

Poetry Series

Roopa Menon
- poems -

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Roopa Menon(11-05-1985)

Roopa Menon was born in Mumbai, India on 11th May,1985.

Her poems have been published in Tajmahal Review (June 2003) ,
POTLUCK magazine and "VOYAGES"(a poetry Anthology)

Her interview about "Life in India" has been published by Teen Voices.

A Day In Sun's Life

The blanket of night slid off,
A brilliant glow emerged,
That trickled its way down,
Squeezing between clouds,
Letting out a huge yawn,
The sun awoke over the cliffs,
Stretching out his arms,
And the smiling rays traveled,
In glee they watched,
The rich green paradise,
Where flowers bloomed,
Amidst the chatter,
Of birds and butterflies,
The farmers busy on farm,
And there, the city scapers
Abuzz with life and work,
The rays trembled,
To hear the machines roar,
And watched a plane,
That clung to his arms,
And flew by in the sky,
The smile drowned,
As it witnessed,
Bloodshed, bombing and war,
And the dead drift into depths,
Of inhumanity and destruction.
The smile returned,
To see the tiny smiles,
And confident eyes,
That promised to the world,
A new peaceful generation.
The sun's eyes grew tired,
Getting heavier with sleep,
And there his mother sky,
Arrived with the night blanket,
And the stars sang,
To lull him to sleep.

A New Treasure

Moments ago
I decided
To collect
All my old loves
All beautiful times
That were shared
Cherished
And remembered
I enclosed them
In my heart
B'cos winter is on its way
And when the leaves fall
I don't want to be a loner
And then
When song of spring arrives
I will open out my heart
Just a little
To let all new loves
New beginnings
And new times
To flutter in
And begin....
A new treasure.

Roopa Menon

A Tale Of Love

In a small town lived a young girl,
Who had a very sweet name called "Furl"
She was very gentle and delectable
Exceedingly gorgeous and affable,
In the same town there lived "Ram", a young man,
A little tea shop he ran.

Both fell in love with each other,
About consequences they didn't bother.
Both were of different religions,
Born in diverse regions.
In this malicious society of nation,
There is a lot of racial discrimination.

It is a universal tradition,
That girl and boy marry only of same religion.
The society made Ram and Furl separate,
And thus bad luck struck their fate.
They both thought,
About their life a lot
And decided if not live with each other,
Then why not die together?

The next morning's rising sun,
Saw the dead couple, making everyone stun.
Thus, the lovers had to die,
Due to social religion's tie.

Let us shatter all religious rifts,
And consider each other as God's gift.
Let us cut the bonds of caste and race,
And eliminate inhumanity's every trace,
So that no couple is alienated again,
On no account do they die again.

Roopa Menon

A Tiny Piece Of Bread

Raging rain and deafening noise
Two lonely eyes on street
Staring from a prehistoric sac
His only home
Hungrily chewing on bread
His proud discovery on the street
When a tiny being crawled near
And stared at rag pickers face
Finally a toothless smile broke in
And an innocent bond
Of brother hood and love
Merrily danced in the air
Now two pairs of eyes
Sat under the lone home
Hungrily feeding
On the tiny piece of bread.
Suddenly the young one was snatched away
A purse came swishing
Smashing the rag picker's face
Curses he could hear
But the innocent eyes witnessed
A beautiful thing called love
As the lady cuddled her son
"Oh my lovely angel", she cried.
Swish, smash and crack
The beatings she rained
And the lonely eyes injured and hurt
Silent tears flowed
The rain raged on
Washing away his home
And the tiny piece of bread
Lay drenched and forgotten.

Roopa Menon

Addressing World Citizens

We have all taken birth on this earth,
Where murders, thefts and dacoity have no dearth,
All around us there is corruption.
Even today millions are deprived of education

There is carnage and hatred spread everywhere,
For each other people do not have love and care.
We are living in a world full of jealousy,
Where like a ghost haunts the dreaded illiteracy.
Murders are committed in bright daylight,
In spite of police protection tight.
Women today are being beleaguered like animals,
By some of the political cannibals.

People do not have right to speak,
Of their problem's intimacy,
Although we talk a lot about democracy.
In people today there are no more values.
People have become heartless like stone statues.
It is high time people wake up and fight,
And bring all the prejudice taking place to light.

