

Poetry Series

Uma Ram
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

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

Uma Ram(22, october)

A mother of two children, a home maker. A post graduate in English literature from Ethiraj, Chennai. A holder from Lady Willingdon, Chennai, with a degree in Business management. I take to writing as an outlet for emotions than talking it out. I consider it as a good stress buster. As a bharathnatyam dancer, I find dancing also as an outlet of stress.

2012...The Dead End? ? ?

2012...

The dead end of this world? ! !

Scientists busy formulating,

Archeologists excavating,

Spiritualists meditating,

Humans invoking,

While this Mr.X...

Engaged in his

So called enjoyment,

Fearing life

Of short span!

Today,

The world continues

STILL.....

Even without him

But he has left back those

Who can't

Continue without him...

The HIV + patient's

Confession on TV

On the verge of death!

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Uma Ram

A Creative Curse

A CREATIVE CURSE...

God molded dust
Into man
Blew into his nostrils
Thus gave him life;
He took a rib from him
Gave it a form,
Hence was the
Woman created-
She was created
By a man - GOD
From man,
For man,
She lived -
With a man,
For a man,
She shared
The forbidden fruit too,
With her man,
For she was too selfless,
To eat it all by herself-
He enjoyed
Her company;
But ...
The curse alone
Was only for
THE EVE'S RACE
As God too was
A MALE-
A BIASED CHAUVINIST! ! !

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Uma Ram

A Martyr Am I...

Mock not at me
As an educated fool
Tolerating...
Violence much sore
Tortures so core
A book am I
For my generations...
An open book
To refer at the
Time of need;
Barring cultural
Devastations...
Couples can
Separate but
Parents cannot! ! !
A martyr I am
Shedding my blood
For my generations! ! !

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A Pinch Of Salt!

A Pinch of Salt...
Came out the familiar voice
Of yet another chauvinist
"Consider do you
Yourself a feminist activist,
You stupid female dog!
Shutdown that nonsense
And clean up the
Stubborn stains in the toilet,
Cook some more dishes
And rearrange the shelves,
For you are just
A pinch of salt
In the ocean! '
Yes, I am a pinch of salt,
Yet another pinch of salt,
Not in the ocean,
But in the food,
Yes, that pinch of salt
In your food,
Adding taste and flavour to it,
That pinch of salt,
In the dessert,
That elevates its sweetness,
That pinch of salt...not alone!
Yes I am not the
Only pinch of salt!
There are innumerable
PINCHES OF SALT OMNIPRESENT,
In every dessert and
Every food consumed,
Driving away the numbness
Of your taste buds
To make them bloom!
Sans us-
Every food item goes into only
The gutter and not into your system!
Can any one thrive sans food?
Thus look down not, upon us,

For we are the ones,
Who make you thrive!
You pinch me,
And I still add on
Flavour to your food,
To enliven you...
I add flavour to your LIFE,
Yes...
THAT GREAT IS THIS PINCH OF SALT
UNDERESTIMATE NOT
OUR SUBTLE PRESENCE
FOR WE ARE
THE POWERFUL ESSENCE!

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A Rainbow Am I...

I am neither water soluble
To be washed away easily,
Nor am I, an oil pastel,
That sticks on irritatingly-
You talented artist!
I am A RAINBOW! ! !
Vibrant with live colours
Of the light spectrum,
A miraculous mixture of all the colours
Of the Universe blended naturally.
A rare child born of ecstasy,
When the sky mates the earth...
And now in your hand, at your disposal!
Every animate and inanimate
Borrows my shades,
I lend my colours to everyone
Who claims it to be their's...
No one ever has procreated,
My originality, for that unique;
AM I!
While I stand here for you as,
A natural blend of UNIVERSAL COLOURS,
Why is that you follow,
Fake shades of rigid artificiality?
Knowing not-
THE VALUE OF THIS RAINBOW, IN YOUR HAND!
I am not a structure rigid,
Of concrete materialism,
But a graceful curve of
FEMININITY UNBOUND...
Celebrate my presence
Before I disappear into nowhere;
For though, I am an iron willed,
Bouncing back from adversaries,
Not a phoenix I am, to revive from my ashes...
But just a FLUTTERING LITTLE BUTTERFLY am I...
Spreading colourful vibrations of joyous moments
Of everlasting memory around me,
In the short span of stay

Assigned to me here...

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A Red Red Rose

A red red rose,
I am a beautiful rose,
Made to bloom,
A red red fragrant rose,
To drive away your gloom!
A perennial happiness resource,
Amid your camouflaged foes...
To be the apple of your eyes.
Delicate was I created,
To adorn your life fragrant;
A brooch would be I,
Next to your heart,
When my love is true;
Will adorn your footwear
If your love were true...
But make not a red red carpet,
Of this beautiful red red rose,
For the new mistress...
For God has created me with
A self defence called
THORNS TOO!

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A Street Car Named Dzire

Animate supposed
I am to be
Inanimate is
Supposed to be
Our Dzire!
But...
Dzire expresses
Its desire....
Inability and
Service time
Disobeying
Unlike me
Toiling as ox
In every situation
With zero maintenance
Since years....
Doubt I....
Am I inanimate
And Dzire
Animate! ! !

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A Thorn In The Heart

My heart is full,
Chest feels heavy,
Short of breath,
With long sighs!
Aching head,
Eyes dry without tears,
Bland vision,
Nerves tensed-
Taste buds dead,
Ears insensitive,
As mind hears heart's cries,
You, TRY HARD-
To hammer my heart,
As the thorn,
You pricked deep,
A few minutes ago,
Is blocking the WOUND!

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A Woman's Love ... A Mind Opener Through A Woman's Heart...

It is not the fantasy of just the unmarried,
But the immovable asset of the married too!
It is not the weak infatuation,
Of just the first sight,
With break ups following shortly,
But the bondage of everlasting strength.
It is not wearing a smiling mask,
In public and frowning in person.
It is not returning home
In the classic Indian style
With sweets and flowers
As a consolation for misbehaviors.
It is coming back home,
Missing me wholeheartedly,
As much as I missed you
The whole day long.
It is not assuming flirtations
As a man's birth rights,
And submissiveness as a woman's duty!
It is making tears roll down my eyes
"Only In Ecstasy"
Like for the very first time
When you came into my life.
It is not making me live life as a duty
"BUT LEAD A LIFE AS A PASSION! "
It is not offending possessiveness
As jealousy or paranoia
But defending my feelings
Like yours in my shoes!
It is not that which permits
A wandering mind as usual
And accuses commitment as abnormal;
It is not flaunting a huge wreath,
In the death funeral, publicly
But handing over a single flower
With all the heart, to me in privacy...
When I am still alive!

It is not raising your fist in wrath,
But extending arms in warm embrace for love!
It is not spending thousands
On an obituary column,
For mass appeal.
But just a simple texting
Of deep love of half a rupee!
It is not treating me as an option,
But as the only answer to your life.
In short it is not a journey in a vehicle
To drop your beloved half way through suddenly,
Abruptly, and proceeding alone single!
It is an oath to proceed together
Till the day on earth.
It is that which makes
"A WOMAN AND ...NOT A FEMALE";
To pray that she dies before her spouse
For she can't spend even
A moment without him
So that she can reach heavens
Before him to save him
All for herself from those females there!
Yes...do I confess proudly,
I am a...
WOMAN!
Lucky You! ! !

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Above Turn (Haiku)

Transform attitude,
Behind lies entire world,
Why chase horizon? ? ?

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Adieu-(Epigram)

Off have I gone to climb up the peaks of destiny highest
Left back have I my heavy shoes pulling down of self pity
Convey my regrets deep to depression's attempts wryest
No more will I heed to his expressions' proven futile so witty!

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An Ode To Desolation

Thee had been my companion
Since the day of my wedlock!
Thou art loving me desperately,
Thy love for me is so strong-
That, thee art possessive,
Of me that...
Thee never permit my life partner
For thy companion,
Betrayal- has abducted my spouse,
Aiding you to be in my company;
More than my spouse,
Leaving me behind as a soliloquist!

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An Inspiration Named 'athinam'...my Dad!

Amid those machiavellian,
Proclaiming it to be macho;
Of the Adam's race,
Stands out an innocent man,
So pure at heart,
Truly a RAJARATHINAM;
Neither a millionaire
Nor The PresIdent of India,
But-
'MY FATHER'
A truly precious gem!
The gullible man,
From a Lakhpathi then,
To a commoner...
Springing back to
Position with his
Strongest investment,
WILL POWER!
The true instance of LIFE
At its best and worst!
Petrified are we your children
Of the so called,
Cycle of life so harsh!
The man who sacrificed
His comforts for his
Two little angels
Named Uma and Balaje!
Saving his fuel cost
Renouncing his car journeys
For the children's comforts when
Life had struck the
Harshest blow
With partners backstabbing,
Profits framed as losses...
The man who drove the bicycle
Up and down 15 kms,
Three times a day,
Not to maintain his physique,
But to continue his

Children's studies in convents,
Feeding them steaming lunch;
Sacrificing his comforts,
Of the luxurious cars;
Saving fuel cost for nothing
But their education - their pillars of future!
Assigning the most importance
To his children's convent education
And not his personal luxuries;
If an ordinary man,
Could have discontinued children's education
At Rosary and 's,
For his personal comforts...
Still afresh are the memories
Of the two years...
Of the primary class,
Switching over suddenly from
Ambassadors to hero cycle,
Memories of riding on a bicycle
Not down the hill,
But up the flyover,
With my brother
Occupying the front bar
Setting aside the carrier seat
For this eldest child,
The practical lessons of balance,
For my self driving on
Two wheeler to school later on!
Not ashamed to disclose
The brief period of
3 years of adversity,
The way of the world;
But proud to expose
My dad's sweat
To water our lives,
For what we are today!
My patience, endurance
Perseverance and
Unassuming love to forgive
Loved ones and
Forget back stabs...
Proud of not as my own qualities

But inspirations of a noble man-
And the credit goes to
None other than,
Your genes daddy!
Raising us up,
Showing mercy for the
Downtrodden and weak,
Dumb animals and birds,
With an array of stray dogs
And abandoned cattle following you
On your regular walks,
For your love and kindness,
Drawing attention everyday
Appreciated as kind by the noble
And mocked at as insane by
Those wickedly ignorant!
Though lost comforts
For a brief time,
Raised were we by you,
Taught not of tricks to fool around
Or back-stab others for profit,
But moral instructions of our treasures,
The Ramayana and the Mahabharatha,
The Vedas and Puranas,
Nurturing us on your shoulders,
Even after a hard day's toil,
With bed time tales;
Not of escaping into fantasies,
But of Shivaji and Jhansi Rani,
And the divine Sita,
Enduring adversities!
Those incomparable properties
Accumulated for us
To harvest our karmas
Successfully for salvation!
The only comparison I draw
In my testing times-
My power of perseverance
Vs my dad, yours!
Love you my dad,
The best of daddys...
For any man can be a father,

But it takes a special person
Like you my dear father,
TO BE A DAD,
Amid.....
MEN WHO ARE JUST MEN,
Sacrificing their families' needs,
For their luxuries!
Proud daughter am I
Of this noble man named
athinam.
Love you daddy,
For not even
One drop of your sweat for us,
Should go unnoticed,
And here is your
Ever little angel,
In praise of you,
Exhibiting the knowledge
You imparted
My Dear Dad,
With Father's Day Wishes...
HAPPY FATHER'S DAY DADDY!

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Uma Ram

An Ode To My Body...

In my soul's cravings
For the horizons
Did I ignore your
Love for me,
My dear buddy-
My dear body!
Ungrateful had I been
For all your love
My Dear Body,
Repaid by ungrateful love
Do I repent now,
My karma of
Ignoring your love so pure
My Dear Body...
How ungrateful had I been
To pay no attention
To your alert calls,
My Dear Body?
Now do I realize your
Pain of love unattended to...
How cruel had I been
Ignoring your painful calls
Depressed in my own world,
You had given me, a perfect figure
To my soul of pride,
I had no value for it,
And now have I lost it.
God had given you
A fair complexion,
And in my never ending race,
Under the scorching Sun,
In search of horizons,
I had tanned you;
Your feet were so tender
As a floral bed soft,
I have cracked them
With my caffeine,
How black and thick
Were your envious locks,

So long and shimmering
Under my mother's care,
But what have done to them now?
They are not strong enough
To withhold even the
Smallest of the hair bands!
My eyes, one more of my pluses,
How cruel had I been to you,
Having made you drought struck!
My dear body, you had
Given my soul, your parts,
To reside, in this world;
You had given homage
To this refugee soul!
You had made me
See the world colourful,
Of loved ones,
And the negatives of
The betrayers, and
Expressed my love
Gracefully when shy,
Aided me to hear
Words of love and backbiters,
To identify people,
Sense love and hatred,
Enjoy aromas and stay away
From filthy odours,
Relish sweetness
And realize bitterness too;
You gave your lips to smile,
To me when my soul rejoiced;
Converted your blood,
Into tears when melancholic;
Made your muscles rigid,
Trying to make me strong
When weak hearted;
Lent me your arms
To love and be independent,
And defend at testing times,
Your legs for mobility
And dance to ecstasy;
You rushed your WBC s

To coagulate immediately,
When wounded, and released
Antibodies when diseased,
Signalled with headaches
When tired and depressed,
Strained yourself with pains
Indicating too much toils
When left exhausted,
But in return what have
Donated you?
Dry skin sans glow,
Dark circles around your
Beautiful eyes,
Cellulite to your
Toned graceful physique,
Anaemia to your whole self,
Leaving you least immune,
In my war on behalf of
LOVE!
Amazed am I at your
Love so wonderful
Boundlessly unleashed
Unconditionally,
Towards this ungrateful soul!
Repent do I now
Shamefully for my
Ungratefulness,
Ignoring your love so pure,
Running and running,
Reaching nowhere;
And take an oath do I
This day to-
Keep up your health
And beauty,
To the best of my ability!
LOVE YOU,
MY DEAREST BUDDY,
MY BODY! ! !

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Anger-(Haiku)

Hot fiery ring
Encircling burns you chasing
Loved ones far away!

