

Poetry Series

Divya Macsuedon
- poems -

Publication Date:

2018

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Divya Macsuedon()

Bhagirathi- Thy Name.

The Mahadev arrested your
Might Flow,
Or did he consent to let the Earth be pure?
In His meditative benevolence
Gaumukh's Ice.
A Stream Thou aren't, It's Hidden might.

O Bhagirathi of the countless Foaming streams.
Gangotri here, Thou Goddess Supreme.
Endless pilgrims here, in Faith, do stride.
The Souls Gone; None here abide.
The Last Adieus, here, are
Finally bid.
In whispers, alone, the chanters
Shlokas recite.

The Souls, thus, Are Finally Set Free.
The Milky froth, the pure, yet deep.
You cleansed Them here;
O Bhagirathi.
The pristine Himalayas, they reverent be.
In wisdom and awe, none tame Bhagirathi.

The Highest Dam, it's Lake
It's Gates.
And You? In yet,
O Mighty Mother.
Thou didst save, The millions in the plains
From Fate.
The Kedar Deluge, and HIS Tandava more.

O Devprayag, Your Home.
The young Alaknanda rushed to meet,
The Sister, without You, she be Incomplete.
Ma Ganga! O Ganga! How they chant your name.
They touch You, with reverence
Rishikesh -the name.
At Har Ki Pauri; It's the Final Grace.
The Ego shattered, when we in Urns placed.

The Rich, The poor-For here, 'The Doors' close.

"For Thee, my reverence, O Mother Adored."

"MY OWN, "they say, And yet - Defile.

You watch in silence, nether A smile.

Your Fate? Our Fate;

In Shiva's Might.

Delusional as ever, the human mind.

She came to cleanse our bodies and souls.

The chemicals -so venomous,

Our Fates our sealed.

Your Onward Journey, through torrid plains.

So oft, We choked You, Streams remained.

My head, it hangeth, in deepest shame.

Then Shiva in Repose, He remaineth unchanged.

His magnificent benevolence,

It's claimed-Won't remain.

O Ganga, You coursed, to Yamuna, lay claim.

Prayag and Kashi on Ghats,

They pray.

A million lamps lit everyday.

Till Ganga Sagar, You Hold them in sway.

Shiva, no more, The Benign.

Sages nod - Its time.

It's Time-When, Thou will

Wilt, they dread.

O Mute spectators. She has hath Her Stay.

She wept for Bhishma.

"Now plunderers must pay."

The Srimad Bhagvatam,

I search. I seek.

At Harsil, Your Aviral flow.

I touch Thee, I weep.

In the plains I daren't

face Thee,

Mother Divine.

In dreams I kneel, I plead,
O Mother, stay, stay.
Debased, besmirched, desecrated. Alas! Nay.

My Mother, She turneth not.
Ascends The Milky Way.

Shaken from stupor, Thus,
In parched deserts..
We Arrive.

Divya Macsuedon

Colours Of Love

From the lofty perch where eagles dare.
Would I care to divulge what thoughts and share?
The white water rapids from the emerald tide.
The azure sky with it's spread so wide.
Broken is silence with the proud bird's cry.
I'm here, I'm here, where emotions soar high.

Care to sit by my side and contemplate a bit?
How it's all so simple, what you thought wasn't mild.

Many seek this environ to prove a point.
Seekers, mountaineers- or to forget in hindsight.
You're welcome to take a ringside view,
Forget where you come from and look at life anew.

You're facing the pasture where the Pandavas sought rest,
And in such environs let the mundane rest.
Let anger-disdain down the rapids flow.
It's time to let the bygones go.
Forgiveness here is the balm from above.
One must make a path and move or let go.

Not mere ideals or high flown talk.
When you are at this vantage you want to forget.
The strife, the pride, in a POSSESSION or two.
Does it really matter, when the heart knows it's untrue?

Spread your arms and embrace the dizzy heights.
It's time to take charge of this
undulating life.
Let the sound reverbrate-Iam; what I claim!

You'll feel the adrenalin rushing as the mind breathes free.
No complaints or retribution now hold the key.
Let it echo-“I'm the maker, of my own destiny.”
The purples, the crimsons, golden hues et al.
Yours the colours from dusk to dawn!

So easy the weaving when the soul's set free.

