

Poetry Series

Lenin Meitei Thingujam

- poems -

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Lenin Meitei Thingujam()

A free bird trying to live without figuring life out...someone who wants a mouthful of sky and a piece of the moon...someone with a healthy disrespect for the status quo...artistically temperamental

A Gift

I want to carve your name in the sky,
And sing it to the tune of the whistling winds.
But here I am,
Chewing on nuts and bolts,
In the name of survival.

I remember once I lived,
And put messages in bottles by the sea.
Now I am mummified in a raging void-
A zombie with a painted smile
Carrying in my soul a Botox induced numbness.

I want to fly you across the moon,
And freeze the moment in the flow of time.
But look where I am-
Digging chasms around me,
An island I am in a dry ocean.

I know once I was feeling,
And made paper boats in the rain-

Now I am imprisoned in a black hole

A chimera with a death wish

Blackened by night, a moonless night.

You cried monsoons,

And "Spring has come! ", you told my barren 'heart'

Toiled through the flames,

To bring to life a nursery of hope

But all it gave you was a stillborn score.

You remember Davy Jones?

Like that pirate I ripped out my hurting heart

And locked it away inside a witch`s spell

On this day, my lady love

I give you the key to that forgotten fable.

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Burning Bridges

You rein in my wings,
And try to tame me.
"But what about my fiery breath?" I ask you.
You smile and tell me you are a phoenix.

I look back and see smoke rising.
I see the bridges I burnt down.
I want to fly back and reach out,
But my wings have been clipped.

I am a dragon.
And your eyes mirror our differences,
But you ask, "If a lock is the same as the key
How is it ever going to be opened?"

The love in your eyes is on a high tide,
But I don't know how to swim.
You tell me to take the plunge,
As I take your hand and stand on the edge.

I am scared, so scared.
I was the one who made you smile,
The one who made you rise.
What if I burn you down and fly away?

Your eyes hold me as I pull you near,
And our heartbeats race each other.
You whisper a song of notes divine,
As yesterday and tomorrow get blinkered out

Will God toss his coin and decide for us?
Or will we rewrite the lines on our palms?
Because you are a phoenix and I am a dragon.
Because I am a dragon and you are a phoenix.

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Chapters

My life,
How do I divide you into chapters?
How do I bind these fragmented writings into one whole?
No flow, no reason
Just ramblings and scratches in random
I let people read a part
And they say I am mad

My life,
What shall I do when I am done with you?
What shall I play when you march out the door for good?
They say you are never ending
Like an ouroborous
You end with a start
And start with an end

My life,
When will I ever find a handle on you?
When will I ever pinpoint both your conjugate properties?
Slippery like an eel
With me but beyond my grasp
God did forget something
After all you came without a manual

My life,
Where will I find you again if I am lost?
Where will I tattoo your address on my being?
Tie me to yourself
With an umbilical cord
Or a dog collar
And keep me on a tight leash

My life,
Why are you and why are you with me?
Why are you like a Sudoku game with snakes and ladders?
I am trying to be good
Or at least good at it
I ponder over your existence
You, a grain of sand in a thousand Saharas

My life,
Who am I to you and you to me?
Who am I to tolerate all your crap?
You look like my mirror image
But sometimes go away like a mirage
On a thorny desert
Let rain come and I will decide

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Home

All day long, I`ve been studying signs;
But still I can`t find my way back home;
And the compass mocks me,
With its hand pointing north.
I run my hand over the tattered map,
Wishing I could feel the bosom of that virgin valley.
I rub my nose over the shattered snap,
Wishing I could catch a whiff from that bountiful belly.

Your songs have been drowned out,
In a barbed Babel.
Your dance has been frowned about,
With a warped label.
How I long to see you restored to your glory,
To the heights you were in my Grandpa`s stories.
I weep inside like a gypsy child lost on the highway,
In a strange land with my baggage blocking the gangway.

Call me back like the Humpback does,
With music in your voice.
Help me find my way back home,
With a trail of shining stars.
Set me free me from this foster yoke,
With a wish that builds peace.
Heal me back to being your son,
With a tag of my forefathers.

All year long, I`ve been studying signs;
But still I can`t find my way back home;
And the compass still mocks me,
With its hand pointing north...

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Piggy Bank

I may be a Boho,
But I do save for a teary day.
See this piggy bank?
It holds your words-in-eclipse,
The sniffed-up tears,
The silent wails in the key of E minor, □
Your cascading laughter in B major,
The rainbow tantrums,
Beads of your cold sweat threaded with pain,
The whine after the wine;
Your moans, your groans, your love-loans,
The lipstick art, the nail carvings,
The SMS sonnets, the ballroom ballads
The pink perfume, the brink-pink blushes.

