

Poetry Series

Latha Prem Sakhya
- poems -

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Latha Prem Sakhya(21-01-1959)

Latha Prem Sakhya basically from Neyyoor in the Kanyakumari district of Tamilnadu, India, did her school and college education in Holy Angel's convent, and His Highness the Maharajas College for Women, in Thiruvananthapuram respectively. She has a passion for painting and writing, her first collection of poems Memory Rain was published by the Monsoon Editions in 2008. It carries an Introduction by ndran of School of Letters, and a preface by the second book is Nature at My Doorstep(2011) published by Roots and wings. It is a compilation of her poems, reflections and her blogs at pot. She is the Dept of English in a college in Kerala. She has published poems in The Quest an international journal devoted to literature, in Muse I., , Enchanting Verses I and I is a member of UMPFS and PALS. A self styled environmentalists she is passionate about conserving trees and poems throb with vignettes of nature and life around which she wishes to share with the new book Vernal Strokes has been published by Partridge India

Ache

Beaming sun
Playing waves
Dancing schooner
Preening seagull
Walloping dolphin
Amidst the roar of silence
Environed by vast emptiness
Where the sea and sky met
At the distant horizon
An awe inspiring, grandeur!
Yet for the one on the deck
An unutterable ache
An inexpressible longing for the shore
To be enfolded in his beloved's arms

Latha Prem Sakhya

Airy Dreams

Love- beautiful, idyllic, a lily, in purity.
But when tainted with lust-
The airy dreams attaining shapes,
Shatters the lovers.
But true love is like the tender breeze,
That gently kisses the flower-
Leaving it,
Swaying for more.
It is like the poignant song -
Unique and unheard.
But hummed by the lover,
In his heart.
Ideal love makes the beloved bloom
Like a flower,
And to waltz to the song,
Twinkling in the lover's eyes.

Latha Prem Sakhya

An Art

Born to love and live
Loving and living
Became an art
Of manipulation.
Success was based
On the skill one had
For pushing the naïve
And the innocent
Into depths unfathomed
Where the cruellest
Game of survival
Is played relentlessly.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Chaotic Thoughts

Shattered pieces of crystals
Each a world unto itself
Reflecting the reality
In dimensions distorted
To a mind in frenzy
Driven by chaotic
Gales of thoughts.

Take away this cup of wine
Bitter sweet in its intensity
So I may survive yet another day
In joy, oblivious to the storm
Raging in my heart.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Did I Tell You?

Did I tell you?
The moment I saw you
My heart missing a beat
Sank to the pit of my being
Painting me blue and pink.

Did I tell you?
How my heart was whispering
Your name with every beat
How I yearned for your nearness
All the while pretending that you did not exist.

Did I tell you?
Even as I watched someone else
My inner eyes were on you
Capturing stills of your movements
To be encased in the album of my heart.

Did I tell you?
When you called my name
Ever so softly like the whisper
Of the falling leaves
My heart flew out to you.

Did I tell you?
I trapped it
And caged it securely
For no one to spy it
In my naked eye.

Did I tell you?
That I dare not look at you.
For you would glimpse the truth
I never wanted to share with any one
Not even with you.

Did I tell you?
That I smiled and smiled
While all the while my ego

Urged me to run away
So that I would save my self respect.

Yes, did I tell you?
While acting out my meagre role
I was running inside wildly
Searching for holes and nooks
To lick my bleeding heart.

Did I tell you?
It was to save the last
Vestige of womanly dignity
Before being stoned to death
By the eyes of self styled puritans.

Did I tell you?
That I loved you
But my love was doomed to death
Like a still born babe
In the womb.

No I couldn't tell you
They are the primitive urges
Of the wild self residing in me
Trapped with in my conscious self
Leading a custom bound conventional life.

But let me tell you now
My love Phoenix like
Resurrecting in a friendship perennial-
Is watered by unconditional love,
And sustained by the Almighty sun.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Down Memory Lane

Going down memory lane,
I came to my old homestead-
Where, for seventeen summers
I was nurtured.

