Ecofeminist Signature Poems of Sugathakumari

1. MARUBHOOMIYUDE VASANTHAM (THE SPRING OF THE DESERT)

   It rained once, on the benumbed breast
   Of a desert disappeared in forgetfulness.
   Upon dead soil scattered like pyre
   With the ashes burning till now,
   Wounded with nails of this vain
   Sand-storm that whistles and whirs,
   Upon the pale soil where the camel
   Weary with bearing human load died,
   The thirst of blazing eyes beheld
   Gorgeous greenery in the glaring sun,
   When the woe of the desert lay down
   And gazed at the skies with waterless eyes.
   Oh! From the heart of heavens fell down
   Soothing drops like nectar showers!
With her parched tongue she sucked
Them and heaved a deep sigh.
With cool and delicate hands, the breeze
Gently embraced, that weary body,
In that night, through the foggy pall
Peeped and beamed the crescent moon.
That’s all! Ha, when days passed by
Blowing the lustre of pearls still,
The cool breasts of the desert were seen
To have gained the lush of green!
Whenever gazed, sprouting and rising
Thousands of graceful flora around.
Sprout at the tips of the green thickets
Sport like chain of beads, hundred buds
They woke up startled, eyes winked and blossomed,
Sanctity and splendour matched and blended!
Tender little faces flushing with colours
Rose and shone with lovely laugh!
Thousand blooms! Oh! With a wink
There blossomed thousand flowers!
With one leap has reached here now
With dancing footsteps the spring season!
When those flowers danced, smiled brightly,
The bones even sunk deep in soil.
When those flowers sang, hummed with them
Even rock ranges, enchanted and charmed.
Flowers and colours, fragrant breeze,
Honey and sand, white and cool,
In that flowing life force passed
Four days just with festive fun.
That’s all! Ha, again at dawn
When the blazing sun made entry,
Inside the chariot of fire, sending smoke,
With seven green horses and golden wheels,
With saucered eyes, red and raving
When came that god, at the time,
The cool charming breeze broke again
Into the whirlwind, roaring like sea.
When the glaring sunshine and sand storm
Together made loud ecstatic dance,
Fled afar into distance and vanished
Frail and weary, the season of spring.
Faded away flowers, fell off the shoots,
Flower garden became grave yard again.
Within a day when again it turned
The same old glaring sea of sun shine,
The woe of the desert lay down again
And gazed at the skies with waterless eyes,
Ha, in silent speech she asks
The skies forming fumes of fire,
“The thousand flowers, ha, within a wink
The whole thousand have gone, have they?”
These cries could be heard in the wind
That burned, beat and whirled sandules,
“They won’t perish, for their life
Lies asleep, within my soul,
When centuries pass, again on my breast
Fall drop by drop, compassionate tears,
With a long sob, when I accept
With my heart, that promising dream,
Thousand flowers, ha, again on my breast
The thousand flowers shall rise and sing!”

2. VARSHA MAYOORAM (THE PEACOCK RAIN)

Relishing the raindrops
Falling like pearls
Lone remain I
Beneath the horizon.
Below whimper and sob
Waves of the sea
Having fondled my feet
And got fatigued.
In the darkening sky
Flashing the light of laughter
Lightning comes, like
White birds of flight.
Unfathomable bliss
Drunk to the deep,
For the earth and sky
Whole belongs to me.
This rain cloud,
This playful wind
And the sorrow of this blue
Sea, belong to me.
Roars the rain cloud, leap high
And dance the Sea waves,
And the torrential rain
Pours down in buckets.
The breeze scatters
My hair, getting wet
Watch I thus
The dance you do.
Oh! world’s wild beauty,
Your passionate dance
With a sound seeming fierce
And drumming, I perceive.
Decked with flowers and buds
Floats in beauty, the flowery body
With bright yellow sunshine
Worn as floral garment,
Tiny curls scattered
Shining sandal on forehead
With the slow spontaneous
Bowing beautiful face,
Holding hands of the
Luminant dawn, let
The spring lass arrive
And knit her brow!
With a body as
White as snow
Wrapped with wet cloth as
White as jasmine,
Blessed and unattainable,
Stumble and overflow
The white pearls stuck
In the half closed eyes,
Dark, like a sage woman
Reigning devotedly meditating,
Let the young Himalayas,
May turn his face!
Sunk in the silk garment
Glittering and golden,
The long eyes blazing
Burning, embers raining.
On earth’s panting sides
Which attain peaks,
Then fall off near feet
Thirsty and parched,
Merging the corner of
Pitiless eyes, stand
The proud maiden fire,
Let her be enraged!
Once do I make
A loud recital,
The maidens of seasons!
Ground’s goddesses of luck!
When I stand aghast thus
Staring at the blue sky
And soil so stunning
Than all of you,
Ha! the black hair adornment
Scattered, the elegant eyes
With radiant rays blossomed
The dark dress swaying and swinging
Bearing in arms, tempest
And lightning, lifting them
And bursting into laughter,
Fiercely intoxicated.
Making the oceans turbulent
Shaking this whole world
Moving the footsteps up
Striking and jingling,
With furious festivity
Dances this dark durga,
This new year’s maiden,
I love her so much.
With her as pair,
Crossing the bounds
Of the endless horizon
I do the frenzied dance.
With her as pair,
I sob and smile
And embrace the earth
To my broad chest!
With her as pair,
In the burning soul
Of the withered soil
I awake a novel life.
Into grass, into sprout,
Into new flowers and into
Golden paddy and into
Trees, shades and fruits,
Into hundred brooks,
Into lakes and oceans,
Turns the crystal clear water
And I become its song!

3. VELIYETTATHIL  (IN THE HIGH TIDE)

The beat of the waves of this sea,
A dusk in vermillion,
In every direction
A breeze wanders sobbing,
A cloud came down
Throbbing to rain,
Crushed to the deathbed
An unfortunate wish,
Slowly stealthily enters
An unknown fear,
And covers my two eyes
With the cold hand and vanishes,
On the sand-bed decked with  
Marks of the high tide  
Lies a dead body  
In prostrate position,  
(To touch the small feet  
That lies prone, extend  
The rippling waves  
Their finger tips.  
Diffident to touch,  
Then extending hands,  
Why hesitate? Clean  
And pure are those feet.  
How many paths in the  
Past they traversed, tired  
They come and at thy mercy  
Snatch a short sleep.)  
Somewhere on the other shore  
Enveloped in smoke  
The dazzling splendour  
Of a volcano’s crater.  
Flaring it like fire  
Blown in the bellows,  
The devilish dance revelry  
Of the whirlwind.  
For fresh air,  
For light, for sleep  
Calm and laced with
Sweet dreams,
To lean on the shoulders
Of one determination,
To free fearlessly
From a futile sigh,
Ha! With extended hands
I wait in expectation,
In the sad and agonized
Dark shade of the night.
You come, the holy herald
Of spring, let me
Unfold my life like
The petals of a flower!
The softness of tender
Mango leaf, the lovely
Lustre of dawn, the fluffiness
Of the green bird’s feathers,
The bright eyes, and
The honey dripping lines
Of an old forgotten song
I heard somewhere,
A novel wish like
A flame of lamp,
The sweet throbs of
A heart in love.
Didn’t I dedicate to you
My whole? Do show mercy
My favourite deity, feeling
The lustre of your long eyes,
Let the beat of this mind’s waves
Merge into tranquility!
Let the fresh and lovely moon
Rise in the horizon!
Roaming through that moonlight
Let come in sacredness,
Tender and in splendour,
The smile of a star.
Let that soft smile
Fill up my mind!
Let it move through
The soul which is mine
Surmounting darkness,
Sunshine, dawn encompassed
With snow, shadow and
The dark red dusk,
Soar up then settle in my eyes
That are blazing up,
There let it cool down…
And flow down in tears….

