

Poetry Series

J T Jayasingh
- poems -

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Prof. Dr. ingh has been in the field of teaching and training for the last 20 years. He is an inspiring trainer, teacher, poet, writer and entrepreneur. He has designed several human resource development training programs and trained thousands of young people who have placed in different parts of the world. He is also doing independent research on meditation and mind power. He has authored 5 books so far and a few more are in the pipe line. Presently he is writing a novel titled, 'Alone in the Men's Park', which has been serialized as a facebook page. His articles and poems have been published in various print and web journals. He is the founder-director of Roots and Wings Publishing and Media which has brought out the debut books of several young poets and writers. He is also one of the chief editors of Indian Ruminations web journal. As an entrepreneur he is promoting herbal products with the trade name of 'Neelima'. He is also leading an awareness movement in facebook named Indian Youth Awareness Movement (IYAM) .

Prof. ingh believes that every human being is gifted with a special talent and called for a certain purpose. His vision is to help as many young people as possible to find out their calling and realize their vision. His philosophy is, "life is a journey within and without, learn from your past, live the present and hope for the future and leave a positive trail before you leave the world". He believes in universal love and brotherhood. He is also a lover of nature and experimenting farmer.

Published Books:

1. Bird's Eye View
2. New Voices (Edt.)
3. Waves won't Die
4. IELTS Complete Solution
5. IELTS Speaking- a Handbook

Forthcoming Books:

1. Alone in the Men's Park (Novel)
2. Ingh Complete Works

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A Caravan Across The Desert

There goes a caravan across the desert,
A gang of kids, lads, women and men.
On the way they discover
New mysterious lands to fill.
They invent plastic machines
To alter the universal codes
And later try to detour
Loosing all their hopes.
Red saries burn in the heat
And gold jewels glare in the sun,
Gracious walks stumble
And sweet talks stagger,
Dry wind sourly caress
The brownish hair of kids,
Shrunk fore heads of the wisest
Thoughtfully read the trails,
The drowsy eyes search for omens:
Would it be a winning trip?
Would we reach the Canon?

Somewhere in the darkness
Wolves howl and cry,
Do they bother an oasis?
Have they met a caravan?
Serpents move with deadly venom,
Falcons come back to the centre
Do they tell something?
Are they here to reveal?

How many camels crossed this way!
How many gangs passed!
Leaving trails and traditions
To reach the Promised Land.

A wise man looks at his palm,
Another searches a scroll
While some read stars at night.
There are desperations,
Lost hopes, love, life, death

And the monotony of sand:
Sand, serpent, wind,
Sky, stars and heat waves.

They gasp, sweat and fast
They groan like chained ghosts.
One camel falls and dies
Leaving no clue or reason.
The youngest kids cry for milk,
Some lads are lost on the way,
A young man turns back,
A mother gasps to die
And moves on the caravan across the desert...

The gang moves on...

J T Jayasingh

A Dream

In the dewy spring mornings
He walked with her
Through the wild gardens,
Chasing butterflies.
He felt the warmth of
His own blood
While holding her hands.

When the milky moon
Spread its cool light,
He told unknown tales
To her twig like ears.
Her heart beat with his
All through the night
While lying on his arms.

In the long gloomy eves
Her tender lips rubbed off
His lonely soul's tears.
With drizzling of love
Overflowing from his heart,
He wet her day and night.

Later in a misty December
He wandered lonely
In valleys and plains
Wet by the morning dew.
Then he asked a cuckoo,
Doe and jasmine
About his only lovely sister,
"Have you seen the girl
Who has a childish face
Which can erase my sins,
Who has a pearly laugh
Which can thrill my soul,
Who has a divine scent
Which can enthrall my sense?
But before they told an answer
Alas, he missed her! Missed her!

For all was a dream! !

-J T Jayasingh
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J T Jayasingh

A Poet Can Only Capture

A Poet can Only Capture

I know not what to write!
Grim faces show and fade,
Nothing is long lasting,
Only these lines can capture
The moments of ecstasy.
Old moments give way to
New ones, happy or sad,
Not renewed but brand new.
What is truth?
Still? Gone? Passing?
Or yet to come?
Like droplets trickle down
Through old roof cleavages
Time slips away.
Oh! Poor life
Even the warmth of beloved hands
Don't stay a little long.
Even within 'tic tac' sound
The staring eyes turn away.
'New' is life.
'New' is truth.
But I am a mere tube light
To enjoy its freshness.
A poet can only capture,
Capture in his lines.
To him moments never die!

J T Jayasingh

Am I A Part Of God?

A gentle breeze kisses my flesh;
Crimson, blue and white are
Painted in the sunny sky.
Is it a koel or a forest bird
Warbling to its full throat
May be for its sweet heart?
An innocent beauty's aroma,
A mix of rose and jasmine
Rub my weary nose.
But as the dissolving sun
My mind is confused:
I've tried many a times
To prison my mind inside a cage,
To train my soul for a goal,
To make my brain study a field.
But alas all my walls crumbled down,
Goals and aims blurred away,
And fields bred further fields.
Slowly I've learned at last:
My soul is like wind, free
And light it has with no limit,
Good and bad all are mine,
Science and valley my dream will reach,
Desert and ocean my legs may tread.
Am I a man or an image of God?
At least by now I'm a part of God!

