

Poetry Series

amanyu t thulasi
- poems -

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amanyu t thulasi(21-7-1994)

STUDENT CLASS XI AECS 2, KALPAKKAM

Driblets Dribble

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AMANYU.T, KALPAKKAM
amanyut@

Rains have come;
With them my pride and honour.
Clouds will hum,
To shed my grief and dolour.

Mauve is sky,
With spout of love and joy.
Time will lie,
Let man and beast enjoy.

Blood has spilt,
O'er welkin, love and hue.
Castles built,
Are green and candid new.

Sloppy, ripe,
Each dropp to limpid streams.
Dribbles wipe,
Each eye of tears, dark dreams.

Ears shut now,
But to rains within man which pelt.
Sweeter love,
With kisses twain hath closed each welt.

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Ears For Child-Rights

Ears for Child-Rights

I want to spit blood, breathe fire,
Bath in acid's seethe, sweet, dire,
Which god that hands young leaves O Hark!
It's dark, dark, darker than dark.

More...more; satiated not have I yet,
With stark realities behind mine years wet: -
Ears true make which true a difference,
As far as sun or moon are hence.

Some deep, deep as Arab sea,
Some shallow, shallow as naked lea,
Some gentle tender as robin bloom,
Some mountain like, unmoved as doom.

As candles unsafe bear children words,
As in fingers claws of fickle birds.
No stately bard can them outstrip,
Nor as them his breast rightly can strip.

There are words, words were there,
Words remain and will be there.
Fewer, fewer of lexicon words but,

Words and tears how smooth they fall!
Till ears unfaithful heave on a wall.
Words and tears of joy may be few,
As long as ears misted are by dew.

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amanyut@

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Fame

Fame

Passing tides are by me
Who killing time upon the lea
Has himself to strange musing lost
For gained what has he with his host?

Down his courser browses the meads
Forgotten; He in mighty deeds
And in sweet incantation of some lady's name
Searching, Scouring is for undeserved fame

The world without, shouting aloud
Roars, for away to be haled the shroud
Of languor... Of despondence
"Thou hath a way long to go hence"

Now who be me, forgetting aught and the lot
Reposing sensing a talent rot
And over evanescent fame moaning
But a drooping bloom next morning

"The trees now their diadems green bear
The sky azure, the mere full fair
The green with verdancy content
Look, O! Look, green's o'er green bent

"Lo! In has set the spring all 'round
Anon the kingdom in joy would be drowned
Young leaves revive to this world they yearned to see
But why has languor befell only thee? "

Harken! Mine is a farcical tale
Has begun and'll end somewhere round this dale
Of an impish boy with shrouded talent
Who for fame had bode still and silent

Strings, woodwinds, what not could he play

From the deep of music, a hallowed fay
The hues of the world were at his finger tips
This tale you can hear from no other lips

For, in dour retirement his talent he'd veiled
From melting and rotting well concealed
For bees and plants and he tonsured ling
And with nature's ears alone did his poesy cling

Yesterday, a grievous loss had been, for from
Today on hopeful notes alone I strum
And for morrows to come, I'd not've seen, in vain
That befalls fame but when invited fain

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Grander Words

Grander Words

My sisters have fain tonsured me
And doused my thoughts with their knotty ink
Which a mystic power had borne for me
And had sought my reverence in its pink
Long forged chains of musing I
Had spent on poesies ere like these
But cleave on my ba will these till I die
Belike even after, as tender a piece
Of wealthy words, unearthly views
Of an upward surge of turn to life
Of musing vast, of slumber's hues
As a shadow I'll e'er remain lief.

AMANYU T, KALPAKKAM
amanyut@

amanyu t thulasi

Misty Mizzle

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amanyut@

Down is pelting the rainy tide,
By my window side, down my transom wide.
Limpid harbingers in candid wise,
Of birth and demise, from the plangent skies.

