

Poetry Series

prasanna kumari
- poems -

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prasanna kumari()

(un) Beaten

Am waiting for you, my son
Between us time seems to stand still
I might have failed you, my son
Failed in transmitting love to fill

Once did tears stand like pearls
In my eyes, tenderness beamed
In my dreamy face(eyes) , a girl's
Mirage, as wife, I a failure deemed

My mother, one for one and truly loveable
Suffering untold pain in life-giving joy
Gone now, but not gone her lullaby's warble
I admit, ma, I am a beaten toy

My God, tender and kind, turned
His loving eyes towards me
I missed a beat, not responded
I feel a sense of failure deep within me

A teacher I am now, by chances strange
To kindle the spark of quest in you
Nay, shaped you not a burning flame-orange
Curse me not, my child, I am beaten like you

Sculptures I made with the clay of love
They turned out ugly or broke altogether
The sanctum sanctorum has no idol of love
Where I stand with my hands folded together
Offering tears of a beaten soul

Like the ripples of a smooth-flowing stream
My poems and myself have gone so far
Couldn't you find your sweet day-dream
Reflect in my fancy's silver-mirror for ever

Don't you hear my silent songs
My sorrows are your sorrows too
My poems sing best of your pangs

As a poet I am not beaten true

prasanna kumari

A P J Abdul Kalam-President Of India

He is liked by all
Who made him their soul
He is himself a preacher
To make bright our future
Who never wants Indians fall
Listen intently his call
To his 'Wings of fire' and fly
With 'Ignited minds' in the sky
Poet, scientist all in one
India in the race he won

prasanna kumari

A Piece Of Chalk

A lesson on 'Grass' I teach
They don't understand- my children
Blank, questioning looks-enquiring....

They look at me and the blackboard....
A blackboard with no writing
And a teacher without a piece of chalk
Both blank and empty.....

I crave for a piece of chalk
A piece of chalk in my hand
That binds me and my children

I write.....letters
White letters against blackness
Doesn't it look silvery...?
That shines.....
Shines in the darkness of my life

The letters fill the blackboard
The children stare at that...

Do they understand.....?
-that they fill the pages of my life
Do they understand.....?
-that what I teach should fill the pages of their life

Do they understand.....?
We stamp on grass and say 'O, grass! worthless'
But they smoothen the thorny path of our life
Grass-' The living garment of God'- to Goethe
And ' a scented handkerchief with God's signature' to Whitman
Green, young and life-giving
A mediator between man and earth
To protect earth from barren, rocky nothing

Oh! A girl dozing in my class
A piece of chalk on her
Like my teacher did long time back

To awaken her to reality

I write.....words

Words for my children to internalize

Words that contain a world of passion

Words to excite and entice

Words to order and obey

Words to utter and abuse

Will my children abuse with the words I teach

That will bring a tear in many eyes

Words of success and defeat

Words that breathe, words that boast

Words that talk, words that walk

Words that gallop, words that fly

Will my children sing songs with my words

That will make many minds to dance

Words of will and wish

Words of love and hate

Will they use these words to hate

That will bring conflict in their life

Words of comfort and console

And The Bible said 'The word was God'

Can I make them understand....?

Like black and white, day and night

Is sorrow and happiness-intermingling

We can't escape.....

That blackness makes whiteness brighter

That ecstasy makes agony enduring

And agony makes ecstasy fulfilling

Now children.....

Go out and absorb colours from nature

Blue from the ocean, azure from the sky

Green from the leaves, yellow and brown too....

Rose, violet and lily will fill your life with colours

The colour of twilight need not dishearten you

For there is a day after every night

Oh! it fell down.....
A piece of chalk
I should not stamp on it
I need it for tomorrows' children
And for ME

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A Radiant Smile

Standing on a pack of uncertainty
he stares at me with a radiant smile
he leaves the wind to wander
and the tears to dry
erasing the stain with fluttering wings

striking hard on my wrinkles
he plays hide and seek
of my painful longing
with a hidden smile
flinging my orange wishes to gleam on the waves

sometimes elongated, other times shortened
he thrusts the panting of the universe on us
we, poor things, swoon and come round for another episode
uninvited happenings choking us
oversweet or overburdened
with intervals of cloudy blessings

we crown him with our solace
for anointing us with healing oil

he lingers on orchid and anthurium
he does not need a clock
for he can vibrate on the petals of dahlia

very eager to wipe off my painted words
of passion and promise
he explodes into another symphony

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A Recipe

A Recipe

Birds nestle in the autumn trees creating beauty
a melting song enters me
a festival begins
the golden sky joins the celebration
weaving skirts to blend with the dancing steps

murmer of love whispering words of kindness
purple dreams wait for the kindling moon
the nights start humming melodies
winter trees invite the fluttering birds
to rip off the chill
with love's myriad colors
the festival begins

vanquishing the challenges with inner strength
burying the fragmented reflection of
our yesterdays with elapsing years
a joyous mood is transferred to the spring
and the spring adding blooming laughter
the festival begins

virtue abounding
sunlight pouring in on the summer trees
crushing our egos
contradict lies with truth within hidden moments
truth's gleeful revelation
we are not running on wheels
but on jubilation
riding together gaily
there is festival in silence too....

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A Walk In The Woods

To the hilltop

led by the sound of sunlight drawing pictures
urged by time
erasing and re-shaping again and again

at every curve
old things emerge and re-emerge
perhaps, like the hatred
which I left some time back

nature brimming with a furtive smile
and
winking with singing colors

Me, an intruder
inhaling wrinkled happiness

the hills and valleys seek
the harmony of mist
to hide solidified sobs and sighs
the topless trees telling stories to the rain
of moments of seduction and gloom present
the darkened pond escapes to the corner
heavy with a destitute's biography
veiled sorrow stumbling on
the remnants of concocted complexities
babbling brooks trying to evade
shamelessly woven dreams of the meadows
the cascade rhyming love-laden hours
with glory, grandeur and grace

I stand here, naked
with a haunting melody inside....

