

Poetry Series

**yamini peethambaran**  
**- poems -**

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## yamini peethambaran()

have written articles in The Hindu, Femina and lots of Youth magazines. was the vice chair person of d with documentary scripting for various international and national documentaries. was the editor of 2 magazines. music and photograhly being the passion; works on the silence of nature was well appreciated

# A Mourn

Lovelorn stood she  
Lovelace he stood beside  
Twines of parvenu blinded her  
pastiche her cycle rolled  
perdition was vital.

Expurgate her thoughts- she commanded  
Nay responded diddle the lad-  
The last sign of his, she was howling.  
Incessant flow of blood;  
Unblemished lad retreated.

She gasped with untenable claims  
Gestures of bloodties were unscrupulous,  
Am I a villein? she was vindictive  
Was it the loss or gain she's mourning  
A virago unseen nay in the world before.

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# An Ode To Love

Was it shimmering thought?  
Or just a whispering that-  
Hit my drums,  
Tuning my rhythm amazingly!  
One decibel I awaited so long...  
Was it you, or my illusion?  
Waited for the panes to portray  
Ah my mist she's dancing in all frames  
A grasp of breath, before I rest,  
A grief, which shall torture me for ever?  
Nay I know; the lines nay the fine sketches.  
Breeze my dear call me, whisper in my ear  
Caged in the turmoil of emotions-  
I hung hooked and cooked  
Is the Lake to merge in sea?  
Flowing gushing in the tempest...  
Will it with stand the blows of nature?

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# Butterfly

All the breath I take shall be thine, all the pain I succumb shall be thine  
The memories of mine be swept away, dumbfounded, still I would cite  
I cared not to be the same but the butterfly-  
Flutter away from the cocoon and sprout  
Flap up my wings and just vanish into the horizon!  
Give in my hand and have it beheld, just be in fondling arms and bawl  
Wash away the despairs, the melancholy tunes stringed  
Give the glitters and hop on elegantly  
Paint my dreams be the naïve traveler, Set priorities  
The travelogue- sights sounds tastes lingering about  
If only I could spread and not just dream in the whirls of this home  
See the horizon alluring me with variegated colors  
Loner in this whirls caged from my freedom I render my heart and soul  
Believe tomorrow is my dawn and the first rays- the awakening of veracity  
Temerarious I may be but not imprudent to core  
The brooding mind shall linger on and I still yearn to be fluttering away

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# Bye

The journey yet to begin  
The silvery pall shone bright  
Mist pouring on December night  
Were the lips trembling?  
Agony in eyes, the deep wells up roar  
Was it a dew dropp adorning her chin?  
Words silver, silence golden  
The ivory touch was vivid in her soul.  
Alighting the steps she glanced  
Her heart pounding- race of time  
Hours passed as seconds  
Biding bye to the imagery that-  
Inspired her to live a thousand nights.  
Lanterns now seemingly low  
The great one is about to rise  
Mist shall wither in his hands  
Awakening of the universal truth  
As the motor hit the wheels  
Glistening her eyes, shivering in cold  
She glared through the corner  
To capture the last glimpse of light and sound  
Caged in her eyes down the memory lanes  
The negative imprint now in her soul  
She strode her knots as the cool breeze tossed  
There in one of there winding roads  
Lived my life as I longed it to be.  
Spring in now, I wondered  
The great valleys had the fragrance  
Lilies daffodils bowing their heads  
As they strode, as two red crests.  
Chirping and murmuring they howled past  
The emotions restive, beaming eyes  
Besieged by love they flew and  
Ploughed through the dessert of carefree souls  
Time the inevitable has strolled in  
The pall of grief struck them hard  
as she boarded escorted by agony  
he stood bewildered- has she got to go?  
Retracing the moments of joy

The agony burning in her soul  
The fire has leapt up in the heart  
How he longed to stand still  
The piercing eyes the prying thoughts  
Restless he stood, immobile  
Appeasing his soul- the parting was inevitable  
Disseminating his sorrows he puffed  
Choked as strangled, he waved her  
A shudder that strained his nerves  
The trail maddened his fantasy  
Leap in and fondle her in arms  
Alas! A toy in the shop of destiny  
The last beats of motor  
Now nay vivid blinding his vision  
The pearls of chaste emotions now swelled up  
The moments of joy caged in souls!