Let us all live with concord and togetherness,
Forgetting all our rivalry and harryness.
With religious fights and violence of all kinds,
Let us not corrupt our children's minds.
Let us not commit any more sins.
Let's make this earth a better place to live in.

Roopa Menon

Anatomy Of Tears

Tiny droplets of salt
Cling on the tip of eyelashes
Hanging valiantly
Until a blink of eye
Makes them jump
Over the cheeks
To die on the lips
It is a mirror
Of seasons
That fills our life
Sadness
Happiness
To utmost surprise
A dropp says it all
Just a dropp or two
To define an expression
Or a thunderous outpour
From reddened eyes
Speak silent volumes
Of feelings.
Tears are not racist
They are broad minded
Resides in every eye
Rich or poor
High or low caste
Tears are just tears
Colourless
Flawless drops.

Roopa Menon

Broken Glasses

Drenched in the rage of rain
With an oversized shirt
And hairs uncombed for ages
Torn and tattered
Stands the tea-boy.
His innocent eyes filled
With long silent tears
That fall upon the broken glasses
And sink into the soil.
The master's curses and foul words
Echoes through the wind
Ghost of fear looms
Scattered dreams and penniless footprints
Is all that awaits
As he walks back
The broken glasses are abandoned
Some day.... Time will wash them off
To a far away land
Where every mind is ignited and free
And every heart is filled with peace.

Roopa Menon

Clouds And Hearts

The Sun awoke
And dazzling rays shown
Reflecting on the golden wings
As two birds flew
To touch distant woods
The trees high up
And the grass below
Perched upon a branch
They watched the sky.
Under the water stream
There a small cloud stood
The birds flew to it.
"I make a castle of richness"
The male bird announced
And tried for his lady
But cloud refused to move
The lady then stepped in
And kissed the cloud
And made a beautiful heart.
Back in their nest
The birds watched
The heart sails in sky.
Next morning they saw
The sky full of hearts
One upon another
Not a castle of richness
But a castle of hearts
That reflected happily
In the stream called life.

Roopa Menon

Fairy Tale Time

Man is extinct
Monotone of cruelty breaks
Trees rejoice
The noises die
Songs of nature
Awaken
And echo gently
It's a fairy tale time.

Man is extinct
Water-falls are happy
Jumping and falling
In merriment
Over pure rocks
No careless plastic covers
To choke the fishes
It's a fairy tale time.

Man is extinct
Smell of woods
Warmth of sunlight
Light up every moment
Wheels are stand-still
It's a fairy-tale time.

Man is extinct
Stars shine
Nature sleeps
And all its riches
No soul can steal
It's a fairy-tale time.

Man is extinct
Seasons come and go
Through peaceful times
No gun shots
No war
No helpless cries
No haunting fears

Oh! Yes.
It's a fairy tale time.

Man is extinct
He chose to plunder, not abide
And thus his death was so befitting
Ending by his own committing
Universal suicide.

Roopa Menon

Her Body Print On Sand

Painted in evening colours,
The sky glowed,
In an array of orange shades
And the rays sparkled,
Through every wave and wavelet,
That hugged the shore.
Over the sand, she ran,
Stamping little wavelets.
Tiny droplets from sky,
Softly hit her skin,
Washing off all barriers
And she giggled, laughed
And danced,
As her wet hair,
Brushed against her clothes,
Dropping on her knees,
She laughed at the world of men
That tore her down,
But failed to defeat her words.
She sunk her body,
Against the freezing sand,
Droplets fell and slid away,
Breeze gently rubbed her skin.
Tears in eyes,
She got up and walked,
Into the depths of waters.
Leaving her body print,
Back on the sand.

Roopa Menon

Her First Steps To A New Life

Tired, tattered and trapped,
She lay still and peaceful
A rhythmic whisper
From a young heart
Like giant breathing
The white-fanged fury
Of every night sea storm
Seconds trickled with every gasp
For months together
Life valiantly fought on
Hope emblazoned on every heart
And finally life breathed into lungs
Legs and hands still asleep
But the young heart grew
Love and will power
So radiant
From her eyes,
Her voice,
Her whole being.
Years flowed by
Her feet awoke
Shakily resting on ground
Every bit of energy
Pushing behind wheeled life
Determination trickled down
As sweat.
And she took the first steps
To a new life
Hope danced
An exultant yell of success
Fragile feet
Made her fall
But she smiled,
Cried and laughed.
It's a long way after all
Till the day
She could run out
To trap the sun rays
On her lovely face.

