

Poetry Series

Maria Rose
- poems -

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Maria Rose()

Maria Rose, 26 years , English; Working as a guest lecturer. Interested in reading and writing.

Among my favorite writers: Jonathan Swift, Mark Twain, Jane Austen, R L Stevenson, John Buchan, Dylan Thomas, T.S Eliot, e.e Cummings, Tennessee Williams.

Books that I keep near my Pillow: The Bible, Gulliver's Travels, Alice in Wonderland, Huckleberry Finn, Glass Menagerie.

A Film Story

On the way to the college
She fell in a ditch
And ruined her clothes.
She went to her professor's
House nearby to change.
The widower was aroused
And took advantage of her.
She went home.

Her brother came to question the professor.
He said: "I am sorry, I was in a trance.
But if she had cried aloud
I would have woke up.
She didn't. So she's to be blamed.
Not me.
Your sister was a cauldron of desire.
It was only waiting to be over flown
Women if not married in right time
Will go astray at any time".
Her brother was an honourable MAN
He was a MAN of justice.
He found justice in Professor's reasoning.
He went home shuddering about
The unmarried sisters in his home.
He arranged her to be married to
The old professor and kept
The honour of his sister.

Bye the way, that was an extract
From an old Mallu film.
A runaway success.
We Malloos are honourable people
It is reflected in our art and life.

Maria Rose

A Snake In The Monkey Shadow

the eternal anastasia lures me.
for, still remains within me
the ruins of my heart unexcavated.
my silver skies fell
on my drainage, dripping
ruddy wastes, tempting
to choke me to deliverance

i often stumbled upon
the tender fragments of my fleshy pump.
a shadow with a dangling snake
crawled over my oval windows.
hushh..dont even think about it.
but speak up, as it comes
like an ejection that
pours forth without the ridiculous swinging.

i call him a nasty creature with a tail
in the wrong direction
it will be fair to twist his head back wards
to make him a normal monkey,
one that outwitted Darwin.

i feel an orgasmic pleasure
to think about the foolish ape
who imitated the wise wayfarer
who rubbed the double-edged sword
against his neck to fool the ape.
and his death by imitation,
when will such a godly wayfarer
come to tempt this monkey
to a foolish ludicrous death? ? ? ? ? ?
so that I can die a laugh unto death..

Maria Rose

A Tirade On Power

A tirade on Power, you mean?
Well...Exert whatever you have within you
Doesn't matter if you die during the process.
You followers will give you due respect.
Don't nurse even a passing thought
About those upon whom you exert.
If so, the effect will be ridiculous
And be ready to accept the insults for a life
Obscure? For instance,
While walking through a city of ants
Do not walk softly
And ponder about the lives you crush.
If so, the ant that saved from your shoe will scar
Your good name among the ants.
And they will disgrace the whole mankind.
So, as I told you,
If you don't want to be disgraced
By those upon whom you place your feet
Exert Whatever you have within you
Doesn't matter if you die..(O I told that)

Maria Rose

An Exorcist

I was not able to
Free anybody off their ghosts
Except mine.
The work claimed half of my life
For numerous ones
Possessed and haunted me
Which were passed on to me
From days and men of past.
Task was not an easy one
For most of them were
as ancient as civilization.
Ghosts of privileged
Language, colour, creed
Directions and gender.
They came back to me
Like rubber balls thrown at walls
'Cause they lived in the human souls
Since the ancient wizards
Made it their abode for
Centuries to come.
When they finally left me
I found myself left alone
In a world of people possessed.
World, a haunted house,
Tortured me till it left in me
Life only to raise my
Stake and hammer to my deliverance.
And thus ended the life of an exorcist.

Maria Rose

Asha And Forty Men

Asha was raped
By forty men.
Uncountable times, she said.
She was pregnant
With rage,
Disappointment
And an unwanted child.
My fellows (honourable they are)
Expected her to raise the child
With all her motherly instincts
As every women should.
She felt ashamed of herself
And aborted it to the shock of my people.
They shuddered to hear the news.
The whole State turned in their bed
And couldn't sleep for days.
What impudence! They said.
What a crime! They wanted to strangle her.
Seminars and meetings were held
To discuss her deed.
By the time
The forty men melted into my fellows
And couldn't be recognized
And separated.

As the culprits went free
My fellows drew out conclusions
In Barber shops and teashops
"It is not their faults" they said,
"She tempted them". That's it
"Let it be a lesson for all tempting woman"

Fortunately, she didn't wait
To hear the verdict.
Somebody visited her at the hospital.
She died.
Naturally.
Then we had her name.
Quite naturally.

So ended a life only to be
Canonized after centuries.

Maria Rose

B*stard

B*stards!

Well, what a punch!

I like the word

Because it has

The perfect punch for an invective.

Otherwise, what is in a b*stard?

Dictionary says that

It is a child born of parents

Not married to each other.

That is, one who is born free

From the clutches of patriarchy,

Men's weapon.

They behave as if

They were born from their father only.

No wonder they made it

A disgraceful condition.

Their Cowardly tricks!

B*stards!

(O what a punch!)