Ah! The weaver is, Only You, of this tapestry!
Stand back and gaze at your creativity.
No name, fame or who's who.
Mirthful faces now at level with You!

It was always love imploring thee.
Reach out, take one hand, I implore thee.
A friend, a soulmate. Do you really need a long row?
Solace, you were seeking in hues too grey.
Till your aspersions from the mountain blew away.
For one has always risen above.
When woven is life with 'Colours of Love'.

Divya Macsuedon

Die Mutter

Oh große Anbeter der Mutter
Und ihre vielen Formen.
Pass auf, öffne die Schranktüren!
Jahrhunderte Staub haben Sie gespeichert.
Zimbeln, Trommeln, Hymnen und Weihrauch, bitte, du Licht.
Der Durga Shapthati, du singst
Mit all deiner Macht!

In Ehrerbietung wenden Sie sich an Tier
Opfern.
Einige verlieren alles an den Tantra Way of Life.
Mit Jahren der Buße auf Hirschhaut, Feuerwasser und Eis.
Beten die Weisen, einen Blick auf Deine heilige Macht zu erhaschen.

Opfere eine Frau, ein Kind oder ein Tier
Alles in ihrem Namen.
Aus goldenen Tempeln läuten die Glocken mit Stolz.
Blumen, Fasten, die richtige Haltung, Stunde und Zeit.
Die Mutter von Pandals, Tempel; bei Zuschauern lächelt.
Denn mit Ritualen, Prunk
und Pomp kommt sie an.
Edelsteine ??und Juwelen - zu IHREN Füßen
Das mächtige Opfer!

Manche haben zu Hause den Geruch weiblicher Kindestötung.
Andere tummelten die Mutter
Durch Drücken nach Kashi..
Die Frauen, die ihre trugen
Abstammung,
als Ehemänner starben.
Einige für Familie Ehre und Namen
Wischte den Schiefer des weiblichen Namens ab.

Wehe einer Frau von draußen,
Sie auch dann, für Menschenopfer.
Mütter töten Töchter wegen Appeasement und mit Stolz.

Der Ganges windet sich bei den Sünden
gewaschen und Kasten beiseite.

Deine Brust muss ein Zufluchtsort sein
Von fauligem Opfer.

Ich frage dich, Mutter
Zeig mir den Weg.
Für diejenigen, die kein Tantra Mantra, Japa oder Häresay kennen.
Sollten sie für immer in der Schlange stehen?
Wie viele würden deine Augen haben
bluten?
Warum so still, Du nach Pran
Prathishtha sein?
In diesem Zeitalter dein Schwert
Leise sein?
Antworte mir Mutter-Ich
Aber dein Kind ist das Höchste.

Die Meister, die Weisen in
Karmische Zyklen - sie plädieren.
O Mutter, liebe Mutter.
Aus deinem Schlummer wach.
Die Schande, ich habe nur gedeckt
Mit ein paar Fetzen-
Alles in deinem Namen.
Der Ruf deiner Tochter
Wirst du es vergebens gehen lassen?

Von den Bergen bis Dakshineswar.
Ich finde keine Zuflucht.
Ich beginne eine Reise, keine bloße Pilgerfahrt.
Wenn du so gütig bist
Dann brauche ich deinen eigenen Flehen?
Ich kann nicht länger warten, die Arme meiner Mutter suche ich.

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Le Coeur Une Fois Donn 

Ils disent que le c ur une fois donn  est fait.
Prend des ann es pour construire une relation d'une tonne.
Je vois ce changement sur le march  aujourd'hui.
H  toi! Vous  tes l ,  tes-vous   vendre?
(Comme ils disent.)

Quel amour est-ce,  a change de c t ,
Aujourd'hui c'est toi demain-ma fiert .
"Ce sont les parents et les carri res qui passent votre test." ;
Pourquoi les bl mer alors, quand vous avez tous deux  chou  au test? .

Le v ritable amour, il traverse les obstacles dans ses chemins.
Construit des ponts et relie les c urs.
Alors pense que je suis ami, tu t'es emport !
Les snapchats, la connectivit , ont fait votre journ e.

Car dans les ajustements, l'amour ne vient pas.
Il vous emm ne dans son chemin et vous emm ne!
Si elle n'est pas demand e, elle laisse derri re elle des ravages.
Rien de moins que les tsunamis de notre  poque.