4. MAZHA (RAIN)

Stay aloof, fly down rain drops,
Settle in thy curls, in a row,
Shining and shivering.
Come along, soft body has soaked.
With your eyes, wide and open
What do you search for in the wide, above?
Spilling dark waves in the play of the wind,
Roar the ocean, dark with rain clouds.
One bright lightning fly down and settle
In the whirl pool, going round and round!
Flash and rolling! drowning! At the back
Waves reeling up like a thunder!
We, as two dark grains of sand
Stay and see that scene, at heart
Unfold a smile and in the soul
Awaken feathers of peacock.
Unfurled peacock feathers, scattering
Foam and froth, and water drops!
Around in unison spread out peacock feathers
And sway together, rows of huge trees!
Flowers, sprouts of grass, our hearts
And the rapturous leaves do alike
A new dance with uniform steps
In the same beat, in the same tune! . . .
Enough, now get inside, the waves
Of the sky have come to rest,
In the sigh of the wind, that heart alone
Is moving up and down. . .
Like a reflection, in a hurry
Clouds vanished, following that
Comes afar stealthly a reckless star,
Twinkling and blooming!
Enough, now get inside, with hair
Scattered, wet and shining cheeks,
With wide opened starry eyes
You are that rain shone east!
Now come each summer, each desert’s
Long expanse, the thirst shall be quenched
With memories of this cold crystal rain
Which we together spent.

5. BIHAR

This great stone tower
Blazing in the sunshine,
The sky burning like
A silver plate,
The Ganga continues its course,
The stone deity stands
Dispassionate, fierce
And remote.
In the distant metropolitan city
The cars speed through the streets,
The loud noise of machines
Are heard as heartbeats,
With an end of a faded and
Ragged sari, covering the
Forehead completely covered
With early greying hair,
Holding a small plate
Full of fading flowers
In her lean tattooed hands,
With a bent face,
With tearful eyes
Long and in deep furrows,
With ‘rama rama’ chants
All the time in the lips,
Oh, poor mother who offers
To deity what is desired,
By standing in front of this
Great stone tower, hark.
Only the belly that gave birth
To good children, be relieved;
You’ve given birth to hundred sons,
With hearts turned stones,
With blind eyes to tears, having
Love for the self alone, becoming
Selfish, depressed and lazy.
Mother of sons, will the place
Where your red tears fall
Turn ablaze?... I fear!... What do you beg?
To the heavens that have
Forgotten to show mercy?
To the stone emitting heat?
To the time with its supreme power
That has no shiver at whatever happens?
To your goddess of sorrows?
Or to the shamelessness
Of your sons? Divine woman,
They never speak.
You may go back.
Until those having bodies with long,
Straight stature like the Deodar tree,
With strength like that of the Himalayas
Which form a divine soul,
Ha, until those who have strength
To perceive great dreams
Are born in this earth
Again as your kids,
Don’t desire anything,
Your flickering curse
Shall never affect
Our lifeless souls!
Wipe out with the end
Of the sari, each tear drop
Without letting it fall down
And do go back slowly.
Along the fringes of the hill
Where smoke rises up,
Along the brink of the brook
Where song and laughter dried up,
Along the blistering breast of
The cracked large fields,
Along the little temple where
No lit lamps at dusk seen,
With the aching feet
Sore, naked and cracked
Staying awhile to rest,
And with weary eyes-
When the mother stoops a little
And passes by, she might be thinking,
‘Only the belly that gave birth
To good children, be relieved.’

6. THIRUVONAPULARIYIL (AT THE DAWN OF THIRUVONAM)

Delhi-in the very old Delhi
On a bright dawn of thiruvonam
When I rub the eyes and look through
The window for the first sight of the day,
It was extreme foolery! Seen
Were the donkeys laden with loads
And a man with lashing whip-
What a ridicule!
When my eyes long to shut
To make sure not to see them,
When the wings of the heart’s eyes
Reach afar with a great sob,
Glitter before me, as dawn’s first sight
A full lit lamp, mother kindled,
A precious throne decked at the dusk
Of uthrada, by the darling kids.
For Maveli to sit, unaffected by
The sunshine and to feel fresh,
A lotus umbrella arrayed
And its blooming tender red petals…
The thoughts came back, and before me
Are silences that bear burdens.
Below, movements in the slums
That are crushed in pile as darkness,
Swift movements of this big city
Waking up for various works.
Near me lies my burden, forgotten,
Lashes humming in the heart,
Still my heart is so lazy
And sits leaning upon here.
What’s here to prepare?
Here Maveli shan’t arrive.
Veiling the face with a dress
Very much dirty and faded,
Waving the hands with silver bangles
Worn, jingling and twining,
With the speed by which the skirt
Full of frills move and whirl,
Running in a hurry through
The breast of a ground so dried up,
At the sight of train’s smoke near,
Flourishing fast crossing the rails,
Leaving the village valley and reach
Here the dexterous dawn!
When she lifts up the veil a little
And goes away with a smile,
Thinking of chingam’s robust cheeks
   With sandal colour and sun’s golden showers,
Leaving my eyes to wander below
Here I settle down and sit.
What’s here to prepare?
Here Maveli shan’t arrive.
A little boy with long red hair tied
And wearing a peacock feather on it,
And a bear dancing through the streets,
Are moving along that road.
With the dark hair falling, and jingling
Little bells on legs, with wet eyes,
That great bear turns and soothes my face
With its saddened eyes.
(My eyes droop, might be because
I can’t stand the pangs of that look)
Cradling a lean and weak child
To her breast and looking down,
And holding a neck broken bottle,
A mother goes afar in a hurry.
With the fast waves of vehicles and people
The city is buzzing and flowing.
In a distance, a blind man in void
Lets out a clear note from his flute,
Like flying a broken kite, and
Then standing a little bewildered.
The worries of human souls
Whither hurry fast everyday,
Wastes cannot be erased,
Nor the flourishing hopes of life,
What a haste, the city wouldn’t
Spare to give even a smile!
Still my heart is so lazy
And sits leaning here.
What’s here to prepare?
Here Maveli shan’t arrive.