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Anger, The Demon

Anger
The dreadful devil;
Visually challenged,
But empowered,
With thousand demons
Fatal enough
To kill even
The most loved ones
In just
A fraction of a second;
Before the
Conscious mind
Warns the
Sub conscious...
Swallow the demon'
While it is budding-
Before it
DEVOURS YOU! ! !

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Animal Love

What is LOVE?
I asked my kid-
It is that which makes
My chicks run to me;
Even after I had left them
ALL ALONE
The whole day
Till I come back from school!
Awesome.....
Their true love,
Lacking in humans;
Husbands.....
How so ever we toil for you,
How so ever we try to express our care for you,
How so ever we try to show our LOVE for you.....
The stranger woman on your monitor,
Easily gets what we don't!
Our pet rooster,
Showed me what true love is.....
When he was all along with the hen,
Restless and panicked,
When she was struggling to lay eggs!
How did that feeling never came into you,
When I was an expecting mother!
Even the dumb animals,
Supposed to be with just five senses;
Could believe and sense that-
It was their own offspring,
That the female was bearing;
And protected and guarded her carefully;
Unlike you who-
Tore my face when I was pregnant,
Unable to believe me,
On your mother's words.....
Who said animals have-
ONLY FIVE SENSES
AND.....
HUMANS, THE SIXTH SENSE?

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Arise Awake Before Too Late

The Tsunami of 2004;
The Katrinas and Andreas;
Threatening Humankind-
We the master piece;
Of God's creation;
Robots with nano-technology;
Challenging God;
With our cloning as life-reviving pride;
Sent with inbuilt procreating chips;
For spreading his message of love;
As innocent children;
But still committing sins-
For which the entire mankind
Was doomed out of Paradise!
Attempting to surpass-
The CREATOR;
Have inserted devastating tools;
Warned with deadly diseases;
Threatened with natural disasters;
Still failing to surrender to
THE MASTER;
As obedient disciplined children;
With arrogant beastly life;
Not yet repenting;
Daring to face;
God's wrath-NIBURU! ! !
Arise
Awake
For it is
ALREADY LATE.....

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Astrology...(Haiku)

Soothing- threatening
God's account of previous
Deeds to reap fruits now!

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Au Revoir

Dear self pity,
Too viral are you,
Lost have I my info,
My memory is too low,
Corrupt are my files,
Hangs my system,
And insufficient
Is my disc space,
To store future backups,
Under the threat
Of hacking do I
Quit your pairing;
Installing a
Genuine software-
Good will total security,
Gone have I
To meet
le,
Hope to meet soon
You too there...
Clemency...in absentia!
Adieu..
Yours confidently,
Power!

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Awaiting Miracles.....

A tiny baby seedling,
Cultivated in the
Softest of civilized beds,
With utmost love and care,
In the best nourished soil;
Nurtured in mist chambers;
Protected from
Heat and cold;
Wind and dust;
When blushing
In brimming youth
As a beautiful sapling;
Was suddenly uprooted
And planted in
An alienated soil;
Of loose coarse texture
With no bondages
And weak attachments!
The poor little sapling,
Lost in the crowd
Of the garden,
With no strong ties,
To hold her intact-
Manages the scorching heat,
The bitter cold,
The cruel storms,
And dusty clouds;
Heavy rains,
Camouflaging her tears,
All by herself...
Only with the strength
Of her unyielding will power,
To stand erect;
With self respect,
Amid the cruel storms
Trying to uproot her!
But with depressed loneliness,
Tries to end up her life;
But fails miserably,

As her roots are
Still in the alien soil;
With strong bondage
Of values from
The mother beds!
Still repeatedly tries,
To end the,
Miserable life
Of no love and care;
Sans nourishment
And little immunity
Unable to bear
The slightest infections!
But when she tries to
Commit suicide by
Uprooting herself,
Suddenly she sees
Her teeny weeny
Aerial prop roots,
That had already started,
To pop out sweetly...
Only then;
Does she realize that
SHE IS A BANYAN TREE!
Unable to kill her babies
She stands still;
Perplexed hopelessly,
Bearing the pains
And tortures;
Putting on a
Smiling face mask
Of self respect
And unshakable
Self esteem;
To provide
The softest beds
And nourished soil,
By drilling her roots
Deep into the
Hardened soil,
Of rocky coarse texture;
In search of food and water,

To ensure her off springs the best
Nourishment and shelter,
Warmth and coolness
From the scorching heat
And bitter cold,
The cruel storms
And dusty clouds;
Heavy rains,
Camouflaging her tears,
Simulating her mother...
And as days pass by
She stands there hopeless,
Helplessly expecting the
Basic needs of her,
And her off springs;
Pawning her self respect,
Clinging tightly,
To the still alienated
Loosely bound soil particles;
Treating her
As an unwanted guest!
And at a point;
She decides to-
Uproot her
WHOLE FAMILY WITH THE BABY ROOTS;
Feeling like a larva
Entangled in a cocoon!
Fearing the fate
Of her race like
Being boiled into;
Cruel silk fabrics;
But on spur of the moment,
Realizes just then that;
When the larva thought
Its life had ended;
Instantaneously by-
God's miracle...
It emerged out successfully as;
A COLOURFUL BUTTERFLY,
Much to the astonishment
Of the bemused mulberry farmer;
Wondering how it escaped

From the entire lot!
Thus stands the,
Brawny astute;
BANYAN TREE
With her widespread young roots,
Majestic in spite of
The tormenting forces of;
Scorching heat
Bitter cold
Cruel storms
And dusty clouds,
Heavy rains,
Camouflaging her tears,
As yet another,
Tough force to reckon with,
To keep up her
Family's self respect!
Embedded helplessly
At the mercy of
The soil particles,
Staying there still,
As loosely bound
And alienated;
Despite the fact
Of having lived together,
As flesh and blood
Ever since;
The sapling-
Was impressed there!
Still awaiting...
God's miracles,
To transform the
Soil's texture,
Into a nourished one,
To care for her
And her off springs;
Like the parent beds,
Providing-
The warmth of soft nourishment,
To live there forever
PEACEFULLY! ! !

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Be Happy-(Epigram)

Processing hard my unhappiness
Loose not your own blitheness!

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Beauty

I made up my mind,
I decided to impress,
I know I am a commoner,
But I am your Empress....
I Adored my thoughts,
I Admired myself
What a person? ? ?
With...
A loving heart,
Committed love,
True well wisher,
Honest admirer,
Ardent supporter,
Caring mother,
Loving wife,
Talented home maker,
Multi cuisine chef,
Hard working house keeper,
Silent spectator,
Patient loser,
Gentle forgiver,
Timid femininity-
OF A COURAGEOUS WOMAN!
Pious worshipper,
Of educated humility;
Non materialistic mind,
Sans pompous expectations,
Elegantly attired
Childish partner,
And what not
Of the goodness?
Charmed by the inner beauty;
I AM...
For-
Are the eyes of yours
Cataract with
Membranes of shammers...
True,
Beauty lies

In the eyes of
THE BEHOLDER...
And...
I have a beautiful heart too
To admire-
Even your
ADROITNESS OF DECEITS! ! !

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Betrayal

I saw you
I liked you
You wanted me;
I married you
I loved you
You wanted me to make you a man-
I gave you children
I made you a father
You never talked to me
I felt hurt
I cried all night
You were busy chatting with her
I fought for it
I got beatings for it
You never felt guilty
I hated her
I tried to keep her away
You kept me away
I fought for I loved you
I got beatings for I loved you
You hated me for you loved her
I bore all pains for I didn't want to leave you
I bore all miseries for I can't love anyone else
You tortured me for I didn't leave you!
I wait patiently for good to win over evil
I remain forsaken for
You will be forsaken by her someday!

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Boost Not Your Ego...We Aren't The Weaker Sex! ! !

I am born but
At times fearing
My competition tough
I am murdered in
The very womb
Deleting one more
Reckoning force!
I am the chosen one
Of every species
To endure pains
At a tender age
To see my own blood
Shedding in cycles
Preparing me to
Bear a life within me!
Magical are my powers
To reproduce just
A drop of a male's blood
Into a full life form
Nurture it inside me
For months together
Rewarding it to the world
Tearing my own flesh!
Abundant is my
Will power to
Convert my left over
Blood into food for
My offsprings to
Nourish leaving myself
Rendered anaemic!
Yet continuing to
Discharge my duties
Sans retirement as
A home maker or
The topmost administrator
Might it be a maid
Or an astronaut
I prove the best of my ability
I excel in every field

I chose or chosen for me
I am the one sought after
In every species of world
A nanny or doe
A cow or a chicken
I am one entrusted with
The responsibility
Of nurturing my family
In every form of life...
A doe fetching food
For her new born fawns
Loosing her life
To a tigress hunting her
For her just born cubs!
I am the one who
Pawns my self respect
Enduring all tortures
And betrayals sore
For the welfare
Of my generations!
Blame us not
For turning not our heads
When called out...
Weaker sex! ! !
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Can You Hear Me God?

Far away gone...
Is it you Oh! God
Or is it myself
From you lost
In my love's devotion
A Meera had I been
Finding God in my love
Left behind am I now
By both the loving God
And the God I loved!
Miracles have I
Heard of, are they true?
If yes is the reply..
Let me feel them
Let me see them
Let me experience them
Let my family
Redeem back as
A phoenix from
Betrayals
Let my children
Lead a life they
Deserve, a life with
Happiness overflowing,
Let my ailments cure
Sans medical aids
Deprived as dictated!
Am I audible
My dear God
Hope I, have not
Traversed that far
Beyond my voice's reach!
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Uma Ram

Can't You Feel My Love For You My Dear? ? ?

Can't you feel,
My love for you my dear? ? ? ...
Your, hatred bound wrath...
For no fault of mine;
The belated generalized version,
Of a suppressed child's mind,
Groomed into a self made man,
In a beastly environment,
As a one man army,
With apprehensive views
Via jaundiced eyes,
Towards feminine race,
Needing a mother's heart;
The requisite of
A loving soul,
To forgive repeatedly-
A childish mind,
Hurting continuously
The unhealed wounds;
A stipulation
Of love-
My love,
My love for you...
That still needs
The relationship-
FOREVER!

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Uma Ram

Cataract Removed Successfully.....

Dear horizon, thanks...
For showing me world's beauty,
Being beyond reach!

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Uma Ram

Cease Female Infanticide - Give Her Birth Right...

No no no,
Please I beg of you,
I am afraid,
I am already submerged in water,
Its dark out here,
I can't see anything
I can hear my mother crying;
What are you doing to us?
I can feel some
Sharp thing poking me,
Aaaaaaaaah!
MA MA MA...
It hurts, its.....very painful,
No no no,
Don't, please don't...
I am just a teeny weeny life,
Why are you so cruel with me?
What did I do to you?
If you don't want me,
You need n't even care...
Even throw me in an orphanage,
I' ll be a princess
For those longing for me!
I am bleeding,
Why are you severing
My food and oxygen supply?
I am panting,
I can't...
B-R-E-A-T-H-E...
What are you going
To do with me?
You are cutting my body,
My body is being chapped,
Blood is oozing out,
Its an excruciating pain!
I am just a small life form,
How will I tolerate
This much pain?
Just a while ago doctor aunty told mummy,

Celebrate Women

Baby to granny
Maid to astronaut
Daughter to mother
Versatile sturdy
Saplings nurtured
In mother beds
Though uprooted
Drastically planted
In alien land
With adaptive roots
Deep enough to
Uphold strongly
Withstanding
The violent tornados
Devastating deluges
Unprecedented earthquakes
Demolishing volcanoes
Not just self defensive
But protecting the
Leaves flowers
And fruits borne
Confidently erect
Ready for challenges
Though seeming
Tanjore dolls
Just nodding heads
But...
Bouncing back
With same thrust
Threatening
Opponents to
Recede fearing
Repeated defeats
Underestimate not
The calm waters
Once turbid of tears
Ripples can turn into
Fatal whirlpools
Swirling down

The largest rocks
To the unseen
Darkness of the
Deepest beds
Of eternal sleep!
Salute women
The integral part
For world to
Continue! ! !

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Uma Ram

Childhood Friends

The innocent relationship
Embedded in the selfless minds,
Of buds born in the same garden
Grown amid the same
Thorns of life!
Scattered on blooming in directions
Though miles apart
With love that never departs...
With the selfless wishes
Of one another's well being
Being ladders
To uplift one another...
Taking pride in the other's success!
The light houses guiding
Through the turbulent storms,
The radars sending warning signals-
In times of caution!
The ones who know
The true colours,
Though it may be
'CLANDESTINE'
In an artistry make over!
The eyes that long to see
But ears that are
Contented with the voice!
Wherever they may be
The heart that wishes
One another's well being
With nostalgia of
Innocent playtime
And secret mischiefs!

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Uma Ram

Child's Play...

The bit of paper I tore,
To write a phone number;
The shoe holder-
Of my CROCS footwear;
The pencil smaller than the little finger,
Which can be sharpened no more!
The fountain pen,
With no nib;
The broken stud,
I threw away without screws;
The weekly magazine,
Waiting for the old paper vendor;
The broken ladle,
Lying in the backyard,
The faded dupatta,
I had kept for the maid;
The idli plates of the microwave,
That didn't keep up their promises;
The monkey without tail,
That once adored the show case;
The condemned old phone-
Without any cords;
A mobile of its origin time
That committed suicide;
In a tub of water,
On seeing its successors!
My husband's pens that,
Renewed daily having lost their caps;
The old mouse pad,
That was replaced by the latest;
The plastic mugs,
That fetched water in the wash rooms once;
All went missing
Day by day!
My curiosity to find,
The silly thief increased-
When more and more
USELESS things vanished!
But all my efforts,

As a detective were in vain-
For I could guess of
No thief risking for
'USELESS THINGS'
I finally set aside my,
SHERLOCK HOLMES' tasks to tidy up
My sweet home that was unnoticed for long-
In my confusion of the thief;
All of a sudden-
THE LOST USELESS THINGS
Became 'PRECIOUS' for me-
For they had adorned
MY KIDS'PLAY SHELF!
A mother - I felt-
Guilty for having evaluated
MY KIDS'HAPPINESS AS USELESS!
I waited for the school bus'honks;
And caught hold of
THE SWEET LITTLE THIEVES-
Who had silently crept away with
THEIR PRECIOUS PLAY THINGS;
That I was to dispose;
I punished them with
Loads of kisses,
Until their cheeks were-
Red with unstoppable laughter and
Tears ran down their
Sparkling eyes in ecstasy!

