

Poetry Series

Satheesan Rangorath
- poems -

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Satheesan Rangorath(19NOV 1948)

maginative lve

Just let me hide in you
With secrecy of my love
Let me hold on to you
By breeding in your warmth.

In soft subtle feelings,
I touch you. Breathe life,
on dead embers to wild fire.
Off we burn ourselves.

In soft petal of hearts
We sleep dreaming.
By silky touch we fondle,
our ecstatic emotions.

in silence of night we see,
our fond thoughts glow.
observe our souls chat.
numb sweet expressions.

Eye to eye face to face,
We explore our passion.
In cover of darkness,
We scale our fantasy.

We fondle each other,
Untouched n' unsung,
embrace into images,
wake up in each other's cell.

Let me stream in your dream.
On surfing shores we sleep.
Divine dew consecrate our souls,
while we exchange sensual kisses.

Satheesan Rangorath

Who Tied Those Empty Cradles On A Tree Top?

##

Hands stretched open "she doctor" left.
Behind her follows a thousand hands.
Tiny bodies who got terminated,
even before natural birth and death.

We never saw sun shine, earth or sky,
neither moon nor shine of stars.
Embryo of our dreams got shattered,
plucked from womb of infidelity.

Floating with a scalpel you chopped,
counted our heads as souvenirs.
Creating a mansion by our bones,
did you not live an empty life?

Here we pity your helpless plight.
Our souls swing tied on a tiny cradle.
In those barren wombs we lie dry.
As fried out seeds of hypocrisy.

Satheesan Rangorath

&& Tear &&

Eyes full.
Tear rolls down.
Cheeks get marked.
A lady uses her emotion.

Another stream,
men succumb,
one of her swift weapons.

Fast one now,
a shrill long deep cry.
Sensational, sentimental,
compassionate, down pour,
her nature with a feather touch.

Then passion filled,
romantic outcry.
Her thrills and hopes,
in a sensitive burst.

Out performing all,
she cries on and on,
until she gets what she desired.
Her special armor!

When she cries,
world tremble in fear.
Vibes reaches far corners.
An earthquake is resulted by tantrum

A smile of her,
behind wet eye lashes.
radiates warmth,
all around her; after a rain.

Tear she wears,
round her neck like an ornament
A necklace on her feminine,
in a wild hug she adorn her man,

tying her self on his neck!

Satheesan Rangorath

&my Wish&

Just watching you,
enthalls me for ever.
Just by one look, you,
charge my spirit full.

Entire world reflects,
behind retina of time.
I try deciphering images,
but none lasts long in vision.

All I have seen was unreal,
except your pure smile.
I delve deep into your dream,
rolling a role; you designed.

Awe struck I observe you,
close to my heart.
There I see you so pure,
filling my soul full.

Gods and demigods encircle,
chanting hymns of praise.
By a hidden smile on lips,
you breathe life to this world.

I do not have words, enough,
to describe your pure sweetness.
I pray to possess you as obsession,
Just to be filled by your grace!

When my eyes closes for ever,
that day I wish, stall your image,
in every cell of my body,
consecrating with my tears,
all the sounds I hear relate you...

Come to me in my silence.
Fill me with ambrosia of love.
Let me see a world fulfilled,

dancing in ecstatic enchantments.

Satheesan Rangorath

* Fantasy Of Love*

Tempest is brewing.
Emotions shake wildly.
Fearful hum disturbs.
As whistle blows shrill.

Wild waves swirl on body,
embracing warmth of love.
Wind hugs, uproots calmness.
Love lone turns ecstatic.

Dark clouds crowd around eyes.
Stars depart behind retina.
Starlit sky wound as funnel,
pouring down heavily on earth.

Body emits smell of fresh earth.
Monsoon rain tickles on.
Your wet oily hair intoxicates,
as I merge in your hot breathe.

Every cell percolates thirst.
A subtle dream takes shape.
Embryo of hope forms in womb of time.
Seasons settle down in your eyes.

Through falls, spring n' winter,
you reach summer of forty-two.
When fresh rains cool air,
Your blue eyes meet fantasy.

Satheesan Rangorath

* You Said It-Think About It

The leather sack he was carrying was filled full with bones, carcass, hair, nails
Then blood and veins, dripping with oozing human excreta, urine and phlegm,
Suddenly he released a human, out- Oh handsome man she said, oh beautiful
you said.

Satheesan Rangorath

*** Just Look Back Once In A While***

Hands outstretched she walks ahead.
In marriage of convenience he follows.

Trailing behind are children of hers,
Uncared, unattended, unsung, unknown.

In brisk steps all are hurry catching up time.
Blind folded unmindful she treks fast.

Some where on path he takes detour,
chewing lady's finger to taste of his palate..

Times change, seasons rotate in order,
life treads holding scoop of dripping ice cream cone

Son retires hurt sleeps in poppy field.
World reels falling round his eyeballs.

Daughter answers her ringing handset.
find stars fall off sky, her dreams too

World has changed, women on path to heights.
High on inflated ego balloon floats aimlessly.

Womb she wore her off springs fall off grace.
On look back she found her vanity lying low.

She tries to communicate suddenly,
But nothing works, call is in the queue.

Satheesan Rangorath

****kamala Surayya****

Kamala Surayya

Celebrating all through her life,
she vanished behind curtain of time,
leaving a legacy of her beauty.
She was born in an angel's dream,
glittering her womanhood with pride.

Between love and beauty she cloaked,
Clanging her sweet words of compassion,
wrote her verses with deep passion.
Her stories streamed from her soul,
signaling her thirst for unquenchable love.

Simple innocent words from her mouth,
captivated attention of world of letters.
She kept a casket of pearl close to her heart,
often wearing it all over her body.
spilling graceful droplets of thought all around.

Becoming a bride of her lover lord Krishna,
she kept a diary full of his colourful images,
sketched world with a peacock feather.
Transcended even her idol beyond concepts,
turning herself into Adwaita* on her on way.

Escaping herself into freedom by innocence,
spoke words of truth from her heart.
Resting under pomegranate tree of her home,
she wove silky sketches of love and nature,
blooming as a flower on her favorite tree.

- Hindu philosophy is based on principles of Adwaita
- Which says one with god, there is only one truth
- That you are.

I don't know I have done justice to the great poetess by my poem,
If not I apologize for my lack of imagination.

Satheesan Rangorath

'**life And Death**'

Over ashes of life, we trek.
Many tramped on this earth.
Stampede of time raise dust,
while we carry a casket of death.

In an earthenware pot we live
painted by best of hues on mud.
In long run, succumb to wear n' tear,
ultimately breaking down to soil.

In funeral fire we melt down,
exploding our dreamy brains.
Curse of life leaves a trail on you
While riding white horse to fate.

Our dream houses litter in debris
charred lie our toys we played
scared face of near n' dear ones
takes a peep into pyre I retire.

Circumvolutions conclude,
Breaking down in exasperation
Among heap of garbage we search
picking up life again from thrash.

Kneading a lump of clay, we shape,
Again into this world of delusion
At last, we pray holding a candle
Oh, lord let me lead you to senses!

Satheesan Rangorath

****winged****

Hum of world continues.
Giant wheels grind to crack
Smoke and fumes, honks n' hiss
Down pour, disfigure faces.

Sitting in a train to nowhere,
Imprisoned life moves fast.
Sceneries blurred run past.
Vague vision tries patch up.

Outside, rushes flow incessant.
Whirlpool of misery rolls down.
Entire world of dreams vanish,
as stations, run backward off view.

Day comes to halt in remote end.
Somewhere in horizon, sun hides.
Moon stretches hands down,
Splashing silvery grains on sand.

Waves of moonlit shades fall ahead,
white sand on both side gleams.
Snake of a footpath stretches far across,
reaching infinite lands beyond sight.

Rattle of train vibrate sleeping souls,
They rise from graves to dance.
leaving behind host of ghosts,
I pull down my berth for a swing sleep.

On bed of my dreams angels appear.
Each tied a star on their wand,
tickle my soul splashing a wish.
I found myself winged, floating.

Satheesan Rangorath

thank You Mother

From depth of my sleep,
I hear your chant of love.
Dawn walked into my dream,
drizzling splendor of charm.

I glide over a rainbow,
filling my senses in color.
Dropping my sheaths one by one,
I fade away behind azure sky.

Behind veils of mystery,
someone shakes tree of stars.
I fall on your lap as hail,
melting my false images.

Let me weep my pain out,
as you fondle my heart.
Feeling warmth of your love,
I dream a dream around you.

I know not to thank you,
as my heart beats started by you.
Blood that fills my brain cells,
feels your graceful presence in me.

Listening to lullabies you sing,
I fade away into folds of sleep.
Smile on my lips while asleep,
Is thanking your warm love mom.

Satheesan Rangorath

@@ Another Flower Falls @@michael Jackson

There he lies a bare truth.
A Spent life, pauper in full.
A glare of myth just vanished.
leaving a mystic bubble behind.

Behind veil of mist he danced,
blaring out his throat in rhythm.
Moon walking to soul of music,
he stretched hands hugging lives.

Far and wide he trotted globe,
wearing rainbow over his head.
A crown of jewels he wore,
rocking and popping his crowd.

