

Poetry Series

Ponniah Ganeshan
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ponniah Ganeshan(Sept.06,1950)

The things that I would like to share

I have never planned my life and similarly I have never been
Defeated in my life either
Yet, when I let things go on the ways of their own,
And start appreciating them,
I feel that likes become dislikes
Dislikes become like at times
That they become traces of life
Always, Always and Always.

Talking things and thinking to talk things
And things we are told,
Behold things and thinking to behold at things,
Similarly the things we hear and things we are heard
Always refine life as I feel.

I am one who likes to behold things at life
As a beautiful dream.
Because, I myself become a dream one day.

WHO AM I.

During my school career probably in 1967, I was much interested appreciating poems in Tamil, my mother tongue and wanted to write similar poems. I started writing poems in traditional ways that is to say with rhymes. I well remember when I was 16 years old, I wrote a poem and sent it to a Tamil magazine where it was published in the children corner. I can not tell how much I had been delighted. The poem was about the SKY which was like this as far I remember its words if I put it in English.

The sky is so high and blue in colour
Where beautiful stars and clouds live together
With happy and gay

The sky is endless and keeps us wondering
On days with sun and at night with moon shining

The sky is everywhere above our heads
The sky is the source of everything for our lives
It goes and goes beyond with no end.

I had written more poems of this nature during my school career but I did not have a single one in my possession. Most of them were published in Tamil Newspapers and Magazines. Then I started writing love poems during my teenage when I was reading GCE (A.L) . I had written a number of such poems But I can not remember all such poems. Indeed, I had a collection of my poems with reference to Newspapers and Magazines published. Unfortunately, I had lost it due to a cyclone that hit my area in the year 1977. In course of time, I had published a quarterly Magazine " KEETRU" in Tamil meaning flash of light. One Logendralingam Kalaikolunthan and myself were the Co editors to this magazine. The articles and poems contained in this magazine were unlike those published in mass media but they were of serious and intellectual thinking and thought provoking. We could be able to publish 7 Issues and copies of some of such Issues are still me.

During the year 1997, I have published a collection of my poems titled " A Space in a Space within " which contained some poems written by me in English. This book was reviewed by Mr. ajah who says,

" Kalllooran (the Pen Name of Ponniah Ganeshan) also known as Pon Ganesh, has brought forth a book of poems under title " Velikkul Veli" which means a space in a space within. It has been published by "View-Gum, a quarterly magazine only known among serious Tamil literary limited circles.

The collection of poems contains 29 Tamil and 5 English poems. The poet declares about ' the point from where his poems begin' that his goal is journeying beyond time and space losing all his identities. And he says, he is only journeying with a soul of his own. The poet has had close contact with the JVP comrades during the year 1978 and he was greatly disappointed and dissatisfied with their activities. He symbolizes Karl Marx, Lenin and Castro only to convey that he was much interested in communist philosophy and that he lost faith in it due to chauvinistic attitude of the so-called comrades. So he states in the Free-verse like prose which speaks of the Point from where his poems begin.

Kalllooran says in one of his English poems,

" I am given an animal's name

In a land of people
For I am taught to see
Only my fame
In Newspapers, over radio
And television,
In kitchen
Even in toilets
I look for my name in vain”

In a Tamil poem, he says,

“ A death is only with a few leaves of life
And a life with some dead thorns of death
Scare-crown are made alive:
With my death and life
With his life and death ”

Kallooran in his anguished exploration of his humanness, tries to show,

“ Journeying beyond time and space,
Depriving of all my identities crowned,
I am out in a space within
All beyond the blade of a grass
All beyond the blade of a flower:

On the whole, the poems of Kallooran, are so impressive to the extent that they cannot simply be set aside. ”

WHERE DO MY POEMS BEGIN FROM:

I was told that God existed and I believed. For the sake of His pleasure, I gave up eating fish and meat. I used to apply Holy Ashes on my forehead and display flowers in my ears. The God was in the detention of my parochial room with the smell of incense sticks and of camphor.

“Release Him ”

“Release Him ”

Karl Marx and Lenin with their comrades gathered my compound and obstructed my way. All my Angels were chased out of my dreams. I was caught in-between

without a land to rest and without a sky to fly out.

“Who am I? ”

“Who am I? ”

“Wherein lain my existence? ”

The down-trodden seen and no man was found being sinned. I accepted it. All my gods had become mere idols without a tongue to talk. Enjoyed breaking of what I thought was ideal. I was in the company of comrades. I was in the company of Vietnam fighters. Castro was with a garland and his magnificent cap on head. Che-Quera shook hands with me. I rejoiced.

Then saddened my heart, all of a sudden
The flames of fire everywhere encountered.
Houses were burnt down
Paddy fields and trees burnt to ashes.
Human were burnt alive.
The dead body of a young boy who was killed, was brought and laid
Among corpses with lacerated chest by bullets.
They said,
He was one of my brothers.

“ Catch him up ”

“ Catch him up ”

There were my comrades who shouted towards me. I took to my heels. They tried to fix me up assembling with my identity.
One by one
Opening the box where they kept hidden
I took to my heels.

Heard a voice – the murderer was resembled with my identities.
Another death thrustered upon me.
All burial grounds began to open
Their greedy mouths one by one..
I fell down, lying in a street.
There was a man who took me in his arm
And made to quench my thirst.
The man bears a name similar to mine.
My eyes were brimful of tears.

Where are my comrades with the dress

Of magnificent red color?

"Who am I? "

"Who am I? "

Guns sprouted every where
And heard blasting of everything, everywhere.
The sky is measured
And stars are counted and accounted.
Leaders are made pictures
Hanging on walls with garlands.

I am again at the place from where I started.
Yet my journey is with different sun and stars shining above.

I rub and rub and write myself again and again.
My poems, the manifestation of what I observe with my empty
Mind and heart,
Are smiling flowers that bloomed
In a corner
Only to visible for those who are
In anguished exploration of humanness.
I feel that I become nothing with everything.

A Suicide

There was a moth
Hovering around the lamp
At night Flying
I warned her not to be killed by herself
I said, asking
' Why do you welcome the death on your own'
But said, she replying
'Let the lamp itself realize
That I myself had a heart
Before my death'

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Beautiful Thought Of Life

I lit my heart with a lamp to dispel dark
and become light
Of my hardships, everyday
To allow beautiful thoughts, chasing
Unwanted thoughts to enter
Towards a path of beautiful life
With beautiful outlooks
That bring a smile and spread happiness
To others..
'To look back and gain experience
To look forward and to see hope
To look around and find reality
And to look within and find myself! '□

No body like to occupy
A place of abode □
Dilapidated and ruined
Nor a house made of nasty matters
With bad smell around
I try to lit my heart and make it a place
As a temple
To let the Almighty come down
To sit and bless me

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Birth Day Wish

A BIRTH DAY WISH

What picture shall I draw
On the 44th page
Of your life today?
A sea gull
Flying beyond the horizon
And a lonely boat down the sea
Sailing?

Yes, the sea gulls
Still flying and flying beyond
Unnoticing the lonely boat
Which is sailing and sailing.

What is the destination
The bird is flying towards
When every target in the vast universe
Fails.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Birth Day Wish For A Comrade.

I paint you not as I saw
But as I think
Your face emerges beautifully
In my memory
On this date of your birth!

I found the paints in a mixture
of reddish color
collected on the Long March of Mao Tse Tung
I cut down a piece of canvas out of the ether
And placed it on my wall
I also made a brush out of the cigar held in the mouth of
Che Guevara
I started painting you
Not as I saw, but as I think.

Down-trodden, oppressed and suppressed
Are rushing to look at your picture
Wishing you a long life
The picture with the flagrant smelling
Of thoughts from Karl Marx.
Long live my comrade.

You talk about revolution
You talk about the history of class struggle
Telling us not to wait till the apple is ripe
But lets make it fall.

In a land where even the children and women are killed,
We managed to live long and you, turning the sixtieth page of your life
And I am just fourth page behind in the book of life, myself.
Yet, I may be disappeared beforehand
Jumping up hundred feet ahead, all of a sudden
And it is not in our hand.

Take up the clear stream that freely flows within my heart
Accepting it as my present on your birth day
The stream with no intention to quench one's thirst
The stream with no intention for anyone to wash his dirt

I, myself become the stream for you to wish you, all the best.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Cat Sleeps

Devotees of all faiths
Aware!
The god with its old book torn
The god with its broken pen
The god with its swords
Blunt. Appear before
Temples, churches and mosques
All the populars wear the color
And quiver of bells.

Learn to accept the kisses
of your fate
No dogmas nails any faith
In some norther city of steel
Vegetation.

A cat with its paws and claws and with its ruthless blood
Sleeps in me
Hunting the rats in my dream

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Confession

You need not kiss
This small heaped corpse of mine
You need not either
Hate my soul which confines to a huddled
Room;
I am tattered and torn by a
Thousand small things;
Into the repetition of my love and hatreds
I lost my legs to walk and tired
I am soiled and being hung
On a wall invisible high above.

When I am brought before you
I become loose- ends,
Slipping away.
Yet I face your outermost will
Of the determined love at times
The darkness
The darkness.

Whenever I look out
Only the street devoid of any stirring
Or movement
Comes across.
I can not count stars, trees and leaves
In this vast universe
And keep account.

I set fire to all shattered pieces
In my head within
The burning in a burning within.

My blackness thickens
When I am brought before a blunt probe
I am caught between your tyrannous pressure
And black resistance
My blackness thickens.

A Last Respect To A Friend

You have decorated my face
According to your whims and fancies
Or based on thrust with your thinking
From that days onward, all words I had for you,
Disappeared
All smiles I had for you.
Dried up and vanished.

Among the flies swarming around your dead body,
I am disqualified even to pay my last respect,
With this thought, With this thinking,
I place my wreath at your head
Not to be seen by anyone
Yet your memory is lighted up
In the oil lamp with a pedestal.

