

Poetry Series

Meenu Alex
- poems -

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Meenu Alex()

Hi, me from Kerala, India...interested in literature, books, music and friends..I believe in the freedom of expression.I believe my poetry 'cos it finds me a space I enjoy..Though the world sometimes appears not so welcoming, I love the world, not because of my magnanimity, but I am enchanted forever in its mysterious ways..

Of poems;

'It is a song composed by contemplation

And published by silence,

And shunned by clamor,

And folded by truth,

And repeated by dreams,

And understood by love,

And hidden by awakening,

And sung by the soul! ' (Khalil Gibran)

.....Ho!

Once I defeated myself
This time it is people who defeated me
Once I blamed myself
This time I dont know who is to blame!
On the floor again
In the mud once more
There is no retakes or rewinds in life
Now I am not dare enough to utter those four letter word
I will replace it with pain of loss perhaps
Something is clouding up inside
This time the rain arrived early, it came without much force
So spontaneous, natural, unexpected
It could be a green house effect
Have to come to the open and face it!
For once its ok
but its too much for a second time
Once it was a memory
A rheum of memory for the second time
Black and White
Blank and Empty
GOOOOOO
You are all bloody criminals
You dont know how to deal with sensitive issues
And you boast yourselves as great philosophers!
What was that? Earth and earth attraction?
Very funny!
Similarity in names, dreams and thoughts
Those sacks let it, let it be burned and the smoke, let it, I dont know
Let it go or do as it likes! Pinnallaathe!

Meenu Alex

...A Song Of Joy

Knowing in my heart that I can change it
For good
Listening to the murmurs of the waves
For ever
Craving for the skies and almost near it
For the first time
Kissing the grass blades and sucking the dew
For a toast
Lovely thoughts never left me
For ever
Learned to smile through tears
Again for the first time
Oh what a feel!
Yeah this is the season of dance and music
Fun and frolic
Hey, wanna get a feel
For once and for a long while
The jingle bells ring in heaven
the reflections reach in earth zone
Hey, here anything to say? ! ! !

Meenu Alex

A Frame For The Lost

It was a perfect fitting frame for the loss
The words could only tell it in slants though.
Yes! We are but a tiresome folk who could express
Only half truths!
Heart says its not enough
It is not even half truth
But
Trying to explain what is lost
Its like pricking the not so healed wounds
Oh at last I could accept it's a wound!
Well truth is closing in! !

Meenu Alex

A Prayer

Let there be peace in times of chaos
Let there be love in times of despair
Let all turn out to be for good
Let us rejoice!

There shall be rain and sunshine
There shall be music, friendship
There shall be hugs of comfort
There shall be a spring after the winter!

May all smile from the deep heart
May the smile reach so many
May the wind kiss the needy
May the soft feelings enrich!

Volumes of words may pour forth
Volumes of tender thoughts too
Volumes of lovely moments
For those who need it!

The world and all there
Need love, friends, courage:
Hope leads them forward
Let it be so!

Let the weak assert
Let them find their place
Let the world be a place for all
Let us rejoice!

In times of trouble
May all feel God's presence
In times of great joy
May all feel God!

In need of green pastures
Let all be shown roads
In need of waters
May there be streams!

Let all be All right
'Cos God is in heaven!

Meenu Alex

A Song For The New Year

A new day
A new time
Old dreams in new smile
Sweet thoughts and love songs
Blue violets reign in palms
December poked a rueful face
At the time of its parting bells
Candles are lit
The table is set
Flowers kept in the Italian wooden vase
The aroma of fresh cuisine...
Stop for a while to take in the taste in smell
Breathe deep and feel the dish
and be ready for a new day..
Forget the pain
Break away and embrace the world
Let hope kindle in your heart
And may you light your world with your love
It is to You And to all
A farfetched dream and a romantic deviation? ? ?
NEY! Better not to see things in black and white
At least this time of the year! ! ! My dears!

Meenu Alex

'Anarchy'

The windows were kept open during the whole evening
Expecting the return of the monsoon rain....

Violet was the flower of love

Violet loved a vagabond and was lost in finding him

The river craved for her heart..

I love my random thoughts and the its hot smell

Once the thoughts are out I give it up for the skies

Freed thoughts dwell in the leisure plane of the green sky

The sky green with earthy hopes and wet memories

Things are getting out of control

Well this is it the unpredictability of every road

And its destination is a question

That slides through slippery moist mosaic....

It was an innocent and innocuous crime

To live in dreams and giggle while reading ...well..physics? or even Maths

Meenu Alex

Attention

Listen for a while to the unweaving of my broken heart
Seriously injured and tattered to the core
It now awaits something to clutch on
The world is so unfair sometimes
It leaves a cold ear to all the worries
It rains outside
But I feel it inside
Somebody is crying inside for a long time
I feel her so wet, washed, weak and hurt!

