

Poetry Series

**Shankaran Kutty**  
**- poems -**

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## Shankaran Kutty(1st November)

I am a simple lover of poetry who did not dabble in writing it till five years ago. Had written a few before, including one when I was eight. But never took it seriously as a hobby till I was past forty. But now, it is a soothing caress for a tired or troubled mind.

# A Beggar's Dream

Like a nomad lost in desert sands  
I wandered, but still I saw my dream  
Of joys and pleasures and acceptance  
I swore not to lose my self esteem  
For still I believed that day would come  
When into some heart I would be welcome

I welcomed her with open arms  
Into the bivouac of my life  
To soothe my heart so singed from barbs  
To wipe away my strife  
Yet who is man to fight his fate  
For me the sorrows never did abate

All my hopes, my dreams, my life  
With her cruel words, did she scythe  
Leaving me in sorrow, stranded  
With an indifference so blithe  
Even the rushing torrent of eternal time  
Could save my life from slime

The sun rose and set along with hope  
Darkness filled the land and mind  
In all the glitter that lit up the sky  
Not a ray of light for me could find  
Yet when I heard a lonely bird sing  
I dreamt of joys my future could bring

My foolish heart still does dare  
To hope for a day when I would sleep  
In peace and mirth would fill my life  
And a day would pass when I won't weep  
Would it be even by happenstance  
Or be in vain my heart's sprightly dance

Is it only for the rich to sing  
And dance in the autumn rain  
And for the poor to tread the path  
Of thorns and suffer the silent pain

The flowers that bloom so bright in spring  
Can't I share the joys they bring

The stars that dot a new moon night  
Rainbow across the dark blue sky  
Meadows green and a nightingale's song  
That floats across the mountains high  
To see a sad play and heave a deep sigh  
I will be happy with these pleasures no one can deny

Shankaran Kutty

# A Daughter's Complaint.

Daddy, my mother who is also your wife  
Is torturing me, making painful my life  
You know how I hate to go to school  
But she tells me I should for that is the rule

She says in mornings I should be well fed  
But you know how I hate my milk and white bread  
Tell her the bathtub is a right place to play  
And I won't get sick if I play with water all day

She scolded me yesterday for not bathing on time  
But tell me daddy, is that such a big crime  
Tell her it is ok for kids to put lip stick  
She says it is poison if I accidentally lick

Isn't your mobile phone also for your daughter dear  
Then to give me to play with, why does she fear  
And she scolded me for my Barbie was in six piece  
I had taken her apart to clean her with ease

I think, dear daddy, I have really had enough  
Get me a new mom, who isn't so tough  
One who will not scold me for each and every thing  
Who will in rain, allow me to play in the swing

But she should like her, hold me so near  
When the power goes, and darkness I fear  
And she should each morning, give a sweet kiss  
Like mommy does, without a single day miss

And she should get me yellow dress with flowers  
Like the one mommy got me, when she went to get hers  
And when on my new dress, ice cream I spill  
With a smile on her face, get me a refill

She should make chocolate fudge as tasty as mom  
And when I throw tantrums, remain as calm  
Even when tired after a full day of work  
Should not complain to help me with homework

I think you leave it dad, you won't get another  
As sweet and loving, as my darling mother  
For anywhere you go, far east or west  
My mommy dearest is simply the best.

Shankaran Kutty

# A Dog's Best Friend

It was a rainy day in town  
Not just any day but it poured  
Torrents, burst the clouds in anger  
Like a river, became the main road

But life goes on and so it was  
That I stepped out to go in the rain  
"it is raining dear, and lightning too"  
My wife tried to stop me, in vain

My work was done and what better then  
Than a piping hot cup of tea  
At a road side chai shop I ordered a cup  
Of steaming hot tea for me

Then it was that I heard a sound  
It was little more than a squeal  
It was dark at noon and a quick glance  
Did nothing reveal

Then I saw a movement, which  
Looked like a tennis ball  
It moved and squealed and then I knew  
It was living after all.

The rain was pouring, still unrelenting  
But I stepped forward and picked it up  
The furry, wet and scared creature I found  
Was a loveable mongrel pup

Those little eyes then looked at me  
Pleading "Wont you save me "  
Its siblings had washed away in the rain  
Left alone in the rage, was he

I picked him up and held him close  
And wrapped him in my arms  
Just one look at him and I was lost  
In the little angel's charms

Back in car, I wrapped him up  
In a piece of cloth I found  
With his energy back, on my seat  
He kept going round and round

I gently drove and took him home  
For my naughty kids to play  
Thrilled they were and from its side  
They never moved away

The children were over the moon  
They fed it milk and cream  
It was their ask for a very long time  
A fulfilment of their dream

The puppy was a pampered one  
The kids, patiently took their turn  
To smother with love, yet in his eyes  
His mother, I could see did he yearn

So it was with a heavy heart  
I took my kids aside  
'This puppy too has a mother who loves  
Like you are your mother's pride

For you he is a thing to play  
Like your favourite toy  
But for his mother, he is all her love  
Her only bundle of joy"

My little ones did understand  
Though their eyes did spot a tear  
They wont dream of denying a mother's love  
Because their mother, they held so dear

So we packed him warm and in our car  
We went as fast as we could  
And came to the shelter at the chai shop  
Where in the morning rains I stood

Hearing him, we saw his mother



From the bushes slowly emerge  
'Leave him down, and let him go"  
My children I did urge

He bounded quickly across the grass  
To his mother and began to suckle  
Not one of us could stop our tears  
That from our eyes began to trickle

Even as thunder rolled a serene peace  
Did in that scene pervade  
Years later, that union of mother and son  
From my mind does not fade

My children kept on looking back  
As we took a turn on to the highway  
That day in my life with my furry friend  
Will never forget, come what may.

Shankaran Kutty

# A Homonym Poem

(Homonyms are words which are spelt and pronounced the same, but mean different. Here I have attempted to write a poem using homonyms to rhyme.)

One day a family I found I had to address  
On something official, but reached the wrong address  
My memory I knew I never could bank  
I even forget my money is in which bank

I knew right now I was playing with fire  
For if I did not do it, my boss would me fire  
I racked my brain for all data I could exact  
I got the address, but it just wasn't exact

I suddenly remembered and off did I bolt  
Till I reached the house and unlocked the bolt  
"Stay still", said a voice, "put up your arms  
And don't move or I will use my loaded arms"

Suddenly someone switched on the light  
And then my heart felt a little light  
And an old face appeared which said "You may  
Come in for it is hot in the month of May: "

Scared I looked around, it was a big yard  
To reach the gate I have to run many a yard  
I had come so fresh after a personal groom  
But now I looked flushed like a nervous groom

The Old Man said "Please come in dear  
You are my guest and so I hold you dear"  
got in the big hall with many a pillar and beam  
For having got entry, I did stand there and beam

The servants soon arrived in a file  
The accountant sat engrossed in a file  
I went and sat in the sofa on the left  
All my bravery had long since left

A dog outside did loudly bark

Sharpening his claws on a pine tree bark  
In the large garden hung bananas long  
For those tasty fruits, did my heart then long

On a stream outside I found few people row  
A small country boat, sitting in a row  
Across the stream a woodcutter I saw  
Cutting his wood with an electric saw

And then I heard the building walls rock  
And stood before me, a giant like a rock  
With fear I felt my heart then sink  
He picked me up and threw into the kitchen sink

And then to escape, I picked up a lead  
From the sink I found a giant tube that did lead  
To escape, I thought and slid through to fall  
On the ground below, like leaves in fall

My mission failed, I couldn't stop a tear  
The journey through the tube, my shirt did tear  
And like a little pumpkin had swollen my foot  
Without pain, I could not move a foot.

But the situation I knew was seriously grave  
For any delays, and I would end up in a grave  
My heart got drowned in a joy filled wave  
As I saw my wife and kids stand far and wave

Then with hope I then rose  
The thorn filled path felt like petals of a rose  
Across the garden and around the well  
I bounded across, didn't care I wasn't well

I got into the car and the doors did close  
The giant by then had come quite close  
We sped across the river, mountain and quarry  
The giant was angry, he missed his quarry

Although I was glad to be home so free  
I realized nothing in life comes free  
This incident in my life did play its part

From my well paying job, I soon had to part

By the time it was next spring

I was up and bouncing like a well-oiled spring

But to God I pray, that if he is so kind

Never another scare, of the same kind

Shankaran Kutty

# A Letter From A Daughter

Daddy, this morning I woke up with a start  
A bad dream I had, with you I did part  
I cried a lot for the one I love the most  
I couldn't find, You, I had lost

Then I realized you are in a faraway land  
From where I couldn't bring with a magic wand  
That little diary with your photo within  
I hugged it close and tucked myself in

Daddy I know your work is so tough  
And still you feel you don't earn enough  
Daddy I know you do it for mummy, baby and me  
But Daddy I cry, because you, I don't get to see

Daddy, you don't know, how much I miss  
When I get up in the morning, your loving kiss  
Your two day stubble that tickles my face  
Those pleasures are lost in life's frenetic pace

Daddy believe me, I honestly try  
I am a big girl, I should not cry  
But uncontrolled does the tears flow  
Why you have gone, I still doesn't know

Daddy, those days when you aren't here  
In Mommy's eyes I have oft spied a tear  
Please Daddy please, slow down the pace  
Don't stay away, for so many days

Daddy those days when we were together  
When I got the love of my Mother and Father  
Where Oh Daddy, have those days gone  
Without you near, we feel so alone

I rush to check, when the door hinges creak  
Every second, your presence I seek  
I am scared dad, when you aren't here  
Who is there to chase away my fear

Who will teach me my Physics and Math  
And dry my hair after I had my bath  
When my marks are bad say "It's OK dear  
You will do good, of that have no fear"

You say I am your life's greatest pride  
Yet, rarely you are by your daughter's side  
Every morning I wake up and see  
If you are sleeping by the side of me

Daddy each night you fill my dreams  
But you always look tense, or so it seems  
I need you to teach, to tease, to play  
And when I am lost, to show me the way

I help mommy to change baby's diaper  
And when she looks sad I go and hug her  
But in her heart each has a special place  
And try as I might, you, I won't replace

Daddy, you know, I have learnt to make tea  
I make it each day, for mommy and me  
I wash my clothes, and leave it to dry  
You can call me lazy no more, for everything I try

Daddy I know you have four mouths to feed  
But still, Oh Daddy, your presence we need  
It is Ok if you scold, but please be here  
I feel the presence of the Lord, when you are near

So, comeback Daddy, wherever you are  
Come back to us, don't go too far  
You would, if you don't want to see your daughter sad  
I know you don't, for you are World's Greatest Dad! !

Shankaran Kutty

# A Letter From A Daughter To Her Mom

Oh Mother of mine, please do not cry  
I am quite happy here you see  
Joy abound, no tears to shed  
Like an angel they take care of me

I still remember that special day  
When I dressed up as a young bride  
Though your eyes were filled on my departing  
They still shone through with pride

And as to my new home I departed  
You know I had not cried  
I turned my face, and to hold my tears  
Do you know how much I tried

With my right foot I stepped inside  
What was to be my new home  
But Mother, little did I know  
That it was a lull before the storm

You told me my husband is my Lord  
I shouldn't leave him alone  
And his parents, I should shower with love  
Just like they were my own

But they didn't want me mom  
They only wanted dad's money  
I told them he gave everything he had  
And now he hadn't any

My Lord, he beat me with iron rods  
Till I screamed in pain  
But I knew it will make you so sad  
So I never did complain

His mother would drag me by the hair  
And slap me on my face  
Would scream and shout that to their family  
I was nothing but a disgrace

I would fall at her feet each day  
And to spare me would I plead  
But if walls had ears they would have heard  
But she, she wouldn't heed

Perhaps I should have told you mom  
Or at least hinted to dad  
But I knew I couldn't for if I did  
It would make you both so sad

But I still wasn't any rude to them, Mom  
I would greet each day with a smile  
For you had taught me to be nice to them  
Even if they were vile

I was the brave girl you wanted me to be  
For I never cried, even in pain  
Each day I rose, with fresh new hope  
Though I knew it was in vain

I erupted with joy, the day I knew  
A life was growing in me  
I remember your laughter when you knew  
That a Mom I was going to be

But from the torture I went through  
I found there was no respite  
It all came to a close one dark  
And moonless rainy night

When I came to know it was a girl  
Boundless was my joy  
But both him and his mother fumed in terror  
For they always wanted a boy

My 'Lord' he kicked me on my womb  
I crouched in a corner in fear  
I was brave, so be happy Mom  
That I still did not shed a tear.

I did not cry when in intense pain



I lay writhing on the kitchen floor  
I did not cry, when kerosene  
Over my head, they did pour

My charred remains, few unburnt bones  
At least, did they allow you to see  
They covered me in that dark green sari  
Last birthday, you had bought for me

But now I am fine, so much at peace  
There is no terror, no pain  
So all those tears you shed for me  
Has not gone in vain

Here flows only rivers of joy  
Each one of us is a shining star  
So keep smiling Mom, for you should know  
That I am watching you from far

Shankaran Kutty

# A Letter To My Heart

Listen to me  
Dear heart, thou shall  
In ways that you find  
With rationale or not  
Fill yourself  
With all the melancholy  
The world can find  
Or carry me  
In exuberance  
To the peak of joy  
Only to drop  
Without a murmur  
To the chasms of sorrow

You say you have  
From when I was a tiny speck  
Of life in the womb  
Pumped into me  
The nectar of life  
Yet, when her sweet love  
Did seek me out  
Like the bee  
Her sweet flower  
You failed to see  
Or feel that warmth  
Of the tears she shed  
On your denial

But the turpitude  
Which you wanted then  
To prevent somehow  
Has failed to stop  
The one you called  
My love so true  
To seek another  
To leave you aching  
My lungs gasping  
Yet you still  
Beat for her so true

In Eternal hope

Oh my heart  
If her memories  
In your treasure chest  
Still causes the bleed  
Then dear heart  
Who am I  
To stop that now  
But pray be kind  
Let it flow  
In a torrent  
Wiping those memories  
Sending you and me  
Into eternal bliss.

Shankaran Kutty

# A Letter To My Poetry

Looks like at noon I saw a dream  
More than reality, so does it seem  
For all the times manfully I strove  
It has to be showering of the Lord's special love  
HE gave the freedom for the mind to wander  
From real to fantasy, on topics to ponder  
Two hundred entries in my blog I am sure  
Is more than what me or my loved ones can endure

Twenty four months since my quiet beginning  
I still remember, it was a quiet evening  
The Azure sky scattered with clouds so dull  
And quietly floated a lonely sea gull  
In my heart ignited a spark  
Creating the blog was my next big task  
And so before the night was gone  
"Mallumuse", my blog was born

It was a journey of troughs and high  
When I plunged the depths and touched the sky  
Thoughts sometimes flowed like a river in spate  
Whence a poem I would create  
Or oft dry up like a desert stream  
My poetry would, then lose steam  
That is when I would lose all hope  
And slither down despair's slippery slope

But when I am disturbed of body and mind  
And lose all hope in entire mankind  
And when the path in life is not clear  
Somehow vanishes, them I hold dear  
When from the world I want to hide  
And feel there is no one by my side  
Then like the chill of December breeze  
My poetry wafts in to put my mind at ease

When a grievance I silently nurse  
Or when I am angry want to stomp and curse  
Those times when I want to hide and cry

When to live no more, and want to die  
Or when my heart fills with pride  
All my sorrows, I take in my stride  
And with some joy, my heart fills with glee  
My poetry, you have stood by me

Without anger, anguish or fear  
You have always stood by me, near  
No questions asked, no ungainly frown  
Never laughed at me like at a circus clown  
No favours asked, no expectations set  
You laughed with me, yet never did fret  
All those times when you stood by me  
My poetry, without you, what would I be

These two hundred entries are more than I dreamt  
As a gentle pastime, was all I had meant  
The words of encouragement from a sister so dear  
And all those who wished well, helped me reach here  
My Lord, this life, from now come what may  
With folded hands, to thee I humbly pray  
Take away all, but won't you leave for me  
My dreams, through my poetry, for me to see

Shankaran Kutty

# A Solitary Drink

Last night I went out for a drink  
Got drunk till I was on the brink  
And from the dance floor  
I couldn't get to the door  
Someone showed me the way, I think

Oh But I wanted one more peg  
And keep shaking my tired right leg  
Till the time was right  
To pick up a fight  
With that idiot who stole my fried egg

First I had a glass of wine  
And it tasted Oh so divine  
And then to remove all my fear  
I had a couple of mugs of beer  
And then all the drinks there I wanted to be mine

Bacardi with coke tasted most good  
When I had two of them just before food  
Then I decided to pull up my socks  
And have a couple of scotch, on the rocks  
And still on my two legs, I gamely stood

"Anyone game for a round of cocktail"  
From the corner of the room I heard someone wail  
I staggered my way across the room  
I needed that drink to wipe my gloom  
Two puffs from the Marlboro, I found time to inhale

First a Bloody Mary, then a Screwdriver  
Who cared the load I put on my liver  
Before good sense could corrupt my thoughts  
I quickly drowned a few Tequila shots  
I was steady, but the room started to quiver

Then someone had an idea so bad  
I think it is because of all the drinks they had  
They pushed the floor up against my face

When I was getting ready for another phase  
The broken glass really made me so mad

When I opened my eyes the bar was gone  
In that room I was all alone  
But why was the sun burning so bright  
For it was still the middle of the night  
I realized then I was in the house, my own

I looked at my watch, it said five thirty  
My wife walked in with her looks naughty  
I have to get up before it is dawn "  
I said to my wife but with a laugh she was gone  
And soon she returned with a cup of tea

"It is evening now, the sun is to set  
Change your pants for they are wet"  
All I could manage was a sheepish grin  
This was a situation, I never could win  
I got up, if not, even dinner I wouldn't get

Had a bath, fresh clothes did I wear  
Before my children, she made me swear  
Forget having, if I even tried to think  
Of gulping down another drink  
Then the rest of my life, she will make a nightmare

So I sit now, at home so dry  
To have a drink I won't dare try  
Dreams for this evening I do have many  
It is Ram(ayana) not Rum I have for company  
All I can do is to heave a deep sigh

So I sit alone, am not getting any sleep  
My friends who read this come, but for me don't weep  
And if you happen, at the door, to see my wife  
Please speak of all the beautiful things in life  
And hide that bottle beneath the paper heap! !

