

Poetry Series

**Sameer Mecheri**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2019

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

## Sameer Mecheri(20-05-1984)

Sameer Mecheri is a Lecturer in the Department of English of Sree Sankaracharya University of Sanskrit, Kalady, Kerala. He is a person from the Malabar region of Kerala, India. He has published poems in Malayalam in his Facebook account following a different pattern of publishing.

# A Note

A calendar  
Is a valley.

The valley of red numbers  
Living with  
The fresh wounds of holidays.

The milkman  
And the news paper boy  
Live here  
As decimal numbers.

In this same dale,  
I have made a survey  
For the railway line of waiting  
To reach you.

Sameer Mecheri

# A Visual

I saw the night  
Rolling the day  
On the soil.

'This is their routine'  
Murmured the Casuarina  
In Elangi tree's ear.

I spared the night  
As it used to show me  
Visuals.

Sameer Mecheri

# Birthday

The anniversary  
Of the growth  
To death

Sameer Mecheri

# College

A  
Perforated  
Sheet  
Of happiness

Sameer Mecheri

# Embrace

It is  
And must be  
A rather  
Big One.

Sameer Mecheri

# Fall

I dream a Fall  
As countless bits  
So that each cell of mine  
Radiate poetry

Sameer Mecheri

# Forgive

The rose  
Thieved the color  
From  
Your lips

Sameer Mecheri

# Freedom

The leaf  
spoke of the art of floating,  
the luxury of freedom,  
before the fall.

Trust me,  
it was the leaf  
who tempted the breeze.

Sameer Mecheri

# Full Stop

A wreath  
Of the writer  
Upon  
The Words  
Resting in peace

Sameer Mecheri

# House Wife

'A woman  
Who has no 'job' at all',  
A patriarchal paraphrase  
Burst out.

'A lady  
Who has no 'leisure' anymore',  
A feminist expression  
Corrected it.

'Half of my breath',  
A partner phrase  
Mouthed tearfully.

Sameer Mecheri

# Hug

An  
Island  
where no time  
And Space  
Reign

Sameer Mecheri

# In The Night Last Past

In the night last past  
I lost my pencil  
While a female thought hit me.

I lost in thought for a while  
And sought in vein for the pencil.  
But hopefully the search went on  
To her temple, neck and eye lids.

'You searched with lips',  
Complained she  
And allowed me never  
To sleep till morn.

I will file a petition  
when the day breaks fully.

Sameer Mecheri

# It Is Supposed That

It is supposed that  
Love is sprouted,  
Once the physically challenged words  
Pass through the straight line  
Drawn from my hope to your dream

Sameer Mecheri

# Jackfruit

The bloated up  
Dream  
Of the tree.

Sameer Mecheri

# Kiss

The  
Union of  
A question mark  
And  
An exclamation mark

Sameer Mecheri

# Lend Me Your Ears

If you meet  
A loneliness  
Roaming here and there,  
Convey my regards to her.

She had left me  
With a feeble promise  
Of immediate return  
A year ago.

Tell her  
Not to come here any more  
As I have cemented  
A new comradeship forever.

Let her be perished!

Sameer Mecheri

# Life Is Withering Away

Life is withering away  
Like an afternoon MA classroom  
Few of its colours linger still  
Terrified by the internals

No lecture notes, no doubts  
No passion, no discussions  
No poems, no quotes

Only the clear and sharp destiny of  
Final test floats somewhere

Sameer Mecheri

# Loneliness

The residue  
Of veiled joy  
Floating secretly

Sameer Mecheri

# Marriage

Freedom  
At the expense of  
Freedom

Sameer Mecheri

# Moist Glance

My blood is blooming  
In the fragrance  
Of a moist glance  
That you have left for me

Sameer Mecheri

# Ode To Comma

Few words of mine  
Jumped up from the vocal cords,  
With a crowd of punctuations  
Set out to her Shrine of Silence.  
Irresponsible idiots are they,  
Returned home all shamelessly.  
Noticed I a missing boy,  
Whom we call Comma still.  
Excited was I went in search,  
Saw him afar beside the lake  
Extending the speech crookedly,  
Of the lass whom I caress in dreams  
Oh my naughty little Comma!  
Trust me I love thee most

Sameer Mecheri

# Ode To Jebi

I took a brush  
And colours of course  
This morning, as I do daily,  
To paint the rest of your heart  
With my love,  
Forgetting the truth  
That I painted it fully  
Thousands of years ago.