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Age

old age is young age
under red red flame of forest
life not a wastage

young age is old age
not under yellow canopy of flowers
life a wastage

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At The Departure Terminal

At the departure terminal

That is my son, going up the ladder
He did not look back to see my tear-stained face...

I held him once to my bosom tight
To keep him in my loving care
To protect him from wind and fire
To help him reach unattainable height

Tears from a mother can fill the river
Fire from the mind can burn her to nothing
Fear in the mind can choke her to death
Worry can turn hair untimely grey

Needs will part us all away
Death will steal us from this world
Making us all a part of history
Can we hold onto anything in this world

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Attractions

What is it that I need
It is all that you need
And it is all what they need
To make us happy and gay

Let us go and find them out
Why can't you follow me stout
Is it not the honeyed midnight
That make us happy and gay

Pensive near a singing stream
My darling melting in my dream
Our endless love appear in plume
That make us happy and gay

Conjuring in words nature's booty
Is it not poets' duty
Flattering flowers with added beauty
That make us happy and gay

With envy nature did glance
When with her anklet did I dance
Nature's melody enraptured in trance
That make us happy and gay

Slipping into a melodious sleep
Angels kissing me with love so deep
A piece of sky in my words I keep
That make us happy and gay

Giving voice to the voiceless
Showering pity on the penniless
Trying to make their life painless
That make us happy and gay

Holding time on a festive day
Why don't we meet and play
Dazzling things I need not say
To make us happy and gay

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Attractions, These Too...

ATTRACTIONS, THESE TOO....

Glittering deeds I think I need
Smiling hands I think you need
Flowering minds I think they need
To make us happy and gay

Inviting spring with her rapture
Radiant star of love we capture
Pleasant memories we picture
To make us happy and gay

Let us find out melodious sights
That leave us with sparkling thoughts
Let us hear those honeyed words
To make us happy and gay

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Bubbles

Drowning my sorrows in the ocean
I sat there on the sand.....
Ocean, the Alchemist, turned them all to
Shining silvery pearls
And scattered around me.....
A handful of beads from the roaring waves
For every heart to leap in joy

Bubbles are not silly,
Easily breakable, full of air
Fascinating-carry all the rainbow colours

A hollow pipe and soapy water
Boys and bubbles in the air

The falling cataract
Forming snowy white foams
Seduces us to sing and dance

The frothy wine on the lips
Omar Khayyam's passing kiss

Your praise like a bubble
Brings me pleasure with pride

The child with milky foams moustache
Makes the mother laugh with delight
Children in the surf
Make me nostalgic
The foams of a moving canoe bring me
Thrill with cold wind

The making and breaking bubbles
Of the falling rain-thro' my window
Brings to me the transience of life

May I immerse in you, Ocean.....
My unanswerable questions

The undesirable wishes
The unsatisfied longings
The unfulfilled dreams
And the white lies
The feeling that everything is true
When nothing is true
The feeling that everything is false
When nothing is false
And my loneliness crystallized into pain

But she asked me to bury my joys also
For her to scatter.....
For the mad, sad and the glad
And walk away to eternity.....
Gliding like a half bubble on flowing water...

Singing all this time about bubbles
My mind is full of airy nothing.

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Butterflies

Butterflies are pretty things

Carry nature on the wings

Life they made us colorful

Painting nature beautiful

Sucking love with affection

Kissing them in creation

Humming songs on flowers' lips

Dancing breeze on their hips

Dancing flowers' nearby

Whispering ears with lullaby

Caressing flowers with dreams

Smiling at us with beams

Fondling us to be cheerful

Leaving us all wonderful

Are they not God's messages

For life to go on for ages

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Cactus And The Desert

Cactus and the Desert

the cactus conspiring with sweet darkness
to weave the story of the deserted minds

the cactus brooding over-eyes on the far horizon
to weave the tunes of the lonely minds

the cactus seduces the azure sky
weaving dreams
to germinate on the barren life

the cactus beckons weeping silence
to weave a rhapsody for forlorn souls

the cactus flirting with the rainless cloud
to shower rainbow colors on the empty hearts

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Celebrating Silence

Celebrating Silence

Alone, alone on the wishful hilltop
Alone, alone on the longing beach
Alone, alone in the silvery garden
Listening to dreams...stealing hopes
Celebrating silence.....

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Children-An Obsession

A mother's heart is always a mother's heart
The breast milking for those toothless gum
I mourn for the dead children.....
Are they not blessed?
I weep for those uncared infants.....
Are they not cursed?
I wail for those little hands searching
for the remnants in the garbage
And my hands stretching to all those
staggering little legs
The two little hands wiping my dining table
make my food undigested
The two little hands picking rotten grapes
from the gutter make me sick to the roots
The soft touch on my knees-two arms asking for alms
unwashed face, shabby tangled hair, loose big garments-unfitting
My heart picks these children home....
I carry them with me....anywhere....everywhere...
I look back...tight little fingers on my saree....
They follow me causing me discomfort
They pin me down to earth
They keep the floor burning hot for my legs
They keep my food half-way to the mouth
I want to do something.....
Am I not helpless.....?
Am I helpless.....?
Am I also not an orphan like them.....?