And since my life has picked up pace  
And it is going through a de-addicted phase  
Since things are going so well

Would someone please tell  
That day, who pushed the floor up to my face! !

Shankaran Kutty



# A Walk Across The Graveyard

It was a Monday, early in the morn  
When buses and vehicles were few  
The fastest way to the railway station  
Was across the graveyard, I knew

I made my way across the yard  
Where the rich and poor together lay  
And on those tombstones, the epitaphs  
I read along the way

Here lies a man who all his life  
Yearned for love and nothing but love  
He yearned to earn it from somewhere somehow  
Yet, all it did earn him was nothing but strife

Here lies Peter, who had only one goal  
To make more money till he was covered with gold  
He did make it, but when he died when he was old  
He left them behind and alone went his soul

Here is one who lived for all  
Who was always around with a helping hand  
There wasn't a soul he hadn't helped in that land  
Yet not a soul was there when he got Lord's final call

Sweet old Mary was always scared of death  
She always thought she was in such poor health  
Yet when at last they brought her dead  
Three years had past since she turned one hundred.

Lies here John who pursued his dream  
Of a life of riches and fame  
Yet as a miser who never cared for the needy  
Had he mostly made his name

And as my path reached its end  
Past the last unknown grave  
My thoughts were with those who lay there dead  
Who lived their lives so brave

Yet each one of them would have been a fool  
In choosing their life's final goal  
They forgot, as we do now, that short indeed  
Is on earth, each person's role

The wealth, the dreams we pursue this life  
We have to leave behind  
And our greed, to the true goals in life  
Does make all of us go blind

If we lead an honest righteous life  
God's kingdom for us does await  
Blessed are those who realize the truth  
Before it is too late

Shankaran Kutty

# Abhimanyu

Twelve days of war had by then gone by  
Thousands dead on the battlefield did lie  
With Drona as the leader of the clan  
The Kauravas hatched an evil plan

As the thirteenth day of war did dawn  
The battle formations were formally drawn  
And as they planned the previous day  
Susharma led Arjuna far away

With a mighty army at the core  
And great leaders at the fore  
In Chakravyuha did Drona lead  
To break it knew no one indeed

With an attack that was so brutal and savage  
The Kaurava army went on the rampage  
Thousands were left dying or dead  
And many more from the scene had fled

In mortal fear, to the Pandava tent  
The elder Pandava then hastily went  
But for a boy, he found no one  
Had evil over good, then finally won?

The son of Vijaya then stood up brave  
And Asked, "Uncle, pray why do you look so grave?  
These beads of sweat I spy on your brow  
Tell me if I can wipe it somehow"

With trembling voice did Yudhishtira speak  
"I don't know whose help I now can seek  
Under Chakravyuha Drona has advanced too far  
I fear we are going to lose this war

To pierce it the only warriors I had  
Were the Lord himself and then your dad  
They have been led so far away  
Our warriors by hundreds have fallen prey

Is this the end, will the balladeers sing  
Of the untimely end of the Pandava King?  
Has a new world order begun to rule  
Where Evil reigns and Good made a fool&quot;

The strapping youth then stood up to speak  
&quot;You are a Kshatriya king, don't be so meek  
Impregnable to you the Chakravayuha might seem  
But of victory no Kaurava shall yet dare to dream&quot;

So saying the brave youth went in to prepare  
To show his bravery, he was getting a chance rare  
When a shadow he felt behind him so near  
And on his shoulder fell a drop of tear

He turned back to his wife, still in her teen  
Her face was pale, had lost all its sheen  
&quot;Tell me my Lord do you have to go  
Get in you can but come out you don't know

Your child you know grows within my womb  
He should see his dad, not a lonely tomb  
So don't go my Lord, don't leave me alone  
You are the only one, I have as my own &quot;

Throwing herself against her husband's breast  
Little Uttara inconsolably wept  
The ways of the war, she was too small to know  
All she knew, her husband, she wouldn't let go

Abhimanyu gently pushed her aside  
To his weeping wife, he then replied  
&quot;The Kshatriya blood that flows through my vein  
When shed on the battlefield, should not be in vain

Shy away, shall not I in this hour of need  
Now is the time to step in and lead  
Whether I come back alive or dead  
&quot;Valiantly he fought&quot;, shall of me be said

Those were words she refused to hear

All she cared was for her husband dear  
&quot;All that you say may indeed be true  
But all I care for, is only you

Tomorrow, when our son is born  
I want to celebrate, not sit and mourn  
You may win the battle, war, an empire  
But your presence in my life, is all I desire

So tell them, I am sure they will understand  
There will be other heroes in this mighty land  
Whose wives are made of much sterner stuff  
I don't need an empire, my Lord is enough &quot;

Abhimanyu himself, though just sixteen  
A braver youth, there wasn't to be seen  
So for all the time his wife did plead  
He knew he had to leave, that was the moment's need

&quot;Daughter of the brave king Virat you are  
So shouldn't cry when your Lord goes to war  
It is fire not tears in your eyes I should spy  
Send your husband to war with your head held high

Whether I come back alive or covered in shroud  
Be rest assured I shall make my father proud  
Think of the glory it will bring  
The son of Yama, shall be the King

When the bugles blow and the trumpets sound  
On the battlefield I shall be found  
Pray not for my life but the battle we win  
Keep the fire of hope, burning within&quot;

He was Partha's son and Lord Krishna's nephew  
Her chances of stopping him, she knew was few  
So though her fears were still in spate  
She knew she couldn't bemoan her fate

&quot;Go forth my Lord, don't speak of death  
Let Victory fill your every breath  
My prayers are with you in your every stride

Go, and become your father's pride &quot;

So did the little princess that day  
Send her husband on the way  
And like a thousand lions did he roar  
Knowing death was knocking at the door

Even the Gods that day watched in awe  
As the bravest of lads on a battlefield they saw  
For a boy just sixteen years of age  
He displayed unseen valor and courage

Drona, Karna, Kripa, great warriors all  
Yet before his skill they did fall  
So shamelessly did they together conspire  
To conquer this little giant, breathing fire

The heavens wept as together did they  
The bravest of all, that day did slay  
With a lighted lamp, in her tent did she wait  
To receive her husband, unknowing his fate.

Shankaran Kutty

# Abuse! !

I picked up the newspaper  
And it jumped out in letters bold  
Of a story so repugnant  
Yet it has to be told

In the city of Kochi  
A city so vibrant and cool  
A five year old little angel  
Was in a rickshaw being dropped to school

One day she told her mother  
"Amma, in rickshaw I wont go"  
But her busy parents just took it  
As an excuse, at least they thought so

But the poor child fell sick  
And her temperature suddenly rose  
As to the hospital they suddenly rushed  
She was struggling through painful throes

The doctor who treated the little one  
Was shocked to find her bruised  
In her most tender, personal area  
She clearly had been abused

As then they asked the little one  
Unravelled a gruesome story  
Of the rickshaw driver raping her  
In an act so brutal and gory

He has been put behind bars  
But his sin, will that reverse?  
What punishment can be sufficient  
For an animal with thoughts so perverse

With an angel so sweet and tiny  
What pleasures could he have sought?  
And by taking away her greatest treasure  
What pleasure would he have got?

She was at an age when fills her life  
Chocolates, dolls and ice creams  
Regales her parents with naughtiness  
And sweet thoughts fills her dreams

What turns a normal human  
Into an animal so cruel and vile  
How could he think of violating her  
After seeing her cherubic smile

Didn't he think of his mother?  
Or have daughters of his own?  
What quirk of fate created him  
Or are they like this when born?

What libido caused him to see  
An object of sex, in a girl of five?  
She would have been better off dead  
That be suffering thus, and being alive

As the father of two teenage girls  
I really feel thankful now  
That the Lord in his infinite grace  
Has brought them safe, so far, somehow

Yet my Lord, the creator of all  
This question I must ask of thee  
In creating this human beast  
What good to the world did you see

He is evil even to evil  
As beastly as a beast can be  
Please rid the world of these fiends  
My Lord, is my prayer to thee.

Shankaran Kutty



# Adieu! !

(This was written 72 hours after I bid adieu to one of the most loveable persons I have known in my life – my father in law, no my Father and my wife Priya’s biological father. In these lines I have tried to describe his last moments in his own words.)

I lie in the hospital bed, my wife  
My daughter and her husband by my side  
And playing nearby are my two grandchildren  
Who are my love and my pride

I could hear their loud incessant chatter  
Could hear them laugh and play  
Their presence, the only silver lining  
In my long hospital stay

There is a lot I want to say  
But unable am I to speak  
My voice has gone, each organ failing  
Of mind and body, I feel weak

When was it, I spoke to them last  
It was just yesterday night  
Still many things I need to do  
Now, I am filled with fright

“Son, go get some chocolate bars  
Kit Kat, Twix or Crackle  
Let them share, my little darlings  
In their eyes, I want to see the sparkle”

It wasn’t said in a soft whisper  
I thought I did shout  
But try as I might, from my dried up lips  
The words did never come out

My son, he held my arm so tight  
In a grip so strong like a vice  
I could hear him comfort my crying wife  
With soothing words so nice

I still had some work to do  
Work I had left half done  
I had thought like my previous battles  
This too could be easily won

I want to see my mother once  
And hold her tiny frame to me  
My little ones' song, drama and dance  
Once more I want to see

One more trip in my long blue car  
With family to Sankhumukham beach  
And buy roasted peanut packets for all  
And sugar candy for kids each

"Appooppa", I want to hear Meenu giggle  
'Which side is your liver? "  
Then feel her snuggle right up to me  
That feel, can I have forever?

Fights with Maanu, her sermons  
Once more, can I hear?  
Perhaps the chance is gone forever  
My end, I can feel so near

I want to teach the secret recipe  
Of spicy crab curry, my own  
Sing nonsense songs to my grand children  
They should celebrate my life, not death mourn

So far I faced my dreaded disease  
With a lot of strength and fortitude  
But now I can't fight it anymore  
Maddening, this solitude

Will fulfill God these dreams of mine  
Just one day of good health  
The strength in my body is on fast decline  
So laboured becomes each breath

No medical force can further my life

Can someone remove my mask  
For all the prayers of my wife and daughter  
Just one more day, is all I ask

With each passing minute, my consciousness  
Steadily, is on the wane  
Doctors strive to revive my health  
But I know all is in vain

"Anta.. Anta.." my wife screams  
She pounds me on my chest  
But even those screams do slowly fade  
As on my chest she lay closely pressed.

My eyes are blurred and I see no one  
A teardrop scorches my face  
One by one my senses fail  
As my decline gathers pace

Even my thoughts have dried, dreams dead  
A blankness wraps the brain  
Perhaps right now I go through a struggle  
But I know not any pain

Flashes before in a streak of brilliance  
A light from the heavenly star  
Is it my final heavenly call  
Time for my trip so far

Who is there to see me go  
To heave a lonely sigh  
To say "Ok.. Please come back soon"  
No one to wave goodbye

Adieu my love, adieu my dear  
For me, don't shed a tear  
For all your prayers and showers of love  
I am one with the Lord above

Shankaran Kutty

# Alexander And Porus

Three Hundred and Twenty six years  
Before the time of Christ  
The story is said of a king who  
Fought an Emperor's might

The brave and young Emperor  
From thousands of miles away  
Marched to the Indian shores  
Crushing those who stood his way

On the banks of the Jhelum he stood  
With an army well trained and fierce  
It was only a matter of time, before  
His enemy's defence he did pierce

But Porus, with an army so small  
Was a brave and selfless king  
That even today of his bravery  
Paeans we proudly sing

With horses and soldiers in thousands  
The Greek army thronged  
But they had left their shores long ago  
For their families, they badly longed

But the brave soldiers of Porus  
Were ready to defend their pride  
To take on their mighty enemy  
With their brave king by their side

The armies began the charge  
And a fierce battle ensued  
Through days and nights the conflict  
Without respite, continued

Though aged and outnumbered  
He was a lion on the battle field  
Not an inch of his mother land  
He was certain he would not yield

But day by day his resources  
Were slowly getting spent  
And the battle was slowly slipping  
To its known inevitable end

With his army decimated  
The King was taken prisoner  
Chained and tied he was brought  
To the famous Greek Emperor

Proud of another victory  
Garbed in royal splendour  
To welcome the vanquished king  
Sat, the great Alexander

The kingdom stood and wept  
As quickly spread the word  
That their brave, beloved king  
Was to die by a foreigner's sword

But the gracious Greek victor  
Took one and all by surprise  
As Porus was brought in chained  
He told his court to arise

He walked up to the King  
Pride, still gleaming in his eyes  
The court bayed for his blood  
The loser's swift demise

'In three years of conquests'  
The young emperor said  
'Many an army I have seen  
Quite bravely and ably led

Yet there has been no one O King  
So fearless and filled with pride  
Knowing that death is their end  
Each one, till their end they tried

So tell me then dear friend

You might have lost on the battle field  
But like a true hero of the land  
Your honour you didn't yield

As a brave soldier to another  
My privilege that you I did meet  
As an adversary, soldier or king  
How shall thee I greet? '

Hearing the words of honour  
Porus lifted his wounded head  
And in halting words he spoke  
Though from the wounds he profusely bled

'You have won the battle fair  
So enjoy the spoils it does bring  
But since you have asked me with honor  
Treat me, as befits a king'

An empire across the seas  
I have conquered and that is mine  
But your Kingdom belongs to you  
I return it, its rightfully thine.

Remove his chains ', he ordered  
The Lord across seven seas  
'From today, between us my friend  
All hostilities should cease '

A country took to the streets  
In revelry, to dance and sing  
To celebrate the joyous return  
Of their brave and beloved King

King Porus ruled his Kingdom  
For many a joy filled year  
Till the day unto his death  
Amongst his people who held him dear

Shankaran Kutty

# Alone In A Hospital On A Sunday Morning

Far away from the buzzing town  
Kochi a score miles away  
With rain lashing all around  
It has been a lonely day

Tucked away in a corner  
A village so pretty green  
But for my sore and aching back  
This place I never would have seen

So many months, I did suffer  
Excruciating has been the pain  
All treatments and medicines I did try  
But alas, all had been in vain

Massages, oils, pain killers  
Muscle relaxants I had them all  
None cured the injury I had got  
When one day I had a fall

And so it was that I decided  
Ayurveda, it had to be  
I was game to try any treatment that  
Relief it will bring to me

And so it was that I find myself  
In this hospital so far away  
With hope in heart and prayer on lips  
That cure will come my way

It is so peaceful, so quiet and calm  
But I find myself so lonely  
Although unlike a commercial place  
This place is indeed homely

I watch the narrow, lonely road  
That winds its way in front  
And the trees that sway and swing in tune  
As it bears the monsoon's brunt

A cyclist sprints around the curve  
He sure is going for broke  
An old man stands and sips his tea  
And curls his rings of smoke

The corridor behind I hear some voice  
And loud peals of laughter  
Two old men in their late seventies  
Like me, they too have no visitor

A gale picks up speed and dust  
And leaves wet from the pouring rain  
The falling drops needles my skin  
The chill, numbs my brain

As the rain rushes in, I do not move  
But stand and soak in the bliss  
The gale batters the hapless trees  
This chance I don't want to miss

So far away are the worldly thoughts  
My chores, my office, my work  
This place doth truly soothe my mind  
Though nature has gone beserk.