The old rambling house, with its spacious rooms;
The sweeping land; the gigantic tamarind trees-
Four great pillars- sentry like
Guarding the terrain.

The second one, nearest to my homestead -
Our favourite haunt! My siblings
And I, with childish enthusiasm, played
Making doll houses and keeping house.

Oh, it was such fun then! 0
No care, no worries,
Only, innocent mirth and grief.
But alas gliding years,
Weaves a nostalgic dream
Unwinding the spool of yearning,
To regain the golden days of childhood.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Down Pour

Pregnant cloud
Oppressive stillness
Waiting Tears
To pour down
Cooled by words
Of consolation.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Dream Child

The cold hands of death swept you away.
But you still remain-a part of my being
My very own.

You crept into my heart without my knowledge,
Now I realize, how much you meant to me;
Though not my own.

Your sudden departure - creating a void,
Made me realize-that no one can fill it; .
Unless its you.

You will live, a shining memory
Till my last breath is gone-
A dream child, I never had.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Growing Up

Growing Up

Growing up has taught me
Many things-sweet and bitter.
I cherish the sweet ones,
And dump the others.
In the attic of my soul.

But, when I am down and unhappy
When my mind is storm-ridden,
They crawl one by one-
Down the stairs of the attic
To stone my spirit-
With taunts and fears infinite
I had tried desperately to forget.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Impassionate Love

Your impassionate love
Sears my soul
Taking me to a sublimer world
An idealized utopia
Where friendships' loving vibes
Calms, soothes, encourages
Inspires and protects
Ensnoring me from all emotional
Onslaughts of the world
The friendly love and sustenance
Makes me flit out
A butterfly fresh from its cocoon
To enjoy and perceive the world
With sharpened vision of love and happiness

Latha Prem Sakhya

In Memoriam

If you were here my bud
You could have blossomed
Into a flower so beautiful
A cynosure of every eye.

Spreading the fragrance of love and warmth
Sixteen summers like a day have passed
And I see your transformation
From a cherubim to a dimpled Angel.

In your heavenly sublime home
You watch, pray, plead and meditate to God
For your bereaved earthlings
Even now tear drenched in your memory.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Life

A conglomeration of experiences,
In varied hues and colours- it invades
Sometimes like flocks of birds of prey,
Tearing you to shreds and pieces;
Sometimes like a gentle dove,
Spreading peace and happiness in its wake.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Lord Of The Night

Yellow eyes dilated with fear
Huddling in the make shift cage
Sack and tarpaulin in tatters to cover
And to protect from the sun's rage,
The sensitive eyes, wistful and sad,
For the dark hide outs pining.
Yet, the mounting tempo of the mad
Boisterous excitement of spying
You so close, provoked the twin
Golden bulbs to flash on us the ire
Out of relentless confinement born
Helplessly smouldering inside like fire.

The king of the night, the farmer's friend
Hunter of rodents, sentry of the ripened fields
In the twilight, when the world to sleep descend,
You come gliding from far off woods or meads
Or dilapidated shelters, daytime refuge for sleep,
To assume sentry duty to watch over our crop,
Snakes, mice and other rodents at bay to Keep.
For no farmer can get a better prop.

Yet feared and dreaded as an evil one
A bird of ill omen, to Death, a harbinger.
But I secretly loved you- often
A source of curiosity and wonder
Oft riding on fancy's wings
I visualized you as a monster bird-
Build upon the superstitious descriptions
From the gray haired villagers I had heard.

But the pitiable sight- my eyes met-
A bundle of muddy feathers white
On twig legs, sporting yellow eyes, a rag puppet
A king fallen to doom -a plight
Wrenching my heart to reflect
On the human insensitivity
On nature's darlings inflicted.