La reconstruction est alors une t che gigantesque.
Prend des ann es pour surmonter l'explosion.

Alors bonjour la! Vous  tes sur le march  si t t.
A la recherche d'une dame pour construire un cocon.
Vos id es sont fragiles, votre fondation est faible.
Les anciens pour vous guider, eux-m mes incomplets.

Votre histoire ne parle-t-elle pas d'elle-m me?
Les fous se pr cipitent l  o  les anges craignent de marcher! '
Vos pieds, dans deux bateaux, ne les plantent pas ainsi.
Cela ne fera qu'ajouter et augmenter vos malheurs.

Cependant, ces march s peuvent sembler lucratifs.
Il est pr f rable de rester loin de cette sc ne.

Alors  coutez les conseils des sages.
"Donnez-vous, quelques ann es de r pit.

Monter des montagnes, planifier des voyages,
Faites ce que vous aimez le plus.
Un homme n'est pas un homme tant qu'il a bien compris.
Prend ses propres décisions pour mener sa propre vie. "

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O Free Soul

O Free Soul, you giver of comfort to me,
Your arms, in profusion of red, a must see!
In the sorching sun, unfazed your greenery.
Flitting guests in your arms, sing their litany.
On you the mantle of diamante rests easily.

You the giver, Nays, not your nature be,
And, then begins the magic for sore eyes to see.
No rustling, no shuffling, .Who disrupts the harmony?
The wind! Without warning - Here to proclaim it's sovereignty

You were ready for the force as it whistles and sings.
Your arms unfurl to welcome this
Powerful entity.
You accept them all, so compliant you seem.
Your rhythm, It's song; Your arms sway gracefully.
You have stood firm and let the Seasons be.
From You, I've learnt, to watch and pliable be.
Gracefully, in rhythm, I sway like you, O
tree.

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O Sagarmatha

In Praise.

O Sagarmatha the Glorious One
As you gaze upon your white Capped ones.
The(white) mantle of secrecy for the Superior One.
Some sure footed adventurers
Reached to kiss the sun.
On others you laid claim,
They be the unmarked ones.

"We 'll tunnel beneath and
Connect lands afar."

O Sagarmatha, the challenge
Went too far!
Mother Earth said, "Nay,
He's my ever rising Son.
In his quiet splendour,
He receives, not everyone.
None dare to settle, once
'The victory's -done."

Your word was carried
Mother Earth's favoured
One.
From her womb, a restless
Churning this once,
A subtle reminder, for those
Who tread above.
She restored your white folds
Once the upheaval was done.

O Sagarmatha shines your
Forehead in the sky.
The starlight plays on your
Cheekbones high.
The swirling clouds, change
Colours with grace.
Thunder and lightning, here,
In awe, do race.

Jomolangma!
Chomolungma!
O Sagarmatha,
The directions, Your Face.
Ageless, Timeless.
O Monarch of the
Himalayan Range.

Note From the Poet: The many names of st.
Sagarmatha: forehead in the sky(Nepalese)
Jomolungma: Mother of the World. (Tibetan) .

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Snowflakes

Twirling, swirling, on gossamer wings!
Melt me into you, or sweep me off my feet.
As the heavens open up and envelope the green.
Who cannot but be moved by this silent scene.
Royal carpets for robins to leave their mark.
Who says the colours of winter be stark!
The palette of Nature in shades abounds
In hibernation the creatures but nourished
Is Mother Earth; deep down!

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The Heart Once Given

They say the heart once given-is done.
Takes years to build a relation of a ton.
I see this change in the market today.
Hey you! You there, are you for sale?
(As they say.)

What love is this, that changes sides,
Today it's you tomorrow-my pride.
'It's parents and careers that take your test..'
Why blame them so, when you both failed the test? .

The real love, it crosses the hurdles in it's paths.
Builds bridges, and connects the hearts.
So think I friend, you got carried away!
The snapchats, the connectivity, made your day.

For in fits and starts, love doesn't come.
It sweeps you in it's path and takes you away!
If unrequited it leaves devastation behind.
Nothing short of, the tsunamis of our times.

Rebuilding then is a mammoth task.
Takes years then to overcome the blast.

So, hello there! You're in the market so soon.
Looking out for a lady to build a cocoon.
Your ideas are shaky, your foundation weak.
The elders to guide you, themselves not complete.

