

Poetry Series

**saranyan bee**  
**- poems -**

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# saranyan bee()

Hi,

I came to learn English literature by default. Dont ask me questions, these things happen.

But the works of great many that dominated the curriculum of the seventies, travelled with me in an unknown manner.

Later on, when a a good friend egged me to write, my facny for Myth, Form and Rhyme gave way to Freshness, Simplicity and penchant for repuditaing the popular perceptions in which we fool ourselves.

Modern poetry fascinates me, what is modern? Charles Bukowski, Raymond Carver inspire me a geat deal in a specific manner. The simplicity of their writings left me sort of unnerved each time, every time, whenever I read again and again.

I differ with them in as much as that I would like to lay less emphasis on the 'place' and 'immediacy'.

I thought in general, poems are supposed to have Universal and Eternal presence and language to serve only as much as the ink.

What a poem invokes once to some group of people at some point of time, ought to invoke similar emotions to all the persons at all points of time, even if translated.

I like to draw for inferance, the simple lines of a Goanese poet (Forgive me I forget his name, this one is translated from a Indian language Konkaneese) ....

It roughly translates (he tells God of death who has come to take him away) ....

'leave me tonight, O Lord,  
leave me tonight  
because tonight my mother has made me fish  
with cocoanut rice and cahsewnut brew,  
leave me tonight

Let me savour the dish,  
sleep well and be with you tommorow'

Have I said enough?

# A Rock Can Think? I Doubt...

He said,  
'Ego is a difficult path',

so I unburden myself of it.

He didn't say,  
"Unburdening is more difficult."

So I try, trying is trying.

I don't know if a rock can think,  
feel or burden itself with ego,  
I will never know.

If it does indeed,  
would want to be a fine statue,

like the Sphinx in Egypt  
majestic in the stillness of sand,

or the frolic in a courtesan's muslin  
be her contour for ever,

a venerated idol in the venerated alter  
not taken by the marauder.

We know not for sure,  
a rock can think, I doubt,

unburden itself off the ego;

but by  
the eccentricity of providence,

be the less difficult path  
spread over the arduous miles  
in a well travelled road.

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# A Small Space Midst The Haystack

&lt;/&gt;Just in a small space midst the haystack,  
I curl up, close my eyes  
smell the sweetness of barn,  
let the morning caress my arm.

I have nothing to do for the next six days,  
a few peaches and bread to keep me warm,  
no horse to feed, no cows  
to milk or shower love upon.

I aint' no recluse running away,  
no hermit striving for,  
just the small space midst the haystack  
I need for next seven days.....

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# A Thing Of Beauty Is A Salt Burner

A thing of beauty is a salt burner

during intervals of worldly distress  
whence penance, the preferred destination -  
a thing of beauty is a salt burner.

my dog and me spend time together  
looking into each other's face,  
no words, no whining, no semblance of sound  
those meaningful tête-à-têtes  
end feeling good  
that no other time in the world seem worth the while,  
we lie on our beds closing our battering eye-lids  
in exchange of images -  
which during intervals of worldly distress  
act like hills, the mountains, the caves  
the rocks on which I trip on strayed-over days,  
fruits on which I feed with feistiness  
the spring from which I quench my naked tongue  
make of belly-full chirps from the evening-trees  
a supplementation of indulgence,

- but damns me  
to no true hermitage,  
because they say  
a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Saranyan BV (C) Nov 2011

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## About Marble Game (Mumbai Monsoon)

children at the marble game  
marble game by the railway tracks,  
tracks close to speeding suburbs  
speeding ones, kissing dangers,  
dangers like playing with peril  
peril of marbles feeding gut worms,

fence with sharp pointed tops  
indecisive spears in the arsenal,  
fence which look like rail roads,  
fence like water-marks on scribbling pad,  
fence which offer entry and exits,  
fence which protect neither the protected  
nor the intruders  
fence by where marbles roll,

children are instincts;  
they never look behind  
or ahead, only  
the marbles - purple blue  
like the ocean in curfew,  
olive green, streaks of gold,  
see- through, opaque or bold,  
marbles with cracks,  
craters like moon

who cares, it's monsoon,  
not to smother one room tenements  
with space

the place is littered  
broken bricks, discarded roof  
bottles smashed in anger,  
burnt lamp-wicks,  
buttons snatched out in fury,  
dull pails with shark jaws,  
bags ripped open,  
garbage of onion peels,



of fish scales, stripped fish bones,  
strings of flowers refused,  
string of flowers used,  
news dailies with oil stain  
just news bits  
stories of abduction, killing  
incendiary and rape  
disheveled gauze  
tincture benzene and blood,  
dead rats, smashed roaches,  
of drained water  
of swollen morsels of rice.  
of condoms jackets, condom skin.

they aim with one eye  
about the marble to be done in,  
about the speed, the spin, accuracy, the grip  
fatigue in the fingers,  
about marbles collected as prize money  
about marbles hanging heavily in the pockets,  
about marbles lost  
about marbles to be won back,  
about holding trousers up from falling,  
about the marbles rubbing on their genitals  
about the marbles held in their hand  
those whose pockets have holes,  
about the horn-hoots which distracts,  
about the swing,  
about marbles taken on loan, to be returned,  
about borrowing, about the fear of failing,  
about the applause, about the mockery,  
about marbles, about the marble game,

there are cheer leaders,  
hecklers, challengers,  
mere on lookers with no seed marble,  
those with shirts,  
without shirts,  
those without anything,  
no endorsements  
no TV rights  
no bookies,

no bets, no abetments,

they just play for glory  
they play for the marble booties  
for the dreams  
about winning,  
winning.

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# Abstract Compensation

Last night I had a peeled-off nightmare  
in which seven  
lady's bicycles  
were parked  
in front of double bottle kitchen sink  
blocking me access to washing my coffee pot  
carrying brownny coffee muck  
from the previous jig,

and at the front door  
decorated with bunch of strawberries  
lies three velvet hand bags  
of my wife who's gone to see her mom in mountains,  
a tube of Apricot scrub  
and a jar of cucumber lotion  
with luminescent bubbles.

All this troubles me if the world is coming to an end.

In compensation I wish my day,  
images of cat Kelly doing nineteen laps  
on my pool-board without peeing once,  
lions doing the lionesses fifty times  
on the rocky hot beds  
and a ping pong ball the size of Joey  
jumping the mother's bag while she's in motion.

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# As If My Silence Is A Thief

In the Kingdom of barks  
silence is a invertebrate traveler  
slain-wing of a dragon-fly  
gripped in dried up sauce,  
dragged home by red ants  
for supper and delight.

I wake each night - hands crawling  
over my crumpled bed -  
fear peeing in sleep,  
the nuances of those dreams  
where I always remain naked,  
ambivalent about places to hide,

as if my silence is a thief.

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# Break-Fast In The Guest-House

The care-taker calls me to have my breakfast  
just milk, corn-flakes, brown bread toasted  
with butter and then jam,  
fruits because I dont eat eggs.

At the dining table the other guest  
of the guest-house is there too,  
his hands are holding the fork and knife,  
has finished the cereal and partly other things.

I say, 'Hi'  
he squintes his eyes, chuckles  
and says, 'hi', two eggs  
poached waits on his main plate.

I eat fast.  
He eats slow.  
His pair of ophthalmic glasses rests on the table  
I know why he squints his eyes now.

I eat fast as if I don't like the food  
and I want it finished the sooner.  
He eats slow as if he doesn't like the food  
and can't push it in sooner.

We stay in the same guest house  
and share all other things.

Saranyan BV © August 2011

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# Californian Gardener

I have been watching the gardener,  
All Tuesdays, that's when he comes along  
To tend to the little landscaped lawn  
And the garden in this motley town.

Nothing like to sit at the patio  
Sipping a Budweiser can,  
Letting sunny afternoons slip  
Look at flowers, beds of them, even tulip.

What a lovely place to be,  
Seated in the sunny afternoon I do,  
But Tuesdays are special,  
When the gardener comes with kit and shovel.

He sprays the odorless pesticide,  
Mows the lawn, trims the hedges,  
And even paints the odd fether  
Where patches of wear are found by the litter.

I admire the meticulous range  
Of the work he does, I thought it strange  
That he has never looked up to me,  
Not once, not in the many years by the sea.

Blossoms sweet, Sweet Petunia,  
Pink Fuchsia, Lily of Nile  
All courtyards had his caring eye,  
But not me, not in the many years by the sea.

Why do I want this man's reflection  
When I can engage the whole sky,  
The steaming warmth and whole lot of bacon,  
Without any fleck or affliction.

Hold! Was that a baffling smile  
I'd glanced for a while,  
A visage of unconcerned blithe  
Something he never pampered me with?

As if about to unravel some fresh ground  
- or he found a trowel too easy to maneuver,  
Or the grandeur of a bee sticky on pollen,  
So it's this world carries on.

What if he doesn't look me in the eye,  
New beauty is fashioned, as weeks stroll by,  
Birds of paradise, dizzy poppy lines  
Each man unto his odds, his own yellow lupins.

I have been watching the gardener,  
All Tuesdays, that's when he comes along,  
To tend to the little landscaped lawn,  
And the garden in this motley town.

