

Poetry Series

Denvor fernandez
- poems -

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Denvor fernandez(27/01/1988)

He was born in Palakkad, kerala in I is an Anglo-Intly, he is trying to pursue his ambition of becoming a novelist and a movie did his MA in English literature in Loyola College, Chennai and his from NSS Training College, Otappalam. He published a collection of short-stories Meta-man and the Gene-marker in 2013 and his first novel Rebirths in 2014.

A New Year

Like any other year,
Like the previous rotations the Earth
Made around the Sun.
But different.

Many will be born.
Many will die.
Many will fall in love.
Many will sigh.
But differently.

A new beginning.
A new end.
A new feeling
But something different.

Love will be the same,
Change or no change.
The human spirit will go higher and higher.
Will we meet God?
Will there be an Alien invasion?
Another wait for Doomsday?
Another hope? Another love?
But it will be different.

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Agape

I am He
You are She
Let us Be

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Anger

I can feel it coming
Soft is my philosophy
I love peace
I love Me
When Me gets hurt Anger comes
I Kill me once
I Kill you once
I Kill the world a thousand times

I break into senses
I loved Me and not peace

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Countdown

Zillion cells
Billion nurons
Four hands
Four legs
Four eyes
Four ears
Two noses
Two brains
Two hearts
Two souls
One love
One soul
One Soul

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Covetousness

Give me that dog
Give me that girl
Give me that hog
Give me that earl

I have little
You have more
So you are stealing from me
So I can steal from you

I am so great
But I don't get much
So what I wrong with
having some fun

Give me that World
Oh! It is 'this' World
Stars Comets Planets
Are you still in my pockets

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Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

What a dragon is Tibet?
Spirituality raises its trees
from the soil fertile.
Its culture emits breezes
from the north and the south

Then the tiger came
and hunted the dragon.
The tiger who had been
cut into pieces by hunters earlier.
The tiger came.

The tiger bit the tree
that connected heaven and earth.
The tree shakes.
The tree falls into the water
Splash!

The children of gods missed
their school on earth.
The children of earth missed
their school in heaven.
They cried.

The peaceful dragon is angry
It would take a form one day
which would make the tiger
tremble with fear.
The Chinese tiger will tremble with fear.

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Di-Hydrogen Mono-Oxide

You stole me from my mother, nature,
And imprisoned me into plastic bottles
With strange names on it.
Let me out! Give me my freedom!
I have nothing but chains to lose.
I once played with my mother in the forest
And jumped from mountains and peaks.
I tickled the leaves and flowers
And let fishes into my heart.
The human race floated over me.
So did the animals of the woods.
You pulled me from wells and streams
And made houses your homes.
You stole the life force from me
And let me boil in rotten factories.
You fed me with toxic wastes
When I was not hungry at all.
You gave me strange names in science.
Two little hydrogen atoms
Carried by a caring oxygen atom-
H₂O- Am I just that?
I am the divinity of the Ganga
And the baptism water of the Lord.
I am the delta of civilization.
I am here in the plastic bottle, just here!
Don't waste your time looking for me in Mars!

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Drama

ACT ONE

Holy Priest blesses couple.
Couple promises.
Until death...until death
love..love..no to divorce.
Marriage over.

ACT TWO

Young girl listens to song
Young virgin and beautiful girl
A R Rehman sings
' Vande Matharam'
' Ma thuje salam'
The Holy priest enters
takes off his white robe
to reveal his black sleeveless vest
He rapes the girl
using all positions from Kamasutra
A R Rehman sings.
Girl screams.

ACT THREE

Young girl enters with knife.
Young boy sleeping.
Girl goes closer
Boy opens his eyes
They stare.

ACT FOUR

Happy Father reading newspaper.
Happy Mother carrying baby
Happy Baby sleeping
Young boy enters with gun.
Shoots all of them.

ACT FIVE

Obama's speech is watched by people
believing in the change
saying ' Yes, we can'

Drama ends since
no money to buy curtain

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Envy

I love you
I respect you
I like you
I want to touch you
I can not beat you
I will beat the ones who love you
I love the money in you
I love the glamour in you
I love the I in you
I can't bear so much for you
I want to eat you
I want to digest you
I want to have another You

You all should give yourselves up for I

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Gluttony

I stole your money
I raped you
I killed all your relatives
I did everything for my happiness
How happy I am when I destroy
Your money took me to the greatest restaurants in the world
Your body parts are very tasty
I am sad because I could not eat your bones

If you had not committed Gluttony
And ate my plum cake
And remained poor
And die of hunger
I would not have hurt you

Why did you provoke me?

