

Poetry Series

Supriya Prathapan
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

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

Supriya Prathapan()

I was born and raised in New Delhi, India. I dabbled with many jobs and finally chose to become a school ng is not just a hobby for me, it is a need. It is my biggest stress buster.

Delhi is India in miniature. My existence in this beautiful place has helped me interact with people from different walks of life. The cosmopolitan culture of Delhi has had a deep impact on the way I write. My educational background has trained me to think in English (the Indianized version) . I love Hindi but like most Delhiites, my Hindi is a confused mixture of many Indian languages. So, can't write in Hindi. However my knowledge of Hindi and my Indian sensibilities never cease to meddle with my English. For a person like me who prefers opening her mouth only to teach (for which I'm paid) , writing is I have chosen English as the medium because it is the only language through which I can express myself and I like moulding it to suit myself. Hope you like my work!

Beautiful Blonde (Limerick)

Once there lived a blonde called Patience.
Nobody wanted to acknowledge her Intelligence.
This exceptionally beautiful blonde was chased by men all the time.
In the professional world, she felt that being blonde was a crime
And prejudice prevented people from seeing her substance.

Supriya Prathapan

Beauty And Brains

'All that glitters is not gold! '
Yet it is believed and often told,
That 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever',
Then why does a beautiful woman need to be clever?

For the lovely Lida, Lord Zeus turned into a swan,
Consequently, the beautiful Helen was born.
She became the cause of the Trojan war,
Alas! The great Greek men thought she was worth dying for.

Cleopatra had all the mighty Romans at her feet,
For Beauty's sake poor Honour has often acceded defeat.
Then why should 'A Beauty' bother her brain?
After all she'll get everything without any toil or pain.

Oh! Heartless cynic dost thou know?
How hard it is, to get that galvanizing glow?
A nymph like frame, is not easy to maintain,
To look beautiful, 'The Beauty' has to use her brain.

Hunger and temptation, she willfully desists,
Exposure to the sun, she judiciously resists.
Carefully, she observes every facet of fashion,
Exercising is her biggest passion.

Alas! She cannot always look like a mermaid,
With time, beauty does fade.
So, of her life, she takes the responsibility,
Nourishes her mind and polishes her personality.

It is written in accounts, authored by wise men,
That Helen and Cleopatra were both interesting and intelligent women.
'The Beauty' has now trespassed, the former male domain,
So the desperate dotard decries the 'Beauty' who uses her brain! '

Supriya Prathapan

Beaver

By the river,
Lived a beaver,
Who liked to chatter.

Supriya Prathapan

Binny

Binny the butler,
Presented a primer,
To a painter.

Supriya Prathapan

Commonwealth Games,2010

India is all set for the Commonwealth Games,2010,
It is a popular topic of discussion among most men, women and children.
Thanks to the C.G.F's* decision,
India will soon become a popular tourist destination.

Formerly known as the "British Empire Games",
It was first conceptualized in the land of the Thames.
Four separate teams represent England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland,
In 2014, the Games will be held in Glasgow, Scotland.

Many new bridges, buses and buildings have come up in Delhi,
The Delhi Metro has changed the definition of commuting, entirely.
There seems to be a shopping mall in every nook and corner,
A lot of money is being spent on infrastructure.

It is the nineteenth edition of the Commonwealth Games,
And the ninth to be held, under this name.
Every Indian is waiting for this event,
The bond between the commonwealth countries, it will certainly, cement.

(*Commonwealth Games Federation)

Supriya Prathapan

Corruption In India

The biggest boulder in the path of a country's development, is Corruption.
It symbolizes the modern man's decadence and degeneration.
In a world where wealth seems to matter the most,
The Corruption Virus, finds many a willing host.
It involves the abuse of power, position and influence,
To spread all manner of malevolence.
Who would dare to be a whistleblower?
In a country, where the corrupt seem to have all the power.
There is no transparency, at any level of Indian bureaucracy,
And Indians have become famous for their black money.
Corruption in India, has become a favourite topic of the jealous world's
discussion,
It is seriously affecting our country's credibility and reputation.
Unless each individual makes a conscious attempt to be honest,
There is no real use of rhetoric, rage or protest.
Corruption cannot be curbed by any legislation,
The only solution seems to be moral rejuvenation.

Supriya Prathapan

Delhi

Delhi is an overpopulated state,
Every individual's needs & whims, its deficient resources, cannot satiate.
Yet, in the past few years Delhiites have witnessed such rapid changes,
That previously materialized, in ages.
The roads are broader,
The routes are shorter,
And every Delhiite must confess
That the Delhi Metro has been, a grand success.
Our country is big and our problems are bigger,
Besides, it has a history of having politicians, who almost always, swagger.

Let us not forget that we are a comparatively new democracy,
We only got our independence in the previous century.
India has indeed, come a long way,
And has the potential to take the world in its sway.
However, we need to be calm and patient,
Till our country becomes entirely self sufficient.

[Who works for the Indian government? How many of us, actually meet deadlines? Who litters and dirties public places? How many of us are entirely honest and don't think that a little bit of corruption is rather convenient (Be honest!) ? What are we, as individuals, doing for our country? And finally, what makes a nation? Most people, barring a few idealists, after finding answers to these questions, should ideally stop blaming the Delhi government for the so called "Commonwealth Debacle".]