A break like this does remind me  
That we should keep our lives so simple  
Ambition, fame, money and wealth  
Shouldn't make us less humble

Next one week then, so it will be  
With treatment so traditional and pure  
An unknown face amongst this crowd  
Seeking from pain, a cure

And cure it will not just an aching body  
But also a tensed up mind  
For in this dainty little village I am sure  
Peace and happiness I will find





# Alphabet Song

As another day has dawned my dear  
Bringing with it, full of cheer  
Come let me sing for you the song of love  
Don't you go then, anywhere now

Each day that dawns, bright and clear  
Fail to do good deeds, then dear  
God in our page of deeds  
Has put a red mark indeed

In each act of love we do  
Just remember there is God in it too  
Kings, Emperors or common man  
Love binds them, as love alone can

Many a time, when in strife  
New lessons we learn in life  
Of how the Gods does keep away  
Pride, when in our hearts does stay

Quietly in our hearts must flow  
River of love, to our friend and foe  
Surreal indeed, we then shall find  
The peace that fills our heart and mind

Unleash love for one to attain  
Victory over hate, that shall be the gain  
Win over hate and each day shall be  
Xmas in our hearts, we will be free

Yes, Love is God and without it man would be  
Zero, a god forsaken nobody

Shankaran Kutty

# An Acrostic Happy Birthday Poem

Kindness fill her every cell  
Right in my heart, my sis does dwell  
I wish her success in every stride  
To me she is a brother's pride.  
Happy Birthday to you, sister dear  
I wish your life is filled with cheer  
Knowing you has been God's gift to me  
A sister as loving as a sister can be

A nicer soul is hard to find  
No truer person comes to mind  
As spotless as a sheet of arctic snow  
No one more caring, do I know  
Dearest sis, let our love always grow

Shankaran Kutty

# An Acrostic Poem

(Today is my elder little one's birthday. Couldn't think of a better tribute to her than an acrostic poem on her name. An Acrostic poem uses the letters in a topic word, here my daughter's name, to begin each line of the poem)

My little angel, my first born pride  
Always I want you by my side  
No money, no gold, no glittering crystals or  
All the pearls in the oceans and more  
Shall ever surpass what you mean to me  
In your absence dear, life is so lonely

Shankaran Kutty

# An Apology

When the sun would rise this Sunday morn  
Forty Six years to the day I was born  
When I look back upon these forty six years  
Filled with fun, laughter and tears  
Each person who showed me life's paths right  
I see as a star, shining so bright  
And the brightest star in the sky I see  
It is you, for that is what you mean to me

I know there are times when I act most dumb  
Probably when my brain freezes and goes numb  
But the truth in my life, you really must know  
Without you in life, have nowhere to go  
You are my friend, sister, mother and guide  
My greatest support, my greatest pride  
And indeed, together, for generations to live  
My silly acts won't you forgive

There might be times when I have sounded so rude  
Or hurt you bad with words so crude  
Those caring words, spoken with love  
I have failed to grasp, so let me now  
The most sincere pardon I seek of thee  
For you are the greatest gift, God has give me  
So continue to berate and scold from your heart  
This bro would be around, never to part

Shankaran Kutty

# Androcles And The Lion

(A Poem written for my two daughters)

Listen to me, my children  
Of this story from faraway Rome  
When a poor slave named Androcles  
Fled from his master's home

For his master was so cruel  
With every earthly vice  
One who was never mellowed  
Hearing his slaves' cries

No time he gave to rest  
Or proper food to eat  
And every chance he got  
He never failed to beat

Poor Androcles had enough  
He just couldn't take any more  
He waited for a new moon night  
And ran out the kitchen door

He ran into the forest  
Across the grounds and moor  
Taking the beaten path  
To leave behind no spoor

A night and day he spent  
High up in a tall oak tree  
As the soldiers searched and left  
He knew he was finally free

He climbed down the tree and ran  
And quickly gained some ground  
For he had to reach a place  
Where he never would be found

He reached a mountain river  
Where he stopped to eat and drink

Of his long and painful past  
He paused a while to think

And in that peaceful forest spot  
Thinking, he was all alone  
He lay down for some sleep  
When he thought he heard a groan

His tired body and mind  
Gave no chance for further thought  
Poor Androcles didn't know  
The dangers the jungle was fraught

He woke up with a fright  
On the cold forest floor  
For echoing across the vales  
He heard a jungle king's roar

He was up on his feet in a trice  
And looked around for a shelter  
Or to climb up a tree top  
Where his chances, he knew were better

But he turned around to see  
A few feet away the King  
Measuring his prey before him  
The beast was ready to spring

Drenched with sweat from fright  
He turned around to flee  
Sensing those claws around him  
He stopped and turned to see

The lion had hardly moved  
And when a ginger step he took  
His right paw was swollen, he saw  
He paused to take another look

With compassion in his mind  
But body trembling with fear  
Small steps he took, a few  
To bring him to the animal, near

He put an arm around him  
And gently patted his mane  
As the lion let out a groan  
He could visibly sense the pain

But the humane side of him  
Took over, he was now bold  
He pulled the beast to the ground  
And in pain, the animal rolled

Pierced into the lion's paw  
Was a splinter sharp and long  
With a prayer on his lips and a tug  
He pulled out the offending prong

The lion let out a roar  
That brought the forest down  
In its magnificence, the sound  
Did rest of the jungle drown

Androcles went into the jungle  
And plucked many a medicinal leaf  
And with leather from his tunic  
He tied the paw in a sheaf

The lion lifted his left paw  
In a show of affection insane  
Dragged Androcles to himself  
And held him close to his mane

He gave his saviour a long lick  
As Androcles shook with fear  
He looked up to the beast  
In its eyes a thankful tear

With a commanding grunt, the beast  
To his cave his saviour led  
With that day's kill, a deer  
Ensured his guest well fed

Within a week or so, the King



Could take a painless stride  
With a last glance at his friend  
He left to join his pride.

He enjoyed the freedom got  
Though he missed his friend, the lion  
Eating wild plants and berries  
Months flew by soon, nine

Good times never last long  
For that is God's strange way  
For Androcles, bad times  
Came calling soon one day

Swimming in the mountain stream  
Horses he heard so near  
Climbed on the bank to face  
Soldiers with poisoned spear

He tried to fight them all  
With all courage he could muster  
Outnumbered he was and soon  
Thrown before his master

Pulled by the hair and dragged  
He was before the emperor  
Beaten and chained he stood  
Weeping, before Caesar

But laws of the land those days  
Were only for the name  
The slaves who ran from home  
Were for their master, fair game

The emperor sentenced him to death  
As the nobles wanted their thrill  
He was to be thrown in the arena  
Where a hungry lion waited for his kill

Proclaimed across all lands  
For the public, it was fun  
They just wanted a kill

See the death of someone

Life had no value  
If you were born a slave  
Alive it was the meek  
Death it was for the brave

The coliseum filled each seat  
As the crowd bayed for blood  
The slave in irons and chains  
Wished he hadn't fled

They set the slave then free  
Gave in his hand a spear  
Shaken and sweating there stood  
Androcles, trembling with fear

He knew his time had come  
There was no time for prayers  
Death of a slave brings luck  
So says the soothsayers

For the past week, the lion  
Not a morsel was fed  
So when the gates were opened  
Quickly to its victim it sped.

The crowds roar increased  
Equites and Senatores alike  
They egged the beast to pounce  
And quickly finish the strike

Androcles stood there frozen  
Seeing the advancing beast  
He fell on the floor senseless  
Ready for the animal to feast.

The animal lifted its paw  
And brought out its deadly claws  
And bent down to crush his victim  
In its mighty powerful jaws

Androcles lay unmoved  
As the crowd held its breath  
Retracting his claws, the King  
Circled his prey in stealth

In an act that left the crowd  
And the emperor in a daze  
The lion bent down to lick  
His prey gently in the face

He continued this act of love  
And let out an affectionate grunt  
Till Androcles woke up and sat  
As the crowd sat totally stunned

The slave hugged his friend  
Together they ran around  
As met two friends after long  
Their joy had known no bounds

"Stop", screamed the Emperor  
'Bring the prisoner to me"  
As Androcles walked up the steps  
On his face was obvious glee

"Whatever happened out there  
Was certainly out of the blue  
Was that an act of God  
Or black magic that you knew"

Androcles started from the start  
His story he then laid bare  
Of how in the forest he met  
The lion he had given care

Moved by the story was Caesar  
Heard it in full in silence  
Compared to the beast, he thought  
Weren't they all plain tyrants

He picked up the horn and barked  
As the royal drums started rolling

“What we have seen here today  
Is something beyond believing

So hear ye all my countrymen”  
As the crowd went into silence  
“From here on in this theatre  
We shall shun all violence

The games that we shall play  
Will be between men  
Our animals are to be loved  
Our slaves are also human

As for this magnificent beast  
And this brave young slave  
From today they are free  
Enjoy the freedom you crave”

Androcles ran down the steps  
With joy in every stride  
Proudly he left the theatre  
With his friend by his side

A stadium stood up as one  
And clapped them along the way  
The story of the slave and the lion  
Is here for ever to stay.

Shankaran Kutty

# Animal Kingdom

This one was written for my two daughters.

The lion is the king of the forest  
And heads a mighty pride  
But if ever you happen to meet one  
Just walk away by the side

The rhinoceros has a horn or two  
And a skin so thick and tight  
But the main trouble with him however  
Is it's tough to spell it right

The elephant is a funny animal  
With a tail on either side  
One it needs to feed itself  
The other to swat the flies aside

The zebra is a beautiful animal  
But I have never got it right  
Does it have white stripes on black  
Or is it black on white

The Cheetah is like Usain Bolt  
For no one can run as fast  
You can never see it running, for  
It only whizzes past

The Hippo is a dirty animal  
For it plays in mud all day  
But it can open its mouth so wide  
That you can build a 2 lane highway

The giraffe has the longest legs  
And its head is up in the cloud  
Which is good, if its baby gets lost  
Can easily spot in a crowd

Once I saw a spotted leopard  
And climbed a tree to hide

But in a bound or two and a leap at the end  
The animal was by my side

Then there was this Anaconda  
That entered a burrow at dawn  
By the time its tail went in  
The sun was long since gone

In the bushes once, a hungry lion  
A deer, it tried to catch  
But it jumped here and there, then there and here  
Which the lion just couldn't match

In the Nile, a crocodile once  
Caught a lion in its jaws  
It ate the lion from head to tail  
But didn't know what to do with the paws

Let me tell you the story then, how  
I was chased by a grizzly bear  
I ran so fast but he caught up with me  
And said "Haven't we met somewhere"?

A tiger once caught a cat which said  
"hey, you belong to my family "  
"You can stay within the family", said the tiger  
As he gobbled her up happily.

As much as I love these animals  
I would prefer seeing them in the zoo  
I can't say I am scared of them  
But I prefer taking my daughters too.

Shankaran Kutty

# Believe

In the sun that shines bright in the day  
In the stars that twinkle in the milky way  
In the glittering drops of morning dew  
Each day I wake up, fresh and new  
The season that change from one to another  
The birds that chirp and flock together  
The squirrel that runs up the nearby tree  
A cute little kitten at my doorstep I see  
After the rains the beauty of the rainbow  
The rivers from the mountains that gently flow  
The flowers that dance in the gentle breeze  
The air without which life would cease  
The dog that barks far away so loud  
Plays hide and seek with sun, a cloud  
The one that gave me the power of sight  
That fills my mind with visual delight  
My ears with which I can hear  
And the ability to speak without fear  
The soothing power of a loved one's touch  
My near and dear who love me so much  
In these miracles of you my Lord, I believe  
It gives me the hope and strength to live

Shankaran Kutty

# Carnage

(Written after the bombing of school in Peshawar)

"Mommy, it is too cold outside  
To school I don't want to go  
I cant play, so let me stay"  
Her six year old cried

"Its my birthday", she screamed in glee  
"I am a big girl now you know  
My birthday cake with candles eight  
I want my friends to see"

"I cant wait, have a cricket match  
I am the captain", his eyes gleamed  
'Dad, can you come to see me play  
My batting you should watch"

"My exams are ending today  
Vacation time is here  
Don't ask me to study, next 2 weeks  
I will only play, play and play"

"Momma, I want that new dress pink  
With little flowers on arms  
With my satin cap with silky trails  
I am a princess, my friends will think"

The tiny tot just had no clue  
Where his mom was taking  
But thrilled he was for he had worn  
His favourite shirt with stripes blue

Each one was God's chosen Angel  
Who went to school that day  
In hours all of them lay cruelly killed  
Those killers will rot in hell

"I wish I had listened to her "  
The disconsolate mother sobbed



“Why did I force her to go to school  
Wearing a woollen sweater”

Her tiny hand clutched a piece of cake  
The icing covered in blood  
With chocolate filling and lots of love  
That morning her mother did bake

On his right hand he still wore the glove  
His left lay sawed off somewhere  
His cricket cap was riddled with holes  
The one, his dad had gifted with love

In a corner she sat holding her son  
So tightly to her breast  
Life couldn't be more cruel to her  
She had lost her only one

The pink dress was soaked in blood  
He sat holding her in his arms  
'My child, my princess, wake up now"  
Copious, flowed the tears in a flood

The little tot lay as if in a sleep  
His face still looked serene  
His eyes fixed on her, as if to say  
“Mommy, please don't weep”

In that temple of knowledge, every room  
Was filled with the stench of death  
No ray of hope one could find  
Amidst that pall of gloom

What cruel heart, what deprived mind  
Could dream of acts so gory  
Not amongst humans, even animals wild  
Such sick souls would one find

What wealth or political gain  
Over whom this shallow victory  
By plunging the world into eternal grief  
What greatness can the killers attain?

Shame on you, ye Taliban  
You merciless messengers of death  
As one will the world stand together  
To foil your evil plan

Each and every child  
Who fell to you today  
Was the apple of a mother's eye  
A father's eternal pride

Don't feel that you have won  
It is humanity that has lost  
Love and peace one day  
Will claim victory over the gun

We are with you, O Pakistan  
There are no foes in grief  
Crush those killers, we will stand by you  
Every soul in Hindustan

Shankaran Kutty

# Cheer Up - Me! !

When the flowers are in full bloom during spring  
And we blindly pass by  
It is not the flowers that lose its beauty  
But we, in missing a joy for the eye

The mighty river that flows down the plain  
So happy to be a life giver  
Yet, if in arrogance one refuses to stoop and drink  
Is it his loss or that of the river?

The stars that twinkle far and bright  
Like crystals across the night sky  
If we stop to gaze and wonder  
Its beauty does it deny?

The sun that gives us light and heat  
Each morning does it rise  
Some pray, some curse the blistering heat yet  
By not turning up, does it surprise?

The wind that blows, the tides that rise  
The waves that crash on the shore  
Whether we stop to thank or curse  
They continue ever more

I am the sun, the soothing breeze  
I am the twinkling star  
So I'll never fret over they who fail to cheer  
I believe, I am a better human by far

I won't be sad by what they say  
I will fill up my days with cheer  
Remembering those who pamper me with love  
Who are with me, always near

Shankaran Kutty

# Colour

Pray someone tell me what is colour  
They speak of red, pink and blue  
Of roses red, chrysanthemums pink  
The seven that fill a rainbow's hue

Does colour feel as rough as a bark  
Or smooth as my frock of velvet  
Sharp like the thorns in my garden rose  
I asked everyone I met

Is colour something so tasty like  
My favourite cookie treat  
Or is it like a mango half ripe  
Initially sour, then double sweet

My friends, my parents, my near and dear  
I asked all, but still couldn't find  
What is colour or is that I couldn't  
Know it because I am blind

Shankaran Kutty

# Count My Blessings

In a world divided by narrow walls  
Of anger, perversion and hate  
And the morrow whether be living or dead  
For many, a hopeless fate

A most peaceful life you have given thus far  
Surrounded by those I love  
Like autumn rain that cools the land  
Showered from the clouds above  
I thank your blessings my lord.

Where people languish in extreme hunger  
And struggle to fill their plate  
With a basic meal, few morsels of rice  
No balanced meal they ever ate

You have never left me to suffer thus  
Not known hunger any day  
The tastiest foods my heart desires  
Have always come my way  
I thank your blessings my Lord.

Millions don't get to see a school  
Or learn to read and write.  
For them education is nothing but  
A colourful dream, not a basic right

You made me rich with knowledge  
Realize my childhood dream  
And helped me then attain  
A career, crème-dela-crème  
I thank your blessings my Lord

Children die by the thousands  
Of diseases no one is aware  
Without medicines or treatment  
And not a soul to care

When as a child a fever

Gave my parents a fright  
I remember how they took care  
Sleepless, through the night  
I thank your blessings my Lord

We find so many on the streets  
Without their hands or leg  
Forced to eke their living  
On the streets, they beg

You gave me both my hands  
And legs, a healthy mind  
And skills as good as any  
Amongst my friends I find  
I thank your blessings, my Lord.

While walking down to the temple  
I saw a sight to despair  
A naked toddler by the roadside  
Orphan, with no soul to care

I thought then of my childhood  
The love my parents did shower  
Pampering me like a rose bud  
Waiting to bloom into a flower  
I thank your blessings, my Lord.

Couples who are childless  
By Your design than by their choice  
Who yearn for a child's love tender  
To see them smile, play with their toys

You gave me two little princesses  
Who lighten my every day  
In life 's paths, dark and scary  
Their love shows me the way  
I thank your blessings my Lord.

Those people born deaf and dumb  
Or never had a spark in their eyes.  
Some are third gender, many abused or raped  
With no one to hear their cries.

But you made me not one of them  
Helped me beat the odds.  
This could not have been, but  
For the blessings from my Gods  
I thank your blessings my Lord.

Yet every day I whine  
More thankless than a swine  
When the tea is cold, I stare  
In a traffic jam, I swear  
Sweat when the power goes off  
And walk a mile, I cough  
Get angry when the food is late  
For thirty minutes can't wait  
For life's tiniest sorrow  
I crib like there is no tomorrow  
The ups and downs in life  
With my parents, kids or wife  
I fail to take in my stride  
And have them by my side  
The joy of success and failure's tears  
Ego driven life's unnecessary fears  
Why do I get swayed by all this my Lord  
In the path you have shown haven't I trod

Give me the strength, Lord, each and every day  
And the righteous route, won't you light up the way  
The strength to be brave, brave to be true  
With compassion and kindness added in too  
You have given me all, blessed am I  
For more from you, I won't cry  
My targets in life I will definitely meet  
Success and failures both equally treat  
My parents, kids, friends and wife  
Daily food, and healthy life  
The ability to walk, the opportunity to drive  
Quite simply the fact you have kept me alive  
To be able to see, talk, feel and hear  
People to make me smile and wipe my tear  
Those who stand by me and my works inspire  
How you have fulfilled my every desire

All these and more in my daily strife  
My Lord I will count as your blessings in my life

Shankaran Kutty



# Curry Leaf

(For all those people good souls who are used and then dumped by the wayside.)

She is an ingredient of all  
Curries, she is added for taste  
But hark, does the curry leaf know  
That after use she is a waste  
Some throw her on the table  
Others just spit on the floor  
A most wanted queen during cooking  
After cooking, she is wanted no more

Lives of some men are  
Like the curry leaf destined  
To be used in times of need  
And then rudely left behind  
Their acts are born of love  
But when all of them are done  
Wiped from the hearts with ease  
To care for them are none

Like a fish thrown out on land  
They gasp for love and care  
But to care for them are none  
Though people are everywhere  
The only hope for them  
Is to the Gods they daily pray  
To save from the cruel world  
Only HE can show the way.