Notes:-
Maveli:- The legendary demon king on whose memory Keralites celebrate onam. His reign was an exemplary one with prosperity, honesty and plenty. To recapture those moments, people celebrate onam with the belief that on that day King Mahabali or maveli shall visit the home of all his subjects.
Uthradam:- The eve of Onam when people make the last preparations for the colourful celebration.
Chingam:- The first month of Malayalam year. Onam is celebrated in the month of Chingam.
7. VENALINU MUNPU ORU MAZHA  (RAIN BEFORE SUMMER)

The last rain cloud
Is raining showers,
Leap up in the sky
Majestic beating sound.
The earth recognizes
The scorching heat ahead,
And receives into its life
All the lightning.
Not only that, it
Receives and collects
The last drop too to
Its depth which is thirsty
Again in the cold body
The feel of first kiss
Brings rapture,
Life sings a song.
The last rain cloud
Is raining showers,
The white pearl drapes
Jingle, fall and shatter.
Along the dark and distant
Slope of the horizon,
Come in dazzling splendour
Some deity.
At every step of that foot
Fire destroys, in the broad
Chest a chain of bones,
Grave yard ash all over the body.
At that harsh gaze
The sun god shudders
And emits fire, the four
Directions go paralysed.
Fleeing about dust laden,
Baked with severe burns,
Each little wind holds
 Burning embers in arms.
While the birds fly afar
Weeping, they fall down
Wings severed, wither off
Whole petals of flowers.
The last rain cloud
Is raining showers, shining
And laughing brightly
Torrents of water.
Along the dark and distant
Slope of the horizon,
Come in raving anger
Some deity.
With long foot steps
He approaches soon,
Flash ing the beauty of matted hair
The dark sky glows.
Looking around with
Eyes showing little mercy,
In the heart of the world
You sit and meditate.
If the spring and her friend
Reach there by chance
Instantly they turn pale
And in fear go and hide.
Ha, intense is this
Meditation -‘cause of
The pain that never heals
The earth faints and falls.
Ha, the lengthy days
Swoon with shock of great
Thirst and then move along
Slowly crawling and creeping.
Stay the beautiful dusk,
Red-hot with anger,
Bearing flames of fire
In the eyes, as blood- red durga.
Fearing the heat, the nights
Keep aloof and with grief
Panicky, they go around
Then salute and depart.
No obstruction to this meditation,
No chance of peace until
Thou show compassion,
Writhing goes life.
Then again at a dawn
Like the tranquil stars
The god opens his eyes
And showers his smile.
At the sight of the pain
Of the motionless earth, who was
Sleeping by his feet after
Winning the ordeal by fire,
He would raise slightly
The shining wheel in his hand
Against the heart of the horizon
That smoulders into fumes.
Suddenly shake and rise up
The musical drums of clouds!
The sky becomes dark,
The thunder comes dancing!
Far away, shall we hear the roar
Of the rain flying down
Incessantly, in a lovely
And satiating pageantry!
No turning back, alone
Along the skyline
That ascetic walks away
Shedding dazzling fire…
Before that, now comes
The last rain of showers,
The sad and frightened earth
Bursts into tears.
And with twinkling tears
She receives wholly,
The water which wanders
And arrives pure.
The last rain cloud
Is raining showers,
In the soil throbs, the majestic
Music of pulsating water.

8. IRULCHIRAKUKAL (DARK WINGS)

Oh, Night, the one who causes
Great fear, meditation of your
Face has made me too
Into a black dream.
Where no one sees
The raised up face, along
The path that eyes can’t see,
Along the shore of the starry river,
Fluttering the delicate dark
Feathered wings I flew about
And vanished in the jasmine
Woods of moonlit bush.
Wandering above the
Sleeping great cities
I could see sleep’s
Illusory form.
Pressing in the spongy wings,
And chain like curls of hair
Hanging heavily at the back
Like darkness,
With half closed eyes
Shrivelling, stood afar,
A form half woman
And half bird.
Holding with the frail
Finger tip, a bluish
Peacock feather, to touch and
Stroke the eyes, unknowingly.
Sleep, I love you deeply,
But the one who is
Waiting at your back
With bowed face,
Death, who is your
Sister, at her sight,
My eyes yearn, turn
And embrace the earth.
Night, the giver of
Great happiness,
The flower of Nishagandhi
The pure jasmine flower
The white Aambal
And the new pavizhamalli
Flowers, when as a
Thousand white fragrant
Dreaming beauties
Twinkle dimly, when the
Flourishly flowering stars
Fall and scatter, my eyes
Fill with joy at your sight.
Without looking back
Without stumbling
When I rise and fly
Afar, low down
Lying near a
Golden window
If someone chants
My name, half asleep?
If with unseen golden
Thread, my legs are tied?
If with timid eyes,
My journey is hindered?
Adieu, love, until now
I meditated you,
Your sceptre ring doesn’t make
As much as this great dream.
With the eyes which can
See in the dark, shining
With light yellow colour
Shaking the faded
Wings, the nails
Clawing down, the preying
Birds of the night, with
Cruel faces
Look at me, like the
Eagle that swims and
Flows around the blue lake
Noon of the day,
Who comes back
Circling the night sky
Joyfully? Myself
Daughter of the night!
Today in my day’s
Nest of golden threads
I broke the silent
And sad cocoon, wings
Grew, ahead I saw
The ocean of darkness
Eternal like the sea,
I went up slowly
Then, in the great
Depths of the night
Diving up and down
Like a sea bird I revelled,
And embraced the sky,
The dark, the queen star
That stayed alone,
The universe and sleep,
Which world’s distant
Cry rises up in my
Trembling throat?
How shall I know?
I am singing,
Which is my tune?
What’s the song’s sense?
Which are its rhythmic varieties?
Ha, which is the rhythm of the
Night? Which is the great
Style of the intoxicating
Incessant rain? Know I not,
What’s the import of
The happy dream of
Sorrow, sleeping silently?
Which is its sound? Know I not.
Night, the form of
Great peace, in your breast
The boundless circling
Waves of my wings
Slowly come and stop,
Myself, a flower closing in
Your dear, placing my hands
On the shoulders of sleep,
With a smile due to a
Peaceful thought,
Fly down and return
To my silent small nest.
There a single flame
Of the lamp shines pale
Showing the way,
In the smile of its
Light, in sadness,
In the little calm halo
Rest my head again
And I sleep.

9. ORU PURAVRITTHAM (AN OLD TALE)

For you, little kids
I shall sing a story
Heard sung by an old man,
Once upon a time.
At the end of the flood,
After gulping everything again
At ease, when the ocean
Sighed and dozed off,
Again, when a new lotus
Rose up and bloomed
In the water surface
Without soil or sky,
Within it with a bee,
Woke up a deity
Who watched around
Sadly and sat silently.
The stillness of the
First flood water’s
Peaceful perfect satisfaction
Could only be seen.
The fast and intense sound of
The heartbeats of speeding time
Which rushed without end
Could only be heard.
Except the golden lotus
In which he sat, nothing
Could be seen, excepting
Him nothing existed.
Looking about four sides
Again and again anxiously
The ‘Four-faced’ could see nothing,
Wasn’t there anything else?
In that great intellect,
Like fire a query began
To burn, “Who am I
And who is my source?”
How shall he yield without
Getting an answer? He went in
Quest through the petals of the
Golden bloom in which he reigned,
Then with his divine power
Through the stem of that
Mighty lotus, he dived
Bottom deep and searched.
Not even, through each
Hollow of the lotus stem
He roamed about
Seeking for a long time.
At the sight of each
New stem- world
Feeling much gratified
Entered it and searched,
Having searched a lot
He got weary, the ocean
That surrounded in silence
Shrivelled a sarcastic smile! ...
In the end, after ages
That God again
Came and sat in
That old petal nest,
When he sat grief-stricken
With bowed face, like the
Sound of thunder was heard,
A voice, perfectly majestic,
‘ Meditate’, unknowingly
Hands folded- in the
Middle of the eternal sea
Rose the heat of meditation.
When hundreds of ages
Passed like that, when the
Waves of the sea of time
Rose and fell ten thousand times,
Oh! Instant in his heart
Felt rising, the wave
Of light!... he could see
The truth of what had to be seen!
It is said, blessed and
With rapture, with folded
Hands he stood and praised
With great and calm song!
Opening the eight eyes
Shining with first dreams
Of creativity, with
A fierce body, extending
Long arms and stopping
The sea waves by driving
Them back, that God
Then called the earth! . .
You know the rest
Of the story, that one
I recollected once again
Don’t know what for.
The world tourist, you
Who come back winning
Having run past after
A question, on this
Occasion you come
Blessed, victorious,
Ha, with divine splendour,
When the wrinkled breasts
Of the earth even brim
And swell with milk
In your great enterprise
Without a wink of eyes
And with loud heart beats
Stand trembling this mother,
On the forehead
Boiling with success,
She kisses tearfully
And gives this wish,
Ha, the son with great
Power, let me wish
You now a task
Which is more difficult,
The flood water terrible
And troubled is coming,
With my tears, turbulent
And tired with hunger.
My darling son, for an
Effort of the never-ending
Grief of a novel creation,
Do, harsh meditation.
Let your golden hands
Which went and touched
The moon flower, blaze
Ardently with love!
To rescue the mother
Deity who drowns in grief,
With the strength of the
Gifted golden tusk.

