

Poetry Series

Vishnudev Murikkanattil

- poems -

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Vishnudev Murikkanattil(May-23-1994)

I am a man with lot of hopes and dreams.

'An' Earth's Tale

A man was there,
Who thought himself
To be his grandmaster.
He had a hand,
A finger;
It's tip,
Where the Earth rotates.

Vishnudev Murikkanattil

Annihilator Of Ignorance

Busy man,
Turn-The Truth of Veda

When Veda shed tears,
When the evil feed human,
He will arise-
The Avatar-Maha Avatar-
The Supreme-
The Archangel of Purity
Shall descend-When
The Truth get suppressed
A Godhead to change-
To change – The Destiny.
With winged Holy Devadutta-
He will rise
Born with theories
Born to Earth-
When the signs join the
God's theory.
Garuda Purana's Tenth Avatar
Shall descend.
The destructor of darkness
Shall kill the kings of evil.
Make the 'praja' unite-
For a common cause-
The truth.
Or-The Yuga will turn-
Satya Yuga –May return-
The Age of Purity.
May the first day of Chaitra
Repeat.
It's assured,
It's sealed truth-
The Preservator and the Sustainer-
Shall descend-
As the Annihilator of Ignorance-
The Great Incarnation-KALKI

Call From The Dead

I am not dead,
Still alive,
Don't burn me,
In your heart's fire,
To ashes of another day.

Vishnudev Murikkanattil

Cold Hearted

{‘A poem in memory of Hiroshima Incident’}

To deep he slumped,
With a lot of hues
Dark-Full of dark,
A thing can’t be seen
He prayed for light,
Then came the divine spirit,
Light-Excess light,
Said, he no, I can’t,
So again dark sustained-

Green, full of green,
Fruits, trees-a lot of trees-
So, it is sure – not Earth,
Then-it is heaven,
He stepped with a lot of desires,
Fire ablazed at the time –
Of his “landing”.

“Landing”-he had in mind,
The landing of “LITTLE BOY”.
People-the victims took the way to heaven,
The Pilot cheered-as his team,
Got success in ‘destruction’

The blaze-Came on his lading-
Altered, the heavenly feelings-
Now it is not the God’s home-
Full of fire, full of pain,
He - the pilot-a cold hearted team member
Caught within the fires of Yama’s World.

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Drop

Hai,
I know you wonder what-
Who -you- are?
Me-the same lies there.
I-the occasion of -self
The thought that ruin you.
Open-that someone have
Closed-for others
Open the heart; Give a hand-
Pour out humanity in you
Blessings for ever
From God in man.
Man to walk miles and miles.
When pride rules out
Forget to smile.
I say never; to the highest
But be pleasant to the lowest.
With each penny you save,
Will save those-
Those-whom you might got now,
If not-you are not
You are not in a such a thought.
Think a lot; it is a common thought.

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Edu-Ads-Pressure

For Gain,
They argue.
The matter of prestige
Made them do so.
Wrapped in a burden
We the students "hardly " breath!
"Coaching"-that can win cash-
A common word of Ads.
Institutions-A mushroom Growth
In the recent past.
Sorry—Not past; It's going on..
Their tricks-not for our goals
But they oriented on their own.
Ads proclaim victory of the alumni
But no one praise the man's caliber
Instead – Behind the ads of 'Centres'.
Like a Prison-It stands
Like Prisoners, we push and pull.
Parents confused-"What to do? "
A common question- I suppose.
Sorry, you won't get the answer
From this money making market-
Its Guaranteed.

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Insane

I fear the dawn,
For the task to do.
I fear the noon,
Cause, its mid day.
I fear the dusk,
For the task undone.
I fear the then day,
For the very next day.

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Life

It is a hope that makes us live,
It is the life that makes as hope.
Caring-showers fragrance to life.
Love makes the life meaningful.
Father-Mother-Friends: Three blessings
With the parents-The Golden Ones.
A mother cares for her son,
Whoever he may be,
A father trust his child,
Though the child has done something else&else.
That's what I say, love is life.
Though we laments relationships fails,
I proclaim-
The relations will live for ever

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Little Hearts

Hey God,
With respect, I ask-
What made you do so?
To take the soul of
The Little Hearts.
What the sin they have done-
Or Have you - for their forefather's
But it's not fair, God-
We depend on You-The Almighty-
But those little hearts-
How could you see them-
Taking the last breath?
No, not possible-
Not a good deed God has done.
Never-Never feel grudge against me,
As your slave, did I ask
Not harshly, I shall say.
But the sorrows made me ask.

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The Coffee House

Four men met there,
They sipped a tea from.
They snapped the green shot.
An engine vomited
It's black smoke.
The ray paved way-
Through River.
It shone as nothing new.
A boy whirled to the pond.
It's not a 'player' to 'backward'.
Pebbles circled the drops
As men do.
The four men were off
The Shop.

The man who sipped
It at once,
Went to the sparkle shine.
He made blood sweat.
His axe lead the
Orchestra of the whole
Life there.
He had a pudding at noon
Where his black boy with
Flowing nose, gripped his
Mother's hand.
The man's wife was starved,
Where her clavicles were
'S' shaped as no flesh.

The man who sipped it
Slowly went through the journals.
And ran the bulging eyes,
Through the printed words.
He had a bag - a sack -
Which suits better,
That smelled as no water
Nor perfume passed the way.
He was a bachelor.

His black ink laid
The alphabets on the white sheet.
His fingers massaged
His growing beard.
His creative -
Run through the lines.
For him, he read it
Many a time.
He had a photo - his -
That had to be said first.
With a white background
That flashed in weeklies
And snapped by cameras.

