

Poetry Series

**Putholi Arumugham T**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2011

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Putholi Arumugham T()

# A Day In My Wife's Life

A bead in her eyes reflects  
my restless years.  
Her strained smile in lips  
recalls her hopeful days.  
Has my words still survive  
my long diminished soul? -  
I may never know.  
Will anyone tell her that all my love  
has decayed to pain and scars  
I have nothing left in me  
Am impotent to deliver poems.  
The bead rolls down  
as my yet another day.

Putholi Arumugham T

# A Love For The Sake Of Love

You showered love on him as-if  
the sun embraces younger earth  
with all her affection unhindered  
never thinking for even a second  
if he deserved that or not.

More than half of the days  
he turned his back to you and  
thrown your love in darkness,  
you still like a understanding mother  
ignored his misdeeds.

But your family of stars  
wanted you to dropp this affair,  
you tried to act to him as-if  
you dont love him anymore and  
you stopped loving all.

You behaved as if  
you dont know what love is.  
I was the one who knew the truth -  
You are embodiment of love.  
For all those days I was the moon,  
a satellite the sun could never have had.

Putholi Arumugham T

# A Night, By Your Side

Waves, the words of those untiring seas  
Writing an endless poetry in your beauty's praise.  
Stars, the night earth's replacement for birds  
In your blanket to match hues in your soporific eyes

Breeze, the partner for the moonlight at this hour  
at ball dance which music conducts in your honor.  
Lark and nightingales, the singers of lullabies for world  
by your side to take notes of your sleepy blabberings.

Dews, perspiration of green grasses turning blue  
due to shameful loss in matching your skins softness.  
Myriads of flowers, those born of the copulation  
between your breath and fragrance of your hair.

Bringing all these into life  
and reflecting them in a tiny dropp of  
tears of joy at the corner of my eye,  
Your careless whispers in my ears.

Putholi Arumugham T

# A Short Story Of Sad Nakedness

My face looked naked  
as I shaved off my beard.  
Her forehead turned naked  
when her soldier husband died.

Her eyes came back naked  
when my carings stripped their sorrows.  
Our passion emerged naked  
when we felt each others body.

And once those trees befell  
our home seemed naked.  
I stood naked, when you  
discovered my adultery.

Alas I have always thought  
nakedness is joy to look at.

Putholi Arumugham T

# As I Grew Up

When I was a kid  
I used to sit in our garage  
reading my fairytales alone  
and look around for those  
one eyed Cyclopes, gigantic spiders  
Ship wrecking octopus and  
witches with evil spells and  
long blood soaked nails  
and what if they sneak in.  
They may throw me in dungeon  
with hackles for my arms and legs.  
They can even burn me and feast  
on my heart or pluck away  
my eyes and make me blind.  
There is no escape from  
their web till they wrap me up  
with their saliva and swallow.  
I shall be left to have a slow death  
oh those merciless monsters  
But in those moments  
always there came a Fairyqueen  
or a Mermaid or a Goddess of forests  
on her silver unicorn.  
They took me from there  
to a fairly land or coral palaces  
or a castle in the Kingdom of Mapplewoods.  
We lived hapily ever after.

But as i grew up  
those who put me in dark prison  
to eternity did not have  
blood dripping nails, but with  
lovely nail polishes.  
They were not one eyed,  
But with two lovely eyes  
that can even mesmerise a stone.  
Their lovely lips ate away  
my heart even when im alive.  
Their webs were weaved from a

delicate material, they called love.  
They mummified me with their  
sweet words soaked in honey,  
but made from venom.  
Then they made me a zombie for life.  
They were not like monsters I read.  
They were not witches,  
They were all fairy queens,  
They were are all mermaids.

