

**Let Me Be**

Let me be  
what they think  
I am,  
to them.

Let me be  
what you think  
I am,  
to you.

Let me be  
what I think  
I am,  
to me.

BUT  
what do I think  
I am?

Let me be...  
Let me be...

S. REKHA



**Nikon, SmileTaker (On A Camera)**

I stare. I smile at the SmileTaker.  
The lens closed, not smiling,  
Inscribed, AF, Nikon Lens 34mm 1:4.5,  
Wonder how many smiles are recorded?

Only smiles???

ESAYA BRITTO



**Searching**

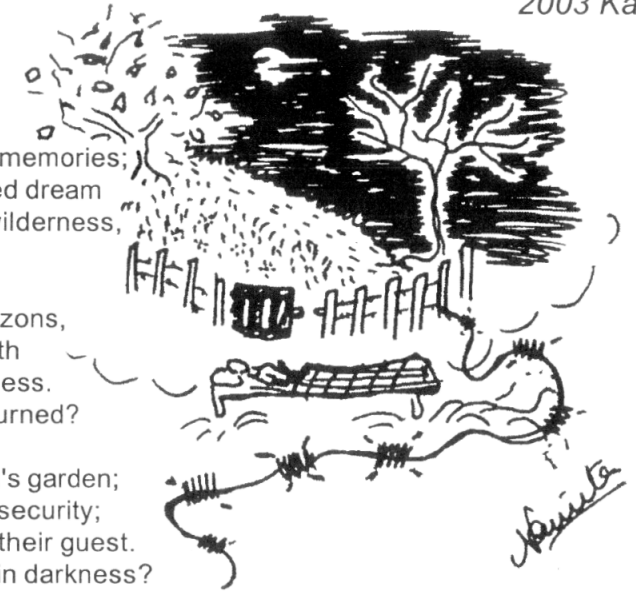
Thoughts in time, decayed memories;  
The fragments of a shattered dream  
Lie scattered in circles of wilderness,  
Burning in hopeless desire.

Strange lands, strange horizons,  
Pierced by the fears of death  
The dream fades into darkness.  
What was the desire that burned?

Jagged boundaries of a fool's garden;  
Beyond them lie visions of security;  
Swinging wide to welcome their guest.  
Is the desire here? Hidden in darkness?

Has the desire been buried?  
The desire that masked helplessness  
Was just a yearning to transform dreams  
Into a balm for the reality torturing us.

AVIVA GOEL



**Day Break**

The sun makes slow progress  
through the sky  
the moon makes a hesitant departure  
birds rise to the occasion  
bees buzzing around  
obesities jogging with their pot bellies  
Water taps surrounded by women-folk  
Men newspaper in hand waiting for coffee  
Children reluctantly creeping out of bed  
Milk man clanging his bell  
at each door, street lights  
disappearing as sun strikes--Ascending  
to make the day  
Hot-Hotter-Hottest.

DAVID KAMLESAN

**Love**

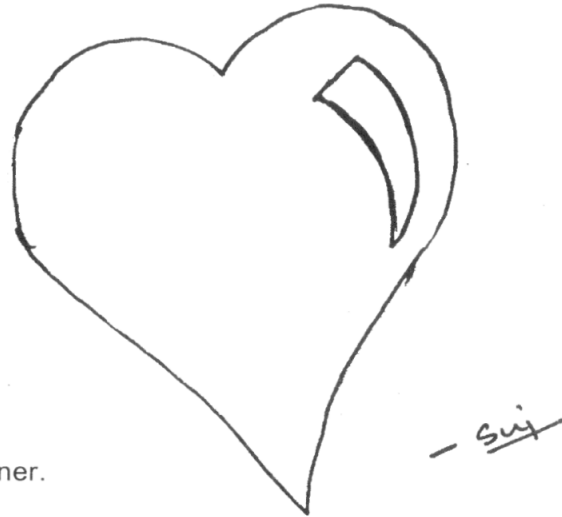
It was bed time  
 I in my bed and  
 He near me, heart so gloomy  
 "Will you leave me?" he enquired  
 in a voice so crazily.  
 "My mum dead and gone  
 had love and affection  
 buried deep with her last evening  
 And I am all alone" said he.  
 My heart felt so heavy  
 Fears enfolded me  
 Words too abandoned me.  
 "No, but how long?  
 I'll miss my parents, my studies"  
 Said I  
 Like a loving daughter and a dutiful learner.  
 "You miss, but I lost..."  
 And he broke into tears.  
 With great agony and predicament I said  
 "I go but still I am here  
 to comfort you  
 to solace you  
 leaving my love  
 beside you.