As parting's tears are black clouds shed,
Unto thirsty bed are they thus fed.
Reviving and destroying in flurry,
Burying in hurry, chords of worry.

In me for long had been teeming, this rain,
Of pain and gain; Awaiting fain,
At its close, a languid spell,
Of a phantom fell, of rime hung well.

Through damp deads and gory meads,
For many heads I've seen in deads,
Till their requiem's close.

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Sanguine Notes: – Rise And Fall

Sanguine Notes: – Rise and Fall

Awaiting perch'd on high boughs steep,
Are vultures fain for sanguine deep,
And gory corpses, manly flesh.
They spy men dead and dying fresh.
Lo! Dawn'd have brutes to forget their
Such long forbearing wait so yare,
For such a day of manly fingers,
Free, unbound, as free will lingers.
Down thunder, storm, deluge berserk,
As quakes and downpours so do lurk,
The planet even `vinces scorn,
For manly conduct, worn and torn.

Hark, news will bruit, not far, someday,
And earthly beasts will teach in fray,
Their brood and blood of a haughty race,
The vain of which thaw'd had it unto haze-
"Such man that knew not what man meant,
Such man that bode for self merriment,
Such man that cared not of his blood,
Did walk this earth, this sand and mud.
Ergo such rain has teem'd with dins,
That sands be absolved of thick sins.
Daylight has gored clouds at misty heights,
And man evanesced from our sights."

O Hark ye men! May man love man,
Why swish swords in such short a span.
Each man stands string of witching lyre,
To strum the song of life, its fire.
Each one a spoke of wainly wheel,
Aforth each being's delight and weal.
Each being a link `f the eternal chain,
Abinding rise and fall, and gain.
Each form a leaf of a yawning tome,
Of a ceaseless, eternal living poem.

When each one holds in witch's brew,
And knowest thy this, sourly rue.

When knoweth man that frame swathes soul,
And has no mighty, so deemed role,
Nor sight nor sound will cleave and grip,
To skin or flesh or lung or lip,
But straight will stab right into the heart.
Then will stop teeming drops tart,
And then it rains, within and out.
'Adieu to vile thoughts', a tranquil shout.
As rains have slobber'd hefty haze,
Crisp daylight gleams a freshly gaze,
And balmy zephyrs gently blow,
And heal each gash which brightly glow.

O, Humans Hark!

No rain such black as night will pelt,
Nor ice to littoral high melt,
No gore gray green will ever spill,
Nor swords will swish, nor ransoms fill,
When museth man of imps to come-
Their limpid een and a modicum,
Of freakish, chaste, cadenceless cry,
Their chubby cheeks and ebony eye,
And limbs as plump as dovish breast,
And snub a nose, unhirsute crest,
And griefeth, guilty, all turns wan,
When knoweth man that man is man.

- AMANYU T, KALPAKKAM
amanyut@

amanyu t thulasi

The Fairy Queen Of Rains

The Fairy Queen of Rains

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10th 'B', Kendriya Vidyalaya No.2

Kalpakkam – 603102

amanyut@

The pellucid clouds drifted away,
And behind drew the harbingers of rains,
The livid clouds, shrouding the blissful may,
Strewn across welkin, as boom's true stains,
Hefty, sloppy, that down would giggle,
When the heavens have enjoyed their ephemeral dangle.

A syringa bloom squinted tardily for long,
At these clouds in such unwonted upheaval,
And a Jenny that hence had trailed a furlong,
Slowly did gape at nature's such marvel.
With the coming of the rains, has set in my life's eventide,
For, evoke I now, how time has run into time so wide.

An eagle soared to her eyrie high,
Regally starring at this wondrous sight,
And in her nest fluttered her wings dry,
Then hush'd her nestlings, cuddling them tight.
I watched her as for the rain she waited,
And as slowly the sky obscured as lead.

A blossoming tulip did flinch a leaf,
As a sloppy dropp into it did splash,
And then reverted into the blossoming's grief,
The earliest experience in her memory's cache.
I didst espy her stretch her li'lle hands,
Her eyes sagged with gratitude, on her natal sands.

