn to hues of amber and red,
A farewell to summer, softly said.

With every breeze, a whisper of fall,
In September's grasp, we stand tall.
A time for transition, for letting go,
As September's rhythms ebb and flow.

In September's light, memories gleam,
In moments cherished, like a dream.
A time for reflection, for introspection,
As we embrace September's direction.

So let us welcome September's grace,
And hold onto its beauty, embrace.
For in its midst, we find the key,
To unlock the door to destiny.

Vinaya Joseph

August

August, a symphony of heat and haze,
Where summer's fervor continues its blaze.
With days of gold and skies of blue,
August whispers secrets old and new.

In fields of amber and ripened grain,
August's bounty yields without refrain.
Each harvest's yield, a testament told,
In August's warmth, stories unfold.

With every dawn, a promise gleams,
In August's rays, hope redeems.
A time for reflection, for gratitude's song,
As August guides us where we belong.

In August's heat, memories are spun,
In laughter shared and battles won.
A tapestry of moments, woven tight,
In August's embrace, we find delight.

So let us savor August's embrace,
And cherish each moment, every trace.
For in its midst, we find the key,
To unlock the door to destiny.

Vinaya Joseph

July

July, when monsoon's gentle roar,
Brings life to lands parched and sore.
With clouds that gather, dark and deep,
July awakens the earth from its sleep.

In India's embrace, monsoon's dance,
Brings relief from the sun's harsh glance.
The scent of rain upon the breeze,
Brings solace to the swaying trees.

With every drop, a promise is made,
Of fields refreshed and rivers swayed.
In July's downpour, life's renewed,
As monsoon's bounty is imbued.

In every corner, from shore to hill,
Monsoon's touch brings joy at will.
The rhythm of rain, a soothing sound,
In July's embrace, peace is found.

So let us welcome July's monsoon,
And let its blessings come into tune.
For in its waters, life's rebirth,
In July's embrace, we find our worth.

Vinaya Joseph

June

June, a month of golden days,
Where summer's warmth begins to blaze.
With skies of blue and sun-kissed air,
June whispers secrets everywhere.

In fields of green and blooming flowers,
June paints the world with vibrant powers.
Each petal dances in the breeze,
A celebration of life's ease.

With every dawn, a promise anew,
In June's embrace, dreams come true.
A time for adventure, for love, for play,
As June guides us along our way.

In June's light, memories are made,
In laughter shared and joys displayed.
A tapestry of moments, rich and bright,
In June's embrace, we find delight.

So let us cherish June's sweet song,
And let its melodies carry us along.
For in its midst, we find the key,
To unlock the door to destiny.

Vinaya Joseph

May

May, a month of warmth and light,
When nature's splendor is at its height.
In fields of green and skies so blue,
May brings forth dreams both old and new.

With every bloom, the world rejoices,
As May lends its voice to nature's voices.
The song of life in every breeze,
A symphony that whispers ease.

In May's embrace, memories thrive,
As loved ones gather, hearts alive.
A celebration of bonds so dear,
As laughter fills the atmosphere.

For you, dear brother, May's sweet embrace,
Is a reminder of your unique place.
A beacon of strength, a guiding light,
In May's soft glow, you shine so bright.

So let us celebrate May's embrace,
And honor each moment, every trace.
For in its midst, we find the key,
To unlock the door to destiny.

Vinaya Joseph

April

April, a tapestry of rain and bloom,
Where nature shakes off winter's gloom.
With every drop, the earth is fed,
As life awakens from its wintry bed.

In April's breath, the air feels sweet,
With fragrant blossoms at our feet.
Each petal unfurls in vibrant hue,
A celebration of life anew.

With April showers, dreams take flight,
As hope and promise fill the light.
A time for growth, for renewal's song,
As we journey where we belong.

Through April's days, the sun ascends,
On paths where possibility blends.
Each step forward, a chance to thrive,
As April keeps our dreams alive.

So let us embrace April's grace,
And cherish each moment, every trace.
For in its midst, we find the key,
To unlock the door to destiny.

Vinaya Joseph

March

March, a herald of awakening,
As winter's grip begins retreating.
With every breeze, a whispered call,
To rise again, to stand tall.

In March's breath, the air feels light,
As sunbeams melt the frost's last bite.
The earth awakes from its slumber deep,
As nature dances from its wintry sleep.

With each new bloom and sprouting bud,
March paints the world in colors so vivid.
A symphony of life, reborn anew,
In every meadow, every avenue.

March winds carry dreams on high,
As aspirations soar into the sky.
A time for growth, for change, for chance,
As we embrace life's eternal dance.

So let us welcome March's embrace,
And greet each day with joy and grace.
For in its midst, we find the key,
To unlock the door to destiny.

Vinaya Joseph

February

February, a month of fleeting days,
Where winter's grasp begins to fray.
With each passing hour, the promise grows,
Of warmer winds and melting snows.

In February's breath, a whisper of spring,
A gentle reminder of what the future may bring.
Though frost still clings to every bough,
Hope blossoms beneath the cold's stern vow.

With Valentine's Day's tender embrace,
February fills hearts with love's sweet grace.
A time for affection, for bonds to renew,
In the warmth of love, dreams come true.

As days grow longer, and nights less chill,
February dances on winter's sill.
A bridge between what was and what will be,
A month of transition, wild and free.

So let us cherish February's fleeting light,
And embrace each moment, day or night.
For in its passing, we find the key,
To unlock the door to eternity.

Vinaya Joseph

January

January, a canvas of frosty white,
Where the new year begins its flight.
With winter's breath upon the air,
January whispers, 'Change is near.'

In its quiet depths, a promise lies,
A chance to spread our wings and rise.
To leave behind the past's embrace,
And journey forth with steady pace.

Beneath the blanket of snow so pure,
Lies the seeds of dreams yet to mature.
January's chill ignites the flame,
Of hope and courage, without shame.

As days unfold, and nights grow long,
January sings its timeless song.
A melody of resilience and grace,
Guiding us through each frozen space.

So let us greet January's embrace,
With hearts ablaze and eyes aglaze.
For in its midst, we find the key,
To unlock the door to destiny.

Vinaya Joseph

Saturday

Saturday, a day of leisure and delight,
When worries fade in the soft twilight.
The week's burdens gently unwind,
As Saturday's serenity fills the mind.

With the sun's warm kiss upon our face,
We embark on adventures, a joyous chase.
Exploring realms both near and far,
Underneath the twinkling evening star.

It's a day for laughter, for love, for fun,
For basking in the warmth of the sun.
With friends and family gathered near,
Saturday becomes a treasure dear.

In its embrace, we find respite,
A moment to savor, to relish, to delight.
For Saturday, with its boundless grace,
Offers us a glimpse of heaven's embrace.

So let us embrace this day so sweet,
With open hearts and eager feet.
For in its embrace, we find our way,
To a world of wonder, where dreams hold sway.

Vinaya Joseph

Friday

Friday, a day of jubilation and cheer,
A time when joyous melodies draw near.
Born on this day, a soul so bright,
Bathed in the warmth of love's pure light.

With each passing year, Friday's embrace,
Brings memories cherished, a tender grace.
A celebration of life's precious gift,
A reminder of dreams that uplift.

Friday shines bright,
A beacon of hope, a guiding light.
This day is blessed,
With happiness and love, endlessly caressed.

So let us rejoice in Friday's song,
And dance to the rhythm all day long.
For on this day, my story was born,
Filled with wonder, joy, and mirth adorn.

Vinaya Joseph

Thursday3

Thursday, a whisper of anticipation,
A day filled with hope and expectation.
With the weekend's promise drawing near,
Thursday whispers, 'The end is here.'

Midway through the week's winding path,
Thursday reminds us of our steadfast math.
Counting down the hours, the minutes, the time,
Until we reach the summit, the peak we climb.

With memories of Monday and Tuesday's grace,
And Wednesday's calm, a steady pace,
Thursday carries us with a hopeful heart,
As we strive to make our dreams a part.

It's a day of hustle, of pushing through,
Of turning dreams into realities anew.
With determination in every stride,
Thursday becomes our steadfast guide.

So let us embrace Thursday's call,
As we strive to rise and stand tall.
For in its whispers, we find the key,
To unlock the doors of possibility.

Vinaya Joseph

Wednesday

Wednesday, midweek's gentle sigh,
A bridge between earth and sky.
With strides both steady and strong,
We navigate where we belong.

Not burdened by Monday's haste,
Nor with Tuesday's quiet grace,
Wednesday holds a steady pace,
A rhythm in life's endless race.

It's a day of balance, of finding the groove,
Where work and play harmoniously move.
With tasks ahead and goals in sight,
Wednesday bathes us in its tranquil light.

In its midst, we pause to reflect,
On all we've done and what's to expect.
A chance to gather strength anew,
And see our aspirations through.

So let us welcome Wednesday's embrace,
And let its calm our spirits grace.
For in its midst, we find our way,
Guided by the light of each passing day.

Vinaya Joseph

Tuesday

Tuesday, a whisper in the wind,
A day where possibilities begin.
Not as bold as Monday's dawn,
But its quiet strength carries on.

In the middle of the week's embrace,
Tuesday finds its own unique space.
With Monday's momentum by our side,
We march forward, with nothing to hide.

Through tasks mundane and challenges tall,
Tuesday stands firm, through it all.
It's a chance to build, to create, to strive,
To keep the flame of ambition alive.

Amidst the rush and the daily grind,
Tuesday reminds us to unwind.
To pause, to breathe, to take a break,
And find solace in the moments we make.

So let us embrace this Tuesday's grace,
And let our dreams take flight and chase.
For in its gentle, steady flow,
Lies the power to make our spirits grow.

Vinaya Joseph

Monday

Monday, a canvas fresh and bright,
Where dawn spills golden hues of light.
A week unfolds, a tale untold,
In every hour, its secrets hold.

From slumber's grasp, we rise anew,
With dreams and goals we wish to pursue.
Yet Monday whispers, 'Start again,
Embrace the journey, let it begin.'

Through bustling streets and office doors,
Or fields and forests, nature's floors,
Monday's symphony, a steady beat,
Guiding us forward, never retreat.

Though shadows linger, doubts may creep,
Monday offers promises to keep.
A chance to chase what sets us free,
To become who we aspire to be.

So let us greet this day with cheer,
Embrace its challenges, draw near.
For Monday's dawn, a precious gift,
A chance to uplift, to uplift and lift.

Vinaya Joseph

Choice Versus Voice

In the whispers of the night, dreams take flight,
Echoes of the soul, in darkness ignite.
With every step, a dance of chance,
In the tapestry of life, we find our stance.

Through trials and triumphs, we learn to see,
The beauty in chaos, the melody in glee.
Each moment a verse, in life's grand scheme,
A symphony of existence, a waking dream.

So let your choices be the canvas of your soul,
Painted with passion, making the broken whole.
For in the rhythm of life, we find our song,
And in the echoes of our hearts, we truly belong.

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Vanity

In mirrored halls where echoes fade,
Vanity strides with proud parade.
A mask adorned, a facade's embrace,
Conceals the soul, its truest face.

In gilded frames and polished sheen,
Reflections dance, a fleeting scene.
But beneath the gloss, a hollow core,
Where shadows lurk forevermore.

Yet still we chase the fleeting gleam,
In pursuit of an elusive dream.
For vanity's allure holds sway,
Until we learn to find our way.

To see beyond the surface shine,
To cherish what is truly thine.
For beauty lies in depths untold,
In hearts of warmth, in souls of gold.

Vinaya Joseph

Restless Soul

In discontent's embrace, progress finds its spark,
A whisper of dissatisfaction lighting the dark.
For in the heart of yearning, dreams take flight,
Pushing humanity beyond the bounds of night.

Restless souls seek more than what's known,
Challenging limits, seeking to be shown
The untrodden paths, the undiscovered lands,
Where innovation thrives and courage stands.

With every discontent, a revolution brews,
Ideas blossoming, breaking old taboos.
From dissatisfaction blooms invention's flower,
Fueled by discontent's relentless power.

So let discontent be the spur we embrace,
Driving us forward, to a brighter place.
For in its restless whispers, we find the key
To unlock the door to what can truly be.

Vinaya Joseph

True Love

In the heart's domain, love's flame does glow,
Eternal, steadfast, it does bestow.
But where love's absence holds its sway,
Naught but fleeting echoes, they say.

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

My Daughter

If I had a daughter, a treasure untold,
A bloom of grace, in a world so bold.
With eyes that sparkle, like stars in the night,
Guiding her path, with love as her light.

In her heart, resilience, a fortress so strong,
Facing life's challenges, singing her own song.
A spirit unbroken, wings to unfold,
A symphony of dreams, in stories yet untold.

I'd teach her kindness, a gift to bestow,
In a world that may stumble, let compassion grow.
With each step she takes, in fields of endeavor,
May courage and wisdom be her constant tether.

As she dances through life, with laughter and grace,
I'd cherish each moment, in this shared embrace.
For in her existence, a legacy blooms,
A testament of love, as her spirit looms.

In this hypothetical realm of dreams and delight,
If I had a daughter, my guiding light.
To watch her soar, through life's ebb and flow,
A cascade of love, in her radiant glow.

Vinaya Joseph

Monsoon's Melody

In the monsoon's embrace, the earth does sigh,
As raindrops dance from the azure sky.
Clouds gather in a majestic array,
Painting the heavens in shades of gray.

The parched earth quenches its thirst anew,
With each gentle droplet, life's renew.
Rivers swell, and streams cascade,
Nature's symphony in rain portrayed.

Leaves shimmer with a dewy sheen,
As nature's palette turns lush and green.
The scent of petrichor fills the air,
A fragrance sweet beyond compare.

In the monsoon's melody, birds take flight,
Their songs blending with the falling light.
Fields sway with the rhythm of the rain,
A harmonious chorus, a timeless refrain.

Yet amid this beauty, there's a subtle roar,
As thunder echoes from shore to shore.
Lightning flashes, illuminating the night,
A celestial spectacle, a wondrous sight.

So let us revel in the monsoon's grace,
In its gentle touch and its fierce embrace.
For in its embrace, we find solace and song,
In the monsoon's embrace, we truly belong.

Vinaya Joseph

Glow Of Winters

In winter's grasp, the world turns cold,
A tapestry of white, a story untold.
Each flake of snow, a delicate dance,
As winter weaves its icy trance.

The trees stand bare, their branches still,
Silent witnesses atop each hill.
Yet in their nakedness, beauty lies,
A quiet strength beneath the skies.

The frosty air, it bites and stings,
Yet brings a clarity, as if on wings.
For in the chill, there's a purity,
A cleansing of the soul's impurity.

In cozy homes, by fireside glow,
Families gather, faces all aglow.
With laughter and warmth, they banish the cold,
Embracing each other, young and old.

And through the winter's darkest night,
There gleams a hope, a guiding light.
For in the depths of cold and frost,
The promise of spring is never lost.

So let us cherish winter's embrace,
Its silent beauty, its gentle grace.
For in its midst, we find our way,
Through the coldest night, to a brighter day.

Vinaya Joseph

Embracing Spring

In Spring's embrace, the world awakes,
From winter's slumber, it gently breaks.
Blossoms bloom in colors bright,
A symphony of renewed delight.

The air is filled with fragrant scent,
As nature's canvas is fervently lent.
Birds on wing, their songs resound,
In verdant fields, life's joys abound.

Emerald leaves adorn each tree,
Dancing gently in the breeze so free.
The sun's warm kiss upon the land,
Ignites the Earth with life so grand.

Oh, Spring, you bring such sweet release,
A time of growth, of boundless peace.
In your embrace, we find our cheer,
As you paint the world anew each year.

So let us revel in your grace,
And cherish every fleeting trace.
For in your season, we are whole,
Spring, the essence of the soul.

Vinaya Joseph

Magic Of Summer

In summer's embrace, the world awakes,
A symphony of warmth, a dance it makes.
Golden sunbeams paint the sky,
As nature's canvas sings nearby.

The earth, adorned in shades of green,
With flowers blooming, a vivid scene.
Beneath the azure canopy above,
Whispers of breeze, a tender love.

Children's laughter fills the air,
As they chase dreams without a care.
Splashing in streams and ponds so cool,
Summer's magic, an unwritten rule.

Picnics spread on grassy plains,
A feast of joy where love remains.
Juicy fruits and ice cream's delight,
Summer's bounty, a pure delight.

Long days stretch into twilight's glow,
Where fireflies dance, a gentle show.
Starry nights, a celestial sphere,
In summer's grasp, dreams draw near.

Oh, sweet summer, with your vibrant hue,
In your warmth, our spirits renew.
With every dawn, a promise bright,
Summer's kiss, a pure delight.

Vinaya Joseph

Detachment

In the quiet of solitude, detachment blooms,
A graceful dance, as shadows consume.
Released from binds of worldly strife,
Embracing the essence of a tranquil life.

Like a leaf drifting on the wind's soft breath,
Detachment whispers of liberation from death.
No longer chained to desires' fleeting flight,
In surrender, finding true inner light.

Unfurling petals of detachment's sweet grace,
Embracing impermanence, finding solace in space.
Letting go of attachments, fears unfurl,
In the vast expanse, serenity swirls.

Through detachment's lens, clarity gleams,
In the depths of stillness, dreams become streams.
Flowing freely, unburdened, unbound,
In detachment's embrace, peace is found.

Vinaya Joseph

For A Cleaner Sky

In Kochi's bustling streets, where life does thrive,
The air is thick with particles, hard to survive.
Smokestacks belch fumes, skies turn gray,
Nature's beauty obscured, fading away.

Amidst the backwaters, once pristine and clear,
Now choked with pollutants, a sight of fear.
From vehicles' exhaust to industrial haze,
The air we breathe tainted, in so many ways.

