

Poetry Series

**Saju Abraham**  
**- poems -**

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## Saju Abraham(20th March 1965)

Born into a a family of eight, had a very tough childhood. At the age of 15, left home to become a missionary in the north east of India. That's when I first tried my hand at poetry. After my graduation, I realized the 'call' to missionary work wasn't real and immediately left and began my life as a commoner. In 1989 I began to work as a teacher in Shillong, Meghalaya, India. In 1991 I met my wife, Sandra and married her in 1992. In 1993 I got my first son, Jordan and in 1997 my second son, Richard came along. All these years I wrote poetry whenever I found time and had many of them published in local newspapers and magazines. In 1999 I left India for Oman to work under the Ministry of Education. That's where I am now. Oman has seen my poetic talents sharpen.

# A Camouflage

His camouflage struck me the most,  
As he lay with his face down,  
In a river of murky water,  
Murkier by his blood.  
Far away a little boy smiled at his mother,  
Not knowing grief on their heels.  
Who did he fight for?  
Who did he die for?

His masters camouflaged their dreams,  
And flashed his hope before him.  
They lay before him the targets,  
The source of all his woes,  
Like a magician pulls out rabbits from his hat,  
Like the ads display discounts,  
And he buys them readily.  
Where are his colleagues moving to?  
They see through his body,  
There are no flowers to decorate,  
No white linen to wrap,  
They pick up what they can,  
Pack up their backpacks,  
Walk away like zombies to the battle next,

They wept inside,  
But felt omnipotent outside,  
They could take lives,  
But not sip coffee with their dear ones,  
Widow women and rape them,  
But not touch their wives sleep serene  
Orphan children and abuse them,  
But not join their children pillow fight,  
Raze to the ground cities built over centuries,  
But not play cricket in their neighbourhood,  
All for someone's plastic dreams,  
And their own hopeless hopes.

Saju Abraham

# A Corner In My Soul

There's a corner in my soul that I call my own,  
That I turn to when I'm faced with hamlet's dilemma,  
That signals when I'm at the crossroads,  
That leads me by hand when I'm lost.

There's a corner in my soul that's my very own,  
That lifts me up when I'm down,  
That rushes in solace when sorrow strikes,  
That soaks up my tears when I need to cry.

There's this hidden corner in my soul,  
That gives me breathing space when life sucks,  
That gives me company when lonely,  
That's always by my side rain or shine.

There's a corner in my soul that I call my own,  
That introverts and lets me bask in glory,  
That never robs me of those rare moments of joy.  
That let me be me.

Saju Abraham

# A Crowded Place

He'd sit on that quiet cold concrete chair  
In the playful park,  
Would leave when the last child left,  
Sipped constantly from the bottle in his pocket,  
And watched the children play,  
Never spoke a word with them.

When he left it was to warm his lonely bed,  
Sleep was hard to come as he felt the emptiness,  
Empty house, empty bed, empty life,  
But he'd become a part of their games,  
He smiled as they laughed,  
Frowned as they squabbled.  
Then one day they played to an empty chair,  
They waited for eternity for his return.

Saju Abraham

# A Cry Unheeded

People trudged along the marshy land  
Waded thru' waste deep waters  
Possessions wrapped in rags on heads  
Scanty unlike the weighty hearts that stooped them.  
A flight of birds chirped knowingly  
As they flew the other way migrating.

Here was a people left to die for nothing,  
Their bodies hurriedly buried in the woods  
Their crime being born on the Emerald Island.  
Can one grudge being born on the earth?  
How nakedly the Tigers mauled them  
Left them to bleed and die in life and death!

How deftly we avoid facing them,  
Citing demarcations and democracy as excuses.

Saju Abraham

# A Dotted Figure

Life is a figure of dots  
We try to bring sense  
We try to join them dots  
As you pass one,  
Another zooms into view

Each moment is a race to the next  
Direction frustrates you  
And distance depresses you  
It isn't equi-distant  
Nor is it one-tracked.

It's just a figure of dots  
Like a child join them  
And wonder at the sense

Saju Abraham

## A Farce Called Elections (2009)

Wormy Ghanty had gone by his mama Ghanty's script,  
prove to them the real Indian Ghanty;  
the parivar couldn't believe its luck;  
here's our own Ghanty who can take on the godfather ghanty.  
Had they forgotten the lolita of the dalits?  
She gave them a googly that chocked even bhajji;  
but nothing chocks fans of dhoni's devils.  
The yadav of the UP tried to yarn a twist but came undone;  
things moved faster than most wished for;  
the D company wanted the philibit boy;  
lolita put him out of the battle field for safety;  
mama called him abhimanyu,  
his friendly foes called him the vajpayee,  
the rulers deemed him just a pawn,  
but to most he remains a spoilt brat,  
more so than papa ghanty.

Another storm brewing in the coffee cup;  
C & C associates fights for the sick Tytler;  
BJP revisits ram temple and ram sethu,  
not for ram but for raj.  
The reds are rallying the dark horses.  
They've put on the king maker masks.  
They've nothing to lose.  
Should they lose their face,  
They can fall back on the secular congress!

Seven four another black day for Assam;  
First it was nine eleven then twenty six eleven.  
Put a date to a month and terror strikes Assam.  
While the heart of the Seven Sisters bled,  
Leaders sat in studios neatly dressed,  
Talked of money floated,  
And ministries made for north east.

Saju Abraham



# A Father's Dilemma

What shall I say when you grow up?  
That I left you 'cause it was needed;  
That I sacrificed for your good;  
That I sent you the softest shoes,  
When you took your first steps;  
That I sent you the funkiest stationery,  
When you joined that famed school;  
That I called you to query,  
Of the friends you looked up to;  
Or that you'd never know it all.

How can I convince you I'm no deserter?  
That more than aught I love you;  
That my absence too proves I care;  
Or that I'd be different given a chance.  
I know none of that son.  
I know only that I love you always.

Saju Abraham

# A New Moses

Time for a new moses draws nearer  
The golden calf in its place  
The band has set up the piece  
The worshipers throng the altar  
Moses, Moses! Come take your position  
Put on the mantle and own the baton

The kings have deputed their men  
All kings' men seated round the table  
Putting in place the pieces of puzzle  
The battle for the planets set in motion  
God has a tough task in front  
Choice of a moses who can act

World now a battlefield strewn with bodies  
Hands heavenward in horror  
The victors dividing their booty  
The tinkle of coins thrills their ears  
And the shine of gold dazzles their eyes  
Come take your place, Moses, Moses!

Saju Abraham

# A Prayer From The Womb

Why did you tear me off you,  
When you knew I'd die without you?  
I promised you peaceful sleep,  
But you wouldn't hear me.  
You were in the midst of planning your future.  
I promised I wouldn't pull at your gown,  
Nor test my vocal cords when I'm hungry.  
But still you didn't let me be.  
I promised I would behave when your friends visit,  
And when you're on the phone or in the kitchen.  
But you still threw me out of your system.  
Why mama, why? Am I so unagreeable?  
I don't keep it against you mama.  
I know that now you know.

Saju Abraham

# A Stranger In My Home

I entered my home with indecision  
Like a Palestinian in Palestine  
A gypsy itching to dismantle his tent  
A migrant fowl awaiting the season  
Not a care for the hardships that await

You stare at your own blood  
And see it pale into a dark hue  
And wonder if it can be infused again

You inhale the scent of your home  
Lids popping off bottles of scent  
And you wonder if they'll ever be yours

You read the lips of your dear ones  
You read between their lines  
You wonder if they speak the same tongue

Your hands run over fading graffiti  
And recall your children scribble the wall  
You wonder what goes on in their minds  
A stranger in my own home!