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Uma Ram

Colonel

As war hostages under,
The strict disciplinarian,
Colonel ;
Why disseminate seeds before,
Retrieving the previous repercussions,
For what others do is theirs,
And our vengeance is our own
Boomerang named Karma!
The bird when alive, consumes
The insects only to be consumed
By the insects, when dead!
A tree felled down
Makes a million matches,
But a single match
Would suffice to burn down
A whole forest!
For power too is a
Circumstantial convict
Of the same Colonel!
Why add on to impeachments,
Instead of lessening
The conviction periods,
Through good conduct,
To attain divine salvation,
Patiently awaiting...
Colonel Mr. Karma,
To slap them,
Before we do ! ! !

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Uma Ram

Comedy, The Most Difficult Genre-(Epigram)

A tin empty since long of asafoetida,
Smelling so strong of the healthy flavor
Favourite comedian's pranks, am I a gravida
Bearing humorous memories sans visual of savor!

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Uma Ram

Confidence

CONFIDENCE

It is not pride,
It is belief in your self-
That you CAN DO, WHAT OTHERS THINK YOU CAN'T!
The best accessory a girl can own;
The best ever make up you could ever wear;
The first requisite to great undertakings,
It is pursuing your dreams,
Not letting anyone say that you can't be something-
But it is making them fear your abilities...
It is answering the question-
Who am I? as -
I AM!
The feeling of wearing an INVISIBLE CROWN,
When someone pulls you down when -
You know you are at YOUR BEST!
It is feeling young,
Even when you are responsible parents of teenagers!
That which creates YOUR SELF...
The ability to feel and look beautiful,
Even when someone talks the worst of your looks;
It is the belief that what is not right today -
Is going to be right someday; eventually
It is not changing your self,
For confidence resides only in GOOD HEARTS...
It is shunning your ears to the
Inner voice of fear,
And welcoming THE HIGHER SELF OF WILL POWER!
It is continuing to do your best,
In spite of not getting credit for it.
It is saying-I am perfectly me, ☐
Though you call me imperfect!
It is being humble in your attitude,
And courageous in your behavior...
It is that which weakens your enemies' will power,
Shattering down their plots...
It is facing life with strength,
For once you loose-

It becomes a habit.
The foundation for success and achievements-
That which makes yours HATERS-
YOUR SECRET FANS!
It is that which makes you feel;
The entire world admires you,
Whose absence-
Magnifies the universe against you!
It is not fitting into harsh situations,
But paving your own path,
TO STAND OUT!
Challenging your opponent's mind-
Here is a tough force to reckon with!
It is that which makes your critics,
Feel down in your presence...
It is sparkling out when someone dulls you;
It is the eventful story of your success,
Of you bouncing back, amid adversities;
It is that which invites envy from many;
And love for some!
It is saying-
I CAN...WATCH OUT-
When others say you can't!
It is thinking about what you think of your self,
Rather than what others think of you!
That which makes a woman beautiful even;
When she gets up with a messy hair,
Sans make up, discharging her daily duties,
With the contentment
Of taking care of her family!
It is the most precious jewel `
Every woman ought to have,
It is contagious dear women,
Catch it and spread it!
Enjoy THE WOMANHOOD!

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Uma Ram

Create Your Wind..

Accuse me not
As a tornado,
A breeze gentle
Were I whispering
Love notes in
Your ears softly..
The depressions
Betraying...
You created-
A twister now! ! !

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Uma Ram

Cries Alive From Graves Unbuilt

A woman might not be I
Appealing no more to you
With betrayers ex
Returned forgiven
Lustfully welcomed
But...is hidden even
The human being in me
From eyes lusty
Crying out alive
From graves of love
Unbuilt ignored!
Afraid not?
Guilty not?
Tolerant may be I
But not God! ! !

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Uma Ram

Culprit Caught! ! ! -(Haiku)

Betrayed, fall not here...
Is root cause revealed to solve,
To keep no more near!

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Uma Ram

Dead End Or Grade Separation? !

Sleeplessly embracing pillows, I rolled and rolled,
Entwining soul, ad infinitum pandemonium
Insomnia espousing eyes, soliloquizing encomium
The endearment guerdoned, back - stab paroled!

The upper eyelid ravenous for the lower one handcuffed cold,
Throat hankering fluids of supine frame listless like on podium,
Vacuous mind probing, stumbling blocks of past in silent symposium,
Migraine engulfed preeminent body part trepidation stuffed on hold!

Heartily chirping birds, awakening dawn, bubbly, duty conscious in spite amid
predators,
Busy impelling ants simple as ABC, consummating food for colonies and hills for
reptiles too,
Bees having a full plate stockpiling honey for humans magnanimously sans
punctilious dictators,

Though tiny, are they teachers imparting inestimable knowledge of life on earth
in my shoe,
Imparting to quit stagnant mindset sans anabasis to future brooding over past as
detectors,
To metamorphose into phoenixes redeeming from ashes expelling depressions
woo! ! !

Uma Ram

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Uma Ram

Defying Myself

Ineffectual of acidity
Though an adult
Stupified am I at
The 'Fe'male...
The IRONMALE
Encountering her
Iron blood shedding
Periodically even
As an adolescent
Rehearsing future
Savage tribulation
Of tearing her flesh
To bring forth
A life new afresh!
Timorous of rivalry
Boost I my ego
Coining my
Opponent race
The weaker sex
A sack am I
Stuffed with ego
Underestimating
Others ignorant
Of my true colours
Project I myself
Super brained
With reality
Revealing me a
Half brained!
Pose I superior
Masking my complex...
Yes I am none
Other than the
Masculine gender
Of the species
Homo Sapiens! ! !

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Deserve I My Marital Human Rights

What right had you
To feign love to
Make me devoted
So much so that
Chanting and writing
I had been foolishly
A hundred and eight
A thousand and eight
Times not...
Sri Rama Jayam
But...
Ram.....
Wasting not
Papers and ink alone
But my love
One sided futile
Unaware...
Busy you had been
Flushing me out
Toxins like
As villainess to
Ex revived!
Claim I my rights here
Give me back my
Heart empty
Sans traces of you
As
Of February 21,2000
Ever since your
Proposal fake!

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Uma Ram

Dissolve In Love...(Haiku)

Be not tiny stone
In water unchanged by LOVE,
But heap of rock salt!

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Uma Ram

Disturb Me Not, Let Me Be Your Addict Forever...

June 5th 2000, ...Our World's Environment Day...

That magical spell cast on me!
When our eyes met each other
For the first time,
Expressing the desire to be in
One another's arms forever lovingly,
Even amid our parents
When God arranged our meeting,
The very first smile of ours,
Broad and pure
Sans disguise expressing freely
Our longing for wedlock date!
When I felt my flesh torn apart!
My heart with half beats
Sans the other half,
When you left my home...
Your measurement shirt
Awaiting tailoring for our wedding suit,
That embraced me very first
Even before you!
That filled my soul with your aroma
Making me a childish puppy
Sniffing your attire...
Those early days of our wedlock
That bore your strong fragrance
Filling my atmosphere,
In everything surrounding me-
Your attires even in laundry bin
Towels awaiting detergents,
Hankies stuffed in denim pockets,
Smelling of you!
Our telepathy that caught us
Gazing at each other
Even in gatherings...
My very first letter to you
Over our first quarrel
That earned me your first slap, lovingly
For addressing you as my
Li'l chick, that I will protect

Under my feathers forever...
Our deeply embedded love that
Awakened me in the deepest sleep
Even after a hard day's toil,
When your eyes were
Caught fixed on me secretly
In the middle of the night!
Those moments when
Our eyes longed only for us,
Forgetting the environment,
Those times when my eyes used
To curse the wall clock
For being slow at evenings
And the calendar for not turning
On your camps,
Awaiting your return!
Those silly moments when
Your lap was my seat
And your shoulders my pillows...
Those long journeys of yours
As a chance to gift me special,
Those moments when I prayed
Only to transfer your
Dangers and difficulties to me,
The magical times when...
When I was your only priority
Amid those who objected our union,
When we used to reconcile
Not withstanding even minutes of distances,
Quarrels that ended only in intimacy,
Those lovely moments
When your camera of those days
Ran out of battery
In your hands
Shooting my every movement!
The golden days when
The beautiful sarees adorning
Mannequins used to adorn me
The moment it caught your sight...
The love filled atmosphere
That made you too a poet
Describing me, my appearance,

Praising God!
But still with your complaints
To my parents that
I hardly ask anything
Other than you...
Those ecstatic moments that
You cherished when I became
The mother of our babies...
But now.....
Now.....
What is that spell cast on you my dear?
Forcing me for de-addiction,
Of a long term addictive
Named...
HUSBAND!
I was,
I am
And
Will die as an addict,
Let not de addictions be
Prescribed for me!
For I cherish this addiction
Though out dated...
Let this craziness of mine
Of our very first moment
Die Only Along Only With Me!

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Uma Ram

Domestic Violence

The belated expression,
Of the suppressed anger,
Of a child's mind,
Hurt to the core
Longing for
Love and Care,
Of a mother's heart,
Having witnessed
Femininity at a tender age,
In its beastly form...

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Uma Ram

Dory, Wish I Were

Selective amnesiac
Losing memories
Of back stabbing
Dory, wish I were!

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Uma Ram

Embrace My Apologia

Rest you after everyone
Yet the first to wake up
You start toiling for me...
Morning coffee and breakfast
Preparing kids to school
Bidding adieu to spouse
Spinning tirelessly
24 x 7 at home indoors
Sans retirement
And you swirl more
Additionally earning
My family's bread
Compromise I don't
With my cooking
Neither with my
Housekeeping
Nor with my
Responsibility
As bread winner;
Fail I not to enrich
My outward beauty
Or presentation
In my attires
But dear
Oh! my dear
Compromise do I
With your health!
Allot I time for
Everyone and everything
But not for caring
For your health!
Selfless...I decorate
My langour!
Urging not myself...
Myself, the soul you shelter
To allot time you deserve
The quality time
I ought to spend with you
Assigning your

Due importance
For forget I...
The more I love you
The more you love me...
The more can I stay
In this world
Independently
Becoming not
A lively corpse
Preying on my
Loved ones as
A mandatory burden! ! !
Repaid am I
With betrayals of
Unrequited love...
My karma of
Taking for granted
Your love for me
So pure sans feigning
My dear body!
Unto thee my body
Do I lift up my soul...
Demand your rights
Urge me to pay
Your daily dues
Sans pending installments
Let us live life together
Enjoy more than
Carrying memories painful
Let our harmony
Synchronize more
Provoking envy
And jealousy to core!
Welcome my
Apology so true
Never ever give up
Your rights due!
And together shall we
To lethargy
Bid adieu! ! !

UmaRam

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Uma Ram

Ephemeral Euphoria-(Haiku)

Happily pose I,
Cheese... all is fine henceforth, no?
Life is a cycle!

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Uma Ram

Evolution From Previous Karmic Cycle

Ought not to say, the thorn pricked me;
But, I ran the thorn-
And now it is his turn! ! !

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Uma Ram

Facebook Syndrome...

Your thumb raised up as a SPIKE,
With even a lakh of such a LIKE,
Can you get at least even a BIKE,
But for someone still that one LIKE
Can be the resource for moods of HIKE;
Such is the power of even a single LIKE! ! !

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Uma Ram

Faithful Soulmate...

Oh Karma, love you...
Penalty for doubting love,
My depressions new!

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Uma Ram

Fake Love...

If it had been...

'LOVE',

You would have been short of words,
You would have stammered,
Your eyes would have spoke,
Your heart would have been felt,
Your gestures would have been gentle,
Your touch would have been fragile,
Your smile would have been brimming,
Your glance would have been soothing,
Your embrace would have been warm!

BUT...

You have spoken out clearly,
With a diverted glance;
Your lips moving
In perfect
DISCOORDINATION!

With...

A Brazen touch of
Your HANDS...
And not arms,
Winding me,
In an inanimate grip,
Sans that
Warm embrace of
TRUE LOVE! ! !

Uma Ram

Fall As A Seed-(Haiku)

'Buried? Retread up!
Bounce back as banyan tree,
Threaten skyscrapers!

Uma Ram

Felicity...(Haiku)

Let happiness bear
Others' euphoria, cause not
Tears unfit to bear!

Uma Ram

Femininity Unbound

Sweet little springs
From mother's womb;
Innocent and placid,
Bright with twinkles,
And cheerful smiles,
With enthusiastic vitality;
Nurtured to serve,
Starting their journey
Into the course,
With hallucinations-
Of beds of red red
Velvet roses;
Only to get
Struck against
Intensely sharp stones;
Of gruesome nature,
Tearing them
Into ripples,
Attracted by the
False depth of love
Getting swirled in whirlpools;
Taking turns along
The paths paved by
The dictating hardened rocks;
Stamped down in falls,
Restricted by dams,
Still serving their purpose,
And alas-
Murdered by plunging
Into seas,
Yet not loosing
Their femininity
Of versatile beauty,
Dissolving into the
Salinity of race's tears,
Loosing their inborn sweetness,
In the mighty oceans
Baptizing themselves
For salvation! ! !

Uma Ram

Feminist-(Haiku)

Voice of dumb females
Under stridulating male
Pushy cicadas!

Uma Ram

Forgiveness

FORGIVENESS-
A MOTHER'S HEART;
Requisite of
A loving mind
Forgiving continuously-
A CHILDISH MIND,
Hurting repeatedly;
A stipulation;
Of love-
That still needs
The relationship-
FOREVER!

Uma Ram

Friends...

Friends...

F-Feelings

R-Receiver

I-Initiating

E-Ease in

N-Need

S-Subtly

The bamboo you.....

" FRIENDS"-

Those drillers

'ON YOU'

Shredding the unwanted,

Projecting your

Best melody

Into a flute,

Amid opportunists,

Digging holes

'UNDER YOUR FEET'

Flattering;

To be your

Wholesome whole

Unaltered;

For the best firewood!

Uma Ram

Get Drenched...(Haiku)

Raining gracefully-
Subtle femininity!
Angry umbrellas?

Uma Ram

God (Haiku)

Joyful symphony!
Depressing melancholy! !
Testing tyranny! ! !