Birds struggle to sing, trees gasp for breath,
As humans ignore the looming threat of death.
But hope still lingers, in actions we take,
To cleanse the air, for nature's sake.

Let's unite our efforts, for a cleaner sky,
In Kochi, let's strive, to soar up high.
For every step towards less pollution we take,
A brighter, healthier future, we'll make.

Vinaya Joseph

The Glowing City

In Kochi's embrace, where backwaters flow,
Among coconut palms that sway, the city's glow.
In every corner, history whispers its tale,
Of traders, cultures, and ships setting sail.

Through bustling streets and markets alive,
A tapestry of flavors, where spices thrive.
From Fort Kochi's shores to the Chinese nets' sway,
Each sight and sound paints a vibrant display.

Where colonial remnants blend with modern grace,
In Kochi's heart, tradition finds its place.
From the echoes of Kathakali's ancient dance,
To the aroma of fresh chai, a sweet romance.

O Kochi, city of dreams and delight,
In your embrace, memories take flight.
Forever cherished, your spirit rings true,
In every sunrise, in every hue.

Vinaya Joseph

Where Hearts Find Love

Upon the shore where waves embrace,
Sands whisper secrets, time and space.
Sun's golden dance on azure seas,
Nature's symphony, a timeless grace.

Footprints fade as tides reclaim,
Each grain of sand, a memory's name.
Whispers of breeze in palms above,
In this haven, hearts find love.

Seagulls soar in endless flight,
Painting the sky with strokes of light.
As twilight falls, stars ignite,
A celestial blanket, infinite night.

In the rhythm of waves, a poet's rhyme,
On this beach, where dreams align.
In every shell and grain of sand,
A universe within, hand in hand.

Vinaya Joseph

Hibiscus

In gardens bright, where colors bloom,
The hibiscus stands, in regal plume.
Its petals bold, like fiery hues,
In morning light, they softly fuse.

With grace it sways, in gentle breeze,
A dance of beauty, with such ease.
Its crimson heart, a vibrant beat,
In nature's chorus, oh so sweet.

Amidst the green, it proudly grows,
A symbol of life, in radiant shows.
Oh, hibiscus fair, in petals arrayed,
In whispered tales, your secrets conveyed.

From dawn till dusk, your beauty shines,
A gift of nature, in timeless lines.
In every petal, a story untold,
A treasure of the earth, forever bold.

Vinaya Joseph

Rain Washing Away Pain

In torrents' dance, the sky unveils its cloak,
Whispering secrets in each droplet's stroke.
A symphony of nature, a rhythmic pour,
Rain's melody cascading, forevermore.

Misty veils wrap the earth in embrace,
Each raindrop a story, a journey to trace.
From clouds to soil, a cycle profound,
In the dance of the rain, life is found.

Pitter-patter, a lullaby to the night,
Awakening dreams in the soft moonlight.
Rain's gentle touch, a healer's balm,
Washing away sorrows, bringing calm.

In the symphony of storms, a chorus of might,
Nature's orchestra playing through the night.
Let the rain's poetry wash over your soul,
In its rhythm, find peace, feel whole.

Vinaya Joseph

Wandering Nomads

In skies they dance, soft and free,
Cloaked in white, a tapestry.
Wandering nomads, drifting high,
Painting stories in the sky.

Whispers of rain, secrets they hold,
Mysteries in silver and gold.
With every breeze, they shape and form,
A silent symphony, a weathered storm.

From dawn's first light to dusk's embrace,
They journey on with gentle grace.
Clouds, the dreamers of the sky,
Forever wandering, forever high.

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

An Unbroken Bond

Brother, a friend, forged in shared time,
A bond unbroken, a mountain to climb.
With laughter shared and tears embraced,
In every trial, side by side we faced.

In childhood's dreams, we built our world,
With imagination's flag unfurled.
Through battles fought and games we played,
In brotherhood's embrace, our bond stayed.

Through highs and lows, we stood as one,
In storms of life, beneath the sun.
Your strength, a rock, your heart, a guide,
In you, dear brother, I confide.

Though paths diverge, and miles may part,
Your presence lingers in my heart.
For in this journey, come what may,
Brother, with you, I'll find my way.

Vinaya Joseph

Amma

In her gentle embrace, I find solace,
A guiding light through life's turbulent race.
Her love, a beacon, steadfast and true,
In her arms, I find strength anew.

She's the queen of my heart, my guiding star,
In her presence, all worries depart afar.
With every tender touch, she heals my strife,
My mother, the embodiment of life.

Her laughter, a melody, sweet and pure,
In her eyes, I see a love so sure.
Through every trial, she stands by my side,
In her embrace, all fears subside.

She's the pillar of strength, my rock, my guide,
In her love, I never need to hide.
Forever grateful for her endless care,
My mother, my queen, beyond compare.

Vinaya Joseph

Mumma

In her gentle embrace, I find solace,
A guiding light through life's turbulent race.
Her love, a beacon, steadfast and true,
In her arms, I find strength anew.

She's the queen of my heart, my guiding star,
In her presence, all worries depart afar.
With every tender touch, she heals my strife,
My mother, the embodiment of life.

Her laughter, a melody, sweet and pure,
In her eyes, I see a love so sure.
Through every trial, she stands by my side,
In her embrace, all fears subside.

She's the pillar of strength, my rock, my guide,
In her love, I never need to hide.
Forever grateful for her endless care,
My mother, my queen, beyond compare.

Vinaya Joseph

Failure

In the dance of life, failure takes its bow,
A teacher disguised, in its solemn vow.
Through stumbles and falls, we learn to rise,
Beneath the stormy skies, hope never dies.

With each shattered dream, a seed is sown,
In the fertile ground, strength is grown.
Though paths may twist, and darkness looms,
Failure births resilience, in its quiet rooms.

So embrace the fall, and dare to try,
For in failure's grip, the phoenix flies.
With courage as your guide, and faith restored,
In the face of defeat, you'll find your reward.

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Scars Of War

In shadows cast by battle's flame,
Where echoes haunt, and memories maim,
Lie scars unseen, both deep and raw,
Etched on hearts by the wounds of war.

Silent screams in the dead of night,
Whispers of those who lost the fight,
Each scar a tale of pain endured,
In a world where peace remains obscured.

Upon the land, scars etched in soil,
Where once bloomed life, now lies turmoil,
A testament to the price we pay,
For the conflicts that refuse to sway.

Yet amidst the darkness, hope shall rise,
As healing hands and gentle eyes,
Reach out to mend what's been torn apart,
And soothe the scars of the wounded heart.

For in the ashes, seeds take root,
A promise of a brighter pursuit,
Where scars may fade and peace restore,
The beauty that war sought to deplore.

Vinaya Joseph

Soles

In the quiet corner of the room they lay,
A pair of shoes, worn and frayed,
Each scuff, a tale of roads once tread,
Through fields of green, or cities red.

Their soles, imprinted with journeys past,
From mountains high to shores vast,
They've danced in rain and walked in snow,
In moonlit nights and sun's warm glow.

Through laughter shared and tears they've seen,
They've carried dreams, both big and keen,
With every step, they whispered tales,
Of victories won and ships set sail.

Though worn and weary, they stand tall,
For they've witnessed life's rise and fall,
A pair of shoes, oh, if they could speak,
The stories they'd tell, would leave us weak.

Vinaya Joseph

Love 2024

Amidst the dawn's first light we find,
Beneath the stars, our hearts entwined.
Caring whispers in the night,
Drawing closer, feeling right.

Eager eyes that speak so true,
Falling deep, a love that grew.
Gentle touches, soft and kind,
Hearts connected, souls aligned.

In laughter shared, we find our joy,
Just like children, we deploy
Kindness, the language of our hearts,
Lingering in love's intricate arts.

Moments treasured, memories made,
Never faltering, never swayed.
Overflowing with affection's grace,
Passion's fire in our embrace.

Quiet moments, serene and still,
Resting in love's tranquil thrill.
Softly spoken words of devotion,
Tender gestures, a heartfelt potion.

Understanding without a word,
Valiant hearts, together stirred.
Whispers of forevermore,
Xanadu of love, our core.

Yearning for each other's touch,
Zealously, we love so much.
The ABCs of love we've found,
In every beat, our hearts resound.

Vinaya Joseph

Dark Disguise

In shadows deep, where secrets thrive,
Beneath the veil of night's disguise,
A shroud of darkness hides our sin,
Concealing deeds we dare not grin.

With silent steps, we move unseen,
Cloaked by the night, where truth's obscene,
The moon, a witness, turns away,
As darkness masks the light of day.

Yet shadows fade as dawn draws near,
Revealing all we sought to veer,
For even darkness cannot hide,
The scars of deeds we can't abide.

So let us face the light, confess,
Release the burden, seek redress,
For in the truth, though hard to bear,
Lies hope for healing, fresh and fair.

Vinaya Joseph

Anxiety

In the stillness of the night, anxiety creeps,
A shadowy specter that never sleeps.
It whispers doubts and fears in the mind,
A relentless torment, cruel and unkind.

Like a tempest raging within the soul,
It takes its toll, exacting its toll.
The heart races, the breath grows shallow,
As worries swarm, relentless and callow.

Each thought a weight upon the chest,
Anxiety's grip refuses to rest.
It paints a world of doom and despair,
Leaving hope stranded in its snare.

But amidst the darkness, a glimmer shines,
A beacon of hope in anxious confines.
For in the depths, courage can be found,
To face the fears and stand your ground.

With each breath, reclaim your might,
Banish the shadows, embrace the light.
For though anxiety may linger near,
You possess the strength to persevere.

So let not fear dictate your fate,
Rise above, don't capitulate.
For in the struggle, you'll come to see,
The power within to set yourself free.

Vinaya Joseph

Jobless

In shadows cast by burdens deep,
Where silence reigns, where hopes may weep,
Lies a land of empty hours,
Where dreams dissolve, and passion sours.

Joblessness, a haunting specter,
Drains the spirit, wrecks the sector.
Empty desks and barren halls,
Echoes of forgotten calls.

Through streets where footsteps echo loud,
In search of work, amidst the crowd,
Faces lined with worry's trace,
Seeking solace, seeking grace.

The idle hands, the idle mind,
In endless cycles, cruelly bind.
Ambitions stifled, talents waste,
In the void of joblessness' haste.

Yet in the heart of darkest night,
A flicker burns, a stubborn light.
For from adversity may rise,
A phoenix soaring to the skies.

Through trials faced, and battles won,
New paths emerge beneath the sun.
For in the depths of despair's abyss,
Lies the seed of hopeful bliss.

So let us rise, both strong and bold,
In unity, our hands enfold.
To build a world where all may find,
Dignity and purpose intertwined.

For in the struggle, we may find,
The strength to leave our fears behind.
And in the face of joblessness' plight,
We'll forge a future, bold and bright.

Vinaya Joseph

Poetry

In realms of ink and whispered sighs,
Where words take flight and dreams arise,
There lies a world both vast and bright,
Where poetry dances in the night.

In lines of beauty, rhythms flow,
Each verse a tale, each stanza a show,
Of love and loss, of joy and pain,
In poetry's embrace, we find refrain.

Through whispered winds and silent trees,
The poet's heart forever flees,
To realms unseen, where muses dwell,
And stories rise, like magic's spell.

With pen in hand, the poet's might,
Weaves tales of wonder, into the night,
For in the realm of poetry's domain,
Imagination reigns, forever untamed.

So let us wander, you and I,
Through fields of verse, beneath the sky,
For in the poet's words, we find,
A world of wonder, ever entwined.

Vinaya Joseph

Disability

In the realm where hearts convene,
Disability, the chosen theme,
The Academy's purpose gleams,
In facing challenges, it deems.

Technology's ever-quickenning pace,
In medicine, research, it finds its place,
Artificial intelligence, a vast embrace,
New economic models to embrace.

Rights of the disabled, a global quest,
Progress marks many, yet some unrest,
Where strides are taken, lives attest,
To a fairer world, where all find rest.

Within the tapestry of strife,
Cultural, financial, the threads of life,
Acknowledgment of dignity, rife,
In Church's teachings, a guiding light.

Gospel tales of Jesus' grace,
With disabled, He found embrace,
Inclusion's call, a timeless trace,
Of humanity's shared sacred space.

Yet shadows linger, still they roam,
In affluent lands, the disabled's home,
'Midst 'throwaway culture, ' where hearts grow numb,
Life's sanctity, it aims to overcome.

Inclusion, solidarity's song,
The heart's rhythm, the chorus strong,
Empowering voices, where they belong,
Agents of change, where they once longed.

In societies, both near and far,
Governments and groups, the guiding star,
Towards inclusion, where virtues mar,
The barriers fall, as dreams unbar.

In this noble pursuit, let's intertwine,
Justice's vine, with love divine,
In research's halls, in hearts enshrined,
A poem of hope, for all mankind.

Vinaya Joseph

Morality

In realms where shadows dance with light,
Where wrong and right engage in fight,
There lies the core of human quest,
Where morality finds its zest.

With every step, a choice we make,
To mend the bond or let it break.
In hearts adorned with virtues bright,
Resides the beacon of our plight.

Though winds of temptation fiercely blow,
Morality stands firm, aglow.
For in the depths of conscience deep,
Lies the compass our souls keep.

It guides us through the murky night,
Towards the shores of what is right.
With empathy as our guiding star,
We navigate life's paths afar.

So let us strive, both brave and true,
To heed the call, our moral cue.
For in the tapestry of our story,
Lies the essence of our glory.

Vinaya Joseph

Imprints Of Love

In the realm of youthful laughter's spree,
Where innocence dances wild and free,
There dwells a charm, a special hue,
Brought forth by nephews, pure and true.

With eyes that sparkle like the stars,
They paint the world in vibrant arts.
Their laughter, like a melody sweet,
Echoes joy down every street.

In their smiles, the sun finds its shine,
In their hearts, love's eternal shrine.
With boundless energy, they explore,
Every corner, every hidden lore.

Their tiny hands, so full of grace,
Embrace the world in warm embrace.
Their dreams, like kites, soar high and far,
Guided by hope's bright northern star.

They teach us lessons, wise and kind,
With every step, they leave behind
Footprints of joy, imprints of love,
In the vast expanse of skies above.

So here's to nephews, blessings rare,
Whose presence fills the very air
With laughter, love, and endless glee,
Forever cherished, eternally.

Vinaya Joseph

Appachan

In the gentle sway of evening's grace,
There stands a figure, strong and true,
A beacon of strength in every place,
A guiding light, a love that grew.

In hands calloused by toil and care,
Lies wisdom deep, a quiet might,
His laughter rings through the evening air,
A melody of warmth, of joy, of light.

With every step, a legacy unfolds,
Of sacrifices made, of dreams deferred,
In his embrace, a haven holds,
Where love's embrace is never blurred.

Through stormy seas and darkest nights,
He steers the ship with steady hand,
His presence, like a guiding light,
Navigates us to solid land.

Though time may pass and seasons fade,
His love endures, a constant flame,
In whispered prayers and memories made,
His spirit lives on, forever the same.

So here's to fathers, steadfast and true,
Whose love knows neither bound nor tether,
In every heart, a gratitude anew,
For you, dear father, are our greatest treasure.

Vinaya Joseph

The Rejected Child

In shadows deep, where whispers roam,
Lies a child cast away, unknown.
Rejected, shunned, by hearts unkind,
In solitude, their spirit confined.

Their laughter silenced, dreams denied,
In a world where love seems to hide.
The warmth of affection, a distant song,
As they navigate a path so long.

But in their eyes, a flicker of hope,
As they learn to cope, to somehow cope.
For within them dwells a resilient light,
A spark that refuses to take flight.

Though rejected by those they yearned to please,
They find solace beneath the weeping trees.
In nature's embrace, they find their peace,
Where judgment's sting begins to cease.

Rejected child, misunderstood,
Your worth surpasses what others would
Perceive or judge in shallow guise,
For in your soul, true beauty lies.

Embrace the strength within your core,
For you are worth infinitely more.
In time, may hearts open wide,
To welcome you with arms untied.

Rejected child, know this truth:
Your presence is a gift, uncouth.
In a world that often fails to see,
Your essence shines eternally.

Vinaya Joseph

A Lonely Woman

In the silence of the night, she stands alone,
A solitary figure in a world unknown.
Her shadow dances with the moon's soft glow,
A lonely woman with secrets to bestow.

Her eyes, like windows to a hidden realm,
Hold stories untold, like a forgotten helm.
In the depths of her soul, echoes resound,
A symphony of solitude, profound.

She walks through life's corridors, unseen,
Her heart aching with dreams that have been,
Lost to time's relentless, unforgiving tide,
In solitude, she learns to abide.

Yet, in her solitude, she finds her strength,
A beacon of resilience, at any length.
She weaves her sorrows into threads of gold,
A tapestry of wisdom, to behold.

Though loneliness may cloak her in its shroud,
She wears it as a mantle, head unbowed.
For in her solitude, she learns to see,
The beauty of her own company.

A solitary woman, yet not alone,
For within her heart, a universe has grown.
In her solitude, she finds her grace,
A lonely woman, in her rightful place.

Vinaya Joseph

Mother

In the cradle of her gentle arms,
Resides a love that forever charms.
A beacon of light in darkest night,
She's the strength in every fight.

Her touch, a balm for every ache,
Her smile, a sunrise that never forsake.
In her embrace, worries dissolve,
In her warmth, problems resolve.

With wisdom deep as the ocean's floor,
She guides us through life's turbulent shore.
Her sacrifices, a silent symphony,
Her love, an eternal melody.

From the first breath to the last goodbye,
Her love knows no bounds, reaching high.
She's the heartbeat of our existence,
Her love, an unwavering insistence.