Saju Abraham

# A Valentine Forever

As she stepped into that corner of the garden  
That was hers alone for fourteen years  
That drew her like a magnet this day every year  
She felt as would on her first night a maiden.  
Gently she cut through the firm stem  
Of that single saved for red rose.

As she walked back to her bedroom  
Her mind raced back to her first Valentine's Day.  
He had sneaked into her room and bed,  
A single rose he brushed against her face and  
Whispered 'Love you to the end of the world'.  
Then he was gone as hastily as he had come.

Today she wondered if he'd time to be with her.  
The rose against her heart she walked to him.  
As she knelt before him and placed the rose down,  
A tear fell smearing the sparkly epitaph.

Saju Abraham

# Abode Of The Clouds

I rue my estranged home unchanged ten years on.  
But in my moments I miss the rustic west of the Abode of the clouds.  
Like a ghost I'd roamed every foot of that wild west,  
And it comes back to haunt my moments of loneliness.

The day I set my foot there was the dark part,  
People clad in heavy clothing complete with shawls,  
Loaded with the day's purchases and petrol torches,  
Took me back to scenes from some Eastwood movies.  
Their rugged look and beetle red mouths stirred my fears,  
But I learned to revere them even more gradually.  
I often stared at the white sky with blue patterns,  
That seemed to be placed to perfection by an artist.  
There was a hazy halo around the sky.  
It was nature at its best granting a glimpse of the divine.

Evening sky was an art gallery of unequalled artists.  
Winter was the only unforgiving aspect of this land,  
The cold could freeze your emotions,  
The relentless fog wipes clean the impressions in the sky.

But then one always enjoyed freshly rolled tobacco,  
And the stroll to some wooden house for a drink or two,  
When you crossed path with some wasted drunks.  
One of those nights still linger in my mind,  
Memory smeared with taste of tobacco and Dan Seals.  
West somehow brings a charm of its own.  
That's the charm beckoning me to return to the Abode of the clouds.

Saju Abraham

# Alone Alone Alone

He was writing his sermon.  
He'd locked his room.  
He wanted none to break his thoughts.  
No one would ever disturb him.  
He was alone, alone, alone.

He was fixing his false teeth,  
behind closed doors.  
He wanted none to peep in on his secret.  
No one would want to know if he had teeth.  
He was alone, alone, alone.

He was counting his coins,  
in the darkness of his shabby hut.  
He wanted none to know his wealth.  
No one wanted his meager sum.  
He was alone, alone, alone.

You and I are all like them,  
locked behind our own doors,  
not wanting to be pried into.  
Not knowing how isolated we are.  
We are just alone, alone, alone.

Saju Abraham

# An Island's Agony

She was agony personified,  
Wrinkled blackened skin,  
Broken teeth and knotted hair,  
A baggage of pain on her shoulders,  
She stood tall before us,  
On that island that never sleeps,  
To keep alive, to keep the dream.

They all wailed around her,  
Some consoled the youth,  
But her dry mouth spat aloud,  
Her spit shall stay a stain on our face,  
As she turned and walked,  
Her eyes a blinding flash of anger.

Where are all men gone,  
While the islanders wait for us,  
To wipe off their blood and tears?  
There's no place to hide ourselves,  
There's no place to purge our shame.

Saju Abraham



# Another Christmas!

You've found peace while we still looking for it.

Is this Christmas - the season of peace and joy?  
A manger most palatial ready,  
While a slaughter house ready for cows and lamb.

Is this Christmas - the season of warmth and comfort?  
Tall trees glitter next to your hearth,  
While we bunker under a tree around mountains distant.

Is this Christmas - the season of love and mercy?  
Cards and mails of heart-rending ideals do the round,  
While we barely breathe and make ends meet.

Is this Christmas - the season of giving and thanksgiving?  
Your worn out socks stick glittering gifts out,  
While our's stick cold working feet and hands out.

Isn't it Christmas - a season for you and me?  
You're sharing all you've got,  
While we're looking at what've found.

Yes, this is Christmas - a season for all.  
Everyone has something to thank for,  
While the earth rejoice in lofty ideals of the season.

Saju Abraham

# Are We Men Yet?

We belong to the superior race!  
With qualm none we rejected the Christ,  
With bitterness we shot down Gandhi,  
Proudly we hail Hitler,  
Book a place for Osama in our hearts,  
Hand over keys of our kingdom to Modi:  
How many more will perish,  
Before we see the man among men?

Saju Abraham

# Battered Love

I held your bloodied face in my hands,  
Placed it in my bosom,  
First time I found peace with you.

You strangled our love long ago,  
Battered my heart every time,  
Every time you fell on your knees,  
And I saved our tottering love.  
You sold my love for a meager sum,  
Even then my heart lingered round you.

But this time you went too far,  
I looked for a semblance of my dream,  
And my hands turned up empty,  
I stood up in the pool of blood,  
And stared at your blank eyes.  
Did I see the hope I'd tended?

I lifted your bloodied face in my hands,  
Placed it my bosom.  
This time your breathe pierced thru' my bosom.

Saju Abraham

# Bleeding World

Who would you go after now  
With Bin Laden gone?  
A new enemy needs to be conceived,  
to camouflage your nefarious plans.  
Where will you wash all these blood away?  
All the perfumes of Arabia won't suffice.

Monsters you make will hunt you down,  
until you hunt them yourselves.  
You set in motion the cycle of evil.  
All you do is cut a loop,  
the cycle keeps going.  
The doves you release in holy streets,  
turn into blood thirsty eagles and vultures.

Your intentions neutralize your actions.  
The world don't need your celebrated charity.  
An ounce of sensitivity coupled with peace,  
that's all they ask of you.

You pride on being the leader,  
it's time you justified your billing.  
Shed the dark motives driving you.  
The world don't know you wrong,  
the world feel you do wrong.

Saju Abraham

# Bombay Dreams

He'd refused to eat while his mother starved,  
Toiled to keep her dying man alive.  
He refused to sleep while his father labored to breathe.  
He eloped with his dreams to a city of dreams.  
He refused to cry over his misfortune.  
He wouldn't be a sobbing boy in a painting,  
Decorating some elite ballroom.  
He'd rather live his own life in ignominy.

He boarded a train to Bombay,  
With all he had in a rusted tiny box.  
The city of dreams crammed his sleep that night.  
As he stepped into the morning Bombay,  
He was welcomed with all its warmth.  
All that evaporated into thin air,  
As he set out to change his destiny.  
Men offered him favours he thwarted,  
For he knew the type well.  
Days turned to weeks and to a month,  
But all he found was a shack for the homeless.

Then one smoggy morning he deserted his dreams.  
Boarding a train he returned home.  
He picked up his little sobbing sister,  
And held his big sister's head against his chest.  
He felt her fear and helplessness;  
Like her he feared future without parents,  
But he wouldn't let anyone see it;  
He wept within but showed a stony face.  
His small hands held their lean hands tight  
And led them into their destiny.

Saju Abraham

# Bring In The Good Taste

Enough is enough.  
My patience is running out.  
I sit here a pinioned bird,  
Watching them all fly high.  
My life turn into an unquenched thirst,  
An unfinished race.  
Who has taken my right to smile?  
Where is my cup of coffee?