J T jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

Beauticia

Alone, I was sitting by a brook
In the silent setting of an eve.
Odor of jasmine rubbed my nose
And slowly approached a tender foot step.
An angel was standing in my front
As her velvet curly hair
Dancing in the wind.

A black spotted yellow gown
The tender Beauticia wore.
Her grapy eyes lively glanced
To take a secret, silent bath
That thrilled my heart and soul.

Now her little playful hands
Gently untied the cloak,
It creped down rustling,
Rubbing the bosoms, the thighs-
Beauty, beauty....

Now a passenger bus passed by
On my back!
When I turned again,
I saw a dancing pine tree
In front of the brook!

J T Jayasingh

By The Stream

Once in a gloomy winter day
A moody hart was lying
By a crystal stream side.
While flocks and cattle
Were playing with their mates,
It dreamed its only, lonely love.

With a love-sick, painful heart
The hart asked a falcon,
"Oh dull, weary falcon,
Have you seen my doe, my love,
Hopping down the valley?
Have you seen my only soul,
Wet in the night's mist,
Running or strolling or panting
Searching me in unknown alleys?"

"If you find tell her,
My heart is tired and withered,
Lying down by this stream.
Tell her, there are evil nymphs
Inducing me by their magical dance
To break my heart and penance.
Tell her, but my heart is like
This silver stream: pure and cool
And its reflection is true."
The hart is still lying by the stream...

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J T Jayasingh

Dam(N) Me

I am neither old nor young,
Neither weak nor strong,
Even I have doubts
In my pros and my cons,
True, I fed millions
Who sowed in dismay for years,
Who could turn sand into gold
Given a chance,
I was destined for this
By my white master,
But sooner or later
One day I may burst
And like Asoka's troupe,
I may run over and slaughter
The children of God's land,
Damn me!
Now they are fighting,
Fighting in my name,
Let me warn them one thing:
Dams may come and dams may go
But life must flow for ever...

J T Jayasingh

December Breeze

The cool December breeze
Rubbed the shrubs, streams, twigs,
The velvet skin of beauty queens
And even the dirty children of slums.
Every atom of the world wore
A peculiar charm, a glory
In my childhood.

Stars, carols, colorful lights,
Songs, balloons, Santaclauses,
Candles, cakes, cribs,
Dangling church bells,
Illuminated city shops,
Shopping of new clothes
And colorful greeting cards
All changed our moods.

While decorating our roof
With cute blinking bulbs,
I never knew
There were roofless mendicants,
Millions in my land.

Never I dreamed
My lovely little lamb
Would be tortured and killed
On the beautiful Christmas eve.

Only later in TV
I witnessed
Skeleton Kenyan children
Fought for clay cakes and die
When I had surplus plum cakes
To feed my Pomeranian at home.

Wearing brand new dresses
Of orange, azure and white,
We went
To the beautifully lit churches

We saw
The rich tree with candles and gifts,
Angelic children singing carols,
The child in golden velvet clothes
And devotees kneeling under it.

Alas! Only later
A vagabond messenger said
We didn't meet him there,
Jesus of Nazareth,
For he would sing with
The sinners in the streets,
Dine with the skeleton children
In the suburban slums,
And sleep with roofless outcasts
In the perilous wilderness.

Even now as usual
The cool December breeze
Rub the shrubs, streams, twigs...
There are stars, carols, gifts...
But will they reach the slums,
The outcasts, the wilderness
Where he is, Jesus of Nazareth?

J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

Deer

Her trembling hind legs
Gently pressed against
The rumbling dry leaves.
Careful, so careful, she moved
Step by step.
Her silky skin vibrated
For every tic-tac sound
Passing a chilly current
Through my inward nerves.
Oh! The dark succulent eyes
Which deserve thousand kisses
Frantically stared and rolled,
The twig like ears gently turned.
Suddenly a violent turn she made
Escaping from the dark power
Which chased wildly to suck her blood:
For some time a struggle
Between gentle meekness
And arrogant lust.
Finally the love thirst eyes welled up,
Stream lined neck bled,
Caught into the claws of death.
Reminding the crucified lamb
She won by sacrificing her life,
By the beauty of her meekness

J T Jayasingh

Every Star Tells A Story

In this murky gloomy night
Laying back on the grain of sands
I am counting the milky stars.
All are mere wonders here
And shadows of time ever.

The uncountable sand grains
Are carrying the foot-prints
Of great men of mighty ages.
They too were laying back
To measure the fiery stars,
To dream and swim away far.

Here is light and darkness,
Here is roar of the universe,
Here is the robust wind,
Here is life's fullness.