In her eyes, we see our reflection,
In her heart, we find our affection.
A mother's love, an endless sea,
Forever cherished, forever free.

Vinaya Joseph

Amoral

In realms where right and wrong collide,
There dwells a concept, often denied.
Not tethered to virtue or sin's sway,
Amoral walks its own path today.

It cares not for the norms we hold,
Nor tales of virtue, silver, or gold.
Untouched by the moral compass's might,
It roams in shadows, shunning light.

No creed constrains its wandering soul,
No guilt or shame can take its toll.
For in the realm of black and white,
Amoral dances in the gray of night.

Neither good nor evil claims its name,
In its existence, lies an enigmatic flame.
It neither judges nor seeks to redeem,
In its neutrality, a mystic scheme.

Yet beware, for in its silent guise,
Lurk echoes of truth, both subtle and wise.
For in the absence of moral decree,
We glimpse the world as it truly be.

Amoral, a mirror to our fractured soul,
Reflects the chaos, the cosmos whole.
In its ambiguity, we find our quest,
To seek the meaning, the ultimate test.

So let us ponder, with minds aglow,
The mysteries that amoral bestow.
For in its depths, we may yet find,
A truth that transcends the confines of mind.

Vinaya Joseph

Vagabond

Beneath the moon's soft, wandering gaze,
The vagabond roams through nights and days.
No map to guide, no chains to bind,
Just whispers of wind and dreams to find.

Through meadows green and city streets,
The vagabond's heart forever beats.
A nomad's soul, wild and free,
In every sunrise, a symphony.

With stars as guides, and rivers as friends,
The vagabond's journey never ends.
Seeking solace in the unknown,
Finding beauty in places never shown.

On dusty trails and ocean shores,
The vagabond discovers so much more.
For in the wandering, the spirit thrives,
In every moment, truly alive.

So let us raise a toast, a song,
To the vagabond, brave and strong.
For in their wanderlust, we see,
The boundless soul, forever free.

Vinaya Joseph

Unconditional Love

In life's garden, where roses bloom bright,
Resides a love, pure in its light.
Boundless and deep, it knows no end,
Unconditional love, forever to tend.

Through tempests and calm, it holds steadfast,
A beacon of hope, when shadows amass.
In joy and sorrow, it remains unwavering,
Embracing all, without need for favoring.

It pardons the faults, cherishes each flaw,
Embracing imperfections, without a withdraw.
In trials and tests, it finds strength to mend,
A bond unbreakable, to the very end.

It whispers softly, in the still of night,
A melody soothing, a beacon of light.
Unconditional love, a celestial dove,
Ever soaring, on the wings of love.

Vinaya Joseph

A Graceful Death...

In shadows cast by fading light,
Where life and death engage in fight,
A tale unfolds of deep despair,
Assisted dying whispers in the air.

A choice profound, both brave and dire,
A journey sparked by inner fire,
In pain's embrace, a soul may plea,
For autonomy and dignity.

Beneath the weight of life's cruel grasp,
A plea for peace, a final gasp,
Assisted by compassionate hands,
To navigate where darkness stands.

Yet, in this realm of moral debate,
Where ethics dance with an uncertain fate,
The heart contends with right and wrong,
As verses of a life's last song.

The doctor's touch, a tender grace,
Navigating this uncertain space,
With empathy and solemn vow,
To honor choices, here and now.

But society, a fractured lens,
Reflects the judgments of its trends,
Each viewpoint tangled, tightly spun,
Around the core of life's setting sun.

For those who seek the final peace,
A bittersweet, reluctant release,
May compassion guide the pathway true,
As shadows fade and spirits renew.

In the dance between death and grace,
May love endure, leaving its trace,
A tapestry of choices made,
In assisted dying's quiet shade.

Vinaya Joseph

A Lacerated World...

In the tapestry of existence, a world laid bare,
Lacerated edges, wounds that none can repair.
A planet torn by strife, by discord and despair,
Whispers of anguish linger in the cold night air.

Mountains weep, their ancient peaks now scarred,
Rivers bleed, their waters tainted and marred.
Forests mourn, their emerald canopies charred,
A lacerated world, in pain, deeply scarred.

Once, the sun painted golden hues in the sky,
Now, shadows dance where vibrant colors lie.
Echoes of laughter silenced, as tears multiply,
A fractured globe beneath the heavens high.

Nations collide, their differences ablaze,
Boundaries etched in sorrow, dividing the days.
The cries of unity lost in a chaotic maze,
A lacerated world, lost in a divisive phase.

Yet, amidst the wounds, a resilient spirit rises,
Hope flickers in the darkness, as the soul surmises.
A chance for healing, where empathy comprises,
A path to mend the lacerations that despise.

Let unity be the salve, compassion the thread,
Binding wounds with love, like words left unsaid.
For in the lacerated world, where chaos has spread,
It's through healing hands, a new dawn is bred.

Vinaya Joseph

A Rhythm Of Resilience...

In shadows deep, where doubts may creep,
A tale unfolds of the unfit's sweep.
Not in strength or prowess find,
But in the corners of the troubled mind.

With whispers harsh, self-doubt starts,
A poison seeps through weakened hearts.
In the mirror's gaze, reflections cold,
A story of the unfit, oft untold.

Not born of grace or prowess bold,
Yet, in the struggle, a story unfolds.
Unfit, perhaps, by societal decree,
Yet within, a spirit fights to be free.

The world may judge with a heavy hand,
But within the unfit, resilience stands.
In every stumble, a chance to rise,
Defying norms, reaching for the skies.

For who defines the worth we hold?
Is it the judgment of the harsh and cold?
Or in the spirit, the will to persist,
A strength unseen, a clenched fist?

So let the world with its standards sway,
The unfit will find their unique way.
In every flaw, a beauty lies,
A strength that's hidden from judgmental eyes.

In the unfit's journey, a tale untold,
A tapestry woven in colors bold.
For strength resides in the heart's beat,
A rhythm of resilience, a victory sweet.

Vinaya Joseph

A Symphony Of Hues & Blues...

In gardens adorned with colors bold,
A creature of elegance, a sight to behold.
Feathers of azure, a vibrant array,
The peacock dances in the light of day.

With every step, a majestic display,
A symphony of hues, a stunning ballet.
A regal plume, a fan unfurled,
A canvas of beauty in the vast, green world.

Graceful and proud, it struts along,
A melody of colors, a mesmerizing song.
Eyespots like jewels, a radiant gaze,
The peacock's splendor, a marvel to praise.

In the quiet of dusk, its feathers close,
A dream of beauty, a moment to compose.
The peacock rests, a jewel in the night,
A guardian of dreams, in the soft moonlight.

Vinaya Joseph

Life's Elixir...

In liquid embrace, pure and clear,
A dance of droplets, without fear.
Water, the essence of life's flow,
From mountain peaks to valleys low.

Rippling streams and rivers wide,
Carving landscapes, a constant guide.
Reflecting skies in a mirrored sheen,
Nature's artist, serene and keen.

Raindrops tapping on the window pane,
A soothing melody, a gentle refrain.
Quenching thirst with a sip so sweet,
Life's elixir, a source complete.

Ocean waves in rhythmic trance,
Whispering secrets of timeless romance.
Endless horizons, horizonless sea,
Boundless beauty, wild and free.

Ice crystals in a winter's kiss,
A frosty embrace, a moment's bliss.
Snowflakes dancing, delicate and light,
Transforming the world in a blanket of white.

Steam rising, a kettle's song,
Mist veiling mountains, mysterious and strong.
Hot springs bubbling, a thermal delight,
Earth's warm breath in the cool of night.

In every drop, a tale untold,
A liquid story, ancient and bold.
Water, the giver of life's chance,
A timeless dance in a watery expanse.

Vinaya Joseph

When Hope Wanes...

In shadows deep where hope does wane,
A world of want, enduring pain.
A poem unfolds, a tale untold,
Of poverty's grip, both young and old.

In streets adorned with cracked despair,
Where dreams dissolve like fleeting air.
A symphony of silence plays,
As hunger hums its somber lays.

Beneath the weight of empty hands,
A mother's heart in barren lands.
Her eyes, a map of trials faced,
Yet love persists, not to be erased.

Children dance in tattered dreams,
Their laughter drowned in silent streams.
Tiny footsteps on rugged roads,
Yet resilience in their abode.

Shackled by the chains of need,
Yet seeds of courage they still heed.
In poverty's grasp, a spirit soars,
Defying fate that often roars.

The canvas of disparity,
Paints stories of humanity.
But let us not forget the power,
To change the course in this dark hour.

Extend a hand, embrace the weak,
Speak for the voiceless, help them speak.
For in unity, we find the key,
To break the chains of poverty.

Vinaya Joseph

In Fury

In the caverns of the heart, where shadows dance,
A tempest brews, a fiery trance.
Anger rises, a storm unfurls,
A symphony of rage, in tumult swirls.

A spark ignited, a flame takes hold,
In the furnace of fury, stories unfold.
A wildfire raging, consuming all,
The tempest within, a relentless squall.

Burning bridges, scorching ties,
Anger's flames reach for the skies.
The heart, once tranquil, now ablaze,
In the furnace of anger, reason lays.

A molten river of resentment flows,
Through the valleys of despair it goes.
Scalding words, like lava, erupt,
Destruction follows, emotions disrupt.

Yet, in anger's grip, there lies a choice,
To silence the tempest, to still the voice.
For in the aftermath of the fiery storm,
Regret remains, a lingering, cold form.

So let us learn to temper the blaze,
To navigate anger's tumultuous maze.
For in understanding, forgiveness lies,
And from the ashes, compassion will rise.

Vinaya Joseph

A Cradle Of Love...

In the quiet cradle of destiny's embrace,
A journey begins a unique path to trace.
Not born of flesh, but of love's sweet decree,
Adoption weaves a tapestry, a family yet to be.

In the hush of hope, where dreams take flight,
Hearts entwined, embracing the gift of night.
A child seeks refuge in arms wide open,
A tale of love in every word spoken.

Through the corridors of time, fate interweaves,
Whispers of belonging in the rustling leaves.
A bond forged not in blood, but in choice,
A melody of love, a harmonious voice.

Eyes that mirror a shared reflection,
A connection profound, a heartfelt affection.
Not by chance, but by love's design,
In adoption's dance, two worlds entwined.

Tiny hands reach for a hand to hold,
A story unfolds, of warmth untold.
In the embrace of love, doubts dissolve,
A symphony of acceptance, problems resolve.

United in joy, weathering life's storm,
Love transforms, a powerful reform.
Adoption, a journey, a beautiful art,
Sewn together, soul to heart.

For love knows no boundaries, nor limits set,
In adoption's haven, true kinship is met.
A family blooms, radiant and bright,
Nurtured by love, a guiding light.

Vinaya Joseph

Of Words, Actions And Deeds...

In the realm where truth and honor weave,
There lies a virtue that all hearts believe.
A beacon bright in the depths of the soul,
Integrity, a compass that makes us whole.

In every step, a steadfast stride,
With noble principles as our guide.
A symphony of words, actions, and deeds,
Where authenticity plants its noble seeds.

In the garden of trust, integrity blooms,
A fragrant flower, dispelling all gloom.
Transparent like a crystal-clear stream,
Reflecting the light of a virtuous dream.

When tempests roar and shadows loom,
Integrity stands, banishing the gloom.
A lighthouse in the storms of deceit,
Guiding us through trials, never to retreat.

Oh, integrity, a treasure rare,
Beyond the surface, it's found everywhere.
Not just a mask for the world to see,
But an inner flame that burns brightly.

With courage as its loyal ally,
Integrity soars, reaching heights sky-high.
A tapestry woven with threads of grace,
Creating a legacy time cannot erase.

Let not the winds of falsehood sway,
The pillars of trust that integrity lays.
For in the echo of each honest word,
Resides the harmony that goes unheard.

So let us strive, with hearts sincere,
To hold integrity forever dear.
A beacon, a shield, a timeless song,
In its embrace, we all belong.

Vinaya Joseph

A Tropical Delight...

In tropical lands where the sun does gleam,
A fruit emerges like a golden dream.
With hues of orange, yellow, and green,
The papaya reigns a vibrant scene.

Amidst lush groves where palm trees sway,
The papaya tree grows in a regal display.
Its leaves, like hands, reach for the sky,
Guarding fruits that hang, oh so high.

A symphony of colors, a tropical delight,
Papaya's presence, a pure delight.
Sun-kissed and ripe, it graces the plate,
A luscious indulgence, a taste so great.

Slice through the skin, reveal the treasure,
A succulent pulp, a gift of nature.
Sweet and fragrant, a tropical kiss,
Each juicy bite, pure bliss.

From breakfast bowls to exotic cuisine,
Papaya's versatility is evergreen.
Smoothies, salads, or simply alone,
In every form, its essence is known.

A jewel of the tropics, a fruity delight,
Papaya, oh papaya, in the soft moonlight.
A symbol of abundance, a treasure to find,
In the world of fruits, forever enshrined.

Vinaya Joseph

Life & Strife...

In lands where echoes whisper tales,
A conflict brews, where courage pales.
Russia and Ukraine, locked in strife,
A dance of shadows, a tragic life.

Once united, now torn apart,
A war that grips both mind and heart.
On soil where history's ink is spilled,
A bitter script of blood is filled.

In Ukraine's fields, where sunsets weep,
Brave souls stand, their secrets keep.
A struggle fierce, for freedom's name,
In shadows cast by war's cruel flame.

The world looks on with heavy sighs,
As nations ponder, conscience lies.
Innocence lost in thunder's roar,
A plea for peace, forevermore.

Yet, in the storm, resilience blooms,
In Ukraine's heart, a spirit looms.
The sun may set, but hope remains,
Through tear-stained clouds, love sustains.

O Russia, Ukraine, a plea to hear,
The cost of war is far too dear.
In unity, find strength to mend,
For peace and love shall transcend.

Let poets scribe a different tale,
Of harmony where once was frail.
In verses woven, a dream to share,
A world where nations cease to glare.

May diplomacy be the guiding light,
Replacing darkness with insight.
For in the realm of shared disdain,
Hope can heal, and love regain.

Vinaya Joseph

Country Of Concern...

In lands where shadows dance with fear,
A phrase emerges, crystal clear.
A country of concern, they say,
In troubled realms where troubles sway.

Whispers echo through the night,
Of rights suppressed, of freedoms slight.
A tale unfolds of pain untold,
In every thread, a story to behold.

In the realm of silence, voices rise,
Defying darkness, seeking skies.
A plea for change, a yearning song,
Where hearts are weak, but spirits strong.

A country of concern, its people weep,
Yet in their tears, resilience seeps.
For in the struggle, courage found,
A symphony of hope, the only sound.

A tapestry of tales untold,
In every corner, stories unfold.
Of perseverance, of strength, of might,
In the face of darkness, a flickering light.

Oh, country of concern, in shadows cast,
May your future be brighter, your sorrows past.
For every heart that beats within,
Holds the power to heal, to change, to begin.

Vinaya Joseph

A Mosaic Of Moments...

In the tapestry of time, a thread unfolds,
A tale of a journey, a story yet untold.
In the mirror of existence, reflections gleam,
A symphony of self, a whispered dream.

I am the echo of the ancient trees,
Roots deep within, carried by the breeze.
A mosaic of moments, a kaleidoscope of years,
In the canvas of life, laughter, and tears.

I am the dance of stardust in the cosmic night,
A constellation of hopes, a shimmering light.
Fingers tracing constellations, secrets untold,
In the vast expanse, a universe to behold.

I am the whispers of the rivers that flow,
Carving pathways, where destinies go.
Silent footprints in the sands of time,
A rhythm of heartbeats, a subtle rhyme.

I am the phoenix, rising from the ash,
A resilience woven into every clash.
Scars that tell stories of battles won,
In the silence of struggle, a rising sun.

I am the fragrance of petals in the dawn,
A fragility and strength beautifully drawn.
Colors swirling in the palette of me,
A masterpiece in the making, wild and free.

I am the verses written in the book of fate,
A journey with twists, turns, and debate.
In the chapters of self, a novel unfolds,
A narrative of passion, a saga of souls.

I am the reflection in your searching eyes,
A connection woven in life's intricate ties.
In the poetry of existence, I find my rhyme,
For in the essence of being, I am, and I am mine.

Vinaya Joseph

A Tranquil Melody

In the garden of existence, where tumultuous winds may blow,
Blossoms of serenity, in quiet reverence, grow.
Amidst the chaos that swirls, like tempestuous seas,
A tranquil melody emerges, singing songs of peace.

In the canvas of twilight, where colors gently blend,
Hues of harmony and unity transcend.
Each stroke of compassion, a brush dipped in grace,
Paints a portrait of a world where love finds its place.

On the tapestry of time, woven with threads so fine,
Stories of understanding, like stars, brightly shine.
Embracing diversity, as petals embrace the sun,
The symphony of peace has only just begun.

In the silence of empathy, where hearts beat as one,
A profound symphony of peace is beautifully spun.
Let compassion be the anthem, let kindness be the guide,
In the garden of unity, let love and peace abide.

For in this shared journey, through the valleys and the peaks,
It's the gentle whispers of peace that every soul seeks.
May the echoes of compassion reverberate ceaselessly,
And unite us all in a world where peace reigns eternally.

Vinaya Joseph

Unraveling Untold Mysteries...

In a world unseen, a realm so small,
Where life unfolds in a microbial sprawl.
Microbiologist, with lens in hand,
Delves into mysteries, a scientist so grand.

In the petri dish, a canvas of life,
Bacteria dance, amidst the strife.
Tiny warriors, in a microscopic war,
A battleground unseen, forevermore.

