

Poetry Series

**I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN  
PISHARODY  
- poems -**

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## **I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY(25 JUNE 1980)**

BORN IN KOTTAKKAL A SMALL CITY IN MALAPPURAM OF KERALA STATE.  
FATHER IS BUSINESS MAN. MY MOTHER IS WORKING AS COURT CLERK.  
ONE SISTER, SHE GET MARRIED AND SETTLED IN KERALA

I GET INSPIRATION AROUND US WHERE I.

# A Love Story

I will told you a story  
a love story of a boy and a girl  
they loved each other,  
but they did not know how they met;  
but their heart is too close to speak;  
What they need? they didn't know;  
But what the heart needs, they do it  
their love is for them only;  
he did not know what he want to do;  
she had given her love;  
the nature stands as witness for their love;  
their love wins in the life as a glowing sun;  
once she will laugh or;  
once she will cry,  
as she is flowing in my heart;  
she takes her sorrows to wet  
he takes her in his heart.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# A Walk Through My Village

Today sun waked up very early,  
I took a walk in the village road;  
I often start my dawn this muddy way,  
With Coconut trees on each side,  
that music, like moonlight  
swept across my way  
My ears preset on her;  
My eyes fixed on her and smiled with heart;  
of she is the creator of song, that she sang;  
the tartar lines of the song touch my mind  
the road is getting taper.  
The whole Village cries from her blaze of words,  
they wake in breathless stillness;  
the Pretty Parrots and loving Fantail Pigeons,  
hear her song in a classic way;  
They didn't want to fly from there;  
Yes, she is alive in her song,  
What the reason is, why?  
In breathless stillness,  
Oceans wake in her song,  
and sedate streams;  
rise up in waves;  
now she is not there,  
song that sang by her is still live.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Abandoned

I saw the clay of cemeteries to be dry;  
always dry for ever life.

In the winter nights,  
the rain will pass trough the valley;  
heard the strong beatness of rain;  
night after night, day after day  
it still beaten the valley.

I resigned myself from the way  
with a small newborn in my hand,  
as an stray, from there

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# April Flower

Yellow flowers are flowered  
here and there,  
the symbol of Love and Wealth  
"Vishu" the new month of kerala

Father and Mother gave me "Kaineetam",  
where the elder gives to his brothers,  
As says "I will be with you at any circumstance"

Farmers pray for their crop to be good  
Where in all villages are happy,  
I pray to that God  
to gave us happy and prosperous,  
through the year where we are.

But one part is too dark;  
there is no food and cloths,  
we can gave a hand to them  
to come up with us.  
Inviting them as a New Flower to our world,

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# As Life Proceed With Blessings

Why did I love?  
now why I hate?  
the vast resist of life;  
forever repute on me,  
I want to return,  
to a life with so many challenges,  
and new adventures.  
But, responsibility wipes out my emotions  
As life proceed with blessings.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# At The End Of Hope

At the end of hope  
What else, crumbling the  
dry bodies on earth;  
fires of themes, embers  
my father is still alive,  
and thanks to him  
I can still talk to my heart.

My eyes hollowed, out of face  
of seeing beyond their reach;  
hearts broken and bleeding;  
At the end of hope, I alone

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Blood Lost Heart

A moment with you,  
was that my win?  
weary mind ahead to me;  
Switched off itself, inside  
the mind of blood vessels;  
gather throughout the emotions;  
in an tiny heart;  
Death.... with oblivion of heart  
Do something! I want to die  
Oh! God, time is killing me  
Please I don't want to be in this world

In my heart a blossom of love  
O! Dear you are in my heart  
I wrote you in my Gazhals  
With out you I can't live  
I need your love,  
ahead of my last breathe  
I will sleep in your leaps  
It will close to my heart  
O God! On love why you are,  
killing me upon you

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# Blue River

Blue River flows down the center,  
either side of the banks,  
wrapped in snow,  
in an tiny blossoms;  
a bottle is swimming  
as alone I.

The soul that take off  
wither and dies, who loosing sleep;  
your open heart on the open sea  
dreaming, as terrible clouds;  
it is falling, by my crude mind.  
Never were strength, to sin  
met high, on going lane.  
The happiness of destined  
bubbly of as a clouds.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Broken Glasses

She had gone ahead;  
divorce and re-marriage  
damaged my society;  
an old respected family culture,  
the lights of park are going to sleep;  
but she still there  
her over coat is flying;  
in the southern wind that passed  
her way, of broken glasses  
along the time,  
Who will be there?

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# Bubbles

Bubbles, you are floating holes;  
reflecting spheres as little rainbow head,  
glued as magnet,  
liquid crystal balls,  
silent popcorn bubbles.