Alone in this dark night
Laying side by side
With the shadows of greats
I'm dreaming the away stars.
When all stop to watch me
Every star tells a story!

-J T Jayasingh

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J T Jayasingh

Farmer

With the smell of clay
And taste of sweat, he toils.
When his spade scoops a piece of earth'
It sends shudders through my nerves,
But the next moment I wish
To take a spade and scoop.
He sows, manures, waters,
Removes the weeds out:
All not in the same day
But slowly, intermittently.
He keeps his nerves when
A tiny worm makes designs
On the tender twigs,
When a deadly fly sucks out
The blood of juicy boughs
And alas! One day, when a mad wind
Uprooted his child like plants.
There are lines of pain on his forehead
Hidden by the trickling sweat
But cool is he like a breeze,
Kind is he like a mother cow;
When the first flower blooms
Blissful is he like the God!

J T Jayasingh

Flower Free In Me

White pearls dangle
In your tender ears.
In between the silky hair
The rosy twig ears
With pale minute hairs
Invite me to fondle.
The bangled soft hands
With purple design of nerves
Call me to caress.
Oh daughter of eve,
What man made wall,
What invisible fence,
What mood, what thought
Block me to sink in you?
Come, come back to innocence,
Make your mind tender
Like your ears and hands,
Break away the walls
And flower free in me!

-ingh

J T Jayasingh

Her Marble Legs

Every move of her marble legs
Made millions to fly in dreams:
More than the winking of her eyes
The eyes of cameras flashed,
Capturing her every
Physiological parts;
Perhaps to magnify,
Touch, retouch and print
In every possible angles,
At last only to sell.

While entering into
Human seas,
Her minute sighs, smiles,
Blushes and all sexual moves
Were admired with zealous and jealous.

Everyone tried nearing,
Touching and kissing her:
She was a touch so near
But miles far away,
And her untouched virgin heart
Was a world far away.

Oh she knew that all these were
Until her skin got a shrink,
Until these fickle minds
Turned to another pair of silky legs,
When tears rolled down secretly
Without camera flashes.

J T Jayasingh

I Wait...

I Wait...

The last birds return back,
Lower belly of the sky reddens,
Noises drown in dead silence,
A lonely star blinks dimly
In the distant northern sky'
I wait
As a eager child to his Mom,
I wait
As a restless lover to his love.
Where is the fragrance of love?
Where is the colour of care?
Things dissolve in mist,
Visions fade in fog,
Whole being shakes
Wet in the mist
I wait...

-□ J. t. jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

I, Mango Tree

I am old now
Not in human age
But of our own.
I am lonely and desolate
For no breed of my kind is
Found anywhere near.
Oh! Once we had our time:
I with my parents, siblings
And friends lived.
Even then I felt
The signs of their enmity:
Even their young ones
Threw stones upon my Mom
After chewing her delicious fruits.
"It is hard to read their nature",
Once my father said,
When he was a leafy bush.
Sometimes they watered us
And gave us food too
But only to harass,
Cut and chop into pieces
At their peak of madness.

I too had spring time
When I met my mate.
How handsome he was
With greenly, juicy leaves
And strong muscular boughs.
In a breezy august
He sent his first love message
Through the cute, tiny sparrow.
Then day by day we danced
In our ecstatic mood.
I blushed and flowered
To produce cute, golden fruits.
Birds played upon my bosom,
Squirrels lived on my boughs,
They too liked me then
Perhaps for my fruits.

Look there, the huge buildings!
All this place was once
The grove of my kind,
Then there was cool breeze
Magic scent, fruits, flowers,
Lovers, birds, squirrels
And all vibrant life.

But all ended on a May Day:
One after another all my kiths
Were chopped into pieces.
I watched all with pain and tears
And then mushroomed skyscrapers.
I don't know why all these happen!
I don't know whether they know why!
I am all alone now to see
Another May day in my life!
Is it my fate?

J T Jayasingh

India Is Shining

'India is shining', they said.
I scaled her length and breadth
To witness the show, 'yes',
The bare and cracked fields
Are glaring like the sun!

'Software is booming', they said
'Yes', the soft wears of young women
Are booming up and up
Leaving them bare legged!

'Economy is skyrocketing', they said.
'Yes', the economy of a few,
Rolling on creaking chairs
In the city sky-scrappers are!

'Millioners are increasing', they said.
'Yes', throwing millions
To the new list of beggars!

'We are becoming no.1', they said
'Yes', those who said these really are!
'India is shining', I say!

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J T Jayasingh

Indian Bull

I too had a Mom of red and white
Who licked my blood-stained waist.
She never hid her breasts
And sent me for toned milk.

I too played around her in sun light,
As my velvet skin shined bright.
She brought me always nigh
With her inward sigh.

I too was liked by humans
When my vigor attracted cows.
They fought to buy me once
To breed brand new calves.

I too was fed with full stomach
To carry their loads all the days.
They blessed me with big hays
To go and win all their ways.