Uma Ram

God Synonym - Love...(Epigram)

Let how many ever join cruel hands
To sever this bondage of addiction
My love is enough to save wedding bands
In spite of gruesome infliction!

Uma Ram

Goddess...(Haiku)

Goddess am I for
My husband he recollects
Me only in pains! ! !

Uma Ram

Haiku - A Battle Named Life!

War fields might differ,
The battle continues yet,
Fight with might stiffer!

Uma Ram

Happy Women's Day

The beautiful springs,
Afresh from origin,
Sweet and placid,
Tender and flexible,
Starting their journey
As small brooks,
Picking speed as rivers,
Beaten by pebbles and stones,
Traverse in curves,
Adopting their ways-
Through the hard rocks,
Paving their paths,
From the steep falls;
Slowed down by dams,
Still continuing their
Duty to serve!
With their final destination-
Ending their lives, but
Still contributing to
THE SALINITY OF THE SEAS AND OCEANS,
With their tears!
For which even
GOD has not yet found,
The Reverse Osmosis System!
Let the Seas and Oceans
Get purified;
Before they
Hit back the world,
With more Tsunamis...
Respect 'WOMEN'! ! !

Uma Ram

Hat Tip To My Patience...

Kudos to you my dear beautifying patience
Sparing my poor feet till today alive
Sans amputation others might opt with sense
In my suffocating shoes still to survive
Dear feet you owe me not for your strong life
Under my ownership and not in any other shoes
Unlike any other life who like me a wife
Amputated would you be long back in my shoes!

Uma Ram

Healthy Addiction...For Its You!

Even this addiction is pretty healthy
If the addictive is always you my dear,
Will I be the person to be ever wealthy,
If your heart is filled ever with my cheer!

Uma Ram

Heroes Of The War - Fields

Salutations to you noble souls,
The brave warriors and selfless villeins,
Risking and travailing;
One buffering the nation's welfare,
Sacrificing family and love,
In the prime of their youth,
In the blood soggy enemy fields,
Sans the comforts of cozy life,
And the other laboring for the populace
Sacrificing their education,
To feed the nation's appetite,
Sans the minimal profits
To repay the debts of harvests,
Both committing suicide in their fields,
One engulfed in the enemy's clutches,
Keeping up the secrets entrusted,
With the other hanging himself
In his own fields,
Entangled in the compound interests,
Of the money borrowed to feed others;
Both abandoning their own families,
Amid the cruel ungrateful bourgeois rabble,
Only to watch them with unfruitful mutters...
JAI JAWAAN JAI KISAAN!

Uma Ram

Hope

The last little tender foliage
At the bottom most cut branch,
Promising of life thereafter...

Uma Ram

I Am Precious (Haiku)

A diamond am I...
Rejected? Dejected not...
Unaffordable! ! !

Uma Ram

I Am Uma

I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my face! a
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my eyes!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my hair.
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my smile!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my physique!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my talents!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my calligraphy!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my thought process!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my heart to forgive!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my loving nature!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my endurance!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my will power!
I am unique,
No one in this world
Has my helping tendency!

I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has MYSELF!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
Has my darling kidz!
I am unique,
No one in this world,
IS 'UMA'!
I am unique,
I am UMA!
I love myself!
I admire myself!
Why bother about those,
Who illtreat me,
For they don't know-
Who is UMA,
What is UMA?
I love myself,
My kids are my life!
I love myself,
I admire myself,
I love UMA
AND-
I am unique,
For-
No one in this world,
IS UMA.
I am UMA!

Uma Ram

I Dream, Dream And Dream...

Hung amid my daily routines
Deaf to noises around,
To dream...
Putting my darling kids
To sleep fast,
To dream,
Forcing my stubborn eyes to sleep,
Off the TV screen,
To dream...
Dragging my depressed mind to sleep,
Off the PC monitor,
To dream...
I shut my eyes tight,
To sleep deep,
To dream,
I dream...yes,
I dream, dream and dream...
To escape into
Fairy worlds of Alice?
Or Utopia of
Everlasting happiness
And tranquility sans,
Troubles and hassles!
A fairy land of-
My dreams come true
I slide down the rainbow
Swinging on a glistening
Rope of rain drops,
Up the heavens I reach
And down reverse,
Fairies pushing me
From rear side,
Above a serene stream
Of placid waters
With fish applauding to my
Ecstasy and birds chirping
As reply to my melody;
Butterflies kissing me
On my face printing

Their colours onto me;
With peacocks dancing
To my tweets so sweet;
A land of never ending
Happiness and peace,
Floating am I in ecstasy
Free from worries,
I dream dream and dream,
Hearing my favourite album,
Smiling broad,
I wriggle,
I wriggle towards
The melody only to,
My obedient mobile,
Waking me up to
The morning alarm
Singing my favourite number;
Back to reality of harshness-
Swirling like a wound top!

Uma Ram

I Have A Pretty Heart, See That Too! -(Epigram)

Prior to my confinement so grue
Admire my beautiful heart too!

Uma Ram

I Will Not Quit...

Will not break the caring heart
Of my dearest Heavenly father
With egoistic marital discord dart
For all his pains for us to gather!

Uma Ram

Idle? ? ? Not I! ! !

Disturb me not...
An architect am I now
Busy building
My castles in air not-
Firm foundation
Have I, though
No lands I own,
But...have I
A collection good
Of bricks heaped
Thrown at me
Betrayal's....
Have I my love
The bonding cement,
My trust broken
Down to dusty sand;
Tears surplus for curing
Aid me with just
Raw materials more
Throw bricks maximum
Toughen me for
Output fullest...
For the tallest castle
Strongest ever to
Defend my cause noble! ! !

Uma Ram

Inborn Immunity

Treated with
Prolonged pains
Habitual....
Considered
Last option
Developed
Has my
Mental physique
Anti bodies
Posing a
Tough force
To reckon with! ! !

Uma Ram

Innocence

INNOCENCE

Innocence-the uniqueness of childhood
Where do I find thy presence?
Leading a life of falsehood,
Being ignorant of my every sense
To experience thy wonder
I do long for I swear
Trying to justify myself, O Splendour
I search for thee elsewhere! !
Waiting to enjoy thy Charms
I stretch out a needy hand
Hoping that thee would lend alms,
To make me understand.....
Lost is lost and never regained
And for nothing can it be bargained! .

Uma Ram

Internet -A Boon Or Bane-(Haiku)

Dichotomizing
Spouses reuniting ex
Dooming families!

UmaRam

Uma Ram

Internet-(Haiku)

World's companion
At the disposal of good-
Bad companions!

Uma Ram

Investopedia

Judge not my father
As an inefficient investor
With myopic vision
Glancing at just his
Profit loss statement
Incurring heavy losses
Back stabbed by
Betraying partners
Now flaunting as
Industrialists
Let your eyes turn to me
Your brains think of me
My father's best investment
An educated daughter!
Not for just living but
For life with his
Instructions from
Bharatha and Ramayana
How ought and ought not
To live a woman should!
Educate generations...
Educating one WOMAN! ! !

UmaRam

Uma Ram

Jaya Mahesh - The Sole Sculptor Resuscitating Women! -A Tribute To My Guru! !

Twenty two long years was the time taken

By twenty thousand people to build the second wonder The Taj Mahal!

All worked towards building one wonder.

But here is the single wonder woman

Working since twenty two years

Sculpting out girls from women!

Sole artisan having sculpted lives

Of over two lakh women

Restoring health and happiness

Into innumerable lives

Creating multitudinous wonders!

Reawakening women reviving the child within her

With the heads on floor and legs high up in the air,

A dream come true for many of us...

Those unable to even stand up on their own legs have done sirasasana

Your age old sculptures are our motivations ma'am.

Your testimonies are your marvellous wonders you have sculpted!

The multiple fractures on the same leg

That once had made my every step painful

Have faded into thin air with the fresh blood
Circulating inside my every nerve!
The pain that once had refused to leave me
Even with the best orthopedist's treatment! !
Having suffered from painful bleeding fissures
Since seven long years, your trainings have cured me!
Every drop of blood unshed from my sole
Owe you their gratitude my dearest ma'am!
Your inspiring advice- come on girls
You are not that weak!
After the 15 th day Jaya won't be there
To correct your mistakes
Yes mam....The day has come
You won't be there to correct many of us here
But you will be there as an invisible guru.
The Dronacharya in our minds to us Ekalaivas
Commanding and guiding us...
Your voice will be echoing
And lingering in our ears to accomplish Our healthy selves!
The Mrs.India Earth's words....
'Biggest achievement is

Rising in your own eyes,

Biggest down fall is

Falling in your own eyes'....

Yes mam you have

Made us rise in our own eyes!

Never ever dedicated have I seen a tutor

Sculpting every single woman

To make them her master piece

Pin pointing every mistake of every Single trainee to sculpt them perfectly!

Flattery would it appear to those envious of you

Our dear ma'am! Your competitors might

Attribute our results

To our efforts...But you have been the Trigger behind the longest shots!

Some lost 22 inches while some lost 2!

We have got what we deserve....

The fruits of our toils mam! You the Farmer can only sow the seeds

And plough the fields it is up to the seed

To fight it's way out through the surface

Surviving to produce it's best possible yields!

'Positive thoughts -Positive you!

Your words will guide us throughout mam.

Hats off to you ma'am for our lovely lively class that made my days!

Fun was it co-working it out with you and Our girls together burning out my toxins

Thanks for the cool atmosphere

Amidst the hot sessions!

Though a short term lively was our class!

Back to my college days! !

Fifteen days is the duration our dearest ma'am takes

To sculpt us women are the norms given..

But fifteen minutes of her inspiring talks

On the very first day of registration had

Sculpted away

1 inch off my body...without inch loss therapy!

The transition takes off the very first day

Provided we abide by her words!

Women may come and - Girls may go....

Women may come and....Girls may go!

But you go on forever

Our dearest Jaya ma'am!

Wishing many more diamonds

To those beautiful crowns

Awaiting our dearest beautiful Mrs.India Earth!

The beauty with not only brains

But a beautiful heart too!

The beautiful lively woman

Transferring her blessings

From The Divine Guru

Through her million dollar smile

Greeting every evening with a cheerful face!

My prayers for your healthy longer life ma'am

To sculpt many more masterpieces!

We love you our dearest ma' am

And.....

We hate to say good bye!

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May 2017

Uma Ram

Karma

Karma,
God's secret spy
Besieging the soul;
Indefatigably duty conscious,
Rewarding the salubrious deeds,
And penalizing the nefarious ones,
The first ever computer invented,
With interminable memory,
Accounting the ballgames of,
The multitudinous births,
Of the multifarious organisms,
From the microbes to the super colossal;
Unprejudiced sans likes and dislikes,
The prodigious sky-
Engulfing the entire earth,
The non partisan sun donating,
Light from the hut to the skyscrapers,
Experienced have we, your most
Sweetest preparations and the bitterest pills;
Dumbfounded with your stupendous achievements,
Yet have we, humans our own complaints,
Inundated by the appalling depression,
Desperately raising our voices,
"Oh Karma!
Here is a list of a few,
Missed out in your list! ! ! "

Uma Ram

Kudos My Dear Heart-(Haiku)

My dear heart love you,
Admiring adroitness of
Foes'grim deceits too!

Uma Ram

Kudos! -(Haiku)

Highly qualified
Home maker- teetotaller
In an arrack shop!

Uma Ram

Let Me Express...(Epigram)

Attend my love at least as recreation,
Acclaim will you, this God's creation

Uma Ram

Let Me Laugh

The funny pranks of my daughter,
The humorous mischiefs of my son,
The hilarious scene
Of my favourite comedian;
The tricks of my pal
To see me laugh,
I laughed-wait
With a heavy heart!
When did I laugh
Heartily last?
Before I saw you!

Uma Ram

Let Me Love You More

Dear feet
Enough of the
Pain excruciating
Let me part with you
I won't feel thy pain
And thou won't
Reap my sins! ! !
Wait but what if
I part with you
You cant thrive
I can't walk
My kids need me
Till independent!
I need to thrive
Bear with me dear
Co-operate till
I succeed in my
Responsibilities
Then both of us
Can depart
Together! ! !

Uma Ram

Life Is An Exam...

Toddlers as ever since
Underwent we
Exams different
Monthly tests
Mid term
Annual
Semester
Trimester
And what not...
Never did we
Enjoy throughout
Sans testings...
Some put in
Their best efforts
Came out in
Flying colours
Some in spite of
Efforts bestest
Failed miserably
The class topper
Became an engineer in
Microsoft with
A commendable salary
Leaving behind
The failing candidate
To become its owner
Bill Gates!
Varied are life's tests
Offering live practicals
Where copying
Shuns the candidate
For each one comes
Down with a
Questionnaire different!
Testing is not new
Since childhood;
Then why cynical are we
To take up life's tests
Wontedly bold...

Wasting not time
On futile unproductivity
Concentrating on
Aspects paramount
Shunning depressants...
Put in your efforts
Best possible unique
Copy not or compare not
Others for the side other
Seems greener though
Their question papers
Gargantuan might be
And yet pose they may cool
Expressing not anxiety...
Probe your questionnaire
Concentrate on laborious
Concepts with the best of you
Stay cool for jitters might
Render your memory
Butter fingered
Ineffectual of tests varied
Hurry up, wind up
Before your time is up! ! !

UmaRam

Uma Ram

Life Supplement...(Haiku)

Dear patience loose your
Hope not, arise awake dear
Almost there we are!

Uma Ram

Love

LOVE

Why did you come into my life?

Is it to make me happy, no.

Is it to make me sad, no.

Is it to make me laugh, no.

Is it to make me cry, no.

Is it to make me blessed, no.

Is it to make me a curse, no.

Is it to make me a human

You came into my life, no-

You came into my life-

To make me A WOMAN!

Uma Ram

Love For Horizon! ...(Haiku)

With every call to-
"LOVE"...came same reply cannot...
Reach at the moment

Uma Ram

Love Is In The Air!

Accuse not dear...
Near not is Love
There it is-
Ubiquitous...
Love is in the air
Blowing only you
Dear, had been into a
Balloon punctured! ! !

Uma Ram

Love Me No More...