Swinging lights, moving in darkness  
fancy tricks, in moving eyes;  
the invisible ray, through the air  
floating holes of water.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Butterfly

At last he came outside from the pupa,  
he saw the world of beauty;  
his wings are very beautiful and glows in light  
he fly from one flower to another  
They given him the honey for his thirsty  
wind play with him  
he saw the world near to him only  
like baby in a house yard;  
the big tree let them,  
to play in his shade.

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# Daughter Of Earth

Roaring waves reflecting in the Sun,  
his beauty, went in to deep;  
there large whales are playing.  
Off the depth in her,  
still hazy, that no one knows.  
The waves crashing to the shore,  
rocks bashful on her,  
akin as an ever friends,  
playing each other.

She roar and crash,  
the shells and fishes, howling in beach;  
as a baby discrete from her mother.

The naive waves, began to cry;  
"No I don't do this, not blame me; God."

She fly likes a cloud,  
where the earth bears her;  
as a daughter to Earth.

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# Dew Closed My Eyes

My song will turn you back,  
you will come back,  
where my love is true;  
darkness in your eyes;  
why sleep is not in my way?  
Your remembrance in my heart  
nobody is going alone  
Why you gone?  
when you take breath  
my ear, will heed you;  
thy dry leaf, fallen from  
the top of tree  
you had vanished  
In the eyes of my body  
I will search you  
In my eyes of heart  
but the dew closed my eyes

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# Dreams

I saw the dream, the  
leaf of my verve,  
It's awfully of vividly and nasty;  
I got an abrupt molest of the time,  
wherever I, reviewed in life.  
I find the two ways;  
lone an awfully fresh and array,  
however other is so sullied and swift retort.  
I get mystified on the mode;  
tranquil, I am in murky.....  
where, the vividness of SUN;  
not, hitherto life.  
Nature, respite me in a lane,  
I force to slam my eyes;  
that shade of night force to approach,  
and smeared my new dream;  
the dream of success.....

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# Evening Loves Me

I am in love,  
I love her  
With hom? , I don't known  
But still I feels the love

On morning when I looks the sun  
He told me, I LOVE YOU  
When I saw the birds  
They told me, I LOVE YOU

When I saw a beautiful jasmine flower  
She told me, I LOVE YOU  
When I asked with blustery weather  
He told me, I LOVE YOU

And the Evening,  
She told me I LOVE YOU, but  
my friend this the time with  
you want to love with life

Evening; talked to me  
You are like me  
I am the heart of morning and night,  
You are in the same lane of life  
with joyful and wretched

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# Farewell

I just step in to outside,  
an ice cube hit in my cap.  
The cold wind hits me,  
and just cool my fiery mind

They said, "ice is cold, "  
and will hold me  
I act, to believe them;  
as trusting them.

A natural gap innate;  
waving to the shore with smile  
"Goodbye my darling, goodbye my dear one, "  
I begin to walk,  
while; Ice hit me persistently.

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# Flaming Camp

These soldiers leaved their weapons  
without any plan,  
after destroying themselves  
I don't agree  
while it was a defeat;  
the smoke gets higher,  
from the blasted camp  
the War is finished,  
for the world  
but in their heart.....

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# Friendship

Friendship is the breeze  
where you can't hold it,  
but you feels it.

Everybody hears, what you say  
like a silent animal  
he listen, what you don't say.

If you've got a real friend  
Then you've a great life  
like the air amid life

They will come and go  
But he will remain,  
With you, for you,  
in the path of life.

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# Get-Together

Last night, in my dream,  
you came as an Angel;  
happy in the way, a Nightingale in spring  
the wake of dark skies,  
gave her way of song.

What can I say?  
That time, wears away from life  
Is rain, too cold as me?  
Why you wake me, on the way?  
Blurring this wind, far from you  
And swung on me

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# Goodmorning Teacher

I had a little cock  
he wakes me every morning  
How pretty he is,  
I love my lovely cock

I had a little hen,  
I played with her

Eggs, butter, cheese  
Bread,  
I had done my breakfast  
Ringing the bell,  
I shall be there and say,  
"GOOD MORNING TEACHER"

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# He And She

The two parrots sitting on a branch of tree  
Two of them like each other  
I know they are love couples  
One is kissing in her head  
They know each other with love  
Love is nothing but that

When the wind blow fast  
He come forward and protect her  
She is very pretty  
He and she live with happy  
When he goes to search food  
She would alone think of her  
Now so late where he is?  
She go to search him

She fly and fly and cover the border  
But did not found him any where  
Where he had gone, she thoughts and fly  
Over the mountain and over the river  
But still she did not found him  
She thoughts that I am going to the  
Way that where he had gone

she get tired now, and just rest  
in a small branch of trees with no leaves  
she goes to a deep sleep.  
On her dream she saw,  
he is flying to the sky  
at more and more height  
God come and took him  
At the moment she fell  
down to leaps of earth....