I ached to gather you in my arm
To kiss you and console you and let
You fly far away, from human harm
To lick your wounds and heal yourself
And rally forth the undisputed Lord of the night.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Love Birds

Engrossed we were in love
Never conscious of the danger
Lurking behind the yellow green leaves
But quick eyes alert and watchful
Spied the gliding glittering creep
As he came to snatch one of us.
Cunning and evil as he was
We watched him
Glide away sly and sheepish.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Love Reborn

Did I see love swimming
In your speaking eyes?
Did I hear a caress
In your voice?
Did I spy a concern
For a spirit fragile?
Were they creations
Of a torn mind searching
For a comfortable perch
Or the jabbering
Of a heart throbbing
With love reborn?

Latha Prem Sakhya

My Extended Family

He comes stealthily with the dawn
Settling down comfortably, his tiny feet astride
The thin branch of the nutmeg tree,
Eyes glued to the kitchen window,
Ears straining to grasp our movements
He waits patiently. If silence greets him
He breaks into shrill chatter
Piercing my ears to roll off my bed.
Prayers forgotten, I run to my kitchen
Straining the rice kept for our wild family
I empty the cupful on his empty platter.
Watching him scramble in excitement
I extend my hand pleadingly inviting him
To feed from my ng down
Fear assaults he stops, flicking his tail
He scoots off to his favourite corner.
Bidding him to eat, I hasten to tell
My morning prayers.

There are days I sleep off through his call
Rushing out, I scan the branches
The emptiness sears my soul.
I place his share on the plate and wait hopefully
A dull ache permeating my being
I start my morning chores.
As we settle for breakfast we hear him
I rush to my kitchen
There framed by my window I see him
Daintily eating on one side of the plate
On the other in companionable silence the one legged crow.
The sight splashes rainbow colours of joy
Brimming eyes full of gratitude
For my extended family
I continue my chores.

Latha Prem Sakhya

My Loves

I love

the golden sun, snaking through the yellow-green paddy fields;

I love

the flirting dragon flies skimming and dancing over pools,
glassy and clear revealing yet another world of wonder;

I love

the profound innocence reflected in the eyes of a new born babe

I love

The kittens seven days old gently opening their eyes to spy a world new;

I love

the new born puppies snuggling to their mother;

I love

the sprightly chickens newly hatched;

I love

the yellow ducklings taking to water straight from their shells;

I love

the frisky young calves playing on the meadow;

I love

The new born lambs with their wobbly legs.

I love

the trees putting forth their tender leaves after the fall;

I love

the slow smile lighting up my partner's eyes when he sees me

I love

the friendly gleam and the radiating warmth in my friends' eyes as they greet
me;

I love

The black drongo, nature's mimic surprising me with his mimicry;

I love

The squirrel scolding the stalking cat;

I love

my little ones gurgling laughter of sheer pleasure;

I love

my Amma's hearty "have a nice day mackale" over the phone
though stricken with physical pains and aches;

I love

my younger brothers pleasant and vibrant "hello lathakka" and their teasing and
leg pulling over the phone

I love

the endearing natures of my two sisters,
I love
my friends hearty infectious laughter that drives away my blues
I love
I love
the spontaneous warm affection, sincerity and readiness to help of a friend newly
gained
the echo of concern of my best friend when she calls me after missing me in
the college;
I love
the endearing and sincere "hello chechi "of our young family friend
I love
the crab like sensitivity of my close friend
I love
the voice of my Lord I hear, the moment I am torn and broken
All these loves
My priceless treasures
Urge me to go on
Making every new day a joy ride.

I love
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Latha Prem Sakhya

New Nest

Dewy eyed, dawn, twittering songsters
Eagerly awaiting the golden streaks
To lighten up the world
For the early worm to catch.

In a tiny nest, the she bird's pride-
Geared for her first flight,
With mounting excitement.
Wings gathering balance
Circled in the air
With swan like grace.
Under the watchful eyes
Of the adoring pair.