Strong though am I
Weakened is my
Heart loving...
Bonded was it
With strings
Of love so pure
Cut off now to bits
Coping is slowly
With betrayals core....
Let not your
Heart pretend
Any more love...
For mine can't
Recoup any further
Bear can't it
Multiple attacks...
For...
Generously has
God bestowed me
With limbs
Ears eyes nostrils
Lungs and kidneys,
And...
My organs of
Femininity
In pairs but
My poor little
Heart sans pair...
Found I its pair
In yours...
Feigning had it
Been passing
Time with my
Poor little heart
Devoted to core!
Unwanted might be
I for you no more
With suitors old
Returned forgiven...

A guiding mother
Am I needed for
My children loving
Until independent
They are to
Interrogate you
Their happiness
Deprived before!
Love me no more
Feign not colours
Let not me
Believe and
Get deceived
No more
Risking my
Dear little heart
Poor single..
With my children
Dear dependent! ! !

Uma Ram

Love To Lead Life-(Epigram)

Hate not your life today,
As deviating it leads you;
Sure will it change someday
For you to lead your queue!

Uma Ram

Love-(Epigram)

If it were schooled...
Then why many fooled?

Uma Ram

Love-(Haiku)

Chicken soup for soul
Bait for beast of burden to
Pull life eagerly!

Uma Ram

Love's Call From The Gutter!

UMA...Dear UMA
Where are you nowadays? ? ? ...
The sand glass figurine
With thick long locks black
Posture so erect more
Flattening your fiancé
Dragging him back from
Amid matrimonial
Competitors so sore
Fitness to core a chef
Cooking for a
Hundreds three...
Stealing the show shortly
Same evening confidently
A bharathnatyam dancer!
Inviting envy than love
From many of your race
And love from opponent one
Parallel envy of your
Spouse from his race!
Super confidently I
Overlooked you
Dear boasting I
My influence mistaking
The winning factor!
Maladroitly did I
Engage you busily
Churning like curd
Alloting no time
For THE UMA who
Won over her spouse...
Now... an all time available
Waitress chef housekeeping
Showering me to core
Innocently on the
Dissatisfied better half
Winding as top in the
Authoritative hands...
Disqualifying me

Amid competitors new
Having lost you!
Suffocating is life out here
In darkness confined...
Return back Oh! native as
THE UMA
The idiosyncratic girl
Determined tough
Coping with challenges
New, bouncing back
Triumphantly challenging
Envious opponents!
Accept I my brutum fulmen
Declined precariously
Stretching out needy alms
With hopes of blithe
Avenge not my foolishness
Exiling you since years...
Return back Oh! native...
Redeem thy value
Revive my powers
Lost have I beyond words...
Googled I making love
Only adding to my vexation
Connected meaning none
To my heart so pure!
Return back Oh! Native
Resuscitate thy status
Invigorate my passions
Relive your life!
Release me from the
Cheeseparating clutches
Encaged desperately..
Return back Oh! Native
Return back as
THE UMA
The idiosyncratic girl
Exhilarating me
From the grue's gutters! ! !

Uma Ram

Make Over-(Epigram)

Depressed actor's task,
Wearing a clown's mask!

Uma Ram

Marriage The Heavenly Bondage...

Save God's Relationship...

Save marriage, even

If it is only you who wants to save it,

For destined for you by God,

Is the relationship.

And by quitting it

You quit God's path paved for you...

Against his wishes,

Never ever give up hope

For miracles happen only at the moment

You decide to give up! ! !

Uma Ram

Marriage-(Haiku)

Mirages of blithe
Attracting innocent does
Swirling sand dunes down!

Uma Ram

Match Three Award Games

What is it so appealing
For addiction of such games,
You stupid female dog,
That is not in me,
Came the chauvinistic voice!
Appreciation and motivation
Said I, for every little
Level I cross and achieve, as-
Awesome, amazing, excellent;
Making me cling over
To it like a
HOT GLUE!

Uma Ram

May Day Wishes

The day dedicated to
Workers around the world;
In memoriam of their pioneers
Across the globe who
Went on strike
To enforce an eight hour
Duty time on this day...
With associations and NGO s
To defend even dumb animals
And blood thirsty carnivores too,
Herbs, shrubs and trees,
Is there anyone to defend
This so called working class named,
THE HOME MAKERS...
With the only incentive of this,
Buttering nomenclature recently,
To extract work,
24 X 7,365 days...
As all - rounders;
A responsible, faithful wife,
Loving partner
Patient baby sitter,
Caring mother,
Honest housekeeper,
Talented economist
Multi cuisine chef,
All toils for...
Toiling for just three meals a day,
And a new attire as annual festival bonus...
Sans respect, salary, promotion,
CL, ML, holidays,
Medical insurance, risk coverage,
Retirement, bank balance, PPF, GPF,
Without personal likes and dislikes,
And above all no recognition
For all that sincerity,
Expected to be on par
With celluloid world,
When no time or money is allotted

Even for personal care!
We are the ones...
Diagnosed with advanced stages
Of medical ailments
When the routine gets stopped
For the dependants!
An untied bonded labour
With lifetime agreement
Of working indoors,
Cleverly decorated as show pieces,
To visitors of ignorance,
As dominating other halves!
A cooked up story might it seem
To all those kitty partyers,
Or a sensational fake concept
For those authoritative!
The truth behind
These pitiable souls
Still in the dark
Encaged in love and commitment!
We are the ones
Satisfied and contended
With just the happiness of
Our family enjoying our dishes,
With the festival bonus
New attire getting disappointed
Awaiting the entire occasion!
Not allowed authority even
Over the TV remote
To enjoy our favourite programs
On special occasions too,
For we are those farmers
Who toil for others' food
But don't get food for themselves...
The busy cook who delights
The family with steaming hot dishes
Who gets only the last roti
Cold and stiff!
With the entire world
Declared as a holiday for
All workers throughout the globe
Here is a set of laborers

Left out in the list,
Decently named recently as
HOME MAKERS!
When the whole world conveys
MAY DAY WISHES...
Here are we too
Conveying our desires, our-
MAY DAY WISHES...
'All we need is not monetary gains,
With PPF or GPF,
For all our toils on
Even weekends and festivals,
When the entire family rests...
We start our lives as wives
And end as nurses
For the aged spouse!
Mothers cum tutors for children,
Maternity midwives too are we for them;
Patient baby sitters cum nursery teachers
For our grandchildren,
With retirement only at funeral!
There is a Shashi
Of ENGLISH VINGLISH
In every one of us
Mocked at as born to make ladoos!
Just a little love and concern
In words and action,
With respectful gestures
Would suffice
As incentives and bonuses for all
OUR SELFLESS TOILS...
Thus here, are we too with our
MAY DAY WISHES! ! ! '

Uma Ram

Micheal Jackson-(Haiku)

The most flexible
Moon walking plastic product
Non recyclable! ! !

Uma Ram

Money Tree -(Epigram)

If money were on every tree
Globe would be evergreen
Rich would be every one for free,
Earth would be ever serene!

Uma Ram

Money.(Haiku)

Poor's longing need
Millionaires' luxury;
Middle class status!

Uma Ram

Mother, The Universal God On Earth

The Mother...
That strong delicate creation,
Of God being unsatisfied,
With all his colossal universe,
Flora, fauna and his master piece
The Homo Sapiens;
To substitute his presence,
His care, concern and selfless love,
For the micro and macro organisms,
From the tiniest ants to the,
Brobdingnagian omnivorous dinosaurs;
To replace his absence with everyone,
Born to procreate, and nurture selflessly,
Those divine replicas of the Almighty
On earth, sacrificing all their blood and nourishment,
To a single drop of the father's strength,
To enliven it with a beautiful form,
With all her vitality and vigor;
Encircling it with all her physique,
Neglecting her vital statistics,
Inconsiderate of her own self with,
Paramount importance to the bearer;
Patiently and carefully crossing the gestation,
As a living incarnation of Mother earth;
With no other thought except of,
The little life growing inside eagerly,
Transferring her food, nutrition and oxygen,
Along with her thoughts and emotions,
Herself left back anaemic and namby-pamby;
With all the burden carrying along,
Tearing her own flesh to,
Bring out the new life on this earth,
Transmuting even her last drop of blood,
Into the nourishing food for the infant,
An exhausted housekeeping chef,
Yet nurturing the innocent life
With utmost love and care,
The very first to welcome the dawn,
In spite of hugging the bed after everyone,

Waking up in the middle of the night,
To the slightest alarm calls of the infant;
To satisfy its hunger with all her
Dog-tired physique half asleep,
Enjoying her routines claiming all her energy,
Renouncing herself bone-tired;
All for the happiness of her satisfaction,
Of upbringing her children devotedly,
With a healthy body and mind,
To lead a clean life in a contaminated world,
Being the lovingly caring mother,
First and best ever multi cuisine chef,
A strict and disciplined tutor,
With worried eyes awaiting the
Safe return of the entire family to the nest;
With hallucinations surrounding her
Of the voices of her beloved ones,
Of the longing ears awaiting the ISD call;
An ardent supporter during testing times,
Incomparable handy talented beautician,
Whose significance we women know
Only on loosing our locks post delivery,
All that care and maintenance we had
From our mothers in cultivating
Those beautiful locks of nourishment!
Not resting even after the establishment
Of the children's families,
Toiling to prepare the pickles,
Flours and the special spicy masalas,
Transferring her cooking secrets
To ensure her children's appetite satisfied;
Leaving behind her first child named spouse,
With no other option to take over,
The new charge as the mid wife
In her children's delivery;
For the demanding grand children,
Baby sitting, back to square one,
Sacrificing her sleep for her children's;
An effective all rounder she is;
With the prior experience of having moulded,
A grown up adamant child called
THE HUSBAND!

Thus sacrificing her entire life and blood
For the entire family with the satisfaction
Of their happiness stands the
Unselfish universal God on earth,
Unbounded by nationality, religion, caste and creed,
Blessing us endlessly with all her loving heart forever called
THE MOTHER...

Uma Ram

Mother's Love...(Haiku)

Lightening in eyes,
Thunder hitting heart, mother...
Nature sheds her tears!

-UmaRam

Uma Ram

Murder-Haiku

She destroyed foetus,
Egg eating pregnant lady,
To nourish foetus...

Uma Ram

Music

The voice of the soul,
The inner self,
Reflecting the moods-
Ecstasy
Happiness,
Sad
Melancholic,
Frustrated...
A tonic
To boost up the mind
In the worst of situations...
The cushion the mind longs for
What so ever may be its state!
The harmony of notes
The symphony of ecstasy
The melancholy to the hurt
And lullaby to sleep.
Calming down the senses
Soothing the inner self
Refreshing the mind
Preparing it
To face the world
Once again with a jump start
To continue the battles
Of life awaiting...

Uma Ram

My Argument With Myself

Sit back and rest
Says my hurt self
Get up and workout
Commands my
Respectful self!
Will I not
If possible
Requests my
Poor self;
Pity not
Be bold
Shun the pain
Before it shuns you
Warns my
Conscious self!
Afraid am I
To risk the
Broken bones
Alarms my
Pitiable self
Fear not when
God is beside you
Cheers my inner self!
Survival of the fittest...
My inner self
Lifts up my
Timid self
Fear not when
I am there
Be bold
Fight the pains
Cites those
Injured in war
Coping up with
Crushed bones
Fighting back
Adversities
Rejuvenating
The timid mind

Weak is not
Your feet but
Your mind
Arise awake
Walk erect
Run fiercely
Dance madly
Before those
Who await you
To fall and
Take up your place!
Perfectly alright
Are you
Just a phase it is
Of life testing
Workout...
Strengthen your
Feet bearing you;
Love it as it
Loves you...
Repay your love
Care for your feet
Care for yourself
Shun the
Negative comments
Upraise yourself
That's all
You are there!
My bolder self
Wins over my timidity...

Uma Ram

My Disloyal Shadow

My shadow I thought were you,
My confirmation proved!
You were a shadow,
Yes, a shadow were you,
Playing Judas...
Deserting me in darkness
Following lights of glamour!
Grateful yet am I for
The lesson for life taught
Trust not even your shadow own,
Wholeheartedly! ! !

Uma Ram

My Ideal Motivation-(Haiku)

Pushpa Achanta,
Boon to eve's race for raising
Voice for helpless souls!

Uma Ram

My Ideal Woman

Guilelessness thy name
Is Archana childish smile
Modesty unleashed!

UmaRam

Uma Ram

My Mahabharath - Awaiting Victory Of Good Over Evil...

How many so ever
SATANS you join hands with,
To severe me, am I afraid not,
For in this life war of mine,
Is On My Side,
God Named Love Himself!
Like Lord Krishna To Pandavas,
Against The Whole Lot Of 101 Kauravas
Aided by 'The Greatest Of Great Aacharyas! '
I Trust In My True Godly Love-
Which can Create Miracles
At The Most Lost Moments...
For evil might seem to win,
But never ever has it
Won Over Good!

Uma Ram

My Prince Charming...

Amid my busy penning of thoughts random,
Felt I someone gazing at me yearning,
Curiosity killing my mood,
Gazed I too secretly assuming adroitness.
Shocked was I at the very sight,
Of this prince charming eagerly
Awaiting my kiss...
The kiss of this quadragenarian mother!
Crept I towards the exit next to him,
To give him a send off.
Assumed he I neared him to kiss,
Stared he at me eagerly;
Was he my dream prince charming?
Awaiting to transport me to
The fairy lands of blitheness;
At the tip of my lip on his!
Carried away was I to
Fairy lands of dream ecstasy;
For a while, was I princess Jane
In the raised arms of my prince charming.....
Alerted was I precipitously
With familiar screeches sounding yonder?
My darlings' altercation over the TV remote;
Frozen was I for a moment sans sensations!
Approaching the exit near him to
Bid him adieu I advanced...
Thought he I approached to kiss him
To free him from the evil curse
Jumped he yearningly towards me!
Screamed I panicked, threatening...
Presuming a snake, rushing came
The watchman with the pole longest.
Valuing his life than the curse
Jumped away my
Dream frog prince charming
Into the darkness...
Leaving me back
Enlightened!

Uma Ram

My Roof, My Bodhi Tree! ! !