Maria Rose

Balloon And Parachute

My boyfriend and I
Grew up together as playmates.
In our twelfth year we went
to the Mountain of Gifts.
I found a Balloon and a Parachute
Whereas my pal got only a balloon.

Arose my balloon
To the sky with my ecstasy
Until a rapturous explosion
sinking me to a heavenly stupor
That trembled my soul as I descended
To a bluish-green lake of a sky
Floating in my Parachute.

Away somewhere my pal went up
To an upward Odyssey to a fatal explosion
And fell down to earth and broke his spine.
He was angry with me.
He chained me to him so that
I would never caress the sky alone.

He took me to the sky with him
And clung to me to get
A share of my parachute.
The burden brought us down so fast that it
nearly injured us both.
He was desperate.
He chained me tighter so that
I would never kiss the sky alone.

Years and years rolled by.
Still he is afraid of falling
from heights.
Still he has a faulty spine.
Still he used to beg ridiculously
for a share of my Parachute.

Becoming An Adult

The encircled A
On the erotic posters lured me.
My companion whispered:
"It means Adults Only".
I dreamt of becoming one.
Alas! When I became one,
What a heavy price I paid for it!
Before I could protest
Every thing was over.
I was cleanly packed and shelved
Like chilly powder made of fine brick.
It is true that becoming adult
Is a process of adulteration.

Maria Rose

Diaspora

When struggling against your nature,
Do at your own risk.
Before the destination
(If you have such a nation)
Your companions will betray themselves
And you.
No body warned me of this danger.
So now I am a diaspora
I started from everywhere
And never reached anywhere.
So, if some body tells you:
"Matters are so and so"
Believe absolutely
And never question and burn your brain
Unless you love to be a
Diaspora.

Maria Rose

Dirty Jobs

How unpredictable is
This whole dirty enterprise!
From the day I first saw a snake,
The sight that broke
My shells prematurely,
I dreaded a death
By being eaten by it.
Now, see what was in store for me.
Before long, I was
Made to eat a snake and died.
Quite prematurely.
What a terrible blow
I had from world's dirty job!

Maria Rose

Eve's Apple

i have every reason to believe
that God is a Man.
his voice was hard and rough
like my husband's
when he questioned me.
my trembling husband proved
that he is spineless
(like his sons) when he
washed off his hands.
he was rewarded
with power over me.
justice was done!
they have similar voice.
forgive me, my daughters.
but I don't regret for the fruit I ate
'cause it opened my eyes to see
the heart(!) of God and Man.

Maria Rose

Growth/ Innocence/ Adulthood

Fuelled by my innocence
I was on my way to the adulthood.
I had my own pace
I never hurried and
I never wanted to.
Some people around me
seemed to have found that
I was too slow and decided to speed me up.
It was an unexpected night.
(Otherwise I would have fled)
I know, a rough footstep,
the stench of whiskey and
a pair of rocky hands
drained my fuel and speeded me
up to the adulthood.
I grew up to realize
that Death is deliverance
and growth is fatal.

Maria Rose

In Such A Night As This.. (A Vampire Poem)

In such a night as this
I drove a stake through
the heart of the Day when
the mist entered my room
dissolved in yellow moonlight..

In such a night as this
I broke my mirror and
threw out of the window
my rosary and necklace
which bore the locket of sunlit day.

In such a night as this
my ears opened to the
unheard sweet tunes of the
Children of the Night..
(Listen to them. What music they make!)

In such a night as this
I pinched my heart and
drank the first
dropp of my love
And found my freedom.

Maria Rose

Jigsaw Puzzle

When night creeps up
lizardly
Upon the walls of daylight,
I love to play
A game of jigsaw puzzle
with my beloved,
till our candles
are burnt out.

Maria Rose

My Dream

Often I dreamt of
destroying her city
of islands and lakes.
I felt that she'd see
the heap of her city and regret
what she did to me.
I don't know why,
But dream, I did.

Maria Rose

My Handicap

A tragedy befell me.
I left my body in an attic
And went for some purpose.
I don't remember
What enticed me to do that.
I returned to receive
A shock of my life.
My body has lost its hairs
And termites came out
Through the holes they made in it.
The cheek bones were up
And wrists looked like twigs.
I froze to see my body
Beginning to rot.
When I began to put on my body
It revealed its pale gums
And mocked all smiles and me.
Today I'm handicapped
With the rottenness
I received from the temptation.
The penalty for abandoning my body
For the trust I had in the warmth of soul.

Maria Rose

My Room

Once—

The walls of my room was
made of silver stones of moon
and lighted by the stars of heaven.

My winged room flew
across the scapes of waters,
mountains and valleys

One day—

A monstrous snake crawled in
through the window extinguishing
the heaven-lent light out of my room.
I stood and shuddered in the Erebus of my room
in dread of the moment
the forked tongue lashed on my body.
In the brief lightening I saw
blood dripping from my moon-lent walls.

Afterwards—

Never light dawned upon me
And the fatal hissing trailed
Me rest of my darkness.
Some times I vainly tried to
wash away the stains from my walls
with my kisses and tears..

Maria Rose

Obsessed With Navel

Meet us
We Malloos are the people
Who are obsessed with
Peeping at the navels and cleavages of women
In the shadows of cinema.

