

Poetry Series

# Kaniamudhu Shanmugam - poems -

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# Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam(23.12.)

Poetess Short story writer

# A Poem On My Breasts - 1

A Poem Written on My Breasts

- Amuthamozhi Mozhi.

My body when born was a tiny little  
loose water bag of transparent tissues

My breasts were flat like little coins with a dot in the middle

As I grew I breathed with lust  
the air of energy

Multiplication of cells....

Accumulation of protein....

Sedimentation of fat...

Rolling Ball pumped with air I became

My limbs and body grew wilder and bigger

Little lemon sized my breasts grew

My shirts got greased near  
for I kept pressing it hard least it's noticed.

From ten on the bitterest sweet attraction they became

whoever crossed me were all eyes on them.

I stood before the mirror

Day after day....

Night after night....

Scared of sleeping

Watched at the rapid growth

And the opulence of my breasts

Least minding my fear it grew and grew

Till it became a little ball shaped

Very soft and rosy to touch

While bathing and dressing....

The dark brown nipples adorned gorgeously

With its tip glowing brighter and fresh like a tulip

My breasts each seem to bear three circles all arranged perfectly as the misty circles behind the full moon

I pride not at the beauty of my breasts for the agony laden deep and dark in my soul that pricks even today

While much much younger at times never ever knew it would grow

when pinched and squeezed by known wicked hands

My physical pain being predominant

I sobbed wept and mourned

None seemed to notice my wretched tears that welled up and trickled over and wet my rosy cheeks

In fear of pain and shame  
never did I reveal it to anyone

Which I dare to do now.....

Feeling free and fearless

28.11.2018.



# Alone In Dark!

#Alone in the Dark!

Travels are made by men and women  
for various reasons

Some go on search of money....

Some do it for sheer pleasure...

Some to enjoy the company of of their loved ones....

Some to find people of their tastes

Some go on voyages because they are bored with life /(wife in some cases.)

Only a negligible few undertake it since ages long as a pilgrimage in search of  
their #Soul

Similarly if you treat this birth as a journey and if you are a #LonelyTraveller in it  
without a soul mate relationship with some being (I don't want to say with a man  
or woman just and being)it's like....

Rainfall in wilderness of a dessert

Blossoming of a beauteous flower in the far off darkest Abby's of the Earth

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#Travels

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Alone!

Alone in wilderness.....

Alone in wilderness journey of a soul

Acts of milk of human kindness carry her aloft

Memoirs of handshakes melts the rocks

Elixir of little kisses sweetens the path

The patted shoulder rises to the sky

Stories heard speak mirthfully on the way

Poems read brightens the darkness

Books enjoyed accompanies with kindness

Adieu her journey is not a waste.

She rests in peace to come alive and ensue the same.

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Approaching Smile In Moonlitnights By Yavanika Shriram

Approaching Smile in moonlit nights

With sweat exuding/ emanating  
Chasing the vehicles  
I am unable to love you  
Your imagination of a gleaming lover fills me with fear  
Wearing ultra modern dress  
He seems to be crossing the world's biggest cities  
During moonlit nights his vehicle awaits in the sea shore deserted by people  
With his red lips as he cups the champagne  
His face shrinks with happiness  
His beds shine bright  
With his eyes turning blue  
As a knife dipped in poison  
You dream of his body cutting through yours  
O Dear girl  
My graduation certificates are bent in corners  
My hereditary family business has been spoilt somehow  
Moreover my status as the one living in a partitioned rented house  
I will not be a suitable match to you  
While in a running vehicle shaking your left hand  
Don't

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Babel Towers By Yavanika Shriram

Babel Towers

This time hunt is not in woods

That town is clad

One who grazesbirds

Those who clean the fishes of the  
sea

A music is continuously played

One was lying supine in the pavilion

The town was unprotected

War has come to an end

I knocked the wooden door of that mansion

That was a sixth mada street's wine shop

One who dashed at me egregiously said that he escaped from within a cinema  
screen

His face resembled a tribe

I shouldn't have gone into the Babel

An oldOrientalTraveller and a few young women were kneeling and crying in the  
altar