But forgive me,
Your love is too big to be pickled,
In a small poor man`s safe.
So I am making a kite,
And sending it up among the clouds.
When you remember me,
Just look up and see your love,
Take different shapes everyday.
If those cotton-balls turn wet,
And monsoon on us,
Don`t be sad, bad or mad;
Don`t burn, turn or run.
I`ll just be a whisper away
Just remind me of my old piggy bank.

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Poetry

Are you supposed to tell a story?
Or are you a mane of words in a messy head?
Are you an onion high on ethos?
Or are you just skin-deep like a beauty queen?
Do you have structure and a spine?
Or are you a formless hydra with horns?
Are you a moan, a scream or a whisper?
Or are you an inexplicable gurgle?

People know you more than your creator,
They pour and dip you in their colors.
You touch them in unhygienic places,
And make a believer out of them.
Like Lucy in the sky with diamonds,
You dance on moonless nights.
You hide your face behind a veil,
But to me you are freedom.

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Promises

Inch by inch I will move,
But move I will, nonetheless,
And not settle into
An algal crown.

Heave out my tent,
Nestled between "IF`s" and "BUT`S"
And pitch it a little higher,
Exposed to the rain and heat.

Rise with the Sun
And toil through the day.
Stop wearing the colour of night,
Trying to escape God`s gaze.

Invite Mr. Jones
Over to a humble dinner,
Take him by the hand
And settle it with a hug.

Live in grace
And not dream in waste
Or hark back
To a golden yesterday.

Look into the mirror
And see the man inside.
Cajole and condone,
For who I am.

Leap from the edge,
Fly or fall
And love you each day
A little more.

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Skimmed Stone

The winds shake my bones.
This life is in sepia tones.
I wake up and shrug off the cobweb.
I wish someone would pick up the tab.

Do the angels know my name?
Have I been played in this game?
I feel like a skimmed stone.
Up and down I go and then I am gone.

Tell me who gets out of this life alive.
All we do is move to the vibe.
Will you hate me if I say God is a sadist?
Can `t you see in this mist?

Some burn bras.
Others have Mardi Gras.
All I do is smoke and inhale poison.
Smile all you can, we are dying by the minute, Son!

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The God-Father

All these years,

I could never unlock your riddles-

Simple words that weigh volumes.

I open them now and read it by a dawning light.

Putting pen to paper,

I redraw the memories I have,

Of those bed-time stories,

Where you painted the rainbow into my head.

That day I ran all the way from school,

Bringing home a shiny circle,

Breathless to make you proud.

But all you ever asked was for a bigger one,

And I blamed you behind your back.

I regret it dad, I do,

When the pride resonates in your voice now,

Buried in a time capsule.

Ken, Ben and all the others
Were frolicking in the mud,
When I was indoors with you.
Sitting by the tickity-tock,
Wisdom raining down like fortune cookies,
I was drenched, wet to the bone.
Shaking and shivering
But my upper lip, stiffened still.
I stand upright today,
Only because I got your spine.

Like a little Newton
I troubled you about the birds and bees.
Annie, whose heart I broke,
She was so fond of you.
She saw in you the man I need to be
I missed you on those coffee nights,
When you were away making a living for us.
Blinkered in blindness,

I saw coldness in calmness.

I failed to hear your actions dripping love.

I will do everything.

I will be Michael Corleone.

Just tend to the garden you so love.

The flowers chirp for your tender care.

Kuttu barks for you to train his pups.

Let me be the cane during your evening strolls.

I will hang grandpa`s portrait on the wall.

Let me make a little bunny for you to spoil.

But please please don`t leave me dad,

Before I can say, "I love you too".

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The Moon

When I was small,
I was not so tall.
Used to go with mama dear,
To the park with my teddy bear.
On the first evening, as we were returning,
With my mama talking and singing.
Noticed a white spot in the sky,
Partially hiding in the sky as if shy.
Mama called it the moon
And said it was a God`s boon.

Were busy guarding, the twinkling stars,
Their beautiful queen in a war.
Clasped mama`s hand hard,
My heart thumping hard,
As a shot fired soon
And almost hit the moon.
A relief it was to see no more shots,
Other than the spot and the twinkling dots.
Was praising the gallant stars in my heart,
Looking at their queen from the lap of Mother Earth.
Only then, noticed a thing.
As if it had wings,
The moon was gliding towards us
And I cried, "Mama! The moon is following us".

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Time

Am I standing still on a moving train?
`Cause I see things passing me by before my eyes
Let me take a moment
I want to savour these dried roses

Should I wait for the next moment?
`Cause "This too shall pass", the Sufis said
Let me wait a moment
The grass does look greener in the future

Caught between yesterday and tomorrow
I feel like a rubber band
Stretched beyond recognition-
A bridge between who I was and will be

I am well-rounded
How I am not supposed to roll?
Set me free, Oh Lord!
I want to be reborn everyday

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