Putholi Arumugham T



# Bohemian Voyage

Wandering on roads unknown  
Had never been so fun  
Now being high on whiskey  
Looking around for things too risky  
Oh yeah, am ready like a loaded gun  
For a brawl or get laid by a girl unknown  
Or get hit to death by a truck on run

What a voyage I would say  
Hey boy! Come on, it is so much gay  
None to question, none to answer  
Travel is the best teacher, oh don't fear  
Books to read, songs to sing,  
road to walk and left-out life to drink  
Let's damn this world that calls you stalker

Who said every road has an end?  
This is pathway to heaven friend  
Day has colors and night got stars  
Don't brawl with life or bear its scars  
Cherish this walk and feel the breeze  
Oh boy! Just don't be scared of the end  
After all this life is just a candle in the wind

Putholi Arumugham T

# Books Are Whores

Books are whores.

They lure you by their looks,

Bewitch you by their words,

Seal your senses to escape midway.

Hold you upright till all parts are covered,

Makes you palpitate during climax,

In the end, they leave you with just -

exhaustion, depression and guilt.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Burden Baby

Were you born  
ever to be a burden.  
Then for your mom,  
at her lap.  
Now for me  
in my heart.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Chastity

What if the sun who just went down,  
dissolves himself in the sea in sheer shame,  
looking at our bodies together aflame  
and raises up as crimson love tsunamis

What if moon and its residing cold mountains  
Seeing our gentle cuddles  
Sublime into erotic effervescence  
and twinning passion tornadoes

What if every serene dewdrops  
on the velvet sleeping grasses  
get aroused by our warm breaths  
rises back to sky and burst out as ecstasy bubbles

What if every star from the sky  
gets into dirty war outright  
for their right to sneak us first  
turning themselves into orgasmic shooting stars.

Hence we never made love, that night.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Come Lets Die

The purity of an ancient rainfall,  
The sanctity of the breeze once flew,  
The nature at birth in the greenness  
of the trees now as dark coal,  
The enchantment in the children of past,  
The care for the fellow human in our heart  
melting gently with clocks of yesteryears  
Joining this league unnoticed by us  
'My quenchless love for you'  
So,  
Come,  
Lets die.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Covert Goddess

Enlightment! enlightenment!  
Every religious book I read said  
But I never ever understood  
what it actually meant  
till you made me realise  
with your pacifying kiss.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Every Night In My Wife's Life

In my exhausting nights  
I feel without fail  
the suffocating blanket of worldly targets-  
Sometime lance of my poetic sense.  
My passion and love for you,  
gets subsided as a ebb against the  
raising tide of my physical tiredness  
and surge of my mental aberrations.

As dewdrops coming down on wild  
grasses at cold night - I feel  
Your showering of love every night.  
At times,  
it brings me back from hybernation  
Pacifies me...energizes me...  
or mostly make me shiver in thought  
of compulsion to return it.

Your nearness releases me  
from my materialistic errands  
and resurrects the artist long dead  
or sucks me back into my dark shell.  
So whenever the flame of your flesh  
ignite my dampened body by its touch,  
I run for a paper to write  
Or I burn down in depression.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Gateway Of Heaven

Long have i heard of  
'Gateway of heaven'.  
But i had never seen one,  
Until i saw your lips,  
Today so close.

Putholi Arumugham T



# Her Highness

You seemed like a goddess  
came to give me wings.  
More than what you taught us,  
we learned from what you never spoke of.

Your lactating words suckled me love  
and catalysed my manliness  
Sowing seeds of poetry  
was your presence.

You made fantasies part  
of my dreams -  
Is it naive lust or  
love without boundries -

Falling for your teacher.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Home Coming

After all these years of solitude,  
on this midnight with no moon,  
I took three shots of whiskey,  
more than any normal day.

Now walking through these unknown roads  
of this known town,  
I cant even find a safe place,  
to pee.

