

S.REKHA

Tricolour

Our ancestors sowed as seeds of grass
That grew out to give a base.
We, with clean pure hearts, lived on it,
Raising the bloodshed of our brothers
High up above the sky,
Holding the whole universe in
The hands of us, Indians!
Breathing, rhythmically
Jai Hind!

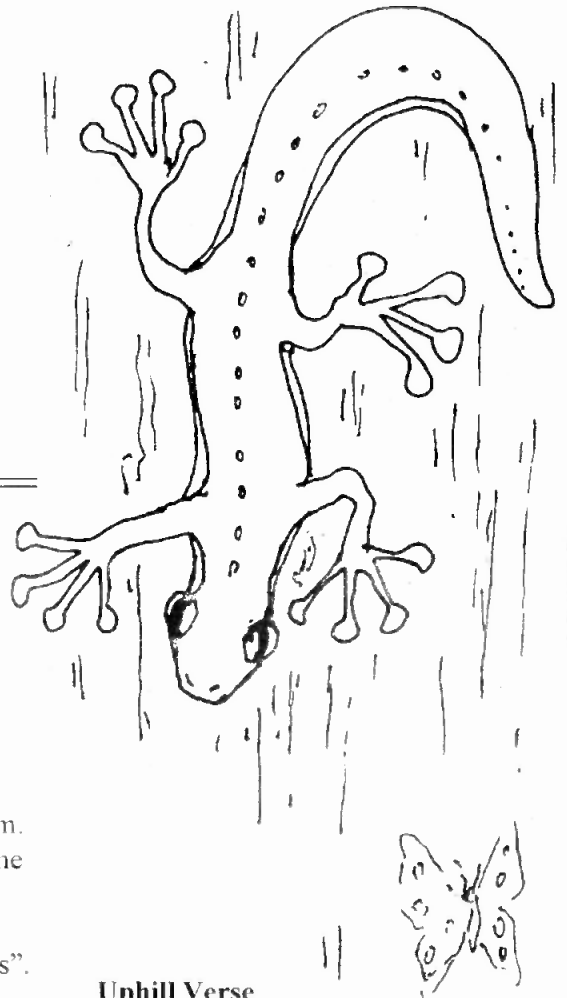
M.JOSE

Lizard

In all those private moments
He is there peeping at me.
Standing upside down, head
Standing even in my not-so-clear dreams,
He is somewhere peeping at me.

Tried hard to ignore that peeping Tom.
Is he my friend, my enemy? Why is he
Smiling or frowning at me?
Shall I love him or smash him?
Or tell him, "mind your own business".

But can that ever happen?
For he is my conscience also,
And smashing him is smashing me.



Uphill Verse

Climbed up, climbed down,
Had a deep thought
Sat secluded,
Ate heavily, ate lightly.
Other verses taking shape.
Sighed again, tried again.

Oh God, where's the poetry
I am looking for?

M.JOSE

My Friend

We sat inside the hall, facing each other
Which was really cool.
Our hearts growing warmer and warmer
Only to explode at times
Like a mighty Volcano,
To give out molten lava and
Poisonous gases.

M.DAVID KAMALESAN

Longing

Knowing not where they go,
Waiting on shore, I
Watch them row.

Knowing not where they go,
Fuelled by hunger, they
Ride the waves.

Knowing not where they go,
Battered by wind and foam
They still chant "Aylasaa".

Knowing not where they've gone,
Wives, children, others walk
On shore, longing.

Sun

It peeps through windows
At early morning, makes
Birds lively in their surroundings.
Insects love it, to go
Searching, nature
Makes it visible to all.
But boys hate it:
It breaks their sleep.

