

Poetry Series

**AISWARYA T ANISH**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

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

# AISWARYA T ANISH(07/04/1997)

It has been six years since I joined Poemhunter. I am 17 now, and a lot have happened over the years. I became a published author, a columnist in an American newspaper...

My name is Aiswarya. I come from a tiny island village off the Arabian sea, down here in India. I live in Trivandrum, hoping to be successful as a writer somewhere in my inconsequential town.

About Me

More about me

Age: 17

## EDUCATION

- Currently doing 10th grade at Trivandrum International School, Trivandrum.
- Sree Narayana Trusts Central School, Nangiarkulangara, Harippad, Alappuzha till 8th standard.

## PROFILE

- Writer and poet.
- Performance poetry artist
- Columnist in Azhchavattan newspaper published from Texas, USA.
- Author of 400 poems in two languages.
- Author of 3 novels and about 100 essays and articles
- Published internationally over the internet as well as journals.
- Poems published in international journals and anthologies
- Translator.
- Spoken English Tutor.

## BOOKS

- The Crescent Smile (2011)

## ACHIEVEMENTS

- Her articles have been published in 'Reflection' magazine published from Bahrain.
- Her poem 'The Rain' was published in 'The School Magazine' section of The Indian Express in April, 2004.

- Her poem 'Graveyard' and other poems have been translated into Arabic and published in a magazine in Bangladesh in 2007.
- Her article 'Plastics- A Boon or a Bane' has been published in News n' More, a children's newspaper in 2008.
- Poems have been published widely on the internet, in International websites like , , , , Literary , etc, with several poems making it to the 'Top 500'.
- Her letter, sent to News n' More has also been published in one of their editions.
- Chief Editor of 'Drushti' news-website's English edition for a while.
- Her poem 'Decline and Revival' has been published in an International journal, Taj Mahal Review.
- Her poem 'Festival Day' is published in an anthology of poetry, named 'Holiday Book', published by a New Mexican Publisher, Casa de Snapdragon, from USA.
- She is the youngest Guest Poet in an American poetry website,
- Chief Editor of school newspaper 'The Flame' in 2009.

## AWARDS

- The Lions' Excellence Award 2011
- Triond Young Poet of the Week Award (three times)
- Souhardodayam Club Award 2010
- Janani Arts and Sports Club Award 2010
- L. Channel Award 2011
- Rotary International's 'Student Icon of the Year' Award

## ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENTS

- Distinction in English and Credit for Science in Macmillan IAIS Scholarship organized by University of New South Wales, Australia in the academic year 2010-2011.

- Distinction in English, Science and Computer and Credit for Mathematics for the IAIS Scholarship in the academic year 2009-2010.
- Selected as 'Brave New Voice of Chennai' as Audience's Choice in the English school level of Poetry Slam Contest organized by U.S Consulate in 2011
- Finalist of 'Brave New Voices of Kerala' Poetry Slam Contest organized by U.S Consulate in 2010
- First in the Sahodaya Youth Festival's Quiz Contest and third prize in essay writing.
- First prize for 'Scale-It-Up' and second prize for 'Poster-It' On the Spot Design Challenge contests at Cr8 inter-school competitions at L'ecote Chempaka International School.
- Runner-up in All Kerala ICSE/ISC Volleyball Championship at MA International School, Kothamangalam
- Participated in 'Young Environment Scientist Award' and came first in Alappuzha District and was selected for the International Conference on Climate Change.