Meenu Alex

Birds Of Neighborhood

Daughters of freedom
Fetch some feathers of tender thoughts
To soothe the wounded hearts of dark despair
To tell the earth to look at the blue sky
And see the infinite paths to horizon

Once a little sparrow chirped its joy
In words possessed with music
Of the simple pleasure of flying to the ends
And kissing each flower
And looking for the dew
And sucking sweet honey

If at all life is as uncomplicated as that!

Meenu Alex

Black

Knotted thoughts
Figures like shadows
The day in grey shades
The ears hear the faint footsteps
Of chaos infinite
No one cried with a wet cheek
But some pondered like the cat Celima
On the bank of the river
But was wise not to slip into the water
No body answered
No more any one thought of the questions
Because the questions smelled Black
And the day skipped to a jerky break!

Meenu Alex

Blue

</>Hey Isabel
Friend of Jennifer
beloved of Marvin of Oak trees
A fan of Ulysses
An admirer of sea hunters
A witch with wings
One with indulging eyes
A mind traveler of rain forest
The one who eats red tulips in fever
Welcomes colors but chooses blue
One who wanders with bare foot
To see red and feel it
Isabel, Who are You?

Meenu Alex

Can We Revisit?

In Xanadu Again

The magic chasms told me about the great days of Kublakhan

Of the wars fought, won and lost

Of the damsels and their dainty days

Of the daring youth and their unflinching spirit

Of the tears of women in dark dungeons

In Xanadu lived a great Kublakhan

It was a world built upon a shining glass structure

Founded on stories untold

The gladiators fought in the open space

Either to be groomed for the next battle or to be munched by the animals in waiting

The archaic remnants of the broken walls

The secret recess, the hidden treasures

the high pitched fortresses all were there for a glimpse

Again sailors thronged there for a heap of gold and jewels

In exchange for dried fish and opium

Ibn battuta described Xanadu

as a world of wonders in his 'Rihla'

The pleasure dome went to the sea

And the sea, a witness to all!

-My Respects to the great poet Coleridge

Meenu Alex

Chase!

They were running for a longtime
As if being chased by a crowd
The girl was crawling behind
like one who spent the last dropp of energy
The boy kept looking far behind
For the roar was still very much alive in his ears
Footsteps thundered from all corners
They ran and ran
And lived and lived
And at last towards the end or sometime in between,
they joined a crowd who was chasing
a frightened soul!

Meenu Alex

Daivame

The rivers have sung a powerful song
A song of fury
The song that echoed even in the mountain peaks
One with red flames
The rivers have kept it in its womb
And when the song arrived
Rivers, the mothers whispered words of anger
and tunes of war into its tender but willing ears
The world waited for it as if for the coming of the spring
And those who heard it;
some died on the spot
some resurrected
many forgot themselves
The priest crossed himself
The God Almighty smiled to himself
I kept on looking at the reflection in the ocean!

Meenu Alex

Game

Tomorrow is the day
When she will learn to forget and forgive
Forgetting is an art
And she knows how to do it
It is a game where there is only one player
Accept the past as it is
Face it
And then deny it
It is a game when one plays it-
Knowing that its a one man show
And one can be an assured winner!

Meenu Alex

Hullabaloo Reloaded!

Another day of infinite hullabaloo
They come in cars, leave it here and
Stuck themselves in a big Tata Sumo and fly
Me and the children sit together and laugh to tv shows
Snacks tins opened
Searched on the world wide web
Talks on phone
And waited for the calls....
Again another day, tomorrow
What will it be like..
Like seasons and rains? Like Batura and kadai chicken?
Like Salt and pepper? A stormy night? A Sea wind?
I hear sobs, I hear laughter
I hear secrets, despair, hope, boredom
I hear something falling on the floor
I see a feather, smooth and tender,
Slowly breezing in a distance...
Away, but I raised my hand unknowingly
Towards....I have to leave something here
Like the feather in the wind

Again what shall it be like?

Meenu Alex

Jennifer Was A Sea Nymph

I had known Jennifer during the degree
She was the one who laughed in wild ecstasy
When the sea wind ruffled her hair
The ship was named after her
For the captain always remembered
How she laughed standing against the wind
In the front top point of the ship
Hairs in the air like a sea fairy
Hands extended towards the waters with passion
She was in love with the sea and the ship
She could be in the real self only there
She was a sea spirit incarnated
I still have her in mind
As one who fills the pages, with her
laughter and free spirit!

Meenu Alex

Love

Love was once the epitome of intense emotion
Now no more
I am totally perplexed!
The what how and whos of love
Once I believed in love
Now no more
I believed I was in love many times
But time changes, situation changes
Alas! My love also changes
The great poet says love is eternity
It does not change with alterations
But.....
May be I am mistaken
I was not in love
But it was something called
What should I call it? Infatuation?
Well I don't believe the theory of love at first sight
It is a feeling that evolves eventually
It takes time!
And time, time only can prove the truth of love!