He sees me
Dressed as woman;
He sees me
Loving as mother;
He sees me
Devoted as wife;
He sees me
Toiling as ox;
He sees me
Cooking as chef;
He sees me
Whirling as top!
He sees me
Selfless as coconut palm;
He sees me
Efficient as banker;
He sees me
Raising kids as mother;
He sees me
Cooking as a chef;
He sees me
Maintaining as housekeeper;
He sees me
Cleaning as scavenger;
He sees me
Bedding as call girl;
He sees me
Swirling as all rounder;
He sees me
Limping as mare;
He sees me
Bandaged as lame;
He sees me
Helpless as sick;
He sees her
Displaying as whore;
She earns best
Of luxuries,
That which

My toils cant earn
Even medical expenses
As salary too! ! !
Wake up my dear body
Care for yourself
For no one will
Care for you
If you don't care
For yourself...
In this world
Swirling as top!
Love yourself
For others to
Love you! ! !

Uma Ram

My Saga...(Haiku)

Withdraw breakneck wrath
Deposit immense patience
Save future regrets!

Uma Ram

Nature

Sun and moon and earth and sky,
All that walk and swim and fly,
Mountains valleys rivers plains,
Bless us God with heavy rains.
All the fruits vegetables flowers and greens,
Animals birds fish and natural scenes,
Without all the cries and sounds it is mute,
For all your creation is so sweet and cute.

Uma Ram

Nightingale's Melancholy_(Haiku)

Encaged in love this
Nightingale sings song, faking
Symphony of bliss!

Uma Ram

Nocturnal Eyes

Sans the slightest
Ray of hope
In pitch darkness
Engulfing conviction
Hit against I
The sharpest edges
The gruesome
Pointed tips
Ran I over
Poisonous thorns
Glass knives
Slitting open
My ignorant
Feet innocent
Blood oozing
My body entire
Paving my way in
The new moon
Darkness
Loitering about
Sans slightest
Ray of light
Adapted have
Now my feet to
The harshness
Of the cruel paths
The sharpness of
The cutting edges
Learnt have
My hands
To hold on to
Hot iron rods
To reach my
Destination
Not far away
Consoling my
Innocent
Dove eyes
Acclimatized to

Nocturnal vision! !

Uma Ram

Onset Of Enslavement (Haiku)

Toddler engaged with
Gadgets self care proxy blame
Not old age homes doom!

UmaRam

Uma Ram

Onset-(Haiku)

Now that spring is not
Far behind this nightingale
Can sing tunes of blithe!

Uma Ram

Ought To And Ought Not To...

Cite not instances from
The Bharatha and Ramayana,
Of disciplined obedient sons,
Those incarnations on earth
Enacting themselves as
Virtuous disciplined men,
Those mamma's boys and
Scatterbrained brothers
Of Soorpanakas,
Demonstrating the pros and cons
Of blind obedience...
At the cost of
The victimised women;
And...
The consequences of
The virtuous Sita's and
The enslaved Draupati's
Tears flowing as
Blood drowning the
Entire dynasty!
Were they instances not of
Blind obedience but
Those of what a man
Ought to and ought not to do!
Let no more tears of
No more...
Sitas and Draupatis
Flood no more
Generations henceforth!
For pretermite not
That whenever evil
Tries over good,
God reincarnates himself
To aid victory of
Virtues over vices,
Says the same
Bhagvat Gita! ! !

Uma Ram

Passer Domesticus Or Dinosaurus? World Sparrow Day March 20 Th

The once ubiquitous little birdies
Fluttering merrily spreading joy
Butterflies like omnipresent...
Chirping here and there in my
Verandah, backyard on my
Window sill building tiny little
Domiciles on my lofts behind the
Vintage photographs hanging
Above my pendulum clock
Beside my lampshade impassively
Garnering blade after blade of
Grass after grass...hay after hay
Showering on us, droppings too
Where are you nowadays dear buddies?
The teeny weeny creatures
That inspired Subramanya Bharathi
And poetasters infinite, companion of
Young mothers feeding toddlers
Portrayers' favourite theme realistic
Parents' favourite instance cited
For love hard work early rising
And savings to kids' future
The tiny little bird that evoked
My parents to teach me kindness
To creatures dumb dependent
The ones that made my father
Make carton bird houses
Stuffed with soft hay and rags
Cozy for the new family to come..
Handing over its decors to me..
Still afresh memoirs of my
Tiny hands painting the
Carton house with wordings
Home Sweet Home and a
Sweet little WELCOME above
The cut out entrance greeting
My cute little companions!

Fearing whose harm we bore
Chennai's humidity sans fans! !
Sincere buddies mine in my
College days too driving away
My loneliness in a conservative
Home restricted indoors,
Those Lilliputians sweet
Feeding grains and bread
From my palms direct
The tenderness that made
Me risk heights in my balcony
Busy putting back the just borns
Into their homes learning
Their first flight earning me
Scoldings for risking myself
With my wedlock shortly!
The miniscule creatures that
Stunned my better half
Newly wedded...fearlessly
Feeding from my hand cute!
The bird houses I kept for you
Then after a half decade ago
Remained idle long with a
Few squirrels residing later..
Where did you vanish my dears
Into thin air or deep sea?
Was your race washed into
The oceans pecking the waves
To return back your eggs, with Garuda
Not by your side to rescue with
His race endangered too!
Or did God curse your race
Kalavinka birds doomed
For tempting Vyasa
Abandoning his devotion
To The Almighty planing his own family
Urged by your love and care!
Or did the creator deprive your little lives
Of your food collapsing
The food pyramid or was it
My race that ruined your
Food chain and habitat core

Developing technology selfishly!
Or has my race's humanitarianism
Vanished into air thin poisoning your race
Sharing their food surplus!
Reason might be whatever
Come back my little dear ones
Let my children enjoy your
Company sweet innocent
Let my generations flourish
With yours like decades before
Redeem as phoenixes from
Your ashes you little buddies
Pray will I for your arrival soon.
Dear mankind where has your
Kindness vanished into nowhere?
In an era of flourishing old age homes
With ruthless selfishness reigning
The world at large is it a fault
To plea for these creatures tiny
To be a part of your family
Living in harmony giving you
Joy abundant...but in a home
With no space for parents
Where there will be place
For these creatures teeny weeny?
Whatsoever might be your cause
Allot them habitats outside at least
Your house let benefit your
Generations with the karma good
Before these left over become extinct...
And then will be a day when
Steven Spielberg's heir would shoot his
'Roadside park'...
Our teeny weeny friends
Passer domesticus
Starring innocently like
Dinosauria! ! !
These Lilliputians...are they
That worthy of terrific notions
To let them fade away from
Our lives so empty with
Full of technological gadgets

And no loving time or space
For even loved ones?
Arise awake and stop not till
A family of sparrows breed happily
Fearless with food surplus
In your premises driving away
Your stubborn loneliness
Of gadgets addicted

UmaRam

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Uma Ram

Patience...(Haiku)

Will power to hold
Breath in front of beast when the
Trusted one betrays!

Uma Ram

Peeping Out Through My Window

Encaged by my heart's love within
Bars golden confined by traditions
Inbuilt since childhood nailed strong..
Waking up to toil routine sans love
Appreciation to be nowhere found
Ungrateful betrayals more so core
Boosting self recoup from violence to
Coagulated nerves refusing duties
Pains all over body heart too aching...
From room to room...living to kitchen
Kitchen to bedroom...bedroom to dining
Dining to puja...puja room back to bedroom
Strolling cooking cleaning washing
Doing latrines too inspite of the
Provided housekeepers banned;
Peeping out through my window....
Where are you humans? Am I in an island
Marooned off the world awaiting pigeons
To take off foliages proving a habitation here?
Parents where are you, friends are you there
Relatives pray not for my soul's peace
I am still alive very much here, Oh! world...
Here is THE UMA once the girl admired
Entrapped behind the mask of love futile
Feigning possessiveness for its love's path lead
Elsewhere dictating my treatments gruesome
To quit option less earliest clearing pathways
Sans suits lawful in silent cries unheard for
Revival of ex relations sore...faded have I
From memory lost in flash back's love but...
Offsprings too hidden from eyes membraned?
Quit not will I paving pathways for whores
Money thirsty after fathers dichotomising
Families innocent for motives selfish...
Prove will I myself a lesson to females lusty
Teach them will the consequences
Of bisecting a loving domicile!

Uma Ram

Phobophobia...

As a baby, acousticophobia,
Me a toddler, achluophobia,
When sick, trypanophobia,
Student life of, examphobia,
A girl of, entomophobia,
A teenager, arrhenphobia,
The youth's, gamophobia,
A spouse, cholero-phobia
A wife's philophobia,
A timid's pentheraphobia,
A mother, paedophobia,
A forester's spouse, agrizoophobia,
Accident at Ooty, aeroacrophobia,
Sutures, dystychiphobia,
At forty one, gerascophobia,
Phobia, phobia, phobia...
Phobia of Phobias...
Phobophobia!
Where is your end?
Running have I been
Since birth still,
Endlessly chased by you!
Tired am I frustrated!
Polishing my mind,
Commanded I myself;
Halt!
Above turn! !
Attention! ! !
Targeted I straight at you,
a-
My eyes of will power;
As stones sharp...
Laughing heartily
At you flee as
A wounded stray dog! ! !

Uma Ram

Possessiveness

POSSESSIVENESS...

A possession of not only the youth,
But every stage of life
Which grows gigantic with age!
That divine feeling
Which introduced civilization
Into mankind
Who were otherwise just
The super apes!
It was that beautiful feeling
That brought discipline
Into the entire race of
Homo Sapiens!
It is that divine feeling
Which made him think
'SHE IS ALL MINE
AND AT NO COST
WOULD I SPARE HER FOR ANYTHING!
It is that which
Gave man a family
Of his very own
A reason for his
Toiling and existence
It is that FEELING that had
Caused wars between empire's!
That which forced
A necessity for
For his inventions
For the betterment
Of his generations!
It is that
Which made him
Feel protected when
He felt depressed-
That he has a family to care for him!
It is that which
Keeps the world going on still
With hopes of betterment
Amid cultural damages!

And suppression of which feeling
Has threatened the world
With the deadliest diseases
It is that feeling
Which has been misguided
To this present generation
As a taboo and
A UTOPIAN CONCEPT!
SAVE POSSESSIVENESS
SAVE LOVE
SAVE GENERATIONS...
SAVE THE WORLD FROM GOD'S WRATH
For, was triggered
In Paradise for
THE FIRST SIN!
Let not the
Male chauvinism defame and
Brand possessiveness
As jealousy
With the so called
'PERSONAL SPACE
IN A RELATIONSHIP'
To defend themselves!
And let
Our future generations
Experience the divinity
Of true LOVE
And save the world...
For-
The Universal rebellious motto
Of the youth today is..
'LEAD THE LIFE YOU WANT US TO'...

Uma Ram

Propinquity - (Epigram)

Forcing me out of relationship,
Drill not to sink your own ship!

Uma Ram

Rainbow

A rare offspring born!
The majestic sky quenching...
Mates the thirsty earth!

Uma Ram

Regret...(Monoku)

regret I- -for my words said and unsaid.

Uma Ram

Rejoice, Renew! -(Epigram)

Twenty years ahead from now,
This phase's enjoyment will be fantasy,
Start rejoicing life ought how,
Before its just a dream of ecstasy!

Uma Ram

Ripples -2-(Haiku)

Not of tiny stone
In perennial river
Leaking tap in cup!

Uma Ram

Ripples..(Haiku)

Disturbance not of
Sharp stone in river...leaking
Tap in a bucket!

Uma Ram

''''''''S- - - - - O- - - - - -S'''''''''' - Environment

"S-O-S";

From
Environment
C/O Mankind
Earth,
Milky way.

To,
The Mankind,
C/O God,
Earth,
Milky Way.

Dearest Mankind,
I was born before any life here
To make all of your lives cheer;
I protected you from extreme climates,
Periodically changing them my dear mates;
I gave you air to breathe and water to drink,
Food to eat, clothes to wear and shelter to shrink;
Forests to secure rains and animals to balance nature,
But what have you done, all hazardous to my near future?
Destroying my forests killing my animals, you have polluted my body,
Suffocating I feel panting for life, save me before I reach God like you
everybody!

Yours Sincerely, □

Environment

Uma Ram

Sarcasm-(Haiku)

A womaniser's
Flaunting speech on women's day
On feminism...

Uma Ram

Seasons...(Haiku)

Life is a season,
Why to mourn, when miracles
Await with reason? ? ?

Uma Ram

Secret Of Relationships...(Haiku)

Traversing through life,
Saga of relationships,
No matter its my...

Uma Ram

Self Pity-(Haiku)

The weight tied on feet
Hindering mountaineering
Of summits in life!

Uma Ram

Shadow's Betrayal (Haiku)

Trust not anyone,
Whole heartedly for shadow
Too betrays in dark!

Uma Ram

Shirdi Ke Baba Sabse Mahaan

SHIRDI KE BABA

Jo ikkata karthe the
Papon ka potli,
Pichle janam mein,
Wo lete hain
Is janam mein
Dayneey roop;
Doosron ke kroortha
Se thadapthey hain;
Jinko aap lete hai,
Apne hirasath mein;
Khilaathe hain
Pyaar ka bhojan
Aur daya ka paani
Apne pyar bhari
Aalingan mein...
Aise Bhagwan ne
Mandir bana liya hai
Is hriday ko
Jo thadaptha hai
Mandir nirmane ko
Us Mahaan devta ka.
De denge woh Mahaan
Is hataash mahila ko
Uska saadhan
Mandir nirmane ka
Doosron ko bhi
Aashirvad dene ke liye
Jo banaya hai khood
Is manushya hriday ko
Apna sthayi mandir...
SATHGURU SAINATH MAHARAAJ KI JAI...

Uma Ram

Sorry...(Haiku)

The rising action
Transforming the tragedy
Into comedy!

Uma Ram

Split Personality

Slaves we of the past,
Are masters of the present,
Future dictators...

Uma Ram

Strongest Are We Delicately

Betrayal the way of world
Life offers us women
Enduring it raw to core
Strolling corpses alive
Continuing our duties
Accepting punishments
For our ancestor Eve's sin
Stronger are we bearing
Backstabbing fierce
Numbness captivated
Our every sense...
Unlike you our dear
Opponent race...
Murdering or self killing
For your lover's betrayal...
Weaker sex art thou! !