Dressed in soap suds he played,
melting his body with music.
Among roars and claps of fans,
he lived floating a tinsel life.

A soul full of soul full melodies,
streamed out of his frail frame.
Leaning world, bowled over him.
making him a pet chameleon.

One day he fell off the rostrum.
litter his skeleton all around
His composure ridiculed cruelly,
smearing his vanity with shame

In a coffin of images he will lived
singing a melancholy to soul.
We place a wreath of our love,
Still; feeling touch of his feet in our hearts.

Satheesan Rangorath

@@ Baby Arrives @@

Little star just came down,
on wings of an angel.
He was a mother's dream flower,
glided Milky Way to earth.
Holding umbilical cord of hopes,
arrived trekking a long way.
A host of unfulfilled wishes,
in shape of flesh and blood.
Journey continues one life to...
All time followed by a shadow.
A loud creaky baby cry, he is born
He sneezes loudly spraying,
creamy run from his nose.
His arrival is registered.
Mother blooms a fragrant smile

Satheesan Rangorath

@@ Embracing World @@

Embracing World

Pain of life howls deep with in and out.
Every sound impacts in infinite waves

Giant wheel rotates Creeks on crankshaft.
All voices merge in cosmic fusion music.

Sound of guns, war cries, explosions eruptions,
unending sobs from molten cities of Japan.

Creation's big bang travels beyond imagination.
reaching unknown realms of galaxies

Each whisper of life is recorded some where.
pain of birth and death, cry of pain and pleasure.

An ocean of languages clatters loudly in air.
Every syllable, diction, cadence of life registers.

Sound follows silence; silence follows sound.
Creation begins here from three syllables. AUM.

Aura of world fully recorded with images of life.
Time rests on laps of these named forms for a while

By embracing world of chaos let us chant a divine hymn.
A clarion call for peace n, harmony in world-family! Until we rest!

Satheesan Rangorath

@@@ Floating Life @@@

Floating on waves of thoughts,
mind rolls in doldrums of time.
Body rests among lotus blooms,
dancing with shades of delusion.

Life entangled with cobweb,
stretches hands wider into space.
Red eyed spider stares severely,
folding his hands up and down.

World struck in internet web cast.
wiggles as maggots in dirt n' filth
Heart beat gets feeble and faintly,
delving deep into abysses of sleep.

Faraway in a different galaxy,
angels beckon winking.
Stars settle down slowly in night sky,
Sprinkling dreams with stardust.

At dawn when blue birds sing,
I wake up afresh as dew on a lotus petal.
On silky green round leaves,
I slide n' roll again unaware; I am....

A ray of hope falls on this droplet,
burning it dry into folds of eternity.
Turning into vapor one day,
life returns again in another name n' form.

Satheesan Rangorath

@@@a Word That Struck Me@@@

My pen stumbled on a hard word,
breaking down tip of its nib.
Scratched; it stretched for ink flow.
Nothing came out except its dry cry.

Torn paper looked at my broken teeth.
My curse fell in loud on blank face.
Parted iridium chocked, gasp for breath.
That swine of a word still bled many.

Both legs hung up in the air in traction.
Back buckled and belted I lie flat on earth.
While mind retreated to a sedative sleep,
my plaster cast was singed and scribbled.

Many wrote poems on my legs in humor.
At last I found my word of sarcasm.
Its just snarls at me from filths of my mind,
here I dropp my pen in exasperation!

Satheesan Rangorath

@a Kiss@

Spray of mouth freshener.
Spray of Musk and Poison.
Ear lobes garnished with scents.
Here comes passion n' love.

Holding hands of warmth,
merging in sultry waves
Feels of subtle sweet odor,
heart beats rhythmic fast.

In an ecstatic moment,
Senses fizzle out unaware.
Music of love whistles a tune.
sinking world under tongues.

Hands fondle silky skin,
Sensation seeps into heaven
Flood of emotions swash
embracing new found lands.

ruffled hair shares a story
lipstick mark afloat on sleeves
lip glow dissolves in cigarette stinks,
followed by a blank stare! is kiss.

Satheesan Rangorath

+ -Sound Creates Silence- +

Incessant hum fills air infinitely.
Not a single second unsounded.
High tides of decibels engulf all.
Each moment drown in voices.

In chaos of blares and blasts,
feeble world shatters in pieces.
Honks of modernity burst senses.
Lives clatter; turn us, deaf n' dumb.

Hammer drill pierce into tranquility.
Unpleasant vibes spill on every cell.
Migraine splits heads to tiny bits,
splinters of brain creeps allover.

Unaware a piece of mind settles,
meditating under moonlit sky.
Ego recedes to feet of helplessness.
Mind blogs chatter, pours heavily on.

Never a spare moment of silence,
filth of thoughts drizzles incessant.
In and out, boomerang continues,
beyond under currents lie calmness.

In raft of uncertainty, we row slowly.
Well curling in whirlpool, life rolls.
Suddenly hand of mercy pulls you down.
There you remain buried in her cool.

Absolute peace prevails suddenly.
Silence of knowledge once awoken,
dances to tune of cosmic rhythm.
Creations begin again by invocation.
AU M, AUM, AUM. Silence again

Satheesan Rangorath

A Country Wedding

Plantain leaves lie scattered on a corner.
Black ants are having a feast from the remains,
Make a beeline out into the coconut groove.
With a grain of morsel each on their head.
Stray dogs are growling, snarling, their teeth out,
Threatening each other, readying for a fight,
Crows are calling their friends, for a share of meal.
A crowd is flocking in, pecking at the remains of a marriage lunch.

The guests are leaving one by one,
Some stands, in a circle gossiping.
Chewing Beatle leaves, with lime and betel nuts.
Often, spitting thick red saliva on flower plants.
Some men are enjoying a rare cigarette smoke,
Holding the cigarette in a peculiar way under fist.
Looks on as if they are doing a wonder!
The village head is encircled by a few admirers.
Showing off the nuptial poem he wrote for the occasion.

Women in silk Saris giggle, and murmur shyly.
Back of their blouses smeared with the hair oil,
Makes a dark shade, mingling with perspiration.
Their lips in red hue leaving a dropp or two of-
-Beatle juice on their chins.

Children having the whale of a time.
Playing hide and seek, with their pals.
Slowly the drummers leaving, their drums,
Covered, in khaki clothes hung on the shoulders,
Stops, in front for a pinch of tobacco.
The caterers depart carrying empty pots.

Suddenly, the crowd huddles together at the porch.
The floral decorated car arrives,
The driver moves out, taking pride on decorating the car,
Combs his hair looking at the rear mirror.
The groom cracking jokes with his friends walk in.
The bride arrives, in her beautiful braided sari,
Wearing, all her Jewellery, her hands covered in bangles.

The old men and women assembled in order.
Blesses, the newly wedded, as they touch their feet,
While, placing some money on a Beatle leaf.
Suddenly, the girl sobs as she embraces her mother and father.
Its time to say good bye, as the auspicious time approaches.
All lifts their hands up gesturing good wishes.

The great grandma sits on the floor, legs stretched.
Slowly starts to grind the Beatle leaves with ingredients
The slow and rhythmic sound from her small mortar
Mixes in her thoughts, and takes her back to her time.
She was thirteen when she got married!
She often opens a small box, and inspects a flower,
she had kept from her wedding bouquet.
It had lost its freshness too,
Dry as her thoughts! Colourless as her skin.

Satheesan Rangorath

A Dew

Tune into soul.
Sing a song.
Sinews vibrate.
as world swings.

Day ends here.
Crude hits sea.
Slick spreads.
darkening faces.
Sun sinks down.
bubble bath in filth.
A dropp of rainbow
Merge in ocean.
Vermilion spreads,
on your forehead,
forming a stream.

I retreat silently,
cuddled in frost.
you breathed,
warmth in me.
I woke up, find,
floating in Dead Sea.
I search for you,
Far, near, in, out.
At last, I found you,
sleeping on a petal,
in my heart, so pure;
a honeydew.

Satheesan Rangorath

A Great Catch

In a hook of imagination, I put bait for you.
Holding a line, await your inquisitive strikes.

Flood of thoughts flicker, tiny silver fishes swarm.
You never turned up, keeping darn suspense.

Time faded in sequence, trembling in shock waves.
River flooded several times, creating fresh mangroves.

Sand stones rolled on free, un-cached by slippery moss,
ends life; a fine sand granule, in pure stream of eternity.

Line floats infinitely on waves, moving back 'n forth aimless,
searching a prey in deep waters, as darkness sweeps remains of day.

Loosened hopes still rattle, on a String of soliloquy
At last, a great catch, skeleton of a fish flung from abyss.□

Satheesan Rangorath

A Hymn

One-day gloom was hovering.
Darkness was seeping slowly,
smearing melancholy in air.
Unknown fear was hanging in.

Chilly breeze scrub through skin,
eating away warmth of blood.
Shivering in frost of uneasy,
mind wanders in search of little heat.

In a sudden hiss allover veins,
thoughts about you flooded in force.
Every sinews and blood vessels,
caught fire of your compassion.

A flick of a shine from your nose ring,
dived into my dream, waking me up.
I saw your smile bloom on your lips,
unfolding a flower in my heart.

I notice you grew in me subtly,
sharing my vision and thoughts.
One fine day you lit my lips
by enchanting a hymn of gratitude.