Shankaran Kutty

# Dancing In The Rain

It was another day for me so boring  
A cold winter morn  
As a nurse in a far off hospital  
My day seemed so forlorn

"Can you help me child", a voice trembled  
As, I looked up to see  
A man so old and frail to stand  
For support, he held on to me

"Daughter, this stitch, can you remove? ", he asked  
As the clock struck half past eight  
"sure, sir but there is a queue before you  
On this chair over here can you wait"

The old man's face fell, lips wobbled  
The sorrow written all over his face  
"if you have another appointment, then I can  
Jump the queue, if that is the case"

"No, no, my dear", he slowly mumbled  
"To my wife I need to go  
Every day with her, at nine o clock sharp  
Is my breakfast, dear, you must know"

I fell for his affection and the free time I had  
I proceeded to remove his stitch  
The wound had healed and so the procedure  
Went through without any hitch

But I did feel more than a bit amused  
At this octogenarian romance  
I will pull his leg, to see him blush  
I thought I will take a chance

"So grandpa dear, what favourite dish  
Has your wife cooked for you with love?  
Idlis, pooris or dosas crisp  
Or Rotis with buttery Vada Pav? "

His reaction however took me back  
A lonely tear filled his eye.  
Inside this body frail, his little heart  
Some terrible secret did lie

He clasped me harder and started to speak  
His wobbly voice wobbled even more  
As I removed the stitch and tightened the bandage  
On his little finger that had been sore.

"My wife is sick and never will she  
Idlis or Dosas ever make  
Alzheimers caught her and she has no clue  
Even if she is sleeping or awake

For five long years she hasn't known me  
And it has been quite a while  
That I have seen her beautiful face lit up  
With her enchanting smile. "

Shocked I was to hear him thus  
From my face, my smile was gone  
'If she hasn't known you all this while  
Why waste your time there alone "

He patted my hand and looked up at me  
And looked so deep and long  
Eighty years old vintage was he  
But his mind was so youthful, strong

"It is only she who cant know me", he said  
"But I do know her still  
Her thoughts and memories makes me live  
Her love, my heart does fill

It is not a mandate nor my duty  
That I have to be with my love  
But over sixty years of togetherness  
This love in our hearts did sow

No wealth or money, worldly pleasures

Or servants who for me would bide  
Would give me half the pleasure I get  
When I have my love by my side"

So saying the old man stood up strong  
Left my hands for his stick  
And turned and walked to the exit door  
As much as his legs could be quick

I stood there stunned, my body froze  
From the flowing tears, my eyes were blurred  
I still couldn't imbibe, the lesson learnt  
From the story, I had just heard.

He was gone, probably never ever  
Would I see that grandpa again  
I ran out to catch another glimpse  
But he had long gone, my run in vain

It has been years since this happened but  
When I have gone thru my customary strife  
I have remembered this lesson taught me then  
By someone in the autumn of his life

Love is not of physical joy  
Nor what we give or take  
But of simple devotion from our heart  
An ocean of love does make

So life is not of surviving  
The fiercest Atlantic storm  
But of dancing in the first spring rain  
Without any fear or qualm

Shankaran Kutty

# Darkness! !

I love darkness  
For in its vast expanse  
Those of skin fair and dark  
Those size zero, or built like me  
Are wrapped in an equality  
An environment more socialist  
Than dreamt by you or me

I love darkness  
For when there is light  
And everything seems so bright  
That is when evil strikes  
And imparts its pain  
Leaving me to wallow  
In the depths of melancholy

I love darkness  
For it does not corrupt  
My thoughts with what I see  
An aching desire  
That sets in  
When I drink in those sights  
In darkness, I find no more

I love darkness  
For in its permeating glow  
It kindles my dreams  
And stokes my nightmares  
And when I wake up in sweat  
My scared grotesque face  
Lies hidden from me

I love darkness  
When a surfeit of emotions  
Flushes my face  
Be it when I drown in joy  
Or stabbed by love  
It hides my visage  
From friend and foe.

I love darkness  
For it envelopes us  
At the time when that clown  
We neither want nor invite  
Arrive unannounced  
To take us along  
That final journey

Shankaran Kutty

# Dreams

Long before the rooster calls  
And the night breaks into a dawn  
I toss and turn upon my bed, when  
All those dreams of mine are born

I dream of fairy lands so far  
Of mountains and plains so vast  
Of events sad and depressing  
And happy ones too, from the past

I dream of cricket matches where  
I proudly wore the uniform blue  
And alone won matches with  
Performance, so good to be true

I dream of lands I haven't gone  
Of mountain peaks I dare to climb  
Of lands covered with sheets of snow  
Of beauty that doesn't wither with time

Of times when people are filled with cheer  
Where every mouth is daily fed  
When with leaders with grit and vision  
My country is always ably led

I dream of times when people are true  
To their values and thus vanishes crime  
When to do my daily chores  
I don't rush for there is ample time

For every dream I wake up to  
A hundred ones die out in sleep  
For some I wake up with a smile  
With dreams that treasures thoughts to keep

I wish I could hold on to my dreams  
So that they drive away my sorrow  
To wipe out the evils from my past  
To give me a fresh and new tomorrow

I know these dreams are what they are  
They are just dreams not the truths they seem  
Yet, still I dream of a time, each day  
I wake up to the most beautiful dream

Shankaran Kutty



# Dreams For A Brighter Tomorrow

When the evening sun is setting  
And the chores of home are done  
When the silver moon is rising  
Amongst the crimson hues of sun  
And quiet blows the wind  
In it flutters memories from past  
The hurt that to it are pinned  
Will we erase or will it last

As the moon plays hide and seek  
With the clouds laden with rain  
As the future looks dark and bleak  
Fraught with incessant pain  
When the first needles of rain  
Pierce my skin and heart  
Will my efforts go in vain  
To stop us forever part

As I stand there alone  
Will you hold my hand  
The seeds of mistrust sown  
Will you pluck with a magic wand  
The dreams we wove together  
The passion we shared, our love  
The tears, the cuddles, the laughter  
Can we rekindle somehow

I remember the sweet fragrance  
First time you stood by my side  
I remember I yearned your presence  
I remember, how you hurt me with your pride  
I remember your silken touch  
Your soothing words in my strife  
I miss you ever so much  
Can't pluck you away from my life

One cycle of life is over  
Wasted in frenetic pace  
It is time we took it slower

For life, is not a race  
On Time's never ending shore  
We will write out our sorrow  
Let the tide rush in once more  
To wipe them, for a fresh tomorrow.

Shankaran Kutty

# Exercise

I was walking down the road one day when a kid called me fat  
I stopped and stomped and screamed and called him a little spoilt brat  
I am not fat, and to call me so I told him was not polite  
So what if I have a bulges few, and could be a bit more light

I am round in shape and so shall be, for round is a perfect shape  
Is it my fault that won't stretch around me, a tailor's measuring tape  
But still the kid calling me so, did have its profound impact  
I swore that one day will come, when no one will call me fat

I started Operation Thin last Monday, by controlling what I eat  
So I stopped myself from going for the Pizza and Ice Cream treat  
Each chocolate bar to me then looked like a red hot Assam chilly  
Beef fry and mutton those who eat, I swore are indeed most silly

But soon it dawned, to realize my dream all this was just not enough  
The fat that had made its home around me, was made of sterner stuff  
It was then a friend who saw me confused, advised me on my plight  
Start doing exercise he said and you will win this fight.

So I signed up then for a slimming course at an upscale nearby gym  
I told the trainer, all I wanted, was to quickly become slim  
He asked me then to bend my waist and try to touch my toe  
I told him then that forget touching, I can't even see it you know

Cardio, stretches, weights and even exercise on the floor  
He made me do them all till I could do them not anymore  
I knew that this just wasn't for me, it wouldn't take me far  
I ran away from the gym like would a kid from Algebra

Then my dad told me all I needed was a daily vigorous walk  
I decided that I will give a try, and obey my elder's talk  
It was fun and I did it daily as there wasn't any pain  
But it stopped the day the monsoon started and daily did it rain

A friend then told me, the best exercise was to daily go for a swim  
He said there isn't a better way to make me slim and trim  
So off I went with my swimming trunks and headed to the pool  
But ran away when the slim people there, made me look a fool

I said I have had enough of tries and bought a new tread mill  
But two days of back pain and soon I found I had lost my will  
So the tread mill stands there lonely without fear of my abuse  
But I hang my clothes to dry on it, so it is put to daily use

Each try I made to exercise, does have its sordid tale  
Of how I made an earnest try, though each time I did fail  
But I know I am made of sterner stuff, so I haven't lost all hope  
I will find a way to burn the fat, in a way my body can cope

I want to become healthy and that is all I care  
Even if it means I have to buy new clothes for me to wear  
I am waiting for that day to come, that special day you know  
When I stand and look down and I can see my little toe.!

Shankaran Kutty

# Falling Sick On Diwali

A touch of cold, a dash of fever  
I have fallen sick on Diwali day  
To celebrate today I was so eager  
But go out and have fun I see no way

The nose is blocked, the joints aching  
My body feels so chill  
Got wet in rain, so it is my making  
It got me in bed against my will

I found it hard to go for a drive  
Rain was pelting down so hard  
A drive I took, I had to strive  
Though to leave home, I was barred

Crackers burst all around me  
Fireworks light up the sky  
From the balcony I am content to see  
To go down I did not try

Hunger lost, taste buds dry  
I still was forced to eat  
To stuff the food I did weakly try  
It was no easy feat

Now I lie rolled up in bed  
A tablet, with protest, I took  
Just look at you", my mother said  
How sick your face does look"

So now it is time for me to sleep  
Hope my fever sets with the moon  
Let me enter into a slumber deep  
I want to get well soon

Shankaran Kutty

# Feeling Better After Fever

I woke up this morning to see the early rays  
Peep into my room through the Diwali haze  
"Suprabhatham" through the temple speakers did blare  
The smell of crackers was still in the air

The milkman I saw walk up the path  
My daughter called with her doubts in math  
Lazily did I roll off the bed  
The sky was streaked in a hazy red

For a return of good health, I did crave  
Free from the irritation the fever gave  
But now I felt, that I could smile  
Haven't felt this good in a while

Fever gone, though the cold remain  
And the cold I decided to treat with disdain  
A Dolo pop and off I went  
To office, for time productively spent

My body still feels tired and weak  
To surrender to that is for the meek  
Driving though, was no big fun  
With me I wished, I had someone

My choicest songs I did play  
For sleep I didn't want, on the way  
As I sped on the long winding road  
Fatigue set in, I was so bored

And now I am at my seat  
Happy, my friends I could meet  
The AC chill I do not like  
The temperature I wish, they would hike

It is going to be a very long day  
Hope my fever stays away  
The weekend I can feel just so near  
To stay healthy till then is my current fear

It is time for me to get back to work  
Duty calling, I simply couldn't shirk  
For those reading this, wish you a great day  
Just pray for my health, is all I can say

Shankaran Kutty

# Forget!

As we trudge on life's torturous paths  
To forget, is it a crime?  
Our memory crammed, hustled and abused  
A never ending shortage of time

Does the river that flows down mountain slopes  
Forget its way to the sea?  
Then, why does a tear on our beloveds' eyes  
Oft, we forget to see

The breeze that blows on a hot summer day  
Never forgets to wipe our sweat  
But forget we do our duties in life  
And our parents we shouldn't upset.

The dreams that weave a colourful tale  
Never forget to adorn our sleep  
But how soon we forget our debts in life  
And promises, we failed to keep

The sun never forgets to rise in the east  
Not a day, does it give a miss  
But forget we do, our love each day  
To wake up with a good morning kiss

To tirelessly pump and keep us alive  
Never forgets, does it our heart?  
Then why do we forget the seven oaths we made  
When with our partner, we choose to part

Four seasons we get, because forget it doesn't  
Our Earth, to go round the sun  
But forget we do to share the glory  
Of a victory, as a team we won

Forget we do, our daily chores  
Our wallet, our phone, car keys  
And forget we do to work hand in hand  
To ensure, global peace.



We forget to say the magic words  
Sorry, welcome and thank you  
Forget each morn to say a prayer  
As each day we start anew

Forget we do to erase our past  
To live our life in the "now".  
And forget to save some time each day  
To spend with our kids we love

Forget we do to do a kind deed  
To spread the message of love  
And forget we do, so thanklessly  
To thank the Lord above

But stop, think, for the things we forget  
Are those that we take for granted  
Or perhaps they were not on the top  
Of the list of things we wanted

Take a pause and think of what we should do  
Reset the priorities in life.  
And let us not blame our failures  
As the results of our daily strife

And then our heart will with pleasure fill  
Like flowers that bloom in spring  
Untold would be the contentment  
This to our life would bring

Shankaran Kutty

# Hold My Hands

Hold my hands my sweetheart  
Hold it till the end  
Hold it to never let go  
Till our lives are spent

Hold it lest you fall  
Or the one to slip be me  
Hold it through the night  
So peaceful sleep shall we

Hold it when in darkness  
The next step I can't see  
And when weak and tired I stumble  
Clasp it tight won't thee?

These hands which did in the past  
Caress your tender skin  
Is today, covered with blood  
From each of my worldly sin

The wounds in my heart you gave  
Will heal with your silken touch  
For you my life I gave  
You do owe me that much

Those slender long fingers  
In mine won't you entwine?  
Let me pull you to me  
And feel that you are mine

Hold my hands the way we did  
When we took our oaths round the fire  
Hold it firm, hold it tight  
As if it's life's last burning desire

So, hold my hands my sweetheart  
Hold it till the end  
Hold it to never let go  
Till our lives are spent

Shankaran Kutty

# Hope! !

When the night has become so dark and scary  
And the stars somewhere have gone  
When the moon has hidden behind the clouds  
Why break, the light of dawn?

When the land is parched and dry, for water  
The lonely plant does cry  
When cracks the earth and stoops the plant  
Dark clouds line up the sky?

When chaos reigns each every moment  
And with evil the world is rife  
There comes a saviour to show us the path  
Of a simple righteous life

With her tender hands she held him firm  
And helped him, blind, to cross the road  
And when he asked her "why?" she said  
"I had a grandpa I adored "

When things were going just not right  
And I sat bemoaning my fate  
A friend came along to touch my heart  
Till the sorrows did gently abate

In times when life brings no cheer  
And I am feeling very low  
Filled with love and tender care  
A breeze would gently blow

When the thorny path of life to clear  
I struggle, I just cannot cope  
My Lord, you hold me, show me the way  
And fill my heart, with hope

Shankaran Kutty

# How Can I Forget?

How can I forget my first day in school  
Even if forty summers have past  
The long bus ride on a monsoon day cool  
And the playgrounds so large and vast

How can I forget that bright day in spring  
Over thirty seven years ago  
For that day into my life did bring  
My best friend in life, my bro

How can I forget the first smell of rain  
That drenches the earth each June  
As it joyously ends the hot summer's reign  
And fills up each dried up lagoon

How can I forget that day in fourth  
When the principal called me to give  
A geometry box, a gift, that is worth  
All the pride, that I still relive

How can I forget the joys of Onam  
Songs, flowers and sadya thereafter  
Sprightly it comes in the month of Chingam  
To fill our lives with fun and laughter

How can I forget the sad demise  
My grandma, the treasure of my life  
No lady have I known more regal or wise  
Her death left me in unabated strife

How can I forget my first day at work  
A software engineer, who me?  
And TCS name was an added perk  
My destiny, perhaps, it was to be

How can I forget that August day  
When I took my wedding vow  
Through flowers and thorns we have found our way  
Eighteen years of pure love

How can I forget when my two little darlings  
Were brought into this earth to treasure  
Amongst life's most happiest things  
None has given more pleasure

How can I forget my parents dear  
Who have always been there by my side  
They have wiped my occasional tear  
On my success, swelled with pride

How can I forget my family ever  
My wife and the two jewels in my eyes  
Their love and affection supports me forever  
The inspiration for my life's all highs

How can I forget life's little fears  
Those, which has kept me on my toes  
They who stopped by just to say cheers  
And all my friends and foes.

How can I forget the best of them all  
My friends, who have always been my side  
With me on my heights, with me on my fall  
On whom my secrets I confide

How can I forget them much closer to heart  
My friends, yet brothers and sisters they are  
They whom no one can tear apart  
Much thicker than blood we are

As the journey called life does meander  
Through the labyrinth of daily chores  
We often forget what we should remember  
When daily tensions does soar

More painful to the heart is when  
Events we ought to forget  
Nurture still in our hearts and then  
Lingering pain is all that's left

So live life to its fullest

Believe in the power of now  
Today is always the best  
And submit to the One above

Shankaran Kutty

# I Love Cyclone! ! !

Last night I slept so deep and sound  
In the morning, saw a sight profound  
How do I describe, well what do I say  
For before me stretched the Bengal Bay

But isn't Chennai said to be always hot  
Where the summer sun makes it a melting pot  
Where each day the dry winds blow  
And the dirty Cooum like a trickle flow

But today seemed a special day  
Where the gushing waters, had its way  
The signboard said Velachery Main Road  
It looked like Cauvery, the way water flowed

The newspaper boy came in a boat  
As a little rat used a ladle as float  
Each passing car threatened a Tsunami  
A scary sight from my first floor balcony

From early morning there was no power  
Stench unbearable from the flooded sewer  
I was so sad, because I couldn't go to watch  
In Chepauk stadium, an IPL match

The Chepauk ground I heard was a lake  
They held a boating race for time pass sake  
With the Chennai captain sitting at the stern  
For a change, to win it was our turn

Kids were playing soccer in the field behind  
It was pouring but they just didn't mind  
For them it was some time for fun  
To play at noon and no Chennai sun

The sky was dark, so black and grey  
Met department said, was coming our way  
From the eastern coast a strong cyclone  
Now I was scared, as I was home all alone



I then realized I can't just brood and cry  
It is dark and threatening, but I will try  
To my lonely life, to bring some light  
Even Chennai cyclone, I will fight

I dressed up light and walked into the rain  
As the needle drops, began to pain  
For me, as I watched people run for shelter  
From the dark inside, this was already better

Arms outstretched, like the statue in Rio  
Water flowing from my head to my toe  
Across the wide road, I did slowly wade  
As people looked at me, dismayed

I finally decided to come to a stop  
Across the road, at the corner tea shop  
And ordered a tea, hot and steaming  
As water dripped into it from the awning

Then across the road to the soccer field  
To the boys playing soccer, I did humbly plead  
Of my soccer skills I made no pretence  
Soon I was playing, their star in defence

Then it was time for a post lunch walk  
So I made my journey around the block  
It was indeed a slow measured stroll  
No ambition had I of falling down a manhole

Finally I brought myself home to park  
Outside and inside, it still was dark  
And to drown away my sorrow and despair  
With a scotch in hand I plonked on my armchair

That drink became two and soon quite a few  
How it happened I never knew  
I woke up fresh, so the sleep was sound  
But how was it that on the floor I was found

The time I found was half past two

Hunger pangs, I was feeling too  
The rains were gone, and the sun was bright  
The birds were chirping, happy in flight

The flowing waters, backyard field lake  
And the road which yesterday, a river did make  
Were all back to what they were  
Peddlers were back, peddling their ware

Perhaps I alone did heave a sigh  
Of sadness on seeing the bright blue sky  
I liked the rains, I want them more  
Let it come by with more fun in store

Shankaran Kutty

# I Shall Always Be Free

You can take away all my freedom  
Or confine me in chains  
You can sentence me to boredom  
But my mind would always be free

Your heart may be filled with hate  
No spot in there for me  
Yet, I won't mourn my fate  
For my mind would still be free

You can take away all my wealth  
Leaving me to beg for a living  
Rejoice at my poor health  
Yet my mind would still be free

I may lose all I hold dear  
Or let my life go waste.  
But still you won't squeeze a tear  
For my mind would still be free.

