

Drizzling Blossoms

Dr. R. Saradha

1. Alone with the breeze

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I woke up at dawn;
The bloomy lawn lulled me clasp
The corridor grill, did feast my vision,
The weather proposed an alluring version,
Rainbow stripes bade my lashes dance;
The gloomy breeze gunned a solo,
The bullets pierced my brow;
I shed my pearls of bliss!

Wondered I, at the new comer,
Sorry to say, I'm yours' old pal.
She murmured in the air,
The glittering light figured,
Her aura of gorgeous bloom,
Drops of honey rain, fed she!
Dared drench my being;
The gooey juice splashed my gullet,
The tang lay buried, ceaseless at heart!

The hankering crescent
Did moist me in her bosom;
Left her tiny patches
Upon my forehead, as boons
Slyly forsaken me in the dark
I tried hard to press stud her
Alas! She faded in the glassy tray
I pondered to trace her path;
Lay fidget hither and thither,
Lest, she waned in the Milky Way!

The creamy cloud
Does bade me relish,
The latent fruit of ecstasy;
Stood I in tranquil;
Her streaky feathers caressed me;
I opted to plea her,
I' m tangled in the celestial bond;
Let me abandon this camouflaged skin.
Pour the eternal bliss into mine self;
Guide me shed my yoke of sin.

The trees stage a habitual swaying,
I awaited edgily for her seek;
Perhaps she studied for a farewell;
I rehearsed incessantly;
Will you be back mine?
Will she chide me?
Nay, she is mine. I mustered nerve;
Yonder does appear,
Her silky golden wings,
Marching ahead to overtake me!

I sprawled my arms wide,
I whimpered, I lay in the dark;
Behold me, reclaim my sore limbs,
My plea melted in the air;
Possibly my tears failed.
Willed not to pierce her iron self;
Flouted she, my fleeting tears-Yet
She did fail not to reply- I' m yours forever.
Did cuddle me, unclasped me: ebbd from sight,
Rain drops lay tethered to my cheeks,
As relics of dappled reverie!

2. I Got To Ventilate...

Dr. R. Saradha

A striking misnomer delves through
A lion's share of my core;
Ruptures the tension of the cosmic spell,
Heads on the celestial path,
Illuminates the void ignorance-Yet
Caught between the ethos of life and death,
I got to ventilate...my air of life.

In the tangling light,
Of the radiant blue
A daring soul,
Hem in reef- knot mysteries,
Wells up the opera of the past;
The twittering lashes retire- Yet
On the death-cap of a living memoir
I got to ventilate...my foiled breath of innocence.

A majestic gleam...
Does the astounding moon throw?
The sturdy intellect does dismiss
The right to unravel the silence,
In every cell of the flesh,
Spikes the preamble of life-Yet
Lost in the opus of life,
Pooped by remnant reveries,
I got to ventilate...the entire sphere of my life.

Wry foliages may bury the past;
None to unveil the assimilated mass;
Nailed by the shadows of reticence,
Blaze the rage of humility;
From a point of no return;
A disoriented tree
Rubbed with the fog of mystery;
The pages perhaps undone-Yet
I got to ventilate...the butt ends of a frozen history!

On the fossils of a fading race,
Undress the seeds of ambivalent justice;
I hear a call for a healing revival,
Tainted in the pyre of ignorance,
As a hunchback pinned by a screw,
Is it the ostrich's winged dormant crew?
The retaliating breathe retain,
The ribs and thorns of the second gender;
My fingers ache, I breathe misery-Yet
Pain saturates in the parameter of survival.
I got to ventilate...the execution of a sunken victory!

3. Infancy

Dr. R. Saradha

Child...

An enamouring verbatim
With an elite vision to serve,
Enlightens mankind over
A rapturous flabbergast,
Of frequency immeasurable!

The fascinating rose...
Sprays the ecstasy of joy in ambience,
Cosy in the antenatal bosom;
Still does combat the anonymous turmoil,
Of cosmic survival, the fitness strategy
Deciphers the mysterious texture of creation!

The inner conflicts begin...
Though entangled in unison,
With the maternal placenta;
Well-bred as the mother's belly grow-Yet
Wobble every now and then,
The caged parrot in museum repose!

Dawns the very fine day...
The resonant pearl visible from
The ruptures of the oyster shell,
Navigates orbital in the Milky Way,
Sopping caul and red all through
Interacts with the world afresh!

Solicited with a welcoming choir-yet
Scrutinized for the right gender!
Summoned to be screened for a test series
A perennial disorder, perhaps
An epidemic, like an old wife's tale;
Lest the ill-bred weed needs vaccination!

Remnants of ambivalent infancy,
Retains its covalent bond with its alma mater;
Tethered to the knots of the umbilical chord,
Speak voluminous for a life span!
Ergo! The essence of birth
Testifies the citadel of harmony!

The foetus...
Imprints its first step
Into the jubilant sea of life;
Inherits a life jacket
As an ancestral property;
Ready for the bon voyage;
Attunes to the symphony of history!

Once an amorphous ballpark;
Poised by the tenet of evolution,
Resumes the game of life...
Bounces, leaps, quagmires, hedges,
Blots, bears-- yet bullish;
All mirthful for a candid appeal!

As sapling to seed,
Owes the rebirth of birth
Of a latent self;
Illuminating the void withheld,
Rejuvenates the pride of
The majestic motherhood!

The breathe of the tot,
Caresses her aching thought;
The inundate outcry 'ma',
Mitigates her enervate soul;
Dissolving in the ethos of myth;
Sweeps her being,
With a priceless meaning!

4. The Song of an Animist

Dr. R. Saradha

I walked in the woods, on a delightful twilight,
To feast my little brain, upon the axiom of animism;
Fetish at the sight of the elegant twittering plight –lingering
Restlessly par the addicted basilisk, the fond Musician finch
Swept my being, displaced me with an enormous swaying;
The lustrous scent from flora does emanate,
As yet inhaled ever before;
Pamper me with an inexplicable ease!

Through the perilous hollow belly,
Entrench the blub of owls, panthers
Attire the ambience wild blue;
The mighty falcon, the appealing warbler,
Bade my instincts blush in remorse.
To succor, I murmured in the air- ‘Eventually’
The nocturnal elements render me emancipate
The wrath of willful existence!

I knelt ‘ere the seducing misnomer,
Gaping as a slave to mother wood,
The serene proximity - incubate
A spell of gratitude; did pilot me
For a solemn cause; I paced sharp
With a molten heart; an elegiac note
Did butt my ears--Aired the flora a fleeting bellow.
Dilapidated, yet repulsed!

I dazed at the resonant ‘Chi’;
The Spirits chide a rain storm
We are burning! Where’s our Samaritan?

Our homelands demolished—nay!
He who chopped our flamboyant wings,
Dared raze our parentage -As toys to wanton child,
Are we to man? Demarked are we for sport?
Harmonize the fauna lifeless!

A perpetual moaning,
Drench my being - hills
Shadow an animate wiggle;
The echo sank into the clouds.
Alas! Nature's plea lay denied.
My dicey trek on the woodlands,
Does fathom me to muse,
Anima, luminous in every form explicit!