Satheesan Rangorath

A Prayer From Depth

Retreat to heights of freedom,
where silence silhouetted in.
A feeble hum of sea still alive,
bringing back memories alive.

Day swims away in waves of time,
plunging deep behind horizon.
in pinnacle of divine dynamics,
rainbow props up as mystery.

With sigh of anxiety; hands stretch.
Feel of celestial closeness breezes on.
Curves; of creativity sprays colour,
in different shades of bluish green.

A magic vision across sky is complete.
Intricate texture of clouds moves past.
Awe struck eyes close in meditation,
becoming part of cosmic extravaganza.

Cold foggy rain clouds erect a wall behind,
cascade of scanty golden streaks of sunlight.
Day meets cold night in twilight zone,
murmuring mantra's of divinity.

Trekking back to lights and shades,
nostalgic scenic scenarios arrive in mind.
From fathoms of turbulence a bubble,
A spring of faith rises from dirt, a prayer!

Satheesan Rangorath

A Tribute To My Father

A fondle on chest, a soft chant of love,
a sound from heart, woke him up, .
Through shaded labyrinth of silting darkness,
he opened eyes pushing up eyelids hard.
Weakness pasted his vision with receding time.
Thick rheum sticks his eyelashes down.

Pain of regrets craves out his love for life,
one more chance in order to seek forgiveness.
Body diminishes to disintegration.
One by one cell retires into stillness.
Bones clatter and rest under his skin.
Long breathes and hiccups for fresh air.

Heart-beat lives in synthesized display machine,
Blood pressure monitored in analogue
Feeble corridors of veins pump blood in vain.
His arteries and capillaries strain by low oxygen intake.
Day light dooms slowly behind his retinas.
Spasm seizes and pulls his remaining muscles.

I could read his mind on facial expressions
A sickening empathy consumes me as his tongue collapse.
My hand unaware subtly touches his heart.
Crest fallen I try boosting his confidence.
Let me beg your release from pain of life
May your soul depart in a chariot of my obeisance?
A dream vanishes beyond recollection.
Dove escapes fluttering her angelic wings

Satheesan Rangorath

Aliens Attack

Switch on to laptop.
Open, time window www.
Browse down lane.
Sip a cold cup of coffee.

Skip and skim menu.
Find some cookies to relish.
Café is busy refreshing,
as servers, hang busy.

Give a beckoning buzz.
Waiter drops down menu,
Google to pick n' choose.
You scoop site of web freaks.

Sudden pop ups a pop,
with a sermon he vanishes.
Browser braze through,
seven Wonders of world.

Yahoo beaming options,
sends a private messenger.
There comes a stranger's call,
inviting for a chat so hot.

Skipping a fire wall so fast,
they come daring a fire.
Shading a fuzzy logic,
here comes virus nasty

Colonizing bios of heart,
they spread through mouse.
Riding a Trojan horse,
gorillas arrive in camouflage.

Run an antivirus shot to flush,
Hidden horses run berserk.
creeping worms eat out brain,
blurring foresighted vision.

Michelangelo arrives in style,
sculpting a shadow of time.
Leonardo Da Vinci peeps in,
as Mona Lisa smiles ecstatic!

Closing my eyes I retire,
swaying neck on to my shoulders.
Suddenly I wake up,
There lies my dream on screen,
in shambles dumped among garb.

Satheesan Rangorath

Always He Smiles

He sits on hood of serpents,
charming a cobra, off his thoughts.
Tune of "bean" creates celestial music,
As silvery snakes flash by spine.

From depth of nether lands,
off valley of time immemorial,
myths of love seeps in each cell.
Immortal beings arrive dancing.

Whole body receptive of snakes,
heaves to heavenly ambrosia.
They rock and shake to tunes,
creeping through sensual sinews.

In ecstatic convulsion he dances,
drumming louder a percussion.
Universe startles under his feet.
Every being revolve round in rhythm.

Day ends in lengthy hands of time.
Chimneys spit dark poisonous fumes.
Thunderbolts strike in distant skies.
Smile of god lit against cloudy canopy.

Satheesan Rangorath

Another Birth Another Time

Flower buds sleep,
hiding dreams inside.
Universe rests in grain of pollen.
When dawn touches,
by golden quill dipped in dew,
life wakes up afresh.

Divine breeze kisses soft,
Lips slight apart aghast.
Heaven slides down,
tongue twists exotic.
Drama of life unfolds,
as sun wakes up full.

Five petals spread far n' wide,
trek every nook n' corner,
acts in scenes of desire.
Time sinks in ocean infinite,
fishing out dead hopes.
Sun dives down in coma.

Mind floats dead in dead-sea.
Retirement arrives unaware.
Lying on a rickety cot,
life unknown, stretches frozen.
Day falls deep into nightmare.
faded petals retreat to dust.

One by one teeth fall.
Skin wrinkles. Tongue bites.
Eyes closes, as ears go blank.
Body remains among discarded flowers.
Life stinks, delves deep into abysses,
Off to another birth another time.
into dirt and filths again.

Satheesan Rangorath

Ashes Of Time

Ashes of time

Senses lie down as ashes,
lifts it up again by breeze of time.
On fogging veil of uncertainty,
she floats away into horizon.

Encircled by trade winds,
she turns into hurricane.
In holocaust of emotions,
tiny lives take magic births.

In carnival of unseen nature,
seasons sprout in fresh buds.
Images dance elegantly as silky leaves,
sprinkling freshness in air.

Tear of happiness drips unaware.
As cool as dew, it falls on your feet.
Shifting, you turn feet aside.
Your anklets cling in my soul.

Somewhere beyond fathoms,
I hear passionate murmurs of love,
Smell of life rise from raw earth,
body and mind merge in ecstasy.

Satheesan Rangorath

Beauty Of Little Droplets

Dew on a grass tip dreams sunlight.
Entire world reflects on it, hangs precariously.
A dry banyan leaf floats in current of deluge.
Time passes through a whirlpool.
Atlas shrugs a little for a breather,
making world shiver in cold sweat.

Your diamond nose ring glitter on,
thoughts from depth of my heart.
An exotic lotus blooms by grace of sun

Pearly droplet of breast milk still,
shines on babies pink lips.
As it rolls down her chin, tears flow,
happiness cascade arching a smile.
Scanty dry words are feeble to sketch a simile.

Outside, rain and sunlight together erects,
scenery of misty divine canopy.
Slowly world creeps on knees.
Astonished child cries, toddle into vastness of life
Oh, mother hold my hands take me along,
before I vanish in arid plains of this wilderness.

Satheesan Rangorath

Bit Of Light

Golden flies encircle.
Head spins.
Limbs shake.
Day fizzles to grey.
Darkness creeps in.

Glow envelopes,
as thoughts, retire
in labyrinths of mind.
Pearls of wish shines,
still bound by stings.
In flick of spark, I saw.
tumbling stars,
fading moon,
feeble moonlit,
planets slide,
Milky Way glides.

Amongst chaos,
I envisage a sage,
Hear a clear laughter,
radiating purity.
Evident saturated love.
Ecstatic hiccups.
Eyes speak volumes.
Mouth shut with awe.

Jasmines bloom by night.
sending mystic fragrance.
World sleeps,
on lap of mystery.
In my dreams,
I flee among fireflies.
flashing a torch,
in search of you.

Satheesan Rangorath

Brain Mapping

While on brain mapping,
Many images deciphered.
Manifestations of entire universe
Myths and reality
Creations big and small
Micro, macrocosms
Seasons, causes n' reasons
"I" came out
A lone dove flew away to freedom.....
That is it.

Satheesan Rangorath

'Chandrayaan' (Trip To Moon)

Countdown starts.
Pregnant moments,
of hope n' anxiety.
Every second ticks,
Filled with hopes,
prayers of millions.
At last a shower,
ends summer.
Heat waves cool.
sky glaze afresh,
Tide of emotions,
Sweep through.

As day wakes up,
life kicks in vigor.
from womb of time.
A rocket fired to destiny,
boosted by grace,
tracked to confidence.
Scientists cross fingers,
breathe heavily.
Their hearts pumped,
thrusting pressure.
Kindles fire in hearth,
as scarifies for humanity.

Day stretches,
into orbit of time.
moves to elliptical emotion,
at last into vastness,
Into moonlit path,
into fold of* chanda mama. (Uncle Moon)
we are one proud lot,
offering our souls,
by chanting Vedas'.
invoking celestial beings,
a time-tested device,
to wake up divinity,
in each one of us.

Kudos to Aryabatta,
Bhaskaracharya,
Leelavati, n' all great,
saints who lived here.
Diamonds forever, shone;
in the womb of this land.
In a remote village,
a lone hearth.
Sparks of fire rise,
Chant of mantras,
rise at dawn.
Fresh fire is lit,
by rubbing flints.
Oh! lord not mine.
not mine, not mine.

Satheesan Rangorath

Cradle Of Compassion

CRADLE OF COMPASSION

I was fumbling in the darkness.
Tsunami of night was consuming me.
Wading I walked slowly in faulty steps,
Faltering my feet fell on unknown terrain.

Frustrated I looked around for a familiar sound.
No there is only louder drumming of fear.
Heart beats in faster and faster tones.
I closed my eyes creating more darkness.

