

MAYBE, YOU WOULD READ AND OTHER POEMS

By Shalini Samuel

Maybe this is a poem to some
Maybe this is a scribbling to some
May be it's my heart to some
May be it's my drama to some
Maybe this will be my last poem
Maybe I will write again and again
Maybe you would like me
Maybe you would hate me

Maybe I will smile tomorrow
Maybe tomorrow would gift me tears
Maybe my life will end the next second
Maybe it will prolong to much more
Maybe my dreams will be fulfilled
Maybe unexpected doom might fall
Maybe the bomb would explode
Maybe peace will bloom

Maybe it would rain washing dryness
Maybe sun would drink lives
So many maybe's come and go
Uncertain is life, for you and me
the next breath is not guaranteed
life is not always positive
unexpected come and go
It might shatter our core

Remember, you can win it
React not, without a thought
No tension, no worries
You can solve every problem
Come on, walk boldly
Like a ruler reigning the world!
Everyone is in the same game
We are here to master Life's uncertainties!

THE DAWN OF THAI AMAVASYA

Old man wakes up to the musical chants
Few monks in maroon decorate the shore
Goddess Bagavathi temple swells in pride
Men like ants roam over the shore

The music travels far across the seas
Awakening the Majesty Sun
As the screen turns orange from grey
He lazily peeps out from his bed

Men click selfies with the morning beauty

Overwhelmed he blushes turning the ocean pinkish blue

Tea boils, snacks roll in burning oil –I wondered was it their hell

Vivekanandar and Thiruvalluvar wakes up to this melodrama

The waves slow down at the sight of a teen

Compassionately they moisten her clothes

Leaving her game of candy crush undisturbed

The sea and sun witnesses yet another day

Crores pay obeisance to crores of souls

Zillions of dawns have occurred

Millions of Thai Amavasya's have gone

Yet Sun loves this pomp and gaiety

Remembering ancestors and the dead, a day you care

the men by the platform, as your own brethren

You gift them new dress, money and ample food

I wish every day be a Thai Amavasya for men

BORROWED CREATIVITY

The clear lake reflects

Pink flowers sprinkled over a blue sky

His camera captures

Blue sky enveloping pink shade

A fabric designer embroiders
Pink flowers on blue silk
Pinky hides her head from sunny sky
With a pink and blue scarf

A painter moves his pen
A fully bloomed pink tree
Under a sunny sky
smiles on paper

My fathers bedcover exposes
Tiny pink flowers behind blue clouds
My photoshopped desktop wallpaper
Has a green parrot on a pink tree

Wearing different attires and smiles
You tempt us to borrow your creativity
You transform into multiple wonders
In the hands of artists, you love

We add earrings, lipstick, facepowder
To the beautiful designs you weave
And then boast about our creative mind
Oh Nature, I admit I am a happy plagiarist

Bio

Shalini Samuel comes from Kanyakumari. Her poetic pen revealed its colours accidentally. She held it firmly and worked to unravel its mysteries. With three poetry collections as feathers in her cap, she is now working on her fourth poetry collection. Poetry is her passion and she loves to scribble her thoughts.