Putholi Arumugham T

# How Poetry Comes To Me

It comes blundering over the  
Boulders at night, it stays  
Frightened outside the  
Range of my thoughts.  
I go to meet it at the  
Edge of my consciousness

Note: This poem is dedicated to Gary Snyder whose poem is the source.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Lady Of Dreams

She stands naked in my dreams  
dark as a pencil sketch.  
A blue sky behind the painted window.  
In a moment of trans  
The window turns black board.  
She turns chalk white.  
I cry for snow unseen in my town.

Still crying,  
I masturbate to get her face clear.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Love At First Sight

I was with my friends on a evening cool,  
looking at the girls on their way from school.  
It was the job that most boys get engaged in  
as they get ready for their adolescent age sin.  
Lot of girls like flock of clouds passed by,  
But all I felt was just a sad sigh.  
Most of them were beautiful and good looking,  
But none of them made my heart go kicking.  
I was about to leave that place bored,  
mockery from my friends was all I heard.  
'Dude you wont find here one of your angels  
like those coming in stupid fairy tales'  
'He is looking for what a Bora, Sara or Dora?' another said.  
'That barbie looking heroine in David Copperfield'

Suddenly I heard a bicycle bell  
and all their scoffings came to a stand still.  
Vexedly and leisurely did I turn around,  
immediately I felt my feet off the ground.  
An angel clad in half saree, gentle green -  
If that beautiful, a girl had ever been?  
Her eyes were lovely, dark and deep  
my heart was jumping, bounds and leap.  
Her hair was tidy, combed in plait,  
on either side of her shoulders bright.  
Her nose was perfect, sharp and cute,  
my heart then just skipped a beat.  
Her body slim, delicate and doll-like  
Her lips seemed like a cherry over a fresh-cream cake.

She rang once again her bicycle bell  
taking away from me forcefully that  
heavenly moment, leaving me startled.  
She smiled gently like a breeze - making oxygen  
escape my lungs, with a deep breathe.

'Excuse me' was all with a soft voice she said,  
I moved away from her path like almost half dead.  
Oh in that mo, I fell in love.  
fatally struck by an arrow from cupids bow.  
It was a love at first sight,  
From then my life had never been right.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Moment Of The Moments

The warmth in the first handshake in my school from  
that beautiful blue-eyed girl of my dreams.

A chilled breeze on my ever depressed face  
during the bike ride with a friend, so close.

A dimlight and a moon for company  
during a late night smoke, so lonely.

A fast beat rap for a off-stage dance  
on a college day eve, fully drunk with friends.

A gentle drizzle to wash away tiredness with its shower  
during a friendly weekend soccer.

Ilayarajas\* flute to bring out silent cascade of tears  
bringing back those memories of happier yesteryears.

The first cry of the new member in our ration  
elevating me to a higher relation.

All these ecstatic moments fly out as butterflies  
as you gently bless me this first kiss.

\* a legendary tamil musician.

Putholi Arumugham T

# My Body, Not 'some'Body

How hard it is to be  
ones ownself

you wanted  
my eyes to be  
those of fishes  
my nose to be  
that of parrots  
my lips to be  
those of puppies

my body to be  
that of a rabbits  
my breasts to be  
those of doves  
my legs to be  
those of a herons

my abdomen to be  
that of snails  
my ass to be  
that of an elephants  
my vagina to be like  
that of a honey comb

Then whom do you actually feel  
when you make love to me.

Putholi Arumugham T



# My Feelings For You

Like a mother's pleasantness,  
when her baby suckles  
Like a feeling of caress, a shore feels  
whenever a wave descends over  
Like tickles, an flower shall feel  
when an ant carelessly moves over  
The fervor, a butterfly feels  
when it sails over a cold breeze  
Like overpowering peace for a saint  
at the moment of his enlightenment  
my feelings for you, are amorous -  
but still unexplainable.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Mysterious Man From Neverland

Whenever we meet  
we always end up with  
poetic sex and sexy poems.

Sex to satisfy your ego,  
Poems to satisfy mine.