## HOBBIES AND INTERESTS

Art and craft, music

## LANGUAGES KNOWN

Malayalam, English, Hindi, Spanish  
Basic French, Italian, German, Russian and Latin

# A Non-Poet's Philosophy

All poets write in insanity  
Impervious, to the entire  
You,  
The king of your own poetic empire  
as thoughts get formation  
each different, in poetic efficiency

I,  
An adulterated soul  
You,  
With the rein, control  
And you make me lurk in your words  
Like those lonely, pale birds  
Your quill, into that paper, bleeds  
And she says in her musical voice: "Proceed"  
and you portray my misplaced soul  
in the veiled privacy of twilight  
in your new-born mind of sight, deep insight

You,  
in a steep valley side of paradise  
idly extracting the elixir of the unexplainable  
and redressed, arise  
Exotically, master the unattainable  
in expectant poetry;  
churned out of sleep in disharmony  
I stand still, hopeless  
sleep a sleep, but dreamless  
betwixt you and your sword  
that swings in its own accord  
that pierce into my soul,  
and carve out a hole

Eccentric, you  
Carried away by the river of your soul  
Into a fathomless abyss of fantasy  
And you swim with the demons in that void  
And rule king and decree  
If they live or die

you're never clear, you're never explainable

Your hair creeps down your knees, and you don't care  
With no sense of time, you sit in your chair  
Engrossed in your void of abstruse sight  
That chasm of immortal delight  
Why? You, like a fearful knight  
Are you some angel in the air of a sprite?  
Your body dies, but you live in tranquility  
Was what you ate in heaven, the fruit of eternity?

Intrusions in delusions  
Allusions of illusions  
infinite, widespread  
uncorrupted, unsaid

The spark of life, mystifying,  
Elegant, reflecting elegance  
You,  
You laughed about a jejune mind; me  
You jeered about sterile soul; me

You laughed, and I cried  
You lived and I dreaded  
It's my turn to laugh  
Remember,  
My face will reflect, back to you  
Back to you  
Just as yours did,  
From those magazine covers  
that reflected back like paintings on polished mirrors

Never! Never! Never!  
Never would I let you to out master me  
Understand  
I too have a voice  
A voice  
You transform me into you  
Through your words  
The gravity of your pen holds all down  
But I will still be me.

Can I?

12 o' clock, December 8 2009

I wrote this poem at midnight, without any lights on!

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish, Kerala, India

AISWARYA T ANISH

# Death Revolution

Sun, the life Giver,  
Is he a life Giver?  
He should be, but how?

As I think, we were a part of him  
The Earth, of course  
The Planet of life

But at first it was 'Death Revolution'  
As she shaped the Sun,  
With hot mind and fire.

Of course, the Sun is older,  
Much older, than whom?  
Is there an answer?

The Earth too is old  
As old as the Death Revolution

I think the Sun,  
Chose the Earth, the Third  
To run aside.

Slowly, slowly she came to life,  
With beautiful greenery all alive

Still the sun,  
Not letting down,  
Burning himself, he work for all

Not as a thing  
But as a guard! !

2004

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish

AISWARYA T ANISH



# Eye (I)      Monster

Last night, I saw a monster.  
First it was just a shadow  
By degrees it became clearer and clearer  
Finally it stood out  
Clear as clear can be.

Handless it was, really handless  
With a shock I knew  
That it was legless too  
Yet, it was standing straighter than straight  
In lieu of a head, all it had  
Was an eye unconnected with its body  
A most grotesque figure indeed

I was floored, was rolling on all fours  
Thought the monster had me down  
My eye shutters were shut tight  
And a great struggle I undergone opening them  
No sooner the shutters fell open  
The monster had vanished  
In its place I saw an ' i '  
In the book that had me sleep awhile.

2004

(I wrote this when I was studying in 3rd standard. When I was studying my lessons I had this eye monster trapped in my mind. I modified this after a while.)

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish, Kerala, India

AISWARYA T ANISH

# Fisherwoman

I see her every morning on her way to business  
Printed cloth around her legs, a red blouse  
Carrying her basket of old fish, listless  
She is, listless. She is fisherwoman-  
Listless until her first fish has gone away.