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# Death

Life is a cajole, acirce at times  
Whiffle it does to creatures in the wherry  
Recherche we fondle her-  
recklessly she recede!

Hornet i stood before her  
Hooligan she took me  
Amidst the zealous treasures-  
I searched in vein for my papa...

Yodelling souls mocked at me  
Incommensurable were he to me  
Instigating me in every step-  
Unparalleled he stood in my life.

I followed the glade to core-  
there he glared at me!  
His eyes shining blue diamonds  
the mighty roar of blue sea....

Drenched I stood before him  
grave silence parted us  
glimpses of life sprayed  
Tears blinding I bid him bye.

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# Dream

thin frames peel electric passages  
i pity pauper  
outmoded world in her charm  
whistles past in bunch of flowers.  
magisterially images trespassed  
madrigal pitched the mood  
dews on the lintel  
the perfect has yet to come!  
frenetic whispers the breeze  
tall reeds nod to the discovery  
emotions in array dislodged  
garbled indeed!  
still i ponder, howl for her  
the lust that took many lives  
shall one day strike me down  
nay succumb but enmesh her

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# Freedom

the lanes that sprang up in spring  
waving and tossing greeted the one  
particles of matter in cubes and matrices  
the world lay before a mathematician  
little did the fear of solo  
the strayed soul know of  
hours in the cold gasp of air  
the hanging bridge swayed  
gasps and gushes the struggles  
little friend in her newly sprout wings  
the naive blossom hidden thorns  
careful o little one i cried in despair

hopes hoped on as she drifted  
fluttering mu thoughts  
the little breeze swing my tangles  
caressed smile adorn her

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# Grief

Aeon I stood by the moor  
Relishing thoughts as aperitif  
Apprehending the adroit destiny  
The silent bourn appeasing.  
Affable she stood as I drew near  
Bemoan stood the dear ones  
The white clad swiveled  
Abnegate she lay as the fire leapt up.  
Crickets yelled acrid, the thin flakes-  
Of sand their aplomb.  
Besieged by thousand queries  
I searched deep in vain.  
Worn out eyes sparkled  
The dancing flames, berating crowd  
Was it a flicker that made me behold her?  
Abash she plunged to my soul  
Effluent emotions now astringed.  
Drizzles adorn her cheeks  
Elegant she stood amidst the clan  
Her steps now firm, words dulcet  
As duchess of fortress she strode away.  
New horizon beaming on her  
She set her journey  
Winding up the roads with a smile  
Glimpse of life, she nay before portrayed!

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# Little Angel

pearl drops stringed together  
the lintels shone bright  
little breeze in her arms  
the fluttering dessicated leaves  
the peep holes on walls  
trembling limbs shivering lips  
the swaying branches  
wildness in the peaks  
shades; abode of drooping eye  
angels picking the deciduous  
bunch of soulful flowers in hands  
carelessly she put it down  
the trodden paths stampfoots of young  
the wiser walked past dregedly  
searching for the little pebbles  
the sea calm serene befolded

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# Permission

Never did I think she would permit me- my best friend  
The heights of knowledge- she asked me to love me!  
Urging me to get on and fly away into my fantasy world  
The colorless world of mine now pepped up  
Solitude my partner has made all shades rip off  
I would like to bring in some glitters  
Drink the chastity in the eyes of my beloved  
Smile away all the despair and dejection  
Slipping away from the world;  
Dance to the rhythm of rain giggle and shrug  
Life wasn't this awesome, the shades of colors now before me  
I painted green, a tinge of red  
Then a whole big wrap of yellow  
The roses danced and tossed  
approving my tastes, while I whistled my tunes.

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# Rain Drops

It wasn't much when the splashes hit  
Torrents tormenting the souls displayed  
The dance of mirth the pace of swift  
The shade of love the pearls in disarray  
Were it for my silence that broke  
The disfigure that embarked?  
Will the grooves of life be quenched?  
Passers by; stare at visage.  
I dare not utter thou name  
I dare not cross my limits  
The boundaries I share,  
The chains that fetter me are no strong.  
Dwindling sights and baffling sounds  
All naïve as I stand apart  
The spirit of enchanter has her turn  
While I stray back in the doom.....