Uma Ram

Swimming Upstream To Meet Miracles

I Will Continue,
Yes to continue,
To swim against;
These currents harsh,
Seeming calm outwardly!
Upstream have I been swimming,
Have I been swimming long,
Tirelessly with wounds gruesome,
Memories bearing painful cries,
Miles and miles, endlessly;
Long way have I come across,
This flooding river
To reach the other bank,
With hopes of blitheness,
Of serenity sans hassles
Picking up more and more...
Valor through will power,
With every back stab,
Reached have I, almost...
Not a fool am I to quit now
When miracle awaits me
Just a few strokes away,
On the other shore!
For do I know-
The step, I quit now-
God my lifebuoy,
Has destined for me,
Will be the last one before
MIRACLES! ! !

Uma Ram

Take Diversion To Poles...

With England in North
Kashmir is in South, and
With Kashmir above,
Kanyakumari is below,
But with Antarctica
Kanyakumari is North!
You feel neither up nor down
When attitudes turn
Spinning...
Towards poles!

Uma Ram

Tears (Haiku)

In return for pains,
With your priceless diamond drops!
Reward sadism? ? ?

Uma Ram

Thank You Dear Poetry..-(Haiku)

My soul's chicken soup,
Thyroxine supplement to
My blocked throat chakra!

Uma Ram

The Carcinogen Named Dowry...

The humanitarian etiquette,
Dated back to ancient times,
Of the groom's family,
To shower gifts on
The bride's family,
In return for the
Wonderful life time gift
Of their pampered,
Lovely, beautiful,
Loving daughter,
To be part and parcel
Of their loving family,
For all that
Love and care
She was going to reciprocate...
The art of packing
Of the bride's parents,
Of the angel's belongings,
Her accessories, with gifts accumulated
For the comfort of
The loving daughter's second part of life,
Along with her father's earnings
Accumulated for his
Ever cute little princess,
As a return gift, reciprocal of,
The groom's family's etiquette...
Somewhere cleverly mismanaged
And selfishly altered by,
The chauvinistic ego,
As a demand for-
Maintenance of the,
No more living but just a
NEWLY PURCHASED ROBOT!
Yes, the same chauvinistic ego,
That proclaims the disability,
Of a destitute mother,
Burning herself in the pyre
Of the selfish opportunistic male
Who pays her for,

PLEASING HIM...

For her helplessness to
Light up her children's future,
Defaming her as a hustler,
But, who himself,
Perfectly groomed in salons,
On adorned horses and chariots,
With the elderly man,
Bowing before him,
Just because,
He is the bride's father,
With the brother in law,
Washing his feet as paada pooja,
And holding umbrella for him
As a ritual requesting,
Him to marry his sister,
With gold, silver and diamond,
Movable and immovable property,
Along with all her belongings and needs
Everything to make her happy...
Movable and immovable monetary charges
As non refundable deposits,
For the life time maintenance,
Apart from the later installments
To follow with life time membership,

FOR PLEASING THE NEWLY WEDDED BRIDE...

Despite charging everything, decently,
Looking down upon the bride's family,
STANDS THERE THE PROUDLY DISGUISED
"BRIDEGROOM"! ! !

With the helpless
Elderly spinster gazing at
The Pompous Wedding Procession
Secretly from her window,
With longing sighs and
Consoling mind voice...
The fruits of marriage,
No no no, I don't need them any more,
For are they sour,
Turning back seeing
Her married elder sister busy
On the sewing machine

Accumulating her share of
Contribution to the family's bread,
On escaping narrowly,
With septic burns and bruises,
The perennial gifts from her
Shameless husband and in laws,
For all her love, care and toils,
Still not paying the dues
Of the later instalments
OF THE AMBIGUOUS DOWRY...
Who had devoured the
Helpless loving father
Forcing him to hang himself for...
Inability to pay off his debts;
While the grief stricken mother
With drought captivated eyes
Unable to shed tears,
Composing herself that
She is much better than,
The neighbour while consoling them,
Who lost their only daughter
Their loving angel
The only source of their happiness
TO A COOKED UP GAS STOVE ACCIDENT
For not settling the dues
Of the instalment of
THE AMBIGUOUS DOWRY
By the spineless incapable groom
And his selfish cruel calculative people,
The shameless collectors of
The money spent for
Their son's up bringing,
And still claiming to be
HIS PARENTS...!
Witnessing all the dramas;
Laughing heartily
With cruel gestures...
Stands the invisible monster,
The voracious eater not contended
Yet after devouring
Innumerable innocent dreams and lives,
Gaining strength and valour,

Grown up gigantic, bombastically as
THE AMBIGUOUS DOWRY! ! !

Uma Ram

The Creator's Laughter

I created you,
Gave you various forms,
With unique finger prints,
Exclusive features,
Variety of relationships,
Different thought processes,
Of an infinite GB memory,
With immense potentials,
Of procreating nature,
With cloning and nanotechnologies;
But you yourselves,
My dear ignorant children...
Have still assigned me
Different names
With different forms,
And quarrel amongst you,
Considering me as
DIFFERENT!
While I stay here
As a perplexed parent,
Watching...
Your childish fights,
Patiently teaching you
The ways of this world,
Since eras.....! ! !

Uma Ram

The Disambiguated Depression

When mother earth,
With all her bountiful blessings,
Is subject to deepest
Depressions;
The mighty atmosphere of-
The entire globe has its own
Depressions;
The economy, though
With giants to pamper faces
Great and long
Depressions;
Then no wonder,
The subtle little
Human Mind
With its loneliness
With no one to aid
Faces the same
GRUESOME DEPRESSION!

When even,
The age old earth
With her
Vivacious experiences,
In an.....
Unpleasant atmosphere;
Unable to withstand
The chronic stresses,
Faces fatal depressions
Threatening her entire life forms!
Then why feel lonely?
When the whole earth
Faces the same-
Accompanying you...

Uma Ram

The Hurricane

The Katrina,
The Andrea,
The Isabel,
The Teresa,
The Anna-
And what not? ? ?
More disastrous are the
Female hurricanes!
Are the weather stats;
Referring the disastrous twisters
With female nomenclature-
Not offended, but
Grateful is the
Women's race-
For honoring us
With such dreadful phenomena;
Yes, the gentle breeze,
That sways even
The tallest and stiffest trees,
With its grace,
That can become
The deadliest
Hurricanes and twisters
When exploited!
Equating them with women
The epitomes of
Patience and love;
As long as
Reciprocated with
Love and affection;
We surrender to love
But not dictatorship!
Drilling the earth's heart
With multi storeys;
For more inhabitation-
Invoking her
Devastating earthquakes!
Respect women,
Respect nature;

Respect earth,
FOR.....
We too have
OUR LIMITATIONS.....

Uma Ram

The Ladder...

A ladder might have been I,
For you to climb
And kicked away on reaching
Limelight up there,
But still do I continue
My duty sincerely serving,
The purpose of my creation,
To aid waiting patiently,
With my arms raised up
Metamorphosed as
A loving net now,
Much stronger than ever
To hold back you,
When you will
Fall back soon
Pushed down by
Those new pseudo...
Feigning there...!

Uma Ram

The Maid's Daughter

A hallucination
To those born with
Silver Spoons....
An unrealistic truth,
To those dominating
Mistresses, shimmering in
Golden body lotions;
Of the girl child,
Still entangled
In brimming poverty;
With a helpless mother-
Reaping the fruits
Of her domestic toils;
At the cost of her dreams...
As a bonded child labour,
Away from her home;
She sweeps and mops,
Cleans and washes,
Does the dishes;
Burying her wishes;
For the education
Of her brothers,
as a bonded child labour,
Away from her home,
Contented with
Discarded old clothes,
And excited with,
The broken toys;
Consoling her stomach,
With the leftover meals,
With a longing heart,
For the education;
Her brothers get,
Yearning eyes, for-
The her mistress' off springs,
The delicious foods they eat,
The gorgeous dresses they wear,
The expensive toys they play,
The pampered care they get,

With sighs for
The wasted food,
In the garbage...
Continuing her routines,
To educate her brothers,
Growing up to be
A maid serving,
Yet another household,
With her brother's wife
To take over her duties,
Who too...
Sweeps and mops,
Cleans and washes,
Does the dishes,
Burying her wishes;
To aid her family,
At the cost of her dreams.....

Uma Ram

The Man With The Newspaper Named Husband..(Epigram)

The ardent fan ready before wedlock
To drop priorities for this loving dame
Dawn's beverage with mesmerizing shock
Of even the newspaper now stuck to blame!

Uma Ram

The Mango Tree

They cherished my first growth,
As a cute little baby plant,
Peeping out sweetly,
With a pair of tender foliage,
Amid my grafted parents;
When I was embedded,
In the nourished soil,
With the best ever nutrients;
So that I will grow up,
Into a healthy mango tree,
Majestic and gigantic,
With many people gazing
At my beautiful tasty fruits
With longing eyes!
So did I grow,
Yes I grew into,
A beautiful young tree;
My gardener provided me
With the best possible nutrients,
And freed me from all
Those pestering pests,
By spraying pesticides, all around me,
Feeding me with surplus water
That quenched my neighbour's thirst too!
I felt pampered,
And loved to the core...
I felt like I am above the world,
In a prime position with
Others depending on my fruits
To feed their hunger and taste buds.
So one fine day-
I finally started producing fruits.
Everyone gazed at me
Astonishingly, eagerly awaiting
My tasty sumptuous juicy fruits
To satisfy their appetite!
Then came the day when my gardener
Started reaping my fruits
One by one in his basket.

I felt so proud and superior
When my neighbouring trees in the orchard,
I thought gazed at me,
ENVIOUSLY!
But only when I got
The very first wound
From the shot of a sharp stone
From my own gardener,
Who had taken utmost care
And pampered me to the core;
Did I realize that
Their looks were not
Envious but pitiful,
As I was too young to bear it!
The fruits on my head
Were the biggest and most juiciest,
As they were above the reach
Of the children who used to
Enjoy my fruits even at the lowest level.
So the stone shots were
The most gruesome on my head,
Leaving me back with
Excruciating painful wounds;
Neither were they attended to...
Nor was my thirst quenched,
For I was an adult by now,
Expected of searching water, myself
Penetrating my roots in the hardened soil!
Thenceforth did I realize that
The gardener's pampering was all,
A selfish motive of reaping my fruits;
With no concern for my feelings...
I felt all alone in the crowd,
Until my neighbours too muttered in grief,
Being much older than me confessing that
They had become numb by now,
And consoled me that
I too would become numb someday,
Getting used to the
Selfish tortures of the people around.
I thought of escaping,
But wait, I am just a tree!

Yet another tree...
I recollected...
My life is here,
My death is here,
Where will I go?
For my roots are here!
But life has now taught me,
To live with pains and wounds;
To face the world boldly
With my head erect to
Bear the stone shots
And yet yield tasty fruits,
Sacrificing my self-respect, helplessly;
To feed the sumptuous hunger
Of the selfish cruel human beings,
And be felled down into pieces someday
To serve even after death like my parents,
To be grafted to reproduce
Many more of my species
Chiseled into beautiful
Art pieces and furniture
Being adorned for the first time
Indoors, pampered again,
And squeezed and processed
Into fine paper to educate
The illiterate humans
Claiming themselves to be brainy wizards
Who with just multiple degrees
Are still mechanical book worms
Educating their species for just a living
And not for life, sans the basic values
Of respecting others feelings and pains...
Here I am dear children-
Of the pre schools,
Who are still poisoned not;
By the gruesome reality
Of the selfish human race!
For you my dears, I stand here
As a living legend of sacrifice
Who gives fruits so sweet
In return for all the painful shots I get...
I don't need love and care

But a little concern and kindness would suffice,
By putting yourself in my shoes,
Though of an odd size for you!
My dearest little tiny tots,
By just understanding that
Patience is the greatest quality!
I stand here patiently, even on receiving
Gruesome never healing wounds
Returning you my dears
With the sweetest of my fruits...
Henceforth my dear teeny weeny angels,
Develop this virtue of patience,
Which will be rewarded with the sweetest
Of the juiciest fruits from my head
That would automatically
Fall down when fully ripe
So that you neither need to smoke it up
To ripen them with hazardous chemicals,
Nor do you need to hurt me with your slings
Which you won't know,
How badly hurts with excruciating pains
Leaving back unhealed scars!
And don't you get carried away by
The artificially sweetened pampering,
Of strangers, my dear little innocent souls,
LIKE ME...
For, beware that it is not
Their love and care for you,
But their safe deposit to prey on you
My sweet little sprouts,
For their devilish instincts! ! !

Uma Ram

The Night Is Here, My Dear.....

Alas, the day has ended,
And the night is here,
The time for loved ones
To gather in relaxation;
Time to shut down-
The addiction of...
Browsing life with gadgets!
Time for-
The school and college goers
The bread winners,
And the home makers,
Assembling to dine together;
Time to share love and joy,
And take rest,
With peaceful sleep;
Living in our dreams,
Enjoying our fantasies,
Severed from
The harshness of reality;
Relaxing our
Mind and body,
Giving rest-
To those
Mighty warriors;
To continue
The battles
Awaiting tomorrow! ! !

Uma Ram

The Only Option

This option C,
The last one I am,
For you, I know,
But still do I wait
Patiently with confidence,
For you to get
Backfired with the
Wrong options
And surrender to
This option C,
Wholeheartedly,
For I know,
I am the answer;
Not the option!

Uma Ram

The Other Side Is Always Greener...

The blanched,
Bask under sun
To tan,
The dusky,
Scorch under laser
To bleach!

Uma Ram

The Pet Cactus Bud...