Enough is enough.  
My place is there for the taking.  
I shall be the pagan to defile the altar,  
Desecrate the altar of billion sacrifices.  
It's the turn of the sacrificial lamb.  
For the lamb to turn the mythical lion,  
And bite the hand that raises the blade.

Let your screams be sirens awakening,  
Echoing the deserted streets,  
Where lambs like hounds chase  
People past their time.  
I can taste the gall in my mouth.  
Chew and taste, don't gulp it down.  
Spit it out and bring in the good taste.

Saju Abraham

# Burning Love

Burning love is always an ocean  
You know neither the depth nor the end.

□

It takes you to the nowhere land,  
And lands you in places unknown.

It's like a burning candle – burns you out  
Even as it burns itself out.

It's a ride you enjoy while it lasts.  
It's the moment that counts,  
But be ready for the déjà vu.

Saju Abraham

# Changing World

Days of dictators are counted  
They are sweating under their attire  
Paying the price for denying freedom  
People are prepared for any price  
To regain their lost prize  
The UN must have a count board  
That says 'a few down and few more to go'

All's well with the world  
If you think so  
You can't be more wrong  
I see vultures gathering their clan  
Hyenas laughing nervously  
Wolves smack lips at deer lock horns

There are democracies and sham democracies  
There are dictators and benevolent dictators  
Beware the dictators the end is near  
Beware the sham democracies  
The blood of rightful rulers will flow  
And infuse truth into the blood of innocents  
Drowning you into the depth of hell

Saju Abraham



# Contradictions

You would do anything  
because your scriptures say so.  
You would anything  
because it's in the book of laws.  
You would do anything  
for they say exist.  
You would believe anything  
because the science says so.

What do you do  
if your neighbour asks for help?  
Invent some excuses to escape.  
What do you do  
if one before you ask for pass?  
Preach to him of your rights.  
What do you do  
if a man quotes his innocence?  
You quash it with your crooked reason.

Saju Abraham

# Coronation Of A King

Finally crowned king of this world!  
He'd come along roads and across rivers,  
He was the man from the other world,  
He wasn't deterred by estrangement,  
He didn't know the way back,  
Nor did he want to tread that path,  
All he wanted was to cruise ahead,  
To trample down the new tracks,  
Not to take those beaten paths.

Corridors of power mapped in his brain,  
Just marched ahead with a steely intent.  
Power over people and power over the world,  
Readily renounced control over himself,  
Lost all power he had over himself,  
For power over people and the world.

Thus he roamed the corridors of power,  
Waiting for the day he'd be king,  
The coronation over, power gained,  
But I await the day he'd rue the loss,  
The lost control over his own life.

Saju Abraham

# Crying

You don't cry they said,  
cause you're a man macho.  
But what do you do when,  
your life falls off your hand  
and breaks into million pieces.  
While you pick them up to make life,  
your hands and feet bleed,  
but you keep moving  
though you pause to stare blankly.

Your tears blend with your blood,  
Steeling you to stall the sadness.  
Cry if you must but don't let it get you.

Saju Abraham

# Dancing To The Earthy Abode

I mingled with the mourners.  
They were mourning my untimely demise.  
I tried consoling my wife who wouldn't be consoled.  
I wiped away my children's tears but they wouldn't dry.  
I talked to them but they wouldn't listen,  
For their ears were tuned to the priest's eulogy.  
I stepped up and peered into my face.  
I noticed a wicked smile bloom there.  
I saw them pick me up with a struggle.  
I sprang up under the coffin and lent a hand.  
Pall-bearers were always the strongest.  
So I left them and took lead of the party,  
Held the tip of my hat to straighten it.  
As I danced my way to the earthy abode,  
I still couldn't fix my feelings- fear, fate or frenzy?

Saju Abraham

# Death Creeps In

Death never waits for an invitation  
She has a mind of her own  
She just sets up on her way  
And walks in where she pleases  
Like giant hands on sand castles  
She creeps in on you and  
Razes to the ground your castles  
That you've been busy building

Saju Abraham

# Death In Shillong

It was one of those oratories on Sundays,  
Walking down the narrow roads,  
And into the foot of the hill,  
Borrowed backpack on my back,  
Full of cheap magic items,  
I was full of energy,  
But I was in for a strange Sunday.

The poor hut of an oratory,  
With its broken door shut,  
Bore a deserted look.  
I looked around for some life,  
And then I felt the tug at my sleeve,  
A tiny ward of mine looked up,  
Pulling me by the hand to the cliff.

I saw a great crowd feasting.  
Everyone eating and drinking,  
Most of them red in the mouth,  
Betel leaves and limestone,  
Lots of laughter and banter.  
Lots of food and drinks in the hearse,  
Decorated with the best of Shillong daisies.

When I saw the old man laid out,  
In his three-piece Sunday suit,  
I felt liberated unsure from what,  
Death primitively celebrated.

Saju Abraham

# Defining Love

A baby feels loved clinging to the mother;  
A paternal pat encourages the son;  
A wife longs her man to softly touch her;  
The unhappy find comfort in a hug.

Then why say love isn't physical?  
Why the sages separate love from body?  
You may separate grains from husk,  
But is there rice without husk?  
You may set aside spices while you eat,  
But the taste of your dish is in spices.

Love is not just a venerated idea;  
If it's so, it stays beyond reality.  
It is so concrete, so less platonic.  
Can it really be beyond the physical?

Saju Abraham

# Demons In My Head

He sat alone on the roof,  
the crowd milling around him.  
His scheming mind ate  
into their brains.  
He chewed lazily  
on the pervert thoughts  
of the old hag in the corner.  
Bit into bullet-proof fibre brain,  
and his thoughts he shredded.  
Chewed on candles cud  
in the cassanova's brain.  
Swallowed the pain  
in the pauper's head.  
Spat out the poison  
in the evil mind.  
But spit he couldn't,  
swallow he couldn't  
the demons in his own head.

Saju Abraham



# Detached

She was no more  
My mother was no more

I waited for the news at the airport  
In the smoke-filled smoke zone  
Smoking out pressures of expectation  
I cut the phone and smoked one more  
As I sipped a cup of cappuccino  
Cupboard of memory opened up  
Old memories tumbled out  
My body shivered to block the emotion  
At the washroom I washed my face  
With warm frothy water  
Laced with a tear gushing down the basin

My own emotions surprised me  
She had died in her bed  
She was my mother  
I had waited for it always

Saju Abraham

# Die Free

In the womb mother's diet of everything,  
Food, gods, manners, music;  
Infancy they spoon feed everything,  
Even your sleep is decided for you,

As hairs grow on your chin,  
School, church and society teach you to live,  
Study cause you have to pass,  
Pray cause the Bible tells you to,  
Touch the old man's feet cause it's done,

A fine day you settle down with a woman,  
A woman they found fit for you,  
Or one that society would approve of;  
And then you jump in with your bit,  
But as your offspring rebel against you,  
They begin to run your life;  
They decide where you should live,  
And even where and how you would die.

When would you begin to live your life?  
How long live a slave to end one?  
How do you live lowly for an uncertain future?  
Live now live happy and die a free spirit.

Saju Abraham

# Distorted Journey

It was destiny horizon –  
We travelled long and restless.  
We had it clear in our vision.

Long days and restless nights least deterred us.  
We sped across on birds,  
But saw nothing but the white skies.  
We crossed bridges and stations,  
Saw water - blue muddy brown and even blood red;  
Men of different tongues and tales,  
Times of joy, sorrow, disbelief and bewilder.  
We still staggered on foot,  
Walked through pyramids and himalayas,  
Befriended the abo, the bedu, and the Sherpa.