But were all those for this end?
To walk on roads for miles,
Tied together smashed and crushed.
To be killed, to be slaughtered!

J T Jayasingh

Labourers In The City

There is sand on their halves
And grey stains on shirts and pants.
In the mad rush of the city
They sit on the reels of bridges.
These are lighter moments:
Cracking simple jokes and
Gazing the passing tidy passengers.
□

The dry, salty sweat
Still lingering on,
The smell of sand and cement
Drilling the nostrils,
A simple wait
For a cool, real bath.

The wrestle they've had
With iron, bricks and rocks
Would come as colourful scenes
In their late night's sleep
When their wives simply lie beside
Dreaming not a hot wet touch
But some silver shining bowls.

- J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

Life In Chambers

Why do I clothe me in plastic coats
Which block my flesh to feel
My neighbor's perennial heat:
The touch, the smile, the words
Of neverending life?
Why do they in freezing chambers
Silently gaze at machines
With weary, teary eyes
While the friendly throb of hearts
Are caught, rubbed and hardened
In the mechanical iron webs?
Why do you spray chemical scent
And lips with dyes paint
When your natural aroma
And raw juicy lips
Can still arouse the giants?
Why oh! Why we are killing
All the cells of life
Being caught inside the shells
Instead of simply living?

- J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

Life You Have But Once

Drenched in the sunny morning,
Inhaling the smell of corn,
I will plough as a farmer.
Clinched on a sailing boat,
Dancing with the mighty waves,
I will fish as a fisherman.
Wet by the fiery sweat,
Right across a sandy desert,
I will compete with a camel.
Dressed with the leaves of oak,
Deep inside a jungle rock,
I will climb as a tribal.

If you have time to spend
Come and learn the trend
For no AC, no PC
Will fetch this joy, my friend.
Come hither! Come hither!
Leaving all your care
For life you have but once.

J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

My Love

My Love

There are barriers, barricades,
Hiked huddles and barbed fences;
My love is staggering
To flow freely here;
Only echoes are heard
Of the chronic cry of my love;
All the doors are closed here
In the name of conventions;
But oodles of old stock are stored inside;
I am afraid, it may stink and decay
And turn into a toxic venom.

The robust birds are calling,
The bushes and trees,
The evanescent sun,
The ever-changing sky,
The magic tune of cosmos,
All are calling me.

All the doors are shattered,
I dissolve,
My love dissolves and evolves!

-ingh

J T Jayasingh

My Students

In the wee hours of my life
You come knocking at my door,
Then I find how pleasing
It is to fill your thirsty souls;
You variety faces,
Variety hearts and souls and colours,
I would be glad to find you
Head high among the crowds,
And gladder to see you
Climb up life's ladders
But when your tender hands
Reach some unreached souls
In the distant future
My eyes will shed drops of tears
And as a proud teacher
I would come to know
Long back I had lit a tiny fire!

- J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

Ode On The Dancing Girl

Oh dancing Harappan girl
Your sudden waking up
From the millenniums of oblivion
Couldn't break our pride and empty wit,
I see the sculpture in that distant past
Examine inch by inch thy naked posture
To turn thy flesh immortal.

Oh gist of the genius,
Collective wit of the noble past,
Can you reveal the mystery
That makes the huge chasm
Of dark filthy ages-
Between the master artist who
Burned to perfection
Your glowing metallic physique
And the modern Harappan
Who in the name of division
Burn her velvet flesh itself to ashes-

Oh glory of the noble past,
Have another millennium of oblivion
And wake not till these new Harappans
Learn some art!

-J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

Oh Full Moon

Oh Full Moon

The feeble cry of duties
Like a thorn in the flesh
Disturbs somewhere deep,
Deep in my heart.
Crowded plans and odd ambitions,
Meets, visits, and dry laughs
Pull me back, back to life.
Oh full moon
Even some moments I can't spare
Like in the past
To drench in your cool light,
To stare at your fare face,
To swim in the dancing shadows,
To dream her,
My moon girl
Who would be like you
Calm and cool;
Like you enriched with
Colourful mysteries and fancies.
What is life after all
Sans ever striving after her
Virgin heart to open;
Ever chasing her fragrant presence
To immerse in spiritual bliss?
Oh full moon
No longer rise in the dark sky
I'm too wise to watch you!

-□ T. Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

Oh! Butterfly

Oh! Butterfly

Oh! Gorgeous butterfly,

I too can like you fly

From flowers to flowers,

In sun light and showers.

I too can enjoy freedom

In all the kingdoms.

Like you I have all colors

Of all garden flowers.

But behold the dark boy

Down in the street without joy,

He can never with you fly.

Never can he have colors

For he is called poor,

A special breed of my genus!

