

Poetry Series

C N Premkumar
- poems -

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C N Premkumar()

Thanks for visiting my page and reading my poems.

I love my readers and I value their comments and opinions.

So feel free to express what you feel after reading my poems.

I will be happy if the soft swing of my wings made any waves in your heart.

I am a Lawyer by profession. Also an artist. Selected as the Advisor to International Artist Advisory Board by Artslant, USA. For details and news please search C.N.Premkumar on the net or visit my website by the link below-
www.cnprem.com

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Coral Fortress Of Love

With your alluring smile
With your enchanting voice
You enticed me to this fortress of love
Ornate with magnificent corals

Studded with glittering diamonds which reflect
Your love in all its psychedelic colors
My soul was immersed in this dreamy world
Created by you only for me

I wonder why you left me alone
In this coral fortress of love
Still, I long for your song which wiped
All my tears and soothed my soul

Do you know I cannot escape
From this coral fortress of love
Which has no doors to move out
And has no windows to see the real world

In this fancy world, I forget everything
Even time which passed on and on
Where my life is burning like a candle
And melting down to end one day

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Religion, Oh! Religion

Religion, oh! Religion
The most reliable
Weapon of mass destruction
Murdered millions than
All wars fought together

Religion, oh! Religion
The most poisonous
Venom of all
That killed even brothers
Without any mercy at all

Religion, oh! Religion
That teaches unlimited hate to herds
To destroy all oppositions
To glorify their killings for
The benefit of its preachers

Religion, oh! Religion
More deadly than all
Those deadliest weapons
In history that compartmentalised
Human minds altogether

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If Your Senses Can Feel Death

If you can smell death
Standing a few yards away
You will never be so greedy as this
To amass all your folly wealth

If you can hear the whisper of death
Murmuring near your ears
You will never be so selfish as this
To deny everything to all around you

If you can see death
Coming close to you
You will never hate others like this
To do all those grotesque deeds

If you can feel the touch of death
Dancing around you always
You will never be so cruel as this
To kill all the life around you

Only when you taste death
Will you realize that life was just an illusion

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Cry Of The Caged Bird

If you love me you wouldn't have
Locked me up in this cage
If you love me you wouldn't have
Made me wish for death than life in this grave

If you love me you would have
Let me spread my wings and fly
You wouldn't have entrapped me
If I was a bird of no beauty like a crow

Do you know how much I crave for
The songs of the woods than living in this cage
Do you know how much my beak long for
The nectar of fresh flowers

Do you know how much I lament my fate
To watch those birds fly in the air of freedom
If I could speak I could have told you that
Your love to me is extreme cruelty in reality

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Life Is Like A Painting

Life is like a painting
We can not satisfy
Every viewer

Someone will say
It is abstract
And for another
It is collage

Some may say
It is cubism
Or Impressionism
Or Surrealism

But no one will say
It is absurd

Life is like a painting
We can not satisfy
Every viewer

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The Canvas Of Your Dreams

Am I the canvas of your dreams
To paint all your fantasies
With vibrant colors
And to change it as you wish
With your changing fancies

Am I the canvas of your dreams
To show all your wanton deeds
In colors of mischief
And to wash away
When you wish it be blank

But you forget the truth that
Colors of red you painted
With my blood will never fade
Even if you wash it
Again and again

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Valley Of Illusions

It was a lonely ride on a holiday
To the valley in the woods nearby
Just for some moments of solitude
To calm the mind's tide

The day was dim and cool
Enough to soothe the soul
Sun in the west was red and dull
The wind was slow to cause a lull

A hunter was coming out of the woods
Holding a gun and a bird in his hands
He winked at me and smiled in muse
And said 'beware of the ghosts'

Superstitions folks, I thought a while
Yet I replied him with a smile,
'Yea, I am in search of some lovely ghosts! '
He laughed at me and walked in gusts.

The breeze was carrying mist around to chill
The woods and valley seemed so still
No bird was singing, no beast was roaring
And down there the lake seem sleeping

The image of the sun in the lake was dull
What! , In the grass there sat a girl
Dressed in white like the mist around
But with a red scarf around her head.

She sat there still like a marble statue
Setting sun shrouded her in a golden hue
Darkness crept the haze in haste
And the valley dimmed from sight

From the back, I heard a 'bang'
Taken aback, I turned back
That must be from that hunter's gun
He was there shooting something down

The bang disturbed the calmness there
Noises of birds filled everywhere.
I looked for the girl but there was none
In that twilight where was she gone?

