

Poetry Series

Pradeep Dhavakumar
- poems -

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Pradeep Dhavakumar(August 27th,1979)

Pradeep Dhavakumar is a Software Professional from Chennai, India. All he tries in Poetry is to write one good poem in his lifetime.

My poetry blog:

A Natural Birthday Party

Softly burning sodium Lights,
ornately planted on muddy Streets
appeared like Candles on a Cake
and I wondered if
nature too celebrated birthdays.

Then a Storm barged in,
and shut the candles' eye;
Lightning slovenly sliced the cake,
Thunder vibrated its vocal cord,
Rooftops all applauded in kind
and the Wind hand-fed the slices
to every open-mouthed
window and door.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Alchemy

Dried red chilli,
in the mouth;
Angelic fire,
on the tongue;
Nascent fountain,
in the eyes;
Virgin river,
through the nose;
Mellow vapor,
in the ears;
Cozy zephyr,
through the throat;
Dancing earthquake,
in the gut;
Golden cucumbers,
out they flow!

Pradeep Dhavakumar

An Obsecration

The pious, I obsecrate
To perceive and apprehend
With an unprejudiced mind
Every Other's Scripture.
Juxtapose and scrutinize
What do Thy mind see?
Differ do all, omnifariously.
For Veracious be One,
Perfidious must Others be.
If perfidious could be One,
Why cannot All be?

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Antipodes Of A Floating Feather

Like an infant gently handed
from one maiden to another,
slow and soft it descends,
soothing every eye that sees.

White and soft and silent;
A young Buddha in flight;
A virgin slice of paper:
A floating petal of Peace?

Minutes before, it dangled,
on a screaming dove's bod,
being severed and scattered
by a potent claw of a Hawk.

Torn, orphaned and banished;
An unknown child in coma;
A poem stripped of words:
A floating wound of War?

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Boomerang Of Actions

Believe in science,
you are caught in DNA.

Believe in its rival,
you are caged in karma.

Believe in nothing,
you have accidents.

Never even begin to believe,
you still face the unknown.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Cations

On a small stage
the scientist
pats the atom
and confers
him the title
positive cation
for loosing
an electron.

On a bigger stage
the society
praises those
who loose
a part or whole
of themselves;
Martyr, Altruist,
Vallal, Sanyasin:
words of
highest degree.

What's/How's it
positive
on/after loosing?
a child reading
Morals
wonders.

Only the
mother
weeping at her
soldier son's
grave
understands.

Meanwhile
the cation,
when the scientist
turns away,
in its quickest time,

grabs
his nearest
free electron
and shuns
away its
positivity.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Caves

1.

Inside their mouth many sages have sat,
And in the deep darkness, spent years;
And breathed the air; so damp and wet,
And lived on available rock-tears.

Yet, in this dungeon, healthy they've stayed,
And found the path of pure joy, of bliss;
And from their closed, inner exile,
Understood how the outer world exists!

2.

While some with their feet find,
Some, within, with their minds create;
While some are pushed by life,
For a sojourn in its dark estate.

But no matter how dark and deep,
Its darkness always sheds a light;
And those who do absorb that light,
Have forever in life, shined bright!

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Closet Of Faces

In the closet there hangs Faces of mine.
Lined up Prisoners, sentenced for lifetime.
I walk around warming neurons to identify.
Where these faces lay in the axis of time.

Molded, grafted and colored to perfection.
So real science shall fail to discriminate.
Expressions etched to minutest details.
Even persuasive time shall fail to obliterate.

Captured, saved and written in the eyes.
People and Places who passed its gates.
Reminding yore moments of this mysterious life.
Which those faces meticulously translates.

Bloomed joyous when rolling tears were kissed.
Swirled contracted when gooseberries were bit.
Expressionless insipid when caught red-handed.
Openmouthed excited when cold sea waves hit.

Startled enlightened when lies were discovered.
Courageous fighting when insults were hurled.
Glowing confused when love was first felt.
Victorious proud when success was earned.

The sculpting chisel, whose hands does hold?
Is it mine alone or others of known and unknown?
Is it fate that many say, I despise to acquiesce?
Or is it far beyond the intelligence men own?

Two empty shelves remain polished and clean.
For two more quarters of life, ere I burn.
What faces will stack, what scars decorate?
After death, to find my spirit shall return.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Code Of Silence

At the crossroads of hate and fear,
I met those whom no man held dear;
A Donkey, a Hippo, a Canetoad, a Viper,
All spoke a code, so hard to decipher.