The he bird singing hymns
Heralding the sun, flew mirthfully
Cheering the little one, inspiring her to fly
Higher and higher, to race with the wind.
Oblivious to the sorrowful joy colonizing
The mother-mind tenderly visualizing
The young one in a nest of her own
Chosen by her beloved for a new life.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Night Wrapped Its Shroud Hiding Everything

She listened to the gentle snoring of her beloved
And the fruit of their first love.
But her heart alone
Like a trapped bird
Hopped from one thought to another.

The reality, the truth of being a woman
An angel of the house?
A perfect wife?
Stereotypical images of womanhood
Abject beings, self effacing doormats
Shaped by patriarchal hegemony.

Sudden vision
Of unlimited horizon
Opening before her
Released the trapped bird
To fly to heights unknown.

Latha Prem Sakhya

On The Wings Of Time

Nestling down in an arm chair at moth hour
Reading a book; I slipped into a trance.
I saw my self out in search of a vague slippery thought
Journeying through the maze of caverns
Fancy drew me to spy a quaint machine
Intricately designed with a seat; curious like Alice
I entered the automaton and sat on it
My hand unconsciously hitting a switch it took off.

Flying on the wings of Time I swished past verdurous Earth,
Entering space, the Time Traveller headed towards a wormhole-
Its sinister darkness sent ripples of fear down my spine
But within seconds I was out; it seems I had travelled eons together
And had arrived in a mystic land – of rivers and mountains
Hillocks and crystal clear streams - a land
Of strange animals and alien people.

Mastering control of the machine I landed in a grove.
My roving eyes alighted on a mysterious creature; strange yet close
To the horse of our age; I was smitten by its beauty and grace.
The silvery horn on the middle of its forehead gleamed in the sun
It trotted nimbly but had cloven hooves of a goat; the golden mane
Hanging thick and long glittered pure gold in the sun
The lion tail reaching its hooves swished silvery stream.

Hiding behind trees adorned with multi hued flowers,
I followed the animal as it ambled along nibbling softly the grass,
Occasionally lifting its magnificent head to gaze around to assess
Its sylvan surroundings until it came upon a glade open
In it's midst shone a pond crystal clear reflecting the azure sky
And the flowery trees, almost another garden enticing.

The reeds in gentle motion created music strange,
Listening mesmerized, my gaze fell upon a being ethereal
Gliding over the grass, almost human except for her golden wings
Delicate and transparent; dressed in a gossamer gown embellished
With roses red. Going straight to the glistening creature-
A unicorn my heart whispered as she touched its silvery horn

The animal knelt adoringly at her feet; holding on to its golden mane
She swung onto its back and galloped away.

The galloping sound receded
And the tick-tock of the clock
Pervaded my being
With consciousness
And disappointment -
I had lost grip
Of a strange world,
Revealed in a vision
But rudely transported back
To my world of routine.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Rootlets

The mother root of love
Has gone deep with in.
Uprooting this tree of love
May leave tiny rootlets
Too minute to be rooted out
To sprout out tender roots
And tender leaflets
In the spring of our meeting

Latha Prem Sakhya

Snake And Ladder

Oft in the silence of deep thought.
Your adorable omnipotent presence
Enviroms me with colours of eternity
I get glimpses of your omniscience
I feel I can understand Your cosmic theology.
Secure in such knowledge
I surge forward arrogantly, vainly.

Forgetting the open jaws of the crafty plotter
In square Ninety-nine. Sliding down his slimy
Interiors I reach square number one in no time
Shaken up and contrite, I arduously toil
Up the ladder, watchful and careful, to reach
Square hundred and partake in the heavenly joy.

Latha Prem Sakhya

So Near Yet So Far

Two hearts throbbing like one
Riding the passions
Curbing and harnessing wild desires
In the caves of the subconscious.
Airy dreams wafting in
Cools the burning soul
Lit by the fire of unbridled love
Created by proximity.