Supriya Prathapan

Dreams

No matter how practical a mortal seems,
Can any mortal ever say,
That in the night or during the day,
He never dreams?

All living beings have different thoughts and feelings,
So they dream of diverse things.
Poets dream of beauty and romance,
While the worldly-wise crave for freedom, fun and finance.
Children dream of absolute merriment,
While the senile seek spiritual fulfillment.
The teenager yearns for his lover,
But the hermit prefers the silence of nature's bower.

A dream reveals the mischief of our subconscious mind,
And relieves us from the pressures of our daily grind.
It transports us into a trance like state,
And every desire, it secretly satiates.
To all hidden thoughts and sentiments,
A dream always gives a much needed vent.

Even when everything in life goes wrong,
Our dreams inspire us to move on.
Dreams are like motion pictures created inside a mortal's mind,
And they always help us to relax and unwind.

Dreams offer at least a temporary respite,
From the regular gift of sorrows that our Generous God so graciously provides.
By offering us this free form of entertainment,
With mortals, Guilty Mr. God, seems to have made a settlement.

Supriya Prathapan

Duncan The Dog (Limerick)

Duncan the dog was famous for his loud barking.
He did this whenever people visited his master's house without warning.
His loving master never tried to leash him.
As a result, Duncan freely followed his barking whim.
Soon, to his master's house, people stopped coming.

Supriya Prathapan

Early In The Morning

Early in the morning, the earth seems to be lost in a reverie deep,
And most menacing mortals are asleep.
The birds start chirping, the dogs start barking,
And a benign breeze keeps blowing.

Early in the morning, ferns and flowers are draped in dew drops,
And silence surrounds homes and haunts, shambles and shops.
The air is free from smoke and smog,
And everything is enveloped in a freshening layer of fog.

Early in the morning, machines and man-made structures,
And also, their callous creators, seem to be one with nature.
There is no noise of either mirth or mutiny,
And the world seems to be in perfect harmony.

Supriya Prathapan

Education

Education is the key to success,
It is an ongoing process.
Each day of existence,
Adds to our knowledge, wisdom and experience.

Alas! We live in a world where degrees matter,
So many dreams, does this harsh reality shatter.
For education is not easily accessible,
In this overpopulated world, where even basic amenities are not available.

That education does not mean mugging different precepts and concepts,
Is a popular theory which every eminent educationist accepts,
Alas! The same educationists support the system of examination,
Which demands rote memorization.

It is a myth that we can attain knowledge,
Only at a school or a college.
Self-education is the best kind of learning,
Knowledge thus gained, is permanent and enriching.

Note: By ivy league, I mean the top colleges and universities in India. I don't think we have a term to define them.

Supriya Prathapan

Education (Acrostic)

Education is the road to emancipation,
Dedication, diligence and determination,
Understanding of theories and their practical application,
Creativity and vivid imagination,
Are the prerequisites for a good education.
Tests and exams, challenge our comprehension whereas
Interesting co-curricular activities, prepare us for competition.
Observation and analysis, help us deal with every life situation and
Negative marking teaches us to deal with rejection.

Supriya Prathapan

Examination

The frightening finale of every academic session,
Is the savage ceremony called 'Term End Examination'.

One can complacently contemplate a fine future,
By puking memorized data on paper.

Students suffer from immense stress and anxiety,
When examiners assume the role of God Almighty.
These sleep deprived and underpaid divinities,
Evaluate students' retention capacity and decide their destiny.

Why care about understanding and knowledge,
When you just need to swallow and vomit unadulterated bookish garbage.
This complicated content, is magnanimously accepted and rewarded by our
erudite examiners,
Who make toppers out of expert crammers.

Marks decide one's future to a large extent,
Low grades have often throttled the hopes of many young talents.
This harrowing system of examination,

Is not meant for those with a vivid imagination.

Useless cramming machines, occupy responsible positions,

Why not? They have all the requisite qualifications.

The deserving degreeless, quietly do their work and take orders,

While the ivy-leaguers enjoy all the honours.

That a person's intelligence, competence and knowledge gained,

Can be assessed by a written test, remains a mystery unexplained!

Yet every year examinations are conducted,

And many suicides committed.

Supriya Prathapan

Global Warming

The rise in the temperature of the earth is called Global Warming,
It is primarily caused by deforestation and fossil fuel burning.
Global Warming started after the Industrial Revolution,
And Its impact varies from region to region.
This rise in the global temperature,
Will adversely affect the world's future.
The glaciers are melting,
And the sea level is rising.
There is a decrease in global evaporation and precipitation,
Which has severely affected agriculture and food production.
So come, let's join hands and plant more trees,
And control the pollution spread by vehicles and industries.
We should use only renewable resources,
To save our world we must accept certain recourses.
For if the rate of global warming does not decline,
The seas of the world will cross their coastlines.
There will be death and destruction everywhere,
And all mortals will witness their worst nightmare.