Their code of Silence, I tried to hear,
With my Mind alone, for many a year;
I wore their skin, I stood their boot,
I lived their life till I found the truth.

In Silence, there was, the donkey's song,
The hippo's polka, also, floated along;
The canetoad's hug, viper's deep kiss,
The code did contain, their love, their bliss.

Who said just void, Silence does possess;
How else these Hated, can better express?

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Cognition In A College Mess

Money is a strange glass that defines
every man's vision is what went in

munching drumsticks with friends, at my
college mess. Ruby-ringed Mathew bit

the main meat off his drumstick, sided the rest,
pushed back and exalted "Wow! I am done".

"Never waste food", I retold what my father
ingrained in a bourgeois me, and showed

how much meat still resides at the corners,
how to relish those; to make the clean bone.

Nalin smiled at us, chewed, swallowed
the fragile bones and repeated my words.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Collages

When my third grade teacher
taught me how to make collages
by cutting figures from magazines
and pasting them on chart papers,
I never bothered to learn
as I found it too useless to be.

Now in Life when I see Men
cut and paste friends and
relatives, according to
their needs and I, unable
to do either, realize, my teacher
was teaching life to me.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Common Photographer

The common volunteer among us
Who helms the digital eye
To capture the celebration
To mummify for our tomorrow.
He always makes double sure
That each human jewel is taken
Every precious moment captured
Every priceless expression noted

When years have passed by
And the album is reopened
Treasured memories will sprout
Joy and sorrow will waltz;
About everyone seen on canvas
Is always inquired and spoken
And the selfless hands that clicked
Is always, always Forgotten.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Communicative Clouds

Having adorned them with words before
I flung my pen to the sorority of clouds
and stood beneath for a repay in verse.

Fearing solitude, addiction and perhaps
madness most of these extroverts slipped
away citing reasons of duty and time.

While some slyly waited for the dark,
others scratched their heads for words,
convoluted, then separated and died.

To hint and interest them on metaphors
I stood still, circled, walked on four legs,
and even briefly wiggled on the ground.

As light began to devour its dessert
just one escaped the magician's hat
and appeared determined to write.

Now this cloud has been standing there
for months, changing to a moon at night
and a longing, innocent eye in my sleep,

always observing but never voicing;
portraying a woman in a closed society;
perhaps asking to write on their plight.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Daily Death

Bedsread like black waves,
awaits the kill tonight;

Pillows like puce slabs,
readies its arms to smash;

And night lamp like dark moon,
smirks with sadistic eyes.

In those waves, with haste, I plunge;
Against those slabs, I crash;

and beneath that moon, I fall
To die again, to live!

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Different Girl

Tired of the mundane girls I see
Wanted someone of a different degree;
Atleast three horns she should have
With nose and tongue split in halve
Dirty nails, a tail, violet skin
Eyes be large, mustn't stay within

Impossible! logically you may think
And say to me 'You completely stink'
But I did find exactly as above
With coccyx filled with infinte love
Smiling with decayed teeth of green
On that wonderful night of halloween!

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Doomed Lovers

Long-sighted Sun, since macrocosm's first dawn,
stands still yet searches, with deep, powerful eyes,
in every galaxy of far, with inextinguishable hope.

Shy nymphal Earth, in her veil of atmosphere,
whirls on her tracks, with her pristine heart- the moon,
held out- up and high, with utmost truth, offering all.

Their curse of creation- differing compositions,
and coordinates, and circuits, and constrains;
all script their rendezvous- to an asymptotic act.

On rarest of occasions, when collinear they eye,
Eclipse dooms- every held expression meant to fly
and black tears of Meteorites, all around, silently fall.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Earthly Woman

Like the Earth which covers its
deep burning core of fire
with the beauty of greens and blues
for its inhabitants to relish;
She covered all her
conflagrant pains
with a pulchritudinous smile
for the sake of her loved One.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Ebony Romance

I unbuckle her jaded black Jacket.
And lift from drapes of crimson Velvet.
With Eyes of a watchful Guard on duty,
I ogle at this naked man-made beauty.

Face so puerile, petite and pretty
Queen goddess in my music city.
Neck so long, smooth and slender.
My fingers only knows its splendor.