Roopa Menon

I Am Girl

I didn't know that it mattered.
But now in my teens,
I know it makes a difference.
Living as a teen girl,
Is living a life,
With freedom and restrictions,
Both seem to function antagonistically.
Every thing I do,
Seems all related to that some day,
That someday when I get married,
I am supposed to be polite,
Well mannered and disciplined.
I was to keep my room spic and span,
Because if I don't don't learn it now,
Then some day that somebody,
Would probably kick me out.
I wish all this was told,
So I am a better person,
And it develops my personality,
So that I am independent,
And not for that someday,
When I am to get married.
My life is all mine,
It doesn't have to sound,
Like a training session,
For that some day,
When I am to get married.
I wish to live with the innocence of a child,
Freedom of a teenager,
Maturity of a young girl.
I wish my choices were all mine,
My decisions were all mine,
And my life was all mine!
With everything I do be,
For me and my good,
And not for that some day,
Nor for that some body,
I wish to be accepted,
Like the way I am and

The way I think,
I wish to improve and
Keep improving my life and me,
For being a good person,
But not for anyone else.
Because,
I don't know about the rest of the world,
But I am a girl,
And I am proud of it.

Roopa Menon

Just A Heartbeat Apart

Forlorn and Abandoned,
Yet together eternally,
United in a soul,
Two little sisters,
Sharing warm smiles,
Sorrows and memories,
And innocent promises,
In life's unwinding roads.
But they were parted,
To two different families,
Two different worlds,
Taught to chase new dreams,
And inspired to blossom.
Their paths never crossed,
But in their hearts,
They knew,
That hope always smiles,
And no distance is too far,
And they will always be,
Just a heartbeat apart.

Roopa Menon

Learn To Live

In this materialistic universe,
Being generous seems like a curse.
Today when we talk of great values,
People turn deaf ears like statues.
In this world, so-called beautiful,
Good people are only a handful.

In daily run of life,
Through difficulties when we strive,
We feel the need of someone helpful,
But no one turns up, quite pitiful.
People live only for their greed.
They approach you when they are in need.

People around you in your vicinity,
Know how to take advantage of your simplicity.
When you try to be good to others,
No one for you however bothers.
When people try to harm you in some way,
Don't stand it at all any way.

This is when the power of speech comes into play.
Needed in this malicious world to stay.
In every situation be outwardly bold.
No matter if within you are cold.
To harm others is sure a sin,
But to let yourself harmed is a bigger sin.

When the ship of your life is on sail,
Don't ever let yourself be sad or frail.
Learn to face troubles with all your might.
Let your worries be far out of sight.
Many times you might fail and cry,
But don't lose hope and give one more try.

Roopa Menon

My Teacher

Like every trickle of sunshine
That brightens the day
Every little raindropp
Valiantly steps in
To enrich the soil
Every tree
With roots firmly ground
Every wind
Reverberating through seasons
With an enthralling persona
She has grown
Through all the green years
A dreamy bud
To a guiding light
Touching success
In every footprint of life.
Her angelic vision
And pulsating words
Always inspire my mind
To achieve new horizons.

Roopa Menon

Strangers

We touch
Shoulder to shoulder
Hundreds of strangers and me
My eyes
Don't memorize their faces
But my ears
Listen their words
Talks and discussions.
Don't blame them
For eavesdropping
They just listen
To the pace
Of the lonely roads
And busy minds.
Some footsteps hurry
Some are slow
And wheels zoom by
Strangers they are
Different faces and new words
Setting new energy
To everyday life.

Roopa Menon

The Kindest Piece Of Paper

Knocking every door
Polite or rude
A poor sales boy walked.
A burning stomach
And a load of unsold goods
Dragging his tired feet
He walked to yet another door.
A young lady answered
His modest heart
Could only ask for a drink.
But she saw
The hunger in his eyes
And tears lingering
At the corner of his eyes
Waiting to break out.
She brought out
A glass of milk.
The hungry mouth drank
And his little heart
Thanked this angel.
Times and years passed
Like silent whispers
And the kind lady
Now grew old and ill
And no physician could cure.
But one came forward
And nursed day and night
And she woke to a new life.
Her grateful eyes searched
To see that kind Doctor.
The reply came as a bill
The old hands hesitantly opened
And her eyes cried and sparkled
At the kindest piece of paper
That lay in her hands
And the words lay
"Paid in full with one glass of milk"

The Sea Called Life

Showers of happiness,
As a million raindrops,
Where every dropp mirrors,
The wishes and dreams,
In a success transparency,
It mergers and fills the purity,
Of a sea called life.