(\* Dedicated to Maa)

Putholi Arumugham T

# Night Is The Time

Night is the time  
when worlds chaos stop.  
but your mind's begin.

Night is the time  
when earths warmth cease  
but your body's arouse.

Night is the time  
when birds stop singing  
but your lonely heart's starts.

Night is the time  
when physical pain diminishes  
but soul's aggravates.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Ode To My Child

The poems your fingers paint in air  
is beyond my minds comprehensiveness -  
yet electrifies everything around you.  
The words you utter is unfound in any  
lexicon of worlds purest languages -  
still sounds godly.  
Your rosy lips shed smiles for  
moments like lightening-  
Yet they suck sorrows out of hearts.  
Your tiny feet kick those fairies  
from sleep in heaven -  
Yet they make all those stars  
fall in as your toe nails.  
I am waiting for all these to happen  
so come soon oh child o mine

Putholi Arumugham T

## Ode To My Child - 2

A boy or a girl, whomever you shall be  
It does make no slightest bother to me.  
A body so healthy, mind so sound and a life so glee  
That is all I would ever want to see

You may be white as sun or you may be dark as night  
that shall never alter my love for you.  
your thoughts should be fair and actions so right  
and love for every other living should be true

Your eyes shall be small in scale or wide as of a fish  
Your nose could be blunt at end or sharp that of a shark  
Lips slender or large, but all these go valueless in lifes mark  
But be careful not to be rude, proud, rubbish or selfish  
Be generous, lovable, active, smart, honest, brave and person so rare  
For they shall all tell the world in future whom you were.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Oh Sylvia - Why Did You Do It

Were you left with no words  
to match the intensity your thoughts Sylvia?  
Was it for him, who had words  
but not deeds in his love for you?  
Was it to make sure your creations live  
longer than their mother?  
Oh Sylvia Sylvia  
Why did you dissolve yourself in air?

The best poem on love, pain and ire  
went hidden in your silence  
When you added yourself to fire  
The better ones are now orphaned  
in your perennial poetry books  
Why did you do it - Oh Sylvia Sylvia  
Was it to ascertain the supremacy  
of the stupid heart to brilliant mind?

What was in your heart  
When you set it ablaze Sylvia -  
love lost or a freedom gained?  
Was it the only way to end  
the wilderness of unconquerable mind?  
Oh Sylvia Sylvia - Yet why did you?  
Crow still remains and the Sun shines  
But you took away the crow's whiteness.

Putholi Arumugham T

## On A Drizzling Day

Into the home I run-  
But it doesnt mean  
that I dislike rain.  
As every dropp of it resembles  
your graceful face  
I go mad knowing not  
which one to hold  
and which one to lose.

Putholi Arumugham T

# On The Island For Love

On the island  
where every door opens to  
never ending nature  
we made love.

We made love  
till reeds grew from our bodies.  
We made love  
till our hearts turned corals.

On the island  
where stars fell on shore  
as never ending raindrops  
we made love

We made love  
till mountains grew over our bodies  
We made love  
till our hearts turned perennial springs.

On the island  
where breeze bring passion and  
moonlight shower lust  
we made love.

We made love  
till our bodies blossomed as violets.  
We made love  
till our hearts blurted out shooting stars.

On the island  
where women are metamorphosed  
to luring waves and men to mighty ships  
we made love



We made love  
till you you engulfed me.  
We made love  
till I got sunk in you.

Putholi Arumugham T

# She

I saw her as she became  
embodiment of my dreams.

Her deep eyes became  
my sorrows hide out

Her glossed lips  
my passions probation

Her sharp nose is just a tip  
of iceberg of her beauty

Her ears jewelled does  
a lot of talking than hearing

Her softskin rubbed salt over  
my damaged determination

Her naval deeper than  
my consciousness

Her bosoms not as big  
as my broken heart

Her entwined hair flew like a cascade  
beaded with poetic inspirations

Her body and its rich features  
made me forget my fear of future

She was all that I wanted  
never to meet in my life.