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God

I am are dead.
Death is only an illusion.
Fire is burning somewhere.
The sparkling ashes are the stars.
Are you feeling alone?
Then God must be feeling so too.

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God Is Female

God is Female.

Can we imaging God
with male tube and sack
hanging helplessly from Her
BODY?

God let Her creative rod
to Big Bang into Her emptiness
.....into Her Black Hole
The universe was created.

We keep trusting the rod and forgetting God.
God lies inside every female's Black Hole.
We need to make love to It in worship.
God is Love and Love is God.

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God Particle

Found You! Found You Not!

It rests inside me.
It makes me do the things I do.
It plays with me.
God plays with me
Like a child playing with its toy.

I like to play too.
I love playing hide and seek.
I hide from It.
I hope It finds me.
I lose and I am made the catcher.

I began to search.
Where is that particle?
Should I search for It behind the tree?
Inside my laptop?
Inside the blast furnace?
Inside the beggar's sack?
Inside her?
Inside him?
Inside me?

I found it everywhere.

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I

Why am I 'I'?
My hands,
My legs,
My head,
My...my...

Why am I 'I'?
My mind,
My thoughts,
My heart,
My...my...

Beating heart,
Breathing air,
Flowing blood,
Desiring libido,
Moving life,
My...my...

I am I because,
I am I.
God created me so.

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'Kiss Of Love', Marine Drive, Kochi

If there is no freedom to kiss,
What is Freedom?
If there is no freedom to love,
What is freedom?

God gave us lips to kiss,
But the Evil One uses it to shout slogans
Against Kisses, against Love.

On 15, August 1947, India became free.
But, that was only political freedom.
Cultural fundamentalists saw to that
That an Indian does not enjoy personal freedom.
Caste system, Dowry, Sati, Child marriage and poverty
Was their religion.
They used 'dead culture' as their weapon
And called themselves: The Policemen of Morals.
'Freedom of Expression' and 'Freedom of Speech'
Were the phrases they hated.

On 02, November 2014, The freedom fighters of the
twenty-first century, marched towards Marine Drive
for India, for our personal freedom.
The old freedom was only political, But Now,
We dreamed to be really Free, truly Free.
They fought, not with anger, hatred or violence
As the usual protesters do,
But with Love;
But with Kisses.

Then the cultural fundamentalists came,
With their filthy words,
With the Evil of Violence,
With 'dead culture'.
With hate,
With the Evil One, The Demons, they came.
They revolted against Love.
They revolted against the very essence that makes us human.

All the freedom loving people cried:
'God save Kerala! '

But Love works in strange ways.
It may not succeed in a conservative society,
Its success is in the Souls of Humanity.
The Soul of Love sees God, Kisses God,
And makes love to God.

O you freedom fighters, Don't fear!
People may scorn at you.
But the Divine is with you...
You are Jesus, Buddha and Krishna.
You are One with them.
You have the 'Dil'.

Like Jesus and Gandhi was arrested,
You were also arrested.
But, you were arrested for Truth and Freedom,
For Righteousness.

Let India become a country where you have freedom to kiss.
Don't fear people of India.
Kiss in public and fight for Love.
Kiss where ever you are.
Let us be free...

'Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my
country awake.'

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Lost Love

The day I lost you I found you.
The day You forgot me I remember you.
That day I felt like God.

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Love Or Love

Love, are you the one?
Who burns inside eloping couples,
Cries after the lost ones,
Springs revenge in on being jilted,
Fills the brain with wild emotions.
Wild self-destructive emotions.

Love, are you lust?
which fires the world with energy,
Forces people into that divine touch
which makes them hate.
A hate which makes them angry
A lifelong self-destructive anger.

Love, can we make you
on bed with our loving hearts,
filling our blood with heat,
touching deeper and deeper,
kissing deeper and deeper,
which finally will make us multiply.

Love, can you be kind
As you are? Can you bring the
World together? Can you?
Can you make us reach God?
Who you are, after all.
Do you cry? Do you laugh?

Love, are you the one?
who brought Jesus into this world.
You taught us peace,
patience, joy and gentleness.
Charity, faith and piety.
But you are still a mystery.

Love, are you Jesus?
You are not envious,
boastful, arrogant or rude.
You do not do evil.

You are the truth
which will save all.

Lets make love.
Lets make Love.

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Lust

A second ago I felt you
Now I have no feeling
A moment later I may feel

I am begining to love
To hate again and again
A bubble of joy
A terrible death
A bubble of depression
A terrible dirt
A bubble of life
A terrible pain
A bubble of soap

The dirt does not go.