That time a grave old womanput her false teeth in a glass jar

Cannot not find out which  
But the entire town was like that

Translation of poet Yavanika Shriram's

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Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Balloon World - Priyam

Balloon world -Priyam

Translated from Tamil to English  
by Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

One balloon is Sun  
One balloon Moon  
Underneath  
Many human balloons

In flimsy glass jars  
Floats the Earth

More importantly  
Blabberings and philosophies  
Especially  
Honesty found  
Rules framed  
Seem to be an object of mockery  
Yet another useless balloon

Away from the mind  
Floats a strong balloon that cannot be blown and  
Unable to be torn by sharp things

Suddenly her dwelling is there says the balloon girl besides saying asecretin my ear&quot;there is no racial and color disparity &quot;

From the ashes of the destroyed beauty  
Emerges a bird  
In the iron bills of that bird  
Is the balloons river  
Where does it fly and where does itgo

I remember to have embraced you the balloon girl  
Your misfortune I was made up of glass

Screaming you run

Balloon blood

Balloon heart

Balloon lips

Glass teeth

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Beaten Black And Blue

Beaten Black and Blue!

O woman  
Having beaten black and blue  
How could you laugh and sleep  
As nothing of that sort happened

Yet you must smile and smile  
And keep doing your household chores untiringly to keep things going

Yes keeping things going is what is needed in personal and social and political life

Come whatever might  
No matter what happens to an individual

O poor my poor you could make no choice in this womanly life

Choosing one's freedom and  
Living one's life of one's choice  
Is not given to woman who want to cherish the family

And yet be free to fly in space  
With their wings stretched  
And make greedy exploration  
of this cosmos

None will give you the space  
In this chauvinistic world  
To think and speak this Eternal Truth.

If you voice this Bitter Truth  
You will be Beaten Black and Blue.

#Harassments

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Betrayal

You said that you want to travel with me my friend

I know you with thirst crave for a journey with me unto places untrodden

You want to unravel the beauty of the literary world with me by your side

I too am eager to come hand in hand with you.

Together we could go....

Beyond the woods

Far beyond the clouds

Up above the crevasses

Far deep into the sea

And

Yonder horizon of Sahara dessert

Slip and glide along Nayagra falls

Collect the dews on the grass in the valleys and make a riverto row our boat

Lo!

The pity of it I can't take a step even to move from where I'm chained in this mortal life

Where to stretch my wings to explore the cosmos with you dear

Forgive me.....

The Muse betrays those who I love and loved

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Black And White

Black in white  
White in Black

Black and White  
Holds life tight

In contrasts  
Colors don't fight

In Nature  
Contrasts lure

Why in humans  
Contrasts repel

Money and power  
Status and politics

Caste and Creed  
Religion and Impatience

Matters in Life  
Only to You

Heartless and Cruel  
Bestial and Barbaric

You Silly Humans  
Are you from Apes

Don't ditto Darwin  
Don't insult Monkeys

Theylove and live  
In unison and Happy

Mother Nature  
Nurturesstill this.



# Blessingby. Yavanika Shriram

Blessing - By Yavanika shriraam

Translated by Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

I am a resident living under the anus of my country  
Some days ago holding the tip of his walking stick  
I was blessed by an old father of my country  
He said in the prequel I was the child of God  
That day all the temple doors were rushed and closed  
Than it was customary  
After I crossed the streets  
Holy water was sprinkled  
What my name in the beginning was  
Excavated and brought to memory  
On the awkwardness of those words  
All the native names of the nation  
Were cleansed and adopted  
In the meanwhile my own brother  
said our dwellings must be taken under the brain of our nation  
Besides he said that God referredby the old man  
Is the son of a whore.

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Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Bliss

Aisle seat journey in a bus  
On hot summer day  
Coolies drenched to the skins  
Not of rain but of sweat  
Oldest of old woman shouting  
To catch customers for their fading flowers.  
Beggary children running to pillar and post in signals for pennies  
Under the bridge an young boy wanking unseen  
Behind the toilet wall bargain for a sale of sex  
Is this journey Bliss or Bane

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Compromise By Yavanika Shriram

Compromise

&quot;Yes, to compromise I am ready

I will come till nearer the hook of your blouse

Let us leave for yesterday's quarrel none is responsible&quot;

&quot;You quarreled without reason but your compromise is with reason&quot;

&quot;Supposing you started the compromise&quot;

&quot;You might have walked out&quot;

&quot; What if now I am going out&quot;

&quot; Ok will you please put on the hook that you unhooked &quot;

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Dream

A life as  
Spacious as sky  
Deep as sea  
Shallow as a trill  
Humid as air  
Hot as sun  
Cool as moon  
Flowery as this path  
Lonely as this road  
And be alone by myself  
As naked as a child  
Is my dream forlorn?