In a while, the wind was getting wild
Was she a ghost? I thought a second
Anxiously I scanned the place for her,
But only a red scarf was floating in the air

The scarf was slowly flying away in the wind
And in the faint twilight far it faded,
Was she an illusion in some trance?
But the scarf was proof she was there

Gently I returned thinking all a dream,
Yet thoughts were flowing like a stream

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Whom Do You Love More?

To some
Love is mystery
Enveloped in misery

To some
Love is truth
Which never soothes

To some
Love is a feeling
With out any meaning

But no one admits
The true fact that
"Everyone loves himself more! ! "

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Infinite Eyes

Confessions of Krishna - 11

Your infinite eyes
The canvas of your mind
Paint all its feelings
With vibrant hues

Its dark lashes
Sweep slowly and roll on
Like the tiny waves
Over the blue sea

Once mother Yashoda saw
The entire universe
In my tiny mouth
When I was a boy so naughty

But I see all those wonders
In your eyes so mysterious
Which entice me like a butterfly
Lured by a flower's beauty

I wonder why I feel time stands still
When I look into your eyes
Filled with the calmness of the skies
And the deepness of infinity

When I take your soft cheeks in my hands
You always blush like rose petals
And look at me with your alluring eyes
Moist with the serene love in your heart

Once you said, I entice
All the three worlds with my eyes
But in truth, your eyes captivate me
With the magical beauty of love

Rainbows bow before

The beauty of your eyebrows
Which touch the four horizons
Of my mind which longs for your love

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

Yashoda - Yasoda/Yashoda (Sanskrit - यशोदा ;) was the wife of Nanda within the Puranic texts of Hinduism. Within the Bhagavata Purana, it is described that Yasoda later became the foster-mother to Krishna, who was born to Devaki but was given to Yashoda and Nanda in Gokul, by Krishna's father Vasudeva on the night of his birth, for his protection from Devaki's brother, the king of Mathura, Kamsa.

Upon Yashoda's request it is said that Lord Krishna opens his mouth in front of Yashoda who sees the Seven Oceans, the entire Universe with its vast expanse, and also Lord Narayana seated upon Adishesha (The Divine Snake) , attended upon by his beloved consort Mahalakshmi. Upon this divine intervention, Mother Yashoda faints only to be revived by Lord Krishna and attended by Sage Narada, who explains to her about Krishna's Life.

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Doll For A Terrorist

Here is a doll for you, terrorist
Blood stained
Which was fondled by my daughter
While she was exploded by the bomb
That you planted in her school bus
Killing all her friends
In the fragment of a second
I am her doomed mother
Who happened to see
My own daughter
Exploding in to fragments
When she comes out of her school bus
In the evening in front of our home

Be happy now
For you will be released
From this dungeon
By the Government
To save the people onboard
An Aero plane
Hijacked and force landed
In another country
By your colleagues of terror
For saving you for a ransom
The government will let you go
Knowing you will kill thousands in future
With your hi tech weapons
Of terror and death
Sponsored by wealthy nations of greed

You can argue again and say
Your fight is for a cause
And you are right when you said
The religious fights kill more than wars
And the rulers mass kill
To amass wealth and power
And say it all for the sake of their country
And ethnic cleansing is to clean their country
But then we have to kill all the humans

To cleanup the whole world
Everyone wants to kill each other
That is the basic instinct of humans
Who are proud of saying
They are high above animals
While they never kill their own breed
And kill only for food

Here, take this doll
Stained by my daughter's blood
In return let me bear a child from you
In my womb
To make you realize
The feel of parental affections
When you kiss your own child
And to show you how you feel
The sprinkling of hot blood
Of your own child on your face
When I cut it to pieces in front of you
With the sharp sword of my sorrows

To make you realize
All the philosophies in this world
Cannot wipe away the sorrow you feel
When you see your own child
Being torn to pieces
To make you realize
Peace can never be attained
By tearing men to pieces
Then you will ask yourself
Hysterically `for whom for what
You are killing
All those innocent kids
And their fathers and mothers
And your own sisters and brothers
Whole around the world? '

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Loving While Graying

The day when you saw
The first gray on your hair
You just started realizing
That you too have to age
And leave this world one day
Then you just started thinking of me
And you just started loving me
knowing I am the only one
Who will love you
Even if you get gray
Old and fragile
Earnestly I was waiting for this day
When you start realizing
My true love
And to get that love
From you which I longed for years
When you start loving me
On the day when you saw
The first gray on your hair

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Desire And Despair

Desire and despair
Are two sides
Of the same coin
We dream of stars
And moon
And never reach
Anywhere
Every day we deposit
Our collection
Of despair
In the accounts
Of our mind
But never get
Any interest for it
Yet we try hard to
Increase our deposits
And never try
To admit desire
Is the cause of all despairs

Desire and sufferings - The Buddhist theory. By watching people Buddha found out that the causes of suffering are craving and desire, and ignorance. The power of these things to cause all suffering is what Buddhists call "The Second Noble Truth".