I see her mid-day on her way from business  
Printed cloth dead from the dust, red blouse  
Redder from her sweat- sweet scent of toil;  
She is fisherwoman-

Fisherwoman in her kisses  
Red lips from her green leaves of betel  
Chewed like prayer every day.  
Fisherwoman in her sickness  
Toenails polished with dirt  
Hard skin on her neck  
She is fisherwoman, born one  
Lived one  
And died a fisherwoman

AISWARYA T ANISH

# Graveyard

The eyes of the dark  
Which see through the dimly lit full moon  
The snowy flakes,  
Covers the graveyard which wakes  
The cracking of lids  
The wooden carved coffins underground

Some opened up,  
Horrors stood up, stretched and bent  
With all their waiting there came the end  
The lonely graveyard,  
Now filled with unseen shadows  
Approaching hot living blood  
The clinking of chains, hanging from hands  
The one-eyed pirates, dirty and torn  
They were white, outlined black  
With fearful groans, this enjoyed pain

So the graveyard awoke  
No fiction at all...  
Fearful horrors, they waited so long  
For the some that needed to be paid  
Some which caused their fearful deaths  
The shaken up minds, heart broken men,  
By spoiling so some lived, closing the gaps  
Fury rose up from them, head to foot  
What they accepted was beyond dreams  
They will kill, let them  
If you shield the culprits, you will be next

So they took off, be aware  
The eyes of the dark following them  
But when would they return?  
After those terrible deaths they suffered  
The sounds grew louder, when they approached farther  
The clinking and groaning still behind them

January 2008

[DECEMBER 26TH 2004.

I KEPT THE HORRIBLE SCENES OF THE TSUNAMI WAVES. WHILE LEAVING MY HOMETOWN, I SAW WHAT THE SEA DID TO THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE AND TO THE PEOPLE. THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE BECAME A GRAVEYARD THAT DAY. NOT SLEEPING IN PEACE WAS 150 PEOPLE. THE ONES WHO WERE CHEATED BY THE SEA. THE SCENES OF THE BODIES BEING BURNED WAS A HORRIBLE SIGHT. AND I HAVE KEPT THAT ALL MY LIFE AND THIS IS WHAT CAME THROUGH MY WORDS. THE HORRORS SEEKING REVENGE. BUT WHAT TO DO TO NATURE? ? ? ]

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish, Kerala, India

AISWARYA T ANISH

# Humans Have Developed, Then Why Not Rats?

Reader Beware: Check whether all the cupboards in your house are closed and all your precious things are rat-free. Yes? Then you can read this. 'Cause anytime, any minute, any second, a rat attack can occur in your house.

"Humans have developed,  
Then why not us? "  
Fired the rats at me;  
When I stomped towards them,  
For the rest of my juicy plum.

You won't believe this, guys,  
Rats have almost grounded me,  
'Cause they cut the wires,  
When I sat down,  
For my favourite show on T.V!

Women rats are filled with envy,  
At my silk dresses,  
This is truth as the day,  
'Cause they stole my favourite  
And gave it back in ruins!

Disaster occurred one day,  
When Dad checked for his bills  
What he found was paper crumbs,  
As if paid out in full!  
This drove him mad and after them,  
And he took in that it was of no use,  
When he gaped at his toes,  
Which were sticking out of-  
His fresh set of socks!

These rats are perfect,  
For starring Tarzan,  
See for yourself,  
If you don't trust me,  
'Cause they traverse,  
Through their network,  
Of our T.V cables!

Didn't they find a sharpener?  
To cut my brand new pencil?  
'Cause when I checked for writing,  
I found it badly wounded.

Forgave them, did I  
"But who wants that? "  
They snapped at me,  
And what they did next was to  
Eat my painting brushes.

Drove me insane, did that,  
And I went about a  
Fruitless goose chase  
And what they told me was  
"We were only painting"

For a while, they left me,  
To feast in mother's kitchen,  
Where she bellowed at them,  
Into my toy heaven...!

When I woke up next day,  
After a peaceful sleep,  
A battle field, did I see  
With balls and dolls, here and there!  
But what was even dreadful  
Was my doll Pup's poor nose,  
Torn apart, was her nostrils  
And pulled out, was her eyes! !