A love - yearning for fulfillment
As sunshine yearns to be
In the heart of the Sun
But destined to wander
Bringing light and life to others
Very near the Sun yet so far away.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Soul Mate

We sailed down the river of fancy
Just the two of us in a tiny boat.
Charmed by the murmuring ripples,
The whispering wind and the fairy landscape;
Yet steeped in our own inscape
Unaware of the fleeing time.

We shared our thoughts, our dreams,
Our lives past, present, yet to be;
Flying on the fragile wings of fancy,
We tasted the nectar of friendship pure,
Within days of its germination-
As if we knew each other for aeons.

Laying bare the obscure moon face
Revealed to none but to the soul mate
Strengthened our bond of friendship,
To soar in a plane sublime;
Just two hearts coming together in oneness
To celebrate the quintessence of life.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Spark

Was there no positive spark,
A speck, a flicker
To keep you going my child?
Didn't the ever green classics, you read
And the great souls you communicated with
Provide a spark
To keep you going my child?

Uncared-for, unloved, a vagabond-
Exposed to the sinister side of life;
What led you to the freakish cruelty?
An abused being, never enjoying
The warmth of affection, what else
Could his child brain teach him?
A hermit –you crawled into yourself;
Dwelling in the dark subconscious.
Your arrival in the juvenile home
Was a blessing, but short lived.

Yet you left a glow behind
For millions of little ones like you
Exposed to the seamier side
Of this wide world -
No loving hands to guide them,
To stroke them and pat them with understanding;
No loving lips to appreciate them, to encourage them;
No one to help them discern the black and the white-
So cursed to live in shades of grey-
Confused, bewildered.
All that a child needs for blossoming,
Denied and nipped off from the bud!

But— you, my child, had a chance of coming back-
A saviour -brought you back to normal life
Building up your inner strength,
Identifying your taste for reading,
Opening a new world of books.
Swimming up the dark stream of Sub-conscious
You reached a new shore-

You waded through the world of letters
A fish, enjoying the freshness of new water.
Thriving in the new knowledge
Of the Koran and the Bhagavad Gita,
Basheer and MT were your favourites,
APJ'S books you perused avidly,
Kadamanitta's poetry rejuvenated you,
"Kozhi" your favourite, you recited
With a flourish to your enthralled listeners;
A talented singer, a wizard with colours-
Yes- you came back to life!
Within a short span thousand and more books
You perused. But all brought to naught.43

The dark shadows of two-faced life stalked you.
No soul could stop you child
From destroying yourself.
No spirit was there to extend a loving hand,
To pull you out of that slushy mire
That swallowed you up.
Yet you will remain a spark,
A guiding spirit,
To children like you—
A shining light to lead them,
Through the world of letters
To a better world.

(In memory of 17years old Shakeer who is no more to receive the Best Reader Prize for reading 1,166 Books from 20-6-'06 to 2 -5-' on the news paper Story By osh I read. (in The Hindu)

Latha Prem Sakhya

Strange Love

I am running away from my sun
Burrowing deep into the coolness of my soul
An earthworm in search of moisture and solace
From the arid demands of strange love
Seeking me out, kills me with his starry heat.

Latha Prem Sakhya

The Placid Pond

The placid pond, still and deep
Environed by flowering trees -
A garden of flowers
In a blue -white setting,
Enjoying the sun and the shade
Luxuriating in the life it sustained –
The dancing snakes, croaking frogs,
The flashing fishes, the skimming dragonflies,
The Chirpers and the hummers
Hovering over the sedges green.
Suddenly a star fell from nowhere
Perturbing the placid water to overflow
Birthing a new stream, in search
Of shallow plains and valleys new.

Latha Prem Sakhya

The Wild Woman

The Wild Woman

She surfaced

Through the myriads of materialistic layers

Overpowering and taming the self

Ensnared in mores and traditions.