GK

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# Hero

Dreams! Where it holds,  
If he die, the life likes  
the broken-winged of a Peacock,  
that shows of his silky feather  
where it glitters in sun.  
Hold! the dreams  
for, when he vanish you.  
Life, as a barren field  
Flurry from snows,  
Lord knows the way  
Dreams of life, hard to follow;  
Hold on!  
the day will turn up  
at time, you'll find him  
look inside, and you'll finally see him  
the last hero of life  
there the hero lies in you.

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# Homeless Man

He went, ever on the move;  
The wandering beggars, who are;  
He does not hate the rest of us;  
Even more we do

I want to be a beggar  
No one choose to love  
In the ream of fact  
He is alone, with his wishes  
ocean roll drearily;  
between home and the wanderer

My court is an assembly  
Of noble and famed beggars  
Winter! You know he had no clothes  
He is abandoned, by the world  
He is beggar, lucky to receive  
The daily water of starvation

Beg for greatness  
As for all else,  
Greatness shines out of him  
He don't know it.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Hopeless Love

He had given, one more day  
I kiss her; I will hold you for little  
I will simply grateful to god,  
given me, the greatest gift forever  
my fingers, gone thorough his  
hair, as he wish for the moment  
I will hold you in my arms,  
I will not let you to go  
I will not let you to,  
alone on of life  
I won't stand over you,  
inside my heart, I  
hold the love  
In anger, splashing me  
let you, of love

All my tears, hashed by rain  
Oh! strings broken, of my veena  
would you touch me  
rose plant, covered on her  
smiled to me, of love  
her beats, as my life to live

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# I And Desert

I have chased and,  
beyond myself and others;  
my thirsty heart is still dreaming,  
I try to reunite my soul;  
but my orphaned mind still wandered.

Thirsty sands dreams;  
the ocean embraces,  
reflecting to many moments;  
alone in the deep hot.

We are each like wandering;  
seeking something;  
beyond ourself, nothing;  
until we found the love;  
ceased on chasing all.....

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# I Love My India

La la.....la la... lalallala.....  
Lala.....lala.....lalalalaa...

I love my Papa,  
I love my Mama,  
But most of all,  
I love My India

I love my Papa,  
I love my Mama,  
But most of all,  
I love My India

I love my teachers,  
I love my friends,  
But most of all,  
I love my brother.

I love my Papa,  
I love my Mama,  
But most of all,  
I love My India

I love my books  
I love my plays  
But most of all,  
I love my cycle

I love my Papa,  
I love my Mama,  
But most of all,  
I love My India

I love my country  
I love my brothers  
I love my sisters  
But most of all,  
I love my family

I love my Papa,  
I love my Mama,  
But most of all,  
I love My India  
I love my India aaaa  
Aaaa ho ho ho

Thank you

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# In The Moon Light

In the moonlight,  
night in east woods;  
my mind is wandering back;  
of peaceful memories;  
feeding of cattle,  
with the pleasing smile;  
mixing of hay and grain  
cheering the heart and mind.

I have lived in a farm  
I want to be a farmer;  
glad sunshine break,  
my sweat dreams.

Oh! What that plow?  
O man of mud  
A duty he fulfills;  
deep down in to the will,  
with sorrows and happy  
life he had, laughing bending wheat.

The braising of grains;  
harvest on the full year;  
from white to green;  
Love; hearting songs  
telling to the soil,  
glories, that you seen  
and after, he had done..

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# Lacking Colours

She came as a white Angel  
with her newborn;  
where he latent,  
and told to him, "see I keep,  
your promise, I had given a combatant"  
she wiped her tears,  
the memories that fly in feel

He gave a smile in his face  
his son is going back,  
to preserve the country  
their marriage ends on yesterday.  
How she tolerate?

She arranged his sack,  
he smiles with happy;  
he kissed, in her forehead and  
left without his eyes.

She wiped her tears,  
he will not allow;  
the colourful dreams,  
came with roofed in tri colour

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

## Later On

The dropp of rain,  
outdo in to the holes of Guitar  
where the stripes befall,  
on tenor of libretto of composition;

The world hushed in the frozen rain,  
where sky is like golden yellow.  
There the bend that  
clear the rim of sky.

I play in Guitar; the clouds  
move towards the earth.  
and create a wall in obverse to me,  
where the sound, of Guitar's boom.

The rain dropp draw slightly,  
fallen into my bed.  
And it starts on falling  
even upon itself.