Responsibilities and hurdles,
Are the thunder and lightning,
That accompanies the rain.

The rain is gone now
And the sun creeps out
The scorching heat,
Makes the raindrops leave.

The gentle wind
Of parental care blows,
Rocking the waves
And they gleam with sunrays,
Enduring all the pain.

In rain or sunlight,
The sea is surrounded
By the green trees,
That brings raindrops.
They symbolize hard work
They bring in
Clouds of success
That pours happiness drops,
Over the sea called life

Roopa Menon

The Soldier

The wind blows
Through my hairs
Grown through years of struggle
It brings message
From my soil
Oh! Listen
The whisper in my ears
"Oh! Child don't cry".
Soothing my wounds
It washes off all my
Revenge, anguish and pain
The rain comes too
Sprinkling my face
Wiping the inhuman dirt
It wipes my sweat
That my chained hands
Have failed to do
Then the rays come
To fill my eyes
And dry my tears
My soil has sent them all
Just then a foreign bird
Sits on the prison bars
It asks, "Who are you? "
So cruelly chained and beaten?
"Oh! Poor man what wrong have you done? "
"I am a soldier
And I die for my soil",
My last breath says....

Roopa Menon

The Tree

The tree didn't dropp from sky,
It has grown
I wish it rather
Grew into earth
And spread its branches
In safety and peace
Away from every axe.
But it chose
To rise towards sky
Smiling at sunrise
To let
The insects play
The birds sing
And the wind to tickle its twigs
To let down
Brown brittle leafs
Like long silent tears
Witnessing every war and flood
All changing seasons
Roots firmly ground
It lives on
Perhaps the only being
Left on planet
With humanity and love.

Roopa Menon

Thousand Deaths!

Tear drops were puzzled,
Torn between grief and sacrifice,
From a mother's eyes,
That witnessed her only son,
Valiantly struggling,
Breathing his last moments,
On which she clung,
With all hope and love.
Eyes reddened,
Lost and tired,
A parched throat,
Wailing with pain,
She ran about insane,
Begged and cried,
For her dear child's life.
When fell upon her ears,
Some young pitiable lives,
Almost extinguished,
Awaiting a flame,
Which she could light,
And a mother's heart did fight,
To accept the truth,
And she let them take,
His heart, liver, kidneys and eyes,
To light up,
The four unknown lives.
She dropped on her knees,
And sunk her face,
In his tiny arms.
Her dear child is gone
She wept bitterly
At her inability,
At her decision,
To make which,
She had to die,
A thousand deaths!

[This poem is dedicated to the Parents of Aditya of Hyderabad, India who decided to donate the organs of their dear son who was brain dead

after a fall from their building terrace]

Roopa Menon

To Those Who Love Me

Brown, yucky and tasteless
Toxic monsters
All tightly bundled
Into a thin roll.
That's me!
Slim and handy
As I squeeze in between
Your fingers.
Burning my tail,
I turn into ashes and smoke
Surging my way
Through your mouth
To reach your lungs
Blocking arteries and veins on my way.
I hypnotize your cells
And they go dividing and dividing
Turning your lungs
Into a cancerous demon.
My dear children
Nicotine and tobacco-tar
Slowly eating you up,
Immersing you in their toxic bliss.
And you still enjoy me!
A tap on my back
Flicking off the ashes
As you smoke
I gleefully enter through the tiny hairs in
The tiny nostrils of
Your tiny little kids
B'cos blocking arteries
Is what I do
Whether its you or
People around you
What we share
Happens to be parasitism.
You burn me
And I burn your life.

I am burnt out now

Only the butt remains.
Throw me before I burn you.
And here you go
Lighting another me

I guess perhaps,
I am dearer
Than your family and your life.
But mind the spark in the butt
It's the spark of your life
Breathing and flickering now,
But.....

As I come to you again
I carry an expiry date
Certainly not mine.

Roopa Menon