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Churidars

the creamy one with a creamy face going up and down
in search of her owner
the grey and red was ready to fight
but helped me with household chores
the white one was peeping into my newspaper on my bed
but finding it is yesterday's started to count my fingers
the lemon yellow a little proud of its beauty
wanted to add muskara
but as the face is missing
went to sleep and enjoy
the golden brown in the absence of the brain
helped me in mopping the floor but
left mid-way
the magenta sitting on the arm chair pretended
to enjoy music
and
the poor brownny without lace
wait for the lace of your dreams....

no blue or green as both were fighting
over the color of the ocean

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Decorated Silence

Decorated Silence

the trail of smoke pronounced my name
hesitant to leave.....
the sky, burdened...
transferred it to the clouds
to rain on your rooftop
know that...know that....know that it is sorrow's rain
of silenced pain
to be shattered on your window pane
or to bounce back

in between us
a sea of grief to drown and breathe in
the failure of uncomfortable realities
and
let me swallow the darkness of your loneliness

Oh no,
you are not alone
the squirrel winking from a distant tree
fluffy tail, soft and gentle
peeping into the secret corners of your mind
the black black bird with shrill voice
adding glow and glitter
the red robinbreast spreading her melody
the sky with slow moving cumulus
making the bitter memories more friendly
the Sun sometimes too hot
as a narrative of our imperfections
roaring trees trying to hide shadows, echoes and mysteries
and her child cold breeze alleviating the miseries

May I be the night to balm your eyes
devouring your fears
or plead the sky to lower the stars to fill the breakfast bowl of wrong delicious
equations

your loneliness mocking at me...

I leave you
decorating my silence
the silence between unspoken words
the words disappearing into a song of tune and tone
to fill your plate, platter and palette

returning to people who don't even deserve tears
and
the husband I never have

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Distance

Way back home
the flower beckoned me
the flower-strikingly beautiful

But the distance.....
the earth stealing wet hopes
the distance hangs heavily on me

climbing confusion
descending despair
circling characters
ascending the sudden silence within
crossing the doubts and fears
enwrapped in saddening absence
calculating the maddening loss
absorbing the hidden truth and gladness
ruminating the ecstasy and agony of
moments of pain and longing
and with faltering faith
the journey unfinished
with a distance unreachable
the distance...

the distance
the distance between myth and reality
the distance between illusion and reality
the distance between fancy and reality
the distance between dream and reality
the distance between naturalness and artificiality

the flower beckons me
the flower once strikingly beautiful
looked surreal now
whispering words of diminishing yellow
the surreal flower
for my eyes were locked in another dimension
WE DON'T UNDERSTAND US

with the courage of laughter

and the journey unfinished
I understand
the distance is the same

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Do They Call Me Again...

Do they call me again.....?

Can we turn the wheels of time back.....
To compensate for all those wasted years
God whispered poetry into my ears
But words are elusive, leaving me to chase the echo.....
Childhood innocence crept into girlhood
Rambled on the hills and valleys-aimlessly
A life full of dreams and fantasy
Did not drown myself into the flowing life
To collect the gems and pearls of its richness

The morning dew drops did not reflect
 the secrets of the night
The chilly breeze did not repeat
 the cuckoo's song

The flowing streams did not murmur
 the mirth of life
The silvery moonlight did not brighten
 the thorny path of life
The tinkling of the anklets merged with the
 chirping of birds

Spring decorated her doors with flowers
And butterflies to suck the warmth of life
I turned away, the flowers faded
And the butterflies to other flowers

I locked my life with the key of philosophy
Hardened my mind to keep away the youthful passions
Love remained only in the sky with the rainbow...
Hesitating to stoop down to me

Lonely, I stand here alone.....
On the endless path of life
Do they call me again.....
The flowers flowing in the wind,

.....and the butterflies

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Emptiness

here, with unbearable silence
heavy with your absence
emptiness showering memory's rain
life on wasteland....

(written for a contest with the picture of a graveyard)

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Epic Of Love

He sings
She sings
They both sing
and...
their children too..

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Fluttering

But then...

Monday and me delved deep into oblivion
Time battling with me cried to the bottom of my heart
and we both wept
twilight stole my self and escaped into fluidity
leaving me abscessed
the morning robs all my sobs melting into the wilderness
I heave butterflies
spring brought me a vase of laughter
filled with many things left unsaid
Friday faded into thoughts peeling my fake pretensions
night tickled all hugs and vanished into yesterday
Sunday discarded me blissfully
left me wet and wounded
December from a high pedestal frowns at my confusions
April scattered me with questions on the scorching path
betraying me with slippery promises
Tuesday invoked in me affectionate pranks
sucking my cold and confusions
autumn wishes rustling golden melodies with naughtiness
and novelties
February left a moist impression of known and unknown
emptiness and worthlessness
the wind, as usual, hides in the mind of the trees
breathing memory of cherished times

Oh, to be washed away by destiny in those times
they teach me lessons which I can never learn

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For More And More....

for more and more.....

glistening is the love from above
showered on the soft gentle earth
the earth bows to the sky in supplication
for more and more and more.....

soothing is the scented breeze
dancing on the flowery spring
and me, with the buds and blossoms
yearns for more and more and more.....

thrilled in the melody of footsteps
the earth is illuminated
blossoming in the warmth of embrace
longing for more and more and more...

the stars fluttering with dazzling love
wrapped in sparkling smile and laugh
scattering dreams to fill the earth
to glow more and more and more.....

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Grandfather

Sitting in a semi- circle around the Sandhyadeepam
Reciting from Ramayana and Mahabharatha
Listening with awe and interest
You filled in us ideas and ideals
Lying in an arm chair
Close -cropped hair, closed eyes
The thumb encircling the middle finger
You inculcated values in us
That was long time back...

Initiating me into a world of letters through husk and bran
My fingers in your hand
Drew pictures in my mind
Indelible.....
Like grooved letters on the palm leaves by iron stiletto
Of Christ Who taught us to pray only for the daily bread
Of Krishna who advised 'work is worship'
Of Buddha and his kindness
Of Allah and his greatness
Filled in me knowledge as power, light, solace and exhilaration
That was long time back...

Times when values were values
And greatness of mind was the greatness of man
Ruled the village folk
You the King and I, the Princess
Judged, advised, helped, directed
They were happy...
We too....
That was long time back

On the step of the pond
Gaping at my granny
The grey hair and the hanging breast
Dancing with the ripples and the water weed
Wet cloth round her waist
Returned to prepare your 'delicia'
Of betel leaves with mortar and pestle
Cherishing the times we were together....

