

Poetry Series

Chris Prabu
- poems -

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Chris Prabu(16/02/1984)

A Bird

Every morning
After the dawn
A peculiar sound enthralls me.
Tok-Tok or Tak-Tak
Is the sound I hear.

Every morning
It makes me so curious.
Finally, I encountered a strange friend
A vivid, tiny, curious
Winged friend.

Every morning
After the rise of the sun,
She comes there at my window
Stares the window glass
And bangs it with ire.

I wonder.....
What makes her so furious...
Then, I closely observed the window from my room
And she didn't see me; as its an one way glass
There, she gazed his own image.

She imagines and believes
The bird in the glass is
Her dangerous and vulnerable enemy.
And she let's her anger grow
Day by day steadily and firmly.

Many things has changed
Slowly and rapidly around me
But her anger never stops.
It grows and grows in her mind

Like a giant tree comes out of a small seed.

Sometimes I chuckle myself
About her stupid manners and
Sometimes I fill with amaze
By her determined mind
Of chasing an enemy.

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A Lovely Invite

One winter evening, she came near
And whispered something without fear
I was so blind
Yet she was kind
That's how she sets me in fire.

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A Manual Scavenger

This land has thousand gods
But very few humans with heart.
The so called educated, cultured
Pious, piety minds are filled with shit.
Your thoughts and deeds are
Nothing than a foul, filthy shit.
The shit you are dropping is not so stink
As your dirty, cruddy inhumane minds.
You may adore with perfumes and flowers
But, what you filled with is stenching shit.

Oh! my dear brothers and sisters
Have you ever imagine to touch
The dreadful feces of others?
Why do you infuriate on me
Of just asking you to imagine! ! !
Humiliated? disgraced? ashamed?
You people are insensate and brutal
Whose tongues are chanting the innumerable gods
And force your own human race
Into the hellhole to clean your grubby shit.

I heard, the nation has sent hundreds of satellites
To explore the far away planets.
People are praising and celebrating
The innovations and inventions.
How can you called this an achievement
When thousands of lives lost in asphyxiation in the manhole.
How shameful! How hypocritical!
You are shameless and senseless
Your inventions and technologies
Are nothing than the shit.

I feel extremely disgust
Not, when I sink in the manhole or
Using my bare hands to clean your excretia

But at the time you talk about
The richness of your heritage and culture.
Please! Please! stop that nonsense.
They are horrible and monstrous
Oh! dear cultured and civilized nation! ! !
I dont beg to free myself from the hell
But, stop this cruelty within me.

Chris Prabu

A Widower

Have you ever read
About the anguish of a widower?
Sound strange?
Yes....about a widower.
If not yet
Read me with your heart.

After the sudden demise
Of my dear wife
Has turned my life upside down.
My gleeful paradise twirled
Into an aching inferno
All in a second.

Now, my 15 month old child and I
Are begging for love
Like the orphans of the home.
Our life was devastated
Completely and mercilessly
As hit by a violent tornado.

What will I say
If my child ask her mother?
How do I care
Without the love of her mother?
Whom do I trust
For her future?

While reading a book,
While taking class,
While lying on the bed,
While riding my bike,
While walking on the terrace
Her memories follow me as the shadow.

Sometime, my body craves for embracing a girl
But my mind is still go behind her.
Share the bed for merely physical pleasure
Is insane and inhumane.
It is a moral battle
Between the body and the soul.

'Do marry a girl'
'Think before you marry another girl'
'Take care your health'
'Don't waste your life'
All I receive is; sympathy, concern and advise
How cruel the life of a widower.

However, I pretend to keep myself
As solid as the rock,
And like the crust of the earth.
But my inner feelings
Are boiling hot
As the core of the earth.

Sleepless nights,
Painful heart,
Endless tears,
Uncertain future
All are the part
Of a mourning widower.

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An Angel

The seed of hope
Sowed with joy
When the winner of the millions
Hopefully hit the egg of life.

The heavenly moment
Has been begun from there
And the journey of life
Sailed through all odds.

Desires and dreams
Curiosity and concern
Expectation and exaggeration
Revolved in all the days.

Plans and preparation
Pains and pondering
Observation and oracle
Reigned all the days.

After a long hibernation
Of a period of ten months
The angel falls in my hand
As a gift of my eternal love.

Chris Prabu

Bird Watching

After the demise of my wife
I had no way to calm down
My howling, drooping, monkey mind.
Friends, colleagues and well wishers
Suggested many hopeful ideas
Such as reading, Yoga class, gym etc
But I chose bird watching
To mend my feeble, frail mind.