Through the microscope, a universe revealed,
A microbial tapestry, intricately sealed.
Invisible realms, where secrets hide,
Microbiologist, in knowledge, takes a stride.

Beneath the lens, a symphony of cells,
A dance of life, where the microbe dwells.
Fungi, viruses, and bacteria unite,
A microscopic ballet, in the softest light.

In labs aglow with scientific zeal,
Microbiologist, your passion's real.
Culturing life in agar's embrace,
Unraveling nature, in a microscopic space.

From antibiotics to genetic lore,
Microbiologist, you explore.
In the world unseen, a pioneer's quest,
Seeking answers in the tiniest guest.

In the unseen world, where wonders unfold,
Microbiologist, your story is told.
A whispering wind of microbial song,
In the realm of the small, where you belong.

Vinaya Joseph

In Print & Pixels...

In the realm where ink meets truth,
A journalist's heart beats with proof.
With pen in hand, and lens in sight,
They navigate the shadows of the night.

Through the chaos and the noise,
They seek the stories, the untold joys.
In words that dance on printed pages,
They unveil the world's hidden stages.

A quest for truth, a noble art,
They pierce through lies, tear them apart.
In every line, a beacon bright,
Guiding minds through the darkest night.

Their camera captures moments raw,
Freezing time in an eternal thaw.
A snapshot of the human soul,
In pixels, the stories they unroll.

In press rooms and on city streets,
They face the battles, the bitter defeats.
Yet, with resilience, they stand tall,
Guardians of the people, one and all.

Through whispers of sources, and secrets shared,
They unveil the truth, no matter how dared.
Ink-stained fingers, a badge they wear,
For the pursuit of truth, they deeply care.

In pixels, print, or broadcast air,
They bring the world a truth so rare.
A journalist's poem, a hymn of might,
In every word, they seek the light.

Vinaya Joseph

A Poet In The Courtroom...

In the hallowed halls of justice, where shadows softly fall,
A lawyer stands with purpose, answering the call.
With words as their weapon, and wisdom as their shield,
They navigate the labyrinth, where truth is often concealed.

In the dance of legal language, a tango of the law,
They weave through statutes and precedents, leaving none in awe.
Their pen, a mighty sword, scribing justice on the page,
A poet in the courtroom, where battles fiercely rage.

They champion the voiceless, the oppressed, and the weak,
In the pursuit of fairness, where the scales must always speak.
With empathy and reason, they bridge the great divide,
Defenders of the accused, in the courtroom they abide.

In black robes or sharp suits, with a gavel or a pen,
They navigate the labyrinth, to justice, they attend.
Through trials and tribulations, they guide with steady hand,
A beacon in the darkness, where justice makes its stand.

But beyond the legal tapestry, a human heart beats strong,
For every case they handle, a melody, a song.
In the courtroom symphony, where justice finds its tune,
A lawyer's spirit soars, like a crescent-waxing moon.

So here's to the lawyers, guardians of the law,
Navigators of justice, in a world filled with flaw.
In verses of advocacy, their legacy is penned,
A poem for the lawyers, may their noble deeds transcend.

Vinaya Joseph

Suits-A World Of Tailored Elegance

In a world of tailored elegance, where threads weave tales,
Suits stand as silent poets, clad in pinstriped trails.

Fabric whispers stories of ambition and desire,
A symphony of stitches, a sartorial lyre.

The charcoal cloak of power, a CEO's embrace,
A navy canvas of meetings, where deals find their place.

Buttons, like chess pieces, are strategically aligned,
A dance of influence, where success is refined.

Lapels, like arrows, point toward the sky,
As aspirations soar, reaching heights up high.

Pocket squares, like poets, tucked in with grace,
Verses of style, in this bespoke space.

Trousers, tailored legacies, stride with pride,
In boardrooms and ballrooms, where dreams coincide.

Vests guard the heart, where passions reside,
A three-piece ode to the journey's tide.

Silk ties, like sonnets, bind with a knot,
A verbal contract is where first impressions are sought.

Cufflinks clink like verses, a subtle display,
Of attention to detail, in the corporate ballet.

In this realm of stitches and seams,
Suits speak volumes, beyond mere dreams.

A symphony of elegance, where each fold,
Whispers tales of stories, both young and old.

Vinaya Joseph

Faith & Fear...

In shadows cast by fervent zeal,
Where faith and fear begin to reel,
A tale unfolds of hearts oppressed,
In realms where religious foes invest.

Upon the soil where dogmas clash,
A haunting whisper, a lightning flash,
Persecution rears its grim visage,
A symphony of hatred, a dark presage.

In temples, mosques, and sacred halls,
Where sacred hymns once graced the walls,
Now echo cries of the oppressed,
Their pleas for mercy, prayers unaddressed.

A river tainted with intolerance flows,
It's current strong, a storm that grows,
Silent prayers in the dead of night,
Seek refuge from the persecution's bite.

From distant lands to home so near,
The flames of bigotry know no fear,
Religious banners are torn and frayed,
In the war where empathy is betrayed.

Yet, amidst the anguish, a candle's glow,
A testament to spirits that won't bow,
For every soul who stands condemned,
A phoenix rises, undeterred, unhemmed.

In verses etched with courage and grace,
Hope blooms in the most desolate space,
For unity sprouts from diversity's seed,
An antidote to persecution's deed.

Let love and understanding be the creed,
In this world where different paths may lead,
For in the tapestry of faith and creed,
May we find a common thread indeed?

Vinaya Joseph

A Hymn Of Tolerance...

In a world diverse, where beliefs collide,
A tapestry of faith, woven side by side.
Religious freedom, a sacred plea,
A hymn of tolerance, for all to see.

In temples, mosques, and churches tall,
In every heart, a spiritual call.
A chorus of prayers, in different tongues,
Harmony in diversity, where every soul belongs.

Let not intolerance cast its shadow,
For in the embrace of freedom, we all grow.
Respect the sacred, in each tradition,
For love and understanding, our true mission.

Let the light of acceptance brightly shine,
In every creed, a connection divine.
Freedom to choose, in worship and thought,
A tapestry of beliefs, intricately wrought.

From the sunrise prayers to the midnight hymns,
Let compassion be the anthem that wins.
In the sanctuary of faith, let hearts unite,
Breaking barriers, reaching a celestial height.

In the garden of diversity, let flowers bloom,
A fragrant offering, dispelling gloom.
For every soul, a unique journey to trace,
In the symphony of religions, find grace.

Religious freedom, a gift so divine,
In this sacred dance, let unity twine.
Let respect and understanding lead the way,
In this world of faith, where all hearts may sway.

Vinaya Joseph

A Fractured Mind...

In shadows deep, where thoughts entwined,
A realm unseen, a fractured mind.
Psycho's dance, a subtle sway,
In the labyrinth where emotions play.

Whispers echo through the night,
A symphony of fears takes flight.
The mind, a canvas, painted dark,
A masterpiece of shadows, stark.

In corridors of twisted dreams,
Where reality and illusion gleams,
Psycho's waltz, a twisted grace,
A kaleidoscope of thoughts embrace.

Fragmented echoes, fractured hues,
A mind unraveling, paying its dues.
Psycho's ballad, a haunting song,
In the labyrinth where sanity's gone.

Mindscape tangled, emotions high,
A psycho's journey, a silent cry.
The dance of demons, relentless strife,
A fragile balance on the edge of life.

Yet within the chaos, a truth untold,
A story of resilience, strong and bold.
For even in the depths, where shadows roam,
A flicker of hope, a chance to come home.

Vinaya Joseph

A Moment Of Revelation...

In the quiet chambers of the mind, a spark,
A revelation, a moment stark.
Epiphany dawns with a radiant light,
Illuminating the shadows of the night.

In the tapestry of thoughts, a thread,
A truth discovered, no longer misled.
A sudden clarity, a profound insight,
Guiding us through the corridors of night.

Through the veil of uncertainty, it breaks,
An epiphany, the soul awakes.
A puzzle solved, a mystery untied,
In the vast expanse where thoughts reside.

Like a beacon in the deep, dark sea,
Epiphany calls, beckoning me.
A whisper of wisdom, a cosmic sign,
Unveiling the answers, hidden in time.

The world transformed in the blink of an eye,
As revelations descend from the sky.
A symphony of realization plays,
In the theater of life's intricate maze.

Epiphany, a gift from the celestial sphere,
Washing over us, crystal clear.
A moment of clarity, a timeless grace,
In the journey of life, a pivotal embrace.

So let us cherish these moments rare,
When epiphany graces the open air.
For in its light, we find our way,
A guiding star in the grand ballet.

Vinaya Joseph

Green Conscience

Oh, Mother Forest!
You are the loveliest,
And I am sorry,
I have failed to protect you,
Your woods are a source for livelihood for many,
You are nature's nanny,
Sheltering a zillion herd,
An invigorating part of our cultural heritage,
Saving us from various damages,
Many civilizations have been born in your cradle,
And derived its strength from you,
Be it intellectual or spiritual...

You mean much more than I could express in words,
Reams of prose or poetry can be written in your praise,
Sad, however, is human greed and craze,
How can I mend the pain that humanity inflicted on you.
Some days with a heavy heart I wonder,
And ponder,
What weighs more? Economy or ecology?
Is a thought that worries me,
How inhumane, we humans have become over the years,
We have lost the 'the green conscience'
I feel ashamed and am sorry,
Achieving economic progress at the cost of ecology,
It was not a victory of human race,
But a disgrace,
We raped you of your virginity,
Of your beauty,
Of that pristine green cover...

For centuries, you insulated land from droughts,
You save soil and prevent landslides and flash floods.
You are the one responsible for the verdant green cover on this blue earth,
You fulfill our primal needs of food, fodder, and shelter
Do we give you the due credit, care, protection, and respect that you deserve?
Columns after columns are filled with news about environmental degradation,
depleting forest cover, poaching and illegal logging, global warming, rise in
temperature and sea levels, flooding, melting glaciers, and changing weather

patterns.

We are witnessing it all...

Yet immune to it all...

We have developed a thick skin,

We have killed our green conscience...

Carbon emitted for eons since the dawn of the Industrial Revolution,

Have left its indelible imprint,

Scarred forever is the earth,

Who is the loser?

It is the generations to come,

Who will never be able to see your beauty,

All you asked is a sensitive and compassionate heart,

I am sorry, we failed to deliver...

Our collective conscience,

Failed you as a human race.

I am sorry again,

For we lack a green conscience...

We must act now else we will lose you forever...

Vinaya Joseph

Way Of Life

Nature existed way before us,
It will continue to exist long after us,
Beyond time,
And space,
Cycles of co-existence,
With nature,
We are one,
With nature,
Don't harm the nature,
As when we do so,
We are harming ourselves,
We are hurting ourselves,
Mutual respect is for all,
Love should be for all,
And that is when life will fall in place.

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Ephemeral Existence

Life is short,
Desires are long.
Having more choices is not always better,
Leads to a greater chaos and makes us less in focus,
Why do I feel that we are in a constant race,
Stressing our mind and body,
But why do we need to do what we do,
I wonder some days.
Death is sweet.
It ends all pain.
Period.

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Ignorance

When we are not aware of ourselves,
When we are not aware of our surroundings,
When we are not aware of the world around us,

When we are not aware of our present,
When we are veiled by ignorance,
It is not the degrees or educational qualification that matters but the deep
awareness about one's self

Who am I?

This question perplexed me for years

Who is my creator?

I have still not found my answers

I feel that I am ignorant about lot of things,
I have learned a lot of things but still there is a void...

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Gypsy Mind

Unlimited offers for limited period,
Best available prices with additional cashback,
What a virtual world we were living in,
Terms and conditions apply,
All rights reserved,
I read these words everywhere,
It was all over the papers,

It has become the essence of all relationships,
Everything has become adjustments,
Ability is judged on how best you could adopt, adapt and adjust.
Love had become an illusion,
Was craving for happiness,
Thoughts are limitless and formless.
Infinite, I must say.
It wanders.
Mind is like a gypsy,
It travels wide and far,
Let me look inwards,
And not limit my happiness to mortal objects,

Self-awareness makes me peaceful and less insecure of my surroundings and the world at large.

Vinaya Joseph

Epiphany

What does the word epiphany mean?

I am familiarizing myself with this word.

It is still like a stranger.

Clouds of uncertainty hovers over my head,

It remains perilously unclear,

Astonishingly uncomfortable,

I am trying to capture my thoughts,

Now, after 39 years of existence

I have forgotten my priorities,

I am a chronicler of the times that I live,

Some days holding on a mirror to myself.

The biggest perk of working in a newspaper as an editorial staff,

Is that I am bombarded with words,

Some days I become immune to what I read,

There is palpable change in the way I think,

The way I feel towards myself,

The way I have begun to react with things around me,

Unleashing a wave of revulsion in me towards myself,

This thought scares me,

As I always felt that I am emotionally secure,

I fear to think otherwise,

It will not be easy to undo certain things,

Unlearn certain things that are so deeply ingrained in my mind,

Events that happened years ago still haunt me.

Hope I get a closure

Vinaya Joseph

The Village Boy

Was he a hero or a villain?

He might have been both.

I don't know.

Was he my friend or foe?

He might have been both.

I don't know.

Shrouded in secrecy.

He was virtual.

Was he fake or real.

I don't know.

Tussle between mind and heart continues to grapple my thoughts,

Troubles show no sign of ending,

Some days I am in a bind,

Do I endorse his views?

No, I don't. Not all of them.

Curiously, I am in a strange relation.

I have hardened my heart time and again,

Faith has no logic,

Love has no logic,

Only emotions,

Heart accuses my mind of fueling this confusion,

A mockery of emotions,

Prying relatives, like me, who want to understand what I am going through are
of no help

He was virtual.

Vinaya Joseph

Reflections

Monday @Home,
With the monsoon winds,
Tree-trunks loaded with chirpy birds,
Pregnant clouds threatening with a thunder,
The sun goes into the hiding,
And suddenly it grows dark
I hear the wailing frogs,
And the cawing crows disappear,
Through my wooden window,
I search for the rainbow,
I look for my magpie-robin,
But is conspicuous by its absence,
I look around,
And I can see so much,
Of hope,
In nature
Seeds waiting to germinate,
For those precious drops of water,
And lo the clouds burst open,
And pierces the ground,
Forming pools and puddles,
Giving life to the lifeless,
The blue earth gets a green carpet,
Love the greenery around

Rhythm of the rain drops,
And its music,
As it falls on the cemented roof and tiles,
Straight into my heart...
Father forgets the umbrella,
At the shop
Mother scolds him for losing yet another umbrella,
I hear amused,
Their conversation,
In the August rain
I wait for the rains to stop,
So that I could see my reflections,
In the concentric rings
of puddles...

Vinaya Joseph

The Lonely Man

He was a fraud,
And I became
A victim of lust,
He made me an accomplice,
An indecent lover,
The caution in my mind,
I threw it to the wind,
Thinking that I am in love,
I became an easy prey,
For his deceit,
There is no hard & fast rule,
In Love,
That's why they call love blind,
He was a wolf,
I failed to see,
In the guise of a sheep!
The lonely man,
With malafide intentions,
I failed to see,
His clandestine motives,
I regret,
Wasted hours of my life,
That I spent with him over the phone,
I avoided his calls,
As I never wanted our friendship,
To blossom into an affair,
I regret,
That I could not foresee,
What was to come?
Stay Away...

Vinaya Joseph

Potter

Life isn't black & white,
But it has shades of clay.
God, I think is a master craftsman,
He molds us into the desired shape like a potter,
And then bakes us in the furnace of life,
To make us mentally strong

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Poison

A consumerist society,
Where trust could be traded,
In this deceptive world,
Whom can we rely on?
Based on fragile relations,
I see poison around,
In the air that we breathe,
In the food that we eat,
In the water we drink,
In people's thoughts,
How can we save mankind?

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Seduction And Pain

Why do I need to cry?
For a dishonest man,
First you enticed my heart,
Then you slowly took my peace away,
If you fall for seduction,
You will have to bear its pain as well,
Glad, I was never married to you,
And you were never mine,
I have not even touched you,
I don't even know how you smell,
I made 'imaginary' intercourse with you,
And you made me believe in you falsely,
And it was all done through emails,
You were all the while cheating me,
Deceit was your second name,
How naïve I was to trust in you,
Tears was what I got as a gift,
In return for love,
Hard lessons that my heart learnt,
Your intentions were fraudulent,
You concealed your illicit relations,
Offender of my heart,
Deceiver of my trust,
I can never be the same with you again...

Vinaya Joseph

Throwback 2016

Past is past,
I 'shall' move ahead,
Not 'may'
But I shall,
I told my heart to steel myself,
Away from promiscuity,
I felt strange,
I was in a crowd,
Yet I was alone,
What a paradox!

The keys of my happiness,
Is within me,
You can't take it away from me...

The heaviness in my chest,
The tears in my eyes,
Both were testimony to,
What I had been through in 2016,
With you,

Felt like an owl,
Denied of light,
Sometimes life gives you a dozen caps,
Then makes you shave off your head...

It gives you lemons and lemonades,
Sometimes sweet taste lingers,
While at other times bitterness...

Whether you deserved my friendship,
I don't know,
But you did leave a deep void,
That is difficult to fill

For me you are dead,
The man whom I loved was not you,
He died with your words and action,
You are just an apparition,

That reminds me of him,
You are surely not the one whom I loved,
He was way above,
He was my love,
And could not do what you did,
Certainly he won't,
If he was alive...

Vinaya Joseph

Solitude

I was alone,
But then I wasn't,
Completely on my own,
As I had my thoughts,
Thoughts about others,
Demons in my head,
Dancing like the Theyyam,
The sheer madness of the ritual,
That I just witnessed,
To give company

My mind was turbulent as ever,
The blues in my head,
Life was not black and white,
As the gown that I was about to adorn,
It had its shades of grey...