Supriya Prathapan

Grumbly And Mark

Grumbly did not like to study,
Parents, teachers, friends, he didn't listen to anybody.
"School work is so boring";, he would complain,
In every subject, an 'E' grade was all he could obtain.
One day while playing in the park,
Grumbly met a boy named Mark.
He seemed to be good at every game,
His polished manners added to his parky fame.
Everyone wanted to befriend him,
Except Grumbly, who looked forlorn and grim.
Mark approached the lonely boy,
Who seemed to be curious and coy.

Grumbly: You seem to be good at everything.

Mark: How can you say? About me, you don't know a thing.

Grumbly: Oh! Stop being modest!

Mark: No pal, I'm just being honest.

I am no good at school

Grumbly: Ah! You bet I'm a bigger fool.

Mark: How can you be so sure?

Grumbly: My parents and teachers regularly assure.

Mark: So what are you good at?

Grumbly: Umm! I think I can bat.

Mark: Grand! I'm good at bowling.

Grumbly: Would you mind playing?

Mark: Why not! Let's see how well you bat.

Grumbly: You won't be disappointed, I can assure you that.

Grumbly hit a six of every ball,
Everyone in the park was enthralled.
For the first time in his life,
Grumbly experienced a sense of pride.
The poor lad, had never tasted success before that,
Other children gaped, as they watched him bat.
Mark was humiliated,
He left the park feeling defeated.

Grumbly was relishing his success,
He didn't care about Mark's distress.
After this, Grumbly started working very hard,
He now wanted to be clever and smart.
All the school work, he happily did,
And soon became a star kid.
Grumbly continued going to the park,
But he never met or even missed Mark.
The boy who was indirectly responsible for all his fame,
Never came back to play a game.
Years later when Grumbly became a successful man,
He often pondered over the divine plan.
That game had changed his destiny,
And Mark remained his life's greatest mystery.

One day when Grumbly was hiring people for his company,
He met a man who looked doleful and melancholy.
(Grumbly started interviewing him)
Grumbly: What is your name?
Mark: I am the boy you defeated in a cricket game
(Grumbly carefully observed the man's features. He was Mark without a doubt)
Grumbly: Oh My God! It's you at last!
Mark: Yes, many years have passed.
Grumbly: Why do you look so sad?
Mark: I feel like an absolute loser. At everything I am bad.
Grumbly: Oh come on, each one of us has some talent.
Mark: All my talents seem to be latent.
Grumbly: Do you know, you made me?
Mark: Huh! ! ! ! How can that be?
Grumbly: You do remember the cricket match when you bowled and I did bat?
Mark: Yes, I how can I forget that? I left feeling very sad.
Grumbly: You gave me the first taste of success man!
Mark: Well that precisely was my plan!
Grumbly: I'm afraid, I don't understand.
Mark: You looked very sad. I wanted to make you feel grand.
Grumbly: What urged you to do that?
Mark: Don't know why, but I had seen you bat.
Grumbly: But I wasn't very good at that.
Mark: Lack of confidence was your problem, I could sense that.
Grumbly: How did you guess that I would hit a six of every ball?

Mark: Ha-ha! Because I didn't know how to bowl!

Grumbly: Oh My God! ! ! ! ! God! You were humiliated!

Mark: That's why Mr. Entrepreneur, in front of you I am seated.

Grumbly: What do you mean?

Mark: I felt defeated and gave up my dreams.

Grumbly: Well, from now on you'll never regret what you did.

Mark: Can you be a little more lucid?

Does that mean that I have been selected?

Grumbly: The Director of this company, you've been appointed.

Mark: I can't find words to express my gratitude.

Grumbly: My dear friend, you've been rewarded for your solicitude.

Supriya Prathapan

Human-Fox! (A Poem For Children)

It was a bright sunny day,
After all it was the month of May.
My friend and I stopped by a mill,
Everything out there was so still.

The mill was near the seashore,
We both wanted to stay there for sure.
We had stolen money from Mr. Smith's chest,
And seeing this abandoned place, we decided to rest.

Mr. Smith's house was beside a huge rock,
So we fancied that no one had noticed us when we broke the lock.
However, a concerned neighbour had come enquiring,
While we were busy counting.

To prevent him from revealing that we had a role,
We gagged him and tied him up, against a pole.
We crammed all the money in a box made of wood,
And ran as fast as we could.

The abandoned mill, seemed just right,
For it was surrounded by trees and plants which didn't allow much light.
I asked my friend to take out the wooden box,
But suddenly I realized that my darling friend was actually a human-fox.

He took out a knife,
And I submitted, in order to avoid a strife.
He ran away with all the money,
And I stood there like a loony.

The human-fox turned back and gave me a nasty glare,
And I realized that true friends, are but rare.

Supriya Prathapan

Hypocrisy

Hypocrisy here, hypocrisy there,
Hypocrisy everywhere.
Without it, a businessman cannot survive,
This is how many big businesses thrive.

Hypocrisy here, hypocrisy there,
Hypocrisy everywhere.
Without it, a politician cannot survive,
This is how petty politics thrives.

Hypocrisy here, hypocrisy there,
Hypocrisy everywhere.
Without it, lecherous lovers cannot survive,
This is how contemporary love thrives.

Hypocrisy here, hypocrisy there,
Hypocrisy everywhere.
Without it, inefficient employees cannot survive,
This is how bureaucracy thrives.