The soul is accountable for the body
As long as it is alive
And the body become corpse when the soul
Is passed out of it on a date unknown to us
The advantage of the soul is to keep it up empty,
Without allowing unwanted things to invade
To have peaceful mind till the body meet its fate.
My dear Friend!

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Lazy Morning

A cup of tea placed by my head
Not with a word
Certainly not with a kiss
Felt only a small patting on shoulder
I did not sleep but was sleeping.

Stirrings of small souls
From the mats towards their cups
A laziness crept.
And I felt for my tea
Lifted I, my head from the pillow
With the same pain in the back
Became a snake, to drink the tea.

Man-made noises, nuts cracking
Clinking and hammering at the next door garage
A replacement of singing birds, trees and flowers
Of long forgotten
I did not sleep but was sleeping.

Crying of the younger one
For going early to school
The grown up daughter for her pocket money
And the continuous shouting of the mother
I did not sleep but was sleeping.

Clinging of utensils
Sound of flashing water
Now and then
I now have to get up with the
Resistance of the void
Paining mind with the refused sex
Let me walk into the alleys
Of crowded hearts collecting broken shadows,
Yet, with a longing for a different morning
With its birds, flowers and dew dropp wet.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A National Anthem

This is you say, it is you, yourself
This is you say it is you, your language itself
This is you say, it is you, your country.
Yet you obstruct
From telling me
In my mother tongue.
That it is we are all together
That they are our languages
It is our country for ourselves.

Think not
That the war cropped up
Out of this conflict, is ended up
Think not
That those who are fallen
Will not rise again.

I am still bringing flowers
Yet, some of you
The elements made up of mere
Politics,
Are coming to vulgarize my image
and pain
My pure heart

Ponniah Ganeshan

Ponniah Ganeshan

A New Year Greeting.

Lets say Good-bye for this year,
Closing the door of December
And lets welcome the new year,
Opening the door of January.
With a bunch of flowers
Full of new hopes and aspirations
Yes, nothing ends and its another beginning.
Wish you all, Merry Christmas
And Happy New Year!

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Pain Of Heart

A pain of heart.

When the window closed for years
Opened slowly and softly again,
The pond in my heart
Overflowed with our sweet memories
and smiled as beautiful flowers
In my garden.
The flowers bloomed after a shower
As if in a morning time.

When your blunt probe exhibited on my wall,
All birds in the river dried up
Flew away, leaving me alone.

When the window was thrust shutting up
Before my face,
What entangled in it, was only
My heart itself
Yet, with your tears oozed as well.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Parcel In A Coffin

Suddenly, I have become a parcel in my dream
Bundled up to be sent somewhere,
Being confined with contents
I could not see the address above
Written.

Where am I to be taken and delivered?

I shouted and shouted for no one listened
I felt that someone taking me somewhere.

Being detained into the parcel
I felt as if I was in prison
Having disappeared and removed
out of my environ
For reason unknown

I was then taken hither and thither.
In a coffin, shouldered by four men
Two in front and two behind
Finally I am undelivered
and returned to my address

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Prayer

I enjoy the pleasure of
Being hated by all
Cos' when I am right
No one remembers
And when I am wrong
No one forgets.
Let me pass the days till I pass way
And enjoy the ultimate goal of my life.
Amen.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Pursuit

In the buses I travel
On the street I walk
I see men and women
Without legs moving
Without hands eating and working
I see men and women
Without eyes looking and enjoying

All disables and blind begging from
Others Alas!
I asked my religion
Why it is
I am told that they suffer because of the past
Deeds in their pervious births.
Do they realize it?
I asked.
It is not the case in issue
Yet it is the case where
You are born only to love everybody and everything
To become its master
Not to hate them to become its slave
So be kind and affectionate
Towards such destitute
She said.
Yes, I have my legs of my own to walk
I have my eyes of my own to feast
So, I am are fortunate
My knowledge is stopped at this point
As I feel.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Thought For Tamil And Sinhala New Year

Tamil and Sinhala New Year

Comes again and knocks at our doors,
Passing a message made of no words
Of your language nor of mine
Yet with the message
Made of brotherhood
And neighborhood.
Shall we celebrate the new year
Sharing your 'kiribath' with my milk rice
In a plate
Forgetting that you are a Sinhalese
And I am a Tamil?

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Tribute To A Friend Who Was Disappeared

My friend who was abducted by an armed group
Has come to see me smiling
With the face covered by shyness.
'How did you come', I asked him.
Again, he covered his face with shy.
'I did not go anywhere. I am here itself ', said, he.
'Yet, I only see you today ', said I.
'I heard that you were made offered at the alter
As the scapegoat.
I did not see even your dead body'
He did not tell anything, being silent.
Again I asked him
'How did you come from there'
Then he started crying, weeping,
And telling, 'I am still disappeared. yet
I am alive with you'
I waked up and see that I am on my bed.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Tribute To A Man Made Of Flesh And Blood.

I do not have tools and equipment to measure stones and store
Nor do I speak to bags of sand and mixture of cement
If I speak to them, sure they would laugh at me like you.

The ground your feet tread is yours
And I see thereunder
The beautiful waterfall
And up above, the never ending universe
With stars and moons not belonged to anyone.
The space in a space within

The concrete structure with iron bars and poles
Are nothing to me.
The dust, powder and trashes of soil, sand and earth
Depositing on the heads of workmen
And on the grasses lying crying
Under the concrete structures
And noises of the machineries, are painful to me.

You may laugh at me if you need
I do not mind.
Yet your head with the grey hair
Is always something great to me I find
Because, I do not image anybody
How is he or she gets rid of his or her waste matter.
In the toilets.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Tribute To Candidates Contesting At Elections.

An apple is an Apple
And you can not change it as a coconut
By making a decision.
Likewise, the mango is the mango
And you can not make it as an orange
Or anything else
On a decision of your own
At meetings and discussions
Passing a decision
This is the fact of existence.
You can make decisions and decisions
In majority
Yet you can not change its reality

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Tribute To My Bohamian

I waited for you bohemian
To carry on the torch of my friendship
Yet, by the time I came,
You were absent and your chair was empty
To my utter grievance
Where did you go anyway
I heard you have passed away
In your sleep
Leaving me alone
And you would not see me again
And so do I.
This is the life after all, we shared all along
The man who was yesterday, is no more today

Still I see, the glamorous swans
The irksome and intellectual owl
With luminous round holes
Of blinking lamps
Ruminating on the trickles of fetched
Post modernism
Enjoying at the pond without your presence.

I still see the old chimpanzees
Jabber in the politics
Sitting at the table
With the glass of drinks
To overcome the inertia
And empty articulation
The days without you, are so painful
May your soul rest in peace

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Tribute To Prabakaran

I am as grievous as you
Enter thee bottom
Of my heart, its true
A man am I, as though
With an identity
Against any treacheries
Against any blood being shed
At any cost,
Read my heart not assigning
Any mark.

We are filled with spaces and time
And called by names
A man by any name,
Sounds as human
Devoid of any identity

You hate an image
Developed by years!
And it's true he cost many lives
Of human blood
Realize my plight
I still do not hate him
For I am a dog
Wagging my tail.
Without knowing he cost my life
Without knowing he cost my land!

I weep for you, shedding my blood
From the bottom of my heart
But who is hereso base
That would be a human
Human in a sense of human
If any, speak for him
Have I offended.

Who is here with clean hands
Clean hands in a sense of
Clean hands

If any, speak for him
Have I offended.

Who is here so vile that
Will not love his community
With its own identity
If any, speak for him
Have I offended.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Vs A

A vs A

The death flickers with a few leaves of life;
And the life struggles with many
Flickering thorns of death
All scarecrows are made alive
By my death and life
By your life and death.

They dragged and brought me
Before the judge.
'My Lord, what I say is truth
And nothing but truth '
'Are you guilty of being rejoiced
and the killing of our soldiers? "

They dragged and brought him
Before the judge.
'My Lord, what I say is truth
And nothing but truth '
'Are you guilty of being rejoiced
and the killing of our freedom fighters? "

I took to my heels
He took to his heels
The death flickers with a few leaves of life;
The life struggles with many
Flickering thorns of death.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Wedding Greeting

We have come from a place unknown to us
We'll set off to a place unknown to us.
Like dew drops on a date not determined by anyone.
In between the life sings the songs of its own,
We as bees upon flowers and again upon buds and
Blades bloomed.

I wish you JEYA
I wish you YOGES
A happy wedded life
Let your first foot step, testify to this land
With new dimension and innovation.

Children are not ours
They are the sons and daughter of life's
Longing for itself.
And it is true,
They do not come from you but through you
Give your affectionate love but not your thoughts
Souls dwell in the house of tomorrows
You are the bows from which the children
As living arrows, are sent forth.

Future is not to be foretold
It is in our hands to be created
With this thought,
I wish you JEYA
I wish you YOGES

Let your first step
Testify to this land with new dimension
And innovation
In the next phase of the journey
Of your life.

Ponniah Ganeshan

A Word In Your Ear

It is so painful
You have become so small, sir,
As if the vast ocean is reduced into a nutshell

You failed to raise your head
Up above the sky
Failed to look beneath
Earth,
There are how many stars
Shining beyond the sky
The earth embedded with gold and treasure
Yet you failed to speak about them

Where do you hide your heart
and come here
Go, run and bring the heart
and put it in its place

Look at the green grass and flowers
Blooming in the plain
They smile in some rainy day
Not expecting anything in return.
Speak to the heart that weeps
When a man is murdered or killed
Not looking into his identities
Of any kind!

Lets open all our doors
Without confining to a corner
and let the rays of the sun
shine our entire soul for ever

Ponniah Ganeshan

After Everything Is Over....

What are those penetrating eyes
Telling me and wanted to set fire into my heart?

After everything burnt to ashes.
After all birds set off from here
From the pond so dried up
and vanished.

I am made hard as a rock
Not to feast my eyes on the things of beauties
With flowers boomed,
Not to pain with heat of the poaching sun
Or feel the showering of the rain.

What are those penetrating eyes
Telling me and wanted to set fire into my heart?