I almost took two months
To find a perfect gear for the task
Finally bought an affordable camera..Nikon p900
I was so curious to take my first photo
Its almost dusk when clicked
And could take only the tired, exhausted birds
Swiftly hurried to their cozy nests
To feed their last meal of the day.

Now...this unusual whim becomes a passion
And I'm wandering forest, rivers, lakes
Barren rocky mountains and thorny shrubby bushes
In search of the winged friends.
I patiently wait for hours in camouflage
And cautiously stay in distance without make any noise
Like a cop who waits for the thief
To catch him in his custody.

They're reigning the infinite blue sky
Under the almighty of the mother nature.
Stalking, soaring, brooding, foraging
Oh! ! whatever they do is such an heavenly treat.
They're curious, cautious, magnificent
And sometimes furious if we hurt
In them I try to forget my loneliness
Though its not possible.

Chris Prabu

Can You

Shall we close our eyes
And go back to our past and pleasant
Memories which are still fresh as a morning flower....
Can you still keep them alive
And often recall and allow your eyes to cry
And expect me to wipe your tears....
If yes....still we are living for each other.

Can you remember those heavenly days
We fell in each other's love?
After the hot sun woke up from the east
My heart would count every nano seconds
And my heart's rhythm tick tocked
Till I sat beside you
And started the heavenly journey.

Can you feel that golden moments
Where once our hands clung together
And fingers under other's control,
Penetrating into our eyes and exhilarated,
You, like an intoxicated honey bee,
Nod your head upon my shoulder
And your tender melons crushed and swollen against me.

Cooing, pinching, praising, enchanting all the way, ...
Can you still watering those memories
And keep them as a treasure in your heart?
I try to bury them deep into my heart
But they are sprouting and growing even stronger
So, I can't make a show or act
Can you? Can you? Can you? Can you?

Chris prabu

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Childhood Sin

When I was 10
I went to a small grocery shop,
Ran by a desperate widow.
I gave her RS 10
For my greens and beans.
But, she gave me RS90
By mistook as she thought I gave RS 100
In that busy business hour.

I fled from the spot in second
And not returned
For a week long period.
I spent almost RS 80
And had a last note of RS 10.
Finally, I went back to that shop
When I entered, she was so cautious
And asked me about that RS 90

I've frozen as an iceberg
And my heart's rhythm shoot up ever.
But, she was certain,
It was me who fled with that RS 90
She threatened and then pleaded
To confess my mischievous act.
But, my guilty and dirty mind
Refused and somehow managed her.

Now, that woman turned enough old
And upgrade her shop.
I, become a young teacher
And teach about moral to students.
She doesn't know who am I
But I still feel guilty before her.
My sly sin follows me
Like a cart behind the bullock.

Daughter

Daughter
Cute gift by god
To understand the life
And eliminating the worries
Of mind

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Kiss

Kindling the fire of lust
In her is so poetic.
Seeing, sighting, and standing close behind her
Smell her aroma; now her lips lock like a magnet.

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Love

Love

Heavenly, Blissful

Falling, Feeling, Mesmerizing

Heart, Soul., Fight, Cry

Misunderstanding, Fuming, Accusing

Intense, Bitter

Hate

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Love Life

Love

Pure, Inevitable

Kissing, Hugging, Cuddling

Live for each other

Heaven

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Lover

One lovely morning,
I saw her under a tree.
Like a swan in pond,
Her nice white shawl fluttering
And made my heart behind her.

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Mask

Everyday,
Before I leave home,
I heedfully choose
The masks for the day.

Not few; but many
Colors of masks
For the different situations
And for the various people.

Warm and jubilant,
Annoy and disgust,
Happy and hopeful
And all other masks.

For friends and foes,
Strangers and relatives,
Colleagues and heads
I carefully wear for everyone.

Though I wish or not
I have to wear
A mask to survive
In this disguise world.

Every minutes,
Moods are changing
So as the masks
Like a changing chameleon.

I'm so weary
Of changing and changing

Of this dirty business
Of wearing masks.

Every night,
After I reach home,
I throw away these masks
And look myself in mirror.

It's so beautiful without a mask
But no one knows.
Darkness, mirror and I
Only aware of my true face.

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My Panacea

There is a gorgeous angel
I often refuge in her memories
Whenever my mind Frazzles
Perturbs or encircles in gloomy thoughts.
When I loose all of my hopes
And stand alone in darkness
I solely seek her help
Because she is my panacea.

When I close my eyes
The gates of the heaven open.
She comes there with tender heart
And loads of love with in.
She simply peers though my eyes
And doesn't need the help of words.
She knows the art of healing
My wounded, abandoned, miserable heart.