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Life (The Real Meaning Of Life)

Life, the wonderful dream
Never meets with reality
Till its final moment
Called death
Every day we dream of
Conquering new continents
And kingdoms
Without realising
All are illusions
And without realising
The final reality
Will one day envelop us
So finality is the true reality

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Love (True Meaning Of Love)

Own, possess and enjoy
That is the desire
That is the aim
That is the motto
Of everyone
Who craves love
So it is selfishness
In every sense
True love is when you find
Happiness
In the happiness
Of whom you love
So never try to own
Never try to possess
Someone else's heart
When the truth is that
You cannot even possess
Your own heart! ! ! ! ! !

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Clouds Of Love

Confessions of Krishna - 10

Oh, golden twilight clouds,
Go far with the message in my songs
To where my beloved weeps for me
Wipe her tears and tell her she is mine

Let her know how sad I feel
In this world so unreal
In this suffocating silence
Left by her long absence

Carry the vapors of tears
From my eyes as your clouds of blue
Stay above her, high in the sky
Inundate her, with droplets of my sorrow

Let the thunders in my heart
Shiver all the Ashta-Dikpalas
With the reverberations of the mantra
'Krishna loves Radha'

Let the lightning in my heart
Spread around the horizon
All the sparks of love I kept undisturbed
For the queen of my heart

Take her up in the whirlwinds of my mind
And carry her in the mighty winds
Take her in your stormy hands
Place her in my arms which crave for her touch

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

Ashta-Dikpalas- Gods ruling the eight sides. They are 1) East - Lord Indra 2) West - Varuna 3) North - Lord Kubera 4) South - Yama 5) South East - Lord Agni

6) Southwest - Niruthi 7) Northwest - Vayu 8) Northeast - Isana.

Mantra - is a sound, syllable, word, or group of words that are considered capable of 'creating transformation.' Their use and type varies according to the school and philosophy associated with the mantra.

'Krishna loves Radha' - With Krishna, Radha is acknowledged as the Supreme Goddess, for it is said that she controls Krishna with Her love. It is believed that Krishna enchants the world, but Radha enchants even Him. Therefore She is the supreme goddess of all.

C N Premkumar

Temple Of Love

Confessions of Krishna -9

Through your sublime prayers you reached my heart
With your love you conquered me
Through your smile you mystified my soul
With your affection you enchanted me

The pulse of your love reverberates in all my veins
The beat of my heart rhyme with your thoughts
There is no confusion of the suffusion of our love
When its fusion keeps the balance of the universe

With the same spirit that uttered 'AHAM BRAHMASMI'
I can say I am you, and you are me
You proved true love can conquer universe
By conquering me in totality

Here I can build a temple for you
Arrayed with the bricks of my flesh
Fused with the mortar of my blood
Ornate with the brass of my bones

Then I will make an idol of you
By carving it out from my beating heart
Where your reflection was always kept in gold
Till this day with utmost care

With all dedication and prayer I will worship
You with 'bhajans' of sublime love
By the soulful song from my musical reed
Till all my love will reincarnate in to you

When I make 'aarthi' with the holy lamp
Lighted with a thousand flames
Your face will be reflected with all its glory
Radiating magnificent love to attain my salvation

Yet all my worships never equal your adorations
And devotions which elevated me

To the celestial heights when
I, the reality, glow with YOU, the truth.

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

balance of the universe - Radha [Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth and prosperity] is the power of Krishna [Vihnu, the supreme God].

'AHAM BRAHMASMI' - Sanskrit for 'I am spirit'. 'I am God.' Famous phrase often repeated in the Upanishads. In this ecstatic statement of enlightenment, 'I' does not refer to the individuality or outer nature, but to the essence of the soul which is ever identical to God.

'Bhajan' - is any type of Indian devotional song. It has no fixed form. It may be as simple as a 'mantra' or 'kirtan' or as sophisticated as the 'dhrupad' or 'kriti' with music based on classical ragas and 'talas'. It is normally lyrical, expressing love for the Divine.

'Aarti' - The Hindu ritual of 'aarti' accrues from the ancient Vedic concept of fire ceremony or the 'homa'. Generally, one or more wicks made of cotton, or thin cloth strip, is soaked in ghee or camphor, lighted and offered to the deity.