What an avatar is she

Putholi Arumugham T

# Sitting By The Lake On A Lovely Evening

The sky turns dark as if  
he understood my mood,  
That billowing cloud sees  
herself in the lake mirror  
and adjusts her uncombed hair.  
The trouts spring out to wish.

The moon has just arrived to  
take over from Sun as a beacon  
for the travellers on flight.  
On those tall coconut trees  
the baby breezes play swirl  
holding their arm branches.

The lakeside tulips take off  
their ever-smiling masks and those  
lilies get ready for their night show.  
The hilltop just shows his sunburnt  
back to be cooled by the gentle shower  
that has just begun

But my butterfly heart navigates  
in the space between  
those warm water drops  
untouched...so lonely...  
thinking of you...  
just you.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Story Of The Bicycle Thieves

Wish his palms had been little more sensuous  
to grasp the warmth of her presence.  
His ears have remained deaf when her breath  
sang of an untold love.  
Every soul had discussed their story  
than the souls involved.  
Dumb dumb was he thought,  
dumber was his heart.  
Now he realised that all the buzzing  
in the park were not that of bees.  
From his heart now blossoms, what he  
long thought as fireflies, now stars.  
But she had gone far over the seas to a castle  
and he moved far from her thoughts.  
In the land of pink roses  
all those memories still stay green.

Putholi Arumugham T

# The Dream Siever

The wastes in the flour  
that you sieved  
are in dustbin.  
where do you throw  
my dreams that are  
without you.

Putholi Arumugham T

# The Loveliest Poem I Ever Wrote

The loveliest poem I ever wrote  
was with almost a dozen couplets  
my fingers sang, when they met yours -  
the glimmer in your eyes said it all.

The loveliest poem I ever wrote  
was the quadrets born when my lips  
and yours gently interwove -  
the shiver in your hands shown it small.

The loveliest poem I ever wrote  
was the sonnets my body composed  
every time it stroked yours in rhythm -  
the murmur in your lips claimed it tall.

The loveliest poem I ever wrote  
was the haiku my heart pronounced  
when I showered love deep within you -  
the tremor in your body praised it well.

The loveliest poem I ever wrote  
was the hymn born from silence  
when my soul mixed with yours -  
the flower in your womb is my nobel.

Putholi Arumugham T

# The Path Of My Life

In my stream of consciousness,  
the stumbles deliver poems.  
The trees of reality cast their shades often  
over the terrains of my life,  
the stream takes its own path.  
It seems to flood at times and  
my drugs keep them at bay.  
Waiting for me ahead, who knows -  
is an ocean of stillness or  
a waterfall of insanity.

Putholi Arumugham T

# 'The Worst Betrayal Ever' - The Most Bitter Truth.

Where has our Guiding light gone,  
Who was both around and within us.  
Has the darkness overpowered us all or  
Did we neglect to save the candle?  
oh' the dusty northwind played a dirty game,  
But We just closed our eyes to keep them clean.

We turned in our brothers by blood,  
Who were roaring and prowling, walking proud  
in two legs, holding a sacred heart high  
and we got down to four for our nation's safety(?)  
We stand today ashamed as Cannibal Cains,  
wiping our mouth with a tricoloured flag.

Is it a beginning of a reverse evolution  
Who engineered it or who is benefitted-  
The Satan, whom we were fighting against?  
The Candle who burnt away some dirty flies?  
Nay! The Sun God, Who should have saved us all.  
He, whom we thought we were drawing light from  
He, who calls himself champion of oldest human species.

Alas we shouldnt have ignored the very truth -  
'The aging Sun is mother of the black hole'

Putholi Arumugham T



# Thirst Of Midas

In land of fantasies  
you roam in darkness  
looking for  
poetic treasures

then  
there is a lightning

and you find  
the key around the  
neck of your thought dog

that could open a  
chest full of  
golden poems...