We revisited most of them and returned home.  
Days of rest and introspection followed.  
We had seen it all and wondered if any remained.  
A sense of deja vu prevailed.  
We wondered if destiny coloured our journey?

Saju Abraham

# Dreams To Nightmares

You were the last straw when life left.  
I shrunk to nothing without you beside me.  
Air sucking out when you left,  
I grew from a giant to a dwarf.

Haven't there been enough tragedies?  
Haven't there been men of honor die in vain?  
Haven't I met million deaths in your arms?  
If so why did you have to leave me?  
To let me feel the pangs alone?  
To make me feel I'm incomplete?  
I would do them gladly beside you.

There was a time when I scorned the world,  
'Cause you are my world.  
I would lose sleep lest I lose you.  
I'd walk in the rain to see your smile.  
How have I come to love my shadow?  
Why am I left alone with my shadow?  
Or is that you comforting me?

Saju Abraham

# Empty Canvas

The smell of colours and paints  
filled the room with warmth;  
The scorching summer's heat  
and the sweat of bodies lingered.  
She stood bathed in the golden light  
of the exotic chandeliers around.

He held her chin to bring it into light,  
he stretched her hand up above her head,  
until her womanhood was complete.  
He painted all his aroused emotions,  
onto the large canvas before him.  
Every move in her he splashed on the canvas.

She came everyday and he painted her;  
she danced and he danced with her.  
She came again the next many days;  
he danced with her and painted no more.  
Then one day she stopped coming.  
He waited for her and often danced.

He roamed the street to find her.  
Then one day he saw her walk along the street,  
in tottered dress and knotted hair,  
with a child by her side.  
He hurried behind her to catch her turn.  
Turn she did but he didn't know her.  
He went home and picked up his brush,  
but all he did was stare at the empty canvas.

Saju Abraham

# Endosulphan The Killer

Ten year old two feet monster head;  
a fifteen year old with his tongue  
popping out of his mouth;  
A thirty year old woman,  
with bee hive of a face;  
A tear from a sad mother  
splashes into the spoon,  
as she feeds her forty year old child;  
Another shuts her ears  
from the curses of her son  
who never grew up.

A million images as these  
wreck your mind and heart.  
Freaks of nature you'd think,  
no they aren't.  
They are man made horrors.  
Greed for better yields,  
prompts the use of Endosulphan,  
the most deadly pesticide,  
exiled from most civilized world,  
migrated to India under evil patronage,  
and now raises its toxic head.

These images from God's own country,  
shall shock the world out of their dream.  
But will it pressure the Indian rulers to act?  
Or are they taunting the wrath of the people?

Saju Abraham

# Fear

Thoughts scare,  
Lost time,  
Aged people,  
Children playing,  
Failed attempts,  
Graying hair,  
Chances slip,  
Labored breathe,  
Sleepless nights,  
Picture perfect,  
Picture future,  
Imminent end,  
Fear reigns.

Saju Abraham

# Festival Of Equality

On Holi you paint yourselves in colours,  
red, blue, yellow, green and even black.  
Smeared with colours all look the same.  
There's no poor or rich;  
one doesn't know you're fair or dark.  
You're neither muslim nor hindu,  
you're just people beautiful.

□

Isn't that a celebration of humanity?  
We need to perpetuate this event.  
If diversity in diversities distances us,  
oneness in colours let's celebrate;  
festival of equality let's celebrate.

Saju Abraham



# Field Of Death

Around that heap of earth I hovered,  
Not a dropp of tear I shed.  
I've had them flow at will,  
Turning my heart a deep dry well.

I inhaled the fresh smell of earth,  
Longed to revel in that existential myth.  
I sat on that field of death,  
Feeling a strange sense of mirth.

My mind reeling writhing in pain,  
Produced nothing more than a thought chain.  
Lots of courage to do it,  
You don't have it in you to do it.

I stood up to derail the train,  
That kept pushing at the back of my head.  
Then straight I went on lest I turned to salt.  
And all flags and alarms put on halt.

Dreams no more excite me,  
And nightmares wilt away from me.

Saju Abraham

# Freedom

Freedom's been cherished since time began.  
No people on earth has the right  
To deny another people to exist free;  
It's the Creator's prerogative.  
We can only feel, think, not act;  
That's not ours to do.

And should this divine law be violated,  
No sacrifice is big enough!  
Then does the Great Games stand a chance?  
Let's for once do it right,  
So we don't need rectify history.  
Think what they did,  
And what we've made of  
'The land that flows with milk and honey! '

Saju Abraham

# Hope Springs In The Street

How long will they sleep  
On littered ground?

How long will they walk  
Staggered by burden on head?

How long will they run  
Seeking safety from someplace?

How long will their babies rest  
Tucked in bags amidst rubbish?

How long will they wait  
To have a roof over their hearth?

Their backs are full of sores;  
Their heads hurt and feet worn out.

They are racing against time;  
Their patience has run out.

They don't know whence hope springs  
But they know for sure it's in view.

That's the hope you see in streets today;  
That's the cause of optimism in their eyes.

Saju Abraham

# How Can We Sleep?

How does it feel  
when your head hits the pillow?  
What thoughts you think  
when your eyes close?  
Can you sleep with all those images?

Emaciated babies screaming to be fed.  
Sick babies suck at shrunken breasts  
A child with puzzled eyes roam the street.  
People slumped against pavement walls,  
like images from a UNICEF magazine.  
Women raped by armed men.  
People unbalanced by rewards of trade in science.

You can pretend to sleep,  
but can you get sleep,  
when these images fill your heads,  
or have you made a compromise?

Saju Abraham

# Hungry Eyes

A family of eight was a mighty burden,  
He couldn't always carry it with grace,  
The sole earner as he was, yet he tried his best,  
Sundays he'd drown his pain in his army quota,  
Not that it pleased any of his offspring,  
But they tolerated it to see a smile on him,  
Fake as they knew it to be.

The mother cooked him the best she could,  
She served him before everyone,  
Even as her heart tore for her eight children.  
The eldest left school to lighten the burden,  
He counted money not his own at a shop,  
It was hard not to be unfair in this unfair world,  
Till today he's yoked to sufferings;  
Then comes the fairy who found solace with friends,  
Nothing at home moved her to joy or sorrow,  
Today she baby sits someone she was never vowed to;  
The third one's eyes never dried of tears,  
She offered herself as the lamb of sacrifice,  
Today she has everything that the world offers,  
But not love that her loveless family offers;  
Then there was the scheming plotting one,  
She found favor with a man of art,  
And that was when the spirits of Sunday ended forever,

Then there was the sly one,  
He was destined for greater things he vowed,  
Sweet talker silent killer lived by the whims,  
Today thousands miles away a happy family man;  
At five is the looker, the beauty and no brains,  
Wed to a politician who's wed to politics,  
She now struggles to fend for five kids and herself,  
The fairest of all comes with a heart of gold,  
A five year old at heart even today,  
The final born a bane to the bone,  
Deprived everyone of peace and privileges,  
Even as adult claims his rights and privileges.

The mother had seen it all on her sick bed,  
And then she went an unfulfilled soul,  
They still attempt to revisit her dreams,  
They still wish they were in those cramped rooms,  
Fighting over some left over food,  
Their eyes shone with hunger then, and now.  
Wish a family of eight would've been a bundle of joy!