See that new girl.
Beautiful isn't she?
Talented too.
But we haven't yet seen
Her expressions, but only
Her navel and cleavage
Attractively make upped.

See the innocent homely scenes
Where she portrays
The loving sister who brings up
Her little brother.
She is mother to him.
Tender, isn't it?
However, her navels and cleavages
Stands for her and do the acting for her.

Her father who toiled
Hard to grow her up died.
The corpse was kept in the drawing room.
We can hear her heartbreaking sobs
Near the coffin.
Tears flow like river
Comes down through
The cleavage and fills her navel.
What an imaginative shot!

Don't blame or tease us.
We sex starved lot
Let us free our repressions
By peeping at the navels and cleavages
And by making love with the air
In cinematic dances.

Maria Rose

The Eternal Saboteur: A Poem On Alfred Hitchcock

I am an anonymous lodger.
There is a corpse in my cupboard
With withered lips
And a ring in its frozen finger.
The now useless ring on its stiff fingers
is still a puzzle.
I can see a gloomy staircase
leading to a bell tower.
Whatever be the number of the steps to the top,
the fear of fall is a truth.
Don't fall in love.

* * * * *

His presence is obvious.
His unexpected cameos startle me.□
I feel the threat of a deadly rope
In my neckscape.
Sure, I am one who knew too much.
He desires my silence.
Ghouls of my sabotaged dreams
Frightens me to death.
The vision from my rear window
opens to the horror of violent birds
That kept circling in the psyche.
The sound of their wings steals my sleep.

* * * * *

An ominous day opened my ears
To a fatal dial tone
That pursued me ad infinitum.
I must flee.
Any moment He will dial the number I dreaded.
I am afraid of trains.
There will be strangers on trains
On your trail, He tells me

* * * * *

The frenzy of my flight is sure to ungrave
My stage fright, despite all rehearsals, I know.

Que Sera Sera.
Future's not ours to see.
Sure, God is the bulky guy
Who carries a bird on the tip of his cigar,
The eternal saboteur.

**Inspired from Alfred Hitchcock and his films. The publicity still for the film
"The Birds" had Hitchcock with a bird on the tip of his cigar

Maria Rose

Tom, D*ck And Harry

Once Tom, D*ck and Harry
went to a café to have a tea.
The waiter who opened
the door for them
never realized that they were
God, Satan and Man respectively.
Tom sipped the tea
and said solemnly:
"Bye the way, D*ck, I still insist that
Harry and his gang
should accept my dominance'.
D*ck smiled serpently,
"Let them, but take my word, Tom,
I will be there as
A good adversary for you"
The arguments went on.
Harry was bored to death.
(He was also worried, 'cause
his pockets were empty)
At last he said: "Alright, my boys
I will suggest a fair solution.
You see, Tom, we will
honor your name every moment
(D*ck pays the bill)
and follow D*ck's course
Agreed? Now shake hands! '

Maria Rose

Unshaken Facts

Children, innocent children, they said.
Fathers, protecting angels, they continued.
Then they said about mothers
Who are bywords of
Patience, endurance and love.
Teachers are pieces of God, they added.
They were very confident
About what they said
And I swallowed what they said
Until I met those lonely ones
Who wandered afar from the flock.

One of them told me of
His schoolmates who
Cut the throat of his kitten
That followed him to the school.
Another told of the nightmare times
When she kept a knife
Under her pillow,
Shuddering about the dark hours
When her Papa crawled in and groped
Her inner thighs
Emitting mixed stench of bidi and arrack.
A stone faced girl
Touched her scars on her forehead
And recounted how her Mama
Rubbed her face against the cement wall
For making errors in her
Multiplication table.
Her friend remembered how her
Schoolmaster trapped her in the library
To teach how men masturbate.
In my vertigo, I vomited the empty rhetorics
My fellows stuffed in me
As if they are unshaken facts
It is obvious that
All statues are not made in the same mould.

Whales And Harpooners

I saw the streets full of harpooners
Hurrying eagerly,
Fondling the pointed ends of their tool
Ecstatically, probably,
Imagining a forthcoming hunt.
As the small streets gave way to
Highways and broadways,
The school of harpooners
Became a kind of curious procession,
Though they were ignorant about it.
They all did caress their harpoons,
Ah yes, ecstatically, as I said before.
And the whales..
They bore the evident of the harpooners' enthusiasm.
I watched them from height
From where I saw them swimming alert
Through the salty blue expanse
which was reddening slowly.
Cruelly decorated with harpoons
Some of them resembled
Swimming porcupines.
Some of them fearfully
Came to the surface to sigh, gasp and die,
While some new born cubs were ripped apart
Bathing their mother with doubly salty blood.
Some others dared to flee
With the ropes on them
Only to be pulled by the hunters
Whenever they encountered again.
The sun was about to set
But I was sure the twilight was not responsible
For the reddening of the horizon.
Then I left the city against the hurrying crowd
As fast as I can eying if I see a sapphire shore some where.
And I never regretted the harpoon I inherited
Though I was ridiculed to death by my fellow men
For what I did.