Ponniah Ganeshan

Agony Of Being Humane

The world is at loggerheads
One against the other,
Fighting.

Even in my dreams
Demons and angels fight and fight
Falling.

In this kingdom of animals
Which is only to the fittest of the fittest,
What place is for a man like me
Who still wants to be humane

Among the men of odd character
Who only identify the world
With destruction,
Among the men made of papers
And documents
Who lack value education
What place is for a man like me
Who still wants to be humane.

Even a child comes with a toy gun
And threatens me with death,
Pointing at my forehead.

All are being probed and probed
With and within one self
And no one is an exception
It is the rule being most effective
Beyond the knowledge of our conception.

The entire universe is happened to be
Disappeared
When you close your eyes
Then what matters whether you are dressed on
Or you are naked,

Yet, I see
When something presses me
Towards death
Some other thing comes up
With flowers to make me singing
As words, words and words of poetry

Ponniah Ganeshan

An Ode For A Man Of Men

Abdul Kalam, the man of dream
Lived a perfect life,
Creating beauty out of chaos
Is no more now in our midst.

It is the rule applicable to all
With no exception
Whether you may be a king
Or a man in the street.

I always focus on days
That are coming around
As I move and move
Yesterday was not like today
And today will not be as tomorrow
Everything changes
From moment to moment
The man who was alive yesterday
Is no more today.

This is the world of life where everything
Is changing from moment to moment
I take my hat off to you sir
Abdul Kalam for the life you led humane
And shared,AMEN!

Ponniah Ganeshan

Arrival Of The Bird With A Word Of Grief

Out of the black water
And from the waking of the gently
Thought about her
A lonely bird came and rested
Upon the branch of my bones.

She did not utter a single word
And so did I, too.

It was after a long time
Her arrival.

The bird
Pecking and pecking with its tiny beak
In search of something
On my branch sitting
My heart so brimful of tears, flows out
I have closed my eyes.
I have closed my eyes
For a sigh
For a sigh I of relief.

The waves that are thrown against
With words and words...
Return to the same spot
Hitting their heads again and again
To the shore
Only to find their way home
Being disappointed.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Before Shutting The Lid Of The Coffin.....

What destination

I am rushing towards, taking my heels?
Is it towards those which are only shadows
Being with me talking, smiling and enjoying
The things that are nothing but noting

When I am crying

The sun comes only to extreme point
For I have to wait again
Chasing those shadows
Till the sun set down
They say

It is the town of wild life

I am created with so many legs and hands
To run and run with no end.

Let anybody spit upon my face and go
I don't care

I am now in a coffin with lid not yet closed

My corpse is smelled with incense sticks
With flowers made of papers
There are relatives and friends ready to pay tribute
Saying goodbyes.
Let crows wait to pull out my eyes
And so the dogs to pull me out and tear out
my dead body out of the grave

Yet what it is it all!

Look yonder my grief mingled
with drop by drop trickling into the ocean
and the waves take them up with wind
and roar

Ponniah Ganeshan

Beginning And Ending

Beginning and Ending

I move walking with a beginning
and stop with an ending
And again with an ending and then with a beginning
Not towards anything, my friend,
But towards nothingness
Forgetting myself with a cup of wine
In order to dance with leaves of a tree as the breeze
Cheerfully,
In order to bear up the pain of my heart
Sorrowfully
Over the unholy men in holy order
Over the sordid attitude of my country men in power
No one needs any weapon to kill me
I myself dissolve into times and vanish in thin air

I am aware of my death, sure
And I do not fear
I try to celebrate my life all the time.

Whether you are going to live or die
Whether I am going to live or die, ever
The world remains, changing
And changing forever.
I move walking with a beginning
and stop with an ending

-Ponniah Ganeshan

Ponniah Ganeshan

Being Something To Somebody

Give me no opportunities
To show my meanness
In my thoughts or deeds
For I am a part of this vast universe
Made with flowers, rivers and stars

Give me opportunities
Always to love every thing and every body

Let me help to think
That I am not merely a man
Made with flesh and blood
That I am not everything to every body
Yet I like to be something to somebody

Ponniah Ganeshan

But Not To...

You have eyes to see
and feast with things of beauties
But not of nasty, dirt and foul matters
You have ears to listen
the songs of sweetness
But not of bitterness
You have heart to help others
in need with sense of kindness
and compassion
But not of taking revenge
Nose to smell
the fragrance
But not to smell nausea
And mouth to talk and voice
For what is wrong and right.
'cause, it is in a fraction of a second
The life ends
and you need every second to live alive.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Dream Into Dreams

I was lying drowned into my dream
Each wave took me up and down
Out of the black ocean and made me floating
On the surface at last.
I felt as if something so heavy pulling me
Towards,
I was struggling with waves being pulled me up
And pushing me down
Then I found in my hand
A book
I read and read
Alas!
All the pages spoke about my drawings
And poems
I turned the pages carefully one by one
And found to my surprise.
One page was left blank
Much worried as to why
And I shouted at the waves.
No response at once
I shouted again
Then, I heard a soft voice
From somewhere
'I am here'
Then I noticed her beautiful face
Started to appear shining in the blank page
with full of life bright
Oh, dear, I asked her
'Do you think I forget you for ever'
She blinked her eyes and said' No dear'

Ponniah Ganeshan

Ethnic Problem

Shall I compare thee to a grown up female seen naked?
The young girl with figures in full
Blossoms.
Your naked body pricks all hearts
As a thorn.

Even I too fear being carried away
Looking at your nudeness
By a lustful desire cropped up
In my heart
It is true, attractive and charming
The nudeness of you
If seen, it spread like wild fire
In every nook and corner
The lust, the Lust.

Look at those kings
Kings by office and murderers by trade
Enjoying your nude body
Sitting comfortably
Licking tongues.
Their tasty only to remove
Your clothes and at your dance.

Do you hear of Dutchathana
The lustful king who did remove
The clothes of Queen Duropatha
And met their fate
Thigh broken and blood drunken
By her brave and honest kings.

Let Lord Krishna appear
One day in this land, I believe
To cover yourself with clothe, HE gives
Gauging nasty eyes gazing
At your nude body like bulls

Ponniah Ganeshan

For The Sake Of Rome

We had of a long tired journey
Since Big March,83
Talking in a blank verse
Being falser than vows
Made in wine
And deep ignorant, we did not seem
We all yet make from,
The whole, our times of folly, noise
And sins make
Our outstretched arms
From one sun to the next
Looked only for the forged keys
And failed to open in us
A window for happy living
Fining no comport in neat terms
Let's not crown the season's fame!

A prickling thorn spared the best
For wounding my finger
And to my hook, longer.
The sky pulled more and more higher
Just to pluck the fruit at hand
Let's not talk for the sake of throne
Yet for the sake of Rome
They have the same dagger for themselves
When it shall need our land
To their end.

Shall our ROME smile again
Crowning our better parts
With its clocks and bells and flowers
Stirring the blood of the big robots.

Ponniah Ganeshan

For The Sentence With A Fullstop

I am made up of a sentence
with some words.
Moving and moving till my last breath
And vanishing in thin air
With a full stop, a comma
Or a question mark.

Sometime, I may become a poem
With some words
For you to read and enjoy;
Or a message to be thrown in to a dustbin
Which I don't mind

The words contained in my sentence
Are only with love and affection
Towards all living beings.
Yet I fail at times.

There are sentences ended up by a comma
or by a semicolon or by a question mark
Yet, I long for a full stop atleast
Living a life and rest in peace

Ponniah Ganeshan

For Those Who Live With Their Whims And Fancies

You might have drawn a line around you
and living within a circle of your own
Decorating your face with your words and
thoughts
thrust my heart.

All words about you
are vanished in thin air from then onward
out of my thoughts
All my smiles towards you
Are dried up from then onward
Out of my heart.

You are dead and gone
With the same face. words and thoughts
About me,
Without any chance to know me
And move, share and spare.

I am disqualified
To pay you even the last tribute
Among the flies, swarming around
Your dead body.
Yet, I place a bunch of roses at your head
For you to be the green grass above me.

Ponniah Ganeshan

From The Black Ocean

I saw you in my dream last night after so many years
You would have seen me too, in yours
I believe
The way we departed from each other is full of grief
The grief that no one could endure in life
Your face emerged from the black ocean
Glittered with a smile deeply hidden of thousands of words
That I myself could only read
With the silence that I could only enter and dip

You asked me how and I asked you the same
We shared the days we had enjoyed together
I came to grief when your face suddenly vanished
And only half seen
I shouted I wanted to see your face again
The face I long and never forgotten
The face, the face with lips sweetened
With the widen eyes, sharpened nose and cheek
Lightening
In my poem written

But your face vanished in thin air
Leaving me high and dry
I am left with nothing but your sweet memory
Yet, I am awaiting for another night to see your face
Will you appear again
And solace my wounded heart, at least in dream

Ponniah Ganeshan

From The Point Where My Feelings Struggle To Come Out.....

The memories of the days I moved and moved with you
Emerge,
From a point where words struggle to express;
Your voice is heard
From a point where nothing can be heard;
Your face emerges, shining
Out of a point where nothing is visible.

Let those who are merely made of
Flesh and blood,
Let those who are made of papers and documents
Forgive.

Even a grass has its identity of its own
As you always say
Exploring into treasure of human values.

You are no more
Yet, you are seated in a throne
Embedded with jewels
In a cottage made of cadjan leaves
I feel you as the breeze passing by
I see you with things of beauties all around.
And I am proud
You were with me, sharing things and drinks

Ponniah Ganeshan

Getting Into The Head And Getting Out Of The Heart

I am at my wit's end, not to know
what to do
Of what happening around me,
The things I see with my naked eyes,
Are turned to be only a dream
The things I hear and things that I read,
Are turned to be only an imaginary
With no reality.
All these seem to be a mystery
Without any understanding to me.

I am at my wit's end, not to know
what to do
Of what happening around me
Time moves slowly unlike the days I enjoyed
In the past
And I kill and kill the time to live my life
As if it is my last day now on this earth!