Resigning to my fate I spoke in delirium.
A cold shower of emotions dampened me.
My spirits drenched in my emotions.
Stranded in my thoughts I cuddled to sleep.

I woke up as a little child so confused.
Suddenly I saw the light of a laughter.
Sharpened my ears I tried to listen.
Yes, I Had heard it before, far from depth of time.

Slowly i heard a footfall nearing me.
I got shuffled and waited anxiously.
A soft subtle aroma spread around.
I heard a clang of bangles in my ears.

Glitter of a diamond nose stud.
Then brilliance of a sweet smile.
I saw the entire world for a split second.
My eyes filled, tear was flowing instantly.
I was carried in the cradle of compassion
I was toddling holding the tip of Her Saree.

Satheesan Rangorath

Cyber Wedding

They shoot each other,
focused right through.
Flashes of beams scare,
imaged in digital details.
So cool slangy vice(ViZ) kids!

As if from a planet alien,
dressed in fancy outfits,
they roam roaming mobiles,
holding gadgets of all size,
In every colour schemes.

Two IT kids are to tie knots.
Groom rides a bike to hall.
Exchanges' sms" to bride
Reply arrives in" mms" soon,
with song in digital scale.

Leather jacketed groom,
shake hands with Jeanie bride.
Then winks on I- pod smart.
Cybering a theme of love,
networking to all n' priests.

Wedding vow by multimedia,
care to share a compo note.
Rings on Intel four exchanges.
downloading an animated pic.
There arrives father in white.

No one cares his services.
His prayers turned gibber,
drowned in techno murmur.
kids ran amuck swarming.
Do you take this girl for your wife?
No, she just found another man,
from her net hangout cafe!

Do you have a Blue tooth tio smile?

ha ha ha ha ha.....

Satheesan Rangorath

Deep Within

A wild howl deep inside,
world of dream sinks.
String of bubbles surf-up
bursting on to surface.
A soft wave glides away
Reaching strange lands
Time retreats to sleep,
folds into fold of unknown.

Senses retire one by one,
shatters on boulder of darkness.
Somewhere sparks an arc,
guiding light to unknown.
Day and night wakes up.
Mind sways to brilliance.
Universe melts down.
at the feet of mighty time.

Crumbled lives lie, in a corner,
un-ticking, un-aware of values.
weary scary cloak discarded,
sleeps in a heap unattended.
Flowers flow after worship,
swinging in river stream.
Ritual chants of hymn rise above,
invoking sun on eastern sky.

World drifts as a dream,
floating on rushing current.
Calf of a deer gasps for breath,
Caught in whirlpool sinks past.
Days n' nights will flow as now,
taking a deep dip in time.
All shall depart behind veil of mystery
Their ashes float in streams of memory.

Satheesan Rangorath

Departed Leader

His smile through the gap of his front teeth still lingers on
Uttering his last words 'thanks' in a colloquial accent
He went in, his eyes tired but, filled with rare tears of emotion
A roar of the masses, a comrade, has just disappeared,

Great grandpa of all, the watchful eyes of a rare breed
Just returned leaving a massive imprint on the lives of people
Touching every heart with sarcastic jokes and smile humane
He transformed himself into an icon of humanity

A great leader of the rustic masses just bade goodbye
Still wearing his thick rimmed reading glasses,
While, holding his political daily on to his chest, edited by him
An era is fading into the dark dusty corridors of history

His country slang- tinged speeches still echoes in the air
Every nook and corner he trekked, holding a red flag
Smoking a ' Beedi' he fumed into hearts of peasants and workers
Identifying with their pains and happiness; he belonged to them

His coffin is moving slowly carrying hand to hand.
Both sides of the road are swamped by the weeping crowd.
The old and young, friends and foes, women and children,
All waiting for their turn for the last homage, holding a red flower

I would not wonder if he rises again from the dead, seeing the mob!
Holding and helping an old women walk, while joking with her
Comforting her under the warmth of his concern
If not, I am sure he would be making a political speech in heaven!

The smoke spreads as his body consumed by flames.
The crowd sobs in silence, their heads bowed down with sorrow.
His hands raised up in clenched fist, shouting a slogan
The crowd reeling round the pyre shaded in smoke-crows await their turn

Satheesan Rangorath

Do You Care For A Smoke?

I lit a Cuban cigar.
It pierced darkness with a glow.
Lips held it tight with a munch.
Facial muscles strained turning blue.
Teeth bit it firm chewing a bit of tobacco.
With slurry saliva, I spit at face of world
a hole in sky burn clouds.
acid disfigures every nook and corner
At last a bit of aromatic smoke.
I blew on your face, hoping.
Ashes litter on your lap, burning attire.
What a stressful, fearful world I see
My eyes turn red by staring at
Do you care for a smoke?

Satheesan Rangorath

Dr.A.P.J. Abdulkalam.

DR. A.P.J ABDULKALAM-OUR BELOVED EX PRESIDENT

There is a look of concern in your eyes.
Your grey eyebrows rise above often.
Making every one listen to your earnest words,
Eagerness for perfection, impatience for work

I love your well groomed silvery grey hair,
Neatly curled on both sides of your forehead,
Making a cartoonist look after you very well
Your eyes shine with a torch of intelligence
Goes into any depth in search of something-
-from everything, beyond mysteries of world,

Your scientific mind explores all around.
A grain of sand to derivations of galaxies,
A microbe, to fossils of life forms,
Entropy to mass, time and space, to black holes,
Travelling through the time and space,
You are sitting on a celestial cloud.
Holding lines of those five white stallions,
Wheeling on a chariot of glory, dispensing-
- Wisdom from epics of your life,
You glide high, surfing swiftly in high waves;
Balancing the weight of different religions,
Stalling, cryogenics of statesmanship

You are the salt of the earth, holding the icon of this land,
Where, great sages did penance.
Spiritual masters strode through; making this ancient land divine.
Enriching her soil with fertility of their thoughts,
Buddhists, Jains, the Zoroastrians, the Sufis, all preached harmony,
Implanting seeds of tranquillity

Oh our beloved saintly President!
You are so adorable and pride of our nation.
We bow our head before you in obeisance
Our children need you as a great grandpa.

A MODERN GANDHIJI FOR OUR NATION WITH A VISION
TO TAKE OVER FROM WHERE HE LEFT
'HE RAM'

Satheesan Rangorath

Dreams For Sale

Everybody floats in neck deep of dreams.
Some swims fast in butterfly strokes.
Some moves in breast strokes so fast.
Some crawls under pressure of life.
Some are swift in quick side strokes
Some glides on back strokes like a dolphin,
forcing a jet stream of water off their mouth.
My freestyle kicks me off to finishing point.
I dive deep into the depth of life.
There is a storehouse of hidden treasures.
I salvaged some from the abysses of mind,
I have some dreams for sale too, any buyers please?

Satheesan Rangorath

Elements Of Grace

Elements of Grace

As she smiles Sun, Moon and Stars fade
Universe bows down at her lotus feet
Entire galaxies revolve around her love
Five elements of world create a canopy

Air that breeze around her gets purified
The sweet fragrance of love streams off her heart
Water she touches turns into holy river Ganges
She sprinkles her grace on all around

By a soft feel of fingers she fertilizes soil
Hopes and love sprouts in hearts of earth
New fine potteries 'n' idols are created
Then infused ticks of life by pouring air

By soft subtle speeches she soothed minds
Fire of wisdom burned away garbage of life
She lighted soft warm flames in the hearth
Heaping her compassion 'n' love as offering

Oh mother of all, let me pray that I be an offering
Let me offer a little space in my heart for you
Let me build a temple of gratitude for being with us
Oh holy mother consecrate this temple!

Satheesan Rangorath

Exclusive Shot

Prologue

People queuing outside town hall,
holding flowers and wreaths.
His long nose still rises above his head,
nosing for a change, he envisaged.
Nothing changes from where he had left yesterday.
All his books, speeches, journals, criticisms,
Thoughts, will be aired for some time,
then they disappear only to be remembered on anniversary.

=====
Exclusive shot
=====

He had his last laugh.
Had a sip of water,
said his thoughts well.
pressing press.
Channels chipped well.
Cameras clicked him in.
Press conference is over.
While in camera,
he opened his eyes wide.
once more looked at the world.
gulped his last air.
and retired smiling
Head swayed to right a little.
that is it, he went away,
leaving a smile for world,
to decipher a mystery.
They captured his last breathe,
exclusively telecasted too.

Prof. M.N VIJAYAN died in front of cameras while
speaking in a press conference. As a thinker, critique,

an orator, social leader, professor and a writer,
above all a fine human being, he created and represented a species that is in
extinct.

This is a homage from an unknown person

Satheesan Rangorath

Face Of Truth

World is a matter of light and shades.
Everything shines after brilliance of truth.
Darkness dips its brush in fluorescence,
Puts blush of a rouge on her face.

There is in the duality of world,
evolves a black side and a bright side.
All loves a world under flood light,
shines showing spring flowers of life.

Nothing exists as single in this universe.
If one is real the other is a reflection.
A shadow follows every matter no matter.
Ultimately consumes one another.

Sun eats away moon on an eclipse day.
It is Moon's day to eat sun on a lunar day.
Twins strike entire macrocosm each day.
Microcosm remains inside as seeds.