For me no one need care  
No pity do I seek  
My life I can lay bare  
For my mind is always free

You can harm me or even kill  
Or torture till life's end  
But you can't take away my will  
For my mind is always free

From this life I seek no gain  
Save service of the Lord  
I can suffer any pain  
For my mind is always free

I seek you no longer near  
For you have gone so far away  
No retribution do I fear  
For my mind is always free

The joys and sadness in this world  
Wins and losses, tears and laughter  
They can take away from your life  
Never to enrich your life thereafter  
Yet there is something no-one can touch  
Which you can mould the way you want it to be  
You can let it go, let it dream  
Your mind should be yours, should always be free

Shankaran Kutty

# If Only

"If Only I had not drunk and drove"  
"If Only I had gone for a morning walk daily "  
"If Only it had not begun to rain"  
If Only I would stop saying "If Only"

Remember our life is like a sheet of snow  
That would melt its way by spring  
So make your snowballs, have the fun  
Enjoy the thrills it would bring

Every minute we walk in the past  
Or wallow in our troubles and woe  
That minute is gone, never to come  
So our past, let us let it go

We worry each day on what the future  
Would bring for us the morrow  
Yet all it does is to enhance  
Our tensions, our sorrow

On times when we stumble and fall  
Don't blame it on the stone  
Don't wait in life for a helping hand  
Brave the pain and trudge alone

It does not sit and moan its fate  
The worm inside the cocoon  
But struggle its way to a butterfly  
Whose beauty the poets will croon.

No one teaches the peacock to  
Break into its colourful dance  
Or when hungry, seeing a passing prey  
A tiger, to seize the chance

The rainbow does not seek a reason  
To spread across the sky  
Yet we do, at the slightest chance  
On our fate, bemoan and cry.

But why do we, the intelligent ones  
Our brains and intellect use  
To construe reasons and excuses galore  
To justify our views

God's gifts are given to one and all  
If it is for us to grab  
Yet, we miss them and sit and moan  
That life has become so drab

"if only", "but", "because", "had it been"  
are words we all should shun  
HE has given the power to win  
Hidden in everyone

Our future is for us to make  
It is there within our mind  
All we need is to look within  
And success, we shall find

Shankaran Kutty

# If You Pluck Me From Your Heart

If you pluck me from your heart  
With not even a cubby hole for me  
Without even a tear  
Or a deep sigh  
Into the deep currents of sorrow  
If you pluck me into the deep  
Then go away, don't turn to see  
For I don't want you to see me weep

If you pluck me from your heart  
Torn away to leave  
A hole in my heart which  
Won't heal with time, Then,  
The winds that blow  
The waves that on the shores doth die  
Would cry out in anguish for me  
On their laps would I weeping, lie

If you pluck me from your heart  
Then the sweet words you have spoken  
The song on your lips  
The soothing caress of your arms  
When you held me in a warm embrace  
To wipe out from my mind  
Can I try, can I do  
For, another love I will never find

If you pluck me from your heart  
Which you may do so if you wish, then  
The little dew drops of the winter morn  
The smiling flowers of spring  
The bees that hum from flower to flower  
The fresh greens that sprout in the summer rain  
Will all as a chorus sing together  
Of my tears, my incessant pain

If you pluck me from your heart  
Which you will, if you still haven't  
I will not descend into a pall of gloom

Nor beat my head in forlorn despair  
For in me love won't die  
I simply don't know how to hate  
Love's pain if pain it shall be  
I would gladly accept as my fate.

Shankaran Kutty



# Immortal

The paths that we tread each day  
And soothes, the gentle breeze  
I know those paths will reach its end  
And the breeze to blow will cease

The sight in life that we daily see  
The tunes that we joyfully sing  
We won't be there on this earth forever  
To enjoy the pleasures they bring

The money that we make and store  
The pleasures in life we crave  
All we have to part when we leave  
Then for whom do we sinfully save

What wealth our great grandfathers made  
Today the world doesn't care  
It is the good we do this life that matters  
Let us learn to give and share

The world remembers them not  
Who made a million more  
It is the good to our fellow men  
We do, that comes to the fore

The cars, the wealth, the jewels  
Will be someone else's once we are gone  
It is the good deeds that one does on earth  
That we can truly call our own

So to lead a life sans evil  
Let us promise to strive  
Not to hurt your fellowmen  
As long as we are alive

Each day we live on this earth  
Is a gift from the Lord above  
So why fill them with hate and ire  
Let us fill our days with love

Shankaran Kutty

# Innocence

In the million watts that radiated  
When he broke into a smile  
On seeing his mother return home  
He hadn't seen her for a while  
In those eyelids that in joy, fluttered  
In the dimple that formed on his cheek  
In those tiny hands, that his mother's breast  
To feed, did reach out and seek  
In that tiny toothless mouth that opened  
Making sounds as if to speak  
And the gleam that filled his lotus eyes  
When she gave a peck on his cheek  
In that little child I saw the presence of the Lord  
In him I saw innocence.

Now that child has grown, he is a man  
Yet, in his eyes I see not the glimmer of love  
Anger, violence and fits of rage  
As beads of sweat he wipes off his brow  
Hatred in the name of colour and creed  
Hatred in the name of the Lord  
He spares no love for a fellow being  
He lives and dies by the sword  
Arms that were raised for a mother's feel  
Are today being raised to kill  
Those lips now bays for another's blood  
Stop another from living his free will  
In you, O Man, I see not the Lord but the devil  
In you, the death of innocence.

Shankaran Kutty

# Jatayu

A forlorn sight he was to behold  
Lying on the forest floor  
His wings were clipped, life ebbing  
And energy he had no more

But he willed to live, to save his breath  
Till his Lord he saw to tell  
Him that he saw his lady he met  
Taken by Ravana to his hell

As vision blurred, his movements slowed  
His mind stayed alive to fill  
With events of just a few hours back  
Events, he refused to believe them still

He was the king of flight and here he was  
Alone, flying so high  
When all at once he thought he heard  
From afar, a helpless cry

He came down from up the clouds to see  
The Lanka King in flight  
And a hapless woman, in tears, sobbing  
And no energy to fight

Shame to thee O King he cried  
To kidnap a woman so weak  
Her looks regal, a queen for sure  
But a woman still, so meek

He waited not for the king to reply  
But turned to the lady by the side  
Tell me O queen the kingdom for which  
You are the royal pride.

Sita I am, from Ayodhya I come  
Brave Rama is my Lord  
You look so brave oh Avian King  
Can you take me to his abode?

He stopped in mid flight, astounded to see  
The Goddess here so near  
To thy Lord I will take thee he roared  
My Lady, you have no fear

He turned to face the Lanka King  
Fool you are, he said  
Lakshmi she is, the consort of my Lord  
Whose hands you now have held

Who is Rama a thrown out king  
More pleasures to her I will give  
Said Ravana in pride and anger  
As my royal queen she will live

Jatayu's eyes burned with rage  
To hear the king thus speak  
You are a coward, I will kill you now  
You will never get what you seek

With pointed beak and talons sharp  
He swooped down to attack  
But with weapons more and better trained  
Lankesh soon fought back.

It was a royal battle that lasted long  
Poor Sita sat cowed in fear  
The bird though brave was no match she could see  
And the end was soon so near

With a roar that echoed over the hills  
With a mighty swipe of his sword  
The Lankan king clipped the wings  
Of the brave, yet hapless bird

And he tumbled through the air so fast  
And fell on the earth with a thud  
Beak broken, wings clipped  
And body covered in blood

Of what use is my life he cried

If I can't do even this for my Lord  
If my life is of no good to anyone  
Then why did you give it, O God

He cried and sobbed in eternal sadness  
Sita's cries still echoing in his ears  
His body bleeding but the heart was burnt,  
Burnt by his Lady's tears

Take my life, not because I am scared to live  
He cried to the heavens above  
But if I was of no good to a blessed soul  
When fit, then what use is it to me now

The he thought he heard an inner voice  
Reach out to him from deep inside  
Don't despair my child, each life I give  
Has its time which you too should bide

You should live, for a day will come  
Lord Rama will fill your life  
When he will come from land so far  
In search of his dear wife

And then you should tell him your brave story  
Of what happened to his very dear  
Of how you fought and how you tried  
Without any mortal fear

And then with joy he will take you in his arms  
And hold you in joyous embrace  
What more do you want in life than to be held  
By the savior of the human race

And thus he found the will to live  
Guided by his inner voice  
As around him life moved on  
Deafened by the forest noise

Jatayu was a noble soul  
Blessed by the Lord himself  
But in his thoughts I searched the meaning

The voice of my inner self

And then I hope that I will find  
That amongst all the doom  
In the slush of life's eternal sorrows  
A lotus will one day bloom

Shankaran Kutty

# Kerala Monsoon

It lashes across the Kerala coast  
The heaviest rains the nation can boast  
Bursting promptly on the first of June  
Behold! It is the Kerala Monsoon

In school we used to crib and fret  
The first day of school had to be wet  
After two long months of sunshine and fun  
We hated the rain, wanted it no one

Rolls of thunder and lightning streaks  
Overflowing streams and creeks  
People dancing over puddles on road  
Like rivers by roadside, water flowed

Umbrellas would pop up everywhere  
Bright coloured raincoats for children to wear  
Most refreshing would be a hot cup of tea  
My mom used to struggle, to keep healthy we three

Water filled to patio brim  
For many little huts the scene was grim  
Floated paper boats on the courtyard pond  
Dark clouds lined up to the horizon and beyond

Trees creaked under the water's weight  
We would wait in vain for the rains to abate  
The football ground would become a lake  
We hated from games, this forced weather break

And when the rains would slow to a drizzle  
On the sodden ground would resume football battle  
Amma would shout, "it is raining still"  
We would play in the rain against her will

Mushrooms would start sprouting soon  
The nights were dark for hidden was the moon  
The nights were cold and we would chill and shiver  
Many would fall sick, with a cold or fever



Two months it would rain with hardly a break  
Leaving a trail of destruction in its wake  
Many fishermen would lose their lives at sea  
Gone to fetch fish for you and me

Frustrated, we are left to desperately pine  
For a little streak of bright sunshine  
To see the land so bright and dry  
To banish the dark clouds and see the blue sky

Come middle of August and the Gods sense our pain  
The sun slips out as the rains slowly wane  
Hurray! we scream as we rush out to play  
The monsoon is forgotten till end of next May.

Shankaran Kutty

# Late To School

One day I was late to school,  
All the fault was mine.  
I woke up late at 7` o` clock,  
I still thought it was fine.

“Wake up! wake up! ” my mother cried,  
Its 6` o` clock she said.  
But I was feeling ever so sleepy,  
And crawled back into bed.

We huffed and puffed and huffed and puffed,  
To get to school on time.  
“You`re always late! ”, my father cried,  
“Without a reason or rhyme”

My mother tried her very best,  
And dad said he couldn` t wait  
But it soon became very clear,  
That we were already late.

“The class has started you are late”  
So my teacher said,  
But how could I tell her it was so  
Because I couldn` t get out of bed

I looked at dad, his face was gruff  
Not that my miss was pleasant  
And that evening my dad got tough  
To the punishment corner I was sent

My mom came next and gave a warning stern  
'If ever there be a similar occasion  
That for this your teacher we meet  
You can forget any trip next vacation”.

Now I realize the wrong I have done  
One should always keep time  
I hugged my dad and sobbing, said  
“Dad, I will never repeat this crime”

I am sorry and never will it  
Happen ever again  
I will be in school on time  
In summer sun or rain

Shankaran Kutty

# Life!

Life – The Beginning, Birth

To be born in my mother's womb  
Never asked I, of Gods a favour  
Know me not the pains  
She suffered through her labour  
Yet, in the spark of life I see  
O God, that miracle that is thee

Of previous birth, know not we  
Perhaps cometh from a distant star  
When two souls are one by God's decree  
Brought into this world we are  
And the divine spark in us will glow  
When through our veins the blood does flow

The spark ignited in a mother's womb  
Nurtured with love for months nine  
Some unknown power does guide the growth  
The speck into a baby, healthy and fine  
Oh! Vanity, in your unbound arrogance  
You profess it all was a happenstance

Of Chromosomes X and Y  
Genes and DNA strands  
Behind life, Science refuses to acknowledge  
The Almighty's divine hands  
Of the union of the male and female  
They spin many a scientific tale

If the flowers that bloom in a marriage  
The disbelievers does speak  
But for that elusive spark of life  
Science, still does seek  
For all the laws of chemistry  
Life, still remains a mystery

Like the sun that shines so bright  
The moon that traverses the night sky

Birth is God's special gift  
That begins with a cry  
An Eternal truth that holds  
A mystery, HE never unfolds

### Life – The Journey

After the Lord has showered his blessings  
In the birth of a new life  
Begins the journey so arduous  
One filled with lots of strife  
A journey that is not our make  
Yet one, we forcibly have to take

Some born to weave their dreams  
Others are born to sing  
Some destined to struggle in life  
Few born to live like a king  
Of things that we foolishly rave  
Oh! God isn't it just what you gave

Plead we didn't for the colour of our skin  
Or the riches and splendours we get  
To be fat or thin, or be wise or a fool  
Or learn to remember and forget  
All of us of a different shade  
In his magnificence, the Lord has made

Oft our paths are filled  
With rocks and thorns so sharp  
Some cross it with a smile, others  
On their misfortune do harp  
Some live in their past, not now  
Others fill their life with hate, not love

In a mad mad rush to claim  
What isn't ours but nature's bounty  
To our fellow men and God, oft  
We fail to perform our duty  
Blessed lives are those that fill  
Their hearts with love, and share goodwill

Let us fill this life with good deeds  
And not with evil, spent  
For this journey that we take  
Is not without an end  
It is not the richest that this journey win  
But those who keep away from sin

life – The Ending, Death

Even the mightiest of all rivers  
Must end one day in the sea  
And fall one day on the forest floor  
Will even the mightiest tree  
So has come the time for life to take a bow  
Whence through my veins, life stops to flow

The leaves have stopped its merry dance  
Fluttering in the morning breeze  
The heart that beat for my only love  
To beat, would today, cease  
For in the book of life it is a must  
End up we should, back being dust

Where is the light from the morning sun  
Oh! I cant see it is so dark  
Where is the love from my little ones  
Which each day, did light a spark  
I can't see anything, nor a sound hear  
Nor feel the loving touch of my children dear

The journey I started years ago  
Is this then, its weary end?  
Where never a soul, wilful I hurt  
Was the way I wanted it spent  
I feel the sinking, feel no pain  
I feel all senses around me wane

Those flowers that bloom in early spring  
One more time, can I see  
My loved ones just one last time  
Can I feel, running in to me

But it is only the journey, that is ours to make  
The beginning and end is given to take

Limbs were numb, the world was quiet  
Laboured became my breathing  
My sins this life, won't you wipe my God  
As on my last journey I am departing  
With those last prayers to my supreme Lord  
My soul to the heavens, upward soared

Shankaran Kutty

# Light!

I wish the world is filled with light  
I love everything that is bright  
For it welcomes the sun  
Says goodbye to the dark night  
To fill my heart  
With the soft rays of dawn  
Rays of hope

I wish the world is filled with light  
That lets me see  
When with my love  
Exchange sweet nothings  
Her blushing face  
Or a lonely tear  
Her enchanting smile

I wish the world is filled with light  
To see my little ones  
Run up to me  
And throw their hands around  
To see the sparkle in their eyes  
Stain-less smile  
And heartfelt laughter

I wish the world is filled with light  
When I am with my dear ones  
To see the affection in their eyes  
Or when with friends  
Who are not so benign  
To read their mind  
When on my fall they rejoice

I wish the world is filled with light  
To see the spring flowers in bloom  
The dew drops dancing  
On swaying blades of lush green grass  
The spread of colours  
Across fallen autumn leaves  
And the first mangoes that arrive in summer heat



I wish the world is filled with light  
For then my heart would leap in glee  
To see the raindrops that burst  
Through dark monsoon clouds  
And pitter patter it falls  
On the puddles in my yard  
Where my paper boats sail carefree.