J T Jayasingh

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J T Jayasingh

Oh! Giggling Child

Why are you giggling
Like a wild open fire,
The miniature human?
Have you heard the untold secrets?
May be, divine jokes have been cracked
By the celestial angels?
May be, still the heavenly peace
Is lingering like a leach on you?
Why are you giggling all your heart out
With bright sparkles on the face
Purifying the egotic burdens
Of the grown up onlookers?
Are you teasing us,
Seeing the unwanted filthy burdens
Breaking like branches our backs?
What secret are you telling
In an unknown language?
They say you are struggling
To form words
But only I know
That you are struggling
To make the ignorant know
The truth and peace
You have seen and lived.
I know I am a blurred,
Burdened and terrified
And can't laugh my heart out.
Oh miniature human
But now I'm sad of you
That you are growing old
To change like me!

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J T Jayasingh

Rise On

Rise on
Nothing hides beyond your reach,
They are unknown until you touch.
An earth worm, coal or nucleus
Of a microscopic cell,
All exist by you.
Oh! Light of the world,
What form and color are there
Without the rub of your rays?
What is our feeble life worth
Without these colors and forms?
Every morning we start to live
And with all our humble might
Try to extend that with sodium
And mercury to little success.
Lucifer's pandemonium you put light on;
The kill, the blood, the sin,
The greed, the smoke, the dirt
And all ancient and modern chaos
You put light on.
When you mix colors in the sky
Here they imitate with blood.
Oh sun! Light of the life,
Of late I have found
There are places in life
You haven't so far risen.
Please rise on an Indian girl's life,
Rise on our high places of justice,
Rise on a jobless lad's morning,
Rise on a poor man's hut,
Rise on the exploited lands of earth.
I still believe,
Nothing hides beyond your reach,
They are simply dead until you touch.

-J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

Second Coming

Second Coming

There is news of battles
Fought in the neighboring states,
Nations rise against nations,
Still there are marriages,
Hilarious visits of tourists
In the red deserts
And the turbulent shores;
In a lovely family of four
Father hasn't returned home,
Son was grabbed in front
Of mother's questioning eyes,
A whole family left
A giggling red child to live!
Is it the second coming?
The trails of much awaited Lord?
Were they lifted for eternal bliss?
And these are left for lasting doom?
Then why there are measures half done,
If it is the Lords Day?
"Home is a place when you have to
Go there, they have to take you in"*
My kins of Sri Lanka
Where will you go?

-J.T. Jayasingh

*(from Robert Frost's poem)

J T Jayasingh

Somewhere In The Darkness

Somewhere in the darkness
A church bell rings;
It takes me to the
Sweet melodies of Muhammed Rafi
Floating on the breeze;
It shows me color of pink,
Red and black
Which were the colors worn by
The tender Gujarati women
Dancing in the sun hot plains.

My mind eschews the day
A new TV came to my home:
My young mind dreamt
Seeing dances and forms
Of everywhere hitherto unknown
When whatever I saw had
A halo of romantic glory.

Now my vacant mind yawns
For that glory:
The promised color, form and love,
My long anticipated love...

-J T Jayasingh

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J T Jayasingh

Tears Of Change

What gathering is this,
Of song and dance and outburst
And a rare blend of black and white?
What rhythm pierces my heart
In the backdrop of a modern drama?
It reminds me of a rhythm which flourished
In the deep African jungles
Before historians learned their art.
Oh wild emotional cries
Do you come out of joy or sorrow
Or a mix of long suppressed emotions?
Which are more costly tears here
The ones shed by the real liberated souls
Or those shed by their former masters
For their fathers' mistakes rewritten?
I don't know!
But I know,
You are the change!
You are the peak of human history,
You are the end of an end,
Barack Obama

I have a glimpse of your forefathers
Burnt even by the cruel sun,
Who tattooed their pains in their flesh,
Who as buffaloes were sold and thrashed
In the apartheid market places.
I recollect your hungry eyes,
Dried flesh and burned skin.
When oodles of freedom enshrined
The living beings on the earth
You like Lucifer's party were chained
To groan and fume.

Oh black beauties,
Art of oil and cloud,
I capture the scene of
You chained in the ashes.
Oh dearest Africans,

You are the real emotional beings:

When you sing,

When you laugh,

When you cry,

I see the passion of emotions.

Today I see

Luther, Biko, Lincoln

Mandela, Gandhi and

A million others

Shed tears in the sky

The tears of change!

J T Jayasingh

The Calm Soul

How rarest is the calm soul
Of a little lady,
No vibration of any emotion
Could be traced on the surface,
You have to patiently wait
And gaze long like a bird watcher
To get a little glance
And to read a thin line of smile
At the fringe of the juicy, rosy lips.
The motherly calmness of the face
May have oodles of love,
Of humble sweetness and secrets
Neatly packed within
Only a gentle heart
Deserves to fetch it.

It gives the thrill
Of an alchemist
To excavate this soul,
These rarest calm faces made
Poets to forget the pains of life,
These deep souls with their
Gentle impalpable warmth
Made philosophers to meditate
It seems all the secrets of life,
All joys and pains are here to explore!
- J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

The Curse Of Female Spirit (Poem Dedicated To Women's Day)

They called their land 'Mother'
And even 'Mother' they called their seas
'The Ganga', 'The Saraswati'
They made the rivers female
And washed their sins in them.