And I bawled at my voice's top  
"Who'll pay for her plastic surgery? ! "

27th February 2009

(This is real life experience. One day, some rats came from nowhere and did these things to us. And when we tried to trap them with cheese, they took the whole chunk without being caught. At last, we drove them off. The thing that most struck me was my doll. It was my first gift and my painting brushes. I was

screaming at the top of my voice when I found out these were damaged.)

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish, Kerala, India

AISWARYA T ANISH

# Oh! Flower, I Feel Sorry For You! ! !

I saw a nice little flower...  
Enjoying herself in the nice warm fields...  
The place felt fine, what a beautiful sight! !  
Why didn't it come yesterday? !  
But the joy didn't last long enough...what a pity!  
'Cause the flower was plucked away! ! !  
It was no longer there  
So was the beauty  
How gloomy the place felt now for sight! !  
Why do flowers bloom, if it has to be murdered this way? ?  
Still, they bloom, though they die so prematurely...  
But to beautify the Earth! !  
Why do we hurt these little things, who give us joy? ?  
They are the ones who blooms happiness to the world  
Aren't we too bound to be blossomed into flowers of happiness? ? ?  
Oh Flower! ! I feel sorry for you! !  
Can you be born again? ?  
If I could, I would've fixed you into yourself again  
But powerless I am...powerless except for eyes that are blind, but see evil  
thoughts  
Why doesn't man think before his acts? ?  
Why doesn't he care about his fellow creatures? ? ?

2006

(Do you think before you act? Such as, when you pick a flower? Do you enjoy the beauty and DO YOU throw it away in the trash? Do you ever think of other people who may also enjoy the beauty?)

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish, Kerala, India

AISWARYA T ANISH



# The Great Valuable Gift On Christmas Day

“Wow! It’s Christmas, happiness coming  
Now for the gift welcoming loving  
Then to the church to bow before God  
And to the market to buy me a gift  
I have the fifty cents all for myself”  
Fanny jumped happily, she ran out to shop.

Dancing and skipping she went on her way  
Across holy Churches,  
Across lit up houses  
Across snow laden parks and snowy canals  
Gardening, sweating  
She had made her money.

“I want a present,  
A present I want,  
I had a hard time to earn these  
Christmas is the best time to forget it all”  
She cried out with joy,  
To the man in the shop

Beautiful pastries and plum cakes a fresh  
Packed up in boxes  
She left from the shop  
But lo! At the end of the street, she did see  
A young dainty lady, holding her child  
Sobbing away at the plight so sad

Tired she looked, unhappy too  
For her baby was sick and hungry too  
Fanny stood still and thought for a while  
Then the gift to the child, she smilingly gave  
The two of them,  
Very grateful now, went on their way to their cold little home

Blessed is the child,  
Who gift from the heart  
Rest she will ever in the arm of her Lord.

December 2007

(I wrote this for the Christmas celebration December 2007 in my school. And I presented it there)

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish, Kerala, India

AISWARYA T ANISH

# The Last Drop

Oh! Where's it for our crops?  
We need the river water drops.  
Where's it for our thirst to clear?  
Where are the tears, are they near?

Oh no! It doesn't fit,  
Our little river has become a pit.  
Oh! We would lose our corn  
Then what would we do just mourn?

Why did she dry?  
To make us cry?  
She ended hence,  
But it doesn't make sense.

Why did she turn to marsh?  
She's treating us harsh,  
She's playing with our lives,  
She's hurting us sharp as knives.

She made us happy by giving us health.  
But by breaking our hearts she suddenly melt  
Oh! Feeling is too severe  
But is this threatening fair of her?

But what should we do, to accept all these?  
No but us, we can't, come back the drops, please.  
How dreadful where's our hope?  
Now we are buried in hell from bottom to top.