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# Life

Time is going  
We can't do nothing  
But we still not frighten  
The losses that gone

Gains in the life,  
The love forever  
The darkness of shadows  
Still in the life

Harvest in field  
Is our happiness in life  
Hills is in very high  
We want to reach there

The waves will never end  
In shore of the sea  
Like the thoughts  
Blinks in our mind

Streams of life  
Falls up to rock  
The life of rock  
Goes down goes down

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# Lonely

Little by little, you stop loving on me;  
the mad wind of banners,  
passed through my mind;  
my love, my own in heart;  
stop feeding of your love;  
with out leaving mine  
seeking the new blossoms.

No one wonders, is no one there;  
No one will come on my life;

Lonely the days,  
Lonely the times;  
Lonely am I,  
On my ways,  
my lost soul wanders;  
Alone in the life

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# Looking For A Man

Young faces hide in the shadows.  
Only you know and I.  
Lonely woman is looking for some warmth!  
looking for a man  
partner who could show me around  
and who knows what might come out of this.  
I am moving from the other part of the world,  
we can get to know each other.  
You told me, please try to remember.  
And when I run away you always cry.

IP

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Love

LOVE; where it comes,  
where it will go,  
we don't know the lane,  
but, we still love others;  
how it begins, I search;  
on the way.

I feel the love,  
we can't see her.  
The four roses in a bunch,  
that stretch the LOVE;  
we love each other,  
on still the last breathe.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Mask Of Love

I made up my mind, to die;  
she is thinking about me,  
for a long time,  
with out any illusions;  
Where she had to gone?

She looked over me,  
with her heart in shred;  
her lips dry alittle of water,  
but gave a smile to me

She closed her eyes, to see me  
she heard my breathing;  
the blaze of my body,  
awaken her from sleep

"I will die with laugh, dear"  
she whisper with her wet lips.  
More and more thoughts of her;  
flashed in my mind.  
"I will send my tears,  
as I come to the world,  
an new born baby."

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Melting Island - Artic

Where are the Polar bears, Seals or Walruses?

The more the surface is melted,  
ice moves to ocean;  
hasn't happen on a long time  
I evoked that land,  
Green land, the world's great island  
in disastrous of earth  
I feared global warming  
not halted in a land;  
the violation of human rights  
Sled dogs are watching,  
beyond the way  
the uncertainty of the earth  
white wine flooded in ocean  
like never before  
I heard once more  
Ho! Ice cracking, inside  
the ice bergs faster;  
Artic is heating, anywhere else  
the island headed to melt

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# Mother

Oh! My Dear Mother, I Love you  
while I groan, she be with me;  
her lovely hand goes through my hair,  
Its feel, very serenity to my mind

She is an Angel of my way,  
I love you - My dear MAMMA.

When I draw near with dead beat, she comes  
and sit with me, as a ally.

There stars, that buffs on the Milkyway,  
she, the vein of in my heart.

Her fairly affable,  
and the radiance  
that glows in my mind.  
She is my vigor,  
to reign in my life.

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# My Christmas

My Christmas  
joyously and softly,  
dancing rustle of Angel`s Wings  
glittering on thousands of candles  
and the streets is full of laughter of children  
Ha ha ha ho ho saying `` Happy Christmas``  
Ho! It arrives,  
with the beauty of candles  
with the celebrated ringing of church bells  
with the aromatic scent of Cinnamon and Pine  
with the black wine on the day  
the world became anew  
the face of nature imprinted in my painting  
that night the stars in the sky  
make my heart shine and shine.....

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# My Father

A father is a person,  
his love and kindness toward family;  
but; my mind on buds,  
but he have place in my heart.

He can't came to my best friend,  
but, when things gone wrong  
he suggests and defends us  
deep in my heart, a father's love  
for listening and caring,  
for bountiful and sharing

Now, alone in the darkness  
lighting a candle  
I am searching him  
where he had gone  
I love him.....still I love him

IP

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# My Friend

An ounce of blood is worth more,  
than a pound of friendship.  
He is the true friend that;  
never be trays.  
He is, someone who knows,  
the song in your heart,  
and sing it back to you,  
when you have forgotten those words.

We will reach up and hold;  
a star for every time, made us a smile;  
the entire evening sky;  
would be in the palm of our hand.

Within you I lose myself,  
Without you I find myself,  
Wanting to be lost again.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# My India

Why you gave us freedom?  
freedom, what we earn  
no one speaks out, an lovable words  
now the politician, speak themselves,  
Why we need such a freedom?  
Why the frogs are not coming from well?  
they invent their own world.  
Kashmir, the Paradise of India  
What is happening there?  
Why you create a paradise like this?  
Place, far from peace,  
we are brothers, love each other  
we can build a paradise,  
Ghandhiji is ready to fight  
Bhagath singh is ready to die  
Once, we love each other  
for peace, we need to leave.