My female parts have been worshipped
As sacred in their holy temples
But abused by nasty words
In public latrines and remote caves.

When I covered myself full
They stripped me in the middle of their streets;
When I exposed my beauty
They clipped my chudidar's ends.

When I was a maid in their homes
They pulled me to their beds;
I was wedded to share their beds
And they made me wash their clothes.

I asked them to leave me, they sold me,
I pleaded them to receive me, they bought me;
When I was to share, they used me
And when it was my turn they neglected.

They played their tune and I danced
And when I found my tune, they crushed it.
They killed me at the stove, between the legs
And inside the womb.

Enough is enough!
I am no more to be born in their kingdom,
Let them quench their lust among themselves,
Let them eat, drink, fight,
If needed clone more males,

Let there be all males
Who burn in their lust and
Shed blood in the fuming hell.
Singh

J T Jayasingh

The Final Call

The Final Call

The final call has come
Out from the woods,
The paths may be meandering
And labyrinth of creepers may
Make my journey tough,
Under darkened canopies
Man-eaters may lick their paws,
But let me go.

No beating of emotions,
No hiding, no cheating,
No intellectual pride,
No false fantasy,
No covering of masks,
No hindrance of expressions,
I would witness there.

Love or lust,
Feeding or being fed,
Running or chasing;
From a blinking doe
To a roaring lion,
All are straight and plain there-
By the law of nature-

The shrieking birds are calling,
Dripping drops are calling'
Let me go...

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J T Jayasingh

The Journey Thus Far

In the silent empty hours
Life's wagon wheel rolls back:
It shows hackneyed reels
Of undone actions;
The childish childhood
Simply passed without a fit pal;
Why he hated me, my brother?
Perhaps taking me as a threat;
Why that trembling fear
Of meeting girls and elders?
What an ugly shyness!
Even to face the next door aunties,
Somehow it passed, the childhood
With Mom's stories, innocent plays
Quarrelling, weeping
Laughing and mocking.

Adolescence- red hot furnace-
Heavenly dreams gave way to
Burning thoughts of fleshy girls,
Red pimples on the cheek
And uneven beard on the face
Revealed the clashes inside,
Ambitions withered like petals
And loves shattered like fog.

Next, youth with oodles of confusions,
Fires and raw dealings;
Sometimes a light flashed
And the world was under his feet;
Sometimes a foggy darkness
Buried all his peace;
Reading, thinking and writing
Made truth a touch so near
But miles far away;
Conquering of every new peak
Opened new vistas of mounts,
Virgin valleys and untouched heights.

The young man arrived
With a fully grown up beard,
Honing body and soul and spirit
To start a brand new life;
Less in thoughts and more in dreams;
Careless and vibrant in moves
Like an insect at a flame- trial and error.

Every single step was a journey,
Every other stop was a learning spot,
When reality faded Maya revealed.
Vacant railway stations
Roaring shores, shop verandas,
Empty grounds after hectic actions
Jostling human seas, tender leaves,
Tired home coming birds,
Life trod on making lasting marks.
No sign was within the grasp
To know who he was
To know the purpose of life,
Simply a journey thus far
And a journey forward.

- J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

The Lonely Tea Picker

The same red sun
Spreads his light
Through the tall pine trees,
The same silver clouds
Glitter and move towards the mounts,
The cool armies of ghost like mist
Come out of the greenish tea plants.
Now I hear a mild sweet voice
Reverberating in the
Green clothed valleys,
That cannot soothe
The bleeding hearts!

What makes this
Lonely Dravidian tea picker
To pour out her heart,
As the odor of pesticides
Cut through the lungs,
As the hard labored leaves
Are made high-tech currencies
In the global markets?
What brings this divine voice
Through the cropped tea plants?
Is it the tragic stories
Of long done wars?
Is it the pain of
Drought or flood or famine?
Or is it the tragedy of burning stomachs
And dying hopes everyday?

The bending estate woman
With a tea basket on her back,
And her divine warbling,
That couldn't soothe tired laborers
Made an eternal impression
In my heart.
I gently passed, not to meditate,
But to burst out.

The Poets Are Banished

In my country the poets are banished,
Banished from their memory.
I know, I write in vain
For deaf are their sticky ears,
And blind their cataract eyes.
But their mouths are restless, active
To recite the slogans
Of airtel and reliance.

I don't wonder
For they captured
Dead philosophers within cabins
To count currencies,
And they parted poets
Among their parties
To cement their seats.

What if a poet is born here?
To be published and recited
For a while as a buffoon
But all he tells will faithfully
Follow him on his doom.

Your light cannot lit this darkness
For they follow the fireflies.
Your wings cannot make them fly
For they take the wings of white ants.
I know, I know this is not
The place a poet to be born
For when he dies more houseflies
Will attend his funeral than them.