Masters who ascent to a higher realm;
settles there in pure gleam of ecstasy.
Holy Mother of universe observes, and
transforms each one into unique unity.

In the high realms of effulgence;
remains none other than purity, the face of truth.
Fire sanctifies each life to knowledge,
tongues of fire licks away impurities.

Whole of cosmic dream merges into one delight.
enters into end of knowledge- into silence.
Wisdom dawns from the enlightenment.
Beauty of muteness appears like a dawn!

Satheesan Rangorath

For My Dear Children

Once one turns to two
World stands on two.
Day and night,
sun and moon,
eyes two to see world.
Think of all those twos,
ears, nose, hands n' legs.

twins of opposite, there are,
balancing too.
Three comes slow,
stating a state.
waking, dreamy, sleepy,
past, present, to future.
Trinity, father, son, Holy Ghost.
Imagine all famous threes.
and a triangle.

For age of four,
you have your freedom.
World stands erect on four legs.
Tables, chairs,
Four corners of geometry,
Square, rectangle,
think of all fours you can.
Formidable forum of life
Four, four, four.

At the age of five,
you run around,
breaking dolls and idols.
all toys you got.
Do you see five elements?
ether, air, fire, water and earth,
You are made of that.
You got five continents to live.
Five senses.
Linked to five organs of actions,
five type of energy.

You light your sixth candle,
making a wish.
Get me six pillars of wisdom,
Six centres of power.
you get guided,
to sixth sense.
Do you see sixth wound of Jesus?

When you reach seven,
You cross seven oceans to life.
Reflect on a rainbow.
You learn about VIBGIOR.
Seven holes of wisdom.
After seven dinner time.

At eight you are great.
eight syllable forms a Manthra,
pressing eight qualities.
Closeness, greatness,
Depth, weightless,
glow, nearness, godliness.
attractiveness.

When you light nine candles,
there comes a glow.
an auspicious nine.
Your body is a flute of nine Vents.
a last single number,
so independent.
Zero make your age grow after nine
But before it stops all merge into one.
You become a one big zero,
a perfection all around.

Did you like my poem dear ones
I gave you some food for thoughts.
Pardon me if you do not like.

God Children

As a spark I live in you.
Kindle a fire in the dawn.
I invoke you in my heart,
Feeling, your warmth spread,
slowly all through my body.

I watch your eyes smile,
At the soft touch of my lips.
I can feel your milky breath,
As I hold you close by,
in tender loving embrace...

I want you forever as my child,
To see this world as you see
Fresh and fine, fantasy filled
Soft and subtle serene and scenic
Untainted by the colours or creed

For you I offer my shoulders
Rest on me as and when
My breasts full; thrill to feed you.
With milk of my compassion
Nectar of my graceful love

I cherish you as a divine star,
fallen in my lap from heaven.
Tickling your soft pink chin,
I fondle you as my dream,
watching your little gums part.

In the cradle of my soft thoughts,
I swing you on, making you sleep.
by singing a lullaby,
I enter, in your dream watching you,
then wake you up into my dream,
stretching my hands to hold you.

Often you rise above me,
floating by angelic wings.

awe struck I watch you,
gleaming in purity of love
Oh! god you are so innocent.

Note- This poem was published in a monthly spiritual magazine 'Mathruvaani'
May 2008 issue

Satheesan Rangorath

Hall Of Fame

Many thoughts are sleeping in the pages.
The creator is hiding somewhere.
Alphabets mediate in the annals of time,
storing the wisdom in a group of letters.

Many of their faces appear on the dust covers,
remains In the silence of their knowledge.
Often they fed us with delicacies of their choice.
They are the real men of letters who foresaw and...
predicted the roadmap of the new world order.

They conquered the reader's heart with their versatility.
Words flowed out of their pen in poems,
Plays, novels, and in all forms of name and forms,
created magic out of their wonderful quills.

Virgil, Homer, Shakespeare, Byron, vyasa,
Vaatmeeki, Kaalidasa, Shelly, and Keats,
all placed their signatures in the minds of people.
As we stroll in the Hall of fame we can hear them,
murmur each other, trying to convey something.

Unmindful we walk away brusquely like city urchins.
How tiny puny we look standing before their magnanimity.
Awestruck we look at them closely for one more vision,
then we return to the face book pages again,
Voraciously reading the recipe for the day!

Satheesan Rangorath

Her Smile

Her cry slowly turned feeble.
merged into blasting chaos.
I still see her faded sad smile,
hiding in a dropp of her tear,
yet to drip from eyelids.

Monsoon clouds stand still,
as hopes of rain still alive.
Heat waves had drained blood,
Earth sighs with cracked lips,
as Frogs start crocking "pekrom".

Satheesan Rangorath

--I (Me) ----

I (me)

There are two "I"es (eyes) .
One entangled in labyrinth,
In emotions, in past, in future,
One that present is ignored.

I that I have seen is not eye to I
I exist nowhere than in I only
I that I have not seen is mystery
Teaches me to trust almighty,
Whom I have not seen.

Who am I? Nothing but a question.
Those who found out never talked.
Those who talked never found.
When found, I fall in silence.

World of dream vanishes.
Role-play ends abruptly.
Costumes discarded one by one.
Mask less face gleam in mirror.

Satheesan Rangorath

Images Of Life

Images of life

Under beam of little glow,
contains my small world.
I try Trek Mountain of darkness,
as large cliffs, hang tough,
often bleeding my vision.

In blurred short sightedness,
I feel seeing whole world,
pretend showing light to all
being a wizard of I know all clan

on wings of ignorance I fly,
showing tiny dot of spark.
An attempt to light hearth,
by pinching tail of heatless fire.

Many circles round in night,
flicking tones of lifeless show.
As dawn consumes night,
dead bodies float all around.

Efforts turn a futile show,
like floating tinsels on air.
As sun slowly emerges,
they fade away into dust.

Lifeless eyes stare of scare.
Stinking dreams litter on shore.
Far ahead into shine, I see love,
moving past holding a hand.

Those who walked this way,
left footprints of their soul.
Half-living creeps still arise,
Limping back into sewage duct.

Kaleidoscope

I have a collection,
a large jar full of
broken colour glass bangles
combed from all around world.

Glitter and glamour it,
now looks weary and faded.

Shaking and spreading down,
I often look at each one closely.
Talk to them in silence,
all of them once adorned,
a woman's arm of dreams.

Now they are scattered,
shattered in meaningless pieces
adding mere colours to my hobby.

On silent lonely nights,
each one gets up to tell a story.
Some sordid, some about cruelty,
men broke some of them.

Some by harsh fate of destiny.

My thoughts entwined in them,
I listen until dawn. I turn myself,
into a Kaleidoscope reflecting-
colourful patterns of their vision.

Sun penetrates refracting a rainbow.
I love my dreamy angels,
sewing a wing on me.
Just to fly among dragonflies!

Satheesan Rangorath

Lodestar

From rush of time a sudden break
Few Seconds fall down on laptop.
Mind cries out loudly in ecstasy,
for perquisite of this free moment.

Passing through a day in life,
aware windfall of awareness.
dawn blooms world, petal by petal.
as golden mist spreads in air.

Slow breeze dances through.
Intricate silky spun of sun,
tickles on face of earth softly,
as dew, bear colourful sun babies.

Oh god what we have missed!
All those great mystery of your grace,
grandeur of graceful mystic outfits,
abundant shower of your love on us.

We ignore all small big things,
hugs of your caring heart of love.
Your confiding charismatic smile,
Touch of warm love beams to our souls.

I wonder how you cradled us,
rocking with threads of love.
You opened a window of your heart,
showing loadstar beyond gloom.

Satheesan Rangorath

Love

In close hug I heard,
chirp of lone lovebird.
One from my heart too,
joined in chorus.
Entire universe echo,
with songs of love.
one love symphony!
oneness in diversity.
There was nothing
But one unique emotion.
We melted in ocean of love!

Satheesan Rangorath

Meditating Frog

He was meditating on a lotus,
Eyes half closed breathing slowly.
Dawn was falling through a sieve,
as silver grainy mist from heaven.

Moon takes a last dip in the pond,
wading through the dark waters.
He walks away to eastern horizon,
wearing his wet cloths still dripping.

Eyes closed water lilies looks aloof.
Pre-dawn mysteries yet to arrive,
flakes of moon light still afloat,
as Beauty of daybreak had to unfold soon.

Slowly sun signalled the curtain raiser.
Golden brooms swept darkness away.
Symphony of life started performing.
Opera house reverberated with music of life.

He woke up suddenly from his trance.
His throat moved in folds of waves.
Lotuses started to open eyes one by one.
There he leaped, splashed his tongue, came out,
With a dragon fly struggling in his mouth.
Again went into depth of silent contemplation!
Tongue tied! Camouflaged!
+++++

Satheesan Rangorath

Memories

Memories

As night slowly sneak in veiled,
I hear your heart talk in silence.
When night flowers bloom,
I feel your presence so close,
spreading fragrance of jasmine.
Your smile brightens darkness.
In a moment I rewind our time.
Your aroma still lingers in my mind.
I can feel your soft silky skin.
Your pink lips glow as a dream.
Your perfumed long hair intoxicates.
Every word you uttered reverberates.
Your giggles tickle my imagination.
I fell silent when you were touchy.
Every moment ticks back as metaphor.
I hug tight in nostalgia of your warmth.