I wish the world is filled with light  
To see the rainbow arch the wet morning sky  
To see the setting sun splash its hues  
Across the evening sky  
And then sink into the deep ocean  
Whose waves die on the sandy beach  
Where I stand all alone

I wish the world is filled with light  
For it is when I drink in the sights  
That are the miracles  
HE has made  
I stop to watch and in that awe  
My heart reaches out to the heavens  
In obeisance

Shankaran Kutty

# Limericks! !

There was this little girl called Meenu  
With a sweet sister called Maanu  
Who said one day  
I don't like my name no way  
From tomorrow you will call me only Paaru

One day was Priya  
Asked by sweet Rhea  
Aunty please tell  
How do you cook so swell  
And she said "I was taught by my husband ya"

Once Maanu was so naughty  
That after going to potty  
Her dress she wouldn't wear  
Her parents couldn't bear  
So that night, they gave her no Roti

Then this girl called Anu  
Chithi of Maanu-Meenu  
Was once told by Sunny  
You think you are funny  
But all your old jokes we already knew

Little boy Aryan  
With features so Mauryan  
That at school one day  
While they were at play  
His friends said they never knew he was Dravidian.

Oh, my good friend Kavitha  
Once told her friend Sowmya  
My poor kumar kutty  
I beat him to a putty  
He sad my GK is like Krithika

Did you know that Madam Sowmya  
Mother of sweet Rhea  
Once tried to bake

A chocolate cake  
And Anshul said "It is time you retired like Tendlya"

I was told once by Krithika  
Hey, how do I tell this da  
My poor Aani  
His bones aren't left too many  
He said I sing like Kavitha

From Kollam a lady called Sree  
Once laughed for a minute for free  
At the end of it all  
Few were left in the hall  
For they all had run up a tall tree

Thought a fat man called Jai  
As a poet, his future did lie  
Spent all his time  
Couldn't write a rhyme  
So he bid his poet dreams goodbye

And then a naughty boy called Tim  
Was hanging from a cliff at the brim  
He let go off his hands  
As an ant crawled up his pants  
And that then was the end of him

There was a fat boy called Lim  
Who had never learnt to swim  
He fell into the sea  
Only for the Piranhas to see  
And he came out of it all, so slim

Shankaran Kutty

# Lost Love

The sunlight filled some happy soul  
Darkness due, just for me  
The grave is never our earnest goal  
Hides the truth, our vanity

Fate tempts us with her brightest flowers  
That hides the poison of a cruel destiny  
Gold may fill our empty bowers  
But no silver lining to exult in glee

The church bells toll at the end of day  
But drunk from the crystal goblets of power  
The paths of goodness, we lose our way  
Egos ensconced in an ivory tower

Simple truths of world, a little love  
The defined values of the human race  
In this maddening lust of power somehow  
We forget to warmly embrace

The hustling chariots of death has never  
Welcomed anything but the soul  
But still like fools do we endeavour  
Mundane pleasures, still our goal.

What ambition, what rapacious urge  
Lights up the path of the vile  
For when all is over and sung the dirge  
It is only the evil, in our legacy, pile

The joys of hearing a nightingale sing  
The pleasures of a flower in bloom  
Buried in pleasures that wealth does bring  
Would only bring in more gloom

Lost in the pleasures of avarice  
One forgets the pleasures of love  
Simple pleasures of life we miss  
Gifted by the one above

From teachings or thoughts rational  
Sprouts not love's tender feeling  
It has to fill our hearts eternal  
Be a part of our being

For those whose heart does yearn  
For love, from their self does pour  
When denied, their heart does burn  
Till the day it will beat no more

Shankaran Kutty

# Love! !

Love me not for the colour of my hair  
Love me not because I am dark or fair  
Not for what you see on my face  
Or for my caste, creed or race  
Love me not for the riches I own  
And not for the dress I daily adorn  
Love me not because you like my smile  
Or when we haven't met in a while

Love me not for the car I drive  
Or you think for us I will daily strive  
Love me not for the songs I sing  
Or for the joy my presence might bring  
Love me not the way I hold you tender  
Or the love in poetic words I render  
Love me not that we daily meet  
And lost in our eyes the food we eat

Love me when you wake up each day  
To find the sunflowers gently sway  
Love me when your chores are done  
And you enjoy the splendour of the setting sun  
Love me in the darkness of the night  
When it is time to sleep, peaceful and tight  
And Love me at all times between  
Your love defines, what love does mean

Love me when I fill your mind  
And our love you sense, of a special kind  
Love me when from the bottom of your heart  
You feel the pain when we meet and part  
Each day, each hour, each moment you feel  
My presence within you, from head to heel  
And when to love me, no reason you need  
That my dear, is true love indeed.

Shankaran Kutty

# Magic Carpet

On a winter morn, so cold indeed  
For my morning walk I went  
When all at once by roadside spied  
A body, where the road bent

Walked past did I, why do I care  
Whoever it maybe  
Why waste my time on someone who  
Was dead, as I could see

And then in the silence of the dawn  
I clearly heard a groan  
I could take a step ahead no more  
What if he were my own

And so I went and lifted him  
A very old man was he  
"Son, you are so kind and loving  
But its too late to save me

I come from the Sahya hills to the east  
A yogi last 100 years "  
On hearing this, my mind perked up  
And for the story I was all ears.

"I don't have a lot of life in me  
But since you are a kind little boy  
I will give you something as a gift  
A strange, yet precious toy."

So saying, on my hands he gave  
A crumbled sheet to look  
And he told in my ears the magic words  
And in my hands, a magic book

"This is a flying carpet my son  
It's for you to keep  
Hope you lead a righteous life  
Time for me to sleep"

So saying the yogi died in my hands  
And in my eyes came a lonely tear  
The earth split up and took him away  
As in my mind sprouted a fear

It wasn't that I was a spring chicken  
A month short of forty four  
Suppressed my desire to try it out  
Till I could hold no more.

I laid out the sheet on the roadside straight  
And sat on it upright  
The magic words I then said in order  
And held on to the carpet tight

Then I heard a sweet voice ask  
"Master, where shall I take thee? "  
"Take me home, to my 8th floor room"  
I started sweating poor me

It rose so fast and over the trees  
My building I could spy  
And saw people on the streets look up  
To see a big man fly

The carpet swayed and danced in the wind  
As soft melodies I could hear  
I held so tight to two handles soft  
As wind whistled in my ear

In a trice I was near my house  
And went through the balcony door  
I caught my breath, and heaved a sigh  
As I settled on the bedroom floor.

This was cool and I settled down  
When I heard my mobile ring  
It was my mom "when you come from walk  
Some onions can you bring "

"I am home mom" I cut the phone



As I opened the bedroom door  
"Why can't you folks declare when you come in",  
Through clenched teeth, she swore

I read through the book and I did find  
That invisible I could fly  
They won't know I am watching them  
When towns and villages go by

"Acha, I really wanted you  
Wish you were here so near  
These Ratios I do not comprehend  
As Math, I begin to fear"

It pained me to hear this from Meenu dear  
But then it struck me plain.  
What if there are no bus tickets to go  
Or Tatkal bookings by train

I told home I got my tickets then  
I am leaving to Chennai tonight  
And on my carpet I took my journey  
And gave the kids a fright

"Hey how did you come", Priya asked  
"By auto from airport is it? "  
How can I tell them how I came  
For believe they won't one bit.

"When my molu needs help with Ratio  
What else do you expect me to do "  
Saw Maanu frown, "Don't worry dear  
I will come when you need me too"

I called up Krits and told her then  
Hey in the afternoon I couldn't talk  
I am in Chennai now, so tomorrow  
Can you join for morning walk

And so early morning I met her then  
For a walk at Elliots beach  
"How did you come", she asked me when

We were having a hot coffee each

I tell you now but don't spill your coffee  
For it is too hard to believe  
In a magic carpet I came all the way"  
She thought I was out to deceive

And thus I gave her the privilege  
Of a ride in my magic carpet  
And I could see the fear in her eyes  
As with tension she began to fret

And so it was I reached home then  
And held my darlings near  
Told them there is some super news  
And asked if they wanted to hear

"we do", they shouted in unison then as  
They gathered all around me  
Then I told them the story then  
The disbelief, in their eyes I could see

And so I decided I will give them a ride  
To rid them of their doubt  
We crowded all on the carpet as we  
Were jostling and pushing about

And then we flew up so high  
High over the roads we flew  
Over traffic jams and Marina beach  
And the metro train lines too

We went up and we went down  
Below the trees and over the glimmering sea  
And every one both young and old  
Were laughing in uncontrolled glee

And so the weekend was special then  
One where we had tons of fun  
And as Sunday came to close, sadness  
Was on the face of everyone.

I told them then, weep not all  
I can come whenever you call  
Nothing can stop my trip anytime  
Deep sea or mountains tall.

So saying I climbed my magic carpet  
Had to be back in Trivandrum tonight  
For had told my mom I was taking  
A Sunday evening flight

I landed then outside my home  
And I pressed the calling bell  
You look so fresh", my mother said  
Looks like you enjoyed real swell

I crashed to sleep as next day it was  
Scheduled to be long and tiring  
But now I knew that any day could well  
A pleasant surprise, bring

Pitter Patter the sounds were loud  
I couldn't sleep no more  
I opened my eyes to see the raindrops  
Pelting on the balcony door.

I am late I screamed as I did  
Jump out of my cushioned bed  
'You are still so tired, don't drive today"  
At the breakfast table, my mom said.

"It is the trip to Chennai", I lazily said  
As my mom looked with a frown  
"That is fine, but why are you tired  
Driving around this small town"

It didn't help matters one bit  
And I only looked more dazed  
But my mom was clear so she spoke on  
And she looked quite unfazed

"Yesterday when you picked from the loft  
That old carpet to wash and steam

And you lifted your head and hit your head  
Against the wooden beam

I pleaded then but you didn't listen  
For a check-up you should go.  
And seeing you so tired now  
I am more worried you know "

I ran back into the bedroom then  
To see my carpet on the floor.  
Magic words said, I pleaded with it  
Just take me out of this door.

But move it didn't, it stayed so still  
I pleaded again, in vain.  
Just past this door would suffice, no need  
To go out in pouring rain

I searched the place for my Magic Book  
But the book I couldn't find  
How can God be so cruel with me  
When yesterday he was so kind

And then came the final blow  
When my wife gave a call  
"Heard you hit your head", she mocked  
"See the problems of being so tall"

So what was it then, was it a dream  
I still can't believe it today  
I still feel the wind, hear the music  
So dream it can't be, no way

It has been a fortnight since  
But it still fills my mind  
And peace in this world, I will never get  
Till that Magic Book I find

And then one day I will soar so high  
Up in the heavens I will fly  
On my Magic Carpet and along with my dreams  
I will go and touch the sky.

Shankaran Kutty

# Make Me Free

Make me free of the sinful wants  
That gnaws upon the dreary mind  
That fills the heart to the brim with woe  
The curse forever of our race, mankind

Make me free of the woeful lust  
For sinful food, nay greed  
When millions starve of a single meal  
Let me eat only what I need

Make me free of the torturous twines  
That in relationships, does me bind  
Let me free, let me go  
When no joy in them I find

Make me free of those torturous nights  
When I twist and turn, yet not a wink  
Do I catch as in a deep ocean  
Of painful thoughts I slowly sink

Make me free of those fits of anger  
When words I spew, which I later regret  
But alas the victim of my poison torrent  
Might forgive, but seldom forget

Make me free of the swirling whirlpool  
Where I often plunge, filled with sorrow  
And gets dragged to the bottomless pit  
Of tears, wishing there was no tomorrow

Make me of the dark alleys where  
I find no friend, only sword wielding foe  
Who deprives my world of fun and laughter  
And fills it up, with worry and woe

Make me free, Oh Lord, make free  
Of these times when I plead to make me free  
When I know that to make me free  
It is no one else, only solitary me

Shankaran Kutty

# Making Of A Poet

A poet I am, never claimed I, though poems, I have tried a few  
Some were nice, some so tripe but to all I have been so true  
So it was one weekend when my daughters came by my side  
"Tell us Dad when did you first write the poems that fill us with pride"

I thought so hard and got no clue of when it happened and how  
Was it when I first went through the tender blushes of love?  
Or was it when one starry night at the moon and stars I gazed  
Were then, the first seeds of poetry sowed, that day I stood amazed?

Perhaps it was when the first flowers of spring I saw in richest bloom  
Or when nature's fury in its violent form, brought many a life to its doom  
When the bees I saw from flower to flower and bring honey back to its hive  
Or when seeing death all around me, knew how lucky I was to be alive

When monsoon deluge filled the rivers to burst in maddening flow  
Or after the rains, in the darkened skies, I saw a bright rainbow  
On seeing squirrels scampering amongst the branches of a mango tree  
Or cuddly lambs grazing in the green meadows so free

When harsh words caused my dear one to shed a solitary tear  
Or on my scolding my little ones, cried in apparent fear  
When my mother held me close and gave a loving kiss  
Or when I was alone and my loved ones I did gravely miss

When travelled many a lonely mile and saw many places new  
Seeing smiles on my darling wife and also my children two  
Was it born of a warm comforting hug, from my sister dear  
Or the happy times I enjoy most, when I have my brother near

When my spirits are down and my mind is heavy, filled with unknown sorrow  
Or when heart is filled with tensions many of what will happen tomorrow  
Possibly the lovely times, I spent with my friends so many  
Other than these, reasons then, I can't think of any

And then it struck me, I was searching for reasons far and wide  
When the truth behind my inspiration, was all along inside  
The truth I realized not too late, and let me tell you now  
My poems are born deep in my heart, from the womb of Love



Shankaran Kutty

# My Blind Date

It did happen so long ago, that I went on a blind date  
Who she is or how it will be, I left it to my fate  
Tall or short, fair or dark, I hardly had any clue  
A plain blue shirt I had worn, with my Levi jeans dark blue

It were the days when parents chose your wife you should know  
So I wasn't alone, I went to her house with my mom and dad in tow.  
Her dad and mom, uncle and aunt, grandma all were there  
All eyes were drilling right through me like a clown at a village fair

They started chatting as if they had known all their life  
Some eyes were still piercing me like through butter a kitchen knife  
"Let us go inside, let them speak" I did hear someone there say  
I was trapped and for to escape now, there seemed to be no way

Love is not a dried oak tree that on sight can catch a fire  
Nor a feeling in the mind that sets it wild with desire  
Yet her presence in my mind some emotions did it stir  
Now that I met her what to speak, my, mind had gone so blur

I really wanted to open up and say something so nice  
Or utter something that will make me look so smart and wise  
But once I was alone with her, a cat ate my tongue  
And I sat there with my face so red, as if a hive of bees had stung

Inside over tea and snacks I could hear their voice and laughter  
I decided that this is it, no more of this hereafter  
Head bowed she sat on the sofa edge, never did she lift her gaze  
I asked something and she replied and both of us were in a daze

Someone brought in tea and snacks and sweets they had served inside  
"This special sweet, our daughter has made";, said an aunt with pride

I looked at "her" and her flustered face said that was a special lie  
But to eat it and say it is good, meekly I did try

Nothing more was there to be said, eternal seemed our wait  
But the time I spent I did not waste, I cleaned up the entire plate  
I am sure she would have thought that if this guy is going to be my mate

To sweat my entire days in kitchen, is certain to be my fate

We sat there praying to save us would then come by someone  
And then they trooped in after tea and snacks, the elders one by one  
And we sat there like two prisoners handcuffed, in a courtroom dock  
My heart was beating faster than there stood a grandfather clock

All said and done, with smiles and laughter, it was then time to leave  
As I got into the car and the driver seat, a sigh of relief did I heave  
And on the way my mother asked "What do you think my son? "  
They were speaking as if it was, a battle we had just won

The silly feeling in my mind stayed on for a little more while  
So much so my sister asked, "why still wear the sheepish smile? "  
And thus did end the one and only blind date of my life  
But thank God it had a happy ending for today she is my wife. \\

Shankaran Kutty

# My Christmas With Santa

It was the night before Christmas, a cold winter night  
The tree was well lit, and all seemed so right  
I was all of ten years and so rightly excited  
Couldn't sleep for long, so for Santa I waited

It was well past midnight when I heard a sound on the roof  
I couldn't have been wrong, it sounded like reindeer hoof  
With a rattle and prattle, by the chimney he came down  
If it wasn't Christmas, I would have thought he was a clown

With his belly so fat, how did he squeeze in  
I couldn't do it, though I was so thin  
And the white flowing robe remained spotlessly white  
One look at him, and I knew it couldn't be right

Behind the kitchen door, I thought I will hide  
Santa looked cheerful, a bit tired from the ride  
"Now, Now", said he as looked all around  
I shrunk further behind, I didn't want to be found

He put his hand into the stocking and pulled out a list  
I stood there and prayed that nothing I had missed  
Toy Gun, cricket bat and a battery driven car  
Models of animals and a glittering star

The picture of Santa I had, looked exactly the same  
I was wondering how, when he called out my name  
I stood there and wondered, how could he know  
Maybe out from the door, protruded my big toe

"This long list is yours, isn't it my dear?  
Why stand behind the door, please come near "  
On his one hand a sack and the other a long staff  
Santa stood there and gave a loud, hearty laugh

He held me close and pressed me to his tummy  
I was so scared, wanted to go back to mummy  
"Don't be scared young man, now tell me dear  
So have you been a good boy this year?