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Mending Exams - A Parody

Something there is that doesn't love exams,
That sends the frozen-brains-swell under it,
And splits the upper senses in the sun;
and make gaps even two can fail a test.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one paper on a paper
But they would have the mistake out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made
But at spring results-time we find them there.
I let my teacher know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the exam between us as we go.
To each question that have fallen to each.
And some challenging and some so nearly ' balls! ! '
We have to use a spell to get some marks:
' Stay correct until our pens are turned! '
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another kind of out-door game,
One on each side. It comes to little more:
There where it is we do not need exams:
He is all rules and I free-thinker.
A three hour test can't judge
a student's real worth, I tell him.
He only says ' Good exams make good students.'
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion into his head:
' Why do they make good students? Isn't it
When we are fools? But we are no fools.
Before I write my exam I'd ask to know
What I was showing in or showing off,
And to whom I was like to give offense.
Something there is that does not love exams,
That wants it down. ' I could say 'Elves' to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there
Bringing papers grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.

He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of boards only and the shade of classes.
He will not go behind his Professor's saying
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, ' Good exams make good students.'

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Pride

One hair of my head is standing straight
It is standing on top of the world
All the other hairs of
All the Othe people
Are bendind toward my hair
My hair has its backbone straight
It has a brain of its own
And may be a heart

A barber will cut it one day

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Rush

I have to run

Where?

I have to win

What?

I took a gun

Why?

I had some gin

When?

My life's begun

How?

When I had no time to give you a smile.

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Temptation

He was a learned man.
Words of wisdom were
In the tip of his tongue.

No temptation could pull him down.
No desire could steal his soul.
No beauty could penetrate his soul.
No devil could seduce him down.
And so he thought.

send a small temptation
To conquer over him.
He took the temptation in his left hand
And broke it into pieces.

All praised ! He was a star.
Many people from around the world
Came to listen to his wisely words.

send a big temptation
To conquer over him.
The temptation caught his right hand
And pulled him underground.

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Time Passes

In the Golden age
what is yours is everyones,
what is mine is everyones.

In the Silver age
what is yours is mine,
what is mine is yours.

In the Bronze age
what is mine is mine,
what is yours is yours.

In the Iron age
what is mine is mine,
what is yours is also mine.

THE END

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To Eve

Eve, What does the world call you?
Vamp, devil, witch, nympho.
The cause of all troubles.
A reason to blame women.

Are not you the Woman?
The Symbol of Beauty.
The Mother of the World.
Nature in human form.

You were the one who discovered Knowledge.
You were the one who discovered Joy.
Love, Passion and Life.
Beauty and Brains.

Were not for You the World would have been locked
inside the Paradise of Ignorance.

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To The Paradise

My Love! I can't see thee,
The smoke is blinding my eyes.
The city stinks.
Garbage drains my soul.
How can I love you here?

You look beautiful where ever you go
You fill my heart with sorrow,
My mind with dreams,
and my soul with love.
But how can I express it?

The sun is hot.
Our world is a baking ground
We melt in dust instead of lust.
My fire is lost in the urban fire.
How can we stay close?

Let us run away my love
Elope without the knowledge of others.
Let us make it fast.
We run, we run, we run.
Where are we now?

My God! ! What a beauty! !
The skies are calm.
The scent is sweet.
There is music in the air.
Are we in Paradise?

Yes, we are.
The Garden of Eden.
I have lost my memory.
I only remember you-
my Sweetheart
Shall we begin our life?

Let us take off our clothes
which makes us feel uncomfortable.

Let us eat these juicy fruits.
Let us make Love like
Adam and Eve when they met for the first time.

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Truth Goodness Beauty

Holy . Air.
Love in darkness.
Shame in hollow souls.
Beauty curses.
A long journey.
Stop playing hide and seek.
Lies.
Badness.
You are Beauty too.
Id. Ego. Super-ego.
God. .
Kama. Artha. Dharma.
The holy threesome.
Lust rules from hiding places.
Wonderful is the mask of love.
Evil has only one language.
Dogs have brains.
Cats have hearts.
Humans have machines.
Machines are like moving devils.
Love me if you can.
Don't cry when I cheat you.
I am a human too.
Make your three wishes.

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What Is The Use?

I love,
I hate,
I happy,
I sad,
I run,
I sit,
I work,
I rest,
I pray,
I laugh,
I cry,
I learn,
I rust,
I pain,
I breath.

I DIE.

What is the use?

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