What a lovely place to be seated  
All afternoons I do, sun or foggy;  
I love to be the bee with legs sticky on pollen;  
Unto my odds, my own yellow lupins.

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# Cat Walk

The sky opens up.  
After three days of downpour,  
these things make things claustrophobic.

I hang my legs out.  
They seem to solidify with  
too much of indoors.

I must catch up.  
Quickly some fresh air,  
I fear rain again.

The road is coarse.  
Bites like a disgruntled boar  
which appear in my dreams.

I look up the sky.  
That's when I miss a step and splash a puddle of water  
wallowing in self pity.

Those in the dicey string of apartments.  
Are still fast asleep, fooled  
by the blanket of timed-out clouds.

The pigeons out there are shrewd squatters.  
Pecking worms edged out  
upon the tips of unkempt grass.

I pick a gray stone from the ground.  
Throw it vertically into the clouds  
hoping to make a real hole.

The trajectory fails like my ambitions.  
Meekly falls on the roof of a beige sedan parked under a weird tree,  
I pray the noise it makes is muted by a cuckoo cry.

One of the many windows swing open.  
They look like the chicken coop  
littered by fowls which know no other world.



A matured lady peeps out in a queer sort of way.  
She tests the intentions of rain-god with her hand out,  
the wrinkles catching a few tiny drops.

I feign searching for something laterally.  
Like where from the Universe came,  
and things like that.

A jogger wearing olive green raincoat pumps his legs.  
He greets me as if he knew my granddad,  
I hate him wearing rain coat.

It means he predicts more rains.  
We had enough,  
every trough in the gully is filled up.

Some mongrels, they stand alert in the butcher's shop  
like sentinels, they live on spill-over,  
I on my time.

I like the calmness in their eyes.  
The butcher's, the mongrels', the fowls'  
calmness oozes like the only hope.

The milk-vendor who never fails.  
Stands chatting with the newspaper boy who never fails,  
I cross them all as if they are receding water in a rugged river.

A robust-looking man looks at me on my way back.  
With eye-brows knit in anxiety, red ears, his chest full of scales  
heaving like a salmon grabbed by a brown bear.

I sense an urgent need to go to the wash room.  
These acts are important in life which we tend to ignore,  
never pay much attention but act upon instantly.

He tries to erase the dent on the car roof.  
The stone I threw had it's share of fun,  
I guess the dent stays like an obstinate mule.

Once inside my own coop, I flush the water-closet the job done.

Twice, to be doubly sure, though my aim is good  
then rest on the easy-chair to shake off my shaky limbs.

Uneasy chillness in certain parts of my bum said the canvas is wet.  
And airs the pungent odor of cat piss,  
so I lift my parts, quite gently.

Sit again with brusqueness.  
For I must hide the reprimand, my act of vandalism,  
and my conscience.

BV Saranyan © Sept 2010

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# Cauldron With No Steam

They say hope is good  
- hope is the house  
in which faith dwells,  
faith that swears by god.

I say desire is the house  
from of which all seeds  
called hope,  
in mortal clusters sprout.

If desires are dead maggots  
hopes the bad eggs,  
faith is an empty cauldron  
from where no steam rises.

Saranyan BV © October 2011

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# Crossing Bridges

There are many bridges in this place  
the one I see I shall have to cross,  
what if long,  
arduous and pebble-some,  
winds into fogging shore  
like a treacherous column?

uncertainty is a sloth intruder,  
plucks my guts  
like strings of guttural lyre  
out of tune with itself,

I knock with knuckles  
the whale of it's span to be certain,  
it speaks the voice of hollow,  
though feeds my fingers  
with freeze-slaps of green water  
whose murmur's melody in the ear,

many images travel  
like a band in passing,  
- sting of a clove  
- clanking food bowl,  
- smoke from a bazooka gun,  
- mosquito bites in the woods  
- piling noise when my homestead  
was built amidst rubbles;  
abiding, far abiding  
is the bloom of her face  
in the valley of apparitions:

I speak my mind,  
'you are no longer a virgin  
my princess,  
for in my dreams  
there's no law that governs  
men of fetters'  
though I run

a fugitive is in every head,  
unharnessed gallops  
in which links  
from one world to another  
are drugged deliberation,

Silence! Indian pond-heron  
roosts on the truss  
like a flash,  
a way of telling me the bridge is safe  
so long I have wings  
white and blind.

Saranyan BV © December 2011  
Mumbai

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# Death In The Ambulance

My son's friends' dad passed away  
last evening right in the ambulance  
on the way up the hospital.  
Trapped in a traffic snarl  
-the ones that can kill you without being ill-  
the boy spent forty seven agonizing minutes  
I believe or so, out in the jam  
caused by some large vehicle  
with a seized engine, like his father's heart  
which suffered myocardial infraction,  
the red lights blinking  
as if what next to do, the siren like the baby  
crying for a breath in the smog.  
Muffled by the honks and hell  
when they got there,  
the Docs declared him brought dead.  
Every visitor in the lounge walked up to see who he was,  
the loving father who died in the ambulance  
and the kid had to wait forty seven  
agonizing minutes before he sobbed.  
I sobbed for the young boy,  
like my son sobbed for him  
his friend, who sobbed for the death  
of his father who drives the ambulance.

Saranyan BV  
22/2/08

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# Diamond Park

By the sound of her skipping rope,  
whiplash on the patch of grass  
long since dead,  
whizz over the ear,  
whine over the head  
I know her,  
in the Diamond park  
when the sun turns gold  
gold red, red purple  
and kind of bleak shadow  
when stars hold the sky.

I know her, they say  
she has squint in her eyes,  
they hold their hearts, they say,  
when bottom rises, bottom sets,  
her bosom rises, bosom sets,  
I know her by the scent of sweat,  
the story of her perfume,  
I under the Cedar  
sit when she skips,

then, she's gonna wed, she says  
by the next moon, she says  
make life with a plumber  
from the timber shop, she says  
she cant skip, she says  
she says, her baby is showing up,

I change my place to another bench  
under a tree where nuts do not drop,  
squirrels do not spit,  
I weep,  
when I weep they say,  
here is the blind beggar  
who loved the girl with squint,  
and still dropp a nickel.

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# Elegy On The Death Of A Church Mouse

'Colonel Gaddafi is dead; long live Gaddafi',  
- whose words those are?

don't shoot, don't shoot,  
enough blood is spilled!  
Gaddafi,  
a leaf from the tree is dead;

leaf sprouts, leaf eats, leaf sleeps in the sky,  
leaf waves the world in the cheer of palm,  
makes no sand out of storm,  
no beating themselves by the horse drain,  
no hanging noose by the cock's strain.

Leaf feeds the tree with green  
when upon it's tender face, the horrid-sun shine,  
leaf, bearer of flower, bearer of seed,  
never the taster of the sap from earth  
till drops dead in the paleness of red,

'don't shoot, don't shoot,  
upon the sand is blood,  
for the Colonel is dead',  
said, the tree,

and said, 'Long live Gaddafi!

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# Elegy Overheard Near A Country Tombstone

You never call -  
you say  
our relationship's ended.

nothing that exists  
ends I say, ends not  
ever ends.

stamped, stuffed  
laid to rest in a pot of  
pureed permanence.

like the time, an idea, anything.  
anything that existed  
be drowned in lakes of turbulence,

remember the way you gasped  
for air  
first time I touched your breasts,

buried your face  
upon my shoulder blades  
hearing a beggar whipping himself for alms,

marveled the enormity of cotton candy  
at the village fair,  
the candy-man marveling your eyes with,

when the cabbie ripped past a sports buzz  
in the narrow peopled streets  
your laughter ripped the sky like a war-flag,

and you say the laughter isn't roaming  
over the dale  
the creek, the fort of Cortez

like a goodwill missionary  
over ages of time, vagary  
and sublime,

you did the brat-trot  
away in a huff  
from the sky-roof discothèque,

shrimps I ordered, you love  
shone like bracelets stymied in ruby,  
coz I failed to blow seven rings

from one puff of Marlborough;  
the night I tossed in the bed  
on empty stomach

after stretch-hours of arduous love,  
because I let you bring home the sodden puppy  
we found in the puddle of gully,

anything that live cannot die,  
you crooned that day,  
anything that lived cannot die,

at home now, see, how on my couch  
the fellow finds another cozy place  
under our blankets,

so my love,  
you keep alive things  
not calling me,

see, the guy who's here with to me,  
he gets a bunch of flowers  
white, pale white and purple,

the wife brings him  
often, so often, I loose count,  
here the broken petals

fly over my lonesome waft  
hinting whiff of her perfume,  
flowers don't mean anything to me,

you know our relationship does,

I see her arrive, his wife  
with nimble fingers,

she irons her skirt down  
from the naughtiness of autumn wind,  
her feet shuffle in flurry

soused stockings  
stretch to hips  
like a decorative saber to hilt,

I know not her but her panties well  
her face's covered in black veil -  
I know he married her,

I know I never married you,  
you know I live  
by calling it all dead.