J T Jayasingh

The Train I Travel

The train I travel is moving.
I see uncountable heads:
Black and white;
Chubby and bonny-
Smiling, sleeping, thinking-
All are human heads.
Then why there are glasses
Only in some bogies?
Why there are classes,
First, second and third?
I hear horrendous sound
Peculiar only to a train:
The sound of the clanging of iron,
The sound of machine;
Oh! Machine, which made
All the differences.
There is a stop- a station-
Again the rush, the pull, the race,
The sound of the machine
Spread through the station.
Perhaps they sing, listen,
Sleep, swallow and enjoy;
The blessed classes.
But who cares,
There are human insects
Surviving in the third class!

(It was written while I was travelling in a train from Kottayam to Trivandrum in April,2007. Read at Kritiya International Poetry Festival)

J T Jayasingh

There Was A Time

There was a time, my son,
Wild parrots shrieked
And koels sang from the groves
To wake the humans from sleep,
No clang of machines drove
Them to the end of their life.

There was a time, my son,
Rainbow colored Gujarati women
Would weave their dreams
With their tender bangled hands,
They dreamt their life
In the color of yellow and crimson
Around the corner of our streets,
No globalization drove them
To the far away wilderness.

There was a time, my son,
Elders uttered parables
Under the shades of coconut trees
In the corner of the streets,
While happy mothers fed moon-rice-
Hand-made in the grinding stones-
To their really hungry children.

There was a time, my son,
The crystal water of our brooks
Faithfully drew our pictures,
And we swam with silver fishes
In the morning cool water,
No beverage factory then
Made life-drops silver coins.

I tell you, I tell you, my son,
There was a time
We really lived our life!

J T Jayasingh

They Are Extinct

My son, look at the azure sky
And the yellowish red cloud
Cover the sun below.
Like this so many
Nature's paintings were
Divinely described by them.

When horses and warriors fell,
My son, it was them who
Tightened the bones of laymen
To fight against the darkness.

When unidentified corpses
Were scattered across the streets
And graves were made without
Scribbled stones,
My son, they lamented upon them
And scribbled in their pages.

When human hearts were darkened
With greed and pride,
My son, their fiery words
Purged their souls.

Behold, the worn out hut
Down in the valley of shrubs,
There lived the last one of that kind.
I have a hackneyed vision
Of the man with the walk of an oxen
And vision of an eagle,
Killed in front of the modern men.
There was four times rain
And two times harvest,
Evil was smashed
And the humble released
When he was living there.

My son, hark a secret:
Still his unread neglected

Scribbling is with me,
Which they will set fire if they find.
My son, will you keep this
Until it sparks another poet?

(Read at Kritya International Poetry Festival. Star finalist in the Voicesnet poetry competition)

J T Jayasingh

To Be Or Not To Be

To be or not to be
Ecstatic crows fly
To feed themselves
And their young ones,
And to build houses,
In this blue misty morning.

Deep under oceans
Crabs and whales
With their young ones
Kill, eat, feed and play
As their ancestors did.

Serpents in the deserts
Take their crooked ways
To catch or bite or kill
Being faithful to their duties,
Even the wicked serpents.

But where am I
In this sweet sore morning?
What to do? Where to go?
To be or not to be?
My mind is humane, painful!

J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

To Win The Stars

Across the seas I see my path
Not of concrete or of tar
But of celestial bars,
It assaults the mighty waves
With no stain and curves.

Beyond the clouds my vehicle waits
To visit the divine stars.
I am a man, I am life,
I was born to inhale all;
No stink of currency or of comfort
Can block my golden path;
No limit of flesh or of fall
Make my way dark.

I feel the coolness,
Inhale the odor
And view the celestial stars;
My life is to do this journey;
To go and win the stars.

- J T Jayasingh

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J T Jayasingh

Trail Blazer

Her eyes were darkened
By loosing all the visible trails,
Every side people showed faces,
Even Mom, Dad, bosom friend
And next door neibhor,
Million words were thrown
Using the diabolic two edged organ:
Well crafted reasoning,
Dry hecklings and quick judgments,
At last he bent and wrote
On the raw sandy ground,
A new trail blazed
In her heart!

- J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh

Upon A Dry Branch

A cute female child
Is cat-walking
On her high heels.

A lean brown goat
Is grazing polythene
In the street rubbish.

A moulded red car
Is chasing the wind
Without a driver.

A lonely thin crow
Is starving...cawing...
Upon a dry branch...

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J T Jayasingh

Waves Won't Die

When he was a child,
He put a tiny stone
Into a silent pond,
That made ripples,
And still come in his dreams.

In the green paddy fields,
He found waves in childhood,
But in their greediness,
They fed with pesticides,
And killed the earth.
Years later, he found
Only a green less desert,
But still waves were there,
That time, only heat waves.

He watched -later in life-
A roaring ocean kisses the shore
With its everlasting waves.
Waves made further waves
Not only of water but of sound:
Sound of the roar,
Sound of the lively speech
Of the fisher folk,
Sound of the little kingfishers.

