

Poetry Series

Nanthinii Mohan
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Nanthinii Mohan(8th February,1991)

Lullaby

Have you ever wish to hear the world's best song?
I do wish, when I hear it now.
I know very well that it was not for me exactly;
yet, it rages my envy why is it always for someone else and not me?
The harmony in it could be brought by no harp and
The symphony in it could be brought by no divine musician;
There could be no profound lyrics or rhyme in it
But-is filled with love and affection, care and compassion,
Feel and fantasy and the sense of true security!
It made me the king of the world,
Growing on her lap when she sung that for me,
The love of my life and it made me believe in
Love at first sight, from the day when I saw my mom
Singing a lullaby for me, the best song I ever heard!

Nanthinii Mohan

My First Footprints

I remember the day, when I strolled with you!
You cared for me at my very steps-
Holding my arm in yours;
I kept moving by your side- all along the way.
You wept for me, when my legs pained
More than I and none as you;
I prayed god not to separate us till my demise!
But it was me not you pierced the wall of our love and
Reached the path where you cannot see me;
It seems yesterday, the day I started moving
Till distances apart us!
Yet, you stood there and not me
Still in love, awaiting my return!
Forgetting that it was you let me to walk first!

Nanthinii Mohan

My Turn

That morning! Seemed to arise late
And I was to get up earlier that day;
No time to feel that salubrious ambiance,
And no minute to yawn or relax!
Coz, hundreds and fifties were waiting before my turn!
Yes, it was for the priceless fluid-
Flows like a silver surge on a hosepipe.
Women frenzied with their containers
And men appalling near them!
And I with a nostalgic deliberation-
Pondered why it was made insufficient?
After a series of thoughts-flashed the certainty:
Everything's because of us and only because of us!
Muting myself, moved ahead-unwilling to lose my turn for it!

Nanthinii Mohan

Photograph!

Did you take your name after – paradox?
You let us smile, and you let us cry.
Sometimes you still smile;
But rarely do I see u in tears.
Isn't this unfair?
May be, that's why people regard you as memories—
For some being the most cherished;
And for others, a mere passing cloud.
But there are times you still remind us –
The lush history, we totally forgot.
In that case, are you a magical mirror then?
To show me, the dreams of my past;
And the painful remains of the present.
You should be my friend, I guess;
Because, no one else – except you,
Knew what I had in my heart.
Are you what people call – a time machine?
Since you let us go to the past.
But you also forbid us to hook in there.
No more dilemmas! Because –
We only exhaust to find out who you are;
We'll never find and you will never rest.□
You must be the byword of hope.
For you never tire to save our present for future.

Nanthinii Mohan

Pillow

A halo behind heads-
Archetype of mother's lap,
Lulling us to peace.

Nanthinii Mohan

Plastic

(An Eternal Being!)

Never dies from world!
Even many a times you burn it-
Like phoenix's rebirth.

Nanthinii Mohan

Rainbow (A Teacher Of Equality)

It is the colour of seven threaded in one;
As that of a free silk gown, before the eyes of poor!

It is a greeting to earth through clouds;
With its curved eyebrow!

It is the art and tact of nature;
Where it can't be learnt by any other means!

It is the anchor to give us the happiness;
That can be dissolved neither in air nor in water!

It is adorned in the sky to show us;
The path of nature and its divine silence!

It is the jewel made up of haze;
To welcome the guest- rainfall!

It is a boon, given to us;
For the long penance of our eyes!

It is the wonder, pointed out in a single finger;
Whenever we peep above the sky!

It is the garland from heaven's holy fairies;
To destroy the disparity among men!

It is a glorious gift from nature;
For it appears the same to everyone!

Nanthinii Mohan

Saree

Heaven's sheath lay
As if it's the best lover
Warms her up from shy

Nanthinii Mohan

Smile

A golden carpet spread vast and wide,
Bringing us before, a dancing silvery deluge!
As if a new pink bud waking up,
From its deep and deep sleep;
Shows us a long and pretty cheerfulness,
Welcoming the hearts in all means!
The tinkling teeth veils behind it,
Yearning to have a worldly sight.
Even its solemn silence before us,
Warms our heart by all ways.
Makes the one standing before- to glisten;
Grabbing all the others attention.
Gifting us a life of divine,
It also paves a way, to live more and more!

Nanthinii Mohan

Starting Trouble

I remember the day, when I wrote my first verse!
Writing a poem was not at all a matter of business for me,
And it was not a colossal chore, when my master asked me to write one;
But, in veracity I have ever written none.

Pondering on great poetic legends and their near and dears,
Their prodigious thoughts crammed my wits;
The proceedings seemed as if they are gliding higher than the clouds;
I am all set and clear nearly for hours.

Then my sister scoffed at me, brother mocked with her,
Granny chuckled, grandpa giggled and of course there was a silencer!
Amazed, to get appraisal even before I moved further;
After all, those are initiatives for an up-and-coming writer.

I astounded that I too got critics, and it made me to move on;
Yet puzzled to find out what they actually mean.
But it made me to climb that unclimbed mountain;
And fasten my mission.

Then with loads of coolness, I took my wand
To wave her magical spell for my deed.
Everything went impeccably organized
Until I got a doubt how to get it started!

Nanthinii Mohan

The Beacon Of Light

Tutoring pole star;
Amidst the sea- helping out
The ignorant.

Nanthinii Mohan

The Conspiracy Of Silence

When you spoke of swing,
I thought of starving.
When you spoke of better living,
I thought of living better.
When you spoke of happiness,
I thought of our pitiable existence.
When you spoke of contentment,
I thought of resentment.
The life and luxuries enthrall you,
It also makes you awestruck.
But for us it's deplorable,
A mere captivation in liberation.
The life which you commend
Makes us to awe at it.
All the finest belongings were owned by you
And you left us just the sludge and slush.
Is this all happened just because of our birth,
Just because of our caste and creed?
Or is this all the boon we sought on earth?
No, it's because of your transcending power,
Your plunging supremacy,
That rose higher and higher knowing no bounds.
But ours' go not high, but deep in the ground.
And remember, one day or the other;
We'd come out as a tremor,
To breathe the ether;
To reach heights more than yours;
And to rejuvenate a better life
Though we struggle,
Expecting a probability to arise.

Nanthinii Mohan

Who Am I?

I'm not a poet
To write about you!
What are all the bits and pieces?
You want me to say:
The sweet memoirs with you-or
My current wretched state;
Which one do you prefer?
Do you want me to tell
How much I loved you? Or
Do you want me to tell
How much I love you?
I could've told you all those;
If I were a poet-
But I know I'm not!
Can anyone in this planet;
Measure a mother's love?
Can anyone in this world;
Assess a father's fondness?
No, there can't be-
The same is my love for you!
But I'm not a poet-
To write about those!
At least can you guess for a moment?
That how much I'm laden-
Without you and your presence;
You can't -but I can,
If I were a poet
But I'm not a poet
To write about you!
I'm just your love!

Nanthinii Mohan

Yen

(The yearning of an infant)

Oh! My dear little fella's!
My classes've started today.
Not with the boards and markers
And not with rules and restrictions!
It is the lesson of love and subject of affection
The tutor's-'my parents' throned me;
Not to the crown as Caesar had
But to the greater one beyond that- their mantle laps;
The blooming smile in her lips and
The echoing bliss in his face
Makes me the king of the world- inviting me with their sweet lull!
Oh! God - let me be the same as it is now,
All along my life, in those safer hands
Forever and Ever- as a infant!

Nanthinii Mohan