10. **POONGAITHA (PANDANUS IN BLOOM)**

There in my path
A pandanus in bloom
Wearing a crescent moon
On the crown of the head,
Scattering and spreading
Its fragrance, wearing
Thorns all over the body,
With a hooded
Mountain cobra
Being seated
On her holy feet,
Standing adorned
As a goddess,
There in my path
A pandanus in bloom.
11. **KADALINODU (TO THE SEA)**

Dark green
And dark blue,
Scattering white
Flowers of the foam
Of white waves, and
Roaring again boisterously,
Sea, Ha! Dark sea,
I have been in love
With you for a long time.
From the time I
Walked as a babe
With wide open eyes,
Singing with scattered hair
Clapping the laughing
Hands of the waves
And dancing, you played
To entertain me.
In the risen intoxication
Of youth, praising you
With my heart
Singing poems
Sitting by you
Everyday I fondled you
As my joy, my beloved
And my life.
After that I
Walked a long way,  
Then holding my  
Dear friend’s lovely  
Hand with bangles, when I  
Came and sat near you,  
You laughed scornfully  
At my new fascination,  
Ha virago,  
You sneered at me!  
Though I heard it  
Still I sat acting  
As if I knew not,  
Seeing in the long  
Blue eyes of my  
Love, your endless  
Depths, and seeing,  
I became immortal.  
After that I travelled  
A long way, again  
Holding the hands of  
Little kids I came  
In search of your  
White sand shore.  
When they laughed  
Loudly frolicking,  
Doing to undo  
Play houses, watching
The cadence by which
Your waves bless
Slowly, I sat there
And became blessed.
Those days went by,
The fledgling wings
Grew older
and flew afar,
The story of my love
Ended up as
A memory,
When the noontime
Shadow recline,
Come I again,
My old love,
To see your careless
Hilarious smile,
To hide in oblivion.
To forget, the invaluably
Imaginary and happy smiles
Of me who has been
Orphaned long ago.
Here, when I sit
Near you again,
And watch
Your energetic
Laughter, your
Appendix

Colours, chilly
Waves, the calm
Rhythms of your
Feet that dissolve
The hard dark rocks
With a playful kick,
The sucking in of
Your whirlpool depths,
The rains of your vapours,
And also watch
The endearing lustres
That come and sway
In your eyes at the sight of
This old lover of yours,
And your witty wrinkles,
When I watch the
Kindness of your
Fingers that fondle
Softly my feet,
Too tired and cracked
With long walks,
When I hear you call
Again to sink and sleep
In your cool breasts,
And to know peace,
I wake up again,
Forgetting myself
In the enchanting
Intoxication of the
Strong and incessant
Rain of your
Tumultuous love,
Deep and fully raging,
Again as a gale
I embrace you!

12. **PAZHMARAM (FUTILE TREE)**

Feeling the scorching sunshine
The chubby cheeks shall wither,
Come along, little flower,
Come I offer you shade.
Shade? Me! Though I ‘ve
Forgotten the time when
A shoot sprouted in the twig
Half-charred by sunshine,
Though there isn’t a green
Thicket to treat a cuckoo
Or a flower with the
Coolness of entertainment,
With this dry twig
Hand I shall resist
The sharp tip of fiery sunshine,
You may sit here, near this.
Even today I foster
In my heart in loneliness,
Wind and fragrance,
Bird and the spring,
This straight road which
Goes somewhere distant,
Always asks me as if,
‘Won’t you come with me’?
I have no fear to go,
Still, sometimes, during
The grief-stricken moment
Of love at dusk, birds
In a pair, who have to
Part, shall come to join
My shoulders with utmost
Reverence and submit their plaint,
Like that at dawn, when
Some little throats come
And sit at my breast
And revel in the joy of dawn,
When a little breeze comes
And sits on my lap
For a little while
In its flight afar,
When the pearls of the sky’s
Eternal and pure mercy,
Fall on the forehead
Incessantly even now,
This futile tree which
Dries out slowly, oozes
The coolness of vigour,
Extends hands to offer shade!
Now, how many hours?
I know not, no matter,
Let me fill this whole
With the new honey.

13. **RATHRI MAZHA (NIGHT RAIN)**

Night rain, simply
Sobbing, smiling,
Weeping with endless
Muttering, shaking
The long hair, and
Sitting and stooping
Like a mad young woman.
Night rain, slowly
Flowed into this hospital
A long stretching sob,
Through the window gap
Stretched the too cold finger
To touch me, this distressed
Daughter of dark night.
Night rain, pain’s
Groans, shocks,
Harsh sounds,
Sudden cry of grief
Of a mother! I
Shudder and close
My ears and roll
In my sick-bed
And sob, then like
The dear ones who
Come through the dark
With words of consolation.
Someone said
The damaged organ
Can be amputated;
But if the poor mind
Suffers vital illness?
Night rain, in my
Old blessed nights
Who made me laugh,
Who thrilled me and gave love
Better than moonlight
And lulled me to sleep,
My love-witness
At that time.
Night rain, now in
My sick-sweating bed,
In the sleepless hours
In the dark, I forget
To cry alone and feel perplexed,
While solidifying as a stone,
My sad-witness.
To night rain
Let me address,
I get to know your
Melancholic music,
Your sympathy and
Suppressed anger,
Arrival at night,
Alone to sob,
When dawn comes
Wiping the face
You smile and hasten
Your pretence I know;
Wonder why I come to
Know? Companion,
I too am like this,
Like the Night rain!