She gently takes my hands into her
And wipes my tears.
Consoles my painful heart
Like a lullaby sing for a weeping child.
Every single words from her
Is absolutely magical and divine.
My aching heart turns cheerful
When I immerse in her memories.

Chris Prabu

My Wonder Medicine

No pain
No pills
No side effects
No need for further medicine
But, my pains and perils are
Vanished by your single touch.
A simple soft touch
Can heal everything.
Really a midas touch!

No blood
No scar
No chloroform
No need for surgical knife
But an heart transplantation
Done successfully.
Purifying my blood
With free of cost.
Really a skillful surgeon!

How could you diagnose
And penetrate deep into my heart?
The prescription you've given is
Nothing than the pure love.
I wonder about your treatment!
Is it a science or
Merely a black magic?
You are my wonder medicine,
The life saving medicine.

Chris Prabu

No More I

I'd never thought that
I will live for someone.
I ever so,
Not even a bit.

Imagined myself a solid rock which
Couldn't be shaken by anyone.
Believing this as my trait and
Completely aware about.

Many moons and seasons
Were passed in my way.
I was still stiffen
Like the same hard rock.

But it had happened
All in a sudden
Like a big wave
Sweep the long shore.

I am no more a stable rock but
A floating dust in the air.
The word I vanished
By her everlasting smile.

A tiny, pale creature
Pulverized my ego and
Made me a loyal slave
Like the princess of the universe.

C

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Saffron Nationalist

He is a monster
A blood thirsty monster
Raised from the blood of
Innocents and aborigines.

He'd been saffronised himself
And infecting others
By threatening, violating, terrorizing
And triggering violence.

His claws spread everywhere
From remote hamlets to modern metros
And bites all most all
Who fight against inequality.

He poisoned the mind
And the deeds of billions
By fabricating the history
And polluting human values.

He's many faces and names
But hide himself
And his venomous fangs
Under the saffron robe.

He clasp the warriors
Of blue and red clans
And branded them
As 'ANTI NATIONALS'

The struggle will be last
Still the last breath of a blue cadre
Who educate, agitate and organize

Against inequality.

Chris Prabu

Scarcity Of Words

Every year, before your b'day
I feel pretty nervous to greet you.
However I try hard
I can't find the right words
To describe what I feel to wish.
That doesn't mean I know fewer words
But means the existing words can't define you.
Yes! I feel the scarcity of words
Though I carefully choose word by word
To make a beautiful garland of words.

Where can I get the perfect words
To describe the beauty
Of your aesthetic, cute, gorgeous,
Stunning, mesmerizing, everlasting smile
Which showers happiness to many.

Is it possible to choose some words
To define the cuteness
Of your gleaming, radiant, kind,
Attentive, charm, alluring eyes
Which fascinate me forever.

How can I coin the words
To depict the innocence
Of your benevolent, tender, sinless,
Humane, warm, loving heart
Which gives cozy shelter to me.

Yes! I feel the scarcity of words
Though I carefully choose word by word
To make a beautiful garland of words.

Chris Prabu

Sex

Sex is a wonderful gift
And it may help when two hearts in rift.
Makes them one
Explores the fun
And leads the heart love each other with full swift.

Chris Prabu

Standing Alone

I'm standing alone in darkness
Where you've left me.
Like a traveller lost his guide and way
And weeping at the brink of the life.
Lost all my hopes with in
And pretend as strong and steady
But whose heart tremble, quiver, shudder
And every step of the life is murky and bleak.

I lock myself in our darkroom
Where once we cuddled and conquered each other
And plunge into the memories of our endless chat,
Limitless love and boundless kisses which made us one.
I make the four walls as the boundary of my heaven
And talking with myself like a mad
Who lives in an utopian land
Deliberately refuse the reality of life.

You promised me to hold my hands
Still my last breathe of this life
But you left me like a lightning
Which is impossible to trace and catch.
Some people are still measure the love
By days and years
How could I teach them

About the immortal love we possessed.

You are like a rarely a spotted nimbus
Hovering on the dry, torrid desert
Showering life with kindness
And make an oasis on the lifeless world.
A fresh, charm, vivid flower
Bloom, spread her aroma and withered at dusk
You left me alone in this dreary land
By the fragrance of your pleasant memory.

Chris Prabu

Summer And Winter

Summer

Hot, Unpleasant

Scorching, Sweating, Irritating

Dry, Thirst.., Fog, Green

Freezing, Biting, Hibernating

Foggy, Pleasant

Winter

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Summer In My Hometown

You don't need to die or
Commit great sins
To feel the fire of the hell.
Come to my hometown in summer
And be a witness for
The scorching sun's insufferable fury.