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# Flavus!

stand on the banks of river tevere  
these days the river's slender and of color  
and not the flavus  
and i say aloud, let rome in tiber melt  
and the wide of arch of ranged empire fall  
and then there's goose flesh on my face,  
and the pink couple leaning on the rutted bridge  
hug and kiss and find each other's presence  
and give out those steamy sounds which I understand  
but not what they say in italian,  
a language which i do not know but love  
because it has more tees and aars and enns than any other I know  
the place floats aroma of wine and cheese  
and apricot, olive and coffee and dog-shit  
and clay, ah kingdoms are clay  
and shakespeare ` slaps my butt  
and says don't copy me.

saranyan bee

# Forever Alcatraz!

been to the Alcatraz?  
on the way, the weather turned rough  
like it wanted to feed me into the bay,  
the boat capsized three times  
and brought me up the surface  
like the old fisherman's net  
of small catches emptied into the sea,  
history is only two escaped Alcatraz,  
lofty is the womb  
that bore them,  
though never found on the shores,  
we keep saying, they escaped.

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## Fourth Shot

Today the fourteenth day,  
I am due for the fourth one -  
doc cares less for my wound,  
flushes hundred questions  
on dog welfare (remember the bite?)  
tells his girl to prepare the shot -  
behind the green curtains  
I down my new trousers,  
button holes ill-hemmed,  
act diffident like harlots,  
I, then, poach the rubber sheet, wait -  
in the meanwhile, doc beckons,  
they come,  
a pretty girl twenties,  
a daft boy twenties,  
her wrist's held by the doc  
like a slice of water melon,  
hears her heavy heart  
and her bosom,  
reads the gravindex from lab,  
doubly sure, sighs  
the girl is pregnant,  
(strangely at this point  
they discuss between themselves  
marriage, career,  
social evils, morals, shady deals)  
she cries for a while,  
nods to abort,  
the boy cries for a while,  
agrees for the ordeal which has a bill,  
though I know my shot is over,  
wait for the slap that is now a pattern,  
and think about the dog who bit me,  
has no bloody issues in all these nuances.

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# Funeral In The Railway Station

i reach the station  
i learn I've missed the train  
i cry that i miss  
i cry I miss the funeral

they wait for me  
laid in a box  
which fogs over  
and opaques  
and they cut the power  
fear they have cut for long  
look at the clock  
their wrist watches  
and each other's time  
and they curse  
and switch on the box and wait.

no trains  
only stations  
lengths of stations  
no trains

the fruit vendor  
at the spittoon pillar  
prunes bunches of bananas  
black ones from the bright  
the yellow face at the tea stall  
shines jars displaying wares  
crochets and rolls and chocolate bars  
and pepper gray policeman  
brushes teeth with a banyan twig  
as if digging a trench,  
chats with yellow face  
the woman who sits on her metal-box  
corrects the flow of her saree  
admires with a cherry face  
the enormity of her boobs  
children play around her  
catch me if you can



station-master's cap is emblematic  
walks to his post in objectivity  
all passengers look in the direction  
where from the train arrives  
i look at this guys face  
and where the train goes

like this I miss the train,  
I promise this is the reason  
I am not at the funeral  
and then i cry  
and wait  
and they wait for me,  
then they sigh and take her  
where they lay her in the bogie  
and send her in  
and turn their face away as  
she is ablaze and smoke,  
prayers are said  
mourners spread  
and curse  
the son didn't attend

and I to the bar  
my tears do not clean my soul  
and i curse the bartender  
who is lazy and delayed my drink.

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# Gecko Affair

Time's dark, dark times timid,  
Timid times a quagmire  
in the dead of moon, dreams marshaled  
to barrenness,  
feathers ruffle wee, weariness of legs,  
clatter of dry leaf, hurtles, settles,

silence -  
upon my ears a strange call from very close,  
broken piece of cackle  
broken piece of cackle,  
lingo's familiar, surly throat, gracious,  
broken piece of another cackle,  
silence -

who's that agent of the Assisi  
who speaks dotted lines,  
trill in the darkness of starred skies,  
untraced caller, spattered calls,  
my memory buds belie,  
known, unknown banshees in the jungle,

I spend my night smelling damp walls  
of inescapability -  
in the morning - Godlike - across the canopy  
a gecko strides,  
raises his neck to see if my night's been sinful  
- as his.

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# Glare

I puked at a confession booth,  
the priest's robe fully soiled  
he went to clean up  
and never returned.

I puked again  
again in his pulpit,  
the caretaker came with a mop  
his glare purged the rest of me.

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# Grizzly Crossing

At the grizzly crossing next to Napier bridge  
freight-ships sound booze horny,  
breeze recede like native fisherman  
into the morning sea.

the road forks, joins, forks again,  
cars ply like twiddling fangs  
by the circular enceinte, silvery globe,  
metal dove's set to take flight, freedom,

the red wrap leans at the bottom, legs spread wide,  
her hair mangles like entwined hooks,  
she faces the other way, seems to doze;  
I worry about her profession through the day,

booms blaze  
after sunset, sailors stroll in the esplanade  
like wobbler-syndrome afflicted dogs,  
we return our homes,

she's young, feeds a pup with yum  
moves shore by river Coovum.

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# Hopeless Poem

They say hope is good  
- hope is the house  
in which faith dwells,  
faith that swears by god.

I say desire is the house  
from which all seeds  
called hope,  
in mortal clusters sprout.

If desires are dead maggots  
hopes the bad eggs,  
faith is an empty cauldron  
from where no steam rise.

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# Hostage In A Honey-Drop

I am a hostage in a honey drop  
trapped in breathlessness,  
who would set me free  
oh vicious nectar,  
why did you trap me in gold!

what I see is gold  
the sun gold  
enlivened air is gold  
the flowers are gold  
the brier gold  
the bustard's beak is gold  
bustard is gold

No, I want to be the bow in a comets' trail  
hear the stars in the sky wail,  
be the waltz and the jingle  
plumage of the peacock in a jungle  
a beaver in the colony of mound  
Lilliputan sliding over Gulliver aground,

why am I the crystal bubble  
a ball in the pear shape  
I was a nobody then  
nobody though I played  
with the redness of the leaves in Autumn  
with the scented spring of blossom  
with bright-eye cherry of possum  
with hues in the dales awesome

hang thyself honey  
till hurt gives way  
and you fall,  
where is the liberator  
come, brandish your saber  
all things sever

for they say honey lasts for ever,  
for they say honey lasts for ever.

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# I Am Not Jealous Of You

Oh my princess,

I am not jealous of you  
because you are a princess,  
my eyes are jealous of my ears  
because my ears hear your commands,

I am not jealous of you  
because you are a princess,  
my hands are jealous of my eyes  
because my eyes steal a wink of you  
when you walk by,

I am not jealous of you  
because you are a princess,  
my lips are jealous of my hands  
because my hands carried your beautiful self  
when you tripped on a petal,

Oh my princess,

no one in this country is jealous of you  
because you are the princess,  
or of my lips  
because my lips kiss the princess  
only in the secret chamber of my thought!

Saranyan BV August 2012 Mumbai

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# I Like Superstitions...

I like superstitions!  
they are like dreams,  
in the wilderness of sensations,  
wild-beat lotus  
on a shore-less river with no confluence.

I really like superstitions,  
they are your alibi,  
a rock  
with one-mouth cave  
behind which you can hide.

I am dependent on superstitions,  
they are multiple lives  
in one life,  
like cats  
clambering nine walls.

Only I don't believe in them. Ah!

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# I Never Look Into The Town Bus When I Board One...

I never look into the town bus  
when I board one  
to see who's in.  
It makes less sense  
whoever is there -  
I just need to move on  
enough just to see,  
if enough space is in there,  
so I travel in the arms of silence.

I never look into the town bus  
to check who is not there -  
it is just that we all must move on-  
whoever.  
I have seen some pretend a hello  
some acknowledge with a nod,  
but I choose not to look around  
when the bus moves on,  
and though I have nothing to do.

Because there is nothing to do,  
I rather not feel  
the co-travelers  
as part of my time or perception,  
they are merely who occupy the nearness  
as if life would solidify.  
I never look into their eyes,  
what sadness they carry,  
the ambitions and thought that precede us.

Not even the driver's,  
whose eyes I guess are tired,  
never look the driver in the eye -  
because you can't do a thing about it,  
I am committed to his eyes though  
for the safe voyage where I have to.  
Is he the one who drove me  
same time, same place -  
yesterday, or one before!

Not looking at people  
is a great occupation for me -  
anyone in the bus,  
I can count the number of people  
whose heads I have not counted  
though I travel by the town bus  
day in and day out;  
I get a queer idea I know them all  
just as I don't know any of them.

There was once I got into the town bus,  
when hunger crawled over me,  
the day you missed my meal or something,  
I knew I must reach my destination  
before I put an end to the agony!  
The old man one on the next seat  
offered me a trade off for his noisy slurps,  
for he waved the pack of biscuits -  
I shrugged a no or thanks.

I could have indulged myself -  
which means looking into the bus  
the next time - be dissolved  
in the quagmire of connectivity,  
with this guy or that gorgeous girl,  
loose all that's sublime in the seclusion.  
I rather held my breath,  
catching the aroma is annoyed connectivity,  
if it's bourbon or strawberry flavor.