That was long time back...

And now.....

On a bed of arrows...

You remain a Colossus in my mind

Trying to fill us with inner strength

Urging us to go up and up

To see boundaries disappear

To feel humanity as a whole

Not a Christian, nor a Hindu

Not a Muslim, nor a Buddhist

Who am I?

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Heartbeat Of Time

Heartbeat of time

The world is bright and young
with the irrational rhythm
sung and unsung

ears listening to song from which music is stolen
and often wordless at rendition

the night is long and endless
blooming uncertainty

eyes open to sights disappearing in shadows
dawn, slow coming
splashing drops resonating tragedies
with occasional farce, thrusting in comedies

dews reflecting vanished birthdays' wish, wonder and whims
fading thoughts of dislocated laughter
reality echoing thwarted hopes
emptiness mocking with a painted face of colorless hues
smell of burnt illusion
forgetting on meditation
and
the heartbeat of time lost in the twilight

waking into
a dream...
...and ripples of laughter
the earth is green and frothy.....

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Hey, There

oh, there! once again
the magic of rain, to ease our pain

hidden behind a butterfly kiss
peeping through lovers' glance with bliss
gliding with a caress through memory
color of happiness for us to carry

when can I own the spring
from which you gather colors and sing

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Hide And Seek

hide and seek of pain and pleasure
spinning us in whirlpool beyond measure
when and where, in life, we be in leisure

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I Don'T Look Westward Now...

Idon't look westward now...

their garden dewes reflect the pain of her absence

she left, Abiya my neighbour

leaving her babbling and lisping in my ears

she left in the flowers her inviting smile

and the butterflies resound her anklets

but I am not empty- she hugged her laughter on my shoulder

when springshower starts humming lullaby

or when June starts plucking flowers

she will be back, she will be back

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prasanna kumari

Irony

The air grows grim
oscillating between remembrance and forgetfulness
the world crumbles
between fear and hope

my nights are days
and days are days too
the gods being lost
between self-imposed infliction
and incurable affliction
the void sprinkles clouds of rootless enigmas

old stories retold in less heavy words
and hushed tones
to make it more palatable

like a faraway light fading from sight
the wind, chilly and cold,
trying to alleviate the darkness
absorbs the creaking of my heart

reaching the opposites unknowingly
is
the irony of existence

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Jesus In My Life

Now, with two thousand and five
With churchbell memories live
How in his blood and pool
Jesus remained calm and cool

Jesus with his thorny crown
Found me with my own thorn
Suffering, bleeding on his cross
Crying, weeping on my loss

Followed him a large crowd
Noticing him made me proud
There is ONE to wipe my tears
Supporting me in my fears

Life he made me simple, light
Elevating to scaling height
Helping me to keep my throne
All my deadly worries gone

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Let Us Sing Together, Love

Let us sing together, Love

I want you to drown in my songs, Love
And be lost in me...
But how do I sing...

My flute is only a hollow pipe
My harp is with broken strings
My numb fingers on my drum
Nor have I got a nightingale's throat

Come and be with me, my Love
Let's sing together...

from those unheard melodies
To fill our nights....
 with the music of the stars
 and the humming of the moonlight
To fill our days...
 with the song of the breeze flirting with the flowers
 and the murmur of the wind seducing the leaves to dance

Are you not listening, my Love
I am singing...

from the music of raindrops falling on the grass
from the soft sound of buds blossoming into flowers
from the murmur of darkness embracing our love
and the soft sound of light enveloping us
And from the last dance of the falling leaves.....

A fleeting smile on your lips...?
Heard my songs, Love...?
Are you not intoxicated...
By the sweet and enchanting music of our love

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Life's Little Surprises

on the upward surge....
the treasure-chest spilling pain
which the tears are not able to measure

the winding path on the meadows
with shadeless trees
the scorching heat
which the summer is not able to calculate

among the autumn dry leaves
rustling thorny silence
life's superlatives brushing on my cheeks

winter mist
treading on torture and torment
to bleed....
sometimes the echo of soft gentle laughter
adding spice with beauty's pain
and the chill the winter is not able to feel

the spring elusive....
forgotten in misery and pain
embarrassment picking rights and wrongs
adding to the burdened shoulder

mysteries scattered on the path
to feed on unknown fears
sweeping memories lost and found
enwrapped in numbness
the shapeless shadow
reflecting on the ripples of troublesome water

on the cross-roads...
baffled
not for freedom's unlimited choice
nor for love's unexplored joys
but....
pining for a shore blossoming solace
yearning for life's little surprises

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Limerick 1

there was an old man in Vazhore
whose remarks made us sore
he thought 'I am wise'
we thought 'He is unwise'
foolishly he remained a bore

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Limerick 2

there was an old man with ease
who made us smile as cheese
who thought his head so big
we thought it full of pig
he left us to be with peace

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Love Is An Endless Song

Taiwan holds me back
nothing does she lack
people, places, palaces
all gleaming in laces

looking at the map
Taiwan in world's lap
big and huge and great are her sap
small and little are for others in the map

Kaoshiung calls me back
nothing does she lack
Love river reflects color of love
mountain breze inspires a thousand dove

kaoshiung beckons me with boom
never can she end in doom
spring mesmerises with her bloom
flowers seduce with the blossom

Kaoshiung keeps me back
full of rapture in her sack
chubby cheeks invite a kiss
left undone, oh! what we miss

Sherry laughs like chattering beads
that reminds us of past good deeds
Cristal won me with her tears
are we not blessed, the poets, the seers

Taiwan tempts me back
Taiwanese art enraptures me
Taiwanese craft fascinates me
Cristal's tears follow me
Love is an endles song

(written after attending World Poetry Festival in Kaoshiung, Taiwan
reading poetry with Nobel laureate Derek y and Cristal were interpreter girls who
helped us to translate from English to Chinese and vice al cried when we left,

such a strong bond of love with four days (March 24-27,2005) -hence this poem

Love river is the name of the river flowing through the middle of the city
kaushiung