J. REETA CHRISTINA

**Paper**

Cut trees, to produce  
 Paper  
 To write of deforestation.

ESAYA BRITTO



**All that we don't say . . .**

Blinding sight, gift of the Prophet,  
 Bleeding roses on thorns of love,  
 Death is a blessing of God,  
 Falling on hot dew like a blade.

Life, a complication for Man,  
 Contemplating such simple solutions,  
 To explore the mysteries of death,  
 We turn to life and love to find asylum,  
 But is everything an illusion?

Illusions to please the heart,  
 The soul remains untouched and unwashed,  
 Cleansing feelings gush over me,  
 White light surrounded by blue shimmering,  
 I felt the breath of death pass by,  
 And then the cold winds blew.

DULCINEA M.



**Stump**

Now standing still,  
 A ten inch stump,  
 Ashen and drying.  
 How glorious you stood,  
 Proud eucalyptus tree,  
 Amidst joy and tears,  
 or years you endured,  
 All gone in a moment...  
 Nature weeps.

BINU M. DANIEL



**Inside Out**

Tick Tack, ..... Tick Tack

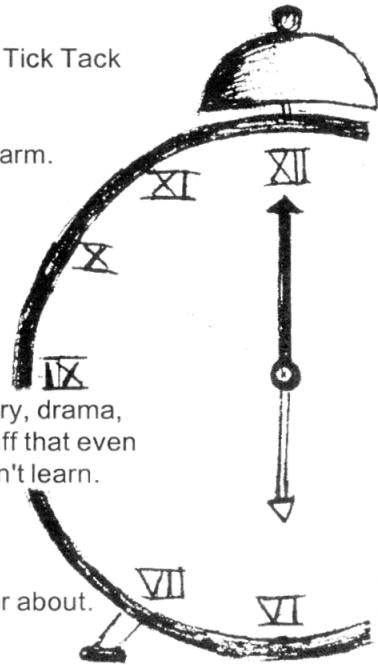
6 O'clock  
Brr\_\_\_eeps the alarm.

8 O'clock  
To college  
The classes--poetry, drama,  
Prose, fiction--Stuff that even  
Their creators didn't learn.

2 O'clock  
Back home  
Rest, play, wander about.

6 O'clock  
The clock's made full circle,  
Unmoved yet tracing the minutes,  
Untiring.

But I move...



*I wriggle on the Bed.  
Recoil to consciousness.  
Tumble out,  
Wash, brush, dress,  
Look over the lessons.  
The same monotonous tasks.*

*Tired of listening,  
Trying to unlearn.*

*Refreshed,  
Relaxed,  
I ramble carelessly.*

*...tired of the routine.*

ESAYA BRITTO

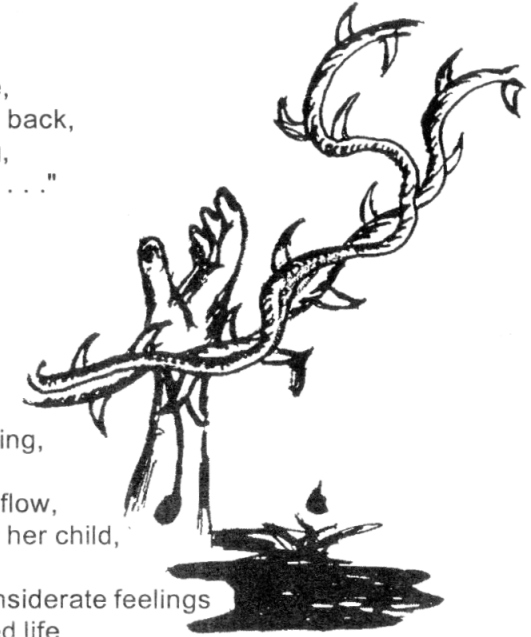
**Lifelong Symphony**

Shadows of our past,  
Reminders of the holy presence,  
The warmth of his breath on my back,  
Knees trembling, doors banging,  
"A bittersweet symphony of life . . ."

Mountains are majestic,  
But so am I,  
Like the queen of all that lives,  
But a crown of thorns,  
This is my symphony of life.

Everywhere . . . life is approaching,  
With a new zest for living.  
Streaming past in a tumultuous flow,  
Like an angry mother calling for her child,  
In a honeyed voice,  
My jealousy buried in your inconsiderate feelings  
The bittersweet symphony called life.

DULCINEA M.

**Card Game**

Life is a game of cards  
Thought I,  
In my first shuffling  
I picked out hearts  
Then I realized  
I was in Love.