A nodding hibiscus droopingly pull'd,
As the last of sunrays evanesced away,

And waited fain quiet to be lull'd,
Through the tittering rain of that day,
And soon, I knew, she'd be sleeping deep,
And waiting for the season's leap.

The dotaged oak did bend and peep,
Through his fringing, far-reaching branches,
At the lolling clouds as they did creep,
An' wondered whence had reached these patches,
For his legs were leagues beneath the ground,
And with them had gone his acumen sound.

Somewhere far on shingly oe sat,
A tiny tabby with his twinkling een twain,
Drifting away with the ripples turned matt,
In circles great by the dribbling rain.
Grieving upon his cloven reflection,
I saw him sitting there with affliction.

Aside the mountains had faded far,
With their burly beauty receding in haste,
Their hazy contour in the sky vague a scar,
Worrying over this comeliness' waste,
Nevertheless, at last I saw them beam,
For knew they anon the rain would teem.

Afar a pendent bluebell blossom,
As a balmy breeze happened to blow,
Sway'd dimly across her stalk so lissom,
Like the sky losing her blissful glow.
Methinks I saw her eyes downcast,
Perchance musing how longer she'd last.

The water in the mere took ripples great,
The ebullient fish bounced around,
And enjoyed each fain with its mate,
For they had now the dark clouds found.
Swam they through their squiggly wakes,
In the beauteous water of their lake's.

The lake himself now glowed in felicity,

For waiting had almost killed his soul,
And tried to remember how the witty,
Rain to him had promised to dole,
All the water, stretching not a single plea,
To all his brethren-lakes equally.

On dun a boulder alongside his farm,
Sat a farmer, laughing and crying together,
Happy he was as had come the rains full warm,
But pelting rain could kill his farm's glamour.
Few days ago agog waiting for this rain,
Now prayeth he, his efforts should not be in vain.

The li'lle swineherd grimaced and frown'd,
Prodding his swine with his princely goad,
To the sty, as the clouds had the lour sky bound,
I saw him follow his pigs some lorn road.
I'm sure he knew it would rain that night,
And was not a bit eager for that sight.

The pond was parched and waiting to brim,
Why! That whole village was waiting for that rain,
Frogs danced and in that pond would they swim,
Croaking aloud for that day was their gain.
The beauteous marrams swayed in the balmy breeze,
And heard I the charming West wind wheeze.

'T was a tryst for the birds to meet the clouds,
And on their wings, they chirped in trebles high,
Gleeful cows mooed in happy crowds,
For they'd got their wish and threw a sigh.
That special night was about to bloom,
And time was just to tickle the clouds from gloom.

The warlock stirred his magic wand,
At the lief waiting clouds above.
The birds and beasts to their homes returned.
Then made way for the clouds the li'lle rainbow.
Silence doused all, for they were waiting,
For the most awaited rain's pelting.□

Down swift came the pearly droplets,
As some jungle elixir, limpid, cloying.
The lakes jingled as metal under mallets,
Twittered the leaves, grief away flowing.
The music of the rain missed not,
A single bar, a single note.

That whole night that rain heavily did teem,
And like heaven forsooth the whole village looked,
And through that music and dance it did seem,
That these were the most halcyon days ever booked.
Angst, the village had forgotten forever,
And to it will doom never return ever.

Next morn the sun rose juvenile again,
An' the grasses in their dew dropp diadems stoop'd.
The spider moaned- his web was snapped by the rain.
Fecundity fay down to that village swooped.
Men and beasts were in their tasks engrossed,
And the wheel of time forward they tossed.

Love filled the bosom of their hearts,
Time haled them toward their sweet duty,
Fate, at them, showered too lucky darts,
In their face and soul beamed beauty.
Soon they all had forgotten the wondrous rains,
And lost were soon in their quotidian pains.