A butterfly in its beauty and naturalness

A life force, free, unhampered

A spirit of attunement

Leading to pathways strange

Hitherto submerged and hidden

Trusting your heart

Trusting the small guiding voice

Inside, wild, yet authentic

And true to self

Doing what gives joy-

Laughing, crying, dancing, howling,

Sniffing, growling, scratching, loving,

Running free, taking naps- the female soul

The source of the feminine, a luminous being

Sagacious, instinctual source of feminine survival.

Latha Prem Sakhya

To Irom Shormila

Your sacrifice to redeem a people
Surviving persecution fills me with pride
To be part of the same humanity.

Yet it shames me – a passive witness
To your torture of body and soul
For a cause so noble.

Separated by geographical distance
I cling on to your invisible hand
Empathizing with your struggle.

A smouldering volcano,
Strengthening you,
Expressing my solidarity -

So that our sisters and brothers
Soon taste the air of freedom
And live without fear.

Latha Prem Sakhya

To Live Freely

What can I do for my people?
Greatest love in the world-
Sacrificing your life for your friend.

This is my way of showing love!
Dying inch by inch to change stone hearts.
What else can a frail creature like me do?

This, I see as my destiny!
Some one will see me!
Some one will hear me!

After twenty-eight dormant years
I live vibrantly now
For a mute people.

Ten wintry years - yellow leaves
Falling silently,
Wrought no changes.

I brushed not my teeth
In fear that a dropp of water
Be swallowed to defeat the cause.

My body and soul dedicated
To ensure freedom for my people
To fearlessly survive the iron rod of the oppressor.

(Dedicated to Irom Shormila)

Latha Prem Sakhya

To You Whom I Admire

Your sacrifice
To redeem a people
Fill me with pride-
To be part of the same humanity.
Yet it shames me – a passive witness
To your torture of body and soul
For a cause so noble.

Spanned by geographical bounds
I cling on to your invisible hand
To partake in your struggle –
An empathizing, smouldering volcano,
Expressing my solidarity,
So that your sisters and brothers
Soon taste the air of freedom.
And live without fear.

Latha Prem Sakhya

When The Golden Sunbeams

When the birds sing
When the golden sunbeams
Snake through the morning mist
When the tender breeze kisses the flowers
To awaken them to bloom and dance
When the rabbits stray out to grace
When the farmers hurry out to their fields
When the fishermen hasten to their oars
When the whole world is awake
She alone crippled by her heart
Was confined to her bed to mourn
The loss of enjoying the morning glories.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Why Are You So Crazy?

Why are you so crazy?
Things which least bothers others
Troubles and torments you.
What makes you so sensitive
To others as well as your problems?
Your face is like mirror
Reflecting thoughts of your minds
You never hurt anyone purposefully
Even when people hurt you.
People take you for granted
Never sensing or feeling your inner misery
Even your loved ones take you for granted.

Sympathetic, kind, understanding-
Ever ready to help indiscriminately
Your face is always beaming
No one sees the heartache behind it
But sometimes the smile is overcome
The inner turmoil spills tears to flow
As evanescent as dew drops.

But within minutes you are back again
Beaming and smiling on all four
Taking the world as it comes to you.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Woman's Love

Woman's love-a blanket
Spreading warmth to all under it.
It never diminishes, it swells and brims
Loving, sharing, giving,
Selflessly to all she loves.

Latha Prem Sakhya

Words From My Heart

</>Words from my heart
Are my only possession!
Words squeezed out of ecstasy and agony-
To paint the purplish blue sky
The angry clouds driven by gale;
To sketch the beauty of nature
And her passionate reprisals;
To trace the sensuous curves of a woman,
Or the Adonis body of a man;
Their ardent lives!
To portray the innocence
Of a new born babe;
To mourn the loss of celestial knowledge,
To reflect the twinkle in smiling eyes;
To revel in joy; to sob in anguish,
Words from my heart
Are all I have.

Latha Prem Sakhya