

TOUCH-ME-NOT AND OTHER POEMS

By Shalini Samuel

A touch-me-not blooms, far in the wild
Braving the wind, cold and the flood, she survives
One day, a knight on a golden horse stops by
Slowing down, he bends down to caress her
Kiss her and whisper love in her ears
Shy, she shrinks into her deeper core
Deep in- she blushed, she felt pampered
Thorny attire, the closed doors shooed him away
Away from his new found beautiful bride

She is still the same touch-me-not
Flowering gorgeously, now and then
She waits for another knight to stop by
And love her for who she is...



RECREATED SCENES

Mannequin's beautiful smile spreads serene vibrations
The Palanquin bearers gracefully bear her heaviness
She is the wandering feather of a proud peacock – they say
Trumpeting elephants brings forth the sharp-nosed prince
Eyes meet and flowers bloom - red yellow and orange.
Soldiers on decorated plushy horses blush turning their eyeballs away.
The sun impersonates the moon, reducing its fierceness
Musicians dance with joy, the music echoes to the clouds

Angels peep from above sending good tidings for the new couple
All set for the grandest meeting – overwhelmed sky sheds tears of joy
Mesmerized I stand still at an exhibition, watching this piece
The art displayed brought truck full of admirers from every corner
Fame and praise were on the artist's imaginary creative mind
But none admired his soul standing amidst those painted lives
Capturing the scene eons ago – to be recreated again and again.



CHILDHOOD – AN ORCHARD OF MEMORIES

Dried flowers of childhood garden, I pick from my hearts' herbarium
Withered petals hide secrets, some aromatic, some foul-smelling
Some stench has completely disappeared, perfumed by time
Beautiful flowers still with its sweetness falters mind's arrogance
Well irrigated plants still flowering - adored by morning dew
they glisten and shimmer in the morning sun before disappearing
When the summer of life scorches me from the skin- burning layers
Unruffled, cool orchard infiltrates every cell, strengthening the sick
Reminding of those cheerful memories, the paper boats, snake and ladder
Chinese checkers, ringa ringa roses, pranks, home works, exams, holidays
Falls and the wins, friends and foes, lessons and memories – rejuvenating us
The Sun loses the battle for the garden was planted strong and deep
The infantile garden may disappear the day you are a fully matured tree
Yet it awaits in the roots reminding your strength whenever your branches break
Build an orchard – water it – manure it – treasure it deep in your clandestine cavern
Pick withered flowers- stick it to your hearts' herbarium – for not all days are rainy.

Bio

Shalini Samuel lives in her native, Kanyakumari, TamilNadu. She is from an engineering background, she turned to poetry after her postgraduate and has gone far to publishing three poetry collection and two more are to be released this year. Her poems have been published in various online and print anthologies and magazines.

EPISTEME