Crown of Silver and Ivory she wears
Domineers the gentle flow of her hair
Metal Cascade from her ebony cheeks
Is asundred into six long creeks

Hairless voluptuous body so smooth.
Naughty Moon beams often peep to soothe.
A titillating tatoo at her navel.
Forces my one hand never to avel.

With her hips locked between my thighs
And tress covered with my finger highs
Eyes tightly closed, I pluck and play
And she mourns with heavenly bliss and gay

Not time for Carcassi, Giuliani or Sor.
This is our very own private hour.
Sans words we sing, sans feet we dance
Making our very own Ebony Romance.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Epitaph

The Quill was my Sword,
And Truth- my white Fire;
Fate- my strongest Foe,
And Victory- my Pyre.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Eternal Friend

I always know the sun still smiles;
Though earth has turn'd her face away,
And sky has freed her darkest tress.

I always know the wind still walks;
Though trees like bronze statues stand,
And feathers sleep like heavy rocks.

I always know the heart still speaks;
Though ants' whispers seems far loud,
And corpses call me their silent one.

I always know the future is bright;
Though fists fear to face a flower,
And smile shuts to sighs of sighs.

But if there comes a day of dark;
When senses fall to time's sword,
And faith flies o'er forgotten fields,

I will always know This friend will stay;
(Till time and matter end their day.)
These verses I etch, these verses I etch.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

For A Good Friend

To travel with a friend is to travel on a cruise ship,
For there will be laughter, music, dance and wine;
Yet you still secretly check for life jackets and rafts,
And only sleep safe when your swimming is fine.

To travel with a true friend is to travel in a wooden boat,
With just a limbless you, him, against the mighty tides;
Yet your eyes will close, knowing there can happen only two:
His hands will save you, or with you in him he would, fly...

** Dedicated to il*

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Full Stop

Looking at you, I remember the first time we met:
sometime in my first grade, when the page-thirsty
line was running wild with its black army, trying to
capture every length and breadth of the white land
and I sat like a sparrow watching a tiger rampage;
while you bravely jumped out of the teacher's mouth,
onto my senses and with a single dot stopped its march.

From then till now, I remember all the times you had
stepped forward in the many pages of my life, stopping
every line according to the day's need, setting priorities,
creating order and maintaining a balance of present and past,
and most of all I remember how perfect you were in your lynch:
never allowing a single phoenix to rise and how unshakable
you always remained after the kill: never oscillating to the past.

But why, when I scatter you onto the pages of my heart
where I need you the most, to kill those unanswerable
question marks that multiply like cancer and sever my days,
you become a heavy cannon ball and painfully roll and roll?
Or sublimate all your potent flesh and become a deep hole?
Or become the cars of a parking lot that empty at dark?
Or grow a sharp sickle and become another question mark?

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Game With Stars

He lay on a dark, deserted isle,
With eyes fixed at stars above;
Face lighted with a smile so big
No vigilant God, would allow.

So painter of the million stars,
Begun a silly game to play:
To erase some stars quietly and see
If his bright smile, could hold its way.

He slowly panted a lonely one,
But smile did not a fraction break.
What difference does it really make,
When a dropp is offed from a lake?

He quietly did blow a dozen more,
But the smile still shone, as before.
What if some are forever lost,
When remain still are many more?

He slyly licked half the stars,
But the smile still remained like new.
What if many are forever gone,
When staying still are faithful few?

He mopped the sky- dry and clean,
But the smile still perdured as one.
What do the stars anyway mean,
When survived has it, the death of sun?

Pradeep Dhavakumar

God

God is
just an answer
for every question
That doesn't have an answer.
And when every answer
To every question is known
A hundred years from then
The word God,
will become unknown.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Good Defeats Evil?

Good will defeat Evil.
Every religion says.
In stories and myths,
Something unseen nowadays.

Like David defeating Goliath,
Lord Rama defeating Ravan.
Superman defeating villains,
And good God defeating Satan.

But why does an honest man,
Always lead a simple life?
And those who bend the rules,
Easily go up in life?

A second look at the mythologies,
Leads to a simple but concealed truth,
That every character of good that wins,
Is more 'powerful' than the uncouth.

So I ask myself with questions,
Hoping the answer will straighten.
Can a 'powerless' but good god,
defeat a 'powerful' but evil Satan?