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# My Krishna

You are in my eyes, Krishna  
you can't go with my consent  
Just come with well-groomed  
and play with me  
here, all Gopikas is dancing;  
Why you stand aside Krishna  
I am waiting for you,  
to dance with you,  
why you so?  
See, the moon is looking us  
play your flute, Kanna  
I want to dance, in this moonlight;  
I came, for the sake of love  
Krishna! You take me across to the shore  
I have no peace by now  
they said, I am mad  
I am thirsty for you, Krishna  
I crossed this sea, thy of your power  
My hearts find unbearable  
My darkness had gone of fire  
some blame me, but I take the way  
My 'Giridhar', my life  
Love! bind me to you.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# My New Year

Looking to back on  
the past gone by,  
as a new year starts  
another year, another chance  
to start our life anew;  
this time we'll leap old barriers  
to have a real breakthrough.  
I need to have you here.

so it will be a sever!  
I really want to see you;  
hope that you can make it.

We'll take one little step  
and then we'll take one more,  
The new glow came up;  
I'm sure looking forward to lots of good cheer.  
and they yell out my name while they bang a brass gong.

we laugh and we frolic,  
we dance and we sing,  
the New Year looks bright.  
well, that's how I dreamed it,  
while sleeping last night.

I'm thinking about you  
and wishing you were here,  
to say Happy New Year!

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# My Onam

Atham! Onam came... Onam came  
Onam came to my home  
Every body happy with joy  
Bubbling the drops of water  
On my flowers in my garden,  
Sang the song of Mahabali  
"When Maveli, our King, rules the land,  
all the peoples form one casteless race.  
And people live joyful and merry;  
they are free from all harm.  
There is neither theft nor deceit,  
and no one is false in speech either.  
Measures and weights are right;  
No one cheats or wrongs the neighbor.  
When Maveli, our King, rules the land,  
all the peoples form one casteless race."  
Athachamyam, the procession started,  
marks the beginning of Onam  
the custom retains its regal charm  
caparisoned elephants, musical ensembles and  
dance shows by skilled artsites.

Chithira- the day two  
Prayer to evoke the divine blessings  
Marked in a flower of Kerala  
The small flies sing the song  
"Onnam thumbiyum oru pattam makkalum  
koode para para thumbi thullu...  
thumbi erumballa, chemballa, odalla...  
thumbicku orumani ponmaala.. '  
'Entha thumbi... thullathe.. poovu poranjo, pookudam poranjo?  
entha thumbi thullathe? '  
I steed the childhood  
the song I murmured

Chodhi – the day three  
My sister made big pookalam  
I arranged flower for her  
My father purchased new clothes for us

Visakam- the day four,  
the excitement comes on the way;  
markets prepared the brisk;  
obvious among the people;  
'play of the tigers' starts;  
One, two, three....no more,  
Colourful of dance and music

Anizham-the day five,  
the snake boat race event;  
Pamba is ready to 'snake race'  
The colourful spectacle race  
'Vaninnevam asuya valarathi  
Vazka maveli mangalamoorthy..'  
I remembered the song on my way  
The thrilling snake boat race;  
"chundan vallams" with vallamkalli songs,  
taken me in to the world of holy moment.

Thriketa- the day six,  
started the carnival;  
a feeling of joy and happiness;  
social gathering and events going on,  
all religion in one colour.

Moolam- the day seven,  
Onam. starts now,  
passion grips of my Kerala;  
my Onathappan has come,  
hooyare.....came he came.....

Pooradam-the day eight  
I create the clay idols called 'Mathever';  
the holy day of Pooradam,  
I decorate him, with colourful flowers;  
Poorada Uttigal, each Mathever;

Uthradam-the day nine  
tenants and dependents brings,  
crops from their farms;  
and the product of their toil;

Onakazhcha given to Karanavar.

Thiruvonam-the day ten  
'To everyone, Onam Wishes'  
the spirit of legendry King Mahabali,  
visit my home today;  
'Onasadya' is ready to eat;  
'Kaikottikali' the elegant dance Started;  
the Lasya, thandava steps of womans;  
praising the legendary King Mahabali and  
dancing around the pookalam;  
customs and traditions in full grandiose.

My remembrance of the days,  
make me thiruvonam;  
before life form able to pat;  
once more I need my days  
coloured by, my Onam.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# My Rose

A single rose in my rose plant,  
the fragile heart of love;  
I choose, you from the world,  
I hold you in my hands,  
Oh, how one, you caught me  
ablaze of colours, apart from rest  
reflected in my violin notes;  
and lured me, with fragrant scent;  
of my crimson tunes;  
silken smoothly tender petals;  
and with a fragile heart,  
given my love to you,  
moistened of dew;  
touching my soul, with  
your beauty that never dies.