I never look into the town bus  
after I get down,  
never the ones who get down  
with me, there are always a few.  
Some wave me a good bye!  
Poor sods, I said, for I will be tomorrow  
like they will be there too.  
I don't want to be certain,  
which is why I never look into the town bus.

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# Ideator

I can help you with ideas  
If you have none  
I can help you to get ahead with ideas  
If you do not know how.

you have neither ideas  
nor the expediency of doing it right  
but ideas about how one should;  
that's why I have no ideas what I should do with you.

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## Intimacies Of Whispers....

my path were whispers,  
i would with scythe prune  
and make a bed of sounds,  
whispers tell no tales  
no falsehood,  
but rend in the husky notes  
moonlight upon moonlight  
of times  
and of intimacies;  
move not a leaf, o breeze  
that i may not hear,  
silence of the night  
here is precious,  
o brook, hold thy cold waters by the hook,  
hold your churns and murmur  
that I miss not the sweet whisper.

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# Kings At The Fort

I fancy I am Rao Jodha,  
there are several kings  
at the Mehrangarh fort today,  
it's sunday when Rao Jodha rests,  
we all pay and buy our entry tickets,  
some of us wait at the counter  
for the change the counter guy owes,  
kings don't wait, a king says  
'tender exact change', the counter says,  
we all fancy  
and we all sit around the artisan who plays flute,  
a lady by his side breast feeds the baby  
as she plays drums and is shy kings listen to her beat,  
near the oval shaped watch tower  
the smell of camel is laid  
at every step,  
sun beats flagrant stones,  
he wears the yellow turban with long cloth  
the guy who plays flute,  
villagers smile, toss coins in gratis,  
eyes fancy he is the king,  
for he can play the music as well.

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# Lonely House-Fly

Three house flies  
There were three flies in my room!  
Three house flies,  
Harmless by the groom!  
I found them amusing,  
I found them intimidating,  
But I was scared my visitors will spot them.  
Tell something bad about them.  
About me being with them,  
Being without work and being with them.  
One fell in my tea cup  
And died, the other I think I swallowed up  
While yawning.  
I didn't want to kill the last one,  
Raving inconsolably without the companion,  
- Loneliness is a grueling thing!  
He constantly pounded the stained glass window  
petrified by imagination  
like the water trapped in a reservoir.  
They say the house fly has a thousand eye,  
Which in my lantern's orbit vainly vie,  
My candelabras'd blind him, lest in darkness I lie!  
Not the foolish loafer caving in my drowsiness,  
Not the greedy diver in my pep-up brew;  
I nevertheless swatted him with my mouse pad.  
Because he didn't let me sleep!  
He didn't die, the little creep!  
Because the cat had eaten the mouse!

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# Lost Dreams Of Manacle

Where are the mice,  
where are the mice,  
in the slumber full of dice  
my lips read  
don't ignore them  
follow them,  
the mice in the mangroves  
mangroves upon the mountains  
mountains in which the clouds build a colony of nests  
nests where the sun humbles like a halo,  
where are the mice,  
where are the mice?

I wake up  
thinking where are the mice  
my lips asked  
did they spirit into the hills,  
the food they hoarded for the rainy day  
were lost in the flash floods  
and submerged in the wet burrows,  
have they fallen prey  
in the anger of the river,  
have they lost each other's company  
in the trenches of the void,  
where are the mice,  
where are the mice?

The manacles on my wrist been harsh  
wrenched by their mood,  
the mice I saw scavenging wasted food  
had in real fled our midst.

They say the station has arrived  
and prepare me for the Bastille,  
Where are the mice,  
Where are the mice?

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# Modern Science

Modern science  
in the end -  
fixes solution  
to my anxiety

- of wanting to talk to myself,  
aloud,  
like an integrated circuit  
in unmanned station

- on the roads, in the parks,  
travelling up escalator malls,  
at zebra crossings,  
in public urinals

where you pee, watching through  
peep-hole ventilators,  
pigeons shitting  
on pile of uncrushed sugarcane,

- talking to yourself  
isn't such a bad thing  
like other things  
you deploy on yourself,

- a fine hobby like loose threads,  
wicks firing up  
un-purposed mockery  
on practitioners,

until this gadget called cell phone  
whose wire, plugs  
your faculties  
like a rainbow blessing

and lend  
license  
to sound gregarious  
and be with yourself.

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# My Path Turned Green

I was born,  
then like a dropp from a large cesspool  
escaping to find a course  
in the loneliness of wisdom,

I turned my eyes  
at the end of the journey  
in the quietness of dry sand  
to see if my path turned green.

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## Noon Time- Sunday

we sit on a television cable  
hanging vertically  
down the roof of a four floor  
apartment building,  
she, me and the male house sparrow  
with whites around the eyes.

from there we watch the stray dog  
eating the left-over chapathi  
fed by an old greed fed up with food,  
three crows wait  
for the mongrel to finish  
his portion of the meal,

all of them are dressed in adequacy,  
the furry dog,  
crows in black tatters,  
the male sparrow softness of whose feathers  
wring my envy drip,

we are sort of naked,  
that we even smell each other,  
sliding by the old wire  
dotted here and there  
by drops of lime  
spilled during the last white wash.

it's perilous to perch in this fashion,  
we hope to move in to our pen  
when the sparrow gets his sweet-heart back,  
and do what we are good at doing  
anytime in the day.

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# Oil Slick

My mind is a dead fish  
Over-power'd by the oil slick,  
It cannot sink,  
It cannot breathe,  
It cannot be the prey  
To the stifled bird in the bay.

My mind is the sea gull  
Wiping off the ocean's tears,  
It cannot breathe,  
It cannot sink  
It cannot fly  
To the stars in the sky. .

My mind is like the carcass  
Dug out from the sand coffin,  
It has stopped breathing,  
It has stopped sinking  
It is not dying  
Like the mayfly under the spring.

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# Old Man By The Sea

Old man by the sea  
he walks the promenade  
at Marina  
selling eclecticism of snippets,  
cut mangoes, chopped chilies  
onions and red powder,  
green coriander and  
smidgen of lemon tossed with raw peanuts,  
shelled and boiled in tears;

his shoulder droops to his right  
when job is half done  
and tired, he rests at the lawn across the ice-house  
where they commemorated labor,  
and he watches the ships  
waiting in blue waters at port-side,  
squeezing the breeze  
out of blind eyes,  
and even blind eyes water.

Saranyan BV © May 2012 Chennai

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# One Journey You Must Make It Loney...

this is one journey  
we must go it lonely,  
flowers and chrysanthemums,  
so must we all -

it is where to nobody want you leave  
but none too eager to accompany,  
although the priests go over with pride,  
god's place's best to abide.

on the way up I was reminiscent  
of the wrinkled old peasant  
who toiled day long and nice  
so I could buy from him some rice,

once I gave my son one thousand bucks  
a piece of land `nd a pair of bullocks,

enthused him to grow a pound of the grain,  
he laughed till all the guts would drain,

and said what a foolish thing to do  
when you could buy a sack or two  
from the neighboring grocers' store  
and bargain for a pound or more,

this is one journey  
you feel no dicey,  
flowers and chrysanthemums

the peasant's smile means all.

Saranyan BV December 2007  
Chennai

saranyan bee



## Other Side Of The Pumpkin

&I didn't know the big pumpkin  
Was indeed a pumpkin indeed  
When the old man had it brought  
To the house, big and tidy,  
The house big and tidy,  
Pumpkin - big and dainty,  
Yellowish and full of tapering folds,  
Like the skirts  
The school girls wear,  
Where they come to study,  
The big school opposite to my house  
Or the house where I stay.  
I made it made it tidy!  
The house I mean,  
But he made the house,  
The old man,  
The very big house,  
Sandal wood doors,  
Carved liked the drawings  
I used to do on the sand grains  
On the moist river bed,  
With a Margo tree twig,  
I used for cleaning my teeth  
Everyday in the morning  
When the sun was orange and purple  
And the fragrance of the wild flowers  
Was alive in the air with life,  
I drew the angels, the horses, their mane,  
The elephants and forget not the beautiful deer,  
Whose eyes are lively to catch on the sand,  
The sandal wood door had a fragrance too,  
But smelt different and good  
And never relents, prevailed through the day  
Like the old mans wit,  
Overpowering and stuffy,  
Like the dungeon I sleep in  
In the big house, it has three floors  
Big rooms, and several rooms like  
The bee-hives we used to feel good when we see