14. KANIKONNA (GOLDEN SHOWER- LABURNUM)

The golden kanikonna planted by mother
In the eastern yard,
Has smiled and flowered again
This year as ever.
What a mischief, she
Always flowers
In early Kumbham!
No patience to wait!
When Meenam dawns
She adorns herself
From head to heels
With golden flowers
And glows anew
Audacious girl she’s!
No other konna has bloomed
Why haste for her only
To the frowning queries
She smiles and nods the bells,
Golden, dancing in the breeze.
What an extravagance!
The greedy honey bees
Come to feast, roam about
In hundreds, the playful fluttering
Dragon flies and butter flies.
The breeze and birds dance
In the floral shower
Golden rays spilled around
Glowing, she smiles and slowly begins
To undo the golden chains one by one.
Between the branches heavily
Bedecked with blossoms is seen
Lost in thoughts, the full-moon,
As though it doubts
“many a day ahead for Vishu
She lets us keep worried”.
The doubts came true
At the dawn of Vishu, changed
She stood without a speck of gold.
Not a flower, not a leaf
“So useless she’s” we stood
Under her with words of rebuke.
So grant she stands in our yard
Still buy we must a bunch of flowers
If we should have a kani to deck!
No good she’s, simply noisy girl
Why had mother planted her, all
For nothing in the perfect place.
Is there a bloom to make kani?
Suddenly one points upward,
“Look! There hides behind the branches
And waves a single bunch of flowers!”
Glittering glory, giggling in the wind!
“Smart girl! Loyal you’re!”
Children clap hands
Need she be so stingy?
I alone ask,
A single bunch of blooms
Preserved for the kani’s sake
So kind to us though you’re
My dear sister,
Why you only hasten
To adorn with gold first
And undo it early?
The greedy kids and
The greedy elders would never’ve
Left out a pair of rings even,
If you’d stood adorned with gold!
Every gold ornament stolen
Not that alone, the branches
Shaken and broken, with
Empty neck to look at
Pale and ugly, you wouldn’t want?
The fact is true; you give
Only a bunch of blooms
Still thanks to you, kanikonna,
Though shaken by the storms
Of hard times, with branches torn
I stand forgetting Vishu time,
In the corner of the soot stricken
Mind, I too cherish
And guard like you
A little bunch of budding love!

15. IVALKU MATHRAMAY (FOR HER ALONE)

For her alone, who has drunk a sea
Full of tears, who laughs like the splendour
Of Chingam sunshine, who is dark and cold like
The earth who holds within flaming, fierce fire.
To kick, sometimes for you to worship,
To scorn in public, to forsake,
To walk hand in hand for support, to foster
Children, laying them upon the throbbing chest,
For her alone a birth; a little saffron
She has upon her forehead,
Moonlight smile upon her pale lips, a lamp
  Burning forever in the heart’s light house.
She’s the one who installs and worships
Love above God, she’s the one who consoles
Herself, upon the arms of time alone.
To sing a song for her alone
I have a futile wish, friend…..!

16. SYAMARADHA (DARK RADHA)

Oh my June night who arrived as
Dark Radha, I stand looking at you,
At your silver anklets subdued
Shyly with their lisping jingles,
At the folds of that silk skirt
Worn, which has blue waves,
At the garland of Champaka upon your breast,
At the milk pail in your hands,
At the smiles of Aambal worn
As earrings, at your dreams,
At the curls which fall around
The sandal stroke, faded a little,
At the peacock feather you bear in your
Right hand as the life of those large eyes,
As the single aim, as blessing, as flower-
I stand for long looking and looking
Oh love, who is ever a lady-love,
Oh sadness, I worship you.

17. **MAZHATHULLI (THE RAIN DROP)**

While walking in the noon sunshine,
On forehead fell rain, drop by drop!
Startled I gazed to spot in the sky
A little dark cloud moving by
Alone, across the breasts of earth
Whose plains lay fuming fully,
While this dark girl goes on
To present water somewhere
Suddenly hearing a call of flute
She turned, startled and stopped
Then from the pot on her hips
Spilled down water, a little!
Oh, dark one, don’t be gloomy,
You proceed, for I too heard the flute
From when the prank began like this
To keep us puzzled!
Fine, your chill fell drop by drop
Upon my burning forehead!
18. AMBALAMANI (THE TEMPLE BELL)

See this dilapidated tower, the temple
Housing the hanging bats
The old banyan tree with (plenty) prop roots,
The moss-laden pond, the empty hands of
The statues of lamp bearing women with broken breasts
The deep silence of immense peace . . . when alone
I stood there gazing at them and musing, suddenly
I heard within, the soft chime of a bell!
Who’s there alone in distress?
Who’s awakened by tolling the bell?
My search in the dark finds there hanging,
A brass bell, the wind brims with its soft sound,
No hand need touch it! This temple bell with broken edge,
This meditating untouchable ascetic girl can still sing,
Though her tongue errs a little. But who shall hear?
The god who has turned to a mere stone? Or those who
Came and waited afar sneaking to steal and sell the god?
Or these armies of bats which whirl about beating
Their fluttering black wings? Or the gloomy night!
This bell which swings in the wind, this brass bell,
Was cast in terrible heat by someone!
Someone hung it at the temple threshold as offering
And folded hands and relieved the mind
Lamps were lit here at that time,
Flowers were there in plenty heaps, then
Before the god adorned with new sandal paste,
It showered golden splendour!
The eager natives drew near and said
This bell sings at the touch of wind.
But now who’s there to listen to
This bell with a broken edge, the brass bell,
Which even now sings discordant notes?
In the busy bustle of this market place
In the barren ground where these leaders roar,
For whom is this sound?
When shameless intoxicating songs
Foam up in the movie halls, for whom
Comes this weary stumbling sound?
The crowd dispersed, the lamps went out
The god slept inside, darkness spread around
At last after closing the door the priest went
Somewhere, with his hungry stomach.
Why should this lonely hanging bell now
Resound the same chanting sound?
Still this is its duty; though its fine sound gone
It recollects and sings in a voice
Cracked and hoarse, it remains alone
In pitch darkness, singing
About the hoe which reached the ore
Where it slept in dark under the soil,
About the sun which was blossomed in
The heat of some summer,
About the first dawn which fused
This art of music within it,
About the hands which offered it
In this temple threshold and stood wiping tears,
About the noble glory of the ‘ohm’ sound
That echoes within it forever,
When this bell sings lonely even now
There wakes up the life force.
The conch sound echoes in the temple!
The golden idol solemnly arrives!
Seven gold decked elephants stand swinging their ears
People come pressing in crowds!
When the statues of beauties in pillars stand in row
With their round breasts reflecting lamps in range
Hundred hands bloom up and toll the bell
And keep on invoking the deity!
Oh lass, you’re there as a drop of music
Alone on the temple threshold
Daring in this long night,
No one to listen, nobody needs,
Though the edge has split and separated,
Though your voice has weakened a little,
You wake up at the stroke of a wind, let me
Touch you and place those hands in my eyes.

19. THAMES NADIYODU (TO THE RIVER THE THAMES)

(This poem was inspired by a news report that the river Thames
which had been lying polluted and almost dead for a long time
due to the industrial revolution and urbanization, was brought back to life with clear flowing water, its famous swans and salmons as a result of an intense endeavour with that aim.)