#Englishpoems

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Fall In Love With You

Fall in Love With You!

- Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

The sea is always calm

It's the wind which Kindles the wrath of it

The tides and tsunamis wrought  
not with wind of love

It's ebbs andflows carry not the sign of empathy

What do you expect of me

To break the mountains

To haul them off in single push

To catch the falling stars

To swim in the morning dew on the petals of a rose

To glidethe valley as a tumultuous water fall

How powerful you want me to grow

To fall in love with you dear

Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

# From Theblink Dark Abyss Of Life - Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

Blink Dark Abyss of Life

I'm waiting for you  
In a place forlorn  
Where dwells soundless silence  
Where lurks lightless shadow  
Where rills quench the thirst of  
Mother Earth  
Where all rivers rush to fill the Mighty Oceans  
Where all seas stop their waves  
Where all Valleys echo the groaning human race  
Where all people shun light  
And take shelter in the Darkness of  
Dark Dark and Blink Dark Abyss of Life  
I am waiting for you my dame  
Not to begin anew a beginning with you  
But to sink Deep and Disappear into Nothingness

Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

# Grounds By Yavanika Shriram

Grounds - By Yavanika Sriram

Translated by Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

Having joined a woman  
And drift with her fills me with unbearable sorrow  
Daily  
My room walls shout and embrace me tightly  
Am unable to Stretch freely my legs  
And I sleep standing  
My compliant gestures  
Assumed muliebrity is the cause of  
My continuing fear  
By the way of appearance in hoarse voice  
For the masculine symbols I declare  
Being opposite to me till dawn  
She smiles  
Besides through her actions about her freedom  
The furnace she burns  
Shakes my life  
Everywhere in atoning for the sins against woman  
Few also might face this  
Yet  
There is cause for her to butcher my scrotum  
Or while sleeping to throw a stone on my head  
She has grounds.

\* Muliebrity (feminity)

Translated by Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam on 25.10.2019 at 8.35 PM

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Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Her Hair Flower By Samayavel Karuppasamy

Her hair flower  
by Samayavel Karuppasamy

Her hair flower is safe in my closed fist thrust into my Levy Jeans pantpocket

Her flower was found near the turning corner on one side of the wooden steps

She who is always running in haste  
For everything might not have noticed this fallen follower from her hair

Even if she knows is it possible for her to come in search of it

In her very small clock she will find no time for it

How soft is that flower in my hand

How cool and chill

A fire sears through my fingers which hold that flower and the warmth fills my  
entire physique

She who returned  
Sitting in front of me  
Slanting her neck  
Turning her head  
Coughing softly  
Keeping the writing slate in her laps  
Starts writing

Even though many years have elapsed the flower fallen from her hair remains  
safe in my fist.

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Good morning ??

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# High Beat Of Love!

High beat of Love!  
Kill time that eludes like a falling star  
Ride fiercely as an intoxicated swan  
On the mighty head of death  
Catch the pain of a tormented soul  
In a pitcher of your heart  
For in love everything is high beat  
Of a melody sweet.

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# High Beat Of Love! Bykaniamudhu Shanmugam

High beat of Love!

By Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

Kill time that eludes like a falling star ??

Ride fiercely as an intoxicated swan ??

On the mighty head of Death

Catch the pain of a tormented soul

In a pitcher of your heart

For in love

Everything is

High beat of a melody sweet.

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# I Blossomed For You- Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

I Blossomed For You Butterfly!

Tenderest legs of thine  
Rest on the flimsy petals of mine.  
I sway in air cool and breezy  
Thou flutter thine wings  
And try to fly and falter.  
For the nectar in me entices you  
O Butterfly!  
Thou better taste my honey and fly  
For I blossomed for you!