I was going to be a lawyer,
So many hurdles to clear,
I had to learn Malayalam,
I had to clear the backlogs,
The end of a distant relation,
With a person whom I never met

I was nursing a broken me,
Yet I was open,
Open to all sorts of conjectures,
Ready to defend truth,
To become a voice for the voiceless,
My pain was not in vain,
It gave me the courage to fight back,
At any cost,
I had made up my mind,
To become a custodian of justice,
Help those in need,
And protect the interest of the weak,

Some days my eyes welled,
I could feel my breath,

The heaviness of my heart,
I could see the journey,
I had undertaken so far,
The wrong choices that I made,
Persons who deserted me,
Pained me immensely,
How gullible I became to their vices...

In front of me,
I could see the setting sun,
The sparkling waters,
Birds in flight,
The 'V' formations in the sky,
From where I sat,
A bench at Subhash Park,
The orange hues of the changing sky,
I was alone,
No one besides me,
Just me and my thoughts,
The two of us on a bench at the park...

Some days,
Lonesomeness is awesomeness...
Its freedom,
Of being on your own
Freedom to be with the Lord,
To converse with him
And find the me in me...

That little time,
I am with myself,
The time I reflect on my life,
On my mistakes,
And I seek forgiveness,
From my Lord...

Vinaya Joseph

Love In Question

One fine day,
You broke the ties,
I was shocked,
When you turned hostile,
From friend to foe,
Heart bled inconsolably

Your love was a conspiracy,
The game,
You and your friends,
Played,
And in the bargain,
Murdered my happiness,

I was afraid of your silence,
What was going on in your mind?
I did not know,
You were shaped by your experiences,
Your silence,
Drove me mad,
A long-distance relationship,
I confess,
I never thought,
Distance will be so painful,
Was love accidental?
Was hurting me intentional?
Mind is filled with questions?
Why did you come close to me?
When you had to go away,
I didn't understand,
That's where I doubted your intentions,
Can't even blame you,
How fast we turned into strangers,
As if there was nothing between us,
It was such a weird relation,
All the while,
You were saying
I don't want to hurt you

But sadly all the while you were hurting me
Going far away,
I wanted you to be there,
Till the end,
With me,
In this journey of life,
Till my last breath,
I did not want you to go away ever,

Again and again,
I fell into the same pit,
I was completely blind,
Blind in love,
Could not see the criminal intention,
Behind your conspiracy
You spoke the truth,
Truth that pierced my soul,
Walked the same road again,
The road of adversity,
With the conviction that at least this time
I would enjoy being in love
True Love
But then no
As fate had it,
I was bound to fall in abyss,
Did my opinion matter?
I am not an expert in love,
But I don't agree to fidelity and promiscuity,
Which is beyond my ability to comprehend,
I can't share you with any other women,
That's how I am,
Though I respect your veracity,
Call me biased or prejudiced,
Am I making sense?
While I make this statement?
I don't know
I know court of law,
But is there a court of love
Where can we seek justice,
You and your friends,
Were agents?

Who conspired against me?
I can't compel you to fall in love with me,
I was dying,
A slow death,
Each day,
I could never explain the circumstances,
I was living in,
I would love to meet you,
May be,
When I am on my death bed,
And till then
Let me leave you,
In the arms of someone else...

Vinaya Joseph

Severing Ties

I feel liberated,
I have disconnected my ties with the past,
Removed some chaff from the grain of my life,
I want to get rid of the rubbish in my mind,
It's a slow and gradual process
Though my eyes well up each day,
And chest is heavy,
I am like a cloud,
Ready to burst open,
A slight provocation,
I let those tears roll,
Though I am less naïve,
Yet more vulnerable to emotions,
Like a beggar,
I seek love,
God, I have to steel myself,
From this vulnerability

Even while travelling in the bus,
Some days it's hard to control,
I don't care if people notice,
I let those tears run,
My head aches,
Perhaps that's God's way of washing away the dirt in my eyes,
Who knows?
It's my heart that's bleeding,
From the window,
I look forward into the distance space
And silently cry,
Not bound by social etiquettes,
My tears,
My prejudices,
My ego,
I let go...

It's my way of healing,
I know God you are there with me,
Silently holding me,
While I take this leap,

Into my future,
Kindly heal my wounds,
Time is ticking away,
And I want to live my life,
God, yes I do..
Or else let me be near you,
And let me not meet you,
Oh! my maker,
With a bleeding heart

Vinaya Joseph

Seeking Solace

I am weak,
God, mentally broke
And I am seeking help,
Without any shame,
I have faith in you,
That you are not going
To leave me alone,
In this moment,
Of pain...

Now or ever,
Kindly don't turn
Deaf and blind,
To my woes
Am I so unworthy of your love?
Where did I go wrong?

Where are you?
Why are you so silent?
What lessons are you trying to teach me?
People say move on,
What if I can't?
What if I am finding it difficult?
What if I am not strong as others?
Tonnes of advice,
That I hear...
Can't get stuck by people's behaviour,
I know all this and more
True love never departs,
It is simply fake friendship,
That withers away with time,
And it should not be hurting,
But my heart is bleeding,
And I don't want to lie to myself,
Why is someone else's promiscuity killing me?
Does not make sense,
Does it?
Why are my eyes clouded with tears?
For someone who does not care?

Why do I have a lump in my throat?

Remembering someone who does not deserve my friendship?

I need to tame this bloody mind of mine,

Put these drowsy thoughts to rest,

Find solace in poetry and photography,

Forget men, one day when you die

You have to leave your own body,

What else to say

For this is the nature of life

God, give me peace of mind

Please do!

Vinaya Joseph

An Illusion

Life is an art,
Painted by self,
Mind is the canvas,
And thoughts are the colours,
And it's no one but you
Who paints your life,
Adding dark and light shades

Grief is an illusion,
Created by one's mind,
Hence must take care
To fill the emptiness of mind,
With the right emotions,
Let there be silence and tranquility
When you are surrounded by chaos of life

Need to tame one's thoughts,
And be at peace,
With one's emotions,
Kill the restlessness,
And the sleeplessness,
Else it will maim you...

Seasons of your heart will change,
Every dawn will break into a dusk,
Dawn and dusk are both illusions,
And every dusk will give birth to a new dawn,
A new beginning,
The clock will never stop clicking,
Whether I or you exist or not,
Life and people will move
Must tell your heart not to bleed
For this is a selfish world
And it is the truth,
That nobody cares
For others,
Its "Who matters,
Not they/he/she!

When you are mentally & emotionally drained,
Don't look for external help,
Look inwards

Please don't weep,
Or waste those sacred tears,
Or your time,
For the wrong one
While you wait for the right one

What is truth?
Is you
What is in your limits?
Is you
Your emotions are yours,
Your thoughts are yours,
The beauty is
Nobody can control it,
You have the power,
To change yourself,
And your circumstances

Turn inwards,
That's where all the answer lies,
That is where the power is,
You are your own healer,
Nothing but your own body,
Can solve all the worries,
Let your conscience be the decision-maker,
And the unseen hand of the Almighty guide your steps

Relax and breathe deep Vinu,
And get back to life...

Vinaya Joseph

Identity Crisis

Who am I?
I mull over my identity...
And I ponder
Each one of us in this society,
Belongs to a 'religion'...
To a set or a group,
And each set of people
Have their 'rules of conduct'
Have own customs, laws and legislations,
I feel I am a misfit,
As I don't belong to any of these groups,
Though I was born to a Christian family,
When I was baptized,
I did not even know what baptism means?
Yet I got the tag of being a 'Christian'
Weird, weird world

Who is right? Who is wrong?
What is true? What is false?
Who defines it?
Human beings after all! ! !
Here each set of people,
Have a name for their God,
Some say Jesus,
Some say Allah,
Some say Ram,
Some say Laxmi,
Some say Ganapathi,
Some say Krishna,
Some say Kali,
And the list goes on,
It is hard to assign an image of God,
Comes in all shapes, sizes & forms,
In all genders,
Be it male or female,
With fascinating fables,
Surrounding God,
Aren't all these characters
Who people worship

Created by man?
Weird, weird world

We have built churches, mosques, temples, synagogues
And other places of worship,
As our God's abode...
But have we ever thought,
God created this whole universe,
The creator need not dwell
In these concrete man-made edifices,
He is there within you and me,
Why search for him in these structures,
Weird, weird world

Religion divides humanity,
Into chunks,
Adds to the anarchy,
Creates boundaries and conflicts
Among humans
That only love can conquer,
So many lives have been lost,
In this struggle for supremacy,
Across centuries,
Yet humans fail to understand...
Weird, weird world...

Wish if things could change,
And people could realize the worth of life...

Vinaya Joseph

Offering

All I have is a prayer,
May the light of the lamp,
Remove the darkness of your soul,
The heat of the lamp,
Burn the unholy desires,
And let thy ego wilt away,
May the fragrance of the incense,
Drown all your worries,
And as the world moves in circles,
Give you strength,
To bear the unexpected grief,
That life showers on you and me...

God, I seek your help
I am feeble in my thoughts,
I can't bear this sorrow anymore,
You are all powerful,
Take me in your refuge...

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Desertion

You left me,
To live this life,
All alone,
Like the light from the burning wicks,
My heart is in flames,
The pain and the anguish,
Only I bear,
You sit there,
Laughing at your win,
I sit here,
Crying at my loss,
Who cares?
Life moves on,
My tears are my own making,
Why did I trust you?
Why don't I learn lessons?
My mistake,
That I allowed you to play with my emotions,
It's only I who need to be blamed,
Why am I so feeble?
God, please give me strength to bear this cross!

Vinaya Joseph

Jasmine-Gift From God

Today is Onam,
I was in no mood to speak,
To anyone,
I sat down on my own,
To pen my thoughts,
It's a medley,
My mind has no horizons,
As thoughts pass by,
I capture them,
On to the word pad,
Turning myself inside out

A few days ago,
I tried to recreate myself,
Was it creative restlessness?
Or an effort to kill my loneliness,
Or was I guilt-ridden
Over a broken relationship?
Or was it the inner turbulence

A tiny experiment,
That made me adorn
My hair with a garland,
A series of tiny white flowers,
Little white blossoms,
Strung to form a garland,
No wonder jasmine,
Means the gift of God
There was fragrance in the air,
With Jasmine on my hair

I made a new start,
For my own survival,
In this hurly-burly world,
I wanted to see life,
As it is,
Naked
Without any preconceived notions,
Bare

Unlock its complex strands,
And unmask the beauty lying underneath
The teeming life...

Vinaya Joseph

Love Me Right

Hold me tight,
But not so tight,
That I stifle to death,
Be gentle like the pepper wine,
That climbs up,
The Areca tree,
Both grow together,
In peace,
Give me space,
That my mind seeks,
Let me be free,
To discover the path of life,
I want you to walk besides me,
Never leave me,
Behold me when I fall,
I need you,
To be there...

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Happy B'day Ma

Happy B'Day
As you turn 66,
All I can ask from God,
Is to keep you in good health
Thank you Mumma
For everything
I am today, where I am,
It is only because of you,
And your support
If I have pained you ever,
By words or by deeds
I am sorry.
Stay happy & naughty
I Love you,
Beyond words can describe

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Still A Child

Tears and years,
Both rolled by,
Minutes passed,
Dials moved,
Yet, I never grew up
The struggle,
Between my silence,
And hunger for excellence,
Kept me striving,
To feed,
The need
Of the child in me,
Yet, I never grew up

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

The Call

I wait for your call,
Tears run down my cheeks,
One more relation
In a coffin,
The feeling,
That I have lost you,
Overwhelms me
I sit on my own
Brooding
What have I done wrong?
To deserve this
I don't know,
Truly, I don't know
I still long for your call,
Seconds, hours, weeks, days and years
The wait prolongs...
And one day
I hit my grave,
Leaving you behind,
And leaving the feeling behind,
That you would call me, my love...
Nothing lasts, neither love nor life...

Vinaya Joseph

A Beggar

Some days,
Life seems onerous...

I am swinging,
Between past & future,
Struggling with my present,
I want to let go,
But a faint hope,
Says hold on...

And I,
Dream on...

I become weak in my thoughts,
All my knowledge is in vain,
I pray for peace...

God, I have nothing against you,
Don't test me so much that I break down,
I don't even know if
You exist or not?

When I seek love,
And forget morality
For a few moments,
When the pleasure is gone,
It always leaves me behind
With lot of painful memories,

I have no friends,
No enemies...
No scores to settle,
Nothing,
Nothing at all...

All I need is peace,
No more tears God,
Have mercy,
Get me out of this rut,

Jesus you never fail,
Remember the words that you wrote on my hand,
So don't leave your child now,
In the middle of the street,
Like a beggar...

I want you to be there,
Besides me...

I beg for solace,
Within my self,
To kill that longing in my chest,
That bloody turbulence in my mind

I realize,
Overwhelmed by emotions
All I beg for is calm,
Within my self...

Vinaya Joseph

She

She is...

A mother,
A daughter,
A sister,
A niece,
A wife,
A daughter-in-law,
A sister-in-law,
A mother-in-law,
A grandmother,
A granddaughter,
An aunt...

Above all,
She is a human,
With her own special identity

Intellectuals say,
The world revolves,
Around the spirit of womanhood,

To me,
Every woman is a queen,
In her own rights
A beautiful angel,
That God created...

But she has to realize this fact,
Has to know her own worth,
If she needs to see an end to exploitation,
End to those tears,
She must become conscious of the fact,
That she is worth the world,
Which she created

She needs to defy the myth,
That she is weak and vulnerable,
She is not an inanimate good or service,

That can be used or availed by men,
And then thrown away...

She is an individual,
In flesh and blood,
With human emotions,

An individual,
A human being,
Just like a man

She is not a tissue to be used,
And then disposed of

She is not there,
Simply to satisfy man's lust,
To be his fantasy,
She has her unique identity,
Don't put shackles on her freedom,
Don't limit her,
By putting conditions

Let her live,
Don't kill her soul,
Please let her live...

Each one us has flaws,
Faults, imperfections, shortcomings, inadequacies, etc.
Call them whatever you may like...
All I appeal
To the world,
Is to let her live her life...

Vinaya Joseph

A Tiny Appeal

Dear God,
Unshackle me,
From the chains of the past,
Let me breathe my today,
With peace in my soul,
Forgiveness in my heart,
To spread cheer,
Among those far and near,
With head held high,
And courage to fear none...

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

It's Only You

I think of you,
When my soul desires a buddy,
I think of you,
When my spine craves for strength,
I think of you,
When lips pout for a kiss,
I think of you,
When tongue yearns for a tongue,
I think of you,
When body craves for a touch,
I think of you,
When pain overwhelms me,
I think of you,
When I want to let go things,
I think of you,
When I want someone to hold me,
I think of you,
When I want to spin myself around,
I think of you,
When I want to gaze the moonlit sky,
I think of you,
When I want unconditional love,
I think of you,
Even in my dreams,
You are in my thoughts,
In all those breathing seconds,
That make my journey towards death,
You, it's only you,
That I think of...

Vinaya Joseph

February 2016

All by myself,
Surrounded only by my thoughts,
In my home,
With no modern gadgets of communication,
No WhatsApp,
No Facebook,
No mobile,
No 'virtual' friends,
Away from all,
In the real world,
With my animals and plants,
With my mother,
I sat down,
To weave my thoughts,
Into verses...

Words, words and more words,
Are these verses?
I truly don't know,
I let my mind,
Let go,
I didn't bother,
If it was grammatical or not,
I simply let my thoughts flow,
Without any hindrance...

I wondered,
Have I ever written?
An ode to February...

Then again,
My heart was heavy,
As I lost a friend,
Don't ask me why?
How we take our dear ones for granted,
And it hurts, when they go far
How fragile relations are...
It just takes a few seconds,
To break a bond,

I realized,
How weak the foundation
Of our relation was...

Shattered love
Just like the rays,
On a broken window pane,
How vulnerable,
I have become to emotions...
I thought,
Love liberates,
But it made me,
Dependant on him...

Back again to my self,
I wondered,
People come and go,
What was constant in my life,
Were my parents,
The sun, the moon
And the stars

February mornings
With its sultry days,
Sun was shining,
With a vengeance,
I could feel the heat,
On some days,
Clouds burst in unannounced,
In the evenings
Wet the earth,
Its dark nights,
Moon was shimmering,
Caught a glimpse of her silver hem,
In the pitch black sky
Accompanied by little stars...

The month of love
Tugged irresistibly on my heart strings...

Vinaya Joseph

Friday Musings

It was a perfect October setting for me,
On a bright Friday evening,
With the sun still smiling,
And the mahogany's swinging,
In the breeze from the backwaters,
With chirping birds for company,
I sat down to capture my thoughts,
On a piece of paper

Ability, responsibility...
What is ability all about?
Yesterday someone had questioned me...
And that got me thinking...
All these thoughts were borne out of this little query...
I felt abilities are traits,
Each one of us is blessed with their own set...
Some people are born with it,
Comes naturally without much hard work,
While some acquire these traits over the years,
The ones that you attain from your environment,
Have to be maintained,
That requires
A bit of training,
A dash of self-disciplining...