Then, what were the victories,
the Myths were trying to express?
Was it plainly good over evil?
Or the powerful over the powerless?

More you delve into the myths
More clearly you will see
That every war that was ever won,
Was always by the more powerful.

Thus with a heavy heart,
I finally have to say,
Good has never defeated evil 'on its own',
Until this very day.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Houses

Houses are like
Cows:
they silently
graze
every
living moment
of their inmates
and then
ruminate
forever.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

How To Dance The Peacock Dance

Enter the wild: a rain forest,
reach its quietest foothills,
hide inside a close, thick bush
and carefully watch its moves.
Concentrate on its dark eyes,
its pulsating, buoyant torso,
its passion filled legs,
its iridescent plumage;
Capture everything you see
and inject into your blood;
and at your place
practice and practice
and practice.

Or

Become a peacock
and just amble.

The great ones, I'm told,
became Peacocks.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

However She Treads...

She indubitably knows that however she treads:
Left to the burnt lands, or right to the green lands,
or straight to the dead-end of unclimbable high lands
and tirelessly chew a tunnel to reach the flat lands,
the maps on her palm would remain the same:
never would close-in or intersect any road of his.

To destroy false visions that cloud her brain:
Roads where she walks with her hand in his,
head softly rested on his shoulder and eyes
closed in the warmth of re-found love; she plunges
her head in a pond of piranhas, which munch all
false cells and give her the view of the real world.

Just when she exchanges blood for inner peace,
a huge whale flies before her, with all dreamt
roads flashing like strips of silver in bright sunlight
in its transparent, mocking belly and re-sprouts
all old illusionary roads in her bruised brain
and she treads aimlessly, with false hope, again.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Immortal Memories

Slaughtered, scattered on Sahara's lap.
Smothered, submerged at Marianas' trench.
Suppressed, enslaved with Antarctic's wrap.
Santorini's scorching saliva, did also lynch.
Fortified with palisades, castle built.
Armour, shield, blade- defence set.
Awake soldier- never a fraction wilt.
With paramount might, mind- it is met.
But on eyes recess, it returns to its clot.
Sans resistance defences crash; gods knell.
And marches majestically to- same sore spot
Where wasp stung, needle tore, burning oil fell.
And the strong stubborn soldier to defend put.
Is a crushed ant under the elephant's foot.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

In The Bathroom

Beige shower curtains,
cover shy, naked body,
from peeping mirrors.

Showers and faucets,
change into cascades and streams,
on fingers' voodoo.

Green-apple shampoo,
Rosemary-lavender soap,
garden in the tub.

Lather on fingers,
unadorned plastic walls,
verses on my mind.

Ale of hot and cold,
truths and lies- tightly entwined,
morn's quota of life.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

It Is Still There!

There is Water in hard Pulp,
There is Water in pure Milk;
There is Water in thick Tears,
There is Water in Blood too;
Though we don't call it as Water,
It is still there!

There is Love in Indifference,
There is Love in killer Silence;
There is Love in red-hot Anger,
There is Love in hard Hate too;
Though we don't call it as Love,
It is still there!

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Just Dreams

All Men have
dreams. Good
and bad. Happy
and sad

like chasing
crocodiles; flying
with birds; being
with bygone people. Even
dying sometimes.

But none take it
seriously (like a
command! ..a
must do!) : 'Cause
they know they are
Just Dreams.

So why does
when dreams involve
god, men think
it's a message from
above? Aren't Dreams
still dreams?

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Karna - After His Birth

Holding, that which had exited her womb,
all she saw was a misty road covered
with mocking tongues and glass pieces
leading into a deep cavern of poverty.

Hiding the same with a red blanket,
she saw herself on a golden chariot,
in secure, beside a king, with people
around showering petals and praises.

Then there was the river- the free
porter for corpses; the basket-
the coffin's substitute; and darkness -
the canopy that would say nothing.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Karna - His First Night On Earth

His first night on earth
was not the usual bore:
Lying close to mother,
inside a stuffy, closed room,
on an immobile, used bed,
breathing her spent breath
and showing the onlooker
the meaning of - helplessness.

Instead his first night was:
Miles away from humans,
alone under far-away suns,
speeding in a never-slept basket,
over tongues of a big hungry river,
inhaling her cool untouched breath;
And showing the motherless moon
the meaning of - fearlessness.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Karna - Staring At The River...