22 December 2014 ·

Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

# Jeans Pant And Waist Cord By Yavanika Shriram

Jeens Phant and Waist Cord

Jeans Pant and Waist Cord

By Yavanika shriraam

Translated by Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

From unirrigated and land scorching hot with mirage and  
goats straying without plants to feed on deserting the dust from my small land  
I leave

Seeking debts  
For boiled blackeye peas  
From this wasteland I must  
Compulsorily go

My agnatewomen  
quarrelling and crying  
for broken mud pots  
and for their abdominal inertia hereafter there is no agitation in me.

Until my men in self contempt  
turn their face and refuse to face me and until it rains and the water levels are  
up here there is no justification for the wait

It is enough to have seen  
my father shed two drops of tears  
sitting in the dredge of the well dug

At least I must escape  
to places where mature cannabis plants grow in abundance

In cities beyond the hills  
I might have news

What if my land becomes desolate  
I will atleast wash cars in cities



# Life

Life Spring!

Little sparrows can't fly too far with their little wings we think but distance is no matter to them to fly to reach out to their loved pairs

Vultures are cruel when they catch their prey with their sharp claws but their clawed legs become as tender as the gills of a fish when they Nestle near their young and loved ones.

Though we are grown ups we are always liketiny toddlers who always run to catch things that are afar and out of reach becausethose unreachable thingsarethe life springsof our little world.

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Life Is Empty

Life is Empty

I was leaning on the parapet wall  
That once saved you from a fall.

We spent hour hour after hour  
Still we had many more things to share.

Love was sweet when it entwined us both once  
But now it is sour and seems to be waning at once

We have miles to go in life separated  
Though both of us are broken-hearted.

We are set apart by life that is racing  
Yet I feel my life empty after parting.

You too might be singing this plaintive note  
#My #Life is so #Empty without #You &quot;  
Get the vote of all lovers.

#Englishpoems

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Love

You are Special!

In me is a poem  
Unto none it's written

Every second it's plaintiff note rings  
Saddest tales untold

Whispers of my breath you hear  
And murmur like a rill in my soul

You are new as a morn

You are afresh as a morning dew

You are you

That makes You Special!

- Amudhamozhi Mozhi

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Love And Life

Truth that explodes from the seed of life

Beauty that entwines the mind of all

Eternal love that embraces mankind.....

These and many more fineries of human search

Dawns on us when we keep ourselves open.

But that openness of ?? mind and soul is hard to obtain for all.

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Love Journey

My journey today is with Muniyamma and Pachiyamma.

Co passengers were Bavani and Ravi.

I watched for spiders.

I chased to massacre them.

I scrubbed and washed doors and windows and panes and kitchen tiles

I felt irritated when Ravi was intervening asking whether my journey is over

Bavani lectured not to lose my temper because the passengers were slow to add fuel to my irritation

I feel saturated and dehydrated traveling with Muniyamma and Pachiyamma slow coaches

I gulped Bovanto in unlimited cups

My irritation of mind increased by my increased irritable bowel syndrome

Like a beaten ?? I lie in bed with my limbs stretched

O Lord of Nine Gates have mercy

O goddess cleanliness forbade me for my weary curses

Who decided on celebrating this Ayudha Pooja and Saraswati Pooja

Women in all homes suffer the same pains

So saying I end my journey for the day

I have to start it tomorrow with Madhamma

My mind reels and rolls to think of it

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Love Unrequited!

Love Unrequited!

Love Unrequited  
Kindles Fire of thirst

Little drops of tears  
Well in my soul

Filled with memories  
Of untold miseries

Aeons after aeons fly  
Pain of love unrequited diminish not

Ocean of my woeful tears  
Flood the universe

Still love loftier  
Equalling cosmic radiance lures

I go adrift like a pebble  
In the roaring tide of love

Who will not be  
By this  
Eternal  
Enthralling  
Beauty Unparalleled  
Love. ??

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Make One Strong Tree Of Me - Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

Make one strong tree of me!

Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

I yearn to tame the roaring tide of your love which is as wild as the squally storm

You stir up a whirlwind to engulf the ocean of love I bear for you by cold  
shouldering my gestures

Like a bird that streaks past the window you fly away carrying my enthralling  
wings of poesy

My bleeding soul is sheltered by a stream that dried up Aeons before.

Let the rain graze the field and primum non nocere to the fauna of my soil

And that lustrous growth of your love find its root before  
all the rills of your passion for me is dried up.

Blend with me indistinguishably my love as the entwining branches blend and make  
one strong tree of me.

Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

# Newness Of Anything Scares - Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

Newness of Anything Scares - by Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

I burst and pour out my heart in profuse strains

Someone somewhere reads and reacts

They bring their empathy like dews on withered rose petals

Untouched I pass

I loathe and yearn for someone special to embrace me in their fold enticing

I wait like a winter tree hoping for Spring to come

I pine and long for someone close to my soul to extend their tender hands and wipe my tears.

World is wider

But fear is mightier

Newness of anything scares

Fearing new and strange visitors I shun my windows

Yet keep my thresholds ajar and crave for real love to knock it like a gentle breeze.

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# O Death!

O Death!

Weary of stabbing strains  
Like a withered leaf  
Chased by autumn wind  
I slip and fall ahead of time

My Voice shrieks in wilderness  
Nerves rake muscles sprain  
Body wriths and my Soul bleeds

O! Death squeeze me in thy embrace sweet  
For I want to taste thy sweat.

#Englishpoems

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Plastic World That Can't Be Torn By Yavanika Shriram

&quot;Plastic world that can't be torn&quot;  
By Yavanika Shriram.

Translation done by Kaniyamudhu shanmugam

-----  
Regarding my existence the ridicule the society is making  
Against me I could hardly do anything  
Dead impression in its frozen look  
There seems a mockery  
On my erect walk  
As though to safeguard someone's kingdom  
The dog that chased me  
After seeing the left over meal  
Without biting stands in front of me  
Murmuring and wagging its tail  
A captive bird's cage  
I plucked and threw  
In the street and walked  
From non-stacked tickets kept in its front  
A stupid parrot shakes its head  
And pretends to take one  
Thinking the plant totally dies in the pot  
I broke its stem  
Furiously  
But I shivered seeing the shoot in its bottom  
I could make a startling loud noise  
Unafraid of the street stones coming to life  
And thrown at me  
Nothing here  
Goes a man devoid of clothes uttering porn words  
Abusing this Nation's Leader

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Kaniamudhu Shanmugam



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Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Smile - Yavanika Shriram

Smile - byYavanika shriraam

Translated by Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

Many days have passed from since  
My legs in basement pits have been planted  
Each time the bricks are arranged  
Above my cheek level  
Tied to the scaffoldings were  
My shoulders  
My hands from sand creeps are  
Unable to be released  
By the heat of cement deposition  
MY breasts dry up  
Walking incessantly  
In unplastered wet rooms  
Blood in my feet became pale  
In walls scrubbed shiny  
When my body touches scratches are made  
For the given tobacco  
My colleague sometimes  
Aspires for conjugal relationship  
With me as if he is my husband  
Finally the buildings rise to the sky  
And stand even then  
Seeking chances for survival  
With powdered face in city junctions  
Seeing the masons  
Smiles  
My pain

Translated by Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam on 13.11.2019. at 8.55 PM

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Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Symphony Of Frogs By Yavanika Shriram

Symphony of Frogs -By Yavanika Shriram.

Translated by Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

History never puts a questions in it's origin

Because the excess in one's self demands his entire life regarding it's prospect

As a compensation Moon demands love  
Sun procreation

Seasons the sleep of animals things their metabolism

The five elements in their arbitrary nature

Burning senses in desires philosophy in it's cajoling history in it's beginning itself  
end their pleasure

Power in it's strict watch severe debates as spectator pretending to rule leaves  
behind only codes

Besides they in their reproduction in their intermittent replicas or their other  
things become tense and distressed

It's natural for the net that filters and empties the whole sea to become torn

Deserts never promise even a blade of grass

For the birth and death music sung by all riverbeds crop fields dwelling places  
plains

How liquidifying is the symphony of the winter frogs

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Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Tea For You By Yavanika Shriram

