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.

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♦ SAMADHI

All doubts cleared,
All questions answered,

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.

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.

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. 000000000000000000000 **000000000000000000** (1986)

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CONFLICT

No smoke, no fire, no gushing tears
No one knows, no one hears or sees
Deep within the tensing chords snap
Twist, turn and crack,
In raging flames, all in silence.
No one knows, no one hears, no one feels
The sighs of burning neurons,
Solitons stumble at synaptic junctions
Memories break and make
Through grim faces, nesty words
Tearing in to soft cells
But no blood, no tears, no sighs
For no one feels the burning neurons.

PATIENCE

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 al 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, Till I could design a new detector, Perhaps involving, Some high Tc superconductor?

Top

To my dearest friend,

Who broke my shells with patience,
For warmth, trust and loving care,
And the spring of joy
That's gushing from my heart,
I have no words to express
My gratitude.

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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.

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QLEAVES

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.

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THORSE 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.

The words clung to my neurons,
As I glanced through it.
The writhing thoughts within provoked me.
They cracked my heart;
Snapped my nerval strings
Knocked down my senses.
But by then, I was no more.
Believe me, I could not read your poetry.

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FREEDOM

I roam about the green trees, Drink from the cold streams In the cool sweet shadows I sleep, In dreams.... I hear a bird clatter-Nay, it s but my chain, Just around my neck, Rarely does it clatter though... But I swim in the pool of freedom For it melts away in my dreams.... The folk cheer at me from behind the bars How could them all be entrapped, In so large a cage? Nuts and chips they are bringing, Just to give me, - their whole pleasure lies In mere my beaming. They are all behind bars, But I am quite free To roam, to jump, to laugh, To drink from cool streams, In dreams.... 000000

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A BEGGAR BOY

When the dreamer awoke in to the silence
Of his construed palace garden,
The crickets started their music from the wayside.
The sweet maids and their dances,
Had already merged from the humming mosquitoes.
The moon fell from the cow's horn,
And disappeared in to the horizon,
With so quick a stride
That the awe-struck boy with fear,
Pulled the torn rag over his head,
And slipped back into an embryonic slumber.

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LOVER

If....

Writing to a stranger,
Is trying on your modesty,
O, don't.

Shall I adore a smile? Disguised as the arching brows, Reddened lips, And let it be?

But-

The long lonely treks,
Over the deeps, blue skies,
And harsh barren deserts,
Shared warm soft feelings
And sweet untold agonies
Of two hearts that shine
Brighter than thousand lilies
I won't let it be
A mere some one's fantasy!

Top

LOVE

My life-Is a small poem Written in my love For you!

***************** 1987

GREETINGS TO AN

Let's not tread on,
The white soft snowOver patterns of angry strokes
Making it colderEver harder to break!
But it is never late
To smile some one HelloAnd no more hate.

May I wish you and your friends,
A happy new year and a lot more,
And, to myself, perhaps, mere,
A less hostile year?

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***** 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, **O** 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..."

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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.

Slowly the lamps faded,

The door closed with a jingle

And all was engulfed in deep darkness once again.

SILENCE

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?

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******* 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 nearA 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....

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REVELATION

The clock struck three.

The ceremonial firing awoke the devotee

The cool water in the temple tank

Washed away the dullness of a dream filled night

It is abhisheka time.

Amidst the chanting manthras

Streams of water poured on the idol

Filled the devotee with heart felt prayers
Suddenly a deafening sound shocked the devotee
And the door of the Sreekolvil closed with a jingle.
There was an indescribable darkness.
And a deep silence filled the air.
Hours later, with a reverberating sound of 'Om',
The devotee opened his eyes.
Brushing aside a small bruise on his forehead,
He got up from the stone paved floor.
A new enlightenment brightened his heart.
Prostrating before a well decorated idol,
He started the pradikshana.

********************************** 1996

LIFE

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.

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INFANCY

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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CONCLUSION

The blind and ignorant crowd
Cheer joyfully
At the warm softness of the blood
Oozing from the numerous wounds
On his heart.

Perhaps they forgot in their intoxicated beings
That one day
These drops would grow colder and smaller
And they dry up once for all.
In the eternal silence that follows
The cheers and joys sink deep
To get buried in the caves of time,
And countless piles of experience.

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********** ANOTHER VIEW ON LIFE

A lonely road So many turns Through the woods, green and dark, Unknown end and beginning. ��� A lonely lad ��� A lonely weed ��� A maze of nets ��� Of unknown end and beginning. A lonely tree With no blooms and leaves A lonely bee With but a lost hive Unknown end and beginning •••• If I see them together ���� Life would never wither •••• For it is with an ever ���� Unknown end and beginning.

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LIBERATION

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Oh dear lovely butterfly,
Tell me your dreams, will you, while you were
Keeping silent in your cocoon, meditating?
They were too sweet to keep you mum and grim,
And your shell was too thin...
You were no more a caterpillar, thick and hairy,

With too tiny eyes, myopic and weary, Half blind, you were no more crawling Devouring all those seemed green! Oh, dear, you are no more a caterpillar What were you thinking, while you were in your cocoon? You were looking curiously at the thin dry skin-Of the larva; you were in that, But you weren't that you found. You weren't the pupa either, yet you were there. You were of no form, yet you were there Sans mouth, eyes, ears, hands and legs, You were there meditating.... The pressure was so intense, of the discovery, your Self, Its brightness breaking your shell You were out flying, bearing the joy of mere existence. Now, shall we fly together, in one form or another, But never caught in any form, With joy which will never wither? Am I speaking to you, or myself? Where are you? or me? or you and me? You are in me, I am in you, but where are we? Hi! Look here, there, eh everywhere.

<u>qo'l</u>

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CONFUSION

I have grown indifferent to life.

I am shaped into that state

With meticulous care.

By which group
Of the people? for the people? by the people?

Now my heart is dry
It holds no upheavings.

Is it samadhi?

Or, that life just ended

With no ceremonial sent off?

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ TO THE UNKNOWN AND UNKNOWABLE

In your silence,
I heard thousand songs of devotion.
In your gentle nod and down cast eyes
I saw a bright lamp closed in an earthen pot,
Shivering in fear of revelation.
We all grow on a strange tree
Whose roots go in circles.
Why fear or feel sad?

Let me wipe your tears and be with you.

And no more fears, I am near you.

Let a sweet smile bloom on your lips
Only for me to behold.

It is not a vague memory,
The beauty unfolding before meThe endless, blissful eternity.

Here we are, closer than ever before,
To know and be known.
Oh, the divine one,
Give me a lone tulasi leaf,

Give me a lone tulasi leaf,
The world is weighing down in ignorance.
Let us now frighten away the darkness.
Jealousy wouldn't touch your image
The two chambers in our hearts bloom the roses
Fear not the world ever

The truth and the light will never be hidden.

Let tender new green leaves spring from our hearts

For the world to behold,

What is known and the unknown.

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LOVE

Love....

It hangs around me
Heavy as the albatross
Of an uncommitted sin.
A trickled drop from the heart
And the ocean turns pink.
Away, away, o dear!
But my dreams never stop.
Nor can I ever break through
The cocoon of my fantasies.

Love....

It eats up my dreams,
Grows so large,
To hang at the bottom of my heart
Heavy and limp.

Love....

It roams about the green casurina trees
As a whispering ghost of my desires.
Often it does nothing but
Turn towards the charging waves
Dazzling white, and in a moment,
They recede in the melancholy of my existence.
Emptying the throbbing chambers of my heart.

My love....

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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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