A feeling of strong;  
A feeling of so wish;  
A feeling of so special;  
A feeling of love, that  
I have for you neither to others

The love I feel on heart;  
my single rose in world;  
the sweet smile of you,  
make me to hold you  
forever on love, with love.

A song in my heart,  
shared many joys;  
felt some sorrows;  
my true love on you;  
awaken me of thy! pleasures.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# My Son Is A Soldier

Those sounds lift me up,  
haze form the gunpowder and rain,  
I, laden those dead bodies.  
Cemetery knoll in row by row,  
What the years gone?  
I watch in silence, those  
blood wash by rain itself.

Camelcaravans transport the bodies,  
that swathe in my Tricolour Flag;  
their last pant, left me pro.

Blur of motion surrounds me,  
down in the banyan shade,  
in the bank of Yamuna  
a soulful call, remind them  
How alone?

Shovel by shovel,  
they begin their slog.  
That the death was dancing,  
with a great laugh

My eye drops still plunge,  
where he is there for me.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# My Village

Sun is going to sleep,  
temples are ready for pray;  
birds setoff their nest  
as I alone, in the bank of 'Pampa'  
the candles glows, all over the village;  
the new sun flows to my eyes,  
jingle of bell flows to my ear,  
goes me a dew in hot.  
The sand where I am now,  
hear by heart of those warriors  
to fight against the enemies  
the fairy-tale, that have no end;  
in the vein of river abut on.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# My Violin And My Sky

HEY! My sky,  
How old are you?  
What is your colour?  
Why you not talking with me,  
I am your friend.....

Apart my violin, I hold you in my heart  
But the dropp gone as the sun shine comes  
I can't see you, but your shadow on my way

I succeeded on feeling of you  
As a master of the universe  
We make mistakes of scraping you  
Your heart been cracked  
Cracked and curate of church  
Not helped me, to make greenly.

IP

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Night Rain

The night rain, is not yet stopped  
But I want to move.

I listen, to the rain drops;  
they are playing a beautiful song  
The winds fluted with a song,  
where, I never heard former.  
The blue curtain is not raised  
I heard the clapping of trees;  
Every drops, glitters my earth;  
her heart, cheered in fresh.

How they are singing a song,  
I thought, about that great composer;  
that acting in the rouse of blind  
where is he, the weird musician.

Night rain, is still singing  
the exotic song,  
which I composed, now he impede.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Night Train

The night train is running,  
he whistled very proudly;  
he is passing through the field,  
with out the ends of paddy,  
proud on his way.

From all station he got,  
the green radiance, to go ahead,  
he is crossing a long bridge,  
his face befall to fretful;

All the passengers is,  
dreaming; their own life,  
Track of life;  
Where the train in hasty,  
mind of man goes to the fore fast.

He hadn't, perceive the incident in abut,  
he is in a row, as he can.  
To get the destination,  
alike, a dreamer in the train.

In the wide woods,  
in the deed of night,  
in the dappled daylight,  
any time any place,  
he will come with his lash.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Nothing Is Sincerely Except Love

O my mother, I have searched in the world  
and found nothing worthy of love,  
nothing is really except love;  
I plant, a creeper of love  
and silently watered with tears,  
now it has grown more  
and more to the world of love.  
My heart is fit to break the love  
My life, is the reward for good deeds

But no one understand me,  
only the wounded,  
twig the agonies of wounded

In pain, I wander here and there  
but, could not find a doctor  
Listen! Love is the word to heart,  
humanity is the way.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

## On The Shore Of Nila (Bharatha Puzha)

This is river is laughing,  
with the thousands of jingles;  
the river and bay tied each other,  
but no one seen it;  
she is flowing as a princess  
the wet wind of river, is  
passing through the greenly rocks;  
please smile once more,  
Oh! My dear river Nila  
my love on you, is not gone;  
the wind blowing slowly;  
this steps in the shore;  
Is taken to my youth,  
O! My dear, please smile once more  
in this shiny moonlight,  
cool wind touched the river  
of she is searching her lover

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# One Wish

She told me her wish, her sweet wish  
with her sweet words, she held  
all her sweet wishes in an tiny canister;  
"PEACE", she gave the name to that canister  
"No child shall go to bed with hungry"  
she is praying for that,  
Impossible of all human beings,  
her pretty life, but one wishful hope;  
"I will pray for it, surely he will open his eyes";  
I saw, the fervour(fervor) in her eyes;  
needed the most.  
Nothing is impossible for us;  
still we will not done;  
And as I, ask why not?

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Rain Drop

She is falling to the earth,  
She became cool and wet,  
girl turns up after bath.

Seven colours on me,  
seven sound of music  
my violin plays for you.