Tea for you  
Caught in the sugar  
You profusely made  
This ant might have died  
Now in the tea that you are refusing to drink you  
Find it's body  
If commanded to drink after removing it  
You might pay for it and leave angrily without drinking it  
If a friend makes a fun that your eyesight will become better  
You might take and drink it  
If not so and instead a new tea is served to you it means  
More tea is manufactured for you

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Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# The Cost Of Time By Yavanika Shriram

The Cost of Time - By Yavanika Shriram

Translation by Kaniyamudhu shanmugam

The micro costs of time  
It is leaving the hand  
At those times some buds  
Might blossom  
A sprouting palm seed  
Might have spread its palm  
And begged for the world  
Due to continuous rain  
The blocked gutters  
Might have changed its path and speed up  
After chanting of mantras  
God might go for slumber  
In sanctum sanctorum  
A novel might have been finished  
Being written by a writer  
Bombs that take away the lives  
Might have been produced  
Opulent breasts of an actress  
Will be broadcast  
While a laborer after suppression of his addictive  
Might be hesitating to return home  
Empty handed after a day's labor  
The world would have come half circle on its axis

Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

# The Search Of Lips Is Very Subtle

The search of the lips is very subtle - Samayavel Karuppasamy

The search of lips is very subtle

The learned brains can never understand.

Everything begins in the Saliva that secretes at the inner tongue  
which is safe inside the mouth.

Two bodies mean

Two big fortresses

Two big thresholds

Four doors

Lips keep the extreme beauty buried in them.

The secret pathways of the fortress

The stairs of the underground tunnels

The signs of the inner beauty

ends in lips

So lips scrap and steal the passwords of the physique.

When a pair of lips of one, lock a lip of other begins the hunting.

It's not a small lip that's caught;

It's the whole body.

When the tongue slowly revolves and scans it,

Catches the big fire.

In the conversation of the lips life is exchanged.

In those rare seconds happens a lot of unknown things.

In the war of four lips

Two tongues

Rivers of saliva

Mixed with the supreme peace, time freezes.

For four lips to know each other

To quench the thirsts of tongues

Thousand Nights might be required.

Only the lips write the love

that cannot be erased for ages.

\*\*\*\*\*

Translated from Tamil by Kaniyamuthu Amuthamozhi.



Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Trill

A life as  
Spacious as sky  
Deep as sea  
Shallow as a trill  
Humid as air  
Hot as sun  
Cool as moon  
Flowery as this path  
Lonely as this road  
And be alone by myself  
As naked as a child  
Is my dream forlorn?

#Englishpoems

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Union By Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

Union!

By Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

Unfurl the curtains  
Let light of love flood you  
Fear not babe of getting drowned  
Am waiting near your shore with a yacht  
Let us sail entwined  
Least the fiery wind sets us apart  
For aeons you fretted  
Feared and moaned the want of courage  
Now the stormy wind is favourable  
Allow it to carry us aloft  
For the much earned great Union.

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# Vettuvam/ Huntinghundred - 30 - Mounan Yathreeka

Vettuvam Hundred- 30/  
Hunting Hundred - 30

By - Mounan Yathreeka

Translated by Kaniyamudhu Shanmugam

The noise of the boar hitting aggressively the stone with its horn is heard  
Let the ears of the boar stiffen  
Listen to the rapid uneven breath of the boar  
As the stone yields and turns the smell secreting from the buried tuber increases  
its outrage  
The compressed  
stone - underneath it  
grown tuber  
and the roots that bind it are being cut by the boar

While the tuber juice overflowing in its mouth increases its intoxication  
our arrow must dash like a beetle

Hey brother!  
Without the boar feeling the pain  
Without it screaming  
Tasting the sweetness of the bulb  
It should fall on the earth  
Touch the life of it without causing pain

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Whileases its intoxication like a beetle our arrowmust dash

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam

# You Are Special!

You are Special!

In me is a poem  
Unto none it's written

Every second it's plaintiff note rings  
Saddest tales untold

Whispers of my breath you hear  
And murmur like a rill in my soul

You are new as a morn

You are afresh as a morning dew

You are you

That makes You Special!

- Amudhamozhi Mozhi

Kaniamudhu Shanmugam