Satheesan Rangorath

Monsoon Thoughts

Rain clouds hanging down,
Touching the earth; shading.
Even last ray of light vanished,
Pouring down skimmed darkness

Birds of same clan flock together,
dropping, the days content,
Opened beaks oiling the feathers,
waiting for the downpour,

Wind whistles through trees.
creaking, cracking bamboo shoots,
humming a tune for monsoon,
hailing arrival of season in pomp.

Insects creep into their tiny holes.
Snakes beating the retreat.
Dry leaves fall incessant,
flutter with scrubby dry murmur.

Mind wanders soaked in good hopes.
This long wait ends after all.
Smell of earth intoxicates,
swashing the hoods in ecstasy,

At last the rain ripples on the roof,
In rhythmic divine music.
Several silver globules hang-
On the cloth line; falls on her naval

Earth quivers in first shower,
shivers In cold streaking rain.
Jasmine flowers lie scattered,
spreading soft fragrance of her hair.

Satheesan Rangorath

My Day Begins

Covered under a blanket, night retreats,
Hands nestle, trying to capture warmth.
Sun uncovers earth from brooding bitterness.
Sudden flutter of wings from darkness,
thousands of birds fly away, disappear into sky.

My day begins with a feeble cry.
My thoughts uncovered, exposed
Ashamed I fall silent.

Satheesan Rangorath

Mystic Fragrance

I see you floating among puffy clouds.
Dancing with feathers in different colours,
Uniquely white, so light with a live back dropp
Like an angel among angels, you swim flowing.

Kissing my eyes, waking me up,
I see you floating in my dreams, guiding me.
Through different galaxies, cruising me away;
From flying meteors and tailed comets of life

By merely looking in to your eyes,
I can trek a long way, in the flood and heat.
In the comforts of your warmth, holding-
By the magic wand of your wisdom, I can play.

-

Finally, when you have to leave me alone,
Leave in me a piece of your heart.
Fulfill me with your passion.
Your lingering mystic fragrance In my breath.

Satheesan Rangorath

Namo (Narendra Modi Our Hope And Aspirations)

Time walked with him,
Made him a tempest,
In a cup of tea he sold,
in the trains and platforms.
He grew from a small beginning,
smashed every obstacle in the journey.
Narendra Modi learned to dream big.
He lived in the thoughts of Mahatma.
Land of Gandhiji nurtured him.
One day,
He went away to Himalayas,
in search of peace.
No he was destined to be a storm.
He became one shortly after,
Placing his strong feet,
On the plateau of culture and traditions,
Tried to find a place, a tiny space,
for a majority community, who had been taken for a ride,
Who loves to live in harmony,
Aaway of life synchronized with nature.

Time changed.
Sabarmati river flooded many times over the years.
Many waters have flown off to sea.
The tea vendor became chief minister.
Slowly he was creating history.
Khadi clad clan of hypocrites turned restless,
They attacked him with,
Weapons of hate and jealousy,
branded him as a fanatic.
But, people elected him several time as their leader.
Minorities respected him.
His mettle proved them wrong.
He stormed all over India,
Became hurricane,
smashed big trees down,
Found his way to the highest seat of power.

Now he is storming the world.

World leaders vie to shake hands with him.
Slowly he is becoming a phenomenon,
a wonder man from obscurity.
we have hopes in you PM.
We walk tall with our heads high with pride.
We lit a torch of our aspirations.
Live up to it Prime Minister>
We will be with you all the way.
Let us build a modern powerful India together.

Satheesan Rangorath

'Nila' Is Dying

The river is dry.
Even small streams drained away;
She is dying.
Gasping for last breath
Life has come to a standstill
Once she was full, full of life.
Flowing and flooding
every flora and fauna drenched

She used to spread
her luxuriant hair on the banks
Some where down the mountain
They barraged her love.
She made a chasm and went underground
She is dying.
Frogs crack creek and freak
The throat is dry, choked
Succumbing to sticky mucous

Life! Remaining; whistles through
Expanded nostrils
A pounding foot shatters the sand bed
From a little pool of dirt life quivers

A tiny fish flashes out.
Dust of fate covers its body.
Grey feathered wild grass lay scattered lifeless.
Her hair
The river 'Nila' dies.
Nothing remains.
Only Skeleton of a fish
And a feeble cry from my heart.

((((U))))

Satheesan Rangorath

Nothingness

Nothingness

I was born to nothing,
Nothing that I brought.
Off to nothingness I trek.
Nowhere had I destined.

I got life to know myself.
Nothing I know helps.
I learned barely any.
But, nothingness follows me.

One day I learned nothingness.
That is nothing but emptiness.
I am nothing but nothingness.
I know nothingness is fullness!

Fullness is nothingness too.
Therefore, I smile n' laugh louder.
laughter of weightlessness.
I dumped world as my dream.

Now, I fly freely rootless in air.
From flower to flower I glide.
On sea of uncertainty, I walk,
dancing on lotuses, as butterfly.

When I stampeded this world,
treasures a lot I grabbed.
When I am ready to depart,
Let me show you my hands empty.

Something that I learned now,
that I know nothing; that I am.
Let me plough, weed n' till my mind,
to sow some seeds of exotic flowers.

Observer

Zoo is wide open,
ready for the day.
Animals' big n small,
Birds of all feathers,
reptiles and rhinos,
all in their Sunday best,
lives here in peace.

Just watch them,
Observe, witnessing,
their nature. Be with them,
appreciating.
Do not get chewed,
By an animal's taste buds.

Many sleep here silent,
In bed of your mind,
Ready to pounce,
At the dawn of desires,
Snarling, roaring,
Hissing, howling.

You would do well,
By getting freed from it,
ending chaos in life.
A cat jumps out,
Many animals too,
one by one from cages,
At last, I am free,
to bell a cat now.

Satheesan Rangorath

Oh! It's You

OH! It'S YOU

I was dancing all through night.
Drum beat n' music changed to the moods.
My legs and body got fatigue.
Wear and tear made me pause.
My body tumbled down in slow motion.
Collapsed unceremoniously.
I slept in the hands tiredness.

Somebody was kissing my body all over.
Suddenly I woke up.
I found my body shrunk.
My skin wrinkled, loosened,
bones rattling.
Hair had fallen around me.
Moon shone on my head.
I was wheezing gasping.
My vision had blurred.
Frustration embraced,
Sleeps cuddled on my body.
I tried to stretch my body
I heard a mocking giggle.
Oh! It's my age!

Satheesan Rangorath

Pardon Them Mother

Here is a bouquet for you
Plucked and bunched from
Exotic hearts of devotees,
They flocked as one against malice
Devotion has only one colour,
The shades of simple love
Its beauty exudes in drops
Aroma spreads around world
A chant rises in the air
"Let all beings n' non beings,
Live happily n' peacefully in this world"
Sprouting hopes for future
In every heart blooms a lotus
Its petals have hue exquisite
We place it at thy feet.
As our prayers by tears
For freedom as our birth right
Let us have courage to smash,
Hopes of pseudo bully intellects
We react in prayers to show,
Them their tongue rests
In stinking excreta of their mind
OH MOTHER PARDON THEM

Satheesan Rangorath

Pieces Of Time

Timepieces lie shapelessly melted.
Litter everywhere tired.
Some hangs on cloth line.
Shivering rickety hands, stretched.

Different times on display.
Hoping for one reality show
Watch makers rub n scrub,
Just to breathe in life for all.

Livers changed, springs wound,
balance wheels replaced of " grandpa"
Pendulum springs overhauled,
Winder tempered to strength.

Some escape to ticks of life again.
Some retire to display one time.
Some hangs motionless as bats.
Some donate organs to others.

As a modern painting of Dali,
Some drip down as molten mass.
We keep them in tomb, buried.
With an epithet' here rests my time.'

Satheesan Rangorath

Post Wedding

Everywhere on floor litter paper cups.
Stale smell of jasmine flowers linger on.
Lie scattered are crushed carnations of bouquets.
Foul sweaty air blows from air conditioners.

Staring at the podium were a sea of sultry faces,
Where they exchanged rings and garlands.
Masked countenances were many in crowd.
Dyed n supplemented whole body by makeup.

A heap of plastic chairs stacked waiting.
Glittering graffiti n golden strings fly around.
Leftovers dried on dining tables, awaits a wipe.
Black ants returns home on a beeline with a morsel

A solitary wick in brass lamp still holds a flame.
Masks fallen from faces of dignitaries glares in light,
Expressions and emotions in many die stumbling on it.
Flow of life continues by sheath of births n deaths.

Beating a retreat sun peeps in with feeble rays.
Cast off by bride, a bouquet lie in a corner.
Day ends, as priests bid farewell with a grin.
Bride and groom enters back from their rest room

Night rides in a chariot driven by horses of time.
Couple on a ride to reality gallop on many terrains
Shades of moonlit images reflect on their faces.
At the end of ride, they alight in crumpled skin.