Saju Abraham

# If

If you weren't there  
I'd be a flowerless garden  
A song without music.

If you were not there  
I'd be a stream tracking itself  
Querying every boulder in the way.

If you're not there  
Spring would never arrive  
Winter would prey upon my soul.

If you were there  
I'd smooth over winter  
And dare the sun to burn me.

If you are there  
I wouldn't care for flowers  
Nor find a song off beat.

If you were there  
If you are there.

Saju Abraham

# I'LI Stand Again

You whip me all over.  
Gashes all over my body;  
Pushed to the wall I slump;  
Stripped of all I had,  
Naked I stand before you.

Nudged and shoved,  
The last vestige to resist gone,  
My limpid eyes plead for release.  
My face between my knees,  
I vision your grin of triumph,

When I stand again,  
Whence hide your face?  
What arguments face mine?

Saju Abraham



# Is Life A Mystery?

Is life being born?  
Is it going to school?  
Is it having friends?  
Is it being in love?

Is life getting married?  
Is it having a family?  
Is it earning money?  
Is it being old?

Is life dying?  
If life is any of that,  
If life is all of that,  
What's the mystery?  
Life is what you see.

Saju Abraham

# Japan 2011

The sea was calm,  
A huge block of fibre glass.  
The land was noisy,  
Resembled the Noah's Ark -  
A sea of sounds.

Then the sea thundered into heavens,  
Building gigantic walls into the land.  
On the land the water wall swept across,  
Leaving nothing behind;  
A warrior axing things in its way.  
Ships and boats sped past roads.  
Moments later the cities looked like marshes,  
In some undiscovered land;  
Corpses, wooden planks and steel rods  
Jutted out of flattened land;  
More like a battle field off a movie.

Sea had carried chaos to the land,  
But notice the order in the chaos.  
Perfection of chaos was jarring,  
Rivaling our best fountains and fireworks.

Saju Abraham

# Last Chance

We have come around,  
and erected our own golden calf,  
at the feet of mount materialism.  
We worship money.  
We throw money to beget money.  
We go to war to amass wealth.  
We donate all we have to man made prophets,  
in the hope they'll ensure divine blessings.  
But when the true one comes,  
our altars and idols he'll tear down,  
and there'll be no seven chances;  
we will be wiped off the universe.

Saju Abraham

# Let Me Be Me

Each day I promise  
to make my faults go away,  
to begin a new life.  
But I end of on my back foot.

I can't do it.  
It's just what I am.  
Can't I just be me?  
Stop pushing me to change.

Each day the world shocks me,  
but I absorb it all,  
to keep my balance,  
but I end up on the edge.

But I can't do it anymore.  
It's just what I am.  
Can't I just be me?  
Stop pushing me to change.

Each day you look at me,  
wishing I'd been different,  
a figment of your fantasy.  
But you end up despaired.

No! No, I can't do it.  
It's just what I am.  
Can't I just be what I am?  
Don't push me to change.

Saju Abraham

# Life

The moment you die everything ceases  
The living cease for you  
And you cease for the living.  
Then what's it that you live for?

Few days into your death  
Your house is no more yours  
Your name is just a name.  
Then what's it that you live for?

When death has caught up with you  
Thoughts you thought etherize  
Things you said become proverbs  
So what's it that you live for?

If death so unsettles you  
Then what's life?  
You wish you could reverse it all  
To cherish more those moments  
That's what you live for.

Saju Abraham

# Life Or Death

You are my ecstasy  
You are my agony  
I hug as I would my smelly pet.

I drink you like a lemonade  
Savouring the sour in your sweet  
And the sweet in your sour.

Like a vulture I hover around  
For the beginning of a new life  
Heart swelling with expectation.

You are the dew at the dawn  
And the droplets on the lid  
I fear to lose either.

Death doesn't deter me  
I have seen it all  
The white, the black and the gray.

Saju Abraham

# Living Lies

In obeisance they sat along the temple  
In feigned haste they passed by the lane  
Their unuttered exchanges filled the air  
Scum that our lives filthy  
Scavengers that our due deny.

Yet Saab, they address  
And coins they get hurled at  
Lives that live in mutual detest  
Like the weeds that eat the plant  
And the lions that feed on hare.

Saju Abraham

# Lonely

Mountains always stay distant,  
may be the ego in their height.  
Oceans always seem so lonely,  
may be from its depth and vastness.  
But tell me why am I so distant?  
Do tell me why I feel so lonely.

Saju Abraham



# Lost Love

Memories of her rise  
Like blood on jagged glass  
Each time it brushed  
A fresh dropp trickled down  
Currents of agony strike  
Leaving me in constant pain  
Waking me up of my numbed state

Do I want free from it?  
Don't I wish to run my hand  
Over the jagged ends of glass  
To feel that feeling again and again?  
Love boxes you in that feeling  
But lost love takes you to a treasure  
A treasure you want never put down.

Saju Abraham

# Lucifer Switches Sides

Lucifer's just joined hands with God,  
He cringes at the acts of the mortals,  
Envious of violence ventured in God's name,  
He's just switched sides.

Men die as man fights man,  
Men are killed to build or mar for God,  
Like they consolidated bases with blood of men,  
They propagate their whims over dead bodies.

Man was made to resemble God,  
What if God resembled man?

Saju Abraham

# Making Peace

I invent reasons to dislike a person  
He talks loud, so I avoid him.  
He looks down when he talks  
So I think he's deceptive.  
He approaches me in need  
And I think he's an opportunist.  
He talks little, so he's proud.  
I catch him looking at me  
And I think his intentions evil.  
Then when does he impress me?  
No wonder the world is on a hunt  
On a leather hunt for peace.

Saju Abraham

# Memories

Memories like thorns in the crown;  
the more it fits the more you bleed.  
Blood drips down your head;  
thinking becomes painful;  
memories inhabit every lane of thought.  
You want the crown on your head,  
But you want the thorns out.

Saju Abraham

# Mirage

Cliff on cliff each rose  
To one another warming  
And for the summit vying  
They stood guard for date palms

Green palms in shy stance  
Stood below like brides  
The tall grooms of brown walls  
Quiet palms and bare summits  
Scripted the desert betrothal

Your ears and eyes strain  
To a single drum's rumble  
And flash of hues amidst green  
Desert dresses up to deceive  
All that you see is a mirage  
Of colourful Arab collage

Saju Abraham

# Mother

You have thrilled thousands on the screen,  
with your acts of a valiant son.  
You have won accolades  
for your poems praising mother.  
Your sculptures of a mother  
feeding infant were sell outs.

What does a mother get for all she is?  
The lips that she nurtured hurl abuses at her.  
The feet that she kissed kick her in the womb,  
kick her where she carried you for nine months.  
Do you notice the sign of her sacrifice on your body?  
The sign of the cord that tied you to your mother,  
the cord that kept you alive,  
and prepared you for the battle with the world.

Our houses have become museums;  
the living we have locked up in homes.  
In her silence, in her sobs, she still insists,  
take me home sons and daughters.  
When will the mothers be brought home?  
When will love return to our lives?  
No art can imitate what an infant feels,  
as its lips touch its mother's breasts fist time.