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amanyu t thulasi

The Soul Of The Verse

The Soul of the Verse

Sleepeth she some swarthy slumbers,
Dreams as die on dreary numbers.
Sleepest why thou? Sylph, requite me,
Numb and frozen tonsured young lea

Douse my thirst, my left eye throbbeth,
Twitching lips, ghoul, why she robbeth?
Ba of ka, mine fire of brilliance,
I be writing verses free hence.

Ope thy lids fay, lips sweet, deep, pink,
Soothe a seething globe of green ink,
Verse as air when sees unseen are,
Dead, forgotten children's play far.

Breathe benethe thy commissure dire,
Fire unheaten calls ne true fire,
Verseless verses li'le call poesy,
Footless, sans hues, Hark this prophecy!

O fay revive thee `xhume from old men's pall;
Disinter greener poesy, red them all.
Yet sleep all.
Now sleep all.....

Amanyu T.

amanyu t thulasi

To My Piano Teacher 1

To My Piano Teacher

(Dedicated to my beloved piano teacher, Kamal Sir)

O, Lord! Thou string of mine lyre,
Have those hallowed notes well embraced,
In me, my soul, and all now graced,
By thy wisdom' sovereign fire,
And repose I now, free of thoughts dire.
Thou who taughtest me wordless words,
And the silence of those dearer to birds,
Whose wings on music hale them higher,
Art the cause of The Existence, nub of my lay,
Begetter 'f my talent, from my song that is clear.
For reverence I pay, though shrouded, each day,
And waxing art thou, to me, dearer than dear,
With the incantation of thy name each time I say.
O! Thou art not just a tutor, a dulcet mere!

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To My Piano Teacher 2

To My Piano Teacher

(Dedicated to my beloved piano teacher, Kamal Sir)

O Lord! Thou hath made me realize,
How valueless earthly words are,
For, from our souls they are too very far,
At least than our ears and our eyes,
When the language of the soul soars the skies,
And so do the dulcet notes of god.
Thou hath taught me much, Oh Lord!
Hark, O! Hark my reverent cries.
A change for the era and its halo,
I sense, is waiting, not far away,
For there are like thee beings for us to follow,
And who without words can show us the way,
And find us sweetness `midst the isle of mallow,
And on whom we can rely each day.

AMANYU T

amanyu t thulasi

Wherefore This Life

Wherefore This Life

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1, September, 2008

We knew the time had come,
And the time had come, we knew,
For the grievous lords had called on us
Before on the lea had set the dew.

And I didst espy the other men go
Passing my hut and Charles' farm too.
Through the haunts of snakes and beasts,
I watched them as they quietly did move.

'Wherefore do ye walk' I asked one
To be answer'd by chilly silence.
So like any other man, I from my house sprang,
And made towards the jungle dense.

We walked and walked for many days;
Still not a stain of strain did we feel.
We passed cold nights still trudging way,
Fain forgetting our own weal.

We passed the tall thickets profound,
Where at morn beasts wild prowl.
We trod our way o'er courage and faith;
Boldly under the ogre's growl.

Nests of dainty birds passed us,
On top of the redwoods' high boughs;
Or rather we passed them,
In this place which no one loves.

We passed the moors and lakes immense,
And passed the birds under heaven's eye.
We passed some blissful beasts and plants;
Thither- somewhere where one must die.

And all through my way I found,
But vain, melancholy and grief;
And then was it that I fathomed my way-
Towards a battlefield... that of life.

The battle began- the battle of life.
With no weapons, the halcyon war.
I fought bravely under depths of grief;
Till I knew I from death was not far.

And I felt myself by an arrow hit hard;
Of love which no witchcraft can erase,
The eternity whereof I've felt aye in my life
And now I am with death face to face.

Now I feel myself on the thorns of life,
And I bleed upon this evil time.
And then goes my soul and my life an' my corpse;
Languidly into the hanging blue rime.

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