Staring at the River he wondered
how his unseen mother would look:
thin as in summer? or fat as in spring?
fair as in sunlight? or dark as in dusk?

Staring at the river she simpered
how her other five sons now look:
strong as it's current, pure as it's ale
rich as it's treasure, proud as it's wave.

For him, she always burned
in innumerable, volatile forms
on every cell of his brain
like an inextinguishable flame.

For her, he always remained
at the bottom of an overwritten
and ignored cell as a slice
of a silhouette's shadow.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Karna - When His Arrows Flew

When his arrows flew:
Clouds wet their pants,
earthquakes found their mirrors,
oceans found their scissors,
and fires- their metal wings.

Lifeless beings discovered
their vestigial heart,
and how their whole body,
however big or strong,
crumbles to nothing,
when that spot is hit.

Dragonflies at a mile, found
they weren't invisible
and gods above found
they weren't invincible.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Laundry

Coloured skins of Men
somersault and rejoice
in the dryer's tepid breeze
after sloughing sweats and sins
in the whirlpool of forgivers.

Cemented face of her
shatter, moisten and bloom
in her returned lover's breath
after dissolving rocks of hate
in silent streams of salt.

Vagabond mind of his
rehouse, repose and charge
in the cigar's soothing air
after quenching rage and grief
in wells of malted hops.

Greenish daughters of earth
lighten, refresh and smile
in the August's gentle wind
after freeing dust and sand
in ales of squeezed clouds.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Live In The Present

I thought of going back to the past,
To change a thing or two.
But then I may mess something else,
And what will my present then do?

I thought of cajoling the Lord,
To reserve the king's suite in heaven.
But Then I shall be forever dead
And what can I do with whats given?

So I enjoy my life today,
Doing whatever I feel I should.
Is this Yesterday's thought?
Or will it be tomorrow's regret?
I care not, to be understood.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Lost In Search

To view the life of another
I left known lands around me;
And boarded a naïve canoe
to search the map-less sea.

There I lost my compass
and rights to speak or see;
And now I search for another
the remnants of the real me.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Man's Relationship With God

Would thou still stand before me? , asked God,
If I can no longer wash thy sins.
Would thou still read my scriptures? ,
If I can no longer offer thee a place in heaven.
Would thou still sing my praise? ,
If I can no longer grant thy selfish desires.
Would thou still want to meet me? ,
If I no longer have my magical powers.
No! Never! , said Man,
Otherwise, I am not Human.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Mirrors, Men, Their Choices.

Innocents stand before
Any: have no
choices, never really mind
what it displays.

Cowards stand before
the Cool: the one that hides
their imperfections, enhances
their best foot, gives high heels
to their heart and mind.

The brave stand before
The Exact: the one that displays
Both the scar and shine,
precisely as it is, no
foundations, no bright lamps.

The Nyanis stand before
None. For them, even the truth
is an illusion.

Nyani* – People who have attained the highest enlightenment.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

On Guilt

Guilt is like
a Salmon: It sprouts
at a place of
pure, follows
the streams of time
and travels
and settles
in lands: unrelated
and far; absorbing
along its way
every grain
that life spurts;
and accruing
knowledge,
while growing
in weight;
and once matured
in morals
struggles
to get back to
the place where born
to die.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

On Quotes

Quotes are like
Coats: Made with
The best cloth, by
A supreme craftsman, to give
you the finest look.

And quotes should be
Like Coats: worn on
occasions, replaced
to situations and destroyed
with generation.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

On Taj Mahal

O' King, I proudly salute what thou hast built,
As a timeless monument of immense beauty
But I staunchly salute Not what thou hast built,
As the greatest monument of divine love.

If thy love was pure as the pellucid white marble,
Three wives concurrently, thou wouldn't have had
A Hundred consorts in Harem thou wouldn't need
Instead with a single woman thou would have lived

With gravels and earth if the grave was built
As a philanderer this world would have dismissed thee
As Marbles, Jewels and Designs lavishly decorate
With blinded eyes this world sings praises of thee

Ignore I cannot, the other women thou callously could.
For how could thou love when thou couldn't care.
Praise I cannot, Tagore's solitary tear on the cheek.
For a love that has been glorified for its wealth.