Hypocrisy here, hypocrisy there,
Hypocrisy everywhere.
Without it, celebrities cannot survive,
This is how the entire entertainment industry thrives.

Hypocrisy here, hypocrisy there,
Hypocrisy everywhere,
Without it, most mortals cannot survive,
This is how the materialistic world thrives.

Supriya Prathapan

Jane Austen

Known for the miracles you did with your pen,
You are my favourite author, Jane Austen.
In all your novels, you have used humour and irony,
To comment on the state of your society.
The female protagonists of your novels aren't dumb and doleful,
They were sensitive, sensible and powerful.
Human relationships have been discussed in detail in your novels,
'Pride and Prejudice' is one of your greatest marvels.
A comedy of manners is 'Sense and Sensibility',
While a parody of gothic novels, is Northanger Abbey.
'Persuasion' and 'Emma', present social realities stark,
While, a pygmalion morality epic is Mansfield Park.

People say you weren't realistic
That you only dealt with themes that were rustic.
The most common complaint of your critics
Is that you didn't discuss contemporary issues, war and politics.
How many normal human beings discuss these issues?
Most of us discuss emotions, values and virtues.
Showcasing the reality of society isn't real enough for your critics,
Forgive them! These crude creatures know little about literature, art and
aesthetics.

Supriya Prathapan

Johnny Juggler's Belly

Once upon a time, in a village called 'Juniper',
Lived a jolly fellow called Johnny Juggler.
Juggling was Johnny's occupation,
Making people laugh was his life's sole ambition.
Johnny loved eating jam and jelly,
He didn't care much about the size of his belly.
One day Johnny Juggler drank a jug full of Jambul juice,
But his big belly couldn't take such abuse.
So jumpy Johnny went to ,
Who gave him medicine to cure him of his pain.
Dr. Jane told jolly Johnny that too much of juice, jam and jelly,
Was bad for his big big belly.
Johnny Juggler then realized that in order to keep himself and others happy,
He will have to stop over eating and look after his belly.

Supriya Prathapan

Love (Romantic)

It is a feeling which cannot be explained,
When your mind stops working and your heart is over-strained.
You are in a state of absolute delight,
And the face of your beloved always blurs your sight.
When poetry comes naturally,
And sleep eludes regularly,
When walking turns into prancing,
And you feel like singing and dancing.
When your beloved's comfort and happiness becomes your obsession,
And your reason is repeatedly kicked by your passion.
Then 'Love' is the name of your condition,
For which there is only one prescribed medication:
'An equal love from your lover's side',
This will calm your nerves and peace will reside.
Unrequited love is like severe body ache,
After all, the spurned lover's heart is at stake.
His / Her eyes are water fountains,
He / She knows that true love can move mountains,
So he / she never stops trying,
Keeps heaving, hoping and crying.
But when love is reciprocated,
Every sentiment uttered for the beloved, seems exaggerated.
The thought of separation is unimaginable,
And feelings and sentiments become totally unmanageable.
The finest of all human sentiments,
'Love' knows no divisions, boundaries or impediments.
It spares no mortal soul,
In our lives, 'Love' plays an important role.

Supriya Prathapan

Madame Jealousy

Manipulative and menacing Madame Jealousy,
Is filled to the brim with hypocrisy and insecurity.
She is a regular trespasser in most relationships,
Causing profound pain by ensuring harrowing hardships.

In this modern materialistic world,
Madame Jealousy's impact has increased manifold.
That foes outnumber friends, is the modern man's lame lament,
The truth is, Mr. Money's offsprings have mercilessly mutilated Mr. Moral's
descendents.

Madame Jealousy messes with all the nations,
She causes rift amongst followers of different religions.
Famous for fomenting racial tension,
Her favorite word is 'disintegration'.

Madame Jealousy is particularly fond of glitz and glamour,
So she always accompanies the accomplished, in all her splendor.
These people (the accomplished) are obsessed with power and position,
Staying on top is their sole obsession.

Madame Jealousy meddles with every hard working person,
In fact, she is the mother of 'Corruption'.
A fervent fan of the cunning conspirer,
Together they kill the honest worker's zeal and fire.

When Madame Jealousy creeps into a family,
Rivalry replaces revelry, leaving no room for peace or harmony.
Siblings sharing the same roof,
Turn foes and prefer remaining aloof.

Lovelorn Madame Jealousy always interferes in matters of the heart,
Causing misunderstandings and forcing lovers to part.
Her own loneliness prevents her from letting people unite,
The lovers' sorrow gives her immense delight.

If only we could love one another unconditionally,
Accept each other and live a life of dignity,
Miserable Madame Jealousy will accede defeat,

And Madame Humanity will willingly take that vacated seat.

Supriya Prathapan

Mahatma Gandhi

The man who showed us the road to emancipation,
Popularly known as the father of the nation,
An advocate of universal brotherhood and equality,
Yes, I'm talking about Mahatma Gandhi.

Gandhiji spread the message of love and mutual tolerance,
He was opposed to all forms of violence.
A crusader for women's liberation,
He always raised his voice against caste discrimination.