My interaction with people,
From all walks of life,
Always leave me amused,
The more I interact, the more I feel,
That most of us are 'professional misfits',
'Squares' in 'holes',
Or 'holes' squeezed in 'squares',
Waiting for the right opportunity to 'pop out'

Or for that matter,
People are in a set up
Where they are struggling,
Polishing their edges to 'fit in'
Where they don't belong to,

Like smoothening the edges of a hexagon
And making it appear like a circle,
Or making it 'fit to size'
Or molding it to the requirement,
What a sheer waste of talent,
Waste of abilities,
Waste of time and skills,
That I observe at work places,
I see many are in the 'wrong' job
'Right' job but 'wrong' person
'Wrong' job but 'right' person,
Combine it anyway you like,
All sorts of permutations and combinations,
Very few individuals follow their hearts,
And that's where the problem lies,
How do you expect quality from such individuals?
No wonder people perform below their capacity,
Fail to meet expectations and take responsibilities,
Wish if individuals could identify their true passion,
And realize their true potential,
And turn their passion into their profession,
And excel in their respective fields,
Then life would be easy,

So much less of so-called depression,
That I observe these days among youth,
So much more of efficiency,
So much more of happiness,
And satisfaction...

As hours pass,
Nature is still busy,
Twilight begins,
The sea breeze plays with my thoughts,
And with trees outside my window...
Let me stop scribbling now,
As my birds retreat,
Into the darkness,
And cicadas take over nature's symphony...

Vinaya Joseph

The Teak In The Graveyard

I saw from my bus window,
On a bright September,
Looming imposingly,
A lone teak in the graveyard
At Pachalam...

I kept gaping at nature's artistry,
The Teak in the Graveyard
It's canopy of white flowers
Touching the blue-and-white sky,
Under its mighty boughs,
Lay many active souls,
Their backs kissing the earth,
Now resting in peace,
In this cemetery
Or sanctuary of death...

I remembered 'Tectona grandis',
The scientific name...
That's what they taught me in school...
It stood there in its full bloom,
Broad green leaves,
Swaying to the breeze,
Brown stems,
White tiny flowers that I couldn't see clearly,
Lounging in the sun...
It was a sight to behold...

There was something grand about it,
And near its roots,
Engraved on the stones,
Were the names, dates, and other details
Of men and women,
Who once strolled on this lovely earth
And now lay peacefully...

There was so much more to death,
Than I could comprehend,
Each headstone,

Had beautiful epitaphs,
Inscribed on them,
Tucked in these tombstones,
Were not mere human bodies,
But many untold stories...

Stuck-in-time,
I was coming to terms,
With what I was seeing,
Who knows?
Was I awaiting my turn?
So many questions,
To which I have no reasonable answers...
Death: The inevitable fact,
Relieves you from all the stress of life...

I felt strange,
Or perhaps puzzled,
The tree was teeming with life,
While the cemetery with death...

It was better,
To lay my thoughts to rest

Vinaya Joseph

The Cage

I wondered,
What does freedom mean to me?
Perhaps, it could be liberty
From the internal struggle,
That I undergo everyday...
In the distance,
Through my window,
I saw a little bird in a cage,
And I wondered,
What would freedom mean?
For that little bird...
In its prime,
It had touched the horizons,
Spanned the vast blue sky,
Took flights,
And challenged mighty heights,
With its tiny wings...

Today, confined within a cage,
This little flying soul,
Has lost its flight,
Courtesy human desire

I wondered,
How selfish we humans are,
Just for our desires,
We confine someone,
That's breathing and alive,
Behind metal bars,
With limited food,
Little water,
Sans wood,
Sans its habitat,
Animals to soothe our senses,
Losing its liberty to human desires
And greed...

The powered human race reigns,
Pleasure for one,

Pain for the other,
Strange are our ways,
Oh human! ! !

Vinaya Joseph

September Blues

I lay down watching from my hospital bed,
Bed Number B2215
Shadows on my room's pallid wall,
Of trees swinging in the September breeze,
Dancing to the tunes of the unseen wind,
As the curtains were drawn apart,
I could see and feel the warmth,
Of the sun on my face and body,
It rays penetrating through my window...

With nowhere else to look, but up
I stared at the rotating blades of the fan,
And its sound was the only music I had
In circles it kept moving, just like humans

I felt strange in the hospital,
It was an uneasy moment,
With a weird equipment,
Attached to my body,
Saline dripping from the hanging bottle,
Passing through a three-tube cannula on the left arm,
Intravenously into my kidneys,
To the catheter,
Attached to my urethra,
I kept watching the bag,
Water flow down like a stream,
From end to the other,
It was suppose to wash away the laser-crushed,
Pieces of stone in my ureter...

When my mother use to chide me for not drinking water,
I use to skip her remarks by making fun,
But today after undergoing the pain,
I really wished if I had heeded to her advice,

God, I never wished to lie like this...
Even a simple walk
At that moment,
Was like a far-fetched dream,

How I wished to run, jump
And do daily chores...

At this oddly hour,
All I had with me,
Were my thoughts,
Some joyful, some painful, some depressing...
A strange amalgam...
Wish if mother was here,
Wish if dad was around,
Wish if I could hear some old songs,
That could lift my soul...

Days at the hospital were difficult,
Steam-cooked Idli's,
With coconut chutney and sambhar,
In the morning...
A tea that I could not enjoy,
Because of the artificial sugar,
Medicines before and after food,
Oats at night were a delight,
Gosh, I felt as if I were
An animal on trial,
Someone checking my BP,
Someone my diabetic count,
I lost track of the amount of drugs,
They pumped inside my body
Nights were even worse,
For five days,
I could not sleep,
Tossed and turned in my bed,
Made frantic calls to my near and dear,
Whom I had not bothered to call for years,
It was like my last night,
Messaged through the dark,
To my friends,
Thanks to them,
I survived the ordeal

When I heard the wails,
Of patients in the ward,

I felt vulnerable,
That I could do nothing,
Nothing to reduce their pain...

There was something about the whole place
A kind of serenity,
Was it the all-white ambiance?
I don't know...
Everything was white,
I thought to myself...
The white squares on the ceiling,
The white fairy-tale curtains,
The white bed sheet...
Something angelic yet something deathlike,
Just felt if the hospital management,
Could add some bright colours,
May be some shades of yellow
And add some music,
Things would have been lot better...

Mornings were busy,
With doctors attending the patients,
Night hours were difficult,
A kind of deathly silence...

Like the wind outside my window,
My thoughts flew haywire,
Sometimes about distant death,
I thought I had just traded,
With the merchant of death,
For some more years,
Sometimes about instant life,
Sometimes of the diseases that I suffered,
Wondering the meaning of my existence,
Was fighting for life worth all this pain?

Was it the effect of the sedative?
That the doctor gave me,
I had no clue,
For a moment,
Sleep caught me,
I was transferred to a different world,

I saw death slowly embracing me,
Life was leaving me slowly,
Death was breathing in,
Life was breathing out,
I could see my own coffin,
I saw the crowd singing,
And finally,
I let myself go...

Vinaya Joseph

Eternal Love

I thought
My relationship with you
Was inseparable,
Beyond the frivolities of existence
Everlasting
But then I was wrong,
Everything is ephemeral,
Nothing lasts forever,
Neither you, nor me
I thought love did...
But then I was wrong

Miles away,
I can only hold you in my thoughts,
Make love to you in dreams,
And let it be like this,
For eternity...

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

An Abyss

All by myself,
I kept thinking,
Who is there for me?
The long wait
For that someone,
To share my life with,
Who will be besides me,
Till I breathe my last...
Hand in hand,
To explore the wonders of life
But as always,
Love was elusive,
For me

Many of my friends
Found their soul mate,
But I didn't
Many a times,
I have questioned myself
Is it me?
Where did I go wrong?
So many times,
I questioned God,

God, what kind of test is this?
What kind of game are you playing with me?
What lessons are you trying to teach me?
I really don't understand...

My eyes welled up,
Even while I was writing this,
But then, for a moment, I forgot
You are blind and deaf,
A prejudiced God,
Some you favor,
While others you don't
Some you give,
While others you don't
Why do you discriminate?

Must not you be fair and just?
What criterion do you follow?
In making your judgments...

How undue?
Justice seems to be an illusion,
In this world of yours...

Millions pray to you for strength,
They say to have faith in you,
How do I have faith?
When you can't sense my pain?
That I am going through...
And I understand,
That I am in queue'
Millions before me,
Millions after me...

And it is sad that you are taking me
To a point where you want me to break down,
Fall at your feet
And beg for peace and happiness,
In these hours of darkness...

What kind of father are you?
Who wants his daughter to cry?
To fall at his feet for mercy,
'Our father, in heaven,
Holy be your name,
Your kingdom come,
Your will be done...
Forgive us sinners'
That's what you taught us trillions
To say, each day
In our prayers...

And I am no sinner,
Why make me one,
I just felt that you are
Plain selfish...
I am not ending these lines,
As my thoughts

Are like a bottomless abyss
That ceases to end...

Vinaya Joseph

Time Heals

Days became weeks,
Weeks became months,
And gradually months turned into years...
I wondered,
God, what did I learn over the years?

What did my relationships teach me?
Each one was special,
Was love a mirage?
An arrangement,
An adjustment between two people...
I truly don't know...

I wondered,
What lessons my heart learnt?
That it was best to invest in self,
Rather than waste your time on others...

It is a far greater grief,
To have a man's love,
And then lose it,
For me,
Memory lingers,
I befriended pain in the process,
It became an integral part of my life,
Inherent to me...

Wish If I could go back in time,
And erase the whole experience,
Had I never met some,
I would not have to
Go through so much of hurt,
Was the experience worth it?
I truly don't know...
It kind of left me,
An outcast in my own eyes

Hard to put my past behind me,
But it always intrudes into my present,

Everyday is a silent struggle
Quiet yet turbulent,
Tough to explain

But...

Looking back now,
I don't blame anyone,
I am the writer of my own fate,
I let others exploit my innocence,
I was emotionally weak then,
And that's where I went wrong...

Did bitter experiences,
Make me a better human?
A sort of discovering
My latent strengths,
Did destiny stimulate?
A burning passion in me
To improve myself,

Did it transform?
The breeze into a tempest,
Did it turn?
A dull fable into a masterpiece,
I guess,
It helped me,
To emancipate myself,
From the shackles of relations...

Vinaya Joseph

Rejection

Rejection is hard to accept,
In relationships,
A denial can change
The course of your life
Most of the times it is painful,
Time and again,
I have been through this pain,
So I know,
What it feels to get a 'no'
For an answer...

When I started writing this,
I had only one intention,
And that is to help
Those who are silently
Going through this pain...

Be strong
That's all I can say...

I understand,
Words won't matter,
When heart is bleeding,
I understand,
How difficult the phase is,
Especially when a person is involved,
Physically and emotionally...

Time is a great healer,
And if you don't move on,
Then the pain would last indefinitely,
Taking you along with it to your grave...
It only ceases to exist,
When we shift our focus to something else,
Something more beautiful,
Something more meaningful,
Peace is precious,
Don't let it slip away,
Why withdraw from life,

For a person
Who never cared for you...?

Vinaya Joseph

Emancipation

I feel,
A strange hunger
For freedom...
Though I have,
Yet I desire...
A deep unfulfilling kind of starvation...
Can never get too much of freedom,

The thought lingers,
To play on my mind...

Freedom...
Intangible yet priceless,
You are like air,
Invisible yet vital for life,
I want to embrace you,
Don't abandon me!
Without you,
I will be like fish without water

Give me the space,
To live my life,
The way I want to,
With whom I want to,
I understand there are constraints,
I understand that absolute freedom means anarchy,
But do allow me to make my own choices,
To create my own little world,
Free of dogma and prejudice...
Let me do,
What I want to do...
I don't dream of an unreasonable world,
But a world of reasonable limitations...
A fair world, where justice is not a delusion
You may think,
I am talking of an imaginary world,
No, I am not...
I want to be free,
Just like the animals in the forest

Just like the birds in the sky,
Just like the busy ants,
Just like the squirrels on the tree,
Just like the horses running wild...

Give me freedom...

Freedom from anger,
Freedom from attachment,
Freedom from anxiety,
Freedom from bitterness,
Freedom from craving,
Freedom from chaos,
Freedom from depression,
Freedom from dilemma,
Freedom from doubt,
Freedom from diseases,
Freedom from despair,
Freedom from darkness,
Freedom from dirt,
Freedom from dislike,
Freedom from deceit,
Freedom from dishonesty,
Freedom from envy,
Freedom from egotism,
Freedom from insensitivity,
Freedom from failure,
Freedom from fear,
Freedom from frustration,
Freedom from fright,
Freedom from fury,
Freedom from fickle mindedness,
Freedom from grief,
Freedom from gloominess,
Freedom from hatred,
Freedom from irritation,
Freedom from imprudence,
Freedom from jealousy,
Freedom from lies,
Freedom from malady,
Freedom from medicine,
Freedom from narcissism,

Freedom from nuisance,
Freedom from oppression,
Freedom from pain,
Freedom from poverty,
Freedom from pride,
Freedom from resentment,
Freedom from rigidity,
Freedom from sorrow,
Freedom from subjugation,
Freedom from trouble,
Freedom from tears,
Freedom from torture,
Freedom from temptation,
Freedom from umbrage,
Freedom from vanity,
Freedom from wound,
Freedom from woe,
Freedom from wavering thoughts,
Freedom from yearning...

Freedom above all,
From these mountains of challenges,
That I am surrounded internally and externally...

Let me be like a bee,
That sucks the nectar
From the flower of life,
Without harming it...
Like the beautiful lotus,
That thrives in dirty pond water...
Let me enjoy the freedom,
Without disturbing others...
Free from all bondages,
Allow me to dwell,
To live
And let live,
A life of my choice,
To breathe
The fresh air,
To fill my world,
With the warmth of happiness...

Oh, Master
Give this servant
The freedom
From the precincts of life
Allow me to rest in peace,
In the bosom of your earth...

Vinaya Joseph

Enigma

Life is a puzzle,
I am trying to solve...
A dark mystery,
On which,
I am trying to shed light upon...

As I struggle to solve this riddle,
I seek from the creator,
To place no fetters on my freedom,
Let me grow

As the world around me changes,
Like the leaves in the wild,
Turn brown from green
Basking in the yellow sunlight,
Dancing in the rains
Let me mature

Like the bees drawing nectar from the flowers,
A pair of mating butterflies
Exploring the garden's colour,
Let me imbibe nature's beauty,
Enjoying the fragrance of wet earth,
Like a meandering river in the hill,
Let me flow

Here lies a world in transition,
With no permanence,
In this growing society,
We need to adopt,
And adapt to changes,
O creator,
Let me take pleasure
In your creations,
In unbridled liberty
Let me live

Vinaya Joseph

A Lonesome Traveller

I am 35
I am a woman,
No longer a girl,
And worse still,
For the world
I am single, successful and happy...
A lone traveller,
In this journey of life

I am 35
I had donned many roles,
Taken small responsibilities
As a daughter,
As a sister,
As an aunt
And so on...

According to people,
But what mattered most was
That by this age,
I had to be someone's wife...
I had to be someone's mother...
I had to be someone's asset...

Being single,
They questioned my commitment and character...
As I did not belong to any one...
What to reply...
All I had to say was that
I had not committed any wrong,
I led my life on my own terms,
Without depending on others
Without troubling or paining others
Without being owned by anyone

I was brought up by my parents,
To believe in my self,
To have faith
In the power of my wings,

So please don't treat me like an accessory,
For I have my own individual identity,
I take pride
In having my own voice and freedom,
Not confined by chains
Of orthodox 'gender stereotypes'

Being single,
Is a choice that I made?
A decision that I took...
And I stood by it,
Smilingly,
With absolute no regrets

Sometimes people and circumstances
Force you to think,
Is it a crime to be a spinster?
I have nothing against the institution of marriage,
It is the most beautiful thing,
If you meet your 'harmonious' match,
Like I witnessed in the case of my parents...

Though, I had my own apprehensions
Like If I married,
Then I would be Mrs X,
And Mr X would own me,
I would be someone's possession
Sometimes I felt
That the good thing about being 'owned'
By someone was...
That I became someone's 'private' property
And none could trespass on my 'public' rights,
With chastity being a woman's greatest virtue,
Fidelity being a woman's biggest strength,
After marriage, 'My man' could have sex with me,
And 'my body' belonged to him.

I would be in his 'safe hands'
None could commit adultery with me,
Seducing me would be a sin,
After all,
I was my 'man's asset'

Vinaya Joseph

Ordeal

I thought,
That all paths before me were closed

It was hard
The weighing scales weren't encouraging,
I was 100kg,
My legs were giving away,
There were corns on my feet,
It was tough for me to walk...

I had lost hair on my head,
And there was a patch of bald,
Very unlikely for a woman,
Looking at the weird pattern,
Of hair growth on my body,
I knew my hormones were messed up,
I was far away
From being termed beautiful

With every passing day,
I was turning into a picture of pity,
And trying to tame my insecurities

I was also waiting,
For a miracle to happen,
To consummate my relation with life

I knew these were mental battles,
That I need to overcome,
On my own

I was waiting,
For that special someone
Who would get me out of this rut...
Give me a helping hand,
To restore my zest for life,
For new melodies to roll out of my tongue,

I wanted to chase the setting sun

With a chest filled with dreams,
Make my own little tracks,
In the voyage of life

Look forward to each new dawn,
Not cry or run away
And seek shelter in the silent obscurity
Of the dusk...

Vinaya Joseph

Magical May

Today was 18th,
Almost middle May
And as I begin to pen about
How musical and magical May
Made its way into my day

I scribbled
May days and nights
In my diary
Then crossed it...

