



9 CONTEMPORARY POETS

of

Kerala



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Adieu

Fallen leaves tend to move
Towards the heights of yonder reach.
What promotes? What derails?
Lasting looks of wondrous years.

Little ticks of deep dwelt scenes
Shoot up from those bright-keen eyes.
What guides the awesome stare?
Some thoughts unanswered, yet so fair.

Caught alone in dismal filth,
Not to show the myriad fears
Once or twice or thrice at last,
Make a lift for drowning seeds.
Longing stage in shadow hush.
Lost again among these steppes,
Now rain consoles my rusty arms
And makes me man of graver thoughts.

Thanks to thee, forlorn days.
Banks near, get farther still.

Intuition

Children at first learn to laugh
slowly, time teaches them to hide,
Learning is re-arrangement
Of thinking and our strange beliefs.
The time will come for us, to raise
A question immortal. Who am I?
Then we all analyze, the need
To immerse in social bonds.

Leaves of past and daily fret,
Channels in a slowly cleft.
Teaches us in one great day
These words of immense importance.

Sleep, a precious rarity yet joyous silence.
Hunger, the grey forgetfulness which makes one awake.
Happiness, a little tiresome mouth-exercise, nothing more.
Life, the unknown journey to die at last.

The Dry Race

Absent haste of nonsense raids,
To flee away in lands to scream.
Why the world is not in trance?
And feel the world of blissful grace.

The joy and pang of human strife
Joke of routine new numbskulls.
Yearning tough to taste anew
Though many a mile less roam about.

Pure ignorance and nothing more
The gain of human self-esteem.
When to find the lonesome line?
A shaking truth in artifice.

Beating births in woman's crust,
Grace of chance in moment's chain.
Who controls this second's tick?
Prove sorry word, a man, perhaps.

The loss of fast and gruesome trail,
To reach at last in soil's flesh.
Leave aside this lonely chase
And feel the depth of genuine smiles.

Fear

The day of rebellion
Is about to come.
Still, the trumpet is bereft of wind.
Failed to find the lonesome face
I always craved the most.
Also missed the dripping eyes
To soothe my painful roads.

The seed shoots up because of wish,
Though it may find a place in bush.
Words soothe and cleanse ourselves.
Deeds may not, we've garbs in flesh.

The aged ailing, gentle push
Is neither near nor too far.
What to do in this rain of nerve?
Who to solve the conundrum?

Lofty thoughts did come at last
And emptied all my fears,
"Go and swim the murky sea
Below those divine bowers".