Then  
you become  
a kingly beggar.

Putholi Arumugham T

# This Is The Day

(16 Jun 2009)

This is the day, A day to dance and sing,  
The day I have been dreaming for so long.  
Here is my new born son, my own Telemachus,  
a poem born with my own bones, blood and flesh.

He came to this world eyes wide open  
and hairs all over his face like a lion.  
His skin so pink and cheeks so chubby,  
staring at me as if he knew me, my little baby.

A dropp of tear at the corner of my eye  
to see him move his arms and give a gentle cry.  
His feet so tiny and palms so pure like a crystals.  
Oh! as he holds my finger, my whole body sparkles.

Next moment his rosy lips pour forth a smile,  
Did you see that, Did you see that I jumped,  
asking every one sitting and standing around,  
as if I have never seen that for a very long while.

I never ever thought parenthood is so godly,  
Unless this moment, seeing my creation so lively.  
The most remarkable day in my life is this,  
My gift to this world lying along his mother Isis .

Still I cant believe he is mini-me,  
Wish I could foresee what a person he would be.  
But let me not give him my ideas, dreams and wishes,  
Its for him to choose scapel, T square or brushes.

This is the day, A day to dance and sing,

The day I have been dreaming for so long.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Thus Spake A Nihilist

When I met her first, she was  
building a aura around,  
with her words and more words.  
'I am a Nihilist' she announced.  
Her fingers were weaving a bridge  
of rays between earth and sky.  
Her short hair and dress were not catchy  
as her eyes, but still elegant.  
She talked more and more,  
what she called philosphy - but  
little did I understood.  
Suddenly she zeroed on me  
as an eagle finding its prey in a desert.  
Whats your dream, mister? she asked  
Just 'P' came out and before 'OEMS'  
could jump out of mine,  
her lips opened again.  
' Mine is to think, think and think  
dream, dream and dream, till I turn  
insane, just like Nietzsche'  
'What Che? ' was all I could sound.  
Her eyes can even kill, I realised then.  
'He is my love. yes all the other males  
I met are just Male chauvenist pigs'.  
'I hate them' she flared.  
Then slowly she uttered,  
'I think I am a lesbian.  
Thats what my kiss with her shows'  
She went silent. The hailstorm stopped.  
'Kiss' what all that stayed in my mind  
Let me tell you of her lips.  
They get rosier and lovely everytime  
they utter a word, it seems.  
The more she spoke, the better they turned.  
For first time I wished if I were a girl.  
She came into me then, wholly.

Days passed,

Months too.  
All I do now is think, think  
and only think  
dream, dream and only dream  
of her, for her and with her in dreams.  
Everyday I eat Nietzsche, Sleep Nietzsche.  
Last week I killed my God.  
Yesterday night, I tried  
a sleeveless pink gown.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Unanswered Questions – Time And Again

Does time ever keep a record  
Of all the happenings in its life  
That affects its heart, as we keep  
recording our time in our diaries.  
Will it ever go back in its memories,  
Check and correct happenings  
to avoid catastrophes in the world.  
Oh then only it could save us from  
dictators, wars, genocides, calamities  
and lots and lots of pain.  
Could stop the days when love and humane die.  
Why doesn't it do?  
Is time heartless?  
Does time really holds us in its strings or  
Do we hold time in our strings?

Putholi Arumugham T

## Unse Mili (I Found Her)

You a peacock in pride, was I thought  
Must be everyones, when they see you first  
But time was not so late to get us meet  
All those rumours and belief vanished soon  
Yes you were a dirtless moon

You came as first beam into my team  
Dedicated, sensible, helping and trust worthy  
An ideal colleague one could dream  
Though we couldnt perform and left in pain  
You were our team's promising sun

You were no more co-worker in short time  
A cute, sweet, lovely friend, one can boast  
We had millions of moments, full of joy and peace  
Every one shall adore my heart, like diamonds so grand  
You were the warm rainfall over a dry land.