O' King, I proudly salute what thou hast built,
As a timeless monument of immense beauty
But I staunchly salute Not what thou hast built,
As the greatest monument of divine love.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Only Then I Will Doze

I no longer stand
like a boulder.
Most doors open.
But I'm in a maze
and the landscapes
remain the same.

The last time
I broke the wall,
it was a dam's,
and I got up,
washed up,
on another land,
in another maze.

No! I wouldn't break
another wall
but trudge
through the doors
till I feel grass
till my hips.
and only then
I will doze.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Paradise

Everest carved to hollow cone
Floored with finest beach sand
Stars grouped to a sparkling moon
And moon made to a table lamp

Wind gently waking baby rocks
Flowers like lovers hugging tight
Bamboos and brooks tuning chords
Peacocks rehearsing wedding dance

Clothed with rainbow, in peace I lay
Satiated by breeze of infinite joy
Infused with rivers of rejuvenating hope
Blessed with rays of vitalizing love

To Paradise! I go, whenever I lay
On father's shoulder, mother's lap

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Passion

I never
understood
passion;
until
the day
I spent
the whole
night
and the
next
day
and the
next
night
searching
for a
word
to place
on a
poem
I would
never
write.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Rainbow

First, the Rain argued its case.
Then, the Sun reread its lines.
I sat on my balcony, on looking
and expecting the Rainbow's testimony.
The Sun preferred to rest its witness.

I lowered my view and my eyes locked
on the leftovers of a moved family:
A Blue easy Chair, with its seat
faded to Indigo; A Violet Blouse
with large printed white flowers, torn at its base;
A Red Ferrari 206GT model, without wheels,
An Orange Cap, with its logo broken;
And a Yellow toy Spade, sans its handle;
All, once, important Happiness Creators,
now merely radiating Colors,
from a large, Green thrash can.

As I sat engrossed in its beauty
the jealous Sun presented its witness
and the whole city inclined its head.
But I remained on the Garbage's Rainbow.
The martyrs were more meaningful.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Rough Surfaces

Harsh, rough and uneven like a saw,
Is the street outside with dust and stones;
They always prick my feet, cut my skin,
Never treat me like one of their own.

Polished, silky and sparkling clean,
Is the soft marble inside my room;
They scratch me not or hinder my path,
Treat me like a young, opulent groom.

But when in hours of shadow-less being,
When the feet are weak and bleed tears;
It's the rough surfaces that hold me strong,
While the marble topples me- to despair.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Sight

I wondered as much as Wordsworth wandered
As why oft he thought about the Daffodils
Something never possessed, touched or spoken.
But only been from a large distant seen.

I wondered why the naturalist ventured
On a journey through parlous forests and hills
And risk his time, money, comfort and life
For sight of a rare mammal on a tree.

I wondered why the dying man desired
To see a long-lost childhood friend of his
And only after seeing through the window
Than did his stubborn soul finally leave.

I wondered untill mine own eyes hankered
For many years for someone, still unseen
Then I realized how Powerful a sight is
And daffodils finally made sense to me.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Significant Or Not?

When I saw the mice inside a trap
Felt how helpless their life is.
And when I saw ants slowly pass by
Felt how unfortunate their existence is.
And when I thought of the bacteria
Felt how irrelevant their life is.
And when I compared the Bacteria to Mine
Knew how Significant my life is.

When I looked around the city to see
Realized how pebble like my life is.
And when I compared it to this huge world
Realized how grain like this city is.
And when I compared it to the galaxy
Realized how speck like this world is.
And when I compared the Galaxy to Mine
Knew how Insignificant my life is.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Simple Thing

Some things
can never become
some other things
however hard
they keep trying.
And if that thing
knows this thing
but still keeps
persevering,
hoping to become
something or anything
of that special some thing
why would it end
as some other thing
other than
a big nothing?

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Sunny Breakfast

The cold Sun
soaked in thick tears
whimpered in pain,
in the vengeful
red heat
of black space.

To save the sun
from blackening
I bedded it
in a ceramic crater,
sprinkled salt and pepper
and ate it
for breakfast.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Surety

Today morning I received
a call. She spoke with me
for ten long seconds.

She even asked me
how I was. Had it been
someone else I would have
been bursting with joy.

But it was her; an event
so impossible that I knew
even while
deeply dreaming
that I was
surely dreaming.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Table Fan

Quite a pair, we are
My table fan and me:

We both sit still,
And let our heads fly;

He, with his blades
And I, with my brain,

And for long painful hours,
We delve into darks,

And spit our found truths,
As Breeze and as Thoughts.