Did you obey your parents and tell your evening prayer  
Did you do all things, so honest and fair  
When you fought with your sister, did you say sorry  
Ever shout at your parents, when you got angry &quot;

I looked at him, now what can I say?  
&quot;Well mostly I have tried to have things go my way  
But that doesn't mean, or does it, that I have been bad  
Please sir, if you don't give me the gifts, I will be most sad&quot;

Santa just broke into a laughter so loud  
I thought he is going to wake the sleeping crowd  
From his white robe he pulled out a diary so long  
He checked my name if in there I belong

&quot;Voila&quot;, he cried, &quot; your name is in here  
Which means you have been a good boy this year  
So now be a good boy and do not weep  
The presents are yours, so go back to sleep &quot;

As the morning rays of sun, burned my cheek  
I woke up to find my parents in hushed tones speak  
Seeing me awake, dad gathered me in embrace  
As Mommy gave a loving peck on my face

&quot;Merry Christmas my son, time to get up and rise  
Go and see if Santa has given a surprise&quot;  
I ran to the room and stood there to see  
All my gifts lying below the Christmas tree

I turned to my parents and gave a know-all look  
&quot;you know I got these, because I am in Santa's book&quot;  
&quot;Oh Yes you are&quot; said Mom, &quot;you are such a good boy  
&quot;then how can Santa, you ever annoy&quot;

&quot;I was worried&quot;, said Dad, &quot;because so early you slept  
If your list in the stocking, for Santa you had kept&quot;  
So saying he turned and gave Mommy a naughty smile  
Oh these parents; they think they know everything, all the while



# My Farm

I love the animals in my farm  
In times of strife, they help me keep calm  
I have many of them on the meadow green  
They are the liveliest beasts, I ever have seen

I love the cow for its tasty milk  
It is the tastiest amongst all of its ilk  
She swats the flies with its long hairy tail  
And each sunset comes home, without any fail

The sheep is so cuddly with a nature so mild  
And her wool is so soft as the skin of a child  
In winter her wool is as white as the snow  
The most loveable animal in my farm I know

The horse is so strong as he stands up so tall  
Without a murmur he gives a ride to all  
Clip-Clop, clip-clop he goes on his trot  
Always on the move, never stays at a spot

The canary is a jolly good fellow  
His feathers are of brightest yellow  
He is always happy, singing a song  
With short sharp beak, and a tail so long

The rooster wakes me up each morning  
Calling so loud from the top of the awning  
He looks so regal with his red crown  
As he stays up there, scared to come down

Mother hen goes around with her chicks  
From amongst the hay, little grains she picks  
Daily from her, an egg we get  
Mommy makes for me, a tasty omelette

The ducks are always swimming in the pool  
In the hot summers, it keeps them cool  
Quack quack, quack quack they go all day  
From the naughty cat, they stay away

The big black turtle, I see so rare  
He hides beneath the pool somewhere  
My dad says, it is even older than his dad  
From his grandpa's days, him we have had

Last is my favourite, my Golden Retriever  
He is so calm, though I call him Tiger  
After I am back from school, play with him all day  
He is the only one who listens to what I say.

I love the time I spend on my farm  
It is so beautiful, peaceful and calm  
With plains so green and hill so high  
And a virgin stream giggling by

So come my friends, when you have time  
And the hill behind, we shall climb ☐  
With my four legged friends, time we will spend  
And to the heavens we will feel, we did ascend☐

☐

Shankaran Kutty



# My Fears

I fear that it might come to a while  
That in life, one day I forget to smile  
I fear that one day my eyes run dry  
And in sadness, I am unable to cry

I fear I'll lose a friend who does understand  
Me, and in sorrow will hold my hand  
I fear the world will turn to me and mine  
And each soul will, in selfishness whine

I fear we will forget love and romance  
And the beating heart won't stand a chance  
I fear when the hues of the setting sun  
Will eke no streaks of joy, in anyone

I fear we will forget to play in the rain  
To soothe a dear one, who is in pain  
To put an arm around in love  
Will become a thing of past somehow

That in life we will stop being nice  
And from the dictionary, erase compromise  
That I will think of only my gain  
Even at the cost of a near one's pain

But I do not fear of when life will end  
When the last day on this earth will be spent  
For another day on life's seashore  
Than the Lord has destined, I do not seek more

Shankaran Kutty

# My Grandmother

Yesterday I saw a dream  
Where I was a small boy  
In front of my grandmother  
I was playing with a toy

"Sit on my lap",  
Did my grandma speak  
Glad I was to oblige  
Though I knew she was so weak

One after the other  
She told many a story  
Of Gods and their incarnations  
And demons so gory

I woke up with a start  
But my thoughts continued to linger  
Of those days with my grandma  
My memories did it stir

Her innocent chuckling  
And body shaking laughter  
Filled my mind till her death  
And even thereafter

Oft when my dad got angry  
And chase with a stick to beat  
I will crush her in my arms,  
And cry "Save me, my grandma so sweet"

She gave me a special place  
In her heart, even when old  
She would feel so sad  
When my dad beat me or scold

She was a powerful woman  
Filled with immense pride  
And when I fight with my sister  
She would always take my side

I dreamt of seeing her joy  
When I give her the first rupee I earn  
But before I realized my dream  
She left her earthly sojourn

She left me long ago  
Twenty four years it has been  
But for me she is the greatest grandmother  
The world has ever seen

Shankaran Kutty

# My Kingdom

Come with me on a trip my dear  
To a place so far, yet so near  
Where no dark clouds fill the autumn sky  
Where tears are of joy and no one does cry

Where flowers that bloom never withers to die  
Where rainbows brighten up the heavens so high  
Where little streams giggles on its way  
In the gentle breeze do bright pansies sway

Where there is love and no one knows to hate  
Where fate and destiny, one doesn't berate  
Where birds chirp and sing throughout the year  
Where people live without any fear

A land of hills and green carpet vales  
Where all succeeds and no one fails  
Where days are filled with joy, lingers no sorrow  
Where we live for today, no worry about tomorrow

Where with rays of hope rises the dawn  
Bright butterflies cheer up the morn  
As in a dash of red, sets the evening sun  
In peace and harmony, the day is done

In such a land where sweet dreams are spun  
Where no battles fought, only hearts are won  
This land is within reach of you and me  
It is so near, not across the sea

This heaven on earth, we can find  
Within us all, it is a state of mind  
In the name of the Lord when our lives we lead  
Content in our hearts, not chasing greed

For the good of others, when we live  
We learn to say sorry and to forgive  
Then this kingdom shall for us to be  
The Kings of the land, you and me

Shankaran Kutty

# My 'little' Day

Little rays of sunshine  
That sneak in through the door  
The early tunes of the koel  
That makes me sleepy more  
The milkman's morning call  
As steals in the morning breeze  
Into another day in my life  
My mind does slowly ease

Little beads of sweat  
That forms in the summer heat  
Many people known and strange  
Today I will meet  
Not a cloud I see  
The day is hot and bright  
As I go past the gentle river  
I soak in the pretty sight

Little birds by the thousands  
Flying home I spy  
As if strewn by a million angels  
Crimson splashes the sky  
After journey across the heavens  
Like each day from east to west  
Into the mighty ocean  
The sun sinks to rest

Little stars that twinkle  
Along the milky way  
Tells me it is time to wind up  
Another long and tiring day  
With Thanks to the Lord I do  
Bring my day to its end  
Thank thee Oh Lord for another  
Day on this earth to spend.

Shankaran Kutty

# My Motherland

From the snow-capped peaks of Himalayas  
To the Great Arabian sea  
From the hot deserts of Thar  
To rainy Cherapunji  
Lies a mighty nation  
Lies a heavenly land  
The one that I proudly call  
My own, my Motherland

A billion people throng  
The coast, the plateau and plains  
Driven by a history ancient  
Peace and goodwill reigns  
A thousand dialects spoken  
Every religion followed  
With the birth of Buddha and Gandhi  
My motherland is hallowed

The chill of winter snow  
The smell of monsoon rains  
The holy Ganges river  
That feeds the northern plains  
The heat of summer sun  
The smell of salt and sea  
To be born in this mighty land  
Privileged, is lucky me

Rich flora and fauna  
The tigers of Sunderbans  
Proud, farming people  
Two billion working hands  
They toil high up the mountains  
Toil in the desert so dry  
They do it all with a smile  
No pause to stop and cry.

An emperor lost in love  
For his fair and beautiful queen  
Built a monument for love

The greatest there has been.  
On the banks of River Yamuna  
Stands a nation's pride  
The emperor too lies buried  
In a tomb by her side.

Rich with perennial rivers  
Blessed with monsoon rains  
Which drenches each summer  
The mountains, hills and plains  
Parched lands and gleaming lakes  
Waves break up on sunny shore  
Oh India, my India, your rich diversity  
Always leaves me wanting ever more

Land of the Mahabharata  
Ramayana and Vedas four  
Of Charaka, Susruta, Aryabhatta  
Bhaskara, Chanakya and many more  
Where a mighty conquering emperor  
Chose peace, not the violence of war  
He spread the message of peace  
To lands near and far

Enslaved by foreign powers  
As a nation struggled to be free  
An apostle of peace came along  
To subdue the powerful enemy  
With a weapon more powerful  
Than guns and swords did he  
Through the power of non violence  
Bring a world power to its knee

In that land of the Mahatma  
Blessed am I to live  
My country has given me enough  
It is now for me to give  
Much splendour and glory might hold  
Many a foreign land  
But every breath from here I take  
I want to, in my Motherland





# My Neighbour's Dog

(this is purely a work of fiction. I am such a lover of dogs, I would never ever do this in reality.)

It was a quiet and hot Sunday noon  
When I thought I will take some rest  
So with my ipod did I recline  
My music collection, was the best

After listening to Chitra's melodies  
It was time for Rafi to croon  
When I heard a loud rough noise  
That simply was out of tune

The sound I soon discovered  
Came from my neighbour's Alsatian  
What he saw I didn't care  
For it added to my frustration

I tip toed to the compound wall  
And peered over to look  
He gave a stare, it was clear  
No challenge did he brook

I saw he wasn't chained  
So to fight him I had no will  
And the wall was not too high  
Not the time to test his jumping skill

His master was not at home  
They were on a vacation  
Leaving this canine at home  
To add on their neighbour's frustration

"shoo", "Shoo" I said to the dog  
I thought he gave a wry smile  
Thinking of what next to do  
I stood there for a while

Nonchalantly he stood

And to scare me, gave a growl  
Still barking, he turned around  
And went for his periodic prowl

I have had more than enough  
I had to put this to an end  
Wearing my khakis and slipper  
To the neighbouring Bar I went

I bought a full bottle of whiskey  
And another one of wine  
I mixed them both together  
And fed it to the canine

He looked at me for a minute  
And then lapped it up in glee.  
As sloshed, he went in circles  
The afternoon, I knew would be free

With my iPod in one hand  
In the other a glass of wine  
Contended with my work  
On my couch I did recline

As to the poor dog that day  
It slept till it was very dark  
But after that eventful day  
Never again did I hear it bark

Shankaran Kutty

# My Roommate

In my bachelor days I had a friend who I swear was such a bore  
In the nights he would keep me awake so loud would be his snore  
When I go to the corner shop each day, his demands would be many  
But if I ask him for the money, indeed he wouldn't have any

He had never seen inside the kitchen, wouldn't keep the water to boil  
And I am sure he had no clue between phenyl and coconut oil  
And when each morning the bread I toast, somehow he would know  
Rush in and have it and shamelessly declare, "I am in a hurry bro"

If there is one thing that he loved to do, that would be to eat  
But to take a glass of water even, he wouldn't lift off the seat  
He would groan and swear all the way for his own plate to clean  
His room was by far the dirtiest one, in my life I have seen

When I plonk on the sofa, dead tired at night  
The TV remote would be nowhere in sight  
For he would be watching world's blandest fare  
And wouldn't give me the remote even when I glare

And so one day I mustered courage as much as I can  
Told him we need to speak, like a man to a man  
Like one got lost in Sahara, I was so desperate you see  
I promised him juicy nuggets, from the near by KFC.

I told him - Dear friend, listen you are my room mate  
But to suffer you life long shall not be my fate  
We shall make out life together a more interesting fare  
Our work and the cost, we shall equally share

You will cut the vegetables and shall cut them real small  
Shall not leave your socks smelly on the floor of the hall  
The TV remote is there for a reason you see  
To watch TV programs for both you and me

He looked at me with a smile so sweet and sexy  
And said "Bro, can you get me one more Pepsi! !"  
I wished they served poison in white Styrofoam cup  
Or the earth would split open and gobble me up

Next day I returned home to find something quaint  
The house was so clean that I almost did faint  
It took some time to realize, my brain worked so slow  
That nowhere in that house, was to be seen my dear &quot;Bro&quot;

A week went by before I knew it wasn't a dream  
The Gods had answered my prayers, so did it seem  
Two weeks went by before I got an email  
He said he had got hitched to a pretty female.

He told me of the dowry the girl would bring  
&quot;Gandhi&quot; notes in a suitcase, for this useless thing  
I wondered if her parents were really so desperate  
To fling their daughter into this horrible fate

The marriage was fixed, just a week away  
But I decided I won't go, come what may  
It was a time to celebrate, with a scotch no less  
My nightmare had left me, without much fuss

Where he is now, I really have no clue  
I don't care if he is in Timbuctoo  
Losing this 'friend', I ain't no sad  
That he has gone away, I am so glad

Shankaran Kutty

# My Saviour

One day, I was lost in thought  
As my mind grappled with the pain  
Couldn't fathom the reason  
I searched, but in vain

I realized it wasn't just once  
It had become a malady  
Shorn of joy and mirth  
My life had lost its melody

No evil designs I had  
My thoughts I had kept it pure  
So what caused this sorrow  
I simply needed a cure

In search of my saviour  
I went through foreign lands  
Across mountains rivers and lakes  
And hot desert sands

Across the ocean where waves  
Crashed to death on the shore  
My saviour still eluded me  
Peace, I found no more.

Walked through green meadows  
Where caressed gentle breeze  
Dipped in mighty rivers  
Rushing to the seas

In every holy land  
In temple, mosque and church  
For my cure, my elusive saviour  
In desperation, did I search

Seeing snow capped mountains  
Hearing the wild birds sing  
Couldn't soothe my mind  
The sights of autumn and spring

I looked up to the heavens  
Which Gods were left to call  
To save me from my sorrows  
Into the precipice, I continued my fall

Then I looked into the mirror  
And saw what I had failed to see  
My saviour from all maladies  
Was no one else but me

That day I learnt the truth  
When life's sorrows don't abate  
Don't leave it to the Gods  
Or blame it on your fate

Your life is yours to mould  
As you want it to be  
It is for you to script and carve  
Your life, your destiny.

Shankaran Kutty

# My Special Valentine

This poem is for that special one  
Who speaks with words so soothing and sweet  
Whose eyes are sparkling, a honest treat  
With good thoughts and action the days are done  
Whose pristine heart does no malice hold  
A conscience like the first snow, pure  
Whose presence is for all maladies cure  
For truth would always stand sure and bold  
Who cares and works for fellow mankind  
Whose soul is filled with the purest love  
And daily thanks the Lord above  
If you are indeed of that special kind  
Then come dear friend, for you this heart of mine  
You shall be forever, my special Valentine

Shankaran Kutty



# My Times Of The Day

When my eyes open after a good night's sleep  
I like to see the break of dawn  
Sit so lazily against the bed  
A cup of tea, and my sleep is gone  
The streaming rays of the waking sun  
Signals to me my rest is done

Most active am I when it is mid day  
With the early work at office done  
It is time for a tea with friends at ten  
Time to unwind and a little fun  
Then I am charged for a full day's work  
To handle the tensions that at office, lurk

I hardly realize when it is noon  
When sun is blazing right up in the sky  
It is time for lunch and a little rest  
To catch a few winks on the sly  
Half the day at office done  
But battles remain that are to be won

As the sun slips across the sky  
And scatters crimson on the west  
The energy saps and I pull along  
At work, the day is way past the best  
I gather my friends for tea and chatter  
A little fun, a lot of banter

Even though my body is done  
I like the time of dusk, just after sunset  
For I am home, with my wife and kids  
I play with them or surf the net  
To play with the kids, or sometimes teach  
Put them to bed after a kiss to each

It is time for me to finally unwind  
As the moon climbs into the night sky  
Watch the stars twinkle, feel the night breeze  
Or in pensive thoughts I simply lie

Watch my wife sleep in the moonlight gleam  
It is time for me to sleep, to weave my dream

Shankaran Kutty

# My Unread Poem

I wrote a little poem last night  
Scripted with love, hugs and affection  
Yet the one for whom I wrote  
It seems to have hardly caught her attention

It is not just that I wrote it, but  
Called her to say I wrote a poem dear  
To wipe away your tension and worries  
To wipe away your current fear

I wrote it for my little one  
From whom for two years I stayed apart  
I wrote it not with thoughts or rhyme  
But from love, oozing from the heart

Yet to plunge me in deep despair  
And for reasons for me yet unknown  
To read she found no reason or time  
Leaving me sad, faraway, alone

Perhaps the words I scribbled with love  
Were not of any poetic kind  
Or in reading them, for her any good  
She thought, she will never find

Or is it in her busy world  
Where things to do are many more  
Those dry words were lost somewhere  
For in it she found no thrills in store

But care I not whether people read  
I will continue to write when I feel  
Poetry for me is life's corner store  
Where nuggets of peace I can daily steal

Shankaran Kutty

# My Vegetarian Diet

I went for my medicals one cursed Saturday  
The results I didn't reveal – there was no way  
Sunday evening, while watching football  
I heard my wife scream – “this your cholesterol? ”

She got my results, instantly I knew  
How she got them I have no clue  
“Triple Century? ”, you are better than Sachin  
“Wait, I have a plan to make you thin”

“From now on” she declared, “you are going vegetarian  
Your diet is going to be fully agrarian  
Like a good boy, won't you give a try  
And remember no cheating, on the sly”

For breakfast she served a plate of cabbage  
I told her I prefer my daily sausage  
She walked away as if she was born stone deaf  
A glass of sour orange juice and I told her its enough

To eat my lunch I was in a hurry  
I prayed it should be my usual fish curry  
I opened my lunch box to my utter dismay  
No rice, no pappad, no fish, no whey

For inside my lunch box, horrified I found  
Three slices of onion, cut neatly round  
Carrot and Cucumber were grated so fine  
No rice, no egg, no pickles in brine

Pappads and fish fry were ruthlessly cut  
Dessert was two pieces of Marie biscuit  
How I craved for my rotis and subji  
The lunch box I threw into my brand new Lodgy

When I reached home, I thought I would faint  
My wife just stared, like at a creature quaint  
When dinner she started with a bowl of lettuce  
I told her square, I will file for abuse

I did not get my cup of Bru coffee  
One roti she brought like carrying a trophy  
When after dinner I asked for my chocolate  
Two pieces of melon she put on my plate

A cup of coffee I have, while watching television  
But denying my survival seemed to be her mission  
And so while I was watching the nine o clock news  
There she walks in with a glass of bitter gourd juice

She seemed to be determined to keep me alive  
Till somehow I dragged to eighty five  
But in just one week, I felt I had reached that age  
My skin started to wrinkle like a venerable old sage

My sugar and cholesterol went on a free fall  
My wife was convinced she had taken the right call  
Chicken and Mutton, I even forgot to spell  
But my wife was happy, and so all was well.