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Man And Nature

As I walked along the path
Crushing grass under with wrath
That wanted to whisper sounds
Left unsaid beyond bounds

As I rested under the tree
One blue leaf fell on me
That wanted to conspire with light
Planning future far in sight

As I passed a well-known tree
One blue and blushing smile on me
That brought me back my youth
And sure, well did it soothe

As I passed the mountain still
Stopping wind to play on hill
Flirting flower and dancing deer
Lulling leaves all keep me near

As the brooding breeze did wink
And the fading sun did sink
Bringing me my memory past
Dissolving the moon at last

When I left a lasting sigh
Dancing waves did keep me high

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Mirror

I loved you once, you took me in
With chubby cheeks you made me grin
I love you for you give me back
Without hiding in your sack

Once I found you in my teens
Made me pretty, all my means
Found you grow me all seasons
Nature filling moons and suns

For some time you missed me there
Then I found me missing here
Dancing I was with my dear
Lust and love, hai! keep me cheer

You made me reflect without mask
All these questions may I ask
Without answer you showed me
Wife and mother I can be

With grey hair I thought wisdom come
Grey hair did not make wise some
Wisdom gained, I found me failed
Oh! Mirror, can you make me resolved

I thought you keep me all absorbed
Without letting time involved
But, I found in you me sold
Once decked with a speck of gold

prasanna kumari

My Song

Could you please hold my hand, my dear
And listen to my song? My song of joy and pain
My song of footsteps washed off by the waves,
Of music of the heart both melt and unmelt
Of the Kajal-mixed hot tears and the pain
Of the journey by the snake-boat sinking down and down

Could you please listen to my song, my dear
Of the serene calm morning and dawn
Of the young sun's golden rays showers
Of the sweet notes of anklet picking flowers
And the whole lot of them snatched away
Away for ever, from the breeze of joy

Could you please listen to my song, my dear
Of childhood joys and brotherly love
Of the pain of separation of us being scattered
To the corners of the world by the tempest of
Ill-fate; leaving behind memories deep
Heaving the sad sigh of my emptied life

Could you please listen to my song, my dear
Of the butterflies that saw us happy on the swing
Holding the spring in our tender hands
The sky grew dark scaring and staring
The torrential rain with vengeance!
We lost the spring and floated down and down

Could I recline on your breast in ease and comfort, my dear
We searched for life in the heaving waves
Our limbs became lumps and dead tired
And I woke up with my spring lost forever
What a heavy loss it was!
Let me find solace in your bosom, my dear...

prasanna kumari

Mystery

Binding together is mystery
Like you and me.....
That makes me think
The meaning of love
And the bond.....

No night without darkness
No day without light
Who owns darkness?
The night or our Satanic mind
Who owns light?
The day or a loving heart

The odour hangs in the air
But only dangling, no belonging
Who owns scent?
Flowers or the lasses

The eye does not own
Once the tear is gone
Who owns the tear?
The eyes or a pining heart

No rainbow seen
Once the colour is gone
Who owns the colour?
A ray of light or a ray of hope

The way leads us on
We leave it and walk away
Like a canoe in a ferry.....
Do we own time...?
Our all-time friend
Still....
Can we be free of time....?
.....free of space...?

prasanna kumari

Nowhere

Where should I spread my bed sheet.....?

On the left is scorpion and spider

On the right stinking garbage

Beside the window, falling water

Near the doors, stamping feet

In the middle hangs invisible meaninglessness

Near the middle sways saturated nothingness

On the wall leans choking depression

Frozen life sleeps on the floor

Dead yesterdays' pricking pain

Burning today's frightening flames

Unborn tomorrows' wild threatening

Reverberating in the air

Dumb words hit on my head

Creeping revenge blocks my way

Stinging hatred paralyses the heart

Venomous greed slips thro' the roof

Cold passion permeates around

And secrecy searches a place to hide

Detachment.....

Home....

Home....!! !

Home.....? ? ?

prasanna kumari

Nursery Rhyme

People on my left and right
Laughing with all mirth and might
Leave in me a life delight
Consoling my heart in tight
Helping me with soaring height
Fill in me all cooling sight

Staring at those city light
A wonder thought does give me fright
Where is our inner light
Have we spilled and made it slight
Filling dark inside is blight
Leaving us with less insight
Making daily life in plight

Why should we all start a fight
When friendship is burning bright
We need not be full of fright
War will end with peace upright
Don't be afraid of twilight
Setting Sun will bring us light
We will go and fly a kite
Well before the dark and night

prasanna kumari

Pangs Of Love (Valentine Poem)

Pangs of Love

I feel pangs of Love
Piercing into me, soothing me to ecstasy
Crushing my body, breaking my bones
I want to escape, but feel paralysed
I lie motionless, gasping for breath

You say love is happiness and ecstasy
I feel love as sad and agonizing
Sound of foot steps, stolen looks
What do they give? Agony or ecstasy

A pat on the shoulders cannot alleviate my pain
So you raise your hands to wipe my tears
But you are helpless, motionless –
What can you do? Only gaze into my eyes.

I feel it a miracle, you beside me
Chanting words of consolation
But can any words quench the burning fire of passion?
Or bring back to me my battered life?

Not a face that launched a thousand ships
But a face that betrays a shattered self
Trying to keep alive in the midst troubles
Facing you with a borrowed smile.

Nor have you any romantic charm
How do we come under the spell
That could raise me to another world
That could make me drunk and lost.

Not for the moist print of your lips
Nor for the mark of teeth or nail
But for what? I do not know
Thrilled, I sit in front of you.

I feel my path strewn with flowers
To welcome me to a whole new world
With the weight of your living presence
I feel myself born again.

You ask not my comfort, nor I yours
We are apart, we are near
But how, again, I do not know
Do we share our joy or sorrow?