Satheesan Rangorath

Pure Effulgence

PURE EFFULGENCE

Trekking on a path of life to immortality,
Time moves in an eternal cycle of mystery.
Neither is there a beginning nor an end.
Those gets dissolved who rolls in the time,
again appears somewhere somehow.
Cycle of existence continues until then.
Wise ones stay on time are the ones,
Who lives and sees beyond time n' space.

Metamorphosis completes into human form,
as we float in the tide of births and deaths.
All who does not swim; the ocean consumes.
Those who are wise stay afloat among waves.
They cross sea of turmoil in repeated attempts.
Then transcend world to reach home of tranquillity.
They takeoff and fly on wings of wisdom to heights,
and see the whole universe as one entity.

Once reached on upper deck of truth,
Shall remain there observing fun of cosmic dream.
They are awake aware of reality; tries waking up all.
helping all to see and enjoy ecstasy.
Playing a role in the dreaming n' deep sleep.
Yet, they remain in effulgence; unaware of day and night.
Holy mother witnesses and hears all states of life ticks.
She is the seer; seen; and scene altogether.
Oh! Mother wake me up from my deep slumber to light!

Satheesan Rangorath

Pyramids

History stands stagnant here.
Every stone weeps in pain.
Each boulder was chiseled out,
by bleeding hands of slavery.
Cruelty was sculptured by whims.
Peeled skins of serfs still bleed,
puts a skin veil on face conscience.
Each rock cut tells pain of life.
Sounds of whip lashes still heard,
reverberate In the minds of historians,
disturbs silence of desert nights.
Pharaohs were born to create pyramids,
lived Just to create luxury chambers for them,
to live happily ever after death as mummies.
Does anybody care for those?
Who shaped this marvel?
toiled day and night, flowed blood and sweat.
Their children grew to become another vassal.
Oh mighty pyramids hear those echoes,
from hearts of each boulder.
You can hear cracking pain of souls
who made you a mighty wonder? .
Still you are a wonder to the eyes of world!
World looks at you with wide eyes with awe!

Satheesan Rangorath

Rag Dolls

From purity of time arrives a baby.
Sprinkles a glow on every face,
Often crying and smiling with gums,
Slowly comes around creeping.

Days disappear behind veil of night.
Many stars retired hurt in collision.
Rest, rests in black holes of uncertainty,
witnessing tides of life `n death.

Gathering a lot of moss baby grows,
Years stole away chubby innocence
Heart, body, and mind filled by filth.
Thoughts brainstorm wrecking hearts.

Baby leaps into child hood fantasies.
Arrogant adolescence, to a youngster
Medieval middle age worn out in hurry
casting an evil eye, on surroundings.

Many creepers climb on your swing.
Swaying in moments of glow `n glee
Eating you away in bits and pieces,
parting quickly leaving you in midair.

Ending up in an old age home with a sigh,
Your silent cry suffocates tear-filled pillow
Winged on despair of dooming darkness,
Your filthy rag doll keeps you company.

Satheesan Rangorath

Rock Gets Salvation

Devotion turned into a stone
sleeps in the dustbin of oblivion.
Heartless faded stale offering,
remains a guilty leftover.
Scars of sin disfigures life,
bearing a curse of history.
Days wear away in silence.
mute prayers turn rocks to rock
Pulsating veins of granite, sounds,
seven notes of divine tones,
symphony of unblemished.
I wait feather fall of your feet,
Just enough on to wake me up,
from this tomb of misery.

Satheesan Rangorath

Shame On Us

Poem

While I write this poem her body is flown back.
Now she lives in hearts of millions as a feeble cry lost in wilderness.
Her hopes n 'dreams, thirst n' thrust for life fizzled on board a bus.
Colours of Rainbow litter on street corners.

Scoundrels of humanity still lives in every nook n' corner,
Searching for 'Anokhis'.(Precious)
In the sweeping time waves many crushed flower buds float ashore.
Their vermilion spread lie on face of mother earth.
Their broken bangles clang, prick our conscience.

Dear mothers' n 'sisters, on this day we take a chivalric vow,
stronger than Bhishma's
We will not rest until Draupati is protected.
The pandava's shall not be onlookers again.
Let us teach a lesson to Dussana's.
Let our cloths of respect robe every woman.
and let our crests fall in shame when they are in malefic.
Oh! My brave Jyothi,
Let me light a candle before you in grief.
Salute your bravery,
while begging for your pardon.

Satheesan Rangorath

She Listens

Stretching hands of infinity,
who embraces cosmic dream?
By half open meditative eyes who sees,
through minds of entire beings.

Divinity spills in space of eternity.
Stream of love flows incessant.
Compassion fills every life on earth,
while Nature bows down at whose feet.

Who peeps in as sun and moon?
scattering little stars all over sky.
who glides elegantly over galaxies,
spraying mystic fragrance all around.

Majestically who consumes time?
Filling in entire space and beyond.
Who breathes in and out of births n' deaths?
Who lights a fire in hearth of hearts.

Drizzles of purity wakes up,
runs every stream by compassion.
Whose magic spell, creates land,
where life sprouts again n' again in splendor.

Who goes on and on hugging life?
fondling each soul to tick in bliss.
Who guides world from black hole to brilliance,
Who listens to tiny songs of unicellular?

Satheesan Rangorath

Snobbery Punch

Animated bodies lie scattered on beach,
drying under sultry summer sun.
Sun tanned butterflies float around in bikini,
sipping umbrella topped snobbery punch
While on shower, they shed all colours,
leaving little puddles in mixed shades.

Far away, salted fish dry under hot sun.
Their loosened scales litter, glitter a pink tinge.
Faded weak shells exposed lie bare bodied,
lives melted down in pools on sea-shore swarm.
Shattered flesh of conches float in waves
sun departs leaving patches of blood stains.

Satheesan Rangorath

Some Sleepy Thoughts

From rush of time few moments,
another day ends here unaware.
In abrupt black out, eyelids hang.
dark tentacles of sleep clasp memory.

One day I stopped, just went blank
A moment propped me up. Oh! great
I saw world today in real fineness,
where beauty still manifests in style.

A dropdown menu displays on screen.
Satellite sends pictures of cosmic dream.
I look through display window to future.
A pigeon sits on sill with olive branch in beak.

I play with mouse clicking off gloom.
Chiming clock beckons my attention.
Behind glass panes world still buzzes.
Azure sky glaze down on my courtyard.

A breeze gently lifts dry leaves off my chest,
memories murmur scrubbing my brain.
Screen of mind animate images of fear,
as childhood once again runs amuck wildly.

Ghosts of past still haunts in thoughts,
nostalgic smells of ancestors hang in corridors.
Here we met in our chat room behind barn.
where we had our first bliss in wilderness.

Screen saver props up as my idle hands rest.
Sleep howls from depth of soul again n' again.
I rest on your shoulder as my dream come true.
As we breathe slowly, I sign off to infinite depths.

Satheesan Rangorath

Sorrow Of Two Rivers

Still I can hear your deep sob
Echoing in my heart
Pricking my conscience
I don't know what to say
We all grieve on your fate
But never raised a finger
I can see you stretched on a dingy cot
Your house dilapidated
Your hair undone spreading
Your tears dry
I see your bare neck
Still bearing red with finger prints
Your lips dry with fear
Oh mother your eye lashes wide with fear
Your deep blue eyes move round and round
The nightmare you had had multiple
The pain of life written all over your face
I can imagine all what you have gone through
Your children weep pulling yr skirt
Your torn skirt
Your body smelling sweat and saliva
Of those soldiers
Your breasts bear the stench of their beret
Your veil was hung on the wall stained in blood
Shaming the humanity
I see your children sucking from your dried breasts
Crying for little milk
Poor things they never had a decent meal for a long long time
Oh poor babies
We hear they cry waking you up
But you are tired
In fatigue
Oh my mother now they are bargaining your flesh
The shopkeepers and the Yankees
They want to trade your flesh
Your pride
Your chastity Your righteousness
Your dignity
Oh mother I weep for you

Let my tears mingle with blood flowing
_ in Euphrates and Tigris
I cry louder and louder
Until someone hears.....

Satheesan Rangorath

Spider

He survives a storm by skill,
holding on to his soft strings.
Spinning threads of hopes,
he spans a net all around.

Under tiny legs of uncertainty,
he weaves a neat intricate web.
A trap in silky sticky strings;
laid with aesthetic skills.

Many of his works torn cruelly,
dilapidated by feet of destiny.
Nevertheless, he stamped on the world,
by all eight feet, stretched to space.

Untiringly he logged on to time,
knitting his spiral trap in camera.
Finally, he created a wonder,
Showing King Solomon how to survive.

Now every creature is cob-webbed.
trapped in internet of illusory delusion,
Body and souls entangled in a net
gasping for breath from web cast.

Satheesan Rangorath

Symphony Divine

Suddenly I turned tongue tied,
entire world outside fell silent.
Roar and shouts, honks n' hisses,
threats n' thuds, bangs n' buzzes,
hangs in suspended animation.

I can hear lone cry of a baby,
deep in my bosom shaking its limbs.
In silence of night, I hear her breathe
I embrace her closer to my heart,
merging in ecstatic emulsions.

Slowly sounds; surface clear inside.
All beings sound in cosmic rhythm.
Non-beings talk in silence so calm.
Songs n' chirp of birds, roar of animals,
rise divine symphony in my mind.