Doesn't your story speak for itself..
'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread! '
Your feet, in two boats, don't plant them so.
That will only add and increase your woes.

Lucrative though, these markets may seem.
It's best to keep away from this scene.

So listen then to the sages advice.
"Do give yourself, a few years respite.

Climb mountains, plan journeys,
Do what you most like.
A man's not a man till he's got his footing right.
Makes his own decisions to lead his own life."

Divya Macsuedon

The Mother

Oh Great worshippers of the Mother
And her many forms.
Look out, open the closet doors!
Centuries of dust have you stored.
Cymbals, drums, hymns and incense, to please, you light.
The Durga Shapthati, you chant
With all your might!

In obeisance you turn to animal
sacrifice.
Some lose all to the Tantra Way of life.
With years of penance on deer skin, fire water and ice.
Do sages profess to gain a glimpse of Thy Sacred Might.

Sacrifice a woman, child or beast
All in Her name.
From Golden temples, the bells they ring with pride.
Flowers, fasting, the correct posture, hour and time.
The Mother from Pandals, temples; at onlookers smiles.
For with rituals, pageantry
and pomp does she arrive.
Gems and jewels-at HER feet
The powerful sacrifice!

Some have at home, the smell of female infanticide.
Others hoodwinked The Mother
By pushing to Kashi..
The women who bore their
lineage,
when husbands died.
Some for family honour and name
Wiped the slate of the female name.

Woe betide a woman from outside,
She too then, for human sacrifice.
Mothers kill daughters for appeasement and with pride.

The Ganges squirms at the sins
washed and caste aside.

Your Breast must be a haven
Of putrid sacrifice.

I ask Thee O Mother
Show me the way.
For those who know no Tantra Mantra, Japa or heresay.,
Should they, forever, stand in line?
How many would Thy eyes
see- bleed?
Why so silent, You after Pran
Prathishtha be?
In this day and age your sword
Silent be?
Answer me Mother-Iam
But your child supreme.

The Masters, the Sages in
Karmic cycles -they plead.
O Mother, Dear Mother.
From Your Slumber awake.
The shame, I've covered, only
With a few tatters-
All in your name.
The call of your daughter
Will you let it go in vain?

From the mountains -till Dakshineswar.
I find no sanctuary.
I embark on a journey, not a mere pilgrimage.
If you be so Benevolent
Then, need I your own plead?
I can wait no longer, my Mother's arms I seek.

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The Passing Ships

Like passing ships in the silent nights
Over oceans unknown did we flit past time.
The lights did beckon but the mind discerned.
The Lord did bless you, what's more to yearn?

The gaze unwavering like the captain's watched,
Lest a troubled soul, sent an S.O.S.
Which One does thou seekth
Came the whispering chant.

The Forces that reside in the realms unexplored.
Look deep inside the chasms no more.
For we are made, to not give up- just faith restore.
The routes were charted, we, the meek did not tread.
Anchored in safe waters, how could we run aground?

Awaken! Weigh anchor! Set sail!
The winds have been harnessed since ages unknown.
The mind alone, is the strongest ally!
Befriended once, from storms doesn't shy.

Be warned then, O you stormy seas!
Determined am I and as ceaseless as thee

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The Vision Seeker

The visions descend when sleep I seek.
The clatter of hooves on cobbled streets.
The dungeons, the caverns
engulfed in deceit.

Of flashing dervishes, beggars priests.
Convoys so stately, I dare not breathe.
The clanging of swords, sinews
of steel.

Proud conquerers, clothes in crimson steeped.
The scenes watched, the curtained betrayers.
Resplendent Courts, high turbaned Monarchs
'Ailaan- e -jung', Thundering war cries.
Rubies inlaid in gold, fortress
walls.

Of secrets kept within harem walls.
I wake up and I know no sleep.
The Visions, not, 'in light'
recede.
I scour the Palaces of yore.
I travel far and wide -Explore.
At tombs I stand, incessant my
tears.

It dawns upon me, thus standing there.
As Centuries of dust in a whiff recedes.
I've walked with them, I've lived in yore.
Skimmed Centuries, have I before.

From the Grandiose Gardens, I survey the plains.
Let the World, then, hear my refrain.

Note: Inside the story tellers mind.

© Mrs. Divya Macsuedon

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