Keep your ear on my chest
I will hug and hold you tight
To make you listen to my heart
Pounding for you on my sleepless nights.

These words are from my bleeding heart
Not for your stroking hand on my hair
Nor for the panting breath on my neck
But for the showering bliss of love.

prasanna kumari

Paradise

Home....

Home....! ! !

Home.....? ? ?

A home is not a wonder world
Nor it is a thunder world
Sometimes a blunder world
Always a tender world

It is not a dream land
Nor is it a scream land
Sure it is a calm land
Always a warm land

A home is a home is a home
When built on the bricks of love
Plastered with mutual trust
Painted with kindness
Floored with a sense of belonging
An earthly paradise....

prasanna kumari

Poets' Weapon

words that weep, words that cry
words that laugh, words that smile
words that hurt, words that heal
words pregnant with a world of passion
is all the poets' weapon
to fight, to conquer the human mind and heart....

prasanna kumari

Relaxed

Lost.....

I was ignorant to know the absence

the absence

not of the empire

but myself

lost.....

kept me ransacking

no pearls in memory to sip from the honeyed soundlessness and dreams

suspended between past and future

the present teases me

and a one legged smile sighs on the winter chill

stumbled on conceit

tumbling in the whirlpool

fumbling for words with pen and paper

Life is too incomprehensible

like some poems

unintelligible to the layman like me

unreachable

shrouded in mystery

sometimes charming

like a dance

but the rhythm fled, steps going awry

music not synchronizing

dance

a dance of destruction

now almost uncertain of the real loss

relaxed

prasanna kumari

Resurrection

Stunned I stood in front of life
Alone in the pathless wood—
Dragging forward...
The Sun did not filter through the thick foliage
In the forest....
Forward again..
Slipping on the stones
The boulders blocking my way
The caves swallowed me into the darkness
Stumbled on a clod of earth.....
Exhausted, blank, frozen, collapsed

A light from somewhere
First glaring-then revealing
Letters, words and two hands lifting me up...
'Life is beautiful'-echoed in my ear
'Listen to the music of the wind'...
The scent of flowers thro' the nostrils
Beckoned me back to life

Memories flooded in my mind
With flowers and ribbons on plaited hair
Two little hands on scrabble forming words
Then the delight of the child jumping up and down
The joy of simple creation!
Why not me? I thought
Like the sculptor shaping beautiful things
Out of black, sticky clod of earth
A work of art
To absorb and elevate us into another world

I stare at the heap of letters
Pick them up to form words-
Words to form poetry
With some divine power
The lifeblood of my resurrection!
Mysterious! Dumbfounded!
I stare at my own creation!
(written long time back)

prasanna kumari

Ruth Wildes Schuler

If 'culture is concern for others'
she is more cultured than others
while i dream of light
she is the incarnation of light
every love is marked by selfishness
but never hers, her words are full of kindness
delving deep into the history of nations
she fills her poems with image, voice and emotions
her heart beats with the deer
which destroyed her garden
she considers all animals her dear
that is why the deer live with her pardon
with care she nurses her ailing husband
so much lovable and kind
she keeps her wrinkled life with vibrancy
the world should emulate people with efficiency
her family members are with full of attachment
never can we remember her with detachment

(Ruth Wildes Schuler is a poet from California, USA.I met her at World Poery Festival in Taiwan.A true friend is a sister not born to our parents)

prasanna kumari

She

She is a mist, a misty affair
the sequence barely seen
getting lost
to be found with breathing words
among gasping breath
ferrying from baffled shore
to botched riddle
sound of mirth and laughter
drowned in the tides of suffering
trying to distill sun and moon
in the absence of pomp or power
or even the dream of fairy tales
trying to make sense of this stillness
from past vibrancy and vivacity
she, undefinable
cramming ten thousand emotions into an easy song
spilling dreams, fragrance and melody

prasanna kumari

Signature

a song oozing out of the myrtle leaves
mystifies the path
with a song within a song
the jasmine holding many a breath
of honeyed sleepless nights
adds glow and glitter
swaying from hope to wishes
the orchids longing look
the daffodils winked at the rose
in pursuit of happiness
the dahlias trying to enjoy breezy coolness
grooming into consequences
the marigold pretended indifference
peeling an orange sweet and sour
the violets creeping on the silence
blooming on hearts defining beauty
the daisy with silvery delight
wait for birth and rebirth
the chrysanthemum numb with frozen memories
heavy with faltering souls
the tulips at the corner stood as pallbearer
of the psyche of the lost souls
the night enchanting and absorbing nature's rhythm
sprinkles lilac, magenta, yellow, pink and purple
the trees embrace the laughter of desire
to conquer the blushful dreams

and every petal of every flower
with the signature of poets
giggling at realities

with moon on my hair
and sun in my heart
and stars around us
waking into consciousness

prasanna kumari

Singing

painfully satiated
blissfully rejoicing
singing silently

(written for a contest, three lines without nouns)

prasanna kumari

Smile

I will wear your smile
in my heart forever
that is my smile

prasanna kumari

Smile-Once More

SMILE-ONCE MORE

smile caressing your lips
fondles my body in bliss

smile a glossy smile
to enliven my mind in style

smile a smile to sparkle
to enlighten my soul to dazzle

smile and smile with you
enthroned my spirit with you

smile a lustrous smile
to enrich my route awhile

smile for Heavens to bloom
smile to cast away my gloom

smile as moonlight glance
see my rhythmic dance

smile on my shoulders' wings
Oh! listen, the bird sings

smile when at its best
cast Cupid's arrow on my chest

(i noticed that more people read my poem 'smile'.so i felt smile is more powerful than 'War' which almost went , this poem happened to me)

prasanna kumari

Still There...

vanishing into infinity's lap
to bring back eternity's sap
oh! still there, decorating the mind and the sky

prasanna kumari

Tears

Blurred letters...
Drenched in my tears are my poems
The tears washed away other things too....
The chill of pearl -diving in the summer
My foolishness flourished with passion
The longing for Cupid to slip from the shapeless skies
The deepening shadows of the passing clouds
in the autumnal fields
The spring- woven dreams of the lush green days
The widely awakened winter night thrill
listening to the ever-loving flute
The music of the paddy filed waves
The time when-
any sound was absorbing...
any smell relishing....
any sight sparkling...
That leaves a passion for life

Lost all my tears....
A heroine in those unwritten stories
On a blank sheet- without any balance

prasanna kumari

The Bell

Soap in my eyes and gurgling watery noises
I am listening to the bell
The bell makes me think, hear and see...
Feel and smell too...
The smell through the air affects me
The hand shivers...
The voice trembles...
The lips quivers...
The heart throbs...
To reach...