C N Premkumar

To Be Me You Have To Be Me

Confessions of Krishna - 8

To enlighten Arjuna in the Kurushetra war I told him
That he can see me in the brightness of sunlight,
In the taste of water and I am everywhere,
In all the five elements and galaxies

But the fundamental truth now I reveal
That you are my brightness
The axis of all my power
And to my life you are the water

All the strength I possess comes from you
Which made me victorious in all those wars
With mighty Kamsa and the thousand hooded Kaliya
And in advising Arjuna to win Kurukshetra war

I still remember you wiped the sweat on my forehead
When I lifted the Govardhana Mountain with ease
In my single hand to protect you all for days
From Indra's stormy rainfall, like an umbrella

I still remember you looked at me with awe
When I came out from the Yamuna River
After the grotesque fight with Kaliya
Killing it and giving peace to people

To you those were the show of my strength
But the real fact I always kept a secret
That it was the might of your love
Which releases in me the power of avalanche

I never revealed the truth that
You are the secret of all my might
But how much I wish now to say this ultimate fact
That to be me you have to be me

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood

love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

enlighten Arjuna – Krishna narrated 'Bhagavad Gita' in the field of Kurukshetra war to enlighten Arjuna.

Kurukshetra War - The war between the Kauravas and Pandavas, which forms an essential component of the epic Mahabharata.

five elements – earth, air, fire, water and space.

Kamsa – The cruel king of 'Dwaraka'. It was predestined that he will be killed by Krishna.

Kaliya – The thousand hooded poisonous serpent lived in river 'Yamuna'

Govardhana – A mountain in 'Vrindavan'.

Indra – The king of heaven and the God of rain, who challenged the power of Krishna by the heavy rain for 7 days.

'To be me you have to be me.' – Revealing the true fact that Radha [Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth and prosperity] is the power of Krishna [Vihnu, the supreme God].

These poems highlight the epic love of Krishna and Radha. Hence if you email any one of these poems to at least 5 persons including your loved one you can definitely expect notable changes in your life. If you experience any such changes please post a comment.

C N Premkumar

Reality Is Always Illusion Unrealized

Confessions of Krishna - 7

Why the morning birds are gloomy and silent
Why the sky is pale and dull
Why the trees are drooping its drowsy leaves
Why the river is dead without a tiny wave

Once all these birds enveloped the Vrindavan
With blankets woven with their magical songs
The sky was vibrant ever with mystic colors of fantasy
Filled with colorful dreams of love

The trees bloomed as if spring was always there
Full of bees and butterflies buzzing for nectar
The green grass was covered with fallen petals
Which made a soft bed for us to fall and sleep

I thought everything was the same in my absence
But now I feel a vast difference
And without you, I feel weary and dull
Without your love life is sad and still

When will you come and change all these
Crude realities of nothingness
Caused by the long span of your absence
And turn everything as blissful once it was.

Through your absence, you taught me
The painfulness of separation
The 'Jagath' is always a 'Mithya'
When REALITY IS ALWAYS ILLUSION UNREALIZED

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

Vrindavan - The beautiful garden where Krishna and Radha spent their time.

Jagath - The world

Mithya - Unreal [based on the principles in Vedas, everything in the world is
'Maya' - an illusion.]

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Empire Of Love

Confessions Of Krishna - 6

You thought I was conquering the world
And you believed I was ruling it
But I was wandering in this chaotic world
In search of my only truth - YOU

But you could not realise it
You could not feel my mind
That is the way the whole world is moulded
To believe men as cold hearted

But you must try to believe the truth
That I am as soft as the butter
With which we played a lot in our child hood
By spreading it on our faces

My heart is as tender as the 'Tulasi' garland
Which you knotted with your soft fingers
And garlanded me with your sublime prayers
With your heart and soul so serene

I am still locked in the dungeon in your empire of love
And I pray you to release me
Crown me with your diamond studded heart
And make me your own king

I know when you do so
All my sins will be washed away
By the purity of your loving blood
Which will tranquilise me to feel your divine love

And let me sleep in that ecstatic trance
In your feathery lap with my weary heart
Till my soul rest in peace
Until we have our all new rebirth

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood

love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

Tulasi- *Ocimum sanctum*. An aromatic herbal plant used for holy prayers. Tulasi, which is Sanskrit for the 'incomparable one', is worshiped throughout India, most often regarded as a consort of Vishnu in the form of Mahalakshmi. There are two types of Tulasi worshiped in Hinduism - 'Rama Tulasi' has light green leaves and is larger in size; 'Krishna Tulasi' has dark green leaves and is important for the worship of Vishnu.