Saju Abraham

# My Woman

She was born ten months old  
Wanted to be more ready for the world  
Reduce the risks the world churned out  
That's what she turned out

At twelve she cared for her sibling  
Earned her wages at nineteen  
Found a family at twenty three  
Always a pessimist  
With a trained eye  
For the dark side of things  
In total mistrust of the world  
Turns an absolute happy time  
Into a scene of desperation

But insurance of a good morrow  
She guarantees even as she totters now  
That's what my woman is  
One that lingered to face the world  
Before she left her mother's womb

Saju Abraham

# My Yearning

I do not yearn for long life  
But I do long for happiness.  
I do not hold on to wealth  
But I do wish a healthy life.  
I yearn for nothing for myself  
But I long for a life with you

Saju Abraham



# Night

If night never ended,  
And the Sun never rose,  
Your fears would stay locked;  
Darkness would mask your pain;  
Wounds would heal in secrecy;  
Tears trashed away under pillows.  
It'd all be a sweet slumber,  
Laced with a festival of dreams!

Saju Abraham

# Pangs Of Separation

It was a time we were young,  
love was fleeting glances,  
a chance touch that left us breathless,  
warm letters and sweaters for winter,  
staring and speaking nothing.

Love was then a world apart.  
When was that world ripped apart?  
We'd make love into the night,  
and then talk about nothings,  
until sleep snatched us away.

Then to the world we took the vow,  
bore the fruit of our love,  
toiled to make our offspring stand.  
Was that the first brick on the wall?  
Nah! We still set the night on fire,  
fight and make up over silly things.

Then work and seas separated us.  
Love still kept us alive;  
Days together made life worthwhile.  
Then when did all go awry?

Saju Abraham

# Poetry

There isn't any love left in me,  
My poetic resources have dried up,  
So has the ink in my pen.  
The glass is no more full.

Now it's just a fantasy world.  
Chewing on the cud of autumn bygone.  
When fields were green and grain-filled,  
The barns full of bulging bags,

Birds at the end of endless migration;  
Trees spread out in joy,  
Even as leaves disintegrated,  
For the new shoots gave them much to cheer.

My hearts don't well up  
At sights of sorrow or joy.  
Where will I pick up words of wisdom?  
Where await pearls of poetry?

Ah, the end of my poetic artistry!  
Not that I had it in considerable degree.  
I did think highly of my verses.  
High or low, alas it's over now.

Saju Abraham

# Relief

Rain drops fell on sand  
And scattered like beads of pearls  
Off a laced garland

In that quiet relief  
Rhythm of rain stirred my soul  
Mopping all pain off

New vigour swept me  
Morning dawned ending all dream  
Lit fire to morrow foggy

Saju Abraham

# Reunion

He'd would walk miles,  
Roll down rough mountain,  
Just to see her, be with her,  
Guided by some new messenger every time.

As he slipped by to her hut,  
Her heart pounding she steps out of her hut.  
All she has is a fleeting glance,  
Then she stays lost in her reverie.

Even as his eyes never leave her,  
His feet hurt from the stony road,  
Blood buds on his body from hazardous trip,  
He looks at her mesmerized,  
Waiting for her to reject him,  
To pull his hair and scratch his bare chest.

Then he'd leave vowing to return.  
She comes to herself on his leaving.  
Longs for him as dying man his death.  
Such was their bond,  
That everything around them plotted their reunion,  
Plotted the violence to agonize their meeting.

Saju Abraham

# Rise While You Fall

They tried to break me in vain.  
They know I'm a free soul,  
They know I've no souls to care.  
They try to tear me down,  
By the hem of my flaw.

They know to rip my heart.  
My hopes before me they dangle;  
I trail them like bees to flowers.  
I know I'm the kill targeted;  
Don't the moths know it too?

I shall let them prey upon me,  
And not beg them for mercy;  
I shall stagger but stand,  
Until they throw me off my feet.

Saju Abraham

# Road Ahead

It's a cruel cold world  
You and I shrugged aside  
You don't sing their tune  
You don't fit the garb

You watch the events unfold  
Excite yourselves in attitude  
Express in nameless forums  
Revel in some crony's comments

Toothless lions still rule the world  
Shake their mien to stress their word  
They'd live for years to come  
For you'd take eons to come

Come take the reins in your hands  
Take a break off your stupor  
Get right your gene permutations  
Set the world on a new path

Saju Abraham

# Simple Joys

It's best to take heart in simple joys  
Than break heart with big dreams.

How many of us take in the free breeze blow  
And not long for the motored resort?

Which of you won't butcher a rooster  
When your garden is a pantry of green vegetables?

Which of you would shrink to the woman by your side  
When another bewitchingly passes you by?

Which of you would overlook a wad of money  
While you vehemently oppose the theory of chance?

Who among you would an intoxicating today  
Put off for an uncertain tomorrow?

Today is in your face but tomorrow can betray you:  
What's yours can always be yours  
But what you don't have might never be yours.

Saju Abraham



# Song Of Separation

Here's a song I write to you sanely in love  
I wanna write you fast and short  
That my words may reach you sooner.  
Whenever you feel our love's boat in rough weather,  
Think that it's just a passing storm;  
That the serene season isn't far.

Yeah this is my song I write to you sanely love.  
I close my eyes to see you laugh.  
I whisper the words you ever wanna hear.  
I say them over and over that you may hear.

Here's that song I write to you sanely in love.  
When I think that you belong to time and place another,  
Or that I know nothing of your thoughts,  
I feel a tinge of envy not part of love,  
Or is that what they call love?  
This is my song I write to you sanely in love.

Saju Abraham

# Teach Them Little Ones

For an hour of disciplined session  
A young mind you rape  
And his thoughts you cripple  
It's your rights versus their lives

For the good of the rest  
A child's future you sacrifice  
He's a lineage's crucial link  
It's a lineage stunted forever

For the good of our society  
Each day a few voices you stifle  
As you paste those kids to their seats  
It's your hands versus their vocal chords

For centuries these ghaddafis survived  
Enjoying an envious status  
Ruining generations of this earth  
It's educators who need shed the rhetoric

For a change let the children scream  
Make a market place of your workroom  
Leave dirt and wrinkles on your neat clothes  
Let them learn for a change!

Saju Abraham

# The Art

A kiss on the forehead  
Triggers the trip down ecstasy lane

The two become the sculptor and the sculpture  
He the potter and she the clay  
He kneads into shape the supple body  
Then the clay guides the potter

The slightest touch  
Creates magical effects  
Like graphic animations  
On a PC player  
Filling the canvas  
With art unseen  
Leaving the connoisseurs  
Wanting for more

Saju Abraham

# The Chosen

The chosen ones dearest to Him,  
They engraved it on their foreheads,  
They drew power from it,  
They always rejected authority,  
"Cause they believed they were it,

Their history is replete with proofs,  
They sacrificed all the prophets,  
The Messiah was their ultimate test,  
They failed as they always did,  
There began their days of atonement,  
The eternal end to their glory,  
The eternal banish from paradise,

They were scattered to corners of the world,  
Refugees in search of the land of milk and honey,  
They found no peace where they went,  
They found peace in their material gains,  
Hitler was their most recent scourge,  
They merely survived him,  
They were destined to be amidst the Arabs,  
Surrounded by the hardest of their foes,  
That they find no peace even in their homes,  
The world is yet to see the depth of God's wrath.

Saju Abraham

# The Clairvoyant

Little feet hastened on the grass,  
To the call of a mother,  
She was her mother since those days,  
Days of gory crimes the two were unaware,  
But there was one man, who knew it all,  
He dreamt of white flashes and red rivers,  
Suffered a saga of bloodshed,  
Drugged himself to forget her,  
Forgot her address to protect her.