Them on the tree tops and rush to tell my  
Brothers, who would bring them down for the honey,  
Braving the insects,  
And let us have the honey drops  
Left-over on the sacks they use  
To mask themselves with in the hunt,  
And later in the night narrate the story  
Of the film they get to see  
Out of the money get for the honey they sell.  
I now feel sorry,  
I was responsible for driving them out of their home,  
The honey bees, so many of them I cant count them  
Like the way I feel now, away from my folks,  
In this bee-hive of the man who laughs,  
Chides and fills the air with his robustness,  
Like the fragrance of the sandal wood door,  
Mornings, evenings and even noon,  
When all in the house take a wink,  
He, his wife and me,  
After I am tired making the house tidy,  
The vessels, the clothes, the floor  
That is granite, the wooden handrails  
Carved with numerous lines,  
The eight faced window hole in the stairway  
With odd colors, pictures of the trees  
All on a glass made like clouds,  
I muse looking at the sun at the dusk  
When all the colors fall on my faces  
And felt like a Goddess when I saw myself  
On the broken mirror bit I hid  
Under the Kitchen sink for fun,  
And keep seeing myself, the nose,  
The cheeks or the eyes, even ears  
Only one at a time, so small the mirror,  
Whenever there is time to be alone  
And brood and not tired like now  
And the sun is in the horizon west.  
I wonder who will eat the whole of pumpkin,  
We buy only small slices for lunch, I love them;  
But who will eat the whole of pumpkin,  
Only three of us, the old man, his dame  
And me the slave in this massive manor,

Where the whole of my village will find enough space  
To live frolic and be happy;  
He never had guests, the old man  
Save the brother who visits with a sack of puffed rice  
And went home with a wad of cash  
And bellied meals I carve from my share.  
Who for, the pumpkin big and dainty?  
Big, round, like the gooseberry  
Blown out of size.  
The dame painted a cruel face on it,  
Oh, it sure had the face of a face,  
Black, red for eyes and yellow  
Like the devil in the street plays  
I loved to watch on festive days  
In my ancient village  
Which had nothing but the tamarind fruits  
For snacks, we eat amongst other things. Or honey on the jute!  
The old man beckoned the dame for something,  
He always does that, keep us on toes;  
And when she was away with the old man  
I made the cruel face smile,  
The curve in the mustache friendly,  
A few ornate jewels I bequeathed him,  
The face of the pumpkin,  
Took the red out of his eyes  
And made him look the angel he can be,  
Before the dame turned to see the pumpkin  
And screamed at me for turning him handsome.  
What difference does it make,  
We are going to eat the whole of it,  
The pumpkin with friendly face.  
I hid a smile if I could paint the old man's face  
With friendly eyes, a trace of a smile.  
The old man romped in,  
Never said word,  
Took the vegetable to the balcony  
Tying it to the parapet grill  
With a blackened coir thread  
Hanging out of a pumice stone,  
So those pass by, including the children  
From the school the other side,  
Could see the pumpkin and admire.

They would know what a arty girl stays  
In the house, that's me  
Who could draw a glamorous face  
And praise the old man for the huge house  
That could display the pumpkin  
That adds color to the drab street.  
What for?  
This crazy act of tying the whole of a pumpkin  
Outside the house, when we could have eaten it  
Without paint rubbed on it?  
In the night when the moon was out and fresh,  
The old man was with his books,  
Folks say that's what make him big,  
Rich and feared,  
Reading lots of them, writing some,  
He is quiet with them, books  
And reigned in,  
The twirls in his eye-brows,  
Resting and the dame goes in her room,  
Counting the jewels from the boxes,  
I cant count how many,  
How many times she counted them,  
I cant count more than three,  
Like counting makes them more, do they?  
So many of them, lovely ones  
Pitifully all gold,  
Enough to pull her down with its' weight,  
That's when I sneaked out into the balcony  
To take a peek at the pumpkin face  
Who now looked cruel again  
Black and red spots all over  
And the eyes raging like mad  
A patch work of cruelty  
Re-enacted by the old man  
Before he hung it out finally.  
I felt sad, looked at the moon to complain  
But the moon too had a few spots,  
Not so gruesome like my pumpkin  
So I thought I added a few more black spots  
Picking colors from his own face,  
The old man must have done it too,  
I mean picking colors,

That's why he didn't scold me,  
Unlike the dame who did,  
I am sure he must be adept,  
In drawing lines like I am,  
But impatient to take out the colors again  
And make over all over.  
So I pulled the tongue from his clenched teeth  
Red from the eyes still red  
On the pumpkin face.  
What a farce it is,  
May be he likes, likes to the see  
The faces of the children who come to school,  
How they react to the pumpkin man,  
Laugh, fear or loath  
Surely they would not ignore the piece  
Of the art that is pumpkin face  
Who is now a face instead of  
Being our food for tomorrow  
That's what pumpkins were always for us,  
In our small hamlet,  
Eaten, eaten raw, even eaten cooked,  
When they are not dried  
And used as a buoy  
Tied behind the boys  
Who are timid and scream  
When they are taught to swim,  
Always kept in the old attic;  
I have never used a pumpkin buoy  
When my old grandma  
Taught me to swim  
With a thin towel around my hip,  
You know it is more difficult to swim  
With a towel around one's hip  
Unlike the girls in the pool  
In the school across  
Who wear frocks which are pinned  
To their body like skin,  
We are used to wearing towel around the hip  
And swimming in the old well  
Near our home that is tucked away,  
It's like swimming with one hand  
And most often one leg,

For the other hand to act like a pin,  
And all the girl laugh when the towel slips  
When a pal pulls it for fun,  
But here is a pumpkin fleshy and fresh  
Which is neither a buoy or for the curry,  
But the grand old pumpkin looks as if  
Who would dare to wrench your neck.  
How long?  
How long would the old man keep this face  
Hanging on the grill  
And what for?  
The old dame sneered for warding off evil  
You don't ward off things  
With a gory looking vegetable,  
I don't like to see anyone do this stupid thing  
Like hanging a pumpkin out,  
So I stealthy thought I would carve a slice  
And keep it for the dish I have to cook  
Come morning, the moon is gone  
And the old sun unto drying everything  
That is on earth.  
And the slice of pumpkin  
I love eating,  
From the back of the gruesome man  
We all painted by turn,  
The old dame, me, the old man and me again,  
And hanging in the open,  
Isn't going to be seen by the kids  
I mean the slice I plan to carve out,  
And I don't know how the kids are going to respond  
At the painted fellow looking down on them  
From top of the house, the big house  
The big man has built and chosen to hang  
The big and dainty pumpkin  
With painted face  
And a slice taken off his back.

BV Saranyan © August 2009

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# Pain Can'T Speak

pain cant speak,  
if pain can  
you would have heard  
my heart squeak.

pain can't see,  
if pain can  
you would have seen  
my ribs squeeze.

pain cant' smell  
if pain can  
you would have sensed  
something foul.

saranyan bee

# Password

I am a password  
in the confines  
of geometric shape,

as deceptive  
as the flash  
in the sky,

my soul orbits  
with no fins  
of purpose,

whom to shield and whom not,  
a stubborn animal  
in the gateway,

measured in measure  
by the complexity  
of the enviable state;

I am the malevolent symbol  
you see on the barren dune  
in a desert storm,

the obscure jerk  
lying on a musty smelling leather couch  
kicking legs in the air,

the tingle of camel bell  
when the large beasts  
stomp their feet,

I am the inconsequential enigma  
in the tombstone  
of abstraction,

my life is incognito,  
in death, incognito,  
I am the password!



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# Philosophy Of Parameters

Another wintry noon  
    under the gray umbrella,  
the yellow sign board  
    at the patio reads in pulp letters  
(pls look for no hue-related  
    allusions here) ,  
"Reserved car parking  
    for members only",  
the sign does it's job well  
    as the car `s on errand!  
but two crows sit on the post,  
    a kind of irony,  
one checks it's breast  
    with the huge beak  
for micro-organisms  
    hiding under sunshine,  
the other in stillness  
    viewing the pretty mate  
on three parameters  
    all life run,  
love, patience or disdain.

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# Pigeon And The Progeny

Near about the refectory  
next to my office today,  
a pigeon makes her nest  
in the tucked away hide-out  
between the wall and the roof,  
there's always enough room  
over up for all this,  
but that's not important.

The little twig, the dove carries  
curves up her petite beak  
like a twirling mustache,  
the bird cogitates the flight path,  
weight of her cargo,  
thrust necessities at the take off point,  
moves her head like a seasoned pole vaulter  
that isn't important either.

A society of rubbles in the air,  
other feathers meet her midway  
never fearing her spanking masculinity,  
go about for popping  
at the grains spilling off stock-pots  
minding their own business  
feeling good about the progeny,  
now that is important.

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# Progenitors Of Pigeons...

Afternoon is genuine,  
pace of it's dullness  
stays like the shroud  
anchor to anchor,  
gray upon the sea  
forlorn and smoke-like.

I wish I could be at the gate  
when the noon transforms -  
for there will be pigeons,  
feeders, sellers of the feed,  
other sellers  
sellers of other things.

I wish to see those doves  
loose into the darkness of the sunset -  
witnesses to the opulence  
of the tower, of the wakeful nights  
by the iridescent chandeliers,  
birds of tales of love people make.

I am not sure if the Indian fantails  
who'd made their home  
the incinerated windows,  
are alive and well to this day,  
we know their progenitors survived  
the long predatory voyage to San Diego.

I am like their progenitor  
content here at the deck;  
when the ship berths a girl child  
holds my hand as in dreams  
in her game of hide and seek  
her smile familiar, transient  
like the night melting into the pier.