Both utterly useless,
To the stone walls, around!

Pradeep Dhavakumar

The Cards Of My Pack

They don't care who they are born as.
Who the King is depends
on the game they are in.

In Rummy the Joker is the King.
In Triumph the Jack is the most preferred.
In Ass the Two wears the throne.

When shuffled they mix with everyone
irrespective of colour or creed.
They have a creator, yet no religion.

They live together in a single country,
always contended, never complaining.
When at rest, at night, they listen

to the speeches Of Gandhi,
the philosophy of Periyar
and the songs of Bharithiyar.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

The Orphan

When minds mate,
A child is born.
But when minds separate,
The child dies not.

The child remains a child,
Only wanting to be heard,
kept and loved by its parents.
The parents never know
its conception, its birth,
its existence.

When from behind a curtain,
he screams "Find me Father",
All his Papa sees is the space.
When he pulls her saree,
crying "Carry me mother",
All his Mama sees is the wind.
He never grows, never dies.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

The Resonating Note

I knew not of the place and time
Or the forces that lead me there
But stranded I was, in the dark
With a guitar, left, for my pair.

I knew not of its shade or wood
Or ways to hold, to pluck or play
Yet, fingers somehow slid and hit
A heavenly note, lighting the day.

That note, I swear, that day did make:
The bod of earth, as soft as silk
The blood of sea, as sweet as wine
And cheek of night, as white as milk.

To learn the art, the legs did leave
To lands beyond the sights of mind
As nothing less would quite suffice
The piece of craft, the hands did find

For years I learnt, as much I could:
Of chords, and sharps, and bars, and scales
To hold, to pull, to slide, to strike
And acoustics of sounds, and waves

The learned now, has many met
And walked on many strings and frets
Yet that note I heard, when none I knew
Somehow, inside, still, resonates...

Pradeep Dhavakumar

The Run

By the time
I started to run...
all the medals
were rusted
on others' walls,
all the children
in the crowds
had become men,
all shoes I had
had become air
and the grasses
on the path
had become thorns.
Yet I still run...
To bloom roses
on those thorns
with my blood.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

The Trap

The trap was set.
Planned to perfection.
And the baits were many:
Silky words, False Smiles,
Opulent gifts, faux care.
All concealed with high interest rates.
And the prey did fall.
Good Hunt, Business I thought.
Sadly, the world called it love.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

The Tree

On my walk,
I saw this tree;
That I had met years before.
Trunk still straight.
But branches and leaves turned away.
By the constant winds that blow.
Deliberately trying to avoid me.
But why? , I thought.
I haven't come for Shelter.
Or Shade or Wood or Fruits.
Just a Glance was all that I need.
Then I will immediately leave.
May again never meet.
But it never did.
Perhaps, the force was too strong for it.
Perhaps, it hated to associate with those on the ground.
Perhaps, it just didn't like to look at me.
Perhaps, it felt, what is the use.
It's reasons, I may never know.
So, Fare thee well, I said.
And I moved on,
In my walk of life.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

The Universe Of Zeroes

The angriest and the biggest zero
is stalked by another nine zeroes
and one-thirty five smaller zeroes
along fixed paths of, elliptical zeroes.

The quietest and the smallest zero
is filled with hero like zeroes
and held by villain like zeroes
to form molecules of, bigger zeroes.

Between the macro and micro zeroes
live heroes with hidden sorrows
and zeroes without any tomorrows
breathing through, two other zeroes.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

The War Within

Few days pass, we face off like before;
But I hold the shield and he-the sword.

He proves me no warmth of a flame;
I show him black burns in my veins.

He proves me no blue burning light;
I show him the white hairs I obtained;

He proves me no wax from the cierge;
I show him my finger's white layers.

He proves me no matches in sight;
I show him my ash flushing face.

He enters me for the truth I contain;
I enter him for the truth he pertains.

Few days pass, we face off like before;
But he holds the shield and I- the sword.

I prove him no warmth of a flame;
He shows me black burns in his veins.

I prove him no blue burning light;
He shows he the white hairs he obtained.

I prove him no wax from the cierge;
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I enter him for the truth he contains;
He enters me for the truth I pertain.

Few days pass, we face off like before;
But I hold the shield and he-the sword.