On a rainy night he'd found her,  
While her friend lay dead on her bed,  
Brutally butchered for love,  
An honor killing by the wealthy family.  
He had loved her at first sight,  
He had lost her at first sight,  
He had sent her away to some distant land,  
And now he lay dead in that poor street.  
Could he see those little feet,  
Hastening to the woman he'd loved?  
She held her against her breasts,  
Hid her tears for the man she'd lost.

Saju Abraham

# The Great Confluence

Balancing nectar-filled pots on their heads  
ladies shook a leg or two  
and sung their gratitude for the land they walked on.  
The naked naga sadhus came  
from all corners to the confluence.

There was the smell of marigold and ashes they wore,  
the sea of sounds from all over the world,  
the trumpeting elephants,  
the colour-clad modern bands and the manly bhangras,  
and the chimes off the devotees' shoulders

Sadhus, scholars, laity  
all moved single-minded to the Water.  
Scholarly sages with not a care in the world,  
discoursed the worries of the world,  
others immersed in the Water,  
launched leafy boats of flowers  
and wished to wash away their worries.  
Midst of it all the journos waited impatient  
for that twelve-year tryst with the earthly sadhus.

Saju Abraham

# The Maze

My mind let loose into a maze,  
A labyrinth of dark corridors and rooms.  
Red flashes in the dark speak of death.

I had come in doors with no doors;  
No, it's not me,  
I'm just a spectator.  
A long fat hand stretches out,  
Two slender strong fingers  
Pierce into my throat.  
I sweat and fly out windows with no windows.

I know I'm still there;  
I'm still trapped.  
It's recurring with utmost precision;  
The fake dark and the dark dream,  
Long fat hand with slender fingers  
Zooming into my throat.  
I don't have any fear,  
But fearless is no freedom.

Saju Abraham

# The Pallbearer

It was a time we were full of life.  
I recall our take on death.  
I was one of the parish pallbearers.  
Pallbearers then was a paid service;  
The bereaved family paid for them.

Death knell normally unnerves most;  
It's no happy tide to say the least.  
But my friends and I eagerly awaited it;  
The slow resounding toll of death!  
We'd rush to register for the day's work;  
We rushed lest we missed the mere two pence.

How strange it meant things different!  
Heart wrenching for the bereaved,  
And heartening for the pallbearers.  
Death witnessed so stoically at that age!

Saju Abraham



# The Pyre

One by one the bones he gathered,  
From the midst of the dying fire.  
His eyes fell on the nearby pyre;  
He looked at his own body burning;  
He saw her and himself in the frame'  
Corner to corner in flame.

She wore a red saree and green blouse;  
Bright colours she always liked;  
Her beautiful hair upto the waist;  
Thin lips seemed secrets keep.  
She was running away from him,  
Looking aside to see him after her.

He would have her in his arms,  
Kiss her thin lips as she struggled.  
They would lay on the green meadow,  
Surrounded by tall lush grasses.  
She whispered sweetly in his ear,  
'Take me with you, love me forever'.

The flame now rose higher;  
He felt the heat and his own words,  
'I love thee not, I love another'.  
She uttered nothing;  
She went away never turning back.

He dug into the fire for her bones,  
His body and soul numb.  
In the holy river he scattered them.

Now the pot he handed to the bereaved.  
Then to the pyre next he staggered.  
Solace and penance he found there.

Saju Abraham

# The Sailor

I've been to most places,  
yet I haven't seen any places.

Six months for a day off;  
a day I'll eat and drink,  
meet my friends at an eatery;  
teary eyed I hear my loved ones on the phone;  
my eyes dry up as talk turns to accounts,  
of calculations gone right and wrong.

When I'm at sea I'm back to sea.  
It has a way to smoothen the rough,  
I look at sea and feel at ease.

Saju Abraham

# The World Order

When will the gods intervene?  
When infants are stained,  
With the blood of the innocent?  
When world join hands in plea?

The wicked He lets grow like palms,  
The Book hoodwinks the poor.  
How does that console you?  
And for how long?  
You want signs in your life time

As gods of this universe,  
Cut the tall palms at the root;  
Redistribute the earth by your scale;  
Space allot for everyone to breathe.  
Your silence steels the grabbers;  
Your inaction infuses them.

Saju Abraham

# This World

They lay his body down,  
Bruises lined his body;  
Bandages – fresh and faded.  
A mummy unintended, unordered for.  
The scars of afflictions – some self,  
And some who knows whose.  
He's set for his incarnation,  
One he wasn't sure of,  
But hoped for anyway.  
What if there isn't any?  
Bruises will stay infested,  
Bandages will wear out,  
And scars will tell no tales

Wouldn't I prefer a bulged brain,  
A cancer-consumed brain,  
A monster of a brain?  
A monster head over an unafflicted body,  
A body unaffected by pain,  
And afflicted by joys of the world,  
Is what I wish for.  
Bulges wouldn't bend my head.  
The monster that I am,  
I'd give you a body to bury,  
And thoughts to think.  
That seems a fair bargain!

Saju Abraham

# Thought Channelizer

I'm in a state of my mind;  
My mind is a knotted line – a labyrinth.  
It is bursting with thoughts.  
Make a machine to reign in my mind.  
I don't intent to scale the summit;  
No, I can't route my mind paths  
All I want is to move in my backyard,  
And yet not lose my way.

You say yoga blanks your mind;  
You talk of tabula rasa in your thesis.  
My thoughts go haywire, crisscross  
And collide with one another,  
Causing lightning and thunder.  
One thought to another and to scores;  
Feels like sun rays piercing the prism,  
And breaking into endless paths.

Make me a thought channelizer,  
Like a blinder fitted on your horse!

Saju Abraham

# Thoughts

Thoughts never stop  
Like flowers in a garland,  
Or thorns in a crown.  
They just go on  
Pleasing and hurting  
An endless cycle.

Sleep is so blissful,  
Like a ceasefire in war,  
Or a gunshot in the alley,  
Soothing and scaring,  
An escape from reality.

Saju Abraham

# Times Today

These are bad times  
And the pall of gloomy omens  
Linger the horizon

Country against country  
Rulers against the ruled  
Family against family  
Fathers harming children  
Children turn on fathers

Roles levelling, reversing  
Lions grazing, rivers stagnating  
Men are mating men  
Women working for wages

When all that has come to pass  
And humanity has evolved  
It's time for the new race.

Saju Abraham

# To The Moon

You Moon stand high above;  
Bright as a halo  
White as white linen  
Round as a perfect circle.

The distance lends you majesty,  
You'd see in a king on his seat.  
I survey the stars gaping at you.  
I suspect if you are happy.  
I suspect you are lonely.

Oh the Light of the Night!  
What you'd give to come down  
To leave all that beauty and majesty!  
Alas! The distance betrays you!

Saju Abraham



# Unquenched Love

Love is unquenched;  
Life remains a thirst;  
She's the story in between,  
A story quivering to be told.

She awaits him every night;  
Last aberration she hopes.  
At the banquet she seats herself,  
Nakaab on and not a word.  
At wee hours of the day,  
His scrambling feet wake her  
To clear the stale food.

With swollen eyes and laden heart,  
She picks herself up for the day.  
Absorbs pain by the night,  
Only to bathe in it by the day;  
Like the desert standing the sun,  
To sleep under the moon's chill.

All she was she surrendered him;  
He too held back nothing,  
When their bodies chanced to meet.  
To ash she'd go for him,  
But her heart desired for more of him.  
He craved more of everything.