The only memories of my infancy,
Me a little beautiful rosy red bud,
A sweet little beautiful rosy red bud.
Adorning the imported show case,
Budding on my mother protecting me
With her sharpest spines,
In the costliest crystal bowl,
Carefully sprinkled with water daily,
Right enough to quench our thirst,
As the best ever pet,
So obedient and cute,
Until came the day of the
Cruel guest accusing us of being
A bad vastu and feng shui symbol,
Of creating quarrels at home,
When the frightened mother,
Succeeded in severing me from my mom,
But failed in her attempt to
Uproot us totally pricked by her spines,
When all of a sudden
We the loving pets till then,
Were suddenly thrown outdoors,
With the panic having engulfed;
The inmates with the accusation
Against us being the culprits
For all the chaos in the house,
SORRY HOME!
I fell down with painful cuts,
Losing my mom to gruesome wounds!
For I was tender and succulent.
Carried away was I by a bird
As food for her young ones,
And again dropped
When a caterpillar won its heart!
Again I lay desperate
Gasping for my life,
Till the wind dispersed me
To a desolate place, so dry
And uninhabited with only sand

Till the extreme of my sight,
And there again I lay dejected
Unwanted and desperate.
With all my guts to survive
I fought, yes I fought
The terrible sand storms
And sliding dunes until
I managed to quench my thirst
When blown out into an oasis,
Where did I establish my roots,
With great difficulty after much struggles
And grew into...
Yes I am a cactus,
A huge cactus plant now!
Mistook I, myself as a rose bud,
When surrounded by my mom's spines!
Waiting there like a street vendor,
On the pavement longing for customers
Did I wait, wait and wait,
But none of the passers by
Were interested in neither me
Nor my colourful attractive flowers
To gift them to their beloved
For all the ugly dangerous spines all over us.
Accused I, myself for having born
As just a cactus plant in a desolate desert,
Of no use to anybody...
Until the day came when
A tall well built humpy camel
Attracted by my succulent juices
And colourful beautiful blooms
Approached towards me with eager eyes
And fed its appetite with all of myself!
Happy was I for the purpose
God created me...
To quench the thirst and satisfy the hunger
Of those ships of the desert;
To store water for those
Noble creatures transporting
Human beings and cargoes across
Those cruel deserts...
Grateful am I to God

For his noble purpose of my creation! ! !

Uma Ram

The Plantain Tree

HE PLANTAIN TREE

Replied the worn out used plantain leaf,
From the decaying humus heap;
To the topmost young stiffest leaf-
For its satirical arrogant laughter.....
'I have served my purpose
For what GOD created me.....
Not every flower that blooms-
REACHES TILL THE FEET OF GOD'!
I have served my purpose of creation,
I have served food on myself,
Being the bottom most tender flexible leaf!
But you being the young stiffest leaf,
At the topmost...
Where no one can reach out.....
Not even a storm is needed to shake you,
The strongest wind can tear you to pieces,
And SOON you will be here,
Cut and thrown down in this same dump,
With no use to anyone!
IF IT IS SPRING THERE FOR YOU;
REMEMBER.....
THEN AUTUMN IS NOT FAR BEHIND!

Uma Ram

The Secret Treasurer...(Haiku)

The best person to
Confide secrets, named husband
The deaf listener...

Uma Ram

The Snail

If anger be-
The snail
Shrinking
Inside the shell,
Life is
As safe as that!
Let your
Soul rule over
Your anger
And not the
Anger over yourself!
Let not your anger
Be the
BLACK SPOT
Soiling your
White wall!
For anger
CREATES NOTHING
But...
DESTROYS EVERYTHING!
Destroy your anger,
Before it
DESTROYS YOU! ! !

Uma Ram

The Swamiji

Draped in a deep red silk robe one day,
A greenish yellow the next day;
Turquoise pink, jarring the eyes from-
The Gloucestershire wardrobe of rainbow silky satins!
For the sake of the sacred Rudraksh,
Bearing the weight are his broad shoulders,
A product of the latest body-building pills;
The platinum chains of just a kilogram!
Embedded with Jadeite;
A loving token of a poor widow devotee;
His companion Patek Phillipe,
Coding the Swiss bank...
With the golden kamandala-
Of bling h2o!
For the mere selfless motive-
Devotees' needs need a healthy Guru;
The platinum kundalams of Red Diamonds;
Humbly donated by a needy devotee-
To compensate his gangster deeds!
On adoring his ears reveal his divine blessings;
The designer beard and side burns glare when,
The perfectly groomed locks of perfumed detangling sprays;
From Orlando Pita-
Sway in the cold air when he does salsa to attain divinity!
The blushing glossy skin,
Of the toned muscular physique-
Certifying The Dheva Spa's services;
Reveal the effective daily massages,
Offered by the ardent disciple girls,
Who have attained salvation,
In the Copper Jacuzzis,
On giving up all earthly attires-
In the DIVINE DHYANA ASHRAMS;
With rotating chilled aqua beds;
Amidst Belgium mirror walls,
For his tiresome daily rounds;
Across the little thousand acres ashram,
In his humble Ferrari-
Donated by the wealthy sinners;

To wash away their sins is-
THE HUMBLE GURU;
Baptising in the Glenfiddich scotch,
Smoking the LSD loaded Lucky Strike;
In the ecstasy of-
Having given up all earthly pleasures!

Uma Ram

The Ungrateful Cuckoo

The young one
Were you of not
A sparrow
But a cuckoo
Abandoned
Sans loving nurture
Nurtured had I
You in my loving nest
As a devoted mother
In guise of spouse!
Authoritatively
Independent now
Are you
The ungrateful cuckoo
Forgetting my
Nurturing love core
For the cuckoo
That once
Abandoned you...
Nictitating membranes
Of lust covering
Your jaundiced eyes!

Uma Ram

The Water Woman

Love failure!

Suicide of rivers

In oceans.....

Uma Ram

There You Are...(Epigram)

How many so ever hands join together never fear,
Let how many ever painful sources sub rosa unite
Avenge not you, them for thy heart is placid clear
Cause not you even single tear drop my brave knight!

Uma Ram

Today's Lesson? ? ? -(Haiku)

Worry not for your-
Mistakes, thank God for the new,
Lesson taught to cure!

Uma Ram

Toddlers

Wobbling unsteadily
Upraising one another
When stumbling
Boosting will power
Upheaving whilst
Testing times
Toward positivity! ! !

Uma Ram

Truth

Truth;
The hidden lion,
Is your strength,
Greater than his,
To defend him!
Truth;
The fire,
Why to strain
To spot it out?
Truth;
The flood;
Does it require
Your aid to
Prove its vigour?
Truth;
The earth,
Will not the earthquakes
Demolish the tallest skyscrapers?
Then why worry,
When it is buried?
It is a
DIAMOND
Out there,
The more longer it is embalmed,
The more valuable it is;
Gaining lustre and sheen;
And the more hidden it is
The more curiosity
It provokes...
Though emerging late,
AS THE LATEST-
Unmasking feigners
Though delayed,
But with
THE HEAVIEST PENALTY! ! !

Uma Ram

Vote Of Thanks

Happiness...
Last sighted
A few years ago...
Have been searching
For it everywhere,
In my children,
My parents,
My friends,
Well wishers,
In entertainment,
For the grave mistake of mine;
Of having entrusted
The keys of its gateway
With you...
Who had locked it up
All for yourself,
With unknown passwords
Leaving me a soliloquist!
But thanks a million to you,
For this intro
You had given to one...
INESS,
Who has discovered
This capability in me
And exposed it
To the world here...
When I searched for the term
"HAPPINESS"
On Google and Yahoo!

Uma Ram

30/4/2015

Uma Ram

Vote Of Thanks - 2-(Epigram)

Dear foes here is my sincere gratitude,
For not hitting me with sorrow's clues;
But in strengthening my graceful attitude,
To pity your deceits too in your shoes!

Uma Ram

Vote Of Thanks 3

Telecommunications
Thankful am I dear
Connecting my parents
Loved ones with
Voices at least
Dear internet
Accept my thanks
Heartfelt updating
Me in this exile
Mass media dear
Grateful am I
Showing me world
At large....
Human beings alas
Lively in front
Enacting love
Beyond beliefs!
Educating life's ways
Making me laugh
Amid my griefs more;
Dear press
Thanks a lot for
Bringing home
In this conviction
News from world
At large awakening
Alerting me of
Crimes gruesome
Of betrayals!
Dear Whatsapp
Short of words am I
To express my
Gratefulness
Connecting my pals dear
My tonics in despair
And antidotes to
Suicidal thoughts!
Alas, last but not least
Dear poemhunter

Here is my gratitude
From heart depths
For the outlet
Provided to
Free my feelings
In words weaved! ! !

Uma Ram

Vote Of Thanks -4

Sixteen long years
Of blood stained
Marital life bearing
Two offsprings
Painful memories of
Excruciating
Domestic violence
Puzzling me of my
Faults any contributing
Attempting to
Correct myself till now
Grateful am I to you
Now as never before...
More thankful than
Even when you
Spared me from
Violence when fainted..
Revealing your
Secret mind
This moment bearing
Your ex still afresh;
And hers still fresh
With yours after
Her long married life
Betraying her
Children's father
With bedazzling flings...
Forcing me out of
This so called
Heavenly bondage
Till now a hell bound
Relationship
Since the very day!
Guilty am I no more
Squeezing my mind
To core searching
For faults mine...
But....degrade I
Your love for her

Having bed with me
Thinking of her
You betraying
Me not but your ex too!
And your ex
Bearing children
Thinking of you
Betraying her partner!
Term it you love
And this filthy relationship
A heavenly bondage!
Hate I God's
This recreation
Of mix and match
In relationships
Passing away
His time idle
Posing busy
Solving world's problems
Created and directed
By the creator himself! ! !

Uma Ram

Water (Haiku)

Creating all lives,
Nurtures them all till,
Ending of lives!

Uma Ram

What Is Wanted

A childish mind
Innocent so pure?
A loving heart
Caring so more?
An affectionate wife
Selfless round the clock?
A fertile woman
Proving man's fertility?
An efficient economist
Money saving?
An all round housekeeper
Whirling like top?
A one sided lover
Gifting alone?
Wanted is
A flawless
Sand glass figure
Ever fresh to eyes
Holding the topmost
Position with a
Six digit salary
Yet at their disposal
Round the clock
Maintaining the
House speckless
Repeating not dishes
Providing multi cuisine food
Baby sitting tutor
Ever satisfying whore
Demanding not
Money even for
Medical expenses
With zero maintenance
For beautifying too..
A robot with no
Feelings and senses
Tolerating even
Hardcore flirting
As male birth rights

Doomed as paranoid
Or jealous whilst
Similar of their
Such feeling is
Termed possessiveess
Wanted is an
Ever beautiful
Multicuisine chef
Swirling as top
Tirelessly ever
To the threads
In their hands
Satisfying their
Every appetite...
Nothing wrong is
Thus with you my dear
But with the
Half brained
So called better halves!
Perfect are you
When your love
For yourself
Exceeds that of
Yours for others!
Love yourself
As thy lover!
Celebrate womanhood
My dear
Fellow race mates! ! !

Uma Ram

Whatz Cookin? ? ? -Epigram

Idli, dosa, puri, kichdi, pongal vadai,
Sambar, vatha kulambu, biriyani, adai;
What to cook for the entire today
Guessing...ran the clock the foreday!

Uma Ram

Who Is Your Love

Who is the one you love-

Is it the one who makes your eyes sparkle,

When you see him?

Never.

Is it the one who makes your love hormones gush,

When you see him?

Never.

Is it the one who does everything to make you happy,

When you see him,

Never.

Is it the one who makes you blush,

When you see him?

Never.

It is the one who makes you long for him-

It is the one who ignores you,

It is the one who makes you cry,

It is the one who makes you possessive,

It is the one who takes you for granted-

It is the one who makes you think of him always,

For LOVE flourishes only

In IGNORANCE!

Uma Ram

Whose Hand Should I Hold Onto Next?

I was born,
Handed over
Was I to
My father;
I was asked to
Hold his hands
And learn to walk;
I held his hands.
I grew up,
My brother
Took the charge,
I was asked to
Hold his hands,
I held his hands;
I was a lass,
Half way through
In my life
Suddenly,
I was asked
To hold a stranger named
Life partner's hands;
I held his hands;
Now what if
The mama's boy
Leaves my hands,
What next?
I would hold onto
My son's hands
Till he holds onto
His life partner's hands;
Whose hands
Should I hold onto
Then after?
Is life just
Traversing along
Holding onto
Momentary hands?
Is this what is called
The Eve's Curse? ? ?

Uma Ram

Wrath-(Epigram)

Arise, awake, slay anger,
Before its your hanger!

Uma Ram

Yonder Happiness

In search of this blithe
My mind wandered
Here and there
Far and wide
I kept trying
Trying and trying
Adopted I all means
To become happy
I put in my best efforts
To be the best wife
I tried my level best
Sacrificing as a mom
I decorated myself
I cooked my best dishes
I abided by the words
And kept away I from
My loved ones
I took care of those
Who hurt me to the core
I tolerated all those violence
All in return for this
One single word
'HAPPINESS'
But the more I
Kept chasing it
The more it escaped
From me dodging!
Realized I
It as a horizon!
Frustrated
Innovatively
I decided to
Make others happy!
I sent jewellery pix
Bearing my brother
And sister n law's name
I made a loving image
For two sister in laws
A love wish

To a loving couple
A lovely quote
For a distanced couple
Suddenly rang my phone
Its me....
Your daughter's
Friends' mother.
On knowing your
Struggles, mine
Became puny
I quit the idea
Of divorce
And joined have I
Back with my spouse! ! !
Knock knock knock! !
Who is there?
I asked...
Its me HAPPINESS
Came the reply
Opening the door
I saw the
Little butterfly
Fluttering happily
In spite of knowing
Its short life span
The little birds
Chirping merrily
Gathering food
Said they..
'Why worry?
We too don't have
Any surplus deposit
We earn our daily bread! '
Busily squeaking
Were the tiny
Squirrels boldly
Amidst gruesome predators!
Bit my toe a
Teeny weeny ant
'Why breaking
Our chain are you?
Gathering are we

Food for the
Monsoons and winter
From now onwards
Idle away you in
Depression somewhere else;
Don't you block
Our way! ! ! '
Flashed I my mind
Suddenly....
Why have I been
Longing for love
From just
A pumping machine
Mistaking it
For a heart! ! !
Teeny weeny though
These creatures
Taught me to be
Happy by making
Others happy
And find happiness
In myself
And never ever
To trust its key
With any one else! ! !
Whom have I
Made happy today?
So...whom have
You made
Happy Today? ? ?

UmaRam

Uma Ram

Your Attention Please.....Karma- (Haiku)

Oh Karma, can't you
Hear good people lamenting
On evils' blitheness?

Uma Ram