

# ATTEMPTS IN POETRY WRITING

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## INTRODUCTION

These are attempts to give verbal expressions to thoughts that occurred to one's mind, which were too sensitive to give a rational quantified form, and too deep to elaborate on. It is meaningless to debate whether the source of these thoughts was one's own mind or body, an experience in the past or future or another body or another mind. The limitation is not only the limitations in the expressions and thus one's ability to communicate but the limitation in one's ability to comprehend a situation or an experience as well. Hence with my *pranam* to that universal mind which generates the entire cosmic string where my own mind is only a small simple knot, "Attempts in poetry Writing" is introduced to the readers.

♦

\*\*\*\*\*Author

### ♦ SAMADHI

All doubts cleared,  
All questions answered,

The Pebble rolled on...  
Till nothing remained  
Not even the memory of its shape.

Far above in the sky  
The Laue patterns emerged  
And in infinity we disappeared.

\*\*\*\*\*

The saint remained motionless  
As there was nothing more to do

The storm was over....

On the green meadows  
The black sheep wined  
In confusion.

Far far away

The Laue pattern emerged  
And in infinity we disappeared.

\*\*\*\*\*

The koel cooed the whole night  
Its friend was no more in sight  
The moon peeped in to the darkness  
Over the fluffy clouds  
In loneliness...

Far far away the leafless branches nodded  
And in infinity we dissolved.

[Top](#) \*\*\*\*\* 1994

#### ◆POETRY

Poetry-

It's a private feeling,  
I can't write it down.

It's tender thought,  
A music from nowhere;  
A gentle sigh,  
No one knows, from where.

It's private feeling-  
No, I can't write it.

If I could-

You might perhaps  
Trample on it, mock at it  
Or scramble it to make new ones.

You may call it a fantasy  
Senseless and with no light of reality.

It's a private feeling-  
Oh, it's just nothing,  
A mere private feeling  
No! I can't write it down.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* (1986)

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#### CONFLICT

**██████████████████████████████████████**

I have been trying to know you,  
My knowledge being so incomplete.  
True, I know, you have a lovely pair of eyes,  
And a supple body  
You have read widely  
And perhaps know the world more clearly.  
But, no! I don't know you-  
Though I have lived all my life with you!  
My neurons firing all within my skull,  
And yours too-  
With no inter-nerval connections.  
We could talk, laugh and say all sweet things,  
And dump our sad thoughts to deeper backups,  
To soothe the nerval connections.  
Still I could never know you!  
My thoughts fade away within my cerebrum  
I can't ever transfer them to your system.  
May be I should wait and wait and wait,  
Till I could design a new detector,  
Perhaps involving,  
Some high Tc superconductor?

1987

GRATITUDE

2

[illegible]

## THE DEITY

The priest prostrated before the deity,  
Throwing a mere white flower.  
"I am all that" he muttered,  
And bowed to the Almighty once again.

1995

## ◆LEAVES

Outside the window,  
Autumn leaves fall.

❖ Sweet dream of a spring is buzzing  
❖ As a small bee, and shakes off,  
❖ From the cocoon of my heart.  
❖ I know not where its nest hides,  
❖ With a mouthful of honey  
❖ And a thousand devoted company.

Outside the window,  
Autumn leaves fall.

❖ Away, away, a mere ray of the warm sun  
❖ Peeps through a creak in my heart  
❖ I know not where the day shines  
❖ And the sweet lips bloom into a smile,  
❖ And hopes dance among the clouds...

I know not if my heart is heavy  
And awaits a leaf floating down the seas.

All I know for sure, is just-  
Outside my window,  
Autumn leaves fall.

1986

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## ♠HORSE OF MY MIND

I did not read your poetry.  
While I gathered the letters, put them together,  
Forming words and clauses clear,  
Weaving dreams in my own world of privacy,  
I was no more!  
True, I could not read your poetry.  
I saw its phrases from beginning to end,  
I peered into the lines broken here and there,  
Groping among the words my mind construed,  
Everything it had never experienced!  
But, by then, I was no more.  
I could not read your poetry.

1995

## FREEDOM

◆◆◆◆◆◆

1980

## A BEGGAR BOY



1987

[Top](#)

1987

### THE MIGHTY

I am huge, sturdy and majestic,  
The bushes and trees crush under my feet,  
I play, bathe and drink,  
From ponds and lakes deep,  
Where others dare not peep  
But still....

At the commands of my master,  
I bow, lie and walk-  
My mighty trunk drooping,  
And the chain around me looping...  
I am mighty, dark and stout,  
With weighty tusks white,  
Which I pierced through a pine,  
Even without a sprain.

But still....  
This little man,  
Lean thin and weary,  
Like the stick he does carry,  
Jumps upon me, and with a 'Ho'-  
Makes me walk, run or as he likes.  
You may wonder, why all this trifles,  
I bear without any strife.  
Not the sweet candy he gives,  
Nor for the kernel tasty-  
This little man, weird, lean and thin,  
Has a sweet thing in his heart.  
I taste it, relish-  
And to the heavens I soar,  
When I feel a warm touch,  
And a dreamy voice in the morn:  
"Oh my dear, darling, wake..."

1980

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### DEVATA

The sweet fragrance of the tulasi leaf,  
Filled the air.  
The sleeping girl was awakened in to a dream.  
The rainbow colours dissolved in to a lone lotus flower  
The white sandal paste cooled the forehead  
A few drops of cold water awakened the memory  
Of an unforgettable touch.  
The reverberating sounds of the manthras opened  
The door of omniscient conscience-  
Of all the sounds yet to be heard.

1995

Close behind me ever follows  
A dark mysterious silence.  
Even the tall tree in my backyard  
Is silent.  
All leaves gone, it awaits  
A white snowy blanket  
To cover a sad face.  
It is time I told my heart  
To hibernate?

1986

## THE CEREMONY

The lamp had four wicks burning quietly.  
The measuring vessel was filled with paddy  
And a large unbloomed bud from a coconut tree.  
With the sounds of the drums and the nagaswaras  
The bride's heart thumped in anxiety.  
The moment is near-  
A life flowing freely so far  
Is to be tied in to a knot,  
Of a yellow string and a gold leaf...  
A sobbing sister flashed into her mind  
And the drums and the nagaswaras  
Disappeared from her ears.  
When the sounds returned to her conscience  
A knotted string was already on her neck  
A new life beginning....

1995

## REVELATION

7



1996

The man tried to smile.  
His withered face grimaced in pain.  
The deep wounds in his heart,  
And the ashes of his memories,  
Lay smeared on the wrinkles.  
When the clouds condensed into a few raindrops  
The hot bare rocks steamed them off.  
Though the years rolled by,  
The grass lay burnt in the sun.  
How could the lilies keep smiling,  
And the white lotus beam in contentment,  
No one unfathomed.

1997

The hissing sound of the first breath  
Was not a surprise.  
It was awaited and was well thought out.  
But the cold loneliness and an incomprehensible silence  
Shocked the senses to the core.  
A weight-less existence engulfed in a warm fluid  
Became a forgotten dream.  
The reality is just beginning...  
But why the sudden sense of loneliness?  
The limbs are growing heavy,  
A dark envelope is striding on the eyelids.  
This dark silence is unbearable.  
It is time to fall back into a dream  
And again,  
Awake into the reality elsewhere.

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1994

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1982

**QUESTION**

1994



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### About the Author

Born in Kerala on 17th March 1959, Dr.Koluthappallil Muraleedharan obtained Ph.D Degree in Physics in 1986. He has done research works on Magnetic and superconducting materials at several laboratories in India. Currently he is working on certain issues of emotional integration.

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