Your words carry the smell of camphor  
Your eyes scintillate as they smile  
Every face blossoms as you cross by  
And hearts illuminate with any word you utter  
Yes in our office, you are a shooting star.

You look and talk so delicate and frail  
But your heart and will is so strong like a steel  
And list just grows about guys, who yearn for you  
I have seen just few humans with such character  
Your heart and thought is pure like a spring water

She is so virtuous as her name says  
A person so generous and merciful  
To be her close friend is my boon  
Ahoy Captain Keats! Ahoy! Ahoy!

Indeed a thing of beauty is forever a Joy.

Putholi Arumugham T



# Viola - Why Poems Fail Me?

I fail  
whenever I want to paint  
a poem  
about you  
your beauty and  
my love

If I want to write about  
your eyes, your eyes -  
oh they are bows,  
perhaps rainbows.  
They just fill my heart with colors  
and I feel blue in loneliness.

If I want to write about  
Your lips  
Their curves and color gives  
me a crooked thought  
How sweet the fruit would taste  
I get straight

If I want to write about  
your bosoms,  
their promptness  
makes me blush,  
that I even forget what I am  
about to brush.

If I want to write about  
your stomach  
My wandering across that soft plain  
ends abrupt and the burrow  
takes me to your womb,  
where your warmth  
keeps me sleeping  
ever and ever.

If I want to write about  
your legs -  
Those pillars of beauty  
grow and grow  
like a beanstalk,  
I can never climb.  
I sacrifice myself for their grace  
at the altars – at your feet.

As every dot of ink my pen marks  
radiates all over the sinless paper  
and violets of passion blossom  
all over, all over  
I go empty.  
So whenever  
whenever I want to paint  
a poem about you -  
I fail.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Wandering Wordsworth In Srilanka

I wandered lonely as a cloud over Srilanka  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills  
when all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of dying humans;  
Beside the trench, beneath the trees,  
crying and moaning in pain.

Enormous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never ending line  
Along the margin and inside the No-war Zone  
Ten thousand I saw at a glance  
Trembling and weeping over their kins corpse.

The armoured vehicles and fighterjets shelled,  
But they outdid the army in scream  
A poet could not but cry for action,  
Looking such a cold hearted genocide  
I cried....and cried....but little thought  
What agony the show to me had brought.

For aft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood  
They flash upon that inward eye  
And put me to shame for being human  
And then my heart with bitterness fills,  
And to lift my pen against the arms.

(This poem is my dedication to all the innocent Tamilians who are being killed in Srilanka)

Putholi Arumugham T

# What If We Would Have Never Met

What If we would have never met?

I would never have become  
a poet  
and you  
a prostitute

Putholi Arumugham T

# What Love Has Done To Us

What love has done to us?

Every night...

I think  
and cry

you drink  
and pee.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Whatever You Gave Me

You gave me life -  
The touch of your looks  
when the adam in me was born.

You gave me joy -  
The cuddle of your smile,  
When you accepted my friendship.

You gave me euphoria -  
The river of your emotions, gay or pain,  
When sprang from, or drained into mine.

You gave me peace -  
The spellbinding warmth of your touch,  
When you reciprocated my love.

You gave me emptiness -  
The moment of orgasm,  
when we made love.

You gave me death -  
The silence between the notes,  
When our souls played symphony.

So whatever,  
whatever you gave me,  
I have never been same again.

Putholi Arumugham T

# Why I Smoke

I smoke  
to kill time  
to create words  
to relive pain  
to refrain thoughts

I smoke  
to dissolve into nature  
to defelct away from crowd  
to refresh from sex  
to retain stress

I smoke  
to awaken my dreams  
to rejoice with friends  
to comprehend love  
to compliment liquor

I smoke  
to realise inertia  
to resonate with anger  
to drain away life -  
to die like a cigarette.

Putholi Arumugham T