

Poetry Series

Rev. Viji Eapen
- poems -

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Rev. Viji Eapen(25th July 1977)

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Be + Ve

(This is a Sonnet in Iambic Tetra Meter with aaaabbbb, bbbcca rhyming scheme.)

The dark-fledged night is here and near,
And moon-lit night is found no where.
I thought for days why days are rare,
And found no ways to end my snare.
I then looked up to sky so far,
And through the clouds I saw a star.
It smiled at me from way that far,
That twinkling beam thus healed my scar.

I got to know that nights not mar
And need no days to fill my jar
If I can be a shining star
Then nights can turn to days for sure.
All that I need is try to cure
The dark-fledged night without a fear.

Rev. Viji Eapen

Church

Dead, am I
For, I've lost my senses -
To see, to hear, to taste, to feel, to smell.
If I had not,
I'd have changed my world.

Dead, am I!
For, there are poor -
Seeing me, hearing me, tasting me, feeling me, smelling me.
But, why do I not care?
Dead, am I!

Will I live anymore?
Will these bones awake? Arise?
Gain to sense the pain around?
Seek the love to speak around?

Rev. Viji Eapen

God's Own Country

They claim,
This is God's own country.
And, they are right,
For, there are no humans here.

Rev. Viji Eapen

'Good Bye'

[This Poem is a satire over our human life and human feelings, in a fast moving competitive world, becoming more and more mechanical and objective respectively.]

Looking to the coffin,
'Good Bye! ', I told her
Said I again.
But,
She didn't hear.
White was her face,
And closed were her eyes,

Louder I said, 'Good Bye'
Not dead was her, I knew.
Just sinking.
But,
Bound were her arms,
And tied were her toes.

Me who bound, me who tied,
No time to be wasted.
It is done!
'Good Bye'

I've a party...
Let me go now,
My job is done!
So...'Good Bye'

For her, 'Rest in peace'.
For me, rest, in peace.
Good Bye!

Rev. Viji Eapen

Let Me Not Love! ! !

Let me not love,
For they say,
I don't know how to love.
I met love,
For the first time,
In my mother's womb.
I heard the voice-
Love, Love and Love.
Oh! Love, Thy name is self-lessness.

And, when I breathed,
Smelt another love.
She smelt filthy.
I heard the voice,
Be loved, be loved, be loved.
Oh! Love, Thy name is Selfishness.

Let me not love,
They say,
I don't know how to love.

Rev. Viji Eapen

Let Me Rain! ! !

Oh! God,
It is still raining,
And I am still praying.
Not for the rain to stop,
But for the ray of hope -
That rains through the rain.

Let it rain! Let it rain!
Through my panes
Into my pains.

So that,
I shall rain
In the summer.

Rev. Viji Eapen

Migration In Summer

Oh! the cruelest, longest and hottest season,
When my Maple and Oak cried,
I didn't know that you were so near,
To tear me apart.
From my streams and valleys.
I wish winter and spring soon come,
And then I'll be back again
To live.

Rev. Viji Eapen

Solitude

I wish I was solitude,
So that I could be a friend to many,
Both for the rich and poor
Both for the wise and fool
Both for the men and women
For all.

I promise you,
I will be everything to you,
until
you say 'Good Bye' to me

Rev. Viji Eapen

Truth Has Not...Not...Not Just One Face

I told them
That it was a sunny night,
And, they said no.
'How could the night be so sunny? '
And I said,
It was a sunny night not because the night was sunny
But, that the sunny day was dark as night...
For many reasons...
Which they don't know...
Which I don't know.

Oh! God Help them
To see that...
The Truth has not...not... not just one face.

Rev. Viji Eapen

Why I Love Night! ! !

It is morning again,
But night was a gain!
For, then I had a hope
That morning had a scope

But, now ti's morning,
Nothing I've for hoping,
Darkness! ! ! will it be so soon -
There mayn't be even a moon.

I love the night,
Hoping a day-light.
But, the day, I hate,
For it takes us to night.

Rev. Viji Eapen

Worthless! ! !

I've a ferryboat and an oar
And I know to row
But, I can't,
For I've a ferryboat
And am in a desert.

Rev. Viji Eapen