

The Visitor

By Shalini Samuel

Thrilled,
I watch the sea come to my domicile
She sits by my window
And calls the sky for a party
She brings the Siberian lamb
And lights up my home with stars.
As my eyes search for her love
She showers me with white foam
Myrrh and frankincense, I sense
Overwhelmed I lay between her waves
The sleep she gave was stupendous.
And suddenly, tranquil my world becomes
Everything recedes, except the wind
And the sun with its harshness
My home is again the desert of Sahara
I wish she would visit again with hope and love.

The Shadowy Love

The ice-cream of my life, I crave to possess
The unrivaled remedy for all my agony
Much in dearth as the earths' hairline recedes
Yet my favored and optimal choice, ever.
At a crossroad, I always pick your trail
Your deficiency brings despair all over

Priceless, you are at times scarce
You spread like fire, illuminating the dim vale.

I wish you to be there in each second of my life
You had been my best support
You are my façade, guarding me
you brighten up my face and day
Happiness, that could be your name
But you are more than a name to me
You are the one I adore and desire
And want to be with you always.

Frozen Boundaries

Scattered maple leaves, green vine, little birds on a blue sky;
Pirouetting in air, from east to west, from north to south, they go.
Akin to a pendulum or a compass or a clock, they have an ordained path
Confined, yet full of reveries, they fly- can they soar under this
This boundary that bounds their liberty, I wish I could break
The weaver could have been more liberal, a few more inches
Will that be enough?
No, never.
They need a boundless platform.

May the birds keep rising and the vine tiptoe eternally
And the maple leaves, may it stay afloat in the colorless air.
Would they endlessly try to venture beyond that azure fabric?

Or do they drop their form when they step out?

Are they afraid of abductions, terrorism or assassination, just like us?

But why? Why do we have boundaries in this boundless universe

I cannot walk beyond my country or fly to an exoplanet as I desire

Thinking beyond normal is a taboo, etiquettes a fetter at times.

I feel constricted and ensnared in a fine-looking form

Just like these frozen lives on my mothers' blue sari.

They adhere to a yellow nylon cord, basking in the sun

Trying to enjoy the moment and not dream beyond.

We are all fenced by hedges,

Man-made sometimes, natural mostly

Gender, nationality, caste, religion, races

How long the list goes?

Let's walk beyond all these boundaries

And make a realm full of wonders and miracles.

At the least in our verses!

Bio

Shalini Samuel from Cape Comorin, India is a bilingual poet who is fond of nature and spirituality. She pens poems in English and Tamil. Her poems are often seen in online and print anthologies and magazines. She is the author of three poetry collections "Singing Soul" "The Painted Life" and "Drizzle". She is fond of writing, reading, cooking, and gardening. She is a lover of nature, philosophy, and spirituality.