Everything in the world is twofold
Day moves with night and night with day
Men move with women and women with men
Positive versus negative
The world is at its wheel.
It is the outcome of thinking more
Without getting out of the head
And forgetting of feeling more and more
Without getting into the heart
And suffer!

Ponniah Ganeshan

Good Bye My Sweet Heart

GOODBYE SWEET HEART

Where do you want to take
All my sad notes
When every eye of heart's fountain
Dried up in this waste land
When my last word too
Defeated to the last straw.

Farewell, oh, my sweet thought
The thought where I gently float.
Let me remain here itself
With bruised wounds
Being all my dreams shattered to ground.

Oh, my sweet thoughts
Flow not again out of my deep sea
As rising waves
Throw not my messages in vain
Again and again.

I am thrown lying
In my silence, are all my dreams buried
I am lying thrown in my street
Like an empty mutilated tin
Exhausted all of its contains.

Farewell, oh, my sweet thought
The thought where I always gently float
The death is certain
Yes honey, it's for me too
Yet I see not yours in any of my scripts
Even I myself request.

Farewell, oh, my sweet thought
Oh, my sweet heart, farewell to thee
Is the love narrowed only to a fire
Whenever I like to light
And whenever you like to put it out?

Ponniah Ganeshan

Hail Peace

Hail peace
Hail peace
Though hell should bar the way
Let's all pray.

No more tears on our faces
No more blood on our streets

With tearful eyes
Lacerated chest
And blood everywhere
In the streets
We spent days
On the bed of agony.

The sins of our past
Be buried and forgotten
Let's write a fresh chapter
In the scripts of the world
Wearing fresh hearts
And see,
The terror will not raise its
Ugly head again.

Hail peace
Hail peace
Though hell should bar the way
Let's all pray.

□

Ponniah Ganeshan

Hating And Greeting

You may hate me or greet me
Yet, hating and greeting have now
Become one and same to me, my friend!
I might be hated by you for something
And you might hated me for any other thing
I might greet or hate you
Hating and greeting may seem different to one
Another
Yet, they are nothing but one
When I heard a voice within me
'There is a pleasure of being hated by all'

Ponniah Ganeshan

Hope

Built a house of mine
With my tears and blood
For a man to emerge:

Sang a song of mine
With flute made of my flesh and bones
For a man to listen:

The sun came only to burn
The man came only to loot my house
And tear my song.

Yet, I, as the chanter of pains and joys
Believe, firmly believe
That the sun has rays to shine
That the man has heart to share
For me and those yet to be born.

Ponniah Ganeshan

House, Heart And The World At Large

I keep my house and compound clean
Removing wastes and unwanted things
And planting trees and plants
that blooms with flowers
Beautifying all my environs,

And so do keeping my body and mind clean
Not allowing bad things to get into my mind
Telling lies and be dishonest contrary to my conscience
I beautify my heart and mind
With words and deeds
Trying not to harm anybody or anything

I pray the Almighty to help me
Keeping it up
Celebrating my life
Till my death.

Ponniah Ganeshan

I Am Not Glad Of Another Death

My Lord,
Why do you wage war against me
Killing me, my children
I am innocent and unarmed
See the wounds
You have inflicted in my heart
Heal my wounds my lord
Without burying me alive.

My men going out for their daily bread
Fall dead
In their fields
In their streets
And in the schools too,
Our children always in fear
Meeting their early grave.
Your guns have no brains
Five feet and 35 inches
Are the long and the wide
It's true
Come I'll all the grief prove.

Am I your enemy my lord?
Why do you wage war against me
Not a single day breaks
Without death or blood.
The death which has become delicious
And which we carry every minute.

Low hangs the moon
At times, she forgets to come
And even when she comes
Not a single word she speaks
Silently moving, moving and vanishing
Not a single street
Escaped an exception being bathed
In the blood
In the tears.

Ask my morning birds
When did they sing last
Ask my children
When did they laugh last
And the moon and the stars
Shone and twinkled with happy smile.

Broken are my bows
And the honors I offered
My Lord,
Let me speak to Lord Buddha
He too is in pain of His heart
To whom you worship, without shame
Offering flowers soaked in my blood
Let Him see me and my house
Which darkens with sorrow.

Why do you wage war against me
Am I your enemy?
No I am not.
I am as dead by the war
Declared upon me.
Death closes us all
It may be the drop of my blood
It may be the drop of your blood
My tears and blood, already moved
The heaven and the earth
Yet, my Lord,
You do believe
I am not glad of another death

Ponniah Ganeshan

I Am Not Man Who Was With You Yesterday

I am not the man who was with you yesterday
I am born and born everyday!
The flower I see now,
Is not the flower I saw yesterday
The road I am walking on,
Is not the road I walked yesterday.

I am not tired, thinking
I repeat doing one and the same thing
I feel every day dawns with its new clocks and bells
Everything looks new and fresh!
And so do I.

I am made clear,
Yes, I am not the man who was with you yesterday
The man who was yesterday, is died and gone
I am born and born every morning
Being not tired, doing different things
From moment to moment,
Cos' I am not the man who was with you yesterday.

I am not the man who was with you yesterday
I am born and born everyday!

Ponniah Ganeshan

I Am Tired.....

</>I am tired.....

I am tired of my life
Everything has become nothing
And I am 'nothing with everything'
The morning with its bells and clocks and flowers
comes only to end simply in evenings.
And every moment simply passes out of hands
With no ending

There are things of beauties and sweet memories that may ever last
All over the life
Yet, there are wounds that remain painful even after death
The paining and pleasure entwined with one another,
Trace the life for ever.

I don't want to be born again and suffer
In the seasonal cycle of death and birth if any
Oh, my God, let me come as a gentle breeze
To play and embrace with beautiful flowers and little birds
Or let me dissolved into nothingness.

I am tired of my life
Everything has become nothing
And I am 'nothing with everything'

©Ponniah Ganeshan

Ponniah Ganeshan

I And My Pot Of Rice.

My land with its bells and clocks
And flowers
Is now the forest of unbedding stones
And bullets.

A wilderness where nothing grown
But bullets in blood.

Once I enjoyed a season's sweet
And its happy flowers
It was for a moment
For a moment lasted.

Again in my sky
The clouds soaked in blood
Gathered around me
And commenced its raining
With Deaths, Deaths and Deaths!

A sudden breeze started blowing
Again, my land with its bells
and cloaks and flowers
SMILED
I opened my mouth for the happy flowers.

Then an invasion of Greed and Power
I, now remember my pot of rice
That fed me all along
The city of Peace
Where did they take it?
Promising for a heartiest feast
I walked about the woods
Of every vanished springs.

Let any Spring come and go
Let any Spring come and go

I do not want my land

A forest of bullets
I do not want it on the waste of war
One day shall you see
Only with the cup of poetry
I will find
My pot of rice misplaced.

Ponniah Ganeshan

I Have Become A Sri Lankan

I have become a Sri Lankan
In a fraction of second!
When I stepped in to the parliament
As the leader of opposition

I have become a Sri Lankan
In a fraction of second!
When it was announced
By His Excellency
That all our problems would be solved.

I have become a Sri Lankan
In a fraction of second!
When it was announced
That the lands occupied by Armed Forces
Would be released to the lawful occupants

I have become a Sri Lankan
In a fraction of second!
When it was announced
That some Tamil detainees kept in prison
Without charges framed, are released

I have become a Sri Lankan
In a fraction of second!
When I listened to the National Anthem
Recited with words made of my mother tongue.

Are these all only fractions of seconds or sign
Of a good governance in the years to come
For Sri Lanka!

For a moment
When it was announced
By His Excellency
That all our problems would be solved.

I have become a Sri Lankan

For a moment
When it was announced
That the lands occupied by Armed Forces
Would be released to the lawful occupants

I have become a Sri Lankan
For a moment
When it was announced
That some Tamil detainees kept in prison
Without charges framed, are released

I have become a Sri Lankan
For a moment
When I listened to the National Anthem
Recited with words made of my mother tongue.

Ponniah Ganeshan

I Have No Death

Think not,
I am one of such funny men
Who look only for a grain of rice
To fill up the stomach and simply
Pass out of this universe?

Think not,
I am one of such funny men
Who are made of papers and documents
To look for rules and regulations
Under a clause or section
Even to throw a coin for a beggar.

When my head is held high, I am the sky above
And when I fall, I am the seed down the earth
To come up again
Either as a cyclone
Or a gentle breeze
Dancing with flowers

I have no death.
Because, I am not the body
I have the body.

Ponniah Ganeshan

I Was A Blank Sheet

I was a blank sheet
With no any writing on it
When I was born;
I was a flower blooming
With dew drop wet
When I was a child
With a smiling

Then, everything thrust into me;
The things that I observed from my parents
The things that I learnt from my teachers
The things that I read from books and doctrines
I, the blank sheet is now full of writing
Devoid of my true essence and my thinking.

You call me a Hindu;
I call you a Buddhist
We call them Muslims and Christians,
Forgetting that we are all human.

Yet, we still have the heart rushing to rescue
A man fell on the road bleeding
May he be a Hindu, Buddhist, Christian
Or a Muslim.

Yet, we have the heart to be pleasant
Looking at a child smiling in the bus or any public place.

Then, I become a blank sheet again
With no any writing on it.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Identity

IDENTITY

Within how many layers of clothes
That cannot be pulled off,
Should I smother and perspire:

At times
The soft beautiful cherries
That crystallize within me
Vanish like dream in thin air.

It is true
In the freezing cold that chills my body
And the heat that scorches my soul
I have to clothe myself
With something.

How could I breath
In a place
Where the freezing cold
And the scorching heat
Cannot meet.

EPonniah Ganeshan

Ponniah Ganeshan

In A Language With No Words

You seem, coming closer and closer
Yet, you stop at a point
Telling it is the mark

I walked and walked
Returning to the point again and again

When shall we find words
Common to both of us.

The words
That moon, clouds wind
And the leaves talk with each other.

The words,
That the flower, the breeze, the earth
And the sky talk with each other.