The fast you reach down,  
and ebb to earth, no more

Don't go! I will play the violin  
for you, only to you, but  
you gone yawning and yawning  
and I can't pat, but  
I see you are sleeping in soil

IP

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Refugee

I am, the refugee of my mind;  
hear, my grief and pleasant  
May be, you would see in unique.  
It brought me, in the game of life;  
the depth of sea, that never shows  
in the vein of day and dark,  
they bring the life to lie.  
Rain, that cools to the earth,  
the river, that flows to the sea;  
that innate the entire grime.

I never pester my mind,  
Where she says, a amid lover  
I will not desecrate the time,  
where too sprint in my life;  
like a golden fish,  
playing, in a goblet pot.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# River Of Tears

The river of tears,  
with an ever end flow  
Sun is to get off from his duty  
But he is with them, with his duty  
With an ever end in life  
His charity is going on  
akin to an countless stars that shines in the night.

Suddenly he gone from the top  
Now I am alone on the way  
No hand to carry me,  
he comes to an end  
where my life is for other,  
His ambition! I just carry it to the world

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Rules Of Life

I discover the lost routes,  
that one wrong turn does;  
one mind, does it  
and start to play with modern;  
there were, no rules to life  
to change the routes;  
to find the same route,  
as the ancient to modern  
that never ends of play  
I walked through the street  
with an never end frame.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# She Is My Firend Only.....

I love you...  
but Iam not your lover,  
I care for you...  
but I am not from your family....  
I am ready to share your pain...  
but Iam not of your blood relation.

I am your.....  
F R I E N D ! ! ! ! !

I scolds like a DAD....  
I cares like a MOM....  
I teases like a SISTER...  
I Irritates like a BROTHER...  
finally I loves you more than a LOVER...  
You are my friend and a friend in me.....

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

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finally I loves you more than a LOVER...  
You are my friend and a friend in me.....

Ip

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Silent

I saw him, but don't remember alas!  
Who are you?  
He replied,  
I am not a lawyer to kill you,  
I am not a nurse to care you,  
I am not a judge to hang you,

The time to your birth I am there  
Keep moving don't worry,  
I don't need a religion to know you  
I haven't life without you

I don't have parents,  
Unless I choose them,  
I don't have love,  
Unless I choose

I haven't feelings  
I haven't breathing  
his expression changed  
he remains silent, in silent.....  
still the last breathe....

IP

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

## Six – Day War

Forty years after the war,  
through out nation, which silent dew  
the six- day war, but  
Its reverberate, still in nation  
thousands of lost their lives,  
In barely 144 hours;  
but the bloodier repercussions  
forty year later, the blossoms of flowers,  
spread above the nation in mist  
and they were in initial hope,  
suffered from humiliation;  
the town, in six-day war  
the moral treat of war;  
flip sides of the coin on town  
the narrow street, of blood  
but not me, as some one bound  
the moral treat, on doubtless future  
the political treat, on less vision  
an independent political voice  
feeble, but barely audible  
the aim to be end, but  
the never ended war  
for a dream to town.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Soldier

If I should die  
think of thee, like me.  
It happened in my motherland  
where the war going on.  
Gave once, my heart to my land;  
where the row of peace takes place,  
a body of her, breathing own air  
washed by rivers, bless by sun.

And think her heart,  
all sin shack away,  
an increase of pulse in her mind,  
where no fever to her.

Gives some where,  
back the thoughts, those India gives;  
her sounds, dreams as happy till the day.  
She laughed and learnt of gentleness,  
in her heart, at peace; says  
Iam here, you can sleep,  
in Indian Paradise.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Storms Hammer At Shore

He move towards south,  
the gale force wind and  
torrential rain;  
massive sea ran on ground,  
raised sea dressed the streets;  
rocks melted in water;  
the shore change to desert.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Take Me Away From Here

O Krishna! I want to be your Radha  
of that delicious love to you  
O Giridhar! out of you, nothing is there  
the long distance I need to travel  
with you, to forget my life;  
in my eyes, you bring me  
a new vision of wishes  
your blue face, that shining  
in my eyes, drive me..... drive me  
away from this evils world  
my chariot needs to be travel  
where I lost my way  
tie up in life, with broken of sorrows  
you be there, nothing will happen  
please drive my chariot,  
go fast from this world  
where nobody disturb us

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# The Explanation

He took my order,  
I noticed the last bird had gone;  
but my order, not yet come.  
I see the ice dropp on glass,  
slides in glass.  
he gave me a friendship,  
I wave with my eyes,  
it goes down and down  
Where it alter to water,  
As the life is getting lose in an bit

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# The Nature

I start my walking, on sunrise  
on the way, I saw the big  
Black Mountain on front  
I asked him 'Why you so, Hard'  
he smiled and answered  
'Speak from your heart,  
don't cheat others.'

On my way, I saw the birds,  
are so happy and bright  
I asked them 'What I need to be happy? '  
They answered smiley  
'Sing yourself so,  
your mind will always fresh.'