Her love will always be unquenched,  
And her life an unfinished story.

Saju Abraham

# Waiting For Heaven

The window outside my room,  
A way to heaven and hell.  
I rush my work to sit there.

I see them all from there.  
workers grudge their way to work,  
children trudge with burdened backs.  
Traffic fighting the fog and the jam,  
a white wailing siren speed away.  
carrying tidings of birth and death.

But I await the purgatorial creatures,  
who neither know joy nor sorrow.  
They are hovering in the middle,  
those that pass by in soliloquy,  
lest loneliness plague them.  
Those that bend as they walk,  
bent by burden on their backs.

Yet again you quote the Book,  
heaven's path fills with thorns and stones.  
Why would your heaven be here  
While their right to heaven waits?

Saju Abraham

# Water

Water, water so prevailing water!  
Remember the times of Noah;  
The Word was purified by water;  
People travel from afar  
For a pail of holy water;  
They'd kill for a dip in the Ganges.  
Can water be the Omega?

Why do they talk of the great melt?  
The human tragedy of Hiroshima  
And the most spectacular calamity  
Have come to meet in Japan today.  
A mere coincidence most would say!  
I'm none to sow seeds in your minds  
But I'd merely say water prevails!

Saju Abraham

# Waves Of Change

On the banks of river Nile,  
In the land of a great civilization,  
Erupted the Arab-African revolution,  
Eventually to swallow the Arab world.

It shook the root of monarchies,  
That have stood the test of time;  
Hosni that Egyptians elevated,  
Ghaddafi the Libyans shielded,  
Both charred in the flame.

The toughest bite dust.  
Resist and pale at people's wrath.  
And then those buying time,  
Will find the bargain tough.  
Wither away them,  
Wither away their identities.

The winds reach the shores of Japan.  
The core of the earth shaken,  
The world look upon in bewilder.

Saju Abraham

# What Could Have Been

As he lay staring at the spot on the wall,  
and rued the chances lost,  
paint peeling off,  
he thought of what could have been,  
bright pink under the peel.

As he pressed his face against the grill,  
and saw others pass before him,  
leaving him behind,  
he thought of what could have been,  
big dreams webbed together.

As years peeled off,  
and saw his offspring flail,  
leaving him nothing to hang onto,  
he thought of what could have been,  
my today for their tomorrow.

As he lay on the bed of rest,  
and felt the pangs of loneliness,  
waiting for something to happen,  
he thought of what could have been,  
kids playing around him in his garden.

Saju Abraham

# When I Die

I don't want tears when I die,  
Not that you should break into joy.  
No, I don't want you brooding,  
I want you to remember the good times,  
And not seal a deal with destiny.

Didn't we have our moments,  
When we laughed over small things.  
Cried when the weak won small victories?  
If they have made better your life,  
Then my life would be complete.  
Doesn't matter if I know it, I don't know it.

No I don't want you waste your life.  
Take me as a brief pause in your life,  
That invigorated and made it worthwhile.  
But then the new chapter begins.  
We relate to the past only to see the whole.

Saju Abraham

# Window View

I pressed my face against the window,  
Strings of rain drops stinging the window pane,  
All that I see there wiped out by the water.

I turn to the other window, where  
Dark clouds take gigantic forms,  
Threaten to break down the pane.

I wipe my tears away,  
Push open all windows wide,  
And sunshine rushes into all windows.

Saju Abraham

# Winter

I sat and the woman joined me  
On the wintry steel settee.  
Soon we rose silently to the window  
And leaned out on the cold window sill.  
Every wall was damp depraved and dead;  
Damp depraved and dead they were!  
It's hibernation time for man;  
Time and again there was a madrigal  
From the youth quaffing at the bar;  
The aging drunks sprawling as they pass.  
But for this prevailed the great silence-  
The conditioner of creation and hope.  
Oh! The nest hanging from the naked tree!  
Are they pining for a phoenix?

I glanced aside at the woman,  
And hastened to the wintry steel settee.  
I'm not gossiping with the woman;  
I fear the trimming of my hair;  
I never tried the riddles of life,  
Nor did I claim to be a mystic,  
Holding the key to the gates of heaven;  
I was not a prophet of any degree;  
But I will say what I will,  
Even as you deem me a Cassandra:  
Man was happy when he was not hopeless;  
Birds were brisk before they were pinioned;  
Trees were green and full of leaves,  
Before the leaves fell and were no more.  
They are all dead and beyond retrieval.  
What now of our charade,  
With hope as the key-word,  
And summer at the guessing end?

Saju Abraham



# Woman

The baby kicks around the woman's womb,  
The father forgets her while he shares sweets,  
The husband finds her the magic maid,  
The brother takes on the role of her protector,  
Yet they're reasons for her strength,  
The one that nourishes life,  
The one that grows without her share,  
The one that stands behind a man,  
The one that protects herself,  
And yet she's fighting to save herself,  
The irony that wouldn't go away.  
Woman thy name is sacrifice!

Saju Abraham

# Yet Another Wound

I had died and gone to heaven,  
And then fallen from grace.  
Death had changed my life forever.  
It sure has several shades,  
But none of those we're wont to.

What is death but for its manifestations,  
Wailing, contorted face muscles and eerie silences?  
Death is but another cut on the bloodied body,  
No more painful no more powerful.  
Only you don't live to take another.

Men have feared death since Adam died;  
They paralyze at the thought of death.  
Does death deserve life as its cost?  
Can death wipe out life's best?  
Is it not an event equalling birth?  
Lightly, welcome the relief from evils it brings.

Saju Abraham

# You And I

You gallop like a train head on,  
I stand stooped between the lines.  
Your light dazzles and you see me not.  
Your goals you set firmly.

Words sweetly sung in your ears,  
Shot back between my ears,  
Like bullets staying, festering.  
Skins cared for have hardened;  
Hearts story-softened hardened;  
Lips hung onto dry and droop;  
Messages are mere stories.

I don't want you hurt like I do;  
I don't want you to know I hurt.

Saju Abraham

# You Are My Prize

You broke into my view from nowhere,  
Like the rainbow after the storm,  
Leaving no signs of the dark moments,  
Spreading colours all over my life.

If life threatens with storm,  
I'll have no fears or tears,  
For I know you are there,  
My prize for weathering the storm.  
But I'd see it through with pleasure,  
Knowing what awaits me.

You are the precious prize I won,  
I wouldn't share it with nobody,  
Nor let go off it for nothing.  
I would struggle all my life,  
As long as it is in your shadow.

I want to cry when you cry,  
I want to smile when you smile,  
I want to live with you by side.  
You are the gift of life you gave me.

Saju Abraham

# You Exist In His Presence

Even as you garner points after points  
Your opponent draws a blank  
Wouldn't your conscience spare him a point?  
Then what of the Invincible?  
Wouldn't he pick up the vanquished?

Even as you amass wealth in avarice  
The beggar prays for a penny in the bowl  
Wouldn't you drop a penny in his bowl?  
Then what of the God of abundance?  
Wouldn't he see the dearth in you?

Even as a mother goes mindless  
Of her baby screaming to be fed  
Wouldn't she know when the baby needs milk?  
Then what of the Keeper of the bounty?  
Wouldn't he spread the banquet for you?

Even as a tired father gives upon an erring son  
And the son slides further into danger  
Wouldn't he rescue him from doom?  
Then what of the All-merciful?  
Wouldn't he be the last straw for you?

Know you then that he has let nothing to chance  
You merely exist in his presence.

Saju Abraham