I started collecting these words
Lets walk, talking with these words
The words made of sentence
with no grammar

How large is the universe
Don't you wonder
How small are we!
I like to make my heart so pervading
All over the sky and down the earth
With no beginning and with no ending
In my dream where I am not to be found.

Ponniah Ganeshan

In Remembrance Of A Friend Who Is No More

We are born and disappeared
Without unfastening the knot
The secret where we come from
And where we end.

The life is only an itinerary journey
And the death is its end
Being in a disintegration process
Of elemental energy!

The night and day emerge
Out of the continuous rotation of this earth
And so the births and the deaths.

So you were born and disappeared
By cosmic magnetic convertible energy
In time and energy
And so I am born and I may also disappear
One day, not known to me.
There is no any short cut at all
Even the lizard and the superior human
Are one and same in the eye of the death.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Into The Ashes, I Myself Burnt Down

It was someone who brought a parcel
From the black ocean
Containing some of my poems
Written some years ago
To my address nameless
Yet it's my street
It's my place of abode.

Opened the parcel and saw
A poem devoid of its flower
Hung in a corner of the sheet
Some fell down, broken into pieces.

Where did I misplace them
How did I loose them?
Aren't they worthy of crowning my name
Then, how did the man bring it to me
Again
To my address nameless.

I asked the man 'Who sent it back? '
He was silent and did not a single word he said
He wrote a name and vanished.

Then, why should I keep these poems
Thrown into my face?
I have to bury them
I have to burn them to ashes
I set fire,
Poems struggled and struggled
Uttering her name again and again.

It's now burning
It's burning
Like a fire set to my heart
At last it's burnt to ashes.

Again I saw,
The skeleton of the name, the man wrote

Was lying alive into the ashes, I myself burnt down.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Laugh And Laugh, And Weep And Weep

Some people laugh and laugh,
Over things they are enjoying.
Some others weep and weep,
Over things they are defeated.
And disappointed.
Yet, I laugh and laugh, weeping
And weep and weep, laughing.
When I look at things happening around
Without knowing whether to laugh or weep

I am alienated from everything
In the evening part of my life
Yet, the sense of affection comes up
At times, towards my kiths and kin
For whom I am forgotten
And it becomes cloudy closing its direction
I weep and weep thinking about them
Shedding tears
Having no any right of my own to share.

It is the heart full of love and affection
The abode of God, always in.
Yet, people go in search of HIM
Temples to temples on pilgrimage
Without a heart to care
For men in need.

I weep and weep, laughing.
Laugh and laugh, weeping

Ponniah Ganeshan

Let Me Have My Eyes Blind

Let me have my eyes blind
Not to see the faces of the people merciless
Not to read the news so painful to heart
Let me have my ears deaf
Not to hear the voices of the helpless
Not to be polluted
Not to listen to what is baseless.

As though I am blessed with eyesight
And with no hearing aid,
I wish I were blind and deaf.
Cause' the world is so made of sordid things
With people dishonest and selfishness.
Oh, my Lord take me away from this world
And let me pass into nothingness.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Let Me To Be Dead When Alive.

LET ME TO BE DEAD WHEN ALIVE.

The life helps to learn lessons
As such, oh, my God, teach me
To care about my death.
When I wake up from sleeping,
I feel refreshed as if I born as a baby
So, I wish that I am dead when I am alive.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Life And Death

Today becomes yesterday
and so tomorrow.
Yet, we all rejoice in paltry things of the moment
jumping up and down
As if no one would catch you at all event
You are now
and you were then.

It is not to tell you, to live a life
Frightening of death.
The death is in a fraction of second
Yet, you have to live every second
With hope and confidence

When death knocks at your door
You are no more to welcome
And as long as you are alive,
The death will not step in

Lets live a life, thinking about the death
and celebrating it as well

Ponniah Ganeshan

Life Sentence

I am arrested and detained in a body
Made of blood and flesh
Misguiding towards worldly things
Forgetting that nothing is permanent
I serve a sentence of life
For offence said to be committed by me

I was a child playing with dolls
Then, I turned to be a young man
Looking for girls
Married, having children
Children having their own children
Yet, I am still in detention.

I am tired of my life
Everything has become nothing
And I am nothing with everything.

From my detention, on release
I wish as if I were a gentle breeze
Dancing with flowers and leaves
Not to be born again to see unholy men in holy order
And men in power, pretending to be patriotic
Slaying others
□

Ponniah Ganeshan

Loneliness

Yonder, is the big banyan tree
With many hands to support
Or a Palmyra tree
Without any hand to report
Though in grove, it is nothing but loneliness

Yet, whenever, the moon appears, shining over the sky
Yet, whenever, the gentle breeze comes dancing over leaves
The moon feeds me with a cup of milk
The breeze speaks with words made of honey.

I lay my roots down and down the earth
With my head held high.
Underneath, only the heaps of human waste
All over, stinking
So, my head always towards the sky
Looking beyond.

Like the head of a plant
Like the blade of a grass.

Before I pass out of this universe
with my last breathe
Let me have a bite of the piece of star
To crack

Ponniah Ganeshan

Looking Up

I closed my eyes,looking up
Towards light within me
Alas! I felt as if something spreading
All over my soul and heart
As if something relieved of my pain
In such a darkness.

I feel as if I possess something
When I lost myself in the darkness,
Without any identity!
Is it something beyond our knowledge?
Is itsomething existing within me
Pervading the universe!

Ponniah Ganeshan

Message Of Love

You have become a message
Not deliverable at my door
And so mine, at yours
'Cause I am no more to you
and so you are to me
Do you still want to keep your door closed
and I keep knocking and knocking
At your door
With a message,
Then to pass away at last.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Moments I Have Become The God

I have become the God in a fraction of a second,
When I am able to offer something to somebody in need!
I have become the God in a fraction of a second,
When I look at a child smiling, looking at the child
without using any yard stick
To measure her by way of religion, ethnicity or man-made identities.
I have become the God in a fraction of a second,
When I rushed to a man who fell in accident on road,
To help him, forgetting
That he is another man
I have become the God for a moment
When I see everything in positive, cursing the sense of negative!
I have become the God for a moment
When I do not make a living by what I get
And when I make a LIFE by what I give

Ponniah Ganeshan

My Dear Fellow Man.....

In what container
Do you want to weigh me
After mutilating hands and legs
Clipping of fingers
And severing my head
What is poured here
Is nothing but blood and blood
My fellow man.

How many outfits you wear
Heavy and struggling to bear

I don't like to alight my eyes on you
Go back and come with your real self
Go back and come with the languages
Of the heart
Go back and come being resurrected
Out of ashes of all, man-made
Differences, burnt.

Is life
Grubbing, slumbering and squatting
And then vanishing.

Is life
A mere pot of boiled rice
For you to measure out
With a small spoon
And me to receive it?

Who knows my woes
My fellow man,
You thrust so relentlessly
All yours on me
I, being deprived of all rights
To resent.

From life upon life
Deep and serene

With multitudes of genesis
Packed upon
I should quench at least a drop
From the vast ocean of this life.

Like the blooming
Red shoe flower with its
Dewdropp wet
In the colour of my very blood.

Ponniah Ganeshan

My Only Face

MY ONLY FACE

I am a smiling flower
Never decorating myself
For any one.

I will bloom
Even in the graveyard
With my face
With my only face.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Nothing But Nothing

You are not merely a mosque
Nor I am a temple or a church
For you to have the god of your own
And I am mine.

You are not a sun
Nor I am a moon.
For you to go to bed and rest
And for me to be awake with my stars.
All night.

You are not a President
Nor I am your citizen
For you to cover your neck with a shawl
And rule
For I am to be ruled.

It is nothing but nothing.

Ponniah Ganeshan

On A Rainy Day

Blades of all grasses, petals of plants and seeds
Came out of their hidden points from
every nook and corners
With their messages
Declaring
On a day of heavy rain
When the earth relieved of a long drought.

Songs flow over in a language
Devoid of any words
As drops of rain
Falling from the darkened clouds
Over the roof
Over the trees.
The lady, the mango tree in the premises
Tired of delivering so many sweet fruits
Dries up her hair leaves
With the towel of breeze that comes
Then and there.

Dead leaves and papers discarded
Rush as armies of soldiers
Having resurrected with the flood
Towards their destination
In no time to halt
In no time to speak
With an emergency.

Enjoying all these scenarios
I have suddenly become a child
Running up, holding a boat made of paper
To launch it on the water
I looked my face at the mirror and the grey hair appearing
Ridiculed at me
With the reasons only known to me.

Ponniah Ganeshan

On My Way Home

I am rolled and rolled
By the waves of times
and kicked and kicked up hither and thither.

The beautiful morning time
Comes up as a child
takes me holding my hands
Yet, the evening comes slapping my cheek
and drags me somewhere

How many evenings, holding and gulping
How many morning times in its mouth
Yonder, seen at an entrance
The cruel night, shakes up my shoulder
Telling me it is nothing but your way
and asking,
'Get up, go and drink the liquor in the cup and
Enjoy with others'
Blocking the way on my mission.

Yes, I see a form of address omnipresent
The fact that never change
Neither it nor that
Let my prayers break open its doors
and help me to reach the goal

Ponniah Ganeshan

On The Bed Of Agony

Collided my soul
And shattered into rage
With my own contradiction
Broken and several falls
Towards perfection.
Deaths meant no death to all
But to my collided soul.

A gloomy wilderness and everywhere
Sprouts of sadness.
Alas, with beautiful shades
Of Happiness.
Yes, the whole world is made of
'thousand sordid images
Of which my soul is constituted.

Against this world
Against this world
Let what is broken remain.

And,

Lets sleep on this bed of agony
Lets sleep on this bed of agony
With the very lullaby
Till we eat our last straw
And what else, your soul, my soul
Death meant not death to all.