His first love
With her jasmine fragrance
Made a wave in his heart.
The first look of a beggar,
An injustice done, the taste of God
And all made in him waves.
Months and years passed,
But still in silent nights,
He is caught, moved and shaped
By all these waves.
Waves won't die...

We Are High Caste And They Are Low Caste

We are high caste
And they are low caste
Our caste has no exchange with them,
I mean, marriage exchanges
Even they are not allowed in our homes,
They clean our toilets, courtyards
And do some works in our fields,
They eat cows and what not,
Dirty fellows...
But we eat only fish and goat.

They worship their own gods
Perhaps we too worship them
After all gods are needed for blessings
Last week our caste people made a dharna
To include us in the list of backward caste
We all went to give our voice
In fact it was only eyewash
A huge sum was already paid
To the white Dhoti minister
Through our caste MLA
Backward caste will get Government jobs
Then our caste will rule the state

Don't think all in our caste are great
You know, there are four sub castes in our caste
And among them we are the top
We don't have any exchanges with them too
But they can come to our homes

The low castes have many reservations
According to the Indian law
But we know they can't get it
How can they unless they are given education?
That we don't allow

If they go to school
Then who will do all these menial works?
Now-a-days they are showing some pride

That has to be broken
Even some are walking on our streets
But there are ways to deal with them
A few years back our president's son
Eloped with a low caste girl
We killed both to keep our pride
Another woman was stripped
And brought through the street
For walking on our street
Yet another idiot was butchered at his home
For contesting election perhaps reserved for them

The list is long
In short, they are low caste and we are high caste
There are higher castes too but they lost their teeth
Now it is our time
Who said castes are gone in India
In fact they are consolidated
Even in our sacred books there are castes
In fact that is why they are sacred
Government offices, schools, hospitals
All are caste run
For India is caste, caste India
Anyhow we are high caste and they are low caste
There are higher castes too
So don't forecast any changes in caste
In your TV or Radio broadcast
Or else you would become an outcast...

Copy right @ ingh

J T Jayasingh

Why Do I Dream In Words?

Why do I dream in words
In which our farmers
In their duty mood
Didn't name their fruits
And curse the sucking bucks?
Why I dream in words
In which my mom didn't ask
Me to suck her milk
And lull me to sleep?

Why I dream in words
In which even Kannaki
Didn't cry in deep agony
And took her oath?

The words I lived
And played and dreamt,
The words instilled in my blood
By my dark fore fathers
But still sleep in me dormant.

Then why I dream in words
Which later intruded into
My unguarded mind
Like a high-tech city girl?

I know, after all, they're words
Which have life;
Black or white or brown
They are words of men,
Living and moving.
I dream and I'll dream
From words East and West...

J T Jayasingh

Wind

Oh mighty magic wind!
Tender twigs gently dance
And green boughs nod,
Showing your impalpable presence.
Aroma of jasmine and rose
You fetch from gardens
Evoke my tiny nerves
To fly, to sing, to dream
With the dancing white angels.

A dry little seed, I see,
Floats on you free,
Carrying life within
May in future be
A huge banyan or herb
And one day will dance
Again in your presence.

Like a shepherd,
You chase the clouds
To wet the wide lands.
Oh! you enter into
The bellows of harmoniums
And flow as sweet music.
You rub some throats
And become divine songs.

Oh mighty magic wind!
But I can tie you down
At my wish and will:
I breathe you in and out.
But at last when you win,
You go out,
I am all out.

J T Jayasingh

You

Those mornings dawned
With songs and scent and colour,
There was a hope, a thrill
To meet you,
You the daughter of eve
Who could have pacified
My fuming manly heart
With satiation less love,
Who could have cured
My burning aches
With a cool soft touch.
Now also mornings dawn
But so practical and real
For no more wait for you,
No thrill, colour, scent, song...

J T Jayasingh

You And Me And Our Pals

It was a time we played together
You and me and our peer pals.
I waited, desperate in the sterile afternoons
To hear the trilling bell of your old bicycle
-The dark sturdy boy with an innocent face-
While you passed through my house
Thousand tube lights blinked in my soul.

We played on dusty grounds
Under the watchful eyes of the burning sun,
Play (cricket) was the greatest act then:
Our mantra, incantation and philosopher
At its alter all our pride and ego were burnt
To mould you and me and our pals one.

Do you remember our casual chats
With the witty engineer and others?
We learnt to debate, discuss and coexist.
What noble thoughts and fiery plans we had
That would have made the world upside given a chance!

One day when you showed your deepest heart
I knew you wished to become a naxalite
To fight for the oppressed,
And then I told I would be a police,
But now you are in kaki like a bird in a cage
And I am a free bird fighting with my pen
Sitting on terrains and trains.

Even now sometimes in the wee hours
Only in a hackneyed vision I see
A bunch of fiery lads discuss lofty matters,
You and me and our pals...

J T Jayasingh

J T Jayasingh