I peep inside my heart
For memories of May

Sitting on my wooden chair and desk,
Besides my window,
Curtains drawn to the edges,
With my mahoganys, casuarinas, arecas
And countless other trees
Standing tall in the sun,
Sometimes their leaves
Trembling in the gentle wind,
I could see their shadows
On the cemented wall,
In front of me,
As well as on the tanned ground,
Under the rays of bright morning sun,
My home was glowing like a firefly,

I took a break,
So that new thoughts could flow,
Cooked lunch for my parents,
Then sliced pineapple and prepared juice,
So that when they come back from the hot sun,
It would ease them from the heat

Then again I sat down,
To write my thoughts,
As to what May means to me

21st meant brother's birthday,
Also of a day when a political leader was assassinated,

The slight breeze on my wooden windows,
Played with my thoughts...
My mind was a battlefield,
Of past and present thoughts
On the miracles of May!

Amid nature,
I could hear clear,
The little mumblings,
Of my bewildered heart

Morning the sky was clear blue
I could listen to the chirping of the birds,
The sound of wind,
Loud cawing of the crows,
One after the other,
Like an orchestra...

Evening the sky grew gloomy,
Covered with pregnant heavy clouds,
Sun softened and mellowed down,
Usually, I leave home in a hurry
To catch a bus,
And reach office on time,
Before rain starts drumming down the street...
I walk from Kasaba bus stop
To MG Road,
I see Metro work progressing,
Sunk deep in the river of my thoughts,
I walk into the elevator,
To be greeted by the security guards,
The dusty road gave way to the AC office,
Another day was to begin,
For me at the newspaper office,
Weaving stories on a page,
Of joy and sorrow
Spinning tales
For tomorrow morning's read

Growing Up

O God!
What have I become?
Immune to emotions...
Is this what I learned over the years?
Becoming numb to pain
And dumb to pleasure...
Praise does not seem to please,
And blame does not seem to hurt any longer...
O God!
What have I become?

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Last Desire

O, death!
Please take my breath away...

I seek the peace of your solitude,
Give me freedom,
From the vagaries of life...

I am tired,
Let my body and soul rest eternally...

I tried to please life,
But in the end, I failed...

I want to free myself,
From the pangs of sorrow,
That comes with every morrow...

I severed my ties with life...
To sail with you...

Let me also share,
That I bring with me nothing,
In this union
I am your bride without a dower...

I prayed umpteen times to God,
For peace...
But in vain,
He chose to remain silent...
My silent God!
After all I was praying to a wooden cross...
A wooden God!

May be he wanted me to be strong,
Find answers on my own,
From within, who knows?

I wonder whether my prayer was lost
Among the millions who sought his benevolence

I wonder if he ever heard my prayers,
Or may be he did,
And you were the answer to my heart's appeal

I realized that
this world is a market,
People look for gains and profits,
In every little thing,
We are part of a bigger game plan...
Everything here is on sale,
Everything here is up for grabs,
Everything is an adjustment
And, I find no pleasure in this play
I am not up for sale...
I don't want to be in this bloody business of life...

O death!
Hold me secure in your arms,
Let me rest my head on your shoulder...
I want to erase,
The imprints of pain that my heart bore...

But before I fade away in time,
I would like to thank the almighty for the gifts of life
Alas! I have no more space to keep them

In this final journey of love,
I want to become one with you,
Let there be no barriers,
I want to forget myself in your care,
As my spirit belongs to you,

Lying close to you,
Yearn for nothingness,
Only desire is to feel light,
With no more burdens of life,
Come whisper slowly into my ears,
And I long to hear your sighs and murmurs
High time that you cast your shadow on my life...

Vinaya Joseph

Strange Encounter

After a tiring day at work,
As I stepped out of the cab at midnight,
The lane to my home was submerged in water,
High tides had caused a rise in sea level

Moonbeam lit my path,
I saw a turtle slowly move on the narrow cemented lane,
A few frogs jumping here and there,

I walked past a few street dogs,
Holding my umbrella in my hand,
Into the narrow lanes,
Of my hometown in Vaduthala...

Grumbling skies had calmed down,
As I opened the gate to enter,
The most beautiful place on earth,
That I call home
Lined by two tall Christmas pines,
And a variety of tropical trees...

I entered inside my home,
This was my safe haven
To be greeted by my mother's warmth,
And after having my food,
I tucked myself inside the safety of a mosquito net,
Lying warm in the confines of my cot
The light from the tube was a solace...

It had rained the whole evening,
Frogs were still croaking,
And when they became silent,
Cicadas took over the concerto...

I closed the door
So that the light does not disturb my parents' sleep
My mind was filled with desolate thoughts,
Thoughts of being on my own,

Thoughts of leading a lonely life after my parents' death

Outside the wooden frame of my window,
Stood my casuarinas, mahoganys, jackfruit and arecas,
Wind whispered through their foliage,
The breeze blew the curtains of my room to the sides
I rose from the cot to draw them near,

And I was startled,
To see a tiny brown frog,
That had lost its way,
From the comforts of its swampy wild habitat
To the red tiles of my home...

I thanked God,
For I had company on a stormy night...

Sometimes necessity compels,
Even strangers to become friends,

I felt the little creature was scared,
And had no clue where it had landed up,
It was jumping to reach the window sill,
Perhaps, it could feel the damp breeze from outside

I wondered
If it was attempting to hop to freedom,
Freedom of the open starry skies,
Wet mushy earth

My imaginations strayed again,
And I thought,
What if this is my prince charming in disguise?
What a sign of benevolence,
That the creator had showered upon me,
On a bright April summer night,
I had the company of a little frog,
To kill my solitude!

I looked at its bulging eyes,
What was it trying to convey?

How could I comfort it?
There was fear written all over his face,
I felt his heart had stopped beating,
And it could have died of a stroke...

Seeing it struggle inside the plastic pot,
I felt pity on its plight...
We both were alike...
Alone and struggling in the storm

It could be my handsome prince,
I wondered and was amused at my own thoughts

I felt like giving my prince a kiss of assurance,
And tell him that as the dawn breaks,
I would set him free,
Back into nature,
To the place where he belongs to,
And break his short spell,
For he gave me company
During this dark and fearsome night....

I put an airy cover on him,
So that he does not become an easy prey,
Then I went back to sleep...

At dawn, I set him free
Back into the wilderness...

After a one-night acquaintance,
I and my prince charming,
We left each other,
To lead our own separate lives

Life is a paradox,
We were unfamiliar to each other,
Then became acquaintances,
And strangers again...

Vinaya Joseph

Drops From Heaven

Dizzy with heat,
A city prayed for shield,
Against boiling temperatures
Sun, the scoundrel
Stood up to its ill-repute
Of burning with fury
And played a prominent role
In this celestial display
Towering above all characters...

Then enter clouds,
So many of them,
In all forms,
Spread across the sky,
Bright at first,
Then growing dark...

Birds sing a special alarm,
I could see the clouds pride slowly swell,
As multitudes seek its benevolence...
In presence of the angry sun,

Green grass charred brown...

Monsoon in her good graces keeps away,
Till the winds garner strength,
The atmosphere is all charged up
And the sky is overcast
And wandering clouds embrace each other
Their bosoms filled with the milk of love,
In a swift turn of events,
The clouds decides to shower
Her affections on parched earth...

Slowly the sun turns pale and staggers behind,
And lo, I see drops from heaven...

Finally rain arrives,
Accompanied by thundershowers

Man's holy and unholy desires
All gets washed away,
Stems with weak roots gets ripped apart,
Heat fades away and sickness disappears
And my surroundings teem with fresh greens
And bright new life...
Thank you God
For the healing drops...

Vinaya Joseph

Raining Love

April 6,2015

It was a Monday,
After Easter,
Heavens opened up,
Rain drops fell like wine on the parched earth,
Left the earth dizzy,
Drunk with nectar of love,
From skies above

Had not been keeping well,
Skipped college, did not go to office
Lazed around the whole day,
Thoughts made me restless and sleepless,
And a power outage,
Made it more difficult,
The night before,
Forgot to charge the emergency light,
Today, lit the candle on the wooden table,
Played with molten wax falling from the candle,
Mother grew wild at my amusements
Last time, my negligence left the brown table with a black burnt mark,
After being scolded, stuck the candle on a steel glass,
The flames flickered in the wind,
I could hear noises from outside my window,
It was windy,
Latched the wooden door,
To protect the flame from dying in the wind...
Which is stronger?
Wind or fire, I still ponder
As dusk grew darker,
The night was not silent,
Heavy yet brief spell of shower,
Had given a fresh lease of life to many
Tiny little insects made mighty calls,
Frogs croaked,
At dinner table,
Father told me the story of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables
With mind full of characters,
I went to sleep...

Vinaya Joseph

Stinging Memories

It is hard to bring myself together,
To consolidate the broken pieces of my heart,
I know you are gone,
I can look back at the past,
And smile on what I had,
Or cry on what I lost,
Either ways,
The compass of my life,
Had gone haywire,
North became South,
While South became North,
And though I was lost,
Alone and directionless,
I was determined,
To take roads,
That for some was non-navigable,
I am trying hard,
To calibrate
The compass of my life,
I know memories sting
But hopefully
Years will take away
The sting of memories...

Vinaya Joseph

Carnival 2014

People were making merry,
Something was awry,
Was it the gloominess of my heart?
That obscured me,
From cheerfulness of the cavalcade,
And painted my canvas dark,
It was a street party,
But gory I felt,
Defeating thoughts,
Cast me down,
I felt I was in a pageant
Where my pain was paraded,
Put on trial in public,
Where the tragic story of my fate,
Was told, retold
Injuries to my heart,
Were on display

But it hardly mattered...

The spectacle threw light
On the heart of a deceitful man,
On the darkness of a society,
That had turned,
Everything into a bloody business,
Money, Money and More Money
And we were players,
In this procession,
Serving our time,
On this earth...

Vinaya Joseph

Farewell 2014

FAREWELL 2014

There was no send-off,
There was no leaving party,
No farewell...

My relation with you,
Was just like 2014,
It just passed away
Into obscurity of time,
And hopefully memories will fade away,
Because they were not even worth holding

And strangely I never felt sad,
Or surprised,
Because I always knew
Deep within me
From the time,
I called you a jerk,
To the countless hours,
You spent on messaging me and vice-versa,
Or the hours that I wasted
On compiling the book for you,
That you were definitely not the one,
Destined for me...

I knew you were bogus,
I could smell artificiality,
In everything that you wrote,
From the hollow,
Darlings, Honeys and Hmmmmmssss,
I empathized with the hurt,
That you wrote about,
I was naïve in not deciphering,
The 'phony' feelings,
Counterfeit claims of your heart,
That's where I lost out,
I ignored the fact that
There is an inherent 'lie' in your name

And against that little voice of my conscience,
I kept telling myself that maybe you are clean from inside...

Everything became apparent,
Once you left,
Glad that it didn't work out between us,
I could see the light of the day,
And the darkness of the night,
With a precision that I never had before,
The obscurities of life became clear,
It is hard to describe the feelings in a few words,
But I feel good that I was able to dispel the dark clouds,
That surrounded my life
Because of the relation,
I had with you...

2015 marks another beginning for me,
New set of challenges,
We are all part of an eternal plan,
When and where will I find my pigeon hole?
Hope that I won't meet any more two-timers...

And this world is small,
We might bump into each other,
Who knows?
Some day,
No regrets,
Absolute no regrets

But, I am glad to say
Farewell to you...

And Farewell 2014!

Vinaya Joseph

A Prelude (To December)

With November
Slowly slipping away,
And December making its way,
Strangely I felt,
Just like these months,
I was at a weird,
Yet wonderful juncture
In my life

Early morning,
I climbed the narrow wooden staircase,
Leading to the verandah,
Into my secret world,
Of silence and tranquility...

Here I was like a guest,
To be greeted by the sun,
Who was at its forgiving best...
That covered the winter with its warmth,
Even the clouds did not bother to stay back,
And respected my right to privacy,
They were like wanderers,
This moment here,
Next moment there...
Drifting from one end to the other,
Of the horizon,
You may call them nomads,
As they come and go,
When they please,
Like politicians,
They promise
But fail to deliver...
Always threatening to pour,
Will they or won't they?
Hard to answer,
Leaving lesser souls like me,
At the mercy
Of our imaginations...

And the wind,
Who was yet to begin its day...
Thank God,
Didn't put its strength on display
I was in the safe company of my trees,
Tall mahoganys, broad-leafed teaks, coniferous casuarinas
My humble jackfruit, huge breadfruit
Straight arecas and multi-purpose coconuts
Who were glowing bright,
In the warm sunlight

Then the silence of the morning,
Was broken by the ceaseless tweeting of the birds,
The rooster led the band,
Followed by the crow,
And numerous little birdies,
That flew high above
And rested on the boughs
Of my swinging trees...

Call it the play of tides,
Or the moon's pull,
My backyard was buried,
In salt water,
And the soil was completely wringing wet,
With no more to hold in its chest

Early morning,
In between all these thoughts,
I was also intoxicated
With the strong smell of tobacco,
That lingered in the verandah...
Appachan had filled his lungs,
With his daily dose of smoke pills

Some say,
Old habits die hard
While I say,
Some vices hang about,
And you need to let go,
At times you go stiff with age,

Dad it's hard to give up,
But you only taught me
That if need be,
You must embrace change,
Just like the changing months...

Vinaya Joseph

Soliloquy: An Appeal

Don't measure me,
In terms of feet and syllables,
Don't gauge me,
In terms of lines that I scribble,
Don't judge me,
In terms of prose and verses,
Or life's passages or experiences
That I pen...

Though I admit,
In all earnestness,
Headlines, deadlines and bylines
Have now become my routine
Sort of my lifelines...

Weird, Oh Lord!
I see lines everywhere...
Lines on my brow,
Lines on my palm,
Lines on my diary,
Lines on every object,
That I can pick out

I call myself straight,
Just like the lines that I see
No pretense, no deceit
Just like the lines that I conceive
Everywhere

Some days
I enjoy the ride of pride,
In saying
I am, who I am
With absolute no crookedness nor conceit,
Am no bard, no critic, no saint or no whiz kid...

Oh Lord,
Some days my pride takes a fall
And in all humility

Yet I feel the same joy
In saying
I am, who I am

I observe life,
In all its grime and grandeur,
With all its insanity and insecurities,
Abound in obscurities,
Touch of comedy and tragedy

I speak what I think,
Based on what I see and read,
Without fear of fine or penalty,
I write,
What's on my mind...

Something's are far beyond,
My abilities to comprehend...
Something's are far beyond,
My abilities to explain...

Some days,
I am helpless,
When my thoughts play hide 'n' seek
I struggle to describe,
The simple things,
The colours of nature
I struggle to portray,
What you paint,
Oh lord
What I see
On your canvas
Words fail me,
I feel weak...

Yet some days,
Even life's complexities are simple,
Thoughts come just like fleeting clouds,
And I hold them tight to my heart,
And chronicle them...
In my diary,
Lest they get carried away

By the turbulent winds of time and memory,
And I let them reign,
Both my silent hours and pages of my diary,

Some days,
I begin to narrate the unspoken saga,
The tacit tales of human drama,
That I witness each day,
Within my house, office, college, shops and streets,
In the busy court of life...

Some days,
I fail to end my unsaid stories
And, I guess,
Today is one such day...

Vinaya Joseph

Flame Of Love

On a bright October night, I took a free ride
Into the depths of my imaginations,
Flickering in the murky chambers of my heart
I saw the brightness of a flame lit by affections
Sparkling and shy like a newly-wedded bride...

VJ

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Rest In Peace

"Set me free,
Oh, all my vices
Let calm come this way,
And may my troubled soul
Rest in peace..."

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Notes Of Love

"Thank you God,
For the little bees, birds & butterflies,
As they break my dawn,
With their love-filled notes,
Feels like heaven on earth..."
-VJ

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Flying October

'On a lovely
October night,
As my sight,
Fell on the winding clock,
I saw time flying,
And the year dying...'

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Race Of Life

Sometimes I think,
Life is a paradox,
How absurd we humans are,
People here are in a mad race,
And live in darkness,
Created by desires,
A world of illusions,
A world of ambitions,
I see people making plans,
Short-term, long-term, all sorts...
Set targets and frame timelines to attain,

Sometimes I think,
We have become bloody hoarders!
Here everyone wants to achieve,
Some goal or the other,
Some hope to acquire wealth,
Some hope to acquire health
Some hope to acquire wisdom,
Some hope to acquire peace,
Some hope to acquire comfort,
Some seek excellence,
While, some seek love
The list is endless...
Time and again,
I deny being part of this race
Yet, unknowingly, I am drawn into it...

Life is a paradox
We run behind satisfaction,
Chasing our dreams,
Amusing ourselves with the little gains,
Creating happiness in our brains,
This supposedly gives meaning to our lives,
Stimulus to our thoughts,
But this bloody process never comes to an end,
We scale one height of success,
And see in the near distance,
Another mountain to climb,

Yet another challenge to conquer

Little wonder that life,
Becomes a constant struggle,
And where does this race end,
Where is the finishing line?
At death's bosom,
And what do we actually have then,
Nothing, absolutely nothing
The last lap,
Is the most beautiful one
We leave behind everything,
And are grounded
All the worldly desires,
That our soul seeks,
Comes to a naught
And life loses, death wins
And this has been the only way,
Through decades of existence

Oh death,
You are the period of life's sentence,
You liberate us,
From the affliction,
That affection brings forth...

Vinaya Joseph

A Little Prayer

I write,
A little prayer,
For my dear friend
On a weekend

Miles away,
Sitting here
At the safe confines
Of my wooded home

I experience,
The soul and spirit of sand
Through the lens of my friend,
The beauty of the sun-baked sands,
Merging with the infinite sky above,
Blurring the horizons
Into one canvas

Though devoid of the greens,
And the rivers,
Sans the dark clouds,
And the rain,
That my home is blessed with,
There is beauty still

When compared to him,
I feel safe at home
The arid region evokes in me
Both admiration and trepidation
Of dreary deserts,
Of weary life

I see my friend,
Trod the lifeless desert,
With dreams in his chest,
Toiling hard in a foreign land,
For his loved ones

And I write in wonder,

Miles away

A thousand men
Must have tread that way
Long before he was born,
Absorbing the love from above,
And a thousand hearts
Will tread that way
Long after he is gone...