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# Rhythm

Soiled emotions, future dwindled  
Am I blind? Numbness wrapped  
Hustling passed my thoughts  
Hurling fireballs, burning charcoals  
Crackers cracked palatial, lit the damp wells  
The still night glowed in my eyes  
Shrivel pale stood she squelching trespassed  
In dismay I stared inevitable was the evolution  
Mystery of life a puzzle yet another  
Lingering through woods, heart pounded  
Was it a rhythm I lived up to?  
Were it for you I waited so long?  
The lonely streets, deserted pavements  
Trotting down the memory lane  
Silently gazing the stars, empathy  
Was it that flickered in your eyes?  
Restless mind put you through detentions & doubts  
How I longed for cosy arms  
To stand still and let time be fettered!  
Solitude my friend, the shades of pasture  
Alluring me, you lit my lamp of hope  
Awaiting the ropes to hang me  
The beats silencing away, spring dashed in.  
The sweet nectar on my window panes  
Dare not touch you, for the cruel fate-  
Shall doggedly play her havoc game  
The great teacher now adorn a smile  
I hear the whisper of breeze-  
"Would you dare step out? "  
The inquisitive eyes on me penetrating deep  
Heavy blankets of darkness slid apart  
Rays of hope shimmering through  
I love to plunge to the depths  
The mighty waves now caress me.  
The cool breeze tossed my hair  
The corn fields danced to my tunes  
Here I shut my eyes  
The pounding heart now tuned to rhythm  
Cryelled- "here I accept, now dare to challenge? "

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# Shades

pulses weak heartbeats silenced  
the very flow interrupted  
all blood ties drained out  
the ray of hope in vine  
  in merry i dance to the tunes  
the fine sketches sharper  
notes of nature sing to my rhythm  
  i lay my feet on clouds  
the tiny wool masses drifting  
the blueness so deep in me  
first ray of glowing star shone bright  
  words of different shades  
filled in my solitude glittering colors  
singing with the cuckoo  
tossing heads with paddy  
  splashing the stream in mirth of a hare  
long corridors, large trees swayed  
inflorescence sprinkled the trodden paths  
my shades of soulful song murmured in galore

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# Solitude

Silence, silence in passages  
I waited for a knock  
A humming, a whisper..  
All in vain, my beats were there alone.

How I wished for a smile  
A wave at my window pane  
A touch of love  
A bouquet  
That drenched in hope.

Envyng eyes at neighborhood,  
I stared the mirth of hares  
The swaying heads of creepers  
All in love! Who's there?

Silence, silence in passages  
Holed soul in dismay  
I stared as life rolled on  
On the leaning staff my mate for years...

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# The Beggar

Clank the silvery metals rolled in, the soiled earthen base  
Meek eyes shabby clad, the lines of age visibly drawn.  
Nay the scorching heat nor the bitter cold  
Swayed the scruffy den  
He stood on the cross road, hardship as cicatrices on his forehead.  
Daunted by destiny the numb fingers  
Now stretch to behold the last grains  
The sins of past, recycle of life  
Chanted the charlatan to my dismay!  
Feeble sound that begged mercy  
Was it empathy that betrayed me?  
The lonely street his abode  
Munching bits of charlotte in darkness  
The class of social status vivid  
Lamenting fate he walked off the road  
Many a visions captured him in frames  
Reel to reel the laureate born  
Grief of one encased by another!

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# The Land Of Artless

the land of artless

o my fantasy world, wouldn't i besiege thou?  
Benign on thou appease, i compromised  
thou art a benison, adorn in finery  
beatitude in thou presence, bedraggled in fine emotions  
the mystic world beholden  
i am a fuddle belaboring the desire  
as the bee line lay before me  
heard the aver of fairies in azure  
whilst earthlings babbled  
were i with the avarice or with austere  
knew not the fetters of emotions strangling me  
audacity provoked i refuted the lords  
journey of the astute thus began  
may i not be judged by the asinine  
cast not the aspersions; i plead thee  
the land of artless do exist  
i uttered till the throat greased

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