Oh river Thames, you resurrect and flow again!
For centuries you received the sinful filth
And became black, extremely degraded
Having thick water with decaying oil, draining not
And stagnant like a sad cry, fallen and crawling,
For how long, how long you cried,
Oh, the royally dignified river Thames!
Where do the birds which broke into tears
And flew away from your breasts made bitter
By the humans, go? Drowning in the poison
Of yours, your dear fishes die out,
The long banks where flowers don’t bloom,
And not even grass sprouts, darken with stains
The tired swans with their white wings
Stretched out and soiled fully,
Sang their first and last songs sadly
Then flowed down and disappeared.
Children busied with boats and ships
In your breasts where fish didn’t swim:
When centuries went by, as grime, as grief
The great river lay faint and fuming ...
Someone says, oh, the river Thames,
One who had silent love for you came
Watching you dark, weak and crawling
In distress, his eyes became wet
Two hot drops of tears fell upon
Your blackened breasts, Oh! Suddenly
The river Thames started smiling!
When that troublesome love transformed
Into stunning effort, two hands turned into
Thousand brave arms, they drew out
And washed up your lifeless water!
Today you laugh and flow again, it’s said!
Even the swans descend upon your breasts,
Like white flower buds again, your dear
‘salmon’ splash, bloom and play, it’s said!
Even upon your broad chest playful kids
Swim! rejoicing with song and laughter, it’s said!
Fishes flash and dive, lovers in boats
Sailing, row and sing, it’s said!
Flowers bloom on the banks, seagulls
Again chirp and fly, even!
What a joy! We have, Oh, river Thames
When we hear from far, fine story of yours. . . .
You know the daughter of the Himalayas,
Goddess Ganga, our own mother,
In whose name we bow that water,
In whose merging ends all earthly sins
That noble and auspicious slayer of sins
On whose banks our ancestors went
In the past to lie down dead,
That which is worn by the lord on his
Load of matted hair, along with crescent moon,
Whose drops are preserved by us
Safe for the final fulfilment,
That ever holy Gowri too blackens
Due to our greed, Oh, river Thames!
The dear Yamuna of Kanna again
Wander about as the sad Kalindi now,
The holy river Nila cries now! The daughters
Of the Sahya get greatly poisoned and die!
When the dead forest gets filled with smoke,
When all the birds flutter and vanish,
When trees are cut down, brooks
Dry out, soil gets heated,
When we proceed to make money
By selling kids, God and even our mother,
When the ‘silent forest’ pants and stays in vigil, listening
Like a tired deer who has run long ways before
The raised gun of those hunters who’ve reached near,
When the last black sweet-basil shivers and stretches
Its hand, feeling the hot wind of greed
When we stand and watch with stony eyes
Without any desire for anything,
As human being’s spark of realisation,
As endeavour, as creative vigour, as new hope
We hear the news of your rebirth
How relieved they are! Ha! River Thames!
20. SILENT VALLEY

Oh, the dark and silent forest, let me stroke you
With my eyes filled with tears of joy,
With my folded hands shall I gaze at you
Until I am contended?
Wearing the cloud blazing lightning
With the shine of morning star on forehead
You stand and sway like the Black Sea,
Shall I gaze at you till I am contended?
How did we become friends? Unknowingly
As my mother, as our daughter to be protected,
As my very dear, all of a sudden?
This pain shall have been from love outliving births!
Then as those who numbered you for slaughter
Cleared you, these people stopped them calling,
“Don’t kill, she’s a virgin cow of hermitage,”
And followed you like shadow for how long!
As in the nights of first love I lay awake
Thinking about you without sleep for long
At how many nights troubled and afraid!
How much nightmares shocked me!
Your noble breasts blazing up in baking flames!
The huge trees break and fall down crying
In distress! The gleam of moonlight
In the silently drying up river Kunti. . .
I have never seen or known you, then
Why did I love you so much with sorrow?
Why did I embrace you firm to my chest!
Did you know the heat of my chest? You
Who are wholly cold like dark cloud, tell me,
Didn’t you know then my inner warmth?
Let that story pass, I have come here now
As to a temple, just to bow before you.
(Oh, the friend who walked with me, let us
Stop for once, remember this a noble moment
Let us not forget, the grief stricken hours
Let us preserve the blessing of intense effort
By dipping it in tears, those long years
When we stood guarding the forest,
We, the ones who gave tongue to forest,
Let us sing together! And wake the land up!)
Today’s dawn has supreme charm; as it descended
With hands upon the forest’s shoulder,
When the wild bird welcomed it
Like a too naughty whistling boy,
Engrossed in the dear river Kunti
With its thousand waves extending embrace,
With the flowing and swinging water, when I raise
With eyes filled with tears and fold my hands,
At the cheerful Sun above, at you who
Scatter around your beautiful blue hair,
At your silent smile, at the pitch dark green
Which is kind, looking at you with heart’s content
I do call out to you loudly
Mother!... while shivering I wait
Each tree, each leaf and the whole forest
Kindly respond to my call—“Baby! ...”

21. **THULAVARSHAPPACHA (NE MONSOON GREENERY)**

It first rained like
The sprinkling of rose-water!
It rained then as
Laughter, as cry
It rained as sky’s
Course of compassion! ...
Drying hill ranges
Were shocked! ... then
With both hands stretched
They woke up as sobs
“Come, come on my dear! ...”
It rained then it’s said
As love, as beauty
It flowed and filled
Like the joy of youth!
It rained incessantly for
Seven nights, as comforting
Kind kiss, as pleasant talk
It embraced her, it’s said!
When night passed
Attappadi was seen
Wearing green lustrous bodice
Wrapped with dark green silk
Hair adorned with a bunch of
Sugarcane flowers, smiling
Like a new dark bride, a bashful lass!
Yesterday she was a beggar maid
Who lay in the sun swooning
With her bare and parched chest
Her tears too dried up
She was abandoned by all
Sad and orphaned
She roamed as a mad woman,
Whose magic feather has
Transformed her
Into a lovely
Lover like this?
Cool blows the wind...
Wild garland reclines
Upon chest like rainbow,
Playfully it touches
The warm breasts of the hill,
The one shaped as dark cloud,
The one who wore lightning
As stroke of sandal,
The one who caresses
Leaves of reed
With his fingers,
The first among all lovers
The world has ever seen!
He is the one who’s rained down
Thus as spring unto this desert
Who’s been quietly grieving in reminiscence!
From then she cooled, flowered,
Darkened, flourished wholly green
As tender and fortunate
She transformed . . .
In the new silk sari of
Attappadi, I wipe the tears...
And behold such a marvellous dream!
This is a dream; tomorrow
Sunshine and dust wind will arrive,
Pressing her face upon
The dark rock of heat, weak
Again with lean breasts, tears dried,
She shall lie on her back,
A never-ending sorrow
Never mind, for ten days
At least didn’t love’s compassion
Run like river in her breasts?
Didn’t green fill fully?
Didn’t the spike flowers of
Blue sugar cane surround her?
Didn’t they jingle in the
Fondling of cool breeze?
Didn’t the mountain hairs
Rut and burst and melt?
Didn’t water rushing down
With roaring laughter
Unable to withhold
Became perplexed
Even in the dead river?
Didn’t native flowers
Blossom in plenty?
Didn’t fragrance
Spread around?
Didn’t dragon fly wings
Glittered in the sunshine
In hundreds, thousands!! ...
No matter, though it’s drought
Hereafter, for you’ve
Once drunk again
Love’s honey,
Dear! ...

