

EYES AND OTHER POEMS

By Padmaja Iyengar

Behold

Scold

Speak

Shriek

Dare

Bare

Stare

Glare

Express

Impress

Process

Possess

Implore

Deplore

Explore

Devour

Cry

Sigh

Adore

Abhor

Laugh

Scoff

Reproach

Approach

Survey

Convey

Betray

Dismay

Dart

Smart

Glance

Dance

Command

Demand

Lead

Plead

Protest

Contest

Detest

Attest

Thrill

Chill

Charm

Disarm

Arouse

Browse

Expose

Dispose

Seethe

Breathe

Blame

Tame

Wink

Blink

Smile

Beguile

Love

Move

Assess

Caress

(From my poetry collection 'P-En-Chants' - a small attempt at something unusual!)

SIDES OF THE SAME COIN ...

The Sounding Board

When he hadn't much else to do,
She'd be there for sure, he knew,
Eagerly waiting to take his call,
As if she had no other work at all.

"Hey I need to talk to you"
Was always his opening line,
And that would be her cue,
To know that all wasn't fine.

Office politics, colleagues and salary raise

Were topics on which he'd go on for days.

All she had to do was, listen, listen, listen,

If she spoke in between, it caused friction.

Occasionally, she would also get the urge,

To call him, but when she was on the verge,

She'd remember all those earlier occasions,

When he rejected her calls with impatience.

Saying he had this, that or the other to do,

And about his "pressures", had she no clue?

She would thus be silenced to rue her fate,

That had destined her to stand and wait ...

What if she gets bored of being a sounding board?

And feels, continuing this way she could ill afford?

What if she chose one day to raise her voice?

And let him know that she too had a choice?

THE PUNCHING BAG

Rarely, when he was sober,
She was his sounding board,
Absorbing his angry words,
That plunged her like a sword.

Other times - most times,
She was his punching bag,
Absorbing the frequent blows
Of his misplaced fears, deep inferiority,
Unreasonable suspicion and insecurity,
That left permanent imprints
On her body – on her face,
Back, neck, shoulders and head;
Most of all on her bruised psyche.

Between the swinging punching bag
And the often mute sounding board,

Their children cowered and shuddered

As they saw the hanging Damocles Sword ...

(This was posted by me on 8 Mar'16 – International Women's Day – on my literary networking forum www.ratemyliterature.com)

Bio

Having explored the worlds of banking and urban governance in senior positions, Padmaja Iyengar – Paddy is currently the Hon. Lit. Advisor of The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada (CCV).

She also manages an on-line literary networking forum www.ratemyliterature.com that provides a free platform to writers to showcase their works.

Paddy's maiden poetry collection 'P-En-Chants' has been reckoned as a 'Unique International Record of Excellence' by the Wonder Book of Records International for Never-before-attempted Movie Reviews and Management Topics in Rhyming Poetry form.

Besides poetry, she also dabbles in articles, short stories, book reviews and movie reviews (in poetry form) that have appeared in leading Indian newspapers like The Hindu and Hans India and e-zines like Muse India and Boloji.com. Her poems have also been published in several poetry anthologies.

Paddy writes for pleasure – finds humor in everything...P G Wodehouse being her all time favorite and inspiration!

She can be contacted at +91 9948269211, padmaja_iyengar@yahoo.co.in