You can feel the heat
Even before the rise of the red ball.
And when the sun starts to sail
Every creature hide themselves in their shelter
Like the good, old souls tremble
When face the son of the evil.

The hot sun parches the rivers and lakes
And makes you dehydrate
And you feel like being in hot oven
When it soars over your head.
The simple, soft, light cotton clothes
Turn unbearable and heavy.

The curse of the cut down trees
For laying new highway roads
Is haunting us for months.
Droplets of water from the taps
Is elixir for many flocks of birds
And the summer mirage reminds the reign of satan.

The cloudless sky and the treeless highways
The barren rocky mountains around
Make the place hottest ever.
Dried pipelines and mile long queue
Of empty pots and quarrelling women
Depict the shadow of the horrid hell.

The distress is not yet over
Even after the successful hiding of the sun.
The so called government often test
Your patience by drop the electricity.
The deadly bushfire set by the miscreants
Engulfs the fauna of the hills around.

You don't need to die or
Commit great sins
To feel the fire of the hell.
Come to my hometown in summer
And be a witness for
The scorching sun's insufferable fury.

Chris Prabu

The Memories Of My Primary School

There is a place
I rarely have a chance to visit.
Where once I spent my lovely days
With unlimited joy and bliss.

A boy in a short kakhi half trouser
With the hair of dripped coconut oil
Sitting curiously at the last row of the class.
Oh! That memories are still green.

I was proud when reached the class early
And felt extremely nervous if went late.
That four walls of my class rooms
Witnessed all of my emotions.

I was awfully ignorant
Yet delighted in every seconds.
Each minutes was so heavenly
Like being in Shangri-La.

That place was the testament
For my first sin and punishment
That made me stand outside of the class
For filched a blunt, broken pencil.

That stout principle who often vanished
And emerged from the toilet with the smell of cigar.
And that ever kind Rose Marry teacher,
The stringent teachers of class I, II.

The windowless huge classroom
Where anyone could come and go.
And that simple midday meal

Sharing with friends and some crows.

The small algae filled pond near the school
Where one could see the men with fishing hooks
And sometimes slimy poisonless water snake.
All are preserved pretty well in my mind.

That old, wrinkle granny
Who sat near the rusted gate
With her basket full of sour and sweet
Cherries, gooseberries and plums.

That giant tree on the way to school
Where I sneaked from the class
For collecting those red and green cherries
Scattered under the thick shade of the tree.

Whenever I think about that life
I magically turn as a naughty, curious boy
With colourful images of those
Unforgettable awesome days.

Everything is so fresh
Like a blooming morning flower.
And these memories keeping me
Young, joyful, innocent and ignorant.

My logical mundane mind
Crave for that illogical, delightful school days.
Oh dear God! Lets destroy my worldly knowledge
And bring me back to that mirthful paradise.

Chris Prabu

Thief Or Politician

My photo is pasted everywhere.
At streets, fairs, alleys
Markets and stations
With stern warnings.
Cops often brought me to the police station
And striped out my clothes
And beat me black and blue.
For pickpocketing a few 100 Rupees.

His photo is sparkling everywhere
At tv, newspapers
Radios and social sites
With immense support.
The police often visits his palace
To assist and escorts him
Day and night with care
For pickpocketing hundreds of billions.

The only different
Between us is
I cast my vote for money
He invests his money for vote.
The only different
Between us is
I'm a notorious thief
He is a so called politician.

Chris Prabu

Tingling Heart

Once, books were my girlfriends,
I spent my time with them.
They adored me in all time
whether I was in lonely or
Being with someone.
They're sharing my bed
And gave me unforgettable pleasure.
That was undoubtedly eternal.

But, When I engaged and married
A tender, fair, kind, pretty girl
I forgot them completely
And went behind her like a slave,
That made them fury
And sent their wrath against my wife,
And she is no more,
As went her abode left me all alone.

My colourful, lovely life
Scatters as a dreadful dream,
Like a green lush oasis
Turned as a barren desert.
Now, I don't know anyone
To console my tingling heart.
So, I am begging at the same girlfriends
Who shared my bed once.

Chris Prabu

Winter Wind

Oh! freezing winter wind,
You hurt me a lot
By your chilling air.
That forces me to furl
In the thick woolen blanket.
But.....
I do not curse you,
Because your nippy air,
Make her shiver
And she embraces me imperviously.

Her soft, sweet melons
Crushes against my body,
And the musk of her melons
Keeps me warm
Throughout the hours
Of the sluggish day.
Her sharp, round, fully erected grapes
Pierce my soul.
I do not curse
Oh! freezing winter wind.

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