Saranyan BV (c) July 2011

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# Pup And The Cone

I accompany my pup on his strolls,  
he wakes up to the designated hour,  
looks into my face prodding me  
with his wet snout,

there's no way I can put him off.  
On the street, on the lawn  
or the wet pavements  
he fashions himself busy,

his jaunts roly-poly, amuse  
the pedestrians who like flies  
hang around with scant business -  
his ears are long, droops like his eyes.

I just walk with him,  
and turn away when folks raise their faces  
to look me up, they always check as well  
if I look as cute?

People want me, they do, to clean up  
the little poop which  
the fellow sheds with certain degree of circumspection  
and selection.

That's when the genial  
bystanders, turn my foe  
being bent on overseeing me ladle out  
with a polythene glove.

I abhor the coercion of their daggered eyes,  
because dogs don't pick up mine!  
these chaps wont let go -  
like the weasels refuse fanned off

the dimpled moon light.  
An adorable, adorable darling is he  
but for the preference  
he makes for his ablutions

in the most sullied of places,  
forget him, he doesn't occupy my thoughts  
anymore, the rascal,  
why be bogged

as he is wont to sleep under wherever I am seated,  
where he tethers me with his little touch.  
My object here is to speak  
about the ice cream of black current flavor

dispensed in a cone of wafer  
crisp and crunchy  
which unfolds my philosophy-  
the ones vended from

the rickety machines  
rise in a flame of torch  
full of fire and upliftment,  
the ones filled with double scoop

maims a fair maid's boobs,  
enamoring by the figurativeness  
we know,  
but deals nothing in matters of heart.

then there are the packed ones  
of geometric surface  
almond, pistachio and walnut  
for interlocution,

My teeth baffles at the first bite, freezes  
until the goddamn things melts  
souses the wafer-cone to a soggy state  
of compulsion

I quietly pursue the trickles  
with the doggedness of a logician,  
end up licking  
in delirious tremens

tracing to the pristine cuff

rather be mired in the principal stuff.  
And don't you now share the unease,  
of not having done a clean job?

my pup has no such misgivings  
that's why I brought his case first.

saranyan bee



# Quest In The Mountains

For a while we think nothing about  
we are five and no words  
and by consent  
silent and sign-less

someone tries to catch the wind-speed  
and loose his cap  
the sun's on our face is orange and gold  
and sweat,

we suck air till our chest pain,  
and hold the blood in our brain  
and make music of our whistle as we breathe  
and do that all over again

and we check if the earth is firm  
and grips our shoes  
the gorge is deep and cant be reached  
and there're no vultures in the clouds,

we hold the brushes  
the grass and every craggy rock  
and think of nothing  
and forget why we began,

later, darkness sits with us  
and share our rations  
and we spend the sky with tobacco  
for tomorrow is another day

and wonder why we began our ascent  
and feel the lobes in our ears freeze.

saranyan bee

# Reactions To The Death Of My Dog

I lift my black-shell specs  
off the nose bridge,  
index finger holds it over my brows,  
as if my forehead where my brain,  
my consciousness is  
know for certain;  
fresh air cools hidden portions of eye-sockets.  
I see the dog is dead  
for his tongue is out  
the snout dry, eyes haven't closed  
for a while.

the glass on the table is empty,  
stinks of the milk gone sour,  
sticky, finger prints are all-over  
from the sweat of my palm,  
I have no way to know if he was sad,  
wanted to live  
or said enough,  
level of my sadness will hinge  
on his thoughts  
while he died,

my wonderful dog  
at my feet, I draw picture  
of a black cat on the napkin  
with resignation of a creature  
left breathless in his sleep,  
cat has been left with white eyes,  
I wipe my tears, blow my nose  
and say, 'my dog is dead.'

saranyan bee

# Redwood Forest

In some crevice in one segment  
of my brain

a desire to walk through  
the redwood forest  
rests,

my inclination is  
from the memories of what a Pasteur  
in a wayside congregation said,

“it’s very old, as old as  
two thousand years,

the year in which he was born,  
and tall  
like he was tall amongst us mortals”.

Years later, when we walk through, really,  
the Muir forest in San Francisco

we stand near the sliced section  
of a felled old redwood  
and photograph ourselves,

large girth,  
large enough to makes us gasp,

there are markings on the piece  
by the plant scientists  
tracing it’s bio-history,

I peer at it’s height then on  
where leaves reach each other  
trees standing close to one another,  
offering shade for each other’s shadow.

Where the leaves aren’t,  
the sky looks at us.

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# Riding On Feather

Then  
I thought  
my mind  
will cease  
when I buried lumpily  
under the pillow,  
thoughts have a way  
of rising  
through the springs and steel,  
the air in my room  
is fluffy,  
love has no cure  
and my longing  
rides each feather  
in weightless stupor.

saranyan bee

# Ripples - An Analysis Into Abyss

One catlike evening,  
I sit by the lazy pond,  
with no ripples,  
there are no disappearances.

by the shore, an ancient looking frog  
takes plunge -  
causing ripples,  
disappearances.

God knows why  
two pugnacious fishes squabble,  
as one leans on the surface  
ripples appear and

the old blue breasted  
fisher comes saying grace for the supper,  
the ripples of their claw travel like any other,  
circles. More circles till the edges of the water hole.

I hang back as the sun dips  
seeking absolution for the day's heat  
into the far end of the west-side pond,  
sun's ripples carry orange hue.

let me throw these words  
into the fugitive images  
and be the ripples which disappear!

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# Safe Penitentiary

What a brown bird,  
Liberally unconfined  
In her solitary home!

Fluffy of feathers  
Cozy of content  
Eyes upheld in trance...

On the bony branch amidst  
Where the droplets of the night's torrential  
Sustained reverentially by minute buds,

Where dignified stillness lend quietude,  
With a soother of arms,  
A harness for my heart.

Why then, the disdained stone  
The flick of your eye fling  
Into my safe penitentiary?

What if I reside within,  
Doesn't this window bring me  
The tranquility of your soul?

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# Smiles

I smiled  
chasing the shades  
about the fair clouds,  
about the slender leaves of the Casuarinas,  
about the flight path angle of the flamingoes,  
about the ripples on the ocean floor,  
about the barnacles under the blue rocks,  
about the fiddler crabs come dumbstruck  
as tides recede like a whore's skirt -

I smiled  
till as long as the moon was tall;  
in the darkness of her light,  
at the mirage of the mermaids,  
I smiled  
at the love in their carp-eyes,  
the curve of their breasts,  
and the rainbow  
upon the scales below.  
They splashed on each other's object  
for fun, I smiled at that too.

I smiled again  
and chased the shades,  
shades about everything.  
The shades, the objects  
and the light.  
I smiled,  
because like the shades I chased,  
I love being smiled at.

saranyan bee



# Star Gazers

## Star Gazers

Where I go for my little grotto evenings  
breeze- jungle of towers and windows,  
two stars twinkle  
up the dim bay full of black waves,  
one is bright and near  
the other small, deep and far  
and like a stone lost in the brook full of pumice stones.

at first I resent  
the invasion of privacy  
when the old man chooses the empty space beside me;  
later we nod, smile  
and turn our attention to the sky

the other variables here  
like the black clouds  
kids hollering, baked peanuts for sale  
corn roasted and roast sparks  
lovers in hug, lovers on stroll  
joggers, women joggers,  
they all pass us and we gaze

and the old man and me,  
we watch those stars  
from the same bench  
and think of what the stars have to say

then I hear him belch and think the old man's passed away,  
fear grips me  
and so I turn to him;  
he rises to go,  
puts his stick on my right shoulder  
and whispers  
that the light takes so much time  
to reach us  
that he's not sure if the stars are alive.

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# Stoicism On Dog Bite

dog bites my calf,  
dog not a pup,  
the lipid yellow hangs  
blood ooze  
surprise overtakes pain -  
bodes well, no witness!

I plan telling none,  
'unbite' campaign  
like Benetton  
works on emotions  
- not actions  
that is over.

so I go to doc  
who says it's seven pokes,  
the girl washes n'  
dresses the wound,  
scruffy bandage  
stuffed with gauze  
hangs like rat-tail;

she then sends the needle  
in my bare bum  
like it never happened,  
slaps me there later  
and says, ' get up, careful,  
dogs prefer men in tatter'.

Saranyan BV (c) December 2011

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# Sunset

I wait in the western beach  
for the lonely sunset,

watching sunset is a rich affair  
like gold  
in the light full of chandeliers,  
flight of birds rubies in the sky

long after the last ray sinks  
darkness shines like luxury  
brings the adoration of sound  
sound of waves  
replete like aspirations

I hear,  
then walk into the water  
with determination

but today the sea is strange  
plays altered songs,  
brings ashore  
the carcass of whale

like me,

an other day, an other sunset  
another night of darkness  
full of stars

I go home.

Saranyan BV (c) February 2012  
Kolkotta

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# Surfing For A Laugh

Surfing for a Laugh

The smoke shelter  
at the corner of Green Valley Road  
and Freedom Boulevard.

