

Three Poems

Shyamala

To the silence and sounds
To streets that I've never walked
In dreams that I have never dreamt
I take leave of you.
While tears hide somewhere
In my eyes, and sandness
Is silent as a stone in,
the river's unmoving core
It's goodbye. It's goodbye
So long ignored
To the birds circling
With shrill circling
With shrill and hostile eries

2

I opened my eyes
to find you standing there
suddenly with your old smile
and your eyes smiled into mine
And I smile back.
Close your eyes, you said
I'm here now and I obeyed
as I've always done.
Close your eyes, you said.
Behind my eyelids
I could hear your smile
So I closed them tight.
Waiting... only to watch you bade.

3

Tonight I am so sad-I want to sit
Silent near you and have you hold my hand
I donot need the ministry of words,
But simply to know you one brief hour
I'll feel the trouble, stress and pet dispel
Knowing you will fully understand, dear
Not what I say-but all I cannot tell.
I'd like to watch sunset by your side
To see darkness fall and the stars appear
And as the day dies, feel my troubled heart
Grow calm again, 'cause you,
My 'love' is near
There are so many ways to love
a kiss, a smile
The way you move your eyes
So many different ways to say
I love you
In question, in action
In softness of your hair
Some love in anger, some in admire
Some in happiness, and some in passion

But my love goes beyond all these
For I love you in loving.

I Am Not The One

Some things inspire me more that once
The spring, the bud and the full moon
The tide, the cloud and the shower in the
noon.

Perhaps...

I am a man who still is not dead
For I see the beauty that surrounds
Can still hear my grandpa whispering
Well... have tried hard you can be sure
to behold even the unseen
but there's this... it's not me...
Time who plays the blatant games

Other things inspire me too
For I am not the one who averses
When I see those muddy Cupids
With their bows broken at birth
and the arrows dissoved in thin air
Some wearing a stick and others.. emptiness
I stare at them with compassion and think

twice

before I close the burning eyes and swear in
anguish

There are things that haunt me ever
For I am not the one who fears dissent
The ringing bell that is out of place
The crescent moon that seeks darkness
and then cross that pierces through
Intimidated I am by their stare
I try to frown and bang a fist
...wait...am I too mortal to blasphem

There are moments when I need to search
For I too have a resurgent soul
When I see your deep blue eyes
feel the clouds and the tides in my palms
I could fly eternally to unseen land
and find a conch at cavernous depths
well... but then I restarin from endeavouring
for perhaps... your eyes are as shallow as me!

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