A practitioner of vegetarianism and 'Ahimsa'
He vehemently propagated the use of the 'charkha'.
'Truth is God' was his philosophy,
He believed that "The science of non-violence alone can lead one to pure
democracy..."

To London he went for higher education,
In South Africa, he fought for the rights of the Indian population.
An absolute altruist by nature,
His knowledge, and global experience changed our nation's future.

Supriya Prathapan

Mr. Politician

When most mortals succumb to temptation,
Then why do we expect poor Mr. Politician to be an exception?
When government coffers are open for him,
Then why should he bother about idealistic whims?

When for everything sumptuous, he has developed a taste,
Then why shouldn't he utilize the funds raised by the state?

When for winning in the elections, he had pretended to be a loving husband and
a caring father,
Then why shouldn't he satisfy his wily wife, salacious son and domineering
daughter?

When he has to pay for his son's debauchery and find a billionaire for his
daughter to marry,
They why shouldn't the loving daddy, use the common man's hard earned
money?

When he has to buy his wife expensive jewelry for her to look good on 'Page 3'
They why shouldn't he manipulate state machinery?

When he needs money not only to maintain his mistress but also to silence her,
when she causes distress,
Then why shouldn't the worried man, use public funds and relieve himself of the
stress?

So, when most mortals succumb to temptation,
Then why do we expect poor Mr. Politician to be an exception?
When government coffers are open for him,
Then why should he bother about idealistic whims?

Supriya Prathapan

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Once upon a time, there lived a teacher in Gullible Town,
hy was always angry and ambled around with a frown.
Mathematics was the subject he taught,
During his class, the students always looked overwrought.

Mr. Timothy beamed when flatterers called him ter,
No one in Gullible Town knew that his favourite device was the calculator.
He derided people, who couldn't make quick calculations,
But checking his bill at the grocer's gave him palpitations.

The self acclaimed Mathematical genius,
Was not very fond of students who were curious.
Mr. Timothy's angry outbursts prevented children from questioning him,
But one day a brave boy challenged his genius and the situation became grim.

After that incident, Mr. Timothy owned his incompetence,
And realized that in a teacher's life there is no place for complacency
Now none of the teachers in Gullible Town,
Walk around with an all knowing frown.

Supriya Prathapan

My College Days

Those were the best days of my life,
When fun and frolic was rife.
A refreshing realm of knowledge,
That was my college.

Funny friends and loving lecturers,
Freaky fundas and flexible study hours.
Riddles and rumors, gossips and giggles-umpteen,
Added spice to the junk I hogged at the college canteen.

I majored in English Literature,
And the subject suited my sensitive nature.
I was initiated into the world of stories, poems and plays,
Each lecture set my imagination ablaze.

My college was a literary paradise,
Where I learnt to critically analyze,
Every text that came my way,
Be it poetry, prose or play.

Free from the fetters of school,
I willingly jumped into the knowledge pool.
Where education was mixed with entertainment,
At college learning was never a punishment.

Supriya Prathapan

My Friend (Dirge)

Why did you come into my life when I was young and stupid,
When I was unwise, uncouth and timid?
You should have come into my life when I was slightly older,
When I was less biased, buoyant and bolder.
For back then I couldn't understand your worth,
At that time everything was fun, frolic and mirth.

Why did you die when I had slowly started respecting you,
When I realized that your friendship was true?
You should have died when you were old and lame,
When you were happily living with your children and your dame.
Tis extremely unfair that you died before realizing any of your dreams,
God had a different plan for you it seems.

Supriya Prathapan

My Students

Excessive energy, ingenious ideas and varying talents,
These are the traits of my darling students.
They live each day,
With the spirit and zeal, of a holiday.

Whenever I am sad or depressed,
I think about them and feel relaxed and refreshed.
Their bright innocent faces,
Force me to overlook all their vices.

Sometimes they are mischievous,
Their strategies to cut classes are often devious.
My students hate assignments, projects and lectures,
They also specialize in bullying the new teachers.

According to them, it's not so cool to be called a 'nerd',
And 'Examination' is, obviously, the most detested word.
Yet these reckless rioters turn religious during the exam days,
And miraculously, mend their wanton ways.

A couple of days before the result declaration,
The teacher, inevitably, becomes the object of their sudden affection.
Alas! They always forget that most teachers have a conscience,
And that they should have made a better use of their intelligence.

Its fun and frolic for those who pass,
And an year-full of insults for those who remain in the same class.
Thus, school life follows its well defined pattern of progression,
And the same saga continues, in the next session.

Supriya Prathapan

Nature

Spare some time to praise Mother Nature,
And she will ensure that you have a happy future.
Remember, she loves to avenge her ill-treatment,
Earthquakes and eruptions, floods and forest-fires are but shades of her
temperament.

So plant more herbs, shrubs and trees,
Clean the rivers, lakes and the seas.
Conserve water and electricity,
Reduce the pollution in your city.

For an animal its natural habitat is the ideal,
Life in a cage is nothing but an ordeal.
Hunting and poaching laws must be revised,
Those who use animals for entertainment should be penalized.

Plants, animals and human beings are the fruits of God's imagination,
Their harmonious co-existence gives him immense satisfaction.
You have a duty towards posterity,
So preserve nature with all your dexterity.