Meenu Alex

Memories Of A River

Each river has a bunch of stories to tell
The story of dreams failed
Of lost love
Of the burning truth and the hot smell
Of life real

The river even knew the pain
Of thoughts going parallel
With their hands never yielding to a touch
The injured lives

The deceit killed a heart
And the river knew it before
Lust reigned in one
And the river could see it in the eyes
And waited for the injured soul

Each day the river waited for the silent cries from afar
The sighs of the world thronged on its shore
And the delight of the paper boats,
Will it survive the sighs?

Again the monsoon came late
But the river was wet with memories

Meenu Alex

Mirror

I see myself in the mirror
The mirror image
Suddenly I am aware of the somebody
Lurking behind me with foolish thoughts
The thoughts that drench me in soft memories
The memories of long lost vagabond
The mirror began to speak some truths
The only option is to destroy the possibility
Of being exposed to the mirror
To bury the dangerous vulnerable inside
But no! why? Somehow I feel that
The real self, the exotic is my truth!

Meenu Alex

'Penning'

Please don't bother
I am not a writer
I have no intentions to reform the world
Why, I am not even skeptic who
Well, ask for unwanted troubles for example.
That means I am not a silly old fool, you know
I think you understand my point
Oh please see the world is so well and good for us
Why do you want changes?
Remember changes are not desirous
Let it be so
Why don't you?
You got my point?
Well I am not a writer
That's a relief!

Meenu Alex

Peril Unending

march ahead
cool hurdles
smirky faces
dusty road
colors that the climate declined
words like the silent numb
this is where I am at last
shud i laugh?

Meenu Alex

Salt

I am thinking of water now, today
Like a seagull its the salty taste
Its salt smell
Its moist vapors and for its crusty feel
I wait till the end
Until the smoke leaves the white crystal
Salt
The benevolent sun gives a rainbow in my hand
You are my salt
You are the salt of the earth
You are my crystalline dreams
My heart!
Crisp, pure, throbbing life
you hid something precious inside
Salt
The sunflower turned the slender
seductive neck towards the sea
The salt and its smell
A young wild tiny flower walked on its heels
and called me from the ground
I knelt down and opened my hands
to the flower, , , salt and its smell
Then we laughed together..

Meenu Alex

The Cry

It was quite unmusical and clumsy like a crushing sound of the fried snacks
There was an intermittent jerk, gritty brakes in between
Squeaky shrieks in the end
The default settings were at loser's end
And at last the hateful wetness like ...tears
Oh no its like going back to the wild and be a miserable uncivilized
Braking away from the appearances was a tough ugly task
A menace actually
She laughed in wild rhythm
Throwing back the hairs in hysteric ecstasy
Madness seized her and she was soothed in tender hands of anarchy
The wind lent her its easy hand to unfold the security
She jeered at the safety walls with a leap to the open ground of mud and stain
She was corrupted in their eyes and she was happy!
That's how the story goes...no full stops only semicolon; ; ;

Meenu Alex

The Rain

The flood came before rain
Then I knew
Things now take on a topsy turvy course
Memories got etched before dreams
Then I knew
The difference between ice and iceberg
Rainbows flickered even in summer
Then I knew
The humid soft touch of love
That resists rusting
Stories began to tell big lies
Then I knew
How to read the heart of the sea
Questions never yielded for an answer
Then I knew
Searching is no more a means to find
And living is a phenomenon like rain
Where predictions stands at a rare chance
But we love its incessant pour
And still wait for the rainbow!

Meenu Alex

The Scent Of The Rain

Somewhere somebody waited for someone
The waiting broke her heart
And the blood tinged with pain
Oozed out from every pores and hair roots.
It was exactly at this point that the wind came
With a romantic note of a hopeful arrival
A silence
The music in the note rested unrendered
Somewhere in the distance
Another mighty heart gave in
The thunder
The heart thundered and then started bleeding
And love began to rain on and on
And then came the lightening
And all the flowers of earth bloomed to a smile
The scent of the rain remained all night! !

Meenu Alex

What Shall I Call 'This Day'?

Things are falling apart
It had fallen apart already
who is to blame?
I cant be, this time, for i was willing to go on
i started dreaming
planning
learning
trying
talking
listening
placed myself in that world
was it a fantasy world?
was i a romantic fool
who went wrong?
or where things went wrong?
is it money? may be
is it milk? perhaps
is it the homeo affair? sometimes
or is it the sum total of all these? well
why did it go this far?
why again this time?
who am i talking?
well ultimately it went with the dictum
man proposes
god disposes!

Meenu Alex