22. **PAALA POOTHITHU PAAZHAY! (THE FUTILE FLOWERING OF PAALA!)**

An *Ezhilam Paala* has
Flowered within me!
The fragrance swells up!
I’m eager to wipe off
The tears shed,
Before you notice.
About the blooming of evening star
As a smile on Paala’s branch
When dusk came home,
About those twigs touched by its fingers
Waking up singing, sprouting
Flowering and smelling,
About that smell as a midnight song
Spread down along the nerves
Of sorrow blazing,
About the dear arrival of
Thousand butterflies
When that smell beckoned,
About the nightingale singing
A song about that Paala
And sitting enticed,
About the blooming of
A thousand Paala flowers
In the sky also,
About the filling of flowers
From hair to toe,
About the swooning of wind
Right then, unable to
Withstand that sweetness,
How should I tell you?
The foolish dream
Seen by my love’s distress
Even today?
An Ezhilam Paala has
Flowered within me!
Oh, those in the heavens,
As though one shall
Roar with laughter
As though one shall
Madly break into tears
Beautifully, intense with love
Blind with grief
Like one futile wail
Like one beautiful smile
Upon a dead face
Like the orphaned silver moonlight
Fallen and crumbled
An Ezhilam Paala has
Flowered within me!
About its fragrance, beauty
Its joy and all,
About the seven musical notes of
Its sobbing petals
How should I tell you?
Oh, stone figure with
Feet clad in my tears,
How should I tell you?
How I tell you?
Before your dispassionate
Calm gaze why should I come
Telling the story of the blooming
Of my Ezhilam Paala?
Why should I offer
A handful of those flowers
Upon your feet in vain?
Why should I burn
That fragrance before you?

23. AMAAVAASI (THE NEW MOON)

Forlorn, unadorned, this night is reviled
For she has dreamed of full moon
For how long he denied her pleading for a gold wedding string,
Forsaken by him, poor and sad,
Tired she goes and leans upon the horizon,
Who knows her mind!
Rain and clouds fill around, no more shall
Any moon shine for us,
Sea and storm ahead, lightning’s fingers
Alone for us to feel each other,
We shall stay here, recalling each memory,
We shall stay here and sing each song
About sunshine, about cuckoo
The dear of Spring, about a sweet
Smile of love, reflecting light,
Now we shall try humming a song,
Why, isn’t there any more song?
Let the bird of shade sing for you,
Why, there isn’t any more glow worm
For you, whose both eyes are filled with dark,
Isn’t there any more smile to light
In the dark chasm of the temple of dry leaves?
Oh the new moon, you are the neglected,
Sky’s daughter, recipient of curses, blackened one,
Sad woman, abandoned by humans
And gods forever, with no ornaments
You have come up from the dark
At the beckoning of moonlight once again,
That call, a flower call, the call of life
Was it for you, poor one!
Go back again along the path
You came, which is muddy
When you dive alone along your hell
The depth of which is unknown,
I too shall come holding your hands,
All happiness of life lies afar from us,
Bedecked with stars, dressed in moonlight,
Wearing flowers, slightly smiling
She, the one who hugs the moon with her blessed hands
The one with beautiful body, the full moon, far from us!
Oh the new moon, the sad solitary one,
You - for me, like my shadow,
Let’s go, nothing remains for us now, tomorrow
You and I shall be mere memories,
The memory of the plentiful shower of love,
The memory of your endless flow of tears,
The memory of a soft touch like the flower petal,
The trembling memory of a kiss,
The crescent moon’s memory of a sandal score on forehead,
Ha! The sad memory of two tear-filled eyes,
These alone shall be left behind us,
Just drawings on water, those vanishing ones,
Know that darkness has sleep, sorrow
Has beauty, the nightingale has tune,
Come, the two of us, the shadows who vanish
Without vision have lots of love,
This as star shall rise, shine and twinkle,
Then vanish in your bosom, oh the new moon,
This as song shall bloom within me,
As night flower, inhale and then incline.

24. VIDHI (THE JUDGEMENT)

A reddish sky, a throne
In the folds of the dark clouds,
The grand Glory sits upon it
Crowds around the class of gods,
Dawn which raises the sun in hands
Stands straight on the right side,
Night which wears crescent moon on head
Stands bowing on the left side,
A loud trumpeting echoes and rises,
A lightning streak wriggles along the clouds,
“Is there any complainant?” the grand
And majestic sound calls and asks,
‘Complainants are there!’ one lady comes
And stands furious and weary,
With her burnt hair loose and scattering,
With her eyes with streaming tears,
With her green silk dress torn and tattered,
‘I am the complainant’,
Turning the leaves of days and nights
A god utters, ‘She’s the Earth
Her names are patience, endurance of everything,
She’s the one who revolves round this sun’
‘Who’s the accused?’ blazes up the question,
Thunder-clap stands roaring in the rear,
Shedding tears she says,
‘The accused is just one, he’s my dear son
He’s forever my crown, but for now
He has become my death,
These are my witnesses’, stretching
Her hands, the mother beckons,
Like a grand course, without breaking the line
They arrive severing a part of the sky,
The mute beings, crawling and swimming,
Leaping, jumping and flying,
Walking in crowds they come
Led by gold decked elephants with
Suppurating legs bearing thick chains,
Behind, the ones who draw the loads
Bearing marks of blows and sore in the neck,
Those who writhe and fall hit by playful shot,
Those who bear the corpse of little babes,
Those who died of venomous wounds,
Those whose two legs are cut and hurled,
Those who die by roaming behind iron bars,
Those who are burnt and charred in great fire,
Those whose skins are flayed for sandals
And attractive dress, those who are cut,
Those who wince at the hum of beating whips,
Those with broken wings, those with ruined homes,
Those who busily rush towards a slaughter house,
When their tails are broken, when they are whipped
With their necks tied together with rope,
Those who bow and greet with wagging tails
Even when they whine at becoming lame
From being simply ha! So simply
Pelted with sharp stones,
Those who stand with love
Brimming in their tearful eyes,
Those who are murdered, whose species are ruined
Those who come soaked with blood, strewn with tears,
Those who came crawling and swimming
Flying and walking in crowds, stand pressing,
One thousand Crore eyes, tear filled
And weak are raised up to look,
A cry that isn’t the cry rise up,
‘Oh, the Merciful, oh, the Merciful!’
When they arrive, behind them
Forests flame and fall, rivers
Shed tears, drain and dry up,
The pierced breast of the sky
Rains fears . . .
Alas! What shall be the verdict! . . .
Will terrible fire rain?
Will the sun be put out in the sky?
Will it rain for sixty days,
Will the wavy sea silently darken and rise?
Will the mankind who destroyed
Thousands of species be wiped off?
What will be the verdict? When the class of gods,
The sky and the shivering earth stand aghast,
Like rain showering serenely, was heard
The merciless verdict of the Lord,
‘The fruits of his deeds are granted
To his off-spring in succession’.