Supriya Prathapan

Neighbours

It is a fact universally acknowledged,
By both the poor and the privileged,
That the people living in one's neighbourhood,
Know nothing about brotherhood!

Your failure gives them immense pleasure,
While your success increases their blood pressure.
Your neighbours are properly pained by your few promotions,
And they secretly celebrate your many demotions.
Your new acquisitions, they never fail to discern.
While an increase in your income becomes a matter of common neighbourhood
concern.
Your neighbours always envy your happy family life,
And these sadists, often sow the seeds for strife.
They suffer from misery great,
When you manage to shed some weight.
It causes them much distress,
When you wear an expensive dress.
They begrudge everything you own,
When you are happy, they secretly moan.

That's why it is a fact universally acknowledged,
By both the poor and the privileged,
That the people living in one's neighbourhood,
Know nothing about brotherhood!

Supriya Prathapan

Ode To Shakespeare

If of English Literature, you are a connoisseur,
It is impossible to overlook the works of 'William Shakespeare'.
Through poetry and drama, he earned his high repute,
The dead bard still reigns the literary world, without dispute.

'Jealousy' and 'Revenge' are the underlying themes of 'Othello' and 'Hamlet',
A tribute to 'Love' is 'Romeo and Juliet'.
His works depict a variety of human emotions,
After analyzing them, people express different views and notions.

Many say that he never wrote his plays,
His works remain exemplary no matter what the jealous cynic says.
Even though his life was short and strenuous,
No mortal can match his literary genius.

They say that good literature mirrors the contemporary world,
It reveals truths that are generally never told.
Shakespeare's understanding of the world around him was astute,
Thus, of the literary world he still is the monarch, absolute.

Supriya Prathapan

Once A Convict, Always A Convict (Limerick)

Once there lived a convict called Calvin.
In poker, he always used to win.
On day luck didn't favour him and he lost everything.
To make a living, he started stealing.
Arrested and released, tainted Calvin, is still paying for his sin.

Supriya Prathapan

Relationships

Relationships represent the commingling of hearts, souls and minds.
And they are of many kinds.
Most meticulous mortals say,
And several self-help books convey,
That Love & Compromise; Fidelity & Friendship,
Are the essential elements of a healthy relationship.
If we all know this,
Then in a relationship, why can't we ever enjoy, lasting bliss?

Well it is my judgment firm,
That 'Love' is the world's most misused term.
And will it come as a surprise,
If I say, that most of us, hate to make a 'Compromise'?
And Lo! ! We almost forgot Aunt 'Fidelity'!
To hell with her! ! After all there is such, such a wide variety!
All creatures crave for companionship,
But Mean Madame Ego famously feeds on fine friendship.

Human nature is unpredictable,
It is complex and often changeable.
To a mortal, the mantra for a good 'relationship' has always been a mystery,
And the biggest proof of this is Monsieur History.
Well that's a good explanation,
But it doesn't resolve the situation.
Dear God, give us a solution,
It's the plea of the entire human population.

Supriya Prathapan

Rhymee Rhapsody

Once upon a time, in a village called 'Melody',
Lived a boy called Rhymee Rhapsody.
He loved music, dance and poetry,
And was certain that becoming a singer, was his destiny.

All the people that Rhymee met,
Had to bear his 'singing' talent.
Melodians ran away whenever they saw him coming,
For nobody liked Rhymee's untrained singing.

Rhymee's poor parents didn't have enough money,
To send him to a music academy.
He was trained to become a motor mechanic instead,
That was how the aspiring singer started earning his bread.

Despite many remarks scathing,
Rhymee never stopped singing.
Years of practice, improved his voice quality,
And listening to trained singers, developed his sense of melody.

One day a well known musician came to his workshop,
And Rhymee's singing impressed him a lot.
The musician needed a singer for the national radio,
So he invited Rhymee to his recording studio.

Resolute Rhymee was rewarded for his grit,
The radio show was a huge hit.
Soon he became the star, he aspired to be
And people loved listening to Rhymee Rhapsody.

Supriya Prathapan

Road Traffic In Delhi

People People everywhere,
Not one with time to spare.
Everyone is in such a mad rush,
That no one bothers to even look at the people they push.

Metro trains are always crowded,
And buses are hopelessly overloaded.
Rikshaw pullers always obstruct traffic,
And processions create much panic.

Cab drivers have to pay different types of surcharge,
So they shamelessly overcharge.
In an auto rikshaw, the meter never works,
If you ask the reason, the driver smirks.

On Delhi roads, beggars abound,
If you don't give them money, their curses resound.
Another thing that contributes much to Delhi's traffic rattle,
Is the crossing of roads by stray dogs and cattle.

Overtaking gives us pleasure sublime,
And honking is our favourite, national pastime.
Vehicles move at snail's pace,
For pedestrians, there is hardly any space.

You can claim to have witnessed a miracle,
If you find a working traffic signal.
In Delhi, nobody follows the traffic rules,
Those who do are hailed as the finest fools.

Supriya Prathapan

Sanskin (Limerick)

Once there was a boy named Sanskin.
The poor kid had no kith or kin.
The lonely boy walked around in the city,
Looking for a loving family
That would take him in.