- It stands on 8 pillars  
painted Hooker's green,  
wrought iron flutings  
ornate where it holds the roof  
as if smoking isn't death,  
that's where we meet.

she floats laughter like flakes upon each other,  
like the kites in the freedom of lost  
kissing earth without hurt  
- her laughter hurts.

I bury my face in the sanctuary of my palm,  
sheep-skin gloves smell good  
memories of the days my childhood,  
trace the anger in my calm,

we vow not to smoke by coincidence,  
not debated decisions,  
the scent of tobacco hovers,  
hangs like lost on civilization.

the canopy is a dead see-through,  
hosts debris of the weeping brush  
once articulators of  
of my careful anguish.

orange marmalades in the western sky  
drones the automobiles speak with fire,  
I mask my intentions with disguise, - and  
give her derisive laugh, a powerful surprise.

when silence wakes,  
she's gone -

as if the banality of her laughter  
is carried with the soul.

propped up bill-boards  
shine at distance  
says pizzas are sold here,  
red and green toppings arise with vapor

wind is senseless  
intrudes like horn-bill in a cage,  
speaks dead corpse language  
of the after-math of the blizzard.

at the square lanes at home,  
I sip chalice of cabernets,  
click the Net, surf for a laugh  
not found anywhere!

No, not at  
most viewed – 1292 hits

which said a young girl was hit by a car  
at the corner of Green Valley Road  
and Freedom Boulevard about 5: 30 p.m. today,  
emergency dispatchers said.

A helicopter was called to take the victim  
to an out-of-county trauma center.  
the driver of the car pulled over at the scene  
by the smoke shelter (Hooker's green) ,  
emergency dispatchers said.

No other information was available.

BV Saranyan © May 2010  
Tasmann Square, Sunnyvale

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# Surprise At The Next Bend...

At the next bend  
shaped after a hairpin  
I had the hunch  
to see  
a surprised hare  
pair of ears ruttled up

body and fur  
eyes like balls of gold  
stunned by the glare  
of my beam -  
I was heading home late.

they had told me  
you could stop your car  
walk down to the fellow  
catch him by the ears  
n' carry him home.

at the next bend  
whatever shaped after  
there were these balls of gold  
body and fur, no surprises,  
white snouted  
a black bear.

she didn't take it kindly,  
the acrimony of lights,  
engine fury

for she pounded the bonnet,  
when heat scorched her paws  
pounded salivated windshield

as if would catch me by the ears  
n' take me home.  
Is her hubby late for home?

saranyan bee



# The Brawl And Courtroom

I am the accused No1!  
Here I stand, veiling my short breaths  
with a snakes' growl,  
I smell my own blood,  
the gash on my cheek pains like hell,  
no blood smells good.

The ring of people around me  
are confused  
about what to do with a mess like myself,  
the ring moves with every step  
I make, like the shell of a tossed ostrich egg  
to it's dangling yolk.

The mongrel at my foot wags it's tail,  
taking stock of things,  
the urchin in a stained livery, looks quite impressed -  
dog wagging the tail is good for the dog,  
good for me who is standing  
with all buttons torn out of my shirt.

My torso stifles to the chill air  
like a shriveled horse,  
I'd covered my waist in time,  
with the blue duster cloth  
they use for cleaning the SUV,  
which the urchin with grease-smell gave.

Because my trousers tore at the seam  
in the brawl at the esplanade,  
bare chest is fine,  
you don't feel bad standing erect and naked -  
for we know full buff is sign of manhood -  
but trousers torn at the seem

caught up in the fight  
is something people laugh about,  
we are victims of perception, you see;  
the mongrel walks away after winning over my heart,

becomes a friend for life,  
doesn't wait where he has no business.

The boy waits,  
he wants his linen back the look of his eyes show,  
there are cars to be cleaned before the sunset I guess,  
the men from customs office  
need cars with sheen when they get home,  
he looks at my hip vaguely without asking.

The ambulance shoves the slain away,  
the ambulance with red blinkers,  
a medico plugs in oxygen in a show of distress,  
the nurse with the fatlike hands pound his chest  
though I am sure the fellow is dead  
because I killed him.

"Pleading not guilty", I say,  
the Justice lifts his specs to his forehead and peers at my face,  
'Not guilty, Lordship, for three reasons -  
because the dog wagged me its' friendly tail,  
it was the seam of my trousers that was torn,  
and I hid my genitals with the blue cloth.'

saranyan bee

# The Dot Poem (I Am The King Of The Universe)

I howl.  
Can of fruit ball on my lip.  
I slip into the gorge of cricket buzz.  
Echo howls back.

Hear wolves of destiny.  
When span of life is like cocktail smeared on bar table.  
Last wishes, simple.  
Like the echo.

Mere few seconds, time enough.  
Could wish anything I want.  
I want to be the king of Universe.  
Yes.

The can of beverage ahead, two feet below.  
A dropp from the can falls apart.  
Motion motions tandem motion.  
Objects, in eternal silence of emotion.

Void speaks better decibels.  
Devils' throat drowns my voice.  
Whiz drums my tympanums, hurts.  
My palms, cups of lobes.

Like thimble in festivity, tin discovers earth.  
Muffle.  
A crevice near the change-room, find.  
Garbage with a cuss.

Drop bears no traces.  
I guess a salmon tastes it.  
Spits like toxic.  
Obscures.

Things meet reality with dignity.  
Souls bitten by fright, swoon.  
I exist not for some time.  
My soul fails me.

I wake.  
Like a house floating down the river.  
My parts in malevolent trolls.  
I love.

I love not.  
Say, shall make one's own.  
I have no house now.  
But I am.

Earth is as beautiful.  
Crow is black.  
Palace so big.  
I am the king of the Universe.

Saranyan BV © February 2003

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# The Queen Of Hearts And The Man Without Much Ado

I shuffled the pack of cards  
fifty four times,  
each time I picked one  
from somewhere in the middle.

I wanted the Queen of hearts,  
I swear got her none out of the fifty four shuffles,  
amazing the law of probability failed me -  
the pack had the aroma of cigarettes.

My wrist ached by her unkindness,  
my hand, my knuckles  
the pain grew in the fingers like a cucumber,  
my brain sensed the numbness of those parts.

I brought me a glass of apple juice  
cold but with no cubes of ice,  
it had the sting and sweetness  
to linger through another hour of sleeplessness.

My love didn't call; her caller tone is shrill  
though less on decibels,  
runs through the place between my bums  
like the saber without trims,

The burning stub stifled like a stud horse  
in prime, I went for one more shuffling game  
vicious for the final pick -  
Lo, she jilted me again.

I spread all, all  
of fifty four like the winged fan  
behind which my bedecked geisha clan  
hide hanging on the ghoulish wall,

The queen choose the diamond of nine  
for refusing the glare of light,  
it's past two in the midnight,  
So, I put her in the hard bed of mine.

saranyan bee

# The Riddle From The Barber Shop

I am yet to crack the riddle  
I keep crowing about  
unclear if it was indeed one,  
plain assumption  
a fall-out of my short of hearing.

We discussed later at home  
nobody was interested initially,  
the rain was torrential  
we had nothing to do  
but the sky to watch

And the water-logged earth.  
You cant fill time with hot cups of tea  
our window too small  
for all of us to watch out from, but we do  
even my dog stood on his hind legs

trying hard to peek, to decipher  
why these people get fascinated by nothing,  
he squeezed a place  
right in ahead of us,  
the way only a dog can.

Each one of us thought of an answer  
- we seemed to think differently,  
after sometime, we found we came with different  
guesses because it is fun to come with one,  
we didn't bother whether we are right, we went about.

Then someone asked 'why  
deal someone else's puddle',  
'what do we get if we do', asked an other,  
questions like 'is it worth the trouble? '  
And some came with more of quick-witted answers.

The dog had gotten fed up  
in the meantime and left us  
as there was the raining sky, the rain

and the rain battered place,  
his legs might have pained a lot in that unusual stance.

The riddle itself was simple, let me assure,  
Challenging and enigmatic for the less endowed,  
people like us look  
for puzzles we have already come across -  
let me explain the poser anyway.

There was a barber near my home,  
in the Fifty first street,  
whose shop I had been patronizing  
since when I had moved to this dwelling,  
a creepy upstairs house with a small garden.

The shop had been named Kings'  
for nearly twenty years,  
the owner knew me for he nodded every time  
I went,  
he had the thick black beard those days.

The shop's name is changed now,  
a new board said it is 'Odeon',  
his thick beard had turned silver  
he wore those wrinkles tucked  
under the jungle.

Sorry, that was not the puzzle,  
there was a small pin-up board  
amidst the confusing set of mirrors  
through which I laterally read,  
it was the price-list for his service.

I had carried only a hundred denomination bill in my trousers  
that he was to charge for a hair-cut,  
the tariff said one hundred and twenty bucks,  
I didn't remember what was it the last he charged,  
but less than hundred I could bet my ass.

So I asked him, is it going to be  
One hundred and twenty bucks  
for chopping the head,



gesticulating with my two fingers,  
like a pair of scissors.