I continued my walk  
Wind listen my heart  
I asked him 'What I want to do? '  
He told me with his lovely touch,  
'Listen to your heart and  
bake to forgive everything'

Annoying to take rest  
on the shade of a tall tree  
I asked him 'How can I do? '  
He told with smile 'Love yourself,  
gave respect on humanity  
and do work in true'

On the way, I see the beautiful  
Butterflies dancing and singing  
I asked them, 'How you so, happy in life? '  
They answered 'Ignore what ever  
gone, think where we want to go'

On my way, I saw  
beautiful rocky creek,  
flowing as shy lady  
I asked her, 'How you can flow like this? '

She retorted, 'let yourself  
be light and gay, cry when love feels'

I get to my home,  
the night moon  
is searing in the sky  
I asked, ' How you so bright? '  
He said, 'Love,  
reveal your love with others'

I take my bed, on earth;  
I asked to her, 'How you get this patience? '  
She answered, 'Give and take  
the respect in you, love the time  
time means of life.'

I take my bed,  
The time in my life;  
walk away as of life.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# The Resignation

Her thoughts, always went down,  
in the dark passage ways;  
she sleeps alone, on that corner  
away from the rest of world  
and dreaming on the her world.  
Two drops of tear, fallen in to bed  
she is on her dream, alone.

The remembrance of  
ended with a terror of unknown;  
always wandering through the dark  
she found, the face of fear  
"time....oh, time! " she sighed,  
the remembering of death  
in the darkness, she tried to  
find the glow of love,  
a dimension had been eliminated;  
she was going to withdraw  
but something, suddenly hold her back;  
it was difficult to her,  
to resign the colourful world,  
but no reason to afraid;  
she found everything confused  
her body, sunk in water of dreams.  
There were enough suds in the mug;  
the powerful arm of blood,  
flows from her nose,  
her lips, moves too slowly  
her eyes, closed too...

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Time Out

Time out my friends,  
They are waiting behind the stage;  
where there thoughts is bulge on  
Jokers in circus, making their a day  
one balloon is fallen to the floor,  
He cried for it, but others betrothed

Life of his, jokes to others  
as he found, the way of joy  
off life taken by the time;  
finish the game to start  
law of time to move  
HIS NAME IS JOKER.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Waiting For You

The time goes too fast  
I am waiting you in this way  
the sun goes down slowly  
I still waiting for you  
you will come that I know  
but at when I don't know  
the birds goes to their nest,  
the trees steps their day end  
but I was working as waiting you.

The tiny wind blows in to my heart  
With a springs of flowery  
some smell of roses flows through wind  
and the river makes the sound of heart  
where she gone that I don't know

I saw the sun goes to sleep  
I saw the birds back to their home  
I saw the darkness comes to the way  
The moon is thinking to come on the sky  
She never come, I stands alone on the shore  
Waiting for her I wait for you .....  
For you with love .....

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# With In Me, With Out Me

The break down of manifested life  
Western idea of privacy  
Grandparents, become an old leaf  
the fashion of old age home in town,  
affording to create a social security;  
thousands of younger, needs freedom  
down the road, down the life  
playing with their grandchildren  
the new laws, unlikely to help  
they remain deeply reluctant.

Stop handing over your power  
to your daughter in law  
love her to love you  
or nest the eggs in old age homes

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

## With Love

Life has taught us that sound  
does not consist in gazing each other,  
but in looking outward,  
as one in the same path  
you call it madness,  
but I call it Love.

With out love, nothing in life  
Love look with mind not eyes  
Love! we born with it  
Fear! what we learned from here  
Love! spirit of all compact of fire,  
A winged angel, painted in blind;  
the story of lovers in the world  
Love begins when Life perceives,  
it decline the embarrassment,  
when they alone together.  
Love is that which,  
submits to the arbitration of time  
Richest than ever, in the Universe;  
Love each other, Love yourself  
and thousands of will love you.

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Women

I create you,  
but I gave you my heart  
to think as the truth,  
but you clayed the world  
your beauty come to sunken  
skunked to man.

NO! dear ones, I can't  
see you in the world  
rest I am mad!  
I, play my violin  
Strings it broken

IP

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY

# Yellow Flowers

In this place  
A lonely hut is there,  
in the side of river  
Beneath the banyan tree

I saw so many flowers  
Dancing in the waves.  
The banyan protect their  
Yellow from the sun

Those flowers looks  
As a necklace to her  
She is still flowing  
Where have no end

She is a blue pearl  
With a green border  
Some white stone is  
Glittering in sun shine

Nights & days gone  
I am drifting the place  
Peace, that I lost  
But still I am on the way.....

I.P. GOPIKRISHNAN PISHARODY