Still I feel, my girl!  
The beautiful silence of your embraces  
And the colours of your senses,  
That I stole from you  
In those seductive moments,  
And in that eternal fragrance  
I shall live for thee.

Sameer Mecheri

# Ode To My Love

Throw up your emotions a moment  
So that I may catch  
The profile of your dreams  
Etched in the well of your heart

I want to unfreeze in them  
So much so that  
Nobody can separate  
Mine from yours.

Sameer Mecheri

# Ode To Valentine

I tasted  
The coffee of your absence  
Spiced up with  
The pepper of thy memories  
On this Valentines Day.

Before the Facebook  
Dries up my valley of verbs  
Let me water  
The tree of love again  
Chanting the Mantra  
'I love you'

Sameer Mecheri

# Off And On

Off and on  
The distant relative  
Of a fading memory  
May visit us on a canoe

Colouring the canvas  
Once again  
It will wave a smile  
And vanish

Sameer Mecheri

# Pain

Sweetness

Disguised

Sameer Mecheri

# Postmarital

Envious

Of the luxury of loneliness

An island enjoys

Sameer Mecheri

# Question Mark

A revolutionary  
Who lived in  
Questions

Sameer Mecheri

# Ripples

The meaningless words  
Uttered by the river,  
When the wind hid his face  
Upon her bosom.

Sameer Mecheri

# Rules

The

Masked

Exceptions

Sameer Mecheri

# Sans Colours

Sans colours

I would like to paint your lips

First

Transforming

Your cries into sobs

I want to twine around you

The moments

Of our competing breathing

should last centuries.

The nail wounds you made

Upon my chest

In that semi sleep

should have a sugary pain.

And at last

I will die

Leaving behind

A half done lip picture.

But this death should accompany

A wet dream

In which you will filter

My whole inner strength.

Sameer Mecheri

# Seasons

The music  
That was composed  
Through your toe by me -  
Spring.

The goose pimples  
That flourished  
When I nested on the back of your neck -  
Winter.

The drizzle  
That appeared  
When I ate your words greedily -  
Rainy.

The void  
That was formed  
When our locked hands died out -  
Summer.

Sameer Mecheri

# Sight

Piling up  
Silver beads in her eyes,  
And looking to the ground  
A Separation stood motionlessly  
At the door of my room  
With clogged breathing  
And sliced up words,  
This morning.

Sameer Mecheri

# Stars

The  
Seeds  
Sowed  
By  
The moonlight

Sameer Mecheri

# Suicide Note

One among my kisses  
Killed himself  
And swelled up as a pimple  
Yesterday.

The note  
Found in his pocket  
Reads

'I have  
A she flower far away.'

Sameer Mecheri

# Teacher

An  
Animal  
That chews  
Should, must etc

Sameer Mecheri

# Termite

A student  
And an unsatisfied scholar  
Obsessed with reading.

History might be his much loved subject.

Other wise,  
Why did he devour  
The pieces of poems  
That she scratched in me  
In the Old Stone Age?

Sameer Mecheri

# The Beard

## I Phase

The spicy lover  
Waiting for the 'rain'  
To implant  
The seeds of tickle  
On her 'field'

## II phase

The unwritten poem  
Of the disappointed beau

Sameer Mecheri

# The Child

The color  
Dropped into  
The canvas  
Of life

Sameer Mecheri

# The Kitchen

After the marriage  
she told her mother one day  
about the recent outgrowth  
in her body.

It suffocated her,  
Tortured the psyche,  
and made her sleepless.

The clinical consultation declared:  
"It is nothing but a tumour called Kitchen.  
A surgery can remove it.  
But it will grow again."

Sameer Mecheri

# The Night

The darkest picture  
Ever drawn  
With the tint of solitude

Sameer Mecheri

# The Past

A graveyard  
Of  
Memories

Sameer Mecheri

# The Philosophy Of Buttons

Once upon a time  
There lived a number of buttons  
Harmoniously  
In my shirts

Their passionate love  
And the consequent embraces  
With the holes  
Made my nakedness a reality

My nakedness is my life  
My purity

One fine morning  
The holes began to grow  
More than the need of the button

They broke up.

I often witnessed  
Their reluctance to be one again  
This is the philosophy of the buttons  
Whose life was a hole

A hole is  
Emptiness  
Nothingness

Sameer Mecheri

# The Rain And The Electricity

The electricity  
Of my village  
Used to go  
With the rain,  
Whenever the rain called her-  
They were in love.