Supriya Prathapan

School Is Fun

School is fun
In the playground, we play and run
School is fun
In the classroom, we study and learn

School is fun
During the morning assembly, we exercise under the sun
School is fun
During the lunch break, we have bread and bun

School is fun
Here the teachers are kind to everyone
School is fun,
Even though there is much work to be done.

Supriya Prathapan

Shel

Shel the sailor,
Went to a tailor,
To sew his collar.

Supriya Prathapan

Stop Being You And Start Being Me.

Everybody keeps telling me,
"Stop being you and start being me!
Please ensure that you smile a little more.
It is important for the world to know, you are not a big bore! "

Everybody keeps telling me,
"Stop being you and start being me!
Work less, talk more, every now and then, throw an anecdote.
It is important for the world to know, you are not reserved and remote."

Everybody keeps telling me,
"Stop being you and start being me!
Flirt a bit with men of every kind,
It is important for the world to know that you have a sane straight mind! "

□

Everybody keeps telling me,
"Stop being you and start being me!
You work too hard and party too less,
It is important for the world to know that you are not a damsel in distress! "

Everybody keeps telling me,
"Stop being you and start being me! "
You big big bullies, please understand,
Like you, I too inhabit a free land.

So darling nobodies, stop telling me,
"Stop being you and start being me! "
I choose to disagree, with every worldly advice, you generously throw at me.
The world's opinion, is important to you, but not to me.

□

Supriya Prathapan

Telecommunication

The transmission of messages through signals for communication,
Is known as Telecommunication.

In ancient times, messengers, pigeons and beacons,
Carried out long distance communication.

In the modern era of electricity and electronics,
We use telegraph, telephone and fiber optics.

A basic telecommunication system consists,
Of three primary units.

A Transmitter converts information into signals,
Which are taken to a Receiver through several Physical Channels.
The Receiver, reconverts the signals into information,
Before it reaches its final destination.

Guglielmo Marconi, brought a revolution in wireless RADIO communication,
While the TELEPHONE was Alexander Graham Bell's invention.

George Stibitz's researches lead to the development,
Of a process called 'Request for Comment'.

This formed the basis of a four-node network called the ARPANET.,
Which eventually merged with other networks to form the INTERNET.

Communication with anyone, anywhere in the world, is now possible,
Since physical distance is hardly an obstacle.

People can easily stay connected with friends and family,
Social Networking sites are also gaining popularity.

Thanks to telecommunication,
The whole world is like one big nation.

Supriya Prathapan

Terrorist

Terrorism is the gravest problem in the world today,
The terrorist judiciously keeps logic at bay.
Violence is his biggest obsession,
He revels in causing large scale destruction.

Communal hatred and extremist beliefs cloud his reason,
Warmongers instigate him to commit treason.
By slaughtering people he seeks to attain notoriety,
But the shameless sadist claims that he is reforming the human society.

The terrorist targets the common man,
Who dreams big and never hesitates to plan.
He works hard day and night,
And sacrifices his present, to make his future bright.

The terrorist loves to see the common man cry,
His craving for power, he must satisfy.
He detests all kinds of celebration,
So during the festive season, he causes the maximum destruction.

He plants bombs in crowded public places,
All the risks he willfully embraces.
Guided by false ideals, he becomes a suicide bomber,
And in a second the festive atmosphere turns somber.

There are charred and mutilated bodies everywhere,
The innocent common man encounters his worst nightmare.
With his own blood, his future plans are wiped away,
Alas! The terrorist holds his little world, in his sway.

Oh God! The universe is the result of your hard work and dedication,
You alone have the right to destroy beings of your own creation.
Then tell me God, why do these terrorists get away,
And why is Terrorism the gravest problem in the world today?

Supriya Prathapan

The Indian Cricket Team

Cricket is the game that brings together the whole of the Indian nation,
In this country it is often hailed as a religion.
Our cricketers, rarely, if ever, perform well abroad,
But, in India, they are treated like demigods.
Hockey is our national game,
Yet our cricketers enjoy all the fame.
Whenever there is a cricket match, people are glued to their television sets,
But how much time do our gods devote to practicing in the nets?
Busy with their ego clashes, disagreements and endorsements,
Little do they care about their spectators' sentiments.
Cricket, is known as the gentleman's game,
But the match fixing scandals, have given it a bad name.
Winning and losing are a part of life,
Agreed, but, I think, for excellence, we must always strive.
The problem is that our players don't lose gracefully,
They lose heart and give up very easily.
Well trained, highly paid, fully grown men,
Play such cricket that they are ridiculed even by our children.
For all the time that we devote to watching them, we only want a little bit of
entertainment,
And they give us nothing but disappointment.
Roaring lions in their own backyard,
Can't remember the last time they registered a convincing victory abroad.

Supriya Prathapan

The Kindergarten Kid

The conniving kindergarten kid,
Presents many excuses valid,
A variety of 'aches', he loves to feign,
Oh! Going to school is such a pain.

Alas! Mummy is never convinced,
She knows her child is an actor accomplished.
He goes to school with a long face,
The hatred for school, he can hardly efface.

He enters the classroom and faces his teacher,
Oh! how he hates this frightful creature.
He moves to the back bench cautiously,
For his shoes aren't polished properly.