Is it my child with a frostbite or a fever?
To make me sore
The shock of a mutiny?
To keep me in turmoil
The affliction of an incurable disease?
To bury me in deep sorrow
The ceremony of a poetry prize?
To leave my heart throbbing
The idea of a new art film?
Which leaves me enlightened
The complaint of an unsatisfied job?
To keep me in a helpless plight
The first cry of a new born girl?
To welcome her with a bouquet
The news of a sinking bed?
To leave in me a silent pain
The sad news of suicide?
To immerse me in bursting tears
A difficult question?
To leave me satisfied
For a patient listening?
On the brink of agitation.....?
For a healing touch...?
Just a 'hallo'.....?
To remind me that I am still alive..?
To find solace away from home?
For a word of consolation..?
Is it a wrong number?

To make me annoyed
Or that unfathomable voice...
To leave me baffling, uncertain, intoxicated...

My hand reached the pedestal-still watery
It stopped-the ringing
I looked outside-a salesgirl

prasanna kumari

The Fountain

The Fountain

cold wind and showers in the morning
the Sun refuses to speak thro' the clouds
yet I dance.....

the days are cold
and long are the lingering nights
yet I dance...

never asleep, never calm, never silent
the grass with kiss of dews
the wind- elusive, leaves a distant whisper
the rock with pranks of falling leaves
a cat climbing on a tree
the trees-a plaything of seasons' whims
recipient of glory and gloom
stand in resignation
the color of flowers smelling hope
on the ripples

and then they come....
the footsteps crumbling silence and solitude
and the heaviness of my softness
my mind is sold
to a cuckoo's song

lovers filled in themselves
the air is sweet
couples with radiant smile
bubbling warmth on the winding path
children delightful
bright innocence, no malice, no disguise
grey hair
trying to drag the past glory thro' me
to fill the numbness of forgotten holidays
and the dull empty todays

I feel and fill

peace and joy
mirth and laughter
until the Sun's rays fade into twilight's oblivion

trembling and shivering
for a warm embrace
glad to find life's boom
but clad only in timeless gloom
I dance...
and dance and dance....

('I' is the fountain and not the poet)

prasanna kumari

The Lost Smile

The lost smile

a magic smile as a reverie
Oh! a life full of revelry

a welcome smile unsaid
leading all my way to bed

smile a seductive one
absorb me to be won

your smile tickling my cheeks
ah! raise me into the highest peaks

my hidden smile weaving silence
without sense, wait for your presence

a smile totally forgotten
drowns us all in pricking pain

a tear-laden smile on the face
speaks volumes beyond words

smile whispering colors
full of blushing pleasures

a vanishing smile with heaviness
light leaving for darkness

and me and me wandering awhile
in search of my lost smile

prasanna kumari

The Missing Wind

Tired of bloodshed and battle
Rape and riot, killing and carnage
The missing wind rattle
'I am in search of peace'-or to hide

Crushed by womanliness
Chased by flowers for stolen fragrance
Kissed by waves for tickling
Coercing the clouds, uprooting
the enormous sky
Gathering dreams, borrowing sorrows
Shaping hopes, hoping to shape
Reaping ripples, reveling in melodies
Hidden by sobs, hugged by laughter
Weighing bonds, winnowing ignorance
Heavy with despair, heaving confusion
Reflecting sweet nothings, revealing
bitter atrocities
Reaching to future, trying to nurture
Disguised.....
Silver air, golden air, green air, dark air, blue air
On the mountain breast, in the meadow's mind
Below the ravine's murmur, beneath
the anklet of streams
On the chirping landscape, over the flapping
Cascade
Above the mysterious cliff, amidst mystic twilight
Running, running, running.....
To find peace
Like I in search of me!

prasanna kumari

The Way Leads On....

The way leads on.....

the path.....

dark and swollen

the rock absorbing solitude

the wind echoing lullaby's warble

and sometimes...

peeping from a sidewalk fence

a rose with moon inside

reflecting a sparkling eye

pink—the color of desire which the rainbow failed to own

the flame of the forest with

a shadowy smile

bending to touch the unuttered word

the falling leaves

wayward

darkening gloom and unattended screams

accompanying the gasping breath

the creeping numbness of a distanced affection

the truth unknown

on the wailing path

the affected cloud

staring at the detached sky

the bush thick and close

like the lovers' grip

the orange glow seemingly indifferent

with hidden palpable hearts

the mind carrying half-forgotten

disturbing melodies

and sometimes...

the anklet of singing streams

squeezing a seductive smile

gliding on fantasy

to float on lighter moments

the heat of blending symphonies

melting bodies and souls in unison

exciting pleasantries

buried angst springing from
suppressed whimper...
and the world
hanging upside down...
the way leads on....

prasanna kumari

Those Days

I fainted on the way
to see the armed robber shot, on the day
memories past, ostrich brings
in the bush wild bird sings

sleepless I lay, restless i say
of those youthful days, lived as I may
those days I cherish on my chest
with my child held close to my breast

gone are the days of dark and light moon
never I wanted to pass it so soon
heaviness I lay to be at rest
youth and passion were at its best
I lost myself in the African bush
but then I was really green and lush

prasanna kumari

Unsung Lullaby

I missed her while still alive
I missed her while dead in absence
In that missing I feel her presence
Being dead and being alive