2008

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish, Kerala, India

AISWARYA T ANISH

# Van Dudler

On hands their praise, of sounds that made  
Tantrums thrown upon the keyboard, the maid  
Rush to her master, little, a toddler  
Twisting the house of Van Dudler on his little finger

Outside the windows, behind curtains  
Made of silk; with an innocent pretence  
Stood the maid's son from her dead husband  
A darling little creature, they called him Donovan

His yellow curls fell around his ears as they perched  
And listened to the sounds filtering as he lurched  
Deep down, and asked his butterflies to rest,  
Slowly he inched his way to put his skills to test

His fingers ran like a river down the lane  
A sound so melodic, the sweet of sugar cane  
The maid's son was poor but his music was not  
As fingers touched ivory in not a brighter note

Van Dudler mused at the sound from his house  
The toddler had dreamed, so had his spouse  
The maid was alarmed that her son was the one  
Off she went, and there he was shunned

A scar left the face where the hand fell to seize  
The art of his music from her master's ancient piece,  
His face was so flushed but hers even more,  
Maid Martha was red as she profusely swore.

'Ay, why would you stop little boy, play on'  
Said van Dudler, and he wasn't alone  
The whole house was down to lend their ears  
For a music played beyond a boy's tender years

Maid Martha's son played his tune of old blue  
And his audience amazed, their ears stick like glue  
At the notes that soothed the troublesome toddler  
And filled the house of good old Van Dudler

15th February 2013

AISWARYA T ANISH

# Winter's Spell

## WINTER'S SPELL

Ended, hence, the glorious time of the sun's lifespan,  
The trees were fully clothed, in leaves  
Resilient, they had sung merrily  
But now, all had gone...  
With deserts of sadness .....

What can a ball of cheese do?  
Up from the sky...  
If it cannot fill the tummy of a poor man...  
The Moon covers the Earth down  
Looking down at the rows of naked trees  
With only a memory of leaves  
Nipped by the frost, they want to be freed...  
Ended up in the desolate stretches of snow  
Eyes begged to see a scrap of light  
But what it touched was a bare white Earth  
His pale hands overworked  
With no snow dogs they grieved...  
And his legs were totally numb  
With not even a sledge to slide through...  
He was the only piece of life...  
In the land of the white  
With just a star to guide him north  
Who put a spell on his fortune?  
Who gave him this curse?  
He shoved himself through the ice  
Bewildered of his unpleasant fate  
And at last his eyes found it for him  
And far across, from the spells boundary  
Stood a welcoming light for him  
He ran with all his might  
The home emerged larger  
Running for food and shelter  
He ran and looked through the windows  
Marvellously lit decorated  
Sat there in an armchair, a woman, old  
With shelves of homemade thoughts to dust through  
He knocked to get in

Opened it was by the women,  
Bewitchingly beautiful, she was  
The smile made melt down the things around  
And he got in, leaving behind the spell  
To live with her forever and ever and ever  
That was the end of his fate  
And from the windows he looked,  
To see the moon smile...

26/09/08

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish, Kerala, India

AISWARYA T ANISH

# Written In Native Soil

Which is your favorite place on Earth? Hears mine.....

The sun promised a charming dawn every dusk,  
And went off for a nap in his husk  
And lilies never forget to bloom,  
Driving away numerous gloom  
I see my hometown, standing proudly  
Shielded by the sea and the lake, so lovely  
Words deny painting her beauty  
Paints are scanty to colour her liveliness  
God's own hand sewn stunning dress  
Calmness prevails, peace rules  
Striking tiaras, green hues

Breezes fan her, beauty shines  
Waters wash her, sunshine dries,  
When I breathe in the salty air,  
I hear the winds chant hymns, everyone care  
The sun kisses the sea, the moon's seen  
A synonym of Juno's mien...  
Lying on a glowing bed, an infinite sea  
Stars keep company, an urge to live free

I bike down the road,  
It takes me on its own accord.  
The winds tickling my face, the waves coil  
I lay down on the shiny black soil  
Waves splashing on my feet, sun on my face  
Time forgets to keep its pace  
Good natured people, with hearts of gold,  
I see them do their afternoon chores

If ever, the big boys in heaven,  
Send a shooting star, across the skies,  
What I'd wish is to  
Keep my hometown the way she is  
This is where my heart lies  
Hometown.....



16th April 2009

© Copyright Aiswarya T Anish, Kerala, India

AISWARYA T ANISH