

COSTLY LESSON

By Shalini Samuel

Man began his life in the Garden of Eden
The formless Durmati envied his ecstasy
Into the weaker heart he intruded and he won
Nalmati stood helpless, Adam too fell for Durmati
Desire for the Forbidden fruit, their taste buds
Curious minds- led them to disobey Commander
And in came sins and its consequences
Death and sweat were put on men's head
Alas the woes of women began there
Isn't she still falling prey to Durmati?
Hasn't she learnt her costly lesson?

Durmati and Nalmati – Bad and good thoughts

WEDDING GIFT

Dear son-in-law,

I am deeply awed, my daughter, how beautiful she is!
Tender like the fresh new leaves of a mango tree
Her voice echoes sweetly akin to the wild Koehl
Smiling brightly, illuminating darkest corner of our hearts
Her tingling anklets is the music of our home
Running here and there, she is and will be my queen
I gave her the freedom, to live her life, take her decisions

Yet, every time, she comes back to me, asking my opinion
She keeps learning, from life, from her own terrible mistakes
At times she gets angry, worried and emotional, she is a human
Love and care is the fuel which ignites her smile, she wants to be trusted
Respected but not betrayed. Humorous, truthful and faithful
She will be your best companion at times of joy and sorrow
She likes pink, teddy bears, pets and weekend outings
She is stubborn at times and may drain your wallet
But remember, she had been your strength, coz of her you work happily
She has relieved your tension, left her lovable family, friends, house, etc
Changing her life, she redesigned and tailored to suit into your home
Not a smiling doll but she has hid her feelings, not to steal your smile
If she is not the best, you are wrong somewhere, try to change yourself
I am giving my angel to you, let your life and home be illumined just like mine
Treat her just as your very own dearest breath, sans it you will be no more
Don't tie her within, for that fetters will kill you of high pressure
Don't push her away, for without her none of your organs will work
Learn to allow her free, watch her with heartiest love and responsibility
For then you will know how beautiful and essential she is

Your

Dearest

Father in law

KILLER BUILDINGS

A bud for a new scar is blooming here in this dusty beach
“Before the spark from the match stick ignites explosives
Let the spark be put off.”, young determined souls cry

Agitations echoes across mountains and seas
But who hears the voice of the deprived
Who in this world cares for innocent souls?

When Chernobyl and Fukushima still resides as scars in history
A nuclear plant rises in the far end of my country
To run factories and brighten up earths dark corners

When the nuclear reactor explodes,
when its flame licks lives without any second thought
will condolences and pitiful words heal the irreversible loss?

AN EVENING ON THE TERRACE

As the sun rests behind the clouds,
with a walking stick and a hot cup of tea
grandpa eases out his old age in an easy chair.

Grandpas eyeballs record random scenes
Cavalcade of white birds across the blue sky
A lonely parrot bidding goodbye to the sun
A coconut tree dances, startling the sleeping crow
A little sparrow sneaking into its tiny space
Flock of cranes travels past grandpas round spectacles

His eyes unconsciously stop at a frame,

A fully flowered sappota tree swaying like gigantic monster
Trying to embrace him kindly with profound love,
The emerald mango leaves blowout their warm breeze
Somebody hides behind, so fast to oldies timeworn eyes
He stares once more into the silence of the thick foliage
The dusky black bird with red eyes sneaks from behind
Aah! A shy Koel tilting its head to have a glimpse of grandpa

Grandpa smiles at its beautiful expression
While his grandson stares at the angry birds
That flies on his newly bought smart phone

Bio:

Shalini Samuel, author of Singing Soul comes from India's southern tip. She started her writing journey as a blogger. Poetry was her unfulfilled dream then. She explored poetry and slowly started learning the nuances of it. Apart from writing she also works as freelance editor. Her poems have been published in various online and print magazines and anthologies. She has edited few novels. She says,

All light beams cast shadow
All green leaf withers someday
But hope never dies
With the hope of charming your hearts
My pen moves on...