That taught me how to miss dear
Who are still alive and near
Destiny had her course for me
A lesson for a life in store for me

A lullaby which has lost its rhyme
A rocking cradle which has ceased its rhythm
A tear-stained face becomes painfully clear
That makes my eyes fill and flow, dear

Her unshed tears fill my eyes
Her unsung lullaby down me weighs
A mother's mind is still deep water
Make me aware –when I am a mother

A cold breeze from her grave
Caresses us to work with ease
Fondles us to sleep in peace
Carries the sobbing of a belated love

A hand stretching from her grave
Makes us understand her love
Tries to fill us with affection
Prays to God for our protection

Have we wronged you, mother?
With all the unrequited love
You being a distant reality
What can we do now, when you are gone...

prasanna kumari

Vanished Syllables

Fifty suns and fifty moons
on my birthday stealthily passed
fifty clouds and thunder more
fifty lightning and my tears

peals of laughter and my youth
nature brimming myriad hues
melody echoed spring and streams
I then dashed and danced a splash

beyond the greens and beyond the means
sculpture of passion I was then
words rushed and beauty danced
breeding desire rocking more

tides of suffering made me weak
avoiding questions, evading answers
unable to wipe tears, deep in my fears
living like an innocent idiot, loving like an enlightened fool
with silenced song in hushed tones
vanished syllables here I seek

prasanna kumari

Waiting For The Daystar

waiting for the daystar

June shut me up within four walls
with thunder rumbling sorrow on me
with excruciating pain, grief and sadness
I turned to painting on the empty space
But my yellow turned to grey disillusionment
green leaf to bluish dreams
the brown tiger to purple desire
grey bird took wings as pink aspiration
thick forest with the inescapable color
color of twilight is of strained laughter
the dark cloud is of evasive happiness
white cumulus absorbed the color of elusive peace
the nude woman with the color of loneliness
lion roaring with grey screams
black smoke emerging with golden memory
lotus swaying with the color of dirt
wind flowing with the color of uneasiness
pleasant breeze conjuring color of heaviness
.....i am waiting.....
waiting for the daystar to reveal the true colors

prasanna kumari

War

The mother sitting on the rubble haunts me to doom
A child in her lap sucking the dried-up breast fills my eyes to gloom
With half-veiled face filled with misery
She rummages for a piece of life in the debris
And her eyes emptied of life look to the distant horizon
Numb, dumb and grief-stricken
Crushed, crumbled and totally thrashed.....
She clings to life to wipe her child's tears

A soldier in arms- pathetic, helpless
Made to fight for the maniac's fancies
Forlorn hopes, fallen martyrs
What do they fight for? Or for whom?

Two little eyes searching for father
Two little ears listening to missiles
Two little legs running for life
What do they gain in victory or defeat?

A widow on the blood-stained body
Wailing to bring him back to life
A mother with forlorn hopes
Weeping in vain for him
A father with unshed tears
Children with insecure future
Is it all we get from war?

Listen to the rumbling in the distance.....
Painful sigh for a missing brother
Desperate search for a ruined sister
Loud groaning of a lonely child
Heaving sigh of a widowed heart
Call of hunger? Thirst? For shelter?
The mysterious rustling of the refugees
The moving legs walking to infinity
With dim, lighted lantern and tight grip of little fingers.

Is it not war that destroyed them?

Is it not hatred that crumbled their life?
Is it not bloodshed that crippled them?
Is it not cruelty that numbed their spirit?
Is it not pride that initiates war?
Is it not greed that ignites enmity?
Is it not jealousy that destroys nations?
Where are the Gods? In Hell or in Heaven?

Prostrate at your feet, my tears soak your feet
Allah! Jesus! Krishna!
Come out of the book or the altar of the church
Step out of the temple and the mosque
Walk among us in flesh and blood
Chanting words of love and kindness
Filling our hearts with affection and sympathy
Teaching us the meaning of sacrifice
To live together- a life of peace and happiness.

prasanna kumari

Who Knows

Is it the flowers that seduce the wind
or the wind enticing the flowers
perhaps, the poet knows

prasanna kumari

Women-Scattered Images

The door closed behind her; Nangema looked back
The last rites are over.....
Alone in the wilderness.....
A living dead body.

To another world..? Is there is another world..?
A bundle of wronged life hugged to her chest
Whose wrong? Of destiny's? Of innocence?
Of human frailty? Of human strength?

Nangema thought; The door did not close
For the one who tore her life to pieces

Centuries pass; but Nangemas are still Nangemas
The owner of scarlet letters...
Destroyed, defeated, dejected, desolate.....

Caressing my unborn daughter
Many more incarnations in my mind...

Panchalis not able to resort to another Krishna
Sitas not able to leap into fire
And my granny with tears
Dripping on the betel leaves
The women with starving children
Endlessly waiting for the staggering steps
And uncivilized uttering
Knee – deep in the dirt, life in mire
Smell of mud is dissolved in her body
Two hands rocking the saree – candle on the branches
Always afraid of thunder and rain
And the mid – day sun

The others, with tear-soaked dreams
Waiting to fill their purses
And ladies, sobs welled up inside
Appear in frills and laces
Two eyes peeping through the kitchen door
Wiping hands on the sooty dress

The foster-mothers, pushing ball rice into the little mouths
To be abandoned.....

African women bending under the weight of firewood
With two children in and out
Huddled among a leap of vessels
They live for others only

A princess on a palanquin
A rare sight.....only on reels
Not real...
And me and me and me too.....
The heaviness of being.....

The earth – detached
Absorbs all the sweat
Swallows all the sobbings
To flourish nature with greenness
Thunder, lighting, heat, light and strength

prasanna kumari