Ponniah Ganeshan

On The Day Of An Election

The people in all electorates, are called upon
By leaders to cast votes for them
Promises are made with words hot, hot
In the platforms by leaders
Having all scarecrows resurrected

Only my ballot card for voting, is lying
On the table as a dead body
Without any stirring.
Like a dead lizard,

The old empire made of words
With pumps and shows
Is buried and long forgotten
Don't you know?
It is deed and not word
Try not to dry up
My last dew drop
In my land.

Those who are killed
Those who are disappeared
Are on the cross, hanging
I conceal my soul with care
Not to be seen anywhere

Into the dead night,
The lions roar
The tigers hide
and all lines of my life wriggle.

I have become a ballot card again
With the curse of Satan
And lying into the waste paper basket
With no hope of resurrection.

Ponniah Ganeshan

On The Surface Of The Deep Sea

ON THE SURFACE OF THE DEEP SEA.

Is it me floating on the surface
Of the deep sea
Or else, the dead body of the moon
Once I made with sweets of my own
And of motions, smiles and kisses
The dead body of the moon
With its braid of her hair
And with bouquet of words in her soft skin.

Are the lines of poetry, floating on the surface
Of the deep sea
With crying rain of the silver dew
Then why should it flow like a river
To the same spot
To a same spot of the deep sea?

I never drown in the river of waking
And you too.
I'll be floating on the surface of the deep sea
It's a stage that brings me of my life back

Into the deep currents of my journeying
I fell
Yet it's a stirring in a lightening
Then, my old days move leaving me behind
With all smiles, kisses and words
I am remained.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Only For Me And All Others If Any

I am too a man, sure
Made with flesh and blood
But with a heart pervading
the entire universe.

Yet, I am not a man
Not just jumped down
from the sky
all of a sudden

The gods alienated by my forefathers
Appear then and there
smiling
From the scenes moving away
in my dreams
With foreheads adorning by holy ash

I walk and walk around
Ancient false presented to me
Crying bitterly and bitterly.

How to escape I wonder
Out of the world and the society I made
Out of the kingdom of gods
I myself made.

My existence is there
without any safety
Based on the false certainties
And so my identity.

When wounded, I weep and accuse you
and when I am made happy
I put on garlands around your neck
and make you happy.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Positive Vs Negative

No one can deny
There is something beyond our knowledge
Something we can not see but only feel
Something we can not study but only believe
It is a power that we call it God
You call it a Lord in the heaven
I call it imagining in various forms,
Being not able to confine it into one form
It is a power pervading beyond positive and negative.
The people belong to the religion of their own
The people belong to one and same race
The people who speak one and the same language
Conflict with each other.
Even members of same families with one another
For reasons not known to me.
You may say it is due to narrow politics
And unjust enrichment
Yet I see it as the confrontation between the positive
And negative pervading the entire universe
Controlled by the POWER that is beyond
Our knowledge.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Sincerely A Drop Of Tear

Far beyond the boundless sky
Going beyond and beyond explanation
Since time unknown....

Down below underneath
Going deeper and deeper like roots
Beneath.

I read only the first line of your death's sorrow
The message of your death narrowed
To a nutshell
In this vast universe
Which is made of only mathematical table

You are now named as a corpse
And lying in a coffin
Waiting for burial as usual.

Extinguishing all your agonies of death
On the bed,
And when the bird of your soul
Took leave towards the state of nothingness
A dropp of tea
Falls in a corner of my heart.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Some Questions And Answers

What is followed by birth
I asked the God
You'd better be born and see
Said, He

What is education
I asked the God
You'd better study and see
He answered.

What is love
I asked the God
You'd better love everything and see
Replied, He

What is affection
I asked the God
You'd better share it and see
Nodding His head

What is sex, I asked the God
You'd better love a girl and see
Said he, winking with his eyes

What is death
And what comes after
I asked the God
You'd better die and see
Said he with a smile.

If it is the life to learn
Why the hell are You there after all
I asked him
He came closer and whispered into my ears
'I am within you and it is nothing but experiences
that is myself '

Ponniah Ganeshan

Some Questions And Some Answers

What is followed by birth
I asked the God
You'd better be born and see
Said, He

What is education
I asked the God
You'd better study and see
He answered.

What is love
I asked the God
You'd better love everything and see
Replied, He

What is affection
I asked the God
You'd better share it and see
Nodding His head

What is sex, I asked the God
You'd better love a girl and see
Said he, winking with his eyes

What is death
And what comes after
I asked the God
You'd better die and see
Said he with a smile.

If it is the life to learn
Why the hell are You there after all
I asked him
He came closer and whispered into my ears
'I am within you and it is nothing but experiences
that is myself '

Ponniah Ganeshan

Still I Love You

I am as dead my neighbor
Come, see
My house and garden
And temple all in ashes
The temple I visit every Friday
Offering flowers and sweets
They were thrown in fire
And laid trodden on boot and feet

I am as dead, my dear neighbor
Don't you feel sad for me
You do I am sure
Our blood and tears will melt this iron earth
Why not yours?

Do you remember, my neighbor
My sand colored cat, the dog which wags his tail
Whenever you come,
The green grass and moss
Spread on my garden
It is all burnt
It is all burnt to ashes.

I heard you too came along with khakis
The devils always blood thirsty
With Arms and bombs.
Isn't shame?
For years and years we lived together
Joying joys
I love a land of peace and justice
You, dear my neighbor
Not to fall prey at other's hand.

Still I love you my neighbor
Still I love you my neighbor
My heart already pieced and in pain
You too not to set fire to my heart again.

Submission For Some Election Candidates

An apple is an Apple
And you can not change it as a coconut
By making a decision.
Likewise, the mango is the mango
And you can not make it as an orange
Or anything else
On a decision of your own
At meetings and discussions
Passing a decision
This is the fact of existence.
You can make decisions and decisions
In majority
Yet you can not change its reality

Ponniah Ganeshan

Teach Me To Care And Not To Care

Teach me to care and not to care

Corpses adrift and were cast out ashore
With heads severed.
I came and cried
Fitting my head to the torso
Of the dead body
And weeping and shedding tears
And accusing you.

Then,
You came and cried
Taking another headless body
And fitting yours.
You wept and shed tears
Accusing me.

Oh, dear friends,
How to learn to care and not to care
Or else,
To conceal, in this land of grievances
The boundless love
Confining it to a nutshell
And grieve and lie
Like a rock, a rock and a rock.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Book Of Life

I have nearly completed
Writing the book of my life
And waiting it to be launched.
There are pages telling about the foregone days
I walked with happiness and anguish
Hand in hand,
Pages with pictures of childhood memories
And of the girl I loved at first sight.

It now contains 61 pages
And I might write some more and gone
For ages.

You are all welcome to read this book, placing
It in a casket with bouquet and incense smelling
I am gone and gone forever
With no any idea of coming again here
And suffer.

As I feel I was born surplus
In a world merciless

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Casket I Brought

As I promised
There were a lot of things in abundance
To bring you in the lovely casket of my soul

Dead-tired arriving
At the sea beach tourist Inn
I was resurrected with the shower of bath;
At a distance, the sky was devouring the sea
The waves unmindful of me,
Entwining themselves in so many forms
Embroidered with silver foams,
On the carpet of beach
Where small crabs, played
Throwing their tiny eyes to and fro.

I drew a picture on the golden sand
A squirrel, out of a branch of a tree
Sprouted, all of a sudden
In the middle of the grove
With the message, which I have jotted down.

The silver-breasted white skinned
Nymphs, floating freely in the swimming pond
Happened to be packed, I'm afraid
In the lovely casket, which I made
For you to bring things in.

Also packed are my native
Inconvenience, experienced
At the dinning table
Making my hands as forks and spoons.

Collecting all such things of beauties
I set off home
Along the streets burning with flames of dust
On these dog-days
When getting up and down from the bus
At every sentry point of the camouflaged Forces,
Alas,

All the treasures were lost
Somewhere on the way
Like the beautiful white dove
Snatched away by a mid night cat.
When returned home,
Amidst the blaring and incessant noises
Of the rice mills
And of the devilish heavy vehicles
Carrying bags and bags of paddy husk
I am done away with the empty casket
Lying on the porch of my home.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Day On The Tract Of The Life

An account is stretched out suddenly
Before my face
Telling
What it was and it is what
Will happen

Then I started writing,
Which letter of the alphabet, in my life
Am I writing?
Is it the letter in the middle
Or the letter at the end
I am at my wit's end.
Then, I move and move, counting the days
To reach the destination the last letter
In my alphabet
Folding my soul carefully
Into an envelope to be delivered
To the address unknown.

I am now sealed and ready being packed
I am with a address written in a language
Not known to me
Waiting for the postman to take me
To the address unknown

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Existence

Are we an object to die and pass away?
No, not at all,
Yet, we are a special being
And nothing could exist
Without consciousness!
Space and time are not objects
They are only tools that we use our mind
To weave everything together!

Our mind transcends space and time,
No past, no present and no future
And the difference between them
Is only an illusion
The illusion that stubbornly persists!

Can you create power?
Can you destroy it?
No, not at all
You can only change its forms,
I am here with my power and I will pass away
Yet, the power remains without going away at death!

Who created the power, the power existing
Existing forever?
This is the secret of our existence, that's all
The content of the consciousness is an ultimate reality.
And it is we who steal this power for you to become a Buddhist, Muslim
Or a Christian and for me to become a Hindu!

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Eyes Blessed Opened By Osho

I do not want to belong to any crowd
Neitherto a nation nor to a race,
Without limiting myself to a small thing
I belong to the whole which is at hand
The open secret is the life
Where everything is available
All that I need, is just eyes to see
Beyond space and time
Blessed openedbyOSHO and I take it up.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Fate

Stretching something towards
Without any breadth
From one point to the other
Blooms,
Out of this, a new form glooms
At times, a river upon another
Flows,
What does the croton grilled
In a compound think
About a bright moon?
What does the fish in fish tank think?
Likewise, the statues of Lords
And in front of our heavy prayers
Battering the heaven above.
We at times conflict each other
Over a region in a new equation

The elephant is the big winnowing fan
And the winnowing is the elephant
Is it the perfection of a determination
Or the determination of a perfection
In my script, nothing found
No any rule in a rule my dear
The fate is itself a fate
I wait for my turn
At an anvil unknown.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Grief

Why do I now come to grief
From where does its root thrive
My legs walked, with my dolls
Made alive
Into the days of my childhood
There was one as truth and the other as an untruth.