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Ocean Of Love

Confessions Of Krishna - 5

If I can make a song from my flute
Which can make oceans sleep
Till all the waves fall still and flat
When I see all the colourful corals far deep

Where I can see your image in the sleepy sea
So blue as myself
You always compared me to the deep dark sea and sky
To you I wear the colour of infinity

In my mind you are an ocean of love
So serene where no one can dare
To disturb the mighty calmness you bare
Except to the tune of my reed

When you slowly move with tiny waves
Over the whispering pebbles and coral reefs
Spreading the soft swirling murmur of love
Which exalts everything to heavenly bliss

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

reed - The flute made from reed, which was used by Krishna to produce that divine music, as described in epics.

blue -The epics say Krishna has blue skin, the color of infinity.

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The Glitter In Your Eyes

Confessions Of Krishna - 4

Some where in the horizon I saw your image
Painted by the airy brushes on the cloudy canvas
Illuminated by the heavenly hue of the setting sun
Shrouded by the glossy halo around

The crimson colour in the sky reflects your cheeks
With that shyness of innocence which only I could see
On your face when you blush with vibrant flashes
Of sublime love that radiates to all elements

I wish to glide in the wings of mist and touch you
To fly with you wantonly around the whole world
To creep through chilling air in moonlight
And glide down to the flowery gardens of Vridavan

But when darkness crept in I miss you again
In the star studded sky which curtains the galaxy
Where have you vanished so quickly
Leaving me lonely in blinding darkness

The stars try to imitate the glitter in your eyes
But fail helplessly and cry for your sight
To pacify my heart which pounds and weep
To see you till its last beat.

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

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Sweet Song Of Love

Confessions Of Krishna - 3

I heard your voice entranced
But couldn't see you in the mist
Yet I know it was you
Since such sweet song will come only from you

I could feel the love in your heart
I could feel the thirst in your mind
I know your love is eternal
And you can never leave me alone.

I did not vanish as you believed
I was entrapped
By life's harsh realities
And it's stringent responsibilities

We were far apart separated by oceans
Yet close in our emotion
I know you were sad by the separation
Which immersed you in deep desperation

I dreamt of you in my weary sleep
Which left sad songs from the reeds
But how could you hear it
From that far remote land

How I wish to take your face in my hands
To see love's weeping in your fathomless eyes..
To sooth the tremblings in your lips
To calm the tides in your cheeks

How I wish to smooth your shivering
By hugging you tight
And to hear some words
That you love me and will never leave me again.

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

reed - The flute made from reed, which was used by Krishna to produce that divine music, as described in epics.

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Love Can Sooth Storms

Confessions of Krishna - 2

When my mind is cloudy
I have nowhere to place my head
Except in your cooling lap
Till the clouds start raining profusely

The roar of a storm in all its weirdness
With whirling winds full of mist and dust
Furious thoughts of melancholy
Melted in the lava of loneliness

With your touch you can neutralize
All those twisty tornadoes with at most ease
With your lullabies you can sooth
All the eruptions and quakes

The stormy thunders and the blinding lightening
In my mind will diminish slowly
All my sorrows will stream away
To the wild valleys of the mind's twilight zone

In the soothing rain you can give
All the love that I crave for
Then the valleys of Vrindavan will bloom
With flowers of magical colors

The birds will sing in melodious tone
About the serene love that you gave me
So sublime to embalm all my wounds
On my lonely heart and soul

Will you stay with me till I sleep?
Will you sing those lullabies till I sleep?
To calm me to a blissful nap
That I may not wake up to miss you again

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood

love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

Vrindavan - The beautiful garden where Krishna and Radha spent their time.

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The Veda Of Love

Confessions Of Krishna - 1

Decades back I had to leave you
To pool all my abilities in shrewd responsibilities
Which made me forget myself
Yet you often drip in my dreams

I confess, during the war of 'Dharma' I forgot you a while
Yet in the crude agonies, I stood up with smiles
I didn't fight in the war with weapons
And remembered to remain a 'Sarathy'

You taught me the 'Vedas' of love
That fight will never make us win
But never to fight is definite win
In fact fight will lead to lose everything

You never fought for love
You never asked for anything
But I am here to give you everything
Since you had won me ultimately

The waves of agonies in mighty fights
Left a tiny sand in the shell of my mind
It caused a severe pain... so excruciating
I cocooned it with my tears to turn it to a pearl

Now my shell is empty except with this pearl
I know it shines with your radiance
The waves of my mind ask, when can I see you?
To open this empty shell for you

(This is an imaginary poem written as narrated by God Krishna to his childhood love Radha, to show how sublime and deep his love was.)

Dhrama - The righteous duty.

Sarathy - One who guides and drives a chariot in a war. Krishna guided Arjuna in the Kurukshethra war.

Vedas - The true and fundamental Knowledge.

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