And I write in wonder
Miles away

What a paradox,
The so-called sterile land,
With its sparse vegetation,
Is in fact heavily- laden,
With oil and minerals,
In its bosom
And millions across the world,
Survive from its bounty

And as my friend travels the rugged path,
Exploring the treasures of nature,
In the setting sun and ascending moon,
Capturing the twilight colours,
Of a foreign land,
Eternally in his frames

All I pray,
From miles away,
Is for him to realize his dreams,
With a calm and peaceful mind,
And let the Master bless him,
With a song on his lips,
For a bright morrow,
With no pain or sorrow!

Vinaya Joseph

A Lucky Me!

As a dark August went by without much fanfare,

And a bright September stepped in demure,

I was blessed to have a sacred start,

Each day with bird songs

As I woke up to a new dawn,

I hear on an early September morn,

The harbinger of good luck,

Singing gluck, gluck, gluck...



PoemHunter.com

A cloudy sky,

Brief spells of shower,

With mercury touching 30 degree Celsius,

That's what the weather forecast had to say,

Heaven-sent, it is a bright sunny day

For my birdie to play

In my garden

Hopping from one bough to the other,

Like a trapeze artiste,

Sometimes relaxing

On my coconut and jackfruit

Sometimes singing

On my mahogany and mango,

While at times performing

On my wood apple

I see it,

Fluttering its copper-brown wings,

In the September sun

With eyes like little red cherries,

And a black pepper in the centre,

Searching for insects on my gooseberry,

A gentleman-like gait with a dark brown coat,

Foot by foot,

Your calls are loud and distinct,

Note by note,

The morning air echoes,

With sonorous calls

Gluck, gluck, gluck...

Perched on the branches
Of wind-swept fronds,
Without any flocks,
You walk alone,
Engaged in your work,
I am fortunate and blessed,
To savour these kind nature's favours,
And to have you
Here in my little backyard!

Vinaya Joseph

Reed Notes (The Flute Player)

On my way to work,
As I walked along the
Tiled and cemented pavement,
On the busy MG Road

I saw a man,
Holding a box
Full of flutes,
Bamboo-brown ones,
Waiting patiently and relentlessly,
For someone to show mercy,
And buy his reeds

With no roof on his head,
And a few notes in his pocket,
Waiting to earn his bread,
I heard him play the brute,
With a passion,
That could put
Even Lord Krishna to squirm

His fingers moved rhythmically,
On the tiny little holes,
With his lips kissing the edge,
And I saw him effortlessly blowing air
Slowly into the hollow pipe,
Thereafter, the music began to flow
Like a river from his reed

The notes,
Kept rising and falling,

Though I admit,
I could not recognize it all,
And filled the cold and lifeless city air,
Sans birds, beasts or butterflies
With the warmth of music

Alas, as time rolled by
The sound from his magical reed
Slowly got drowned
By the snarls and brawls,
And the humdrum,
Of traffic-laden
Mad city life

And, as I walked past
This busy life,
I thanked God,
For some of us,
Could make a living
Out of air!

Vinaya Joseph

My Bloody Heart!

Some things will die with me,
The world will never know,
The cross that I bear,
The pain that I rear,
I cover it under the garb of silence

Some times I wonder,
How many are there like me,
Who silently suffer?

You were playing a game,
And I was naïve,
I was in the company of vice,
But then I did not realize
Until the truth came out,
By then it was too late

Who to blame?
None,
It was you
My bloody heart!

The journey was hard,
From heart to hurt to hatred,
From being strangers to becoming friends to turning foes,
Few lessons I learned,
Few resolutions I made,
Some scars remain unhealed,
I guess,
Death will liberate me,
From all these voices inside me,
While I let you go,
And let go myself!

Strange I feel about human psyche,
This bloody heart still yearns,
For those who don't care
Write verses on
Those who like shadows,



PoemHunter.com

Remained when the sun shone,
And disappeared when it got dark

In prosperity,
There were many to talk,
In adversity,
There are any to walk

My bloody heart,
Feels like grabbing
And tossing you out!

Vinaya Joseph

T

Years have rolled by,
But my relation,
With you,
Never ceases to amuse me
Your scent and sight,
Makes me feel bright

Some like you light,
But I like you dark,
And strong

Some like you cold,
But I like you sizzling,
Steaming hot
Especially when ill,
I like you with basil
On some days
Mother brews you,
With dried ginger
Some days
She spices you up,
With a dash of pepper

Anyways, a sip is all it takes
To give me a kick,
And gets me going,
To face life's jerks,
Reviving my tired senses,
Relaxing my nerves,
And energizing my mind

I fancy you,
Every morning,
And every evening

How can I live without you?
I have grown up,
With you

Soothing my soul,
Each day of my life
Drinking nectar,
From your cup of happiness,
That brims over,
Into my life!

Seasoned with my mother's love
You make your way,
From her tea pot
Straight into my heart

Thank you,
For being there
Each day of my life! ! !

Vinaya Joseph

Travel Light

Oh, Lord!

In this odyssey,
Of life

In this journey,
From life to death

In this play,
Of breath

I seek neither the crown,
Nor the cross

I came with nothing,
So do I leave,
Empty-handed

Leaving everything behind,
For the world to enjoy

I want to fly
Like a bird,
In the open skies,
With no burden,
Or weight
On my wings

I want to travel light,
In this flight,
Of life
With no pain in my heart
With no ego,
No worries in my mind

I want to sleep peacefully,
After a day's toil,

Alone and happy,
With no guilt in my heart,
Of having hurt anyone

I want to have a good laugh
And enjoy
Every morsel of food,
Every moment of life,
Experience nature,
In all its shades and hues,
Be it light or dark

I want to meet
The highs and the lows of life,
With equal ease
And no prejudice
The wise with their virtues
The wicked with their vices

I want to flow like a river that gives life to many,
And merge into the ocean of death one day,
Making my own little path,
In the bargain,
Without any big desires
Or lust for name and fame

I want to earn money,
Only to meet my needs,
Nothing to quench my greed

I want to remain detached,
From the worldly pits of pleasure and pain,
Severe myself
From emotional bondages and baggage
Of attraction and repulsion...

I am here today,
Gone tomorrow

And all I want,
Is to travel light,
In this journey of life!

Vinaya Joseph

Oh, My God!

With full faith
And reverence
In my heart
To God
I ask,
Where are you?
I see people go to places of worship,
Write odes,
Climb hills and peaks,
To seek your help
But I don't see you,
In temples
Churches or Dargahs
Neither do I see you
In crucifixes,
Nor in stones,
They built
In your name
But I do see you
In life,
In a child's smile,
In nature,
Deep within,
You and me!

Vinaya Joseph

The Choice

I chose the pen,
Over the microscope,
A conscious yet impulsive move...

Have always followed my heart,
Was it wise?
Only time would tell...

Strive to be the best in what I do,
All I have at my command is a few thousand words,
And to aid them,
A few commas, colons, apostrophes and full stops,
That is for me to express my self...

Would I be able to make a difference?
In the little that I do,
Let future be the judge...

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Stray Thoughts

As the dawn breaks,
And a new day begins,
I hear and see
An orchestra,
Being performed
A flock of crows
Perched on my trees
-Jackfruit, Mahogany, Areca and Coconut
While some sit on the clothes line in my veranda,
And start singing incessantly,
Kaw Kaw Kaw Kaw
I pause and wonder,
At Master's creation
I consider,
You the most intelligent,
Among the avian species
Your pitch-black plumage,
With shades of gray,
Around your neck
Makes you attractive
Some say you are ugly
But I consider,
Ugliness as a blessing in disguise
Some times being ugly helps
As it saves you
From being preyed
By selfish humans
Each time,
I see you cawing
With your beak,
Moving rhythmically
Up and down
I feel,
You are lucky and blessed
To always have a song!
Some say you are a nuisance
But I think,
It is a mean world out there
And in order to survive,

In this race of life
You need to be bloody clever
'Clever as a crow'
How else could you explain?
'Survival of the fittest',
As Spencer coined,
And Darwin mentioned,
In his 'Origin of Species'
And finally,
When dusk sets in
And I see the moon rise,
I see you preparing your wings
Getting ready to fly,
To touch the horizon
I pause and wonder,
Yet again,
At Master's creation

Vinaya Joseph

Silence

When I whispered,
Silence speaks
The language of my soul
Someone said,
What a contrast?
He questioned,
Does silence
have a sound?

How could I reveal
the secret of silence?
My restless mind
Always sought its refuge
Reviving my dull spirit,
I enjoyed its subtle beauty,
While communing with my self

Silence was my best friend
The goodness
And courage it radiates,
From a calm, composed
And contemplative spirit
Was its best gift to mankind

Not jarred by the noise
Of the turbulent world
Its power
Like the unseen wind,
Its stillness
Fell on my mind
As a soothing balm...

Vinaya Joseph

Sardine (A Fishy Affair)

I see mumma,
Inside her wooden kitchen,
Cleaning fish,
Being born close,
To the seas and the sands,
I trust her hands,
She knows the knack of doing it,
And I sit next to her,
On the blue stool,
In the kitchen,
Admiring her skills

With a knife,
She deftly goes about removing,
The lateral fins, tails and gills
Taking out the intestine
And dirt from the stomach,
All the phytoplankton,
That the little fishy had gobbled up,
Throws it out neatly,
Thereafter descaling
With a swiftness
That I could admire
And aspire to inherit
One day, may be...

I see my fishy lie there bare,
My lovely sardine,
With her sad little round eyes,
Fresh from the sea,
Devoid of her silver sheen,
Washed and cleaned,
Under the running tap water
Waiting for her turn
Ready to be tossed in fire
May be in the pan,
May be in mumma's mud urn...

Some say pearl spots are the best,

I feel they are 'pricey' and a 'mess',
Sardines top my list,
For, undoubtedly, you are the best,
Low-priced and rich in Omega-3 fatty acid
Nothing can beat you,
None can compete with you,
A plate of rice,
Would perfectly
Compliment you
Some days
Mumma fries you,
With a pinch of salt, chili and turmeric,
While some days
She steams you
With chili and garlic
While some days
She adds tomatoes
While some days
She simmers you in coconut milk,
What amazes me,
Is the way you ooze out oil,
Anyways you are mine,
And always a delight

Easy-to-cook
Easy-to-munch
Don't have to worry
About the bones,
As they are fine to eat,
You are definitely a treat,
Hard to resist and beat!

Vinaya Joseph

My Anchor

Ma, I love you!
You have been there always with me,
Though they cut the umbilical chord at the birth,
I remain connected

Ma, I love you!
You have been my source of inner strength,
Always standing besides me like a rock,
I remain indebted

Ma, I love you!
You have been my source of inspiration,
My light through the dark valleys,
I remain grateful

Ma, I love you!
You have been my role model
Always inspiring me to take up fresh challenges
I remain inspired

Ma, I love you!
You have been my guardian angel
Always giving me courage to face the day with a song
I remain humbled

Ma, I love you!
You have been my savior
Always holding me when I slip and fall
I remain guarded

Vinaya Joseph

Marriage

Is it a merger?

Where two souls become one?

Is it a union?

Where each one,

Enters and experiences the other's world

Is it a sacred covenant?

Most intimate of human friendships

Sharing life with one's spouse,

Is it a gift to each other?

Of unbreakable bond of love

Not just a commitment made at the altar,

But it is a commitment of lifetime

Of every young couple

Who says 'I Do'

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Infidelity

A small prayer
God,
Curse him!
For all
What he did,
For all the lies that he said...

Maim him,
Cripple him
Burn him in fire,

Forbid him the peace of mind,
For life...
As he destroyed mine

I am no sadist,
For I want to see him,
Writhe in pain,

But then how can I wish him good,
For he was a rapist,
Robbing me of my tranquility...

Though many infidels,
Like him survive,
Crush him so that
It would be a fitting lesson,
For the others,
Not to play
With any woman's emotions...

He took pride,
In being a 'player'
Let his pride take a fall...
He played with my feelings,
And is caressing,
Other woman's bosom,
Writing verses
About her tresses...

I seek justice,
In your court...
Lord, do hear me
Please do...

Vinaya Joseph

Get Real

My friend told me to 'Get Real'
And I wondered what it means?
Real to me meant to be who I was
Without any pretensions,
I always took pride in saying
I am, who I am
And take me as I am
You get, what you see
Nothing less, nothing more
No but then I was wrong
Getting real,
It meant to be made-up,
Trying to hide our imperfections,
Brushing away our blemishes,
Masking our imperfections,
To survive in this skewed world!

Vinaya Joseph



PoemHunter.com

Flight Of Time

You and I
Are just passersby...

June bids adieu!
And here comes July,
With all its trappings,
Bright mornings, sultry evenings...

Birds, butterflies and bees,
Playing on my trees...

Air is filled,
With the fragrance of the flowers

In my garden,
Passion blossomed,
White and purple
Hung from the vine,
Its tender petals,
Swayed in the breeze

Along with it bloomed,
The bright orange pumpkin,
Both the vines intertwined,
In strange unison

Today's glories...
Tomorrow's ruins...

Vinaya Joseph

Fleeting Thoughts

I am just
A caretaker,
I don't own,
This beautiful earth
Nor its inhabitants

Everything is ephemeral,
Nothing lasts...
Both
Pain and pleasure,
Are transient

Even the firefly,
That burns bright,
In the night
Has to one day
Give away,
It's light

Nevertheless,
I do owe,
This beautiful earth,
To my future
Generations

After me,
These stars, sky and seas
Hills, valleys and springs,
This paradise
Are all theirs
To inherit

Nothing belongs to me,
I am here, today
I will be gone, tomorrow

Alas!
Some days I wonder,
Aren't we fools?



PoemHunter.com

We toil our lives,
To make mighty mansion,
And finally hit our graves,
In the ground

Each one here,
I see is in a race,
Carving their own path,
Creating their own niche,
Trying to attain fame, name and glory
Even those who achieve this,
Eventually,
Are reduced to frames,
Hanging on the walls,
Becoming part of history...

Vinaya Joseph

Creativity Matters

Can a bird,
Realize the potential of its wings
Inside a cage?
Can creativity be taught in a classroom?
Basics, yes may be

Does art have limit?
Be it film, literature, painting,
Photography, music or dance...
Yes, may be
But then
You need to explore,
The infinite
Dig deep,
Into your self,
And your surroundings,
To find the real treasures

If you have to stand out,
You need to be different,
Unique in your own ways,
Non-conforming to standards,
And be original
Then the passion,
The drive and the madness,
Reflects in your work of art

Some say,
Beaten tracks,
Do not lead to new pastures,
Or fresh woods...
So true,
You need to take risks
For some gains

While, I say
We need to blend,
Our past experience,
With our present,

To craft something new,
For releasing
That creative energy
Gifted to all
By the creator! ! !

Vinaya Joseph

Being Gifted

No, I am not
Such a misnomer it is,
I felt...

Many think,
I take it as a compliment
No, I don't
I feel burdened

Always thought it,
Puts my hard work to naught,
Had to work bloody hard,
With my head, hand and heart
To reach where I am...

Some say
I am 'naturally' good
But for me,
Nothing came easy or 'naturally'
Let it be the words, manners or the world

Cheerfulness is never cheap,
If you turn the pages of my book,
You will know that,
I wasn't born with a silver spoon
Or a golden fork for that matter...
It was all cultivated,
Over the years,
Through sheer hard work! ! !

Vinaya Joseph

Master Strokes

This morning, I lay down
In the open,
On my terrace
Silently appreciating
An artist at work

Above me,
Miles away,
Lay his cosmic canvas,
To begin with,
He decorated it with soft blue

I saw him,
The Master,
With his enormous palette,
Dip his brush in gold,
And seconds later,
I had a burning bright,
Ball of light,
Winking at me,
Through the blues

I could feel,
The sun
The warmth of its kiss,
On my forehead,
I closed my eyes,
And went to sleep

At noon, the gentle wind
And light rain
Broke my nap,
I woke up,
To see the Master
Still at work...

All the galleries
In the world,
All the artists put together,

Cannot match
Up to his brush's stroke

Be it Vinci's Last Supper or Mona Lisa,
Or Michelangelo's Adam on Sistine Chapel,
Or Gogh's Starry Night
Or Picasso's Guernica

I could see
The cotton-like clouds,
The silhouette of birds flying,
And slowly his blue canvas,
Had turned dark grey

And his creation came alive
In the evening,
With the heavy rain,
Beating the mushy soil,
Linking the earth to the sky
In a stream of water
I rushed inside
To my bed

Late at night,
I still found,
The Master at work
And I wondered,
Does he ever sleep?
Dawn to dusk,
He was at work...

I saw him sprinkle his dark canvas,
With silver...
And the sky twinkled in joy,
With zillions of little diamonds,
And we were blessed,
With a starry night
For The Master was still at work...

Vinaya Joseph

The Winged Beauty

You paid a visit,
In the wet season,
And sat on the corner,
Of my window

Elegantly sitting,
With your wings fanned out,
Across the edges of a wooden frame

I remember spotting you before,
Seems like
The winds brought you back,
Your ends were bordered black,
With concentric grey rings,
On velvety brown wings

Exceptionally stunning,
Your curves were worthy to look at,
And wings marked with eyespots

Before you get ready for your flight,
Let me thank you,
For giving me company today,
In this dark weather,
And do come again!

Vinaya Joseph