

J. PRIYA CAROL

Life ... Man

Pen in hand
Alone I sat
Musing over life,
Musing over man! Is man good?
Is life fine?
Is death near?
Is life so dear?

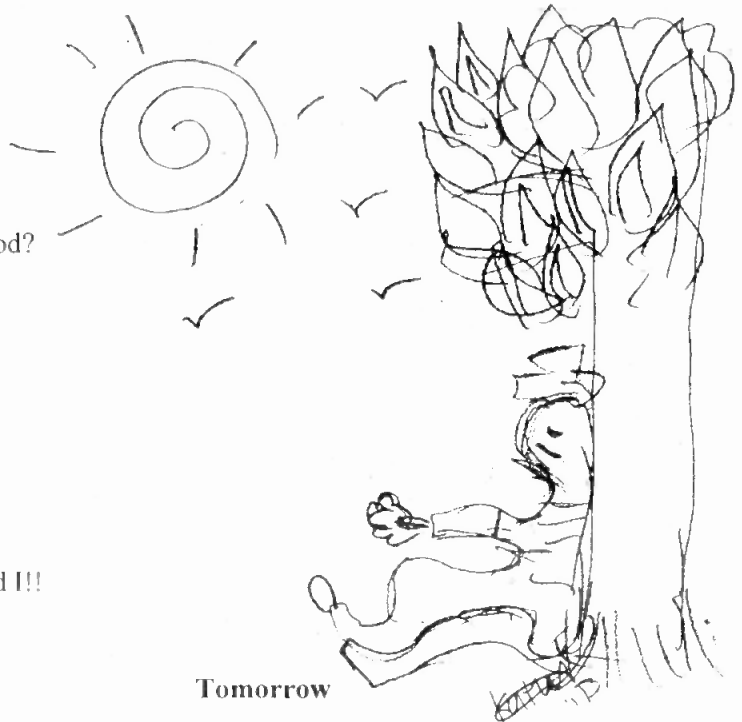
A rainy day:
Nature's language
At its play,
Screeching, humming.
Crickets chirped,

And so did I !!

The sun returns
All is calm
A full loud silence.
the world feels bright,

And so do I !!

Yes! After all
Man is good
and
life is fine
If this is life and if this is man!!!

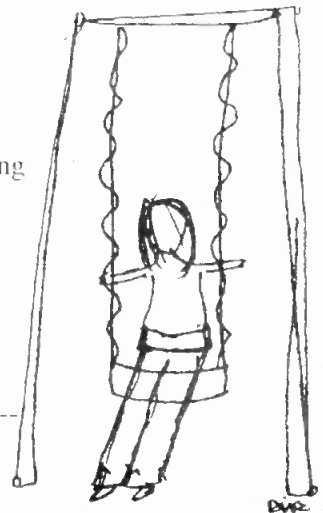


Tomorrow

yesterday on the road
pushed hard
I fell back
eyes closed tight
I cried
fist clenched hard
I curse.

Today, on the swing
pushed hard
I came back
eyes wide open
I laughed
fist stretched out
I clapped
Tomorrow, on the--

Are you ready?
I am!!



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Life is Poetry

Life is poetry : interpret it.

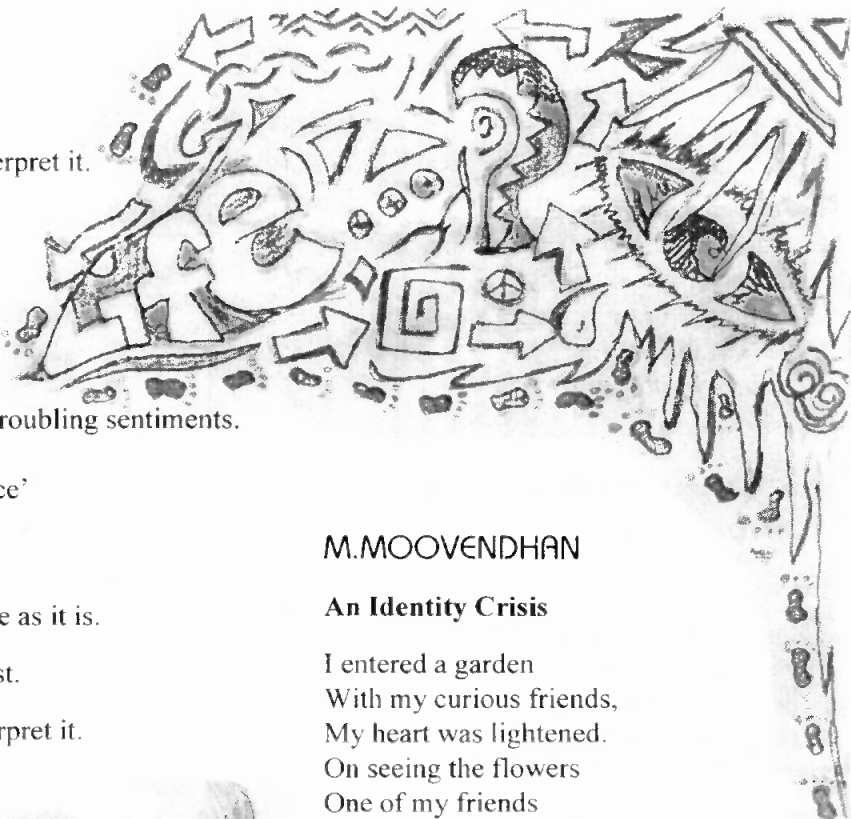
Most people say
Life is a Mystery.
Many say
Life is a failure.

Some say
Life is filled with troubling sentiments.
A few say
Life is but 'no peace'

They are cowards
'Cause
They don't take life as it is.

Only a handful trust.

Life is poetry: interpret it.



M.MOOVENDHAN

An Identity Crisis

I entered a garden
With my curious friends,
My heart was lightened.
On seeing the flowers
One of my friends
Quickly started plucking them
To make a grand bouquet.

The instinct of imitation
Spread like a forest fire.
My best friend, beside me then,
Fell to temptation.
But she plucked them for
A different goal: to keep them safe
In her book.
She handed me the wounded blossoms
One by one in my sinful palms.
My heart felt a hammer blow
With each plundered gift.
Finally when the massacre ended
The garden had lost its identity.