Life is a game of cards  
Thought I  
In my re-shuffling  
I picked out the Joker  
Then I realized  
I was Ditched!

K. BHARGAVI



**Premature**

Dormant mind,  
Word-tides that ebb away  
Into a forgotten idea.  
Adjectives that quarrel  
About what I really mean.  
Sense that turns to nonsense,  
"What am I trying to say?"  
Pens that scratch spirals  
where legible words should be.  
The child not yet born  
And which may never be  
But wait, wait...  
An unexpected birth...  
I've borne my poem.

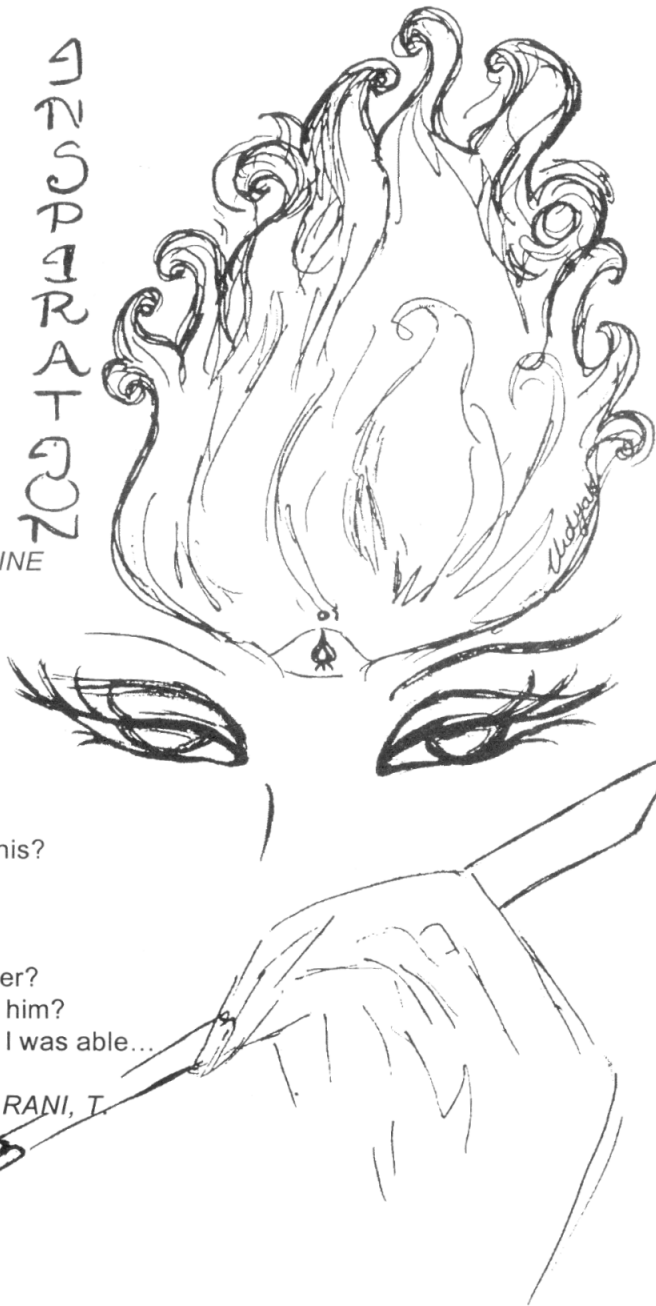
JANE PAULINE

**Had I . . . ?**

Had I known him?  
Yes, of course!  
Really known him?  
I guess, not really!  
Then how the hell did I get into this?

Couldn't I have stopped myself?  
It wasn't mandatory!  
But, to get involved with a stranger?  
Oh! he isn't really one! Yet, why him?  
Shut up!, thank heavens at least I was able...  
to RELATE!

ESTHER MEDLYN RANI, T.



**Superstitious? Not !!!**

I saw a man turn hurriedly  
at the glimpse of a black cat  
that walked ahead of him.  
I laughed.  
I watched a woman  
rebuking another  
for asking where she was heading.  
I was amused.

A girl cried "two for joy"  
on spotting two crows.  
I sniggered.  
I heard a woman  
say 'Thank God!'  
when a funeral procession  
went by.  
I was horrified.

Does the dog realize  
that his howl predicts doom?  
Or does the lizard know  
that his clicking  
will make someone's wish come true?  
Is life determined by these?  
I choose to believe otherwise--  
Touch Wood!!!

DEEPTI JAYARAJ

**Untitled**

Pradators and Preys  
Somebody's loss is  
Somebody's gain  
Today's Principle  
Of survival.

ANITA CAROLINE, T.