He batted his eye-lids and said no, that he would  
'charge no more than sixty,  
no more', tightening the cloth around my neck,  
with a knit-eye-brow, he confided  
'because there is a doctor who's moved in next door.'

saranyan bee

# Toothsome Grin!

My job is to stand guard  
for Goliath-like electric panels  
which I hate, they make drone  
throw up heat without you knowing it's on you  
give smell of burnt wire  
firing kind of gut-ly fear,  
though nothing happens eventually -  
these imposters are well covered.

My job is to stand guard here  
for electric panels which are big,  
to stave off miscreants  
meddling  
the whole goddamn gadget  
stashed in some remote jungle  
where no one knows,  
I am forbidden from a smoke.

Here I have seen a Cheetah pass-by  
tagging a half eaten  
mountain goat,  
the poor soul which gives goat milk  
to the folks down the hills,  
the goat has a tag  
and all the marks of good civilization,  
a cheetah hide fetches good money.

The panels speak to me in my loneliness  
whenever I am keen,  
they all just say the same things  
415 volts,  
keep off, danger;  
though they are from the same stencil,  
they say these things differently over and over,  
keep off, danger with capital D.

These days folks suffer longevity  
till teeth knocked off cold  
medical science is fabulous,

people ticking without purpose,  
symbols on my panels  
have skull and bones,  
skulls with toothsome grin  
to say in these places people died very young.

Saranyan BV © March 2012  
Mumbai

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# Tragopan

There is fire in your neck, Tragopan!  
fire in the goose-steps  
dealt with deliberation  
one leg after another, you scare me,

your hard mouth  
uttering those guttural noises  
left, right, left, right, left, right,  
like an army in rampage, you scare me.

I fear you, O Tragopan  
I haven't come for your hen - believe me,  
she is behind pecking the Gojji berry,  
fear me not, I am not for amour!

my eyes feed on the purple clouds  
borne by the silver gray  
in the depths of jade,  
whose playful slaps are gentle on my feet,

feed on the gold of oranges  
from the bathing sun at the west-side  
embankment  
seeking absolution for the hot noon,

my ripples are circles too,  
O Tragopan, they don't  
travel shaped after my claws,  
so fear me not.

she waits for you, Tragopan,  
your consort, don't make her wait for long,  
the Gojji do not last for ever,  
it is known to turn things black

I will keep you safe from tiger,  
Tragopan, red tiger with rings in the tail,  
they say red tiger drag women  
in red and say grace for the supper,

So, let me douse the fire in your neck,  
O Tragopan!  
Let me douse the fire in the neck  
with your blood!

Saranyan BV (c) October 2011

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# Travails Of A Drunken Mourner

i reach the station  
where i learn I've missed the train  
and i cry because i miss  
and i cry I won't be at the funeral

they wait for me  
and so does she laid in a box  
which fogs over and opaque  
and they cut the power  
and fear they have cut for long  
and look at the clock  
and at their wrist watches  
and each other's face  
and they curse me  
and switch the box on and wait.

no trains  
only stations  
lengths of stations  
my life is full of stations  
and no trains

the fruit vendor  
near the pillar of spittoon red,  
prunes bunches of bananas  
black ones from the bright

and the yellow face  
shines his display tea stall jars  
crochets and rolls and chocolate bars

and the pepper gray policeman  
brushes teeth with a tree twig  
as if digging a trench,  
and chats merrily with yellow face  
while here I sit and mourn and wait

and the woman who sits on her metal-box  
corrects the flow of her saree

admires with a cherry face  
the enormity of her boobs  
as children play around her  
catch me if you can

station-master's cap is emblematic  
and he walks to his post in objectivity

and all passengers look in the direction  
from where the train is supposed to be arriving  
and i look at the station master's face  
and then where the train is scheduled to go,

like this i miss the train,  
i promise this is the reason why i miss  
and why i am not at the funeral  
and there's no other reason  
and then i cry  
and wait  
as they wait for me,  
and they sigh and take her  
where they lay her on the bogie-cart  
and send her in  
and turn their face away as  
she is ablaze and smoke,  
prayers said  
mourners spread  
and they curse  
the son didn't attend

and I to the bar  
where the bartender delayed my drink  
to make me brave  
and delayed giving back the change  
for I needed what's left of my money for buying of the ticket,

my tears clean my soul  
and i curse the bartender again  
who is lazy and delayed my drink.

Saranyan BV © April 2012 Mumbai

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# Travails Of A Life Guard

A linnet from a hamlet's crown  
loose in the milky way,  
my sight, foggy daze  
sunk in my tears  
wait upon the retinue  
of unrelenting force  
upon the ancient groynes,  
to hold the sun with pinch-fingers  
from rising, dipping,

after winks after winks, it is weariness  
moving from one lightlessness  
to another,  
all my efforts  
fail to hold the falling day longer,  
darkness sets in,  
summer shrinks  
like the melody of sound  
from a moving tender,  
kayaks placed dry in the stacks,  
cabanas down by the shacks,  
neon boards packed under tables,  
my own rucksack wound with tightness  
of the heart,  
I comb the sky for a ray of beacon,

this would be my last season,  
I saved none this summer,  
last summer  
any summer for thirty years,  
the only one I tried died,  
County found me too old  
for keeping watch on these shores.

my occupation is life guard  
I carry the life buoy,  
call people out of waters  
tell stories about the waves,  
about the princess who alighted from a wrecked ship

with pink pearls and blue cravat on her neck,  
about her bosom,  
the genies which came out of wine bottles  
and served me fish fillet with salad toppings  
mermaids, awe in their eyes,

The county tells me I cant save,  
wash myself each night  
the salt and sins of life,  
of thirty years  
of scrubbing, washing  
and dropping dead by the cocoanut side.

winters are different,  
of cod fish and purple sauce  
thanksgivings by the bonfire;  
I never save lives in winters  
but play the lute  
to the symphony of fiddler crabs,  
watch for dead dolphins,  
sleep with my woman  
who cooks for me with clammy palms  
who wets the crystal dunes,

I must leave today  
that's what they said,  
the slut stands at the gate  
for the new life guard,  
tombstones of my dead dogs  
trail me

and my bandwagon  
of broken travelers  
for a place I don't care to know.

Saranyan BV May © 2010

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# Travails Of A Money Collector

I go to see the big Chief  
of a big ticket company  
with big debts  
and big ticket lenders.

It is by appointment  
he is held up in meetings, his secretary says;  
after some time spent on mute  
to be at 11 am to be precise, she whispers.

I am not allowed to park the car  
in the posh building where he sits,  
so I leave it on by-lane far away  
with "No Parking" sign written red on blue.

He sits in the sixteenth floor,  
the queue at the elevator is long  
every floor has a passenger getting off,  
"I hate to be late", I swear.

At 11 am sharp I am ushered in  
by the girl, the girl I spoke to, pretty  
and who keeps cooing to somebody on phone  
between the clattering of the keyboard and telephone lines.

Her body odor, as she lets me in,  
reminds me of someone  
I knew in the campus  
where I did my grad – philosophy.

The guy is buried in his monitor  
typing something feverish  
as if he is some news reporter  
trying to catch the print of late edition.

His smile is on and keeps telling me  
"One minute please! "  
every minute,  
and smiles better each time he says that.

The room has mild, tasteful décor,  
artifacts, hangings, exclusive Gods,  
moderate temperature  
and the smell of a tamed deodorant.

Behind him sprawling uptown  
- tall buildings, green parks,  
the vast sea with three long ships  
and seven trawlers show up.

It looks like he is floating in the air  
behind the large desk  
on which nothing else but a pen stand  
stands. No papers.

And the logo of his sinking company  
and photo of his wife with bobbed hair  
and daughter with a bit of cleavage  
cuddling her little poodle.

As I wait, I spend  
time replacing the wife's face  
with the face of the girl  
cooing in the ante-room.

When I got a feeling  
He is writing an epic, not a snippet  
I walk to the big manly glass pane  
behind him which show-case the city.

His smile vanish  
as I tap the glass with my knuckles  
more like to measure the gauge  
they use for such purpose.

The huge brass pot  
with blue, red and gold  
enamel in-lays  
would be fine, my eyes suggest.

I don't push him out

because the wait for the lift-car would be long,  
and I have the queer feeling  
my car might have been toed away by the enforcement

and I see at the pavement  
sixteen floors below,  
the sweeper woman  
breast-feeding her child.

also because he pays the money.

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saranyan bee

# Wallaby

Best place in the world to be  
is the pouch of a Wallaby  
said my palmist acquaintance  
mustache curling in twirl,

so I befriend one,  
put my palm in,  
begin counting hundred  
in the throat of intimacy

'marsupial is better than mammal,  
marsupial is better than mammal';  
at the count of two and twenty  
I was bitten by a Joey

(he was a palmist, remember,  
they can't swell foretell) .

saranyan bee

# Why Is Gold More Sensuous Than Brass

Why is gold more sensuous than brass  
depth of all emotions  
mercury in the eyes of my lass?

can't mere silver formations  
brilliant as the dews on grass  
whereupon all desires  
appeal to our tangy heart?

like baboons on mango trees  
whose society  
for the yellow fruits fall apart

draw saber, blow hard the trumpet with chest  
bleed mates for pettier follies,

lusty human, three parts greed  
measly peace, life is all in need.

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