Wonder of being a being brings smile.
I laugh louder and louder rollicking.
Slowly opens Pandora's Box of delight,
setting free off to earth, seeds of future.
As I call your name, thousands resonate.

Satheesan Rangorath

Thoughts Of Earth

From millenniums and millenniums back,
I was a molten mass of a grand imagination,
Who had created an egg containing universe.
Time travelled enough to cool down planets.

One day I took birth from the womb of time.
Slowly life ticked and tackled into full bloom.
Seasons arrived in different lively forms.
Flora and fauna tuned and toned the nature.

Every creature made and makes history daily.
They left their DNA on each cell of my body.
Every inch on my body was explored and excavated,
Ploughed, pounded, mined and stamped.

Dinosaurs implanted their stretch marks on my body.
Now extinct they live in the annals of past wild remoteness.
Humans infested every nook and corner.
Each lived and lives here on me as if on their ownership.

Tamed animals used to their advantage and slaved,
Killed and fed them with cruelty, Plundered, invaded,
And looted, treasure hunted every bit of my bosom.
I was happy to feed my children with ambrosia of my love.

But still I have my infinite treasure trove uncovered.
Those are the invaluable diamonds that I gave birth.
Who will live forever more because they are the salts of the earth
Seize not my treasures from me because they are my mighty hopes.
I am too great to crawl at your feet, rather would get melted again.

Satheesan Rangorath

Tulips

Tulips smear a blush of spring
Two lips share a flash of love
Senses turn on a tune of rap
trapping a couple of chirpy birds.
Tongue-tied lips close forever.
caging on hold of monotony.

Satheesan Rangorath

Twentysix Eleven 26/11

My speech dead in my throat.
My words are stagnant in my pen.
My thoughts frenzied, deranged.
I am afraid to recollect scenes.

As day goes by, they add on lies.
Khans, Mushreffs, n' Sardari's,
Ghillanies still blood thirsty,
mongering war for Vulture's feast.

Still they live in an era of Ghori,
Attack all around as Gazni.
Spitting bullets on innocents,
Terror (jihad) in name of religion.

Bled we lie on an arrow bed.
Composed we fold our hands.
Sad smile on face is not cowardice.
It is divine glow of our courage.

Blood decked, turned bloody flowers.
Hibiscus blooms in every heart.
With blood stains, sunrise everyday,
until perpetrators are punished.

A nation of make believers,
loves to dance on holocaust.
Their leaders spit hate on freedom,
Wearing a turban of indecency

We just wish to say a prayer for all,
By lighting a candle in our heart.
My tears flow incessant until then,
those fallen flowers are consecrated

Satheesan Rangorath

Unweary

Unending queue,
inching up slowly.
Hands stretched.
Saturated love hugs.
Day in day out,
Dawn to dusk,
She waits in smile.
Un weary.
Mustached babies,
zombie lassies,
steps ahead slowly.
stinks of life,
sweaty faces,
blood stained attire,
bloody greed,
ego of body,
hardships,
sorrow of hunger,
pain of fear,
live in death,
dead living,
wearing colours.
we fall out in a line,
through,
death n' birth.
By the time,
We reach you,
before we merge,
In ecstasy of love,
In your hugs,
We had gone through,
many bodies.
Microbe to man.
at last.
We lived as rags.
When met you,
All we asked was,
"Help me",
get married.

Give me another toy,
better than my neighbor.
May we make a wish?
For a cone ice cream,
with chocolate topping.
May I ask?
Can I hope?
to reach you,
before this a-eon,
disappear in your bosom.
I wait as last one.
Guide me to....
Give me a hug.
Once for all,
let me in.

Satheesan Rangorath

Waiting For A Lullaby

They met in net, lived in chat café.
fantasized long hours until dawn surfed in,
through world wide windows of Microchip.
One day they became software couple.

Clicked (cliqued) by cyber fantasy,
Marriage, children, hubby, and wife,
all turned into virtual reality show.
Fat pay packets inflated their laptop drives.

Once mad rush ended in dryness of reality.
"IT" babies cried calling in attention.
By then had they turned into slippery cliffs?
Inaccessible where only eagles dare.

In a web of illusions, they collided.□
In ocean of delusions, they swam.
At last, in labyrinth of internet, they entangled.
Hackers busted net on one fine day like big bang.

In high tides, life splashed to different galaxies,
shattered waves smashed their bodies too to pulp.
Emotion filled blocks of black holes tumbled down.
From a distant constellation, do I hear a lullaby?

Satheesan Rangorath

Waking Up

Waking up

Someone shook me wildly,
waking me up from slumber.
No one there when I got up,
except fondle of cool breeze.

Blurring sound of names,
echoed ears in utter disorder.
From filths of chaos I hear afar,
sweet rhyme of hymns so clear.

Nostrils sense divine aroma,
dancing around subtly.
I could feel aura of grace,
beaming into heart so bright

Flushed to a world unknown,
I reel in whirlpools of sleep.
From mountain of compassion,
you watch me grace in wilderness.

At last containing in a bubble,
You gave me a sweet name to chant.
I filtered myself through a sieve.
falling on your petal feet as dew.

Multi faceted world melts down,
squeezed to last dropp of nectar.
I flew away bursting to freedom,
on wings of love, you bestowed.

Passing by vast expanse of life,
I found you again in silence.
Let me rise up in your vision again,
from ashes of a phoenix dream.

We Disappeared

A passionate hug,
I hear your heart,
Your heart beat,
chirp of your soul.

Lovebird sings.
I hear mine too.
By soft music,
song of souls.

Lovebirds sing.
Together we hear,
Symphony of millions,
music of souls.

Echo of spirits,
Deep in and out,
vibrate in rhythm,
love boundless.

In ocean of love,
One with cosmos,
We merge in every atom,
one soul; one song.

I embrace,
merging in one ness.
I breathe in
Breathe out.

Turning into dream,
I fly high, as I float,
wings cover,
entire universe.
We disappear
In subtle softness.
When you call
I reverberate,
form silence

world around
reply my wish!

Satheesan Rangorath

Where Am I?

I was peeling an onion,
as a hand of help to my wife.
Along I was reeling
feeling in my thoughts.
I lost myself.
When asked,
Where is the onion?
To my surprise,
I did not find it anywhere.
There is a littler of skins.
Neither had I found it.
Nor had I found myself.
world disintegrated lie flat!
Where am I?

Satheesan Rangorath

Without Write, I Would Remain Dumb

First I heard a sound.
I ignored it.
Then again it sounded.
I felt strange.
Still I did not mind.
Then it was a big bang,
followed by a primordial Aum.
I followed it.
I reached no where!
It was vibrating infinite.
It still vibes in my soul.
I meditated in my thoughts.
I found my angels floating.
I got some more syllables.
I placed it well in my mind.
My intellect put it in shapes.
I created alphabets of tones.
Then I pictured its shape.
That was shape of things to come.
Genuinity of my expressions,
found a place in a paper.
I wrote my first hymn.
"Vasudeva Kudumbakam"
All creation is one among the family:
I created my poem.
I scripted my story.
My Novel, then a lot of words
It is an infinite mountain.

One day I dropped myself into silence.
I could not move my pen.
i don't know what I have written.
but i know; "without I write I would remain dumb"
Oh my muteness rejuvenates me.
I don't know.
What shall I write? In future.
Let my quill guide me?

Satheesan Rangorath

Wordless

Oh lord!
Grant me,
A grand word.
A single word.
To extol you.
One word,
Which envelop,
Everything in entirety.
Unique,
Ever written.
Spoken,
Chanted.
What is that?
Divine magic word my lord?
By one chant,
I can reach you.
I can melt your heart.
I can eat you.
I can pour my sorrow.
Unto thou lotus feet.

Satheesan Rangorath

Words I Carry

You know how I carry you?
I feel you in my heart beat.
Embrace you in my thoughts.
Cover you often in my warmth.
I fill each letter with love.
Adore you "my word" with life.
Shower you with respect,
oblate with silky petals of devotion.
When I arrange you in a verse,
I am lighting incense around you.
I see your Grace glow in senses.
Your everlasting smile wraps me up.
I live in the subtle images and metaphor,
covered in a feather blanket of words.
I cuddle entwined with tentacles of passion,
merging in the purity of silence.
I carry you daily in my prayers.

Satheesan Rangorath

Zero Covers All

Lately I realize.
I am a numb number,
living through life.
First child.
Date of birth.
Sixth star of twenty-seven.
Scorpio numbers six of twelve.
Studied tenth class,
Then 5-year's graduation,
Every class I had a scroll number.
Exams written on id number.
Studied law.
Head churning three years,
with numbered sections.
Penal code, constitution.
Clauses of law in numbered sects.
Registered in bar council.
Legal practice.
Case files are numbered.
Subsequently I got,
House number, door number.
Phone number.
Mobile number.
Account numbers.
Credit card number.
Pan card number,
Folio numbers,
Car number,
License number,
Policy number,
Health card number,
Election card number,
Passport number,
Ration card number,
Ultimately, when you put me in morgue,
allotted me a number.
Which, I do not know.
However, I know a number.
I am a big zero.

It covers all my life
Yes, we discovered zero.
What a relief?
Does it not cover all?
fulfill all values!
By the way your number please?
X number or N number?
Infinite numbers.

Satheesan Rangorath