Still the root explores
Where to begin and where to end
I become the *mythical swine
Digging down the ground beneath
I become the mythical bird, flying into the clouds.

Oh, my little screwpine flower, you uttered
A lie to me
Did you see the radicle root lying
In a pool, made of fragile glassy ideals.
Catching it, pulling it out
Only to have a handful of a half
And in pursuance of the other half, the earth
Groaned again and again
With the grief in pain.

With my crown raising higher and higher on every peak
With my root taking down beneath
Towards the fact of existence
All words lashed out to me
Fall apart as dead leaves.

Blood oozed from lips torn
The plate of rice signed by wife
Sat on the table with no words, but
as sharpened knife,
And the glass of water, full of my tears.

What next befell then
I lay fallen in a vacuum
Made by a flight of hundreds of sparrows
At the pelt of a stone.

The dream that stopped half way, slowly revives
Looking for the root
When I fall asleep with the gently song of this poem.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Heart That Never Pretends

You simply asked me to forget and forgive
And wanted to go away
From the days upon days we moved together
From the dreams upon dreams I see you forever
You simply wanted to erase what I cherish
In my heart and remember

Oh dear, let the days I moved with you
Remain for ever throughout my life
Or else let my life last at least
Till your thoughts about me cease to exist

Wounded the heart may be time and again
Yet, it never forgets whoever she loves
Cause, the heart never pretends
She only knows how to throb

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Heart Thrown Into A Dustbin

Why do throw my heart into a dustbin
Again and again
And I am to pick it up
Many a time
Why do you throw my heart into a dustbin
And break my hands
That I stretch towards you.

I always love the flowers
Blossomed in my garden
Treasured and chiseled in my heart
They are, yes, as large as this universe
If you are not loving me
Tell me I am gone
But with the glory of love
With the glory of love of my flowers.

Do you listen to the sorrow notes
Of my heart lying in the dustbin
Do you hear my words of love
Once I whispered into your ears.

That we existed
That we have been existing
All are in us
It is your turn to speak to me
Why do you throw my heart
Away into dustbin.

Ponniiah Ganeshan

The Heart With A Pain

I softly knocked at the door
And wanted her to open once more
Just to see her face and go.
I tried and tried again in vain
And returned home with a heavy heart in pain
Traveling in a bus.
Alas, I can not believe myself
She was seated next to me
I did not ask how it was and nor did she.
At last, I got down from the bus
Saying good-bye and she was left alone
Again in my dream.

Ponniiah Ganeshan

The Life That Sings

From a point obstructed
From the depth of feeling suppressed
We are made entangled and fell into an experiment
When we set off

Why do you weep so bitterly
Pointing them as losses.

You are neither a moth
Nor am I the lamp
You to hover around
To kill yourself

Only the root of ancient rites and traditions
Is little bit shaken
My dear.

I write and see myself
Again and again in the wound inflicted
Only the blood of mine oozed
With my heart wide opened

You are with some old and ancient coins
To purchase the bygone century.
And I am with stars melt out of my life songs
To purchase a new century.

Because,
My pen tries to write about the life
Of my grievance
My hands try to make flowers
Out of the barren rock.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Life With A Full Stop And The Life With A Comma

The day and night move and move
As the beginning and never ending life
I am born as the baby in the morn
And dead at night as an old man,
Said to be born and dead again

In-between, the life sings with its songs
Dancing
In-between, the life struggles with pain
Weeping.
The man who becomes a sentence
With a subject and predicate
Is enjoying the life with a full stop.
The man who becomes a sentence
Without a subject and predicate
Is suffering with a comma or a question mark,
Till he dies and vanishes in thin air

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Man With His Heart

Built a house of mine
With my tears and blood
For a man to emerge:

Sang a song of mine
With flute made of my flesh and bones
For a man to listen:

The sun came only to burn
The man came only to loot my house
And tear my song.

Yet, I, as the chanter of pains and joys
Believe, firmly believe
That the sun has rays to shine
That the man has heart to share
For me and those yet to be born.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Picture You Have Drawn

You may have a picture of mine
Drawn with whims and fancies of your own
Holding out,
You may have some sheets of paper
Written about me in your own words
Reading out,

Yet, I am not in the picture
You have drawn
I am not in the sheets of paper
You wrote in the words of your own.

It is nothing but you
It is nothing but you
In the picture
and in the sheets of paper!

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Poem On The Sheet Of Environ

Suddenly I feel listening to the rhythm
Dropping honey Into the womb of flowers
Blooming in the morn
I see and feast my eyes looking at beautiful scenes
With green grass and rivers
that flow
Down the hills,
I hear the birds that sing and sing
The tress with fruits and green leaves that dance and dance
With gentle breeze
Are these, the words of poem written on the sheet of environ?
by the flowers
In the morn;
Shining of stars and moon at night in the sky,
Is the poem, I feast my eyes and enjoy.
In the evening, followed
By mornings and then passing with evenings?

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Space In A Space WıThıN

Thrusting into my hands
A little of the never ending time,
And a piece of boundless ether
Into my feet,
I am named as human.

Amidst cries and tears by kiths and my kins
Amidst funeral beatings
In the color of afternoon
Or suddenly
In the color of a morning
I am gone and my walls
Are sealed
And my coffin nailed.

Still then
I carry heavy loads of void dreams
Arresting my soul in a small
Room airless
Playing with my usual toys
Clay- made
And journeying by false's shades.

Journeying beyond time and space
Depriving of all my identities crowned,
I am out in a space within
All beyond the edge of a grass
All beyond the blade of a flower.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Story Of A Love Lost

You appeared before me
In the mirror.
Without any notice
You saw my face and me yours

We sat in chairs facing each other
In the verandah of the palace
And talked and talked
About the beginnings and endings
Our journey moved towards every direction
With its winter and summer
Slipping through the window of the times.

Your image reflected in the mirror
I heard sparrows talking something in your words
What are those words and what do they say
I wondered
They talked something about you

Who am I to you and you to me
And what I see beyond your name
I drew a picture
I was walking with you hand in hand
On Horton Plain
And talking and talking
Then, suddenly you disappeared
Not to be seen even in my dream!

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Story Of A Man

His legs have become two wheels
And his eyes two electric bulbs
He drives his body on the roads of life
The roads concrete made,
With large dips and dives, here and there.
There are places for parking
And he stops and takes rest,
And then moving and moving,
On the horns of a dilemma.
There were days he fell sick
There were days, he met accidents
And warded in the garages, for repairs with pain
Recovered and then, started moving again.

At last, I could not see and hear him,
Blowing his horn and whistle on the road
He is no more on the road.
He is no more to be seen.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Sweets He Brings

Oh, my dearest son,
Where did you go
My eyes still shed tears
Thinking of you
Mother and your unmarried
Sisters too
Whenever small one asks of you
With her childish tongue
I tell her of your long march
For bringing her sweets.

Where did you go
my dearest son,?
Leaving us all in the dark
To bring us light
When do you bring sweets for your
Little sister?
At least before you see her dead
On road holding sweets with her hands
The school books
Torn by bullets.

Where did you go
We fear as if the sky falling
And the sea raising
Up above the coconut trees
And as if we were thrown
Into the jaws of deaths.

I look at you table
Still lying silently
The books you read
The pen you wrote
Like you on days, you quarreled
With your mother.

I am sure
You may bring sweets, some day
It may be on your grave

You may look for me
When I am not alive
Nor did your little sister
I would have met my fate
Probably by a bullet
On road when I am out
In a market place
Or in the boutique, having breakfast.

If you want to see
And any message left to me
Talk to my picture
Lying on the ground without a wall
To hang on
Offering the sweet you brought.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Things I Could Tell From Things I Can't Tell

Heard the trembling voice
Of the X'mas card I had sent
From somewhere amidst debris
Of wall and fences, man made boundaries
Oh, cruel tidal waves!

Is it the very sea waves
Once I played with songs and games
Invaded into my compound
Like devils and devils
With its sharpened nails
With its poisonous teeth
Don't conceal
Still I see the blood of babies
And of women spilling in your jaws.

How did you become an anarchist
With such atrocities
I asked the sea
'It's a top secret' said she,
'Can you shot me dead with your gun?
She asked, laughing at me for a fun.

When all gods resurrected
Corpses lying piled up in heaps
Opened their eyes and then
Closed with their hands, all of a sudden.

Noticed the tender and beautiful feet
Of a little girl lying dead among the corpses
Wrapped up on mats, projecting

"Found the place"
"Found the place where this little girl gone"
I hear the voice in my ear
The X'mas card hurried and vanished in thin air.

"Which god is responsible for all these wanton
Destruction "? I asked the sea.

She receded, muttering
"Not anything of the sort
It is all man made "

It is the story of nature
Turned once into god and then
The God was reduced to nature again.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Things That I Would Like To Share

The things that I would like to share

I have never planned my life and similarly I have never been
Failed in my life either
Yet, when I let things go on the ways of their own,
And start appreciating them,
I feel that likes become dislikes
Dislikes become like at times
That they become traces of life
Always, Always and Always.

Talking things and thinking to talk things
And things we are told,
Behold things and thinking to behold at things,
Similarly the things we hear and things we are heard
Always refine life as I feel.

I am one who likes to behold things at life
As a beautiful dream.
Because, I myself become a dream one day.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Voice I Hear And The Scene I Watch

From what you learnt and knew
From what you came to pass till now
I hear your voice raising.

From the far off hill tops
From the ground I trod my feet
The voice is raising
And I hear your voice
From the black ocean where the ship
Capsized with all on board
Screaming for help.

My heart is penetrated with your voice
That steps into my dreams at night
That which I carefully preserve.

I am stopped at a point
With messages pervading
Through the key hole of the window
I am looking into

I am stopped at a point
Where all words fail
To express and show my heart.