He proves me no warmth of a flame;
I show him black burns in my veins...

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Truth Is A Volcano

Truth is a lonesome Volcano,
Sans support nobly does stand;
Unstirred by capricious weather,
And perturbs nothing on land.

Truth is a fiery Volcano,
Explodes with deadly rage;
Ruthless to every opposer,
Impartial in bringing carnage.

Truth is a precious Volcano,
Scarcely on earth is found;
Lives far away from humans,
And rarely reaches the ground.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Two Blind Poets

Wrote a poet about his most beloved:
Not the earth which did bear him so long.
Or the wind that cheered him when down.
Or the water that quenched his thirst.
Or the trees that gave him food and shelter.
But about the moon that did him nothing.

Wrote a poet about his most beloved:
Not his mother who gave him life.
Or his father who raised him when young.
Or his friends who stood by him in bad times.
Or the many others who helped him in life.
But about a girl who just passed by.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

When The Clock Strikes 12 (A New Year Poem)

Like the eyes of a warrior that shuts
for a while and rejoins the battle;

Like the wings of a bird that freezes
for a minute and continues its flap;

Like the soul in heaven that rests
for a day and returns to earth;

Let time shut its eyes, wings and soul
And be reborn as a better, brighter year!

Pradeep Dhavakumar

While Showering

The two discordant
forms of poetry
meet, while I shower:

One flowing free and soft
onto my skin
from the shower's pen.

The other, dressed in red,
structured by the body,
metered by the heart
and rhymed by symmetry;
flowing with grace
beneath my skin.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Whose Land?

Men fought with fiery words
To claim their living land
On pretext of who came first
And whose god made the sand
'Justice, Justice! ' they claimed,
'Intruders are them! " they blamed.

The Wind did carry this news
To pals- dear Apes and Oaks,
Who came with telling proof
Of their existence before man.
And by logic of man's demand
They said "Our Land, Our Land'.

'Oh No! " said righteous man
Our ears don't hear your voice.
And justices that we frame
Are only that suits our choice;
'Justice! " mocked the Oak.
'Selfish", the Ape did croak.

When your heart starts to hate
To share the land you stand -
With your mind, a minute ask
To whom was given this land.
'Cause earth was made for all
And none has right to brawl.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Why I Do Not Glorify Lovers

When you say: the reason
I do not spray petals on lovers
or verse about their love is
that I have always been a loner;
you are to an extent right.

But I have seen Butterflies:
dancing in the sky,
twirling, swirling, whirling,
closely around each other
held by nothing;
each with endless freedom
to go away from the other
to any part of the world
to sit on any flower
to drink from any pond
to sing with any swan
to dance with another one
at any instant of time
yet they keep dancing
only with each other
on and on and on
and that's how I believe
it should be.

Now look at our dear humans:
The man has to do some things
to hold his woman.
The woman has to do some things
to hold her man.
They both have to keep on doing
some other things
to hold their love.

Imagine the same butterflies
with their wings stitched,
legs chained, antennae stuck,
bodies nailed, trudging in the sky;
Will your pen itch to write?

Not mine!

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Wind

O 'Wind- didst thou bring
the breath of those I miss?
O'Wind- wouldst thou say
If their breath is still happy and gay?
O'Wind- wouldst thou stay
and take my breath far away?
O'Wind- wilt thou say
that I breathe with them every day?

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Wines, Bottles And Plato

I knew that old wine in a new bottle is better
than an old wine in an old bottle but not as good
as a new wine in an old bottle. But to clear my doubt

whether the new wine in a new bottle is better
than a new wine in an old bottle, I invited Plato
for a drink. He took a bottle, drank the wine

and placed the empty bottle on the table and
showed me that what goes inside is the wine
and not the bottle. Any advice? I asked.

Make New Wines he said, not new bottles.

Pradeep Dhavakumar

Winged Creatures

Winged creatures fully covered
in black robes, slowly circle
over my body and head.

I depend, on what they are:

If they are Angels then I am Nothing.

If Dragons, a solitary Stone.

If Aircrafts, a fearless Rebel.

If Vultures, a useful Carcass.

If Flies, a swine's stock meal.

I wait with large bunches of notes,
each printed as Hours and Days,
to pay them to strip their robes.

Their nakedness, holds

My true self.

Pradeep Dhavakumar