25.  PAALA PAAVAMANU (THE PAALA IS SIMPLE)

The Paala has flowered again; doesn’t
Paala know? That I’ve no time today,
That in the hasty rush I can’t scent her smell,
That I’ve become fire, receiving the fire of pain.
Doesn’t Paala know today?
Is she shyly calling without knowing this,
The fragrance of flowers comes behind and hinders crossly?
The Paala has flowered as in the past,
Little breeze comes and taps at the windows gently,
“The Paala has flowered, come friend”
When my weak and wrinkled body makes
A futile rise in haste, ‘Ha, I shall come’
And opens the window, she stands adorned!
As the past time, as the past wish
As the past bewitching reverie of imagination,
As foolish, futile and sweet
As my love which left me after embracing
With words ‘won’t go, won’t go’!
The Paala goes on flowering again; doesn’t
Paala know? When the full moon light flows down,
When the fragrance of Paala flowers rises up and pats,
In that intoxication, with breaking laughter and slipping eyes,
In the moonlight, the lass who hummed the moonlight song,
By mixing, putting on and smelling that shining scent, spreading,
With moonlight drawn on eyes, and dressed up in moonlight
The one who drew up and drank moonlight, walked stumbling,
Alas! She’s the one who, in the deep of sunshine
Drowned and died, then as shadow
Lies chained at the foot of Paala.
Didn’t Paala know this?
Paala knows nothing, she rejoices
Swaying the feathery flowers of her fortune.
The perplexity of honey bees whirling round
The fluttering bunches of flowers,
The intoxicating smell, the wearing of flowers
And the enjoyment of beauty alone!
She knows nothing else.
She doesn’t know the pangs of worms beneath,
She doesn’t know the foul smell of futile dark holes,
When the blind worm gropes its way,
Its body writhing when ants cover it,
The woman with a hungry belly laying her body
Upon the footpath, bargaining, cutting and selling it,
A love pierced in the sharpness of nail underneath.
Marks of blood, pain’s jingling of chains,
The smoulder of smoke when dead flowers are burnt in heap
A little afar the keen grinding of axe’s sharp edge . . .
The Paala, she is simple, she doesn’t know anything!

26. **DAAHAM (THE THIRST)**

One night, one lightning laugh,
One star shines, undimmed and bright,
The roar of thunder,
The waves splashing high foam and settle,
Upon my forehead fall sprinkling,
Drops of rain;
The east pulsating with
The high tide of light,
Bathed in the skylight
Mother’s huge heart,
Yielding milk in the baby lips,
Blossom a smile,
Upon the little head fall
Drops of love;
Afternoon, shade in the path,
The sigh of a traveller, burned
And with weary legs
Rests for a while,
The way without the other side seen
Somewhere afar only the sound of the song
Of the farm hand draining off water,
In the eyes, drops of grief;
Dusk, all flushed up cheeks,
In pity someone stretches hands
Adorns the hair bun with flowers,
The breeze soft with sandalwood,
In the arms of the dear,
Showered as love’s greetings
Drops of tears. . .
Not enough these, roams about life
   Stricken with eternal uneasiness.
Nor can quench thirst,
Only waves ahead!
Give the dew drop of flower petals,
Give too the unshed tears of
The tiny stars of the sky.
27. **OTTA VALA (SINGLE BANGLE)**

Whistle of the cold wind,
A lass sits under the tree,
In the court yard,
To bask in the sun.
Through the frills
Of the tattered dress
Her lean hands can be seen,
Pale and fading.
A single red bangle
In the right hand, may be
Lost by someone, or its twin
Might have been broken and lost.
She sits with her bent face
With scattered rough hair
And enjoys the beauty
Of that shining bangle.
She strokes her left hand
At times sadly- for it
Might be sad for
Not having a bangle!
Yonder budge one
Bundle of cloth
Rise up one face
Small and hungry.
The lass wakes up
From the day dream,
Goes, stoops and clasps
The babe to her breast.
Again she goes and
Sits in the hot Sun.
In the hand, shining bangle,
Does the bare left hand weep?
Filled with trickling laughter
She takes off the bangle
From the right hand and
Wears it in the left hand.
Then, a look of sadness
At the right hand!
Upon her lap the babe
Crying again and again.
At times kissing and
Fondling the babe,
Humming the lines
Of a lullaby, stumbling,
Gazing at her bare
Right hand, in haste
Walks away and vanish
That infant mother.
Hear the humming
Of the cold wind, from
The tree fall down
To the earth again, dewdrops…
28. **NEEYAKUM NILAVINE (THE MOONLIGHT THAT YOU ARE)**

When I love as ocean  
The moonlight that you are,
When I meditate as wisdom  
The dream that you are,
When I revolve around you as earth-  
When I search for you as thirst-
When as your shadow I  
Wander as song, as tears,
Even now through the far  
Horizon where arise the large  
Waves of sorrow,
Weary with faded colour,  
The cloud who had gone  
With the message of love  
Of a foolish dream,
Without aim, returns…,  
My dear, again upon  
‘Ramagiri’ fall down’  
The dead petal of  
A lazy love. . .

29. **VISWAVEDIYIL (UPON THE WORLD’S STAGE)**

When I sit dreaming  
On the shore, by  
Raising its blue waves
The ocean beckons me,
I understand you,
The insane woman that you are,
Hysterically, by day and night
You do the violent dance.
Still I suppose
At the first dawn
You were a calm lass
Like a sweet dream.
From an eternity
Unknown, you were
Persuaded and led
Here by someone.
In the heart of the earth
Unpolluted by life
You slept in peace
Like a baby.
With night’s exit dawn came,
When the bugle blow of
Keen and passionate
Creativity rose again
You writhed and rose up
Heart trembling happily
Like the snake enamoured
By the snake charmer’s flute.
With keenness and poise
Thronging silent majesty
When the world’s song
Spreading grace, ascended,
Earth’s heart burst
And bloomed flowers,
Volcanic eruptions and
A thousand delicate rivers,
Breaking sky’s heart
Came whirling and winding
Lovely as lightning
Meteors, and stars.
You alone black as
The dark clouded woods,
You alone danced in a frenzy
Unfolding the hood.
Went by you
Leaping in a hurry
The chariots of thousand
Centuries, like waves,
Emotionless from beginning
To end, continues
That divine music, you
Dance and get weary.
In the blue body
Spilling the glory of gems,
Music’s darling, sometimes
Beautifully you dance.
Bugle blows become tensed
Thence the intoxicated
Waves stir and scatter
Shattering into pieces!
The pangs sink in
The magical intoxication
Of music, the multitude of
falling hoods rise up.
With no rest you
Dance again upon
This world’s stage
Miserably, fiercely.
Oh, the one who stays distant
Transcending human thoughts,
And dwells by singing with
Your flute playfully
When does this come to an end?
In search of the future
Horizon, the distressed poet’s
Eyes become wet. . .

30. **AAVARTHANAM (REPETITION)**

The saffron field of dusk
Where in the small streak of light,
A wave of reverie
Shine and die out,
Gazing at the pangs of
A half bloomed flower,
Tears shine in the eyes of
The star ‘athira’.
Still sits the burden of life
In the shoulders of the traveller
Who searches for the smile of
That star through the old path,
The old nightingale gets tired
Singing the old songs,
But it still goes on singing,
The fire is thirsty still,
Just a single smile, sob,
That we recognize
At any turn of the street
Even in the dark,
The same old flowers
In the garden of the earth,
The same old drumming
By the sea even now,
The ceaseless search
Of the breeze, the same bitterness
For tears, then and now.
The night when the whole was known.
Even now colour fades
For the old love,
Perfect peace today
In the eyes that learn by sight.
Come back, you artist,
Who, intoxicated by the same old wine,
Blend seven colours again
In the same form,
in the same rhythm,
In the same line-
I came to know the
Emptiness of your mind!

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