He loves to read and write,
The dance and drill classes are an absolute delight.
Alas! If only he could do things freely,
Everyday he would go to school willingly.

Supriya Prathapan

The Princess And The Sorceress

"Oh! What plagues thee, ye beautiful princess,
Alone by the castle why dost thou recline?
Pray tell me the cause of thy pain,
Sorrow doesn't befit a face so divine".

"Oh! What plagues thee, ye beautiful princess,
Weary and weak, pale and frail.
The soft sunbeams are falling on thy face,
Oh! What for thee has become thy Holy Grail"?

"Alas! I see a frown on thy brow,
On this bright sunny day,
When the meadows are green, the air serene,
What can be the cause of thy dismay"?

"I remember the day I beheld thee,
Thy kind loving eyes met mine.
Again and again ye beamed and smiled,
And we fell in love in the bright bright sunshine"!

"Alas! That was the last time ye smiled,
Merciless Melancholy has taken over ever since,
To me, thy face sublime, still looks divine,
And it pains me to see thee wince."

I beseech her to tell me the cause of her pain,
She tells me that she ain't a princess,
With kind loving eyes and a face sublime,
But an ugly, lonely sorceress.

I look at her in disbelief,
The face sublime is suddenly devoid of all its divinity.
My princess has turned into an ogre,
And I'm left gaping at this parody.

She tells me how she yearns to marry me,
That I was the cause of her melancholy.
She promised to give up her wicked ways and black art,
Because all she wanted was matrimony.

Moved to tears by her love and resolve
I forgive her for her disguise.
Lo! My loving witch has disappeared,
Now I'm waiting for another surprise.

Suddenly, raindrops wake me up from my reverie,
The air is serene and the meadows green,
Alone by the castle, I recline,
My witch and princess is no one but Nature, pristine

Supriya Prathapan

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Supriya Prathapan

Uncle Tony And His Workouts

Uncle Tony met Molly at a gym,
Where the light was very dim.
Molly appeared just right,
In the dim, dim light.

The lady responded to his glances,
So Uncle Tony made controlled advances.
His smile exposed a set of whiskey teeth which were barely visible,
And shy Miss Molly's voice was hardly audible.

Uncle Tony knew they were made for each other,
Very much like bread and butter.
He asked if she could join him for cup of tea,
And the lady graciously accepted his plea.

The twosome stepped out of the gym,
Where the light was so very dim.
Uncle Tony looked at Molly, in broad daylight,
He yelled, 'God what a fright! '

Poor Uncle Tony's conquest,
Was a wrestler, a man, in his vest.
Mr. Mallard alias Molly, gave him a wily grin,
And kicked him on his shin

After that Uncle Tony never went to that gym,
Where the light was so dangerously, dim.
The wrestler's kick, caused him serious physical and mental injury,
And these days Uncle Tony only associates with the clergy.

Supriya Prathapan

Uptown Girl

An uptown girl, I've often seen,
Is always prim, proper and clean.

Her fine attire is the envy of many,
And her bag is always full of money.

She smirks and smiles and doesn't care a dime
For downtown people that she meets all the time.

All she cares about is her high class society
Amongst uptown people she is all sweetness and propriety.

Someday she would get bored of all her uptown glitz and glam
Then she would want to run away from her world, a sham.

Supriya Prathapan

Wealth

Anything in excess is bad,
But an excess of wealth, never makes a mortal sad.
Alas! A human being is never satisfied,
His needs, wants and desires are rarely ever gratified.
A humble abode, he always resents,
For comfort and relaxation, he needs a luxury apartment.
Expensive gems and gyms, take care of his health,
Friends and females, flatters and fine people, are all lured by his wealth.
Designer clothes and accessories affect his deportment,
People hesitate to meet the wealthy man, without an appointment.
To his servants, he assigns all his work,
And greets everyone with a smirk.
He makes rules for others to abide,
After all, the best friend of wealth is pride.
Alas! Wealth cannot buy real respect, love and friendship,
If not used properly it always causes pain and hardship.
Remember friends, wealth befits only the wise,
For others it sponsors and supports all manner of vice.

Supriya Prathapan

Wicked Witch (Limerick)

Once upon a time in Wayward Road, there lived a wicked witch.
She lived in a wierd cottage with white walls, near a ditch.
Many weary travellers have often told,
That they were chased by a wicked witch on Wayward road,
And she used her sharp white nails to ask for a hitch.

Supriya Prathapan

Woman Of Rural India

Woman of rural India courteous and dutiful,
Victim of Patriarchy, but Oh! So beautiful.

When she is born, her mother is called a sinner,
But her gender is ignored when she becomes a bread winner.

She serves her parents to become an 'ideal' daughter,
But loses her childhood in the barter.

Then comes the most important phase of her life,
This is when she becomes a slave-wife.

Soon she is instructed to multiply,
And Oh! she has more beings to satisfy.

She endures her domestic and maternal drudgery,
As if she was born to bear this overdose of misery.

But, what else can she do?
Education cannot come to her rescue.

A symbol of strength and perseverance,
Few admire her power of endurance.

Woman of rural India, courteous and dutiful,
Victim of Patriarchy, but Oh! so beautiful.

Supriya Prathapan