It seems  
They are married-  
No call of the rain  
tempts her now.

Sameer Mecheri

# The School

Love, said the teacher  
Loved-Loved, repeated the children.

Help, said the teacher  
Helped-Helped, repeated the children.

Browse, said the teacher  
Browsed-Browsed, repeated the children.

Shoot, said one child  
Shot-Shot, repeated the children.

Two bullets were enough  
To end up a breath  
Which is unresponsive to one click

Sameer Mecheri

# The Skin Of The Kitchen

The skin  
Of the kitchen  
Began to grow  
Until it became  
A moving bottle of  
Mascara  
That can even smile

Sameer Mecheri

# The Thief

You called me thief  
When I forgot two flower kisses  
Upon your eyes at night.

In the morning  
When I demanded back  
What I have forgotten  
You called me so again.

You repeated the call  
When you came 'blindly'  
Unto bathroom  
For giving me  
'The really forgotten towel.'

Before starting to college  
When you were trapped  
Behind the door,  
You labelled me the same  
Wordlessly.

I will celebrate  
The transparency of your call  
Till I breath finally.

Sameer Mecheri

# Thorns

The  
Unarticulated  
Pains  
Of rose

Sameer Mecheri

# Thou

The dark eyes  
Arrested by CBI  
For earning love  
More than allowed.

The dense lids  
Remanded by the court  
For not keeping records  
Of the given love.

The dewy lashes  
Lying in the cell of dreams  
Sensing the fresh air  
Of an impending Spring.

Sameer Mecheri

# To A Sleepless Night

To be frank,  
You are fluent  
In blaming me.  
You have  
The strangest vocabulary  
To do it.  
The idioms you use  
Possess astonishing variety.  
You lose  
The basic grammatic rules  
In recognizing me.  
You have  
The weakest word power  
To do so.  
you are  
Illiterate of the pain I sense  
Though you love me

Sameer Mecheri

# To Gaza

The gaze of mine  
Visited Gaza of Palestine

And I found a piece  
Not the Bloody UN peace  
Resting on the lap of Israel's 'Niece',  
But the broken Innocence  
And multitudes of ruined dreams.

Oh! The Brutal who govern!  
Let me remind you a turn  
If together we burn  
Nothing solid in this Earth  
Can keep you from Hell.

Nothing solid in this Earth  
Can keep you from Hell!

Sameer Mecheri

# To Maybel, My Son

You are the inn I rest  
After the exploration  
Of thousands of miles  
Through the corridors  
Of the labour room

You are the longest distance  
She journeyed painfully  
After resting in the tavern  
Of nine months

You are the pulse  
With which  
Our life has been woven

Sameer Mecheri

# To The Blanket

I know  
About your departure from me  
When the midnight  
Comes to life-  
The pillow told me.

I heard you  
Gossiping to the washing stone  
That my nakedness  
Is in your custody.

You who desert me  
During the summer  
Should understand this much

That I am planning to fetch  
A breathing blanket  
For all seasons.

Let me see  
What you will do since then.

Sameer Mecheri

# To Thee

Feel the rain  
When I journey through your vein  
Forget the pain  
When I merge yours with mine.

Sameer Mecheri

# What The Tree Said

'Green is not a colour  
Its my breath', said the leaf.

'Red is not a symbol  
It's my passion', said the flower.

'Brown is not a growth  
It's my sacrifice', said the root.

Sameer Mecheri

# Wife

The  
Most Sensitive  
Organ  
Of  
The body

Sameer Mecheri

# Window

The private passage  
Of the forbidden  
Reveries

The heart  
Of the train  
Where the wind rests  
As it rushes

The third eye  
Of the bus  
That tempts  
The dream eaters.

Still,  
Let me ask  
one question

Who made  
This Dainty den  
To flit into fantasy?

Sameer Mecheri

# Woman

A

Land

With its own

Sensitive territories

Guarded

By emotional fire

Sameer Mecheri

# Words

A few words alighted  
on the branches  
of my hesitations  
as I spotted her.

They chirped,  
molted  
and then flew away.

Sill I keep  
the woods green  
for the phrases  
yet to hatch.

Sameer Mecheri

# Writing

Blossomed  
Solitude

Sameer Mecheri

# Your Eyes

The deepest well  
I have ever fallen to

Sameer Mecheri