I need some awakening from dreams
Because, I hear some voice
Beyond the sense of hearing
Because I see something visible
Beyond the sense of visibility
This is what I hear
This is what I see.

Ponniah Ganeshan

The Way To Look At Life

Add life with every moment passing by
And enjoy the life as it is!
Not adding something from moment to moment to life
And disappointed at all events
This is the way to look at life
This is the way to look at life!

Ponniah Ganeshan

The World As It Is...

I have become a mountain stream
In my dream;
Not intending anyone to quench his thirsty.
I have become a flower
Not intending anyone to feast his eyes.
I have become the sky painted with
Different beautiful colours
Not intending any one to paint and enjoy.

The stream, the flower and the sky
Tell me something eternal
The thing that keeps on going
With no beginning
With no end.

Ponniah Ganeshan

To My Grand Child

Oh, my little cup cake!
My daughter made you in heaven and brought you
For me to count.
With little eyes so penetrating
And with little legs toddling here and there
All over the Eden of my garden.

Oh my little beautiful charming pearl
Tossed down to this earth to add beauty
To my garden
I am in the evening part of my life
With all the flowers withered
Yet I am with flowers blooming
In the morning part of your life

I am not towards ending,
'cause you are another beginning to me
You live in the house of tomorrow
Which I can not visit
It is a life longing, my child

I wish you may live and enjoy the life on your own
With my love and love alone

Ponniah Ganeshan

To Whom It May Concern

May you be seen in photos of newspapers and television
With the same apron with shawl as a snake
Coiled around your neck,
Talking childish words of my mother tongue borrowed

May you be seen in my temple, mixing with our devotees
With holy ash and saffron powder displaying
On your forehead

May you be seen with pomp's and shows
Singing and dancing as if you won the war
For the utter genocidal on your reprisal.
Still I hear the voices, crying and weeping
Of innocent women and children
Out of their early graves.

Nauseating smell
Of decomposed dead bodies.
Is stinking out of the photos in newspapers and television
Where you appear

Lord Buddha also appeared in my dream
With full of grief
And disappeared suffocating
Into the ocean of KINDNESS

Ponniah Ganeshan

Today, Yesterday And Tomarrow

I am made of nothing
When I am born
Like a flower, dew drop in the morn
Then, I am developed with what I see
What I observe
From my parents
From my books and teachers
and from the environ I live in
Then I travel towards tomorrow
With words and deeds collected
From yesterday
Till I meet my death
And become nothing at last.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Tribute To A Friend

He is exhausted, drawing out all his words
telling, he would come right now
and then
with everything I asked for.
Days passed
Yet he failed.
and failed for reason only known to me

Suddenly I saw him
coming at a Dutch treat
yet with no any words, he was empty

He was seen innocent
for my sense of compassion
'cause I love and love everything and everybody
and try to be a man of words
and deeds at any cost.

Let him with no any words
and then suffer,
But I am rich and rich for ever

Ponniah Ganeshan

Tribute To Lasantha

Lasantha, you are also dead and gone at last
In an age untimely, a lot of things and actions needed by you
To say and achieve
Let those who killed you, pretend to be happy and see
That Justice never fails
That hero never dies and coward never lives.

The message you have left behind is lit and burning bright
Like a flame in a corner of our heart
Your voices against injustice and corruptions
Are not silenced but still heard for us to go ahead.

The land with its bells and clocks and flowers
Gone to dogs.
The land with its triple gems
Gone to rocks
Where there are unholy men in holy orders
And holy men in unholy orders.

Let hope the time to take its trends of its own
Sure, your name is written in my scripts
Till I am dead or killed by some unknown.

Lasantha, you are also dead and gone at last
In an age untimely, a lot of things and actions needed by you
To say and achieve
Let those who killed you, pretend to be happy and see
That Justice never fails
That hero never dies and coward never lives.

The message you have left behind is lit and burning bright
Like a flame in a corner of our heart
Your voices against injustice and corruptions
Are not silenced but still heard for us to go ahead.

The land with its bells and clocks and flowers
Gone to dogs.
The land with its triple gems
Gone to rocks

Where there are unholy men in holy orders
And holy men in unholy orders.

Let hope the time to take its trends of its own
Sure, your name is written in my scripts
Till I am dead or killed by some unknown.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Tribute To My Mother

We all came down to this universe
From somewhere unknown
Like dew drops
And we vanish in thin air.

The death comes telling us
We are all alone
As though we build love and affection
Toward relationship celebrating life
Forgetting that the death will leave us behind.

Oh my mother, you did not go away
You are with me and I see you always
In a shoe flower bloomed in my compound.
Because, the life is written
From the death at all event.

I do not frighten of death
Because, as he knocks the door,
I would be away
and the death would be away
as I am alive

Ponniah Ganeshan

Tribute To Two Little Birds

Oh, Kirupa, Ranja
You two little birds
Still twinkling and entwining
With a pleasant smile
In my memory innocence are you
Only my heart knows
How to prove it, single handed
Except the burning tears
Burst out of my inflicted heart.

What did you remember at your last moment
Your mother and sisters
Who are bitterly crying and weeping
And the mobike you rode the other day
Still lies with silence.

Your early grave brought by the respectable saints
Who struggle in search of a crown for me.
Is the holy crown which I have been respecting
Fallen into a dirt ditch for a moment?

I am one who shed tears
Even for the squeezing of a little flower
And even a heart made of iron
Would surely melt over your death
Oh, you two birds.

Still in my memory
You twinkle and twinkle
With pleasant smile
How to forget your free movement
Here and there in your little sky!

And your deaths are wages of whose sin?

Yet, I still need the crown
My freedom, its true
Let them come with clean hands
And knock at my door

Sometimes I may accept it
Or else, who needs it?
Let a stray dong bite and eat
And comrades,
Let me go to the forest again
I want the resurrection of my crucified
Two little flowers.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Under One Sun

I live in an alien land
With an alien tongue
No one understands.

A broom stick amidst half-swept debris
A lonely corpse in a coffin
With its front teeth
Slightly projected
A plate of rice with curry
On a broken table, half eaten
I live in an alien land
My tongue, no one understands.

I am given an animal's name
In a land of people
For I am taught to see
Only my fame
In Newspapers, over radio
And television,
In kitchen
Even in toilets
I look for my name in vain.

Place my name in your plate of rice
Place my name in your morning cup of tea
Place my name in the book of your grievances
And your triumphs as well.

Yet, I live in an alien land
With alien tongue
Let live in a land of humans
And for a heart, I pray
To read in my scripts, a name thine
And you, in yours, mine
Shall our stars in the sky shine
Under One Sun Again

Ponniah Ganeshan

Unholy Men In Holy Order

I have made a God of my own
And you, yours.
He has made a god of his own
And they, theirs.

There is only one God for all
We say,
Yet, we have made different gods
To our whims and fancies,
Letting them to fight with each other!
Forgetting that we are all men
Apart from all identities man-made.

I asked my God what it is
HE said that I am the one and one only
Yet with different names.
Shaving one's head and donning a saffron robe
Does not make one a Buddhist Monk
Similarly others with different aprons.
HE said further,
Be aware of unholy men in holy order

Ponniah Ganeshan

Vanishing In Thin Air.

I have come to a stage
When times hardly moves
I have come to a stage
When nobody cares for me
Even my kith and kens
I have come to a stage
When everything I feel
Come to a stand still.

Is it a feeling
When you become old and feeble
Whether you like it or not
I must welcome the death
Nobody can escape from death
Sure!
When I was a child
I was not aware of the things
What would I be
At the evening part of my life,
Or of caring for death.

Now, things move and move
and I would be no more
At any moment, vanishing in thin air!

Ponniah Ganeshan

Verdict Of The People

It is not the money you give that wins our hearts
It is not the gift you give,
Would make us happy at any rate
When our rights are violated
When our children are not protected.

You celebrated with pumps and shows
When we are killed and relatives disappeared
in thousands and thousands
You talked about patriotism
Dictating everything on your choice
In power.

This is the lesson
The voters of Northern province
Of Sri Lanka
Taught you at the election
This is the message
That the grievance they passed
For the world at large.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Waiting For The Crack, Break And Splits

When I was a king
With the need
Or commitment
Or challenge
With notes and critiques
Of these philosophies
The whole day and night was mine
To dream
To be of ecstasy
To float
And create
These passing images
That proliferate
My whole being

But now
Committed to master
These eccentric
And epoch finders
I am a trembling student
Only anticipating
The first sound of the bell
Cracking, breaking and splitting as a lightening
The pitched dark sky
Short or long.

Ponniah Ganeshan

Where Could We Live In Peace?

Let me bring some piece of ether
You'd better bring some stars
Already, we have a moon in hand
And its better at any cost
To buy a sun
They say, It's available at a distance
Let's buy some planets too
From the neighborhood.
I well remember that my grandmother
Executed a Deed of Transfer for a cloud in my favor
Yet, my grandfather the drunkard mortgaged it
and wasted the money going to rack and ruin
For which, my grandmother wept and wept in pain
And there may be some tear drops of my grandmother
In the cloud,

They say there may be something somewhere
One or two in surplus
Yet the only thing we do not know,
Ts the earth
The earth
Where we could live in peace.?

Ponniah Ganeshan

With The Same Old Sea Waves.

I am today with the same old sea waves
They seem not cheerful as yesterday
The same old wind
At the same old evening
Why does the moon too is in the same apron.

Cast a look with an empty smile
A tumor somewhere in my heart
Boils and boils discharging with pus
Crows peck and eat the decomposed dead body
Of a friend mine,
The dead body half burnt, lay once here.

Wonder why these sea waves are not cheerful
And dancing as yesterday.
True, all are not always the same
I have my sea and waves mine
You have your sea and waves yours.
Despite all attempts for peace in vain
We fight and fight with one another
I have a sun and shadow
And you have yours.

The wind outside is quietly passing
With a laugh
And leaving me alone
With the sea
With the waves, I am remained.

Ponniah Ganeshan