The man who came
The coffee house jogging -
I mean, the man who sipped
It from the dish below the cup
Went with his laptop in lap,
Rushing the six fingers,
Through the print less, type
More key board.
He 'tweeted' face to 'face'
And chatted through the mails.
His door was opened by
The guards, and he
Stepped the Heaven high tower.
He was warmed with 'mornings';
With salutes that sometimes
Darted as the Guard's spit
For the boss.
He sat, not on the floor,
In his 'diwan'
He talked men to men
As he was as high
'Not as God - I excuse.
He rotates in his
Revolving chair. He sips
The tea then too.
He signed and sealed
In docs that kept
Off and on the rules.

He has a wife who
Was as a pumpkin shape.

The man who sipped it
Hearing the ear phone
Went to the road,
Where he wandered through
The Road.

He gave no rest from
His caller phone, as
Instant messages blossomed
The sweetheart's heart.
He walked as legs are no fit,
Walked as the Earth is not
Enough for him to ride,
He rides the bike,
As no one else knows it.
He pics the blood filled
Life; he set the video
On, while
A man beats to death.

The four men met there,
The next day,
They sipped the tea,
At once;
Slowly,
Through the dish,
Hearing the earphone
With no more or less
Differing from the
Whole men sorry -
The modern human.

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The Crusader

Shall levy thine; charges –
Of an untold story.
To uncoil the coiled.
To rewind the wind, breath;
Shall walk behind the
Revolted paths –
Shall follow thine orders.
Was there the harsh –
Thoughts – the thoughts
That turned the wounds
In fire.
Was there as spines –
Peeping the eyes to see –
The entry.
Then the darts; the arrows –
Follow – Thine speeches –
The revolt.
Always, the 'culprit' follows
You – The embodiment –
Embarked, engraved.
Shall leave for the better world
Unless the stones –
Follow the heart –
Crusader; No way to Rise
To Lift the dark shadow –
Its deep set.
Regret until the grave dawns –
No way for the change – The conservatives,
Proceed the Bandwagon.

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The End Of A Comic Drama

Yes, It's true,
The Silence may be your passion-
For your partner's thoughts.
Things with twisted roots-
For the say
"Made for each other"
The early days-
Of-
Sweet adhesion-

-Look-
The days much before-
When you laughed with-
The tiny teeth
From one to the wisdom-
You laughed.
You loved the sweets-
The cause - you were sweet.
Then the days of depression-
The silent drama-
Of-
A depressed applicant
The teen with -
Rejected letters-
Living the life unknown.
Now, come -It's not kidding.
The early days of adhesion,
-Murmur-to-shout-
Even days of depressed silence
Between the two.
Have you ever thought -?
Of-
The lost smile of innocence
Have you ever tried?
To-
Retrieve it.
Yes, you may-but failed.
When the sun sets,
When you depend the chemical balls,

The days when you bend-
Before the four legged.
When your beauty of teen-
Turn white-
You recognize-You are old.
But it late-for the man.
To think-
To remember-
The lost laugh;
To remember the lost days;
Then-
You will adhere –
To the say-
“The most comic drama ends”.

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The Kid

The constant smile of rejoice
The constant cry of expression
The constant urge to explore
He is the kid.
Lost in the illusion;
Sparking thoughts
Sparkling looks.
He is the kid.
May the journey
Bring –
Him the eternal mystery;
Mystery for him to explore.
You are not the help;
You are only a cause –
For him to know the
World.
Tiny crystal eyes of cat's
Innocence –
To be felt –
To be kissed.
He is the kid.
Mannerisms have caught him
Human signs – the tricks.
In need – a cry –
And if lost – the same.
The laugh to get
The sweetest.
Too easy
To raise the temper.
Your cheeks might burn –
With the tiny teeth.
He is the kid.
To ponder the deep –
Set knowledge.
A long way – to step high.
He is the kid.
May the smile –
Be of the God;
As in every kid,

The God is alive.
Perhaps that smile -
Telling your past.
Or the cry -
Thinking of human fate
The kid might know -
You; than you.
The smile,
The laugh -
The hidden truth.
Perhaps the God hasn't felt -
You to do so;
That made the kid cry.
He is the kid.
For this - I love the kid
And I love the kids
And now,
Say -
He is the kid.

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The Power Of Incarnation

The Power-
The Incarnation-
Shall occur now-
Now-It's time to occur-
Say-It has exceeded.
The mind- becoming the worst.
A soul answer- to make the change.
I feel it-An answer-
From the mind.
I believe that to be of God.
But-For the Worst World –
I Beg.
A good "message"-a bored term-
But with no time to tear
And no time to shed the tears.
The Incarnation-A necessary one-
Lord Krishna, Prophet Or Christ
Need is there.
Now – The Quest of the World-
For-
A message-A soul message.

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The Seed

I was a seed once,
I grew long, day by day.
They nurtured and
Pampered my veins.
And I stood proud in the yard.
I gave them fruits,
They loved me a lot.
My leaves were pure,
No worm was there.
Once, worms crawled on me,
My leaves turned brown.
Still they loved me.
My trunk wasn't pure then.
I cleaned my sap.□
Oozed out bad,
And worms are nil.
Green leaves sprout,
And I loved them back.
And Now, I am Human.

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Those Days

Days passed-
Not as a snail but as a rapid snake,
Engulfing the past.
The past of smile,
The days of rejoice.
Nothing to worry;
A period that never turns-
Filling the eyes-the only aim-
The child proceeds.
But soon, he too-
In the arms of civilization
The days when innocence
Part him-Education.

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