

Poetry Series

snigdha rajesh
- poems -

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From A Throne Of Thorns

Once I had to tell a lie,
Of course, out of forced circumstances,
But it did not stop there,
It followed me wherever I went.

Lie was followed by its companions,
A long chain of lies,
It saved me from a punishment,
But kept hurting my honest heart.

Guilty feelings accompanied it,
Beyond limit it troubled me,
My sleep, my books all deserted me,
Left me thinking, Oh! You are a liar.

It made me confess shamefacedly,
Brought along punishments,
Only a few, what worth they,
When compared to the extensive disturbance.

Lie lies concealed,
The truth stands still,
All troubled feelings gone,
Happiness regained once more.

Honesty is the best policy,
The wise saying did teach me,
Though only through experience,
What its meaning did really mean.

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Relation Unexplained

Oh! what is this emotion,
Is it an obsession of excesses,
A feeling that cannot be fathomed,
A relationship unexplained.

Our worlds are different,
Each parallel, yet going their own way,
There is no meeting, no ending,
Only the interminable long way.

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The Sclerotic Machine

What do the capitalists think?
Are we their sclerotic machine?
To be exploited and discarded,
After maximum use.

Palatial buildings, bungalows they live,
We in huts or on the streets,
All are independent they say, why then,
We live to work and they work to live.

Think , why these differences so wide,
Who ought to be blamed, it is we,
Who allow to be exploited,
And indeed they bleed us white.

Even the inanimate machines,
Do fight for genuine rights,
Through gas leaks and pollution,
Repaying their debt in death and danger.

Even the machines take revenge,
Why should not we,
For rights we deserve,
In a democratic conclave.

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