A month of this and I knew I have had enough  
No way could I take any more of this stuff  
So on the way back from office, I stopped at KFC  
And took a home takeaway of whatever I could see

I bought myself a rich choco-milkshake  
And stopped at Dominos for a choco-lava cake  
And picking up the largest packet of Lays  
By eight o clock I was at my place

My darling wife was laying cucumber on plate  
And oozing love, asked why I was so late  
I picked up the plate and send it flying through the air  
She was breathing fire, but I simply didn't care

I laid down my purchase and soon had my fill  
I finished it before my wife could go for the kill  
"Grass", I said, " is only meant for the cows  
No more would I see it, inside my house"

For a couple of days there was a domestic riot

But that was the end of my vegetarian diet  
Now there is fish and chicken and eggs aplenty  
My cholesterol is back to two hundred and ninety.

Shankaran Kutty

# My World Cup Debut! !

I was at the age of seventeen  
As the future of cricket, I was seen  
In the team for the World Cup I was picked  
A trip to England, thus I hitched

I was an all-rounder, or so I claimed  
With my fast bowling, two batsmen I had maimed  
My batting they said was a lot like Sachin  
Truth be told, many matches I did win

The matches were easy in the initial round  
I was not needed, so the selectors found  
The quarters and semis were really close  
We only won with our captain's blows

So it was the day of the big final  
Experts thought our team was quite banal  
At the Lords Cricket ground, I stood stunned  
Up against were the host country England

Hopes pinned on two star players we had  
Our captain was a jolly good lad  
And we also had an all-round star  
The best player in the tournament so far

But disaster struck, that day morn  
And we thought any slim chance we had were blown  
With an upset stomach the all-rounder fell sick  
And thus I became the surprise pick

I called up home with tonnes of thrill  
'We will watch you son, play well you will"  
So blessed my dad and with all my prayers  
I went out for warm up with all the players

The pitch looked like a meadow, green  
It was the fastest pitch I ever had seen  
They knew our strength was in spin  
Against lightning pace, our chances were thin

They won the toss and asked us to bat  
And soon, we were down on the mat  
In fifteen overs of blistering pace  
Five of our batsmen they did ace

The scoreboard showed we had forty four  
I wished when I walked in we had hundred more  
For my blood on the pitch, the crowd then bayed  
I wished this match, I never had played

Seeing the bowler all my hopes sank  
For a minute, my mind went blank  
No bowler bowled at a faster pace  
Than the one I was now destined to face

Nervously, I took my guard  
The bowler came and stared from a yard  
Slip fielders four stood in an arc  
As the bowler went back to his mark

Although I knew my team was in a fix  
The very first ball I hit for a six  
The captain was at the other end  
After the over, to him I went

“Just play your natural game today, son  
Don't worry if the match will be lost or won”  
And once I heard that stirring advice  
All my nervousness disappeared in a trice

The next ball was a copybook cover drive  
Then a close single for which I had to dive  
And when he bounced one at my throat  
The ball landed in the stadium moat

With pulls and hooks I went on the attack  
The captain gave a pat on my back  
Over after Over I did not relent  
The crowd by then had gone silent

When with a six I reached my ton



The captain hugged me as if the match was won  
And when the last ball was bowled of the fiftieth over  
Our score had reached two hundred and eighty four

The dressing room erupted in unbound joy  
A man I had become from a wisp of a boy  
But the match by then was hardly won  
Only half the job had we by then done

We trooped out as one then to field  
With a promise, to pressure we won't yield  
Swing bowlers we had, fine lads two  
Experience they had, in ample measure too

But swing that day, they did not find  
And their pace, the openers did not mind  
To the boundary ropes the ball went screaming  
The fielding misses left the captain fuming

Soon he introduced from both ends spin  
In that stood our only chance to win  
But now the ball disappeared over the ropes  
And with that went down all our hopes

The captain then threw me the ball  
Commentators thought it was a hasty call  
But my very first ball beat the intended flick  
And cart wheeling went the middle stick

Over the wicket and then around  
Pace and swing I happily found  
Wickets fell in a heap  
A tryst with the Cup we had to keep

When I went out they hit back soon  
The lack of pace was then a boon  
We knew we were slipping fast  
And soon we were at the over last

Fourteen runs they needed more  
Four wickets to help them score  
The captain slowly walked to me

Son, this is the moment of your destiny”

My hands fell chill like dipped in ice  
While flowing sweat clouded by eyes  
I knew I had to get their tail  
No second chance, if I fail

The first three balls then hit the sticks  
But the next two ones went out for six  
The chances of an Indian win  
Suddenly looked, ever so thin

Two to win and one to tie  
On that hallowed ground I thought I will cry  
The batsman who came out to bat then last  
Was the very same one who bowled so fast

As back to my mark I slowly strode  
My heart I felt was about to explode  
I knew I was in a total daze  
As I steamed in to bowl at furious pace

The batsman gave a mighty whack  
The ball went high over my back.  
Turned and after the ball I hared  
A billion eyes on my sprint were glared

I knew it was a difficult chance  
As the ball I felt fall into my hands  
When the cup I thought had won for my side  
The mid on fielder ran in to collide

With a scream I took the painful blow  
For on the floor there was no pillow  
My eyes I opened, then to see  
My mother and sister in front of me

“What happened bro”, my sister teased  
On my misfortune, she looked very pleased  
“What happened son, a scary dream  
You have had, it does seem

Before you sleep I have asked you to pray  
But you only do things your own way "  
They gave me a helping hand to get up  
I couldn't say I almost won India the cup

As I nursed the blow on my chin  
I sported a rather foolish grin  
If only I had slept till I took the catch  
I could have won the man of the match

Shankaran Kutty

# Nallathor Veenai

(inspired by the Bahrathiar classic from Tamil)

Having made a Veena so noble  
Would I leave it in the mud to go waste  
Tell me O Mother, why with all this skill  
And wisdom, me, you did create

That my nation with Purpose live  
Will you not give me the power  
For this land, as unbearable burden  
Am I to live, tell me O Mother

A body flexible like a rolling ball  
That can move like the mind's desire  
A mind that wards off poisonous thoughts  
That only goodness will it inspire

I asked you for a soul My Lord  
That remains fresh and new each day  
And spotless shall my soul remain  
My Lord, please show me the way

Give me the power O Holy Mother  
That even when my tongue is burnt  
I sing songs of you and your infinite powers  
About you the songs that I have learnt

I ask you for a mind my Lord  
A mind from desires free  
These are all that of you I ask  
Won't you grant them to me.?

Shankaran Kutty

# Narcissus And Echo

It was a day long time ago  
When my daughters came back from play  
They rushed into my arms, A story  
They wanted me to say

A story untold was so rare by then  
It was so tough to find  
Then it struck, A beautiful tale  
From Greek epics, came to mind

In the Olympus valley, a pretty lass  
Echo was her name  
Though petite and pretty, her soothing voice  
Was her chief claim to fame

Only a single fault did she have  
Never could stop her chatter  
That the listener is busy or keen to hear  
To her, just did not matter.

One day to their realm came Hera the queen  
Of Zeus the supreme God  
To catch her husband cheating with nymphs  
She had left her heavenly abode

And on the way, Echo she met  
Eating her bun and crape  
Petit Echo's incessant chatter  
Gave Zeus the time to escape

Red with fury, Hera uttered a curse  
On purpose did Echo thought she  
You would only speak the last you hear  
For the rest of your life, so will it be"

Disconsolate was she, couldn't start a talk  
Pretty Echo realized in dismay  
And the curse was given by the queen herself  
To escape, there was no way

She wandered into the forest  
To lead life as a vagabond  
Sleep she would in a deep dark cave  
Near a magical lotus Pond

As the morning rays danced its way  
Through the tall Junipers' leaves  
She woke to find outside her cave  
A young man, enjoying the breeze

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The river god Cephissus for a pretty lass  
Called Liriope, was filled with love  
Grabbing her in his sparkling waves,  
He took her through the wedding vows

The holy union was soon blessed  
With a son so handsome and dear  
But in the jealous looks of one and all  
His mother sensed a fear

She took her son to Tiresias  
Who was the village seer  
He took her son from Liriope  
And to his bosom, held him near

Do not worry, he is destined  
To live to a very old age  
But make sure he doesn't see himself  
So said the bearded sage

And so did our Narcissus grow  
To a strapping handsome boy  
There wasn't a youth more desired  
In entire Greece or Troy

Of all his lovers in Greece that time  
There wasn't one more enamoured  
Than a young boy called Ameinias

For Narcissus' love he clamoured

But arrogant with his own beauty  
That he had not seen, only heard  
Not just reject his lover did he  
But gifted Ameinias a sword

The pain of rejection of his dear one's love  
Knew no ends or bounds  
Dead by the very same sword  
Ameinias, one day was found

Before Death freed his sorrow  
He cursed the one he pined  
His lover, for all his beauty  
True love, would never find

Bereft of love, he roamed  
The world in total despair  
His eyes long lost its sparkle  
With no one by him to care

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She lost herself in his beauty  
And grandeur befitting a king  
A cherub fallen from the heavens  
Who to the Gods does paeans sing

She walked up to her prince  
And held him in a warm embrace  
Unable to speak her heart  
She kissed his handsome face

He woke up as if from slumber  
And looked at her in disgust  
Still reeling under the curse  
No feeling of love did he trust

He pushed her away in rage  
From his eyes did anger spew

What brings you here I know not  
But first tell me, who are you? "

"Who are you", she repeated  
Her eyes, her love did plead  
But he quietly turned and walked  
Her cries he did not heed

'You have stolen my heart, my lover  
Come back and take me, right now"  
Her heart's pleas never reached her lips  
"Don't leave me and go, my love"

Her love was gone, her pleas she knew  
Was all going to be in vain  
She went back to her cave, never to appear  
She couldn't take any more, the pain

Heart broken, no will to live  
Her flesh shrivelled in grief  
But her voice remains, her lover some day  
Will come back is her inner belief

Even today amongst the mountains  
Or the rocks and darkest cave  
You call for her and she would repeat  
Your last words, does this lass brave

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He went along his meandering ways  
And came back to the lotus Pond  
Where Echo he had met long time ago  
And her love, he cruelly spurne

He kneeled down to quench his thirst  
Lips parched by the summer heat  
When in the clear waters a handsome face  
Till then unknown, he did meet

He bent down to the face he met



And gave a passionate kiss  
He felt a strange feeling of love  
His first sexual bliss

He couldn't take his eyes off him  
Sat there in eternal gaze  
The dreamy eyes were filled with love  
His mind, still in a daze

No food, no water no other thought  
Filled his love stricken heart  
With his own reflection he had fallen in love  
And with it he couldn't part

As his life did slowly ebb  
Laboured became his breath  
But lost in his beauty, he sat alone  
Till relieved he was, by Death

The nymphs who loved him came by  
But where he sat they found  
A solitary white flower, with a blood red stain  
On each of its petals, round

And filled with tears did they find  
Was the Lotus Pond so deep  
For mourning its loss it did seem  
For Narcissus, did the Pond weep.

Was he so handsome, they asked the Pond  
Why else for him do you cry?  
Is it the pain of seeing Death  
Of seeing your lover die?

Nay Nay said the Pond, he wasn't my lover  
And went silent for a while  
He was so nice, never troubled me  
My waters, he never did rile

But there is a reason why I cry  
When I had never even seen his face  
Days on he was at my bank

Lost in his lover's gaze.

In his sparkling eyes I saw  
Through summer, rain and ice  
My own beauty, reflected  
In those dreamy hazel eyes

And I miss that beauty as much  
As he missed himself, his lover  
But his love and mine would endure  
Through this white, red stained flower

My daughters then got up and left  
As the story to its end did wind  
Of two lovers whom love had failed  
Whom Cupid had left behind

But they still live in our lives  
In self-conceit each tale  
In Echo's cries that rebound  
Across every mountain and vale

Shankaran Kutty

# Navarasa - Roudram

(Roudram is pure anger. Anger out of self righteous wrath or the fury caused by an offense.)

The Himalayas trembled in fear  
As the Ganga flooded with her own tears  
Mother Earth had never seen such holocaust  
In all her millions of years

Lord Shiva had lost his consort  
As Sati had jumped into the flame  
Daksha ran desperately to hide  
For he knew he had to take the blame

Fires raged and rains lashed the earth  
Waves crashed on the shores in rage  
The earthlings braced for another round  
Disaster more cruel than one could gauge

The skies were ablaze with lightning  
And thunder deafened the living  
And as Shiva started his Thandava dance  
The entire country was burning

And from his locks were born two of the cruellest forms  
Veerbhadr and Kali, them the world did dread  
They killed Daksha, the sages, those alive and when  
They were done, the living envied the dead.

The world was descending into anarchy  
Even the Gods were running helter skelter  
And they had nowhere to go, finally  
In Lord Vishnu they sought shelter

Lord Narayana stepped in with his Chakra  
To take Sati's body away from Shiva's arm  
And then the Lord started cooling down  
And the world returned to calm



# Navarasa - Shantham

(Shantham means tranquillity. It is serenity and peace.)

The Nila flowed silently  
Giggling its way through the rocks  
And a bird chirped  
In the calmness, I know not if near or far  
But in the stillness it seemed  
To me as if the river  
Was matching the bird in glee

The little beads of sweat  
Like pearls on my eyebrow  
Were stolen by the wind  
Rustling in through the leaves  
Of the coconut trees  
Swaying as if in joy  
On the sandy bank across

The silver bank where I sat  
The mild breeze picking up the sand  
In a whisper as if to say  
"Come with me to the other bank  
It's a better place for you to stay"  
The bird still continued to chirp  
In loneliness, it seemed to me

A fish jumped out of water  
silhouetted  
Against the dazzling red  
Splayed across the river  
By the setting sun  
As another day wound to an end  
Never to come back again

Shankaran Kutty

# Navarasas - Bhibalsa

(Bhibalsa is disgust. The feeling evoked by a grotesque, graceless, nauseating sight or person)

The conquering general surveyed his win  
All around him  
The millions of square kilometres  
His army had won  
For his Highness the king  
And the bards will sing  
Of his bravery  
His tactics and strategy  
A stronger army he had defeated  
And they lay on the field  
Killed or maimed  
When it moved ...

He moved in to see  
The severed hand  
Move on its own  
One last time, it sickened him  
And he turned back to move on  
When the shining amulet  
On the severed hand  
He chanced to see  
And wept  
For it belonged to his son  
Victor he was, but did not matter  
For in death there was no victory

He wept again and searched  
His son he found  
The guts were out  
Eyes gorged off its base  
But still were searching  
Was it respite or love ?  
And then did he chance  
To see around him  
Sons and Brothers and fathers all  
Their blood flowing together

Fought bravely against  
Now, united in death

Shankaran Kutty

# Navarasas - Albhuta

(Albhuta is Surprise. It could be curiosity at knowing an unknown, the appreciation of a marvel or just awe at these wonders of earth)

How does the sun burn so bright  
Giving all living beings so much light  
How does the wind blow this way  
Keeping the hot summer sun at bay  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know

How does the earth go round the sun  
Giving us the seasons and all the fun  
How does the water move with the tide  
Or the flowers bloom in spring with pride  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know

Why would an apple fall to the ground  
Or the earth is not square, but like an apple, round  
Why is there friction, atoms and molecules too  
Why lions have four legs and humans, two?  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know

Why are the colours blue and yellow and green  
Why is the air, for us not to be seen  
Why is water from a spring so pure  
Why are there diseases, if there is no cure  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know

When did the world first come into form  
When were the lakes formed, the first mighty storm  
When did the mountains grow so high  
Or seeing a rainbow, we first did sigh  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know

When did the seas first get filled  
Or the first animals for food get killed  
When did the first raindrops fall  
When did the first sweet cuckoo call?  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know



Where does the setting sun hide its glory  
Where does the rainbow end its story  
Where does the twinkling stars hide during the day  
Where does the migrating birds learn to find its way  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know

Where do I find the presence of God  
Where can I find his holy abode  
Where do the bees learn to hum  
Where do the trees learn to shed in autumn  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know

What makes the time, each second tick  
What make the water cycle click?  
What makes us feel hot, or shiver with cold  
What makes us timid or angry or bold  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know

What force causes the plants to grow  
What gives us the deep desire to know  
What makes us fall in tender love  
What makes us yearn for the Gods above  
These wonders of the omnipresent, when will I know

Shankaran Kutty

# Navarasas - Bhaya

(Bhaya is Fear. A subtle anxiety, a fear of a tyrant or a feeling of helplessness. Cowardice, panic or timidity,)

I crouched lower,  
In the middle of the night  
The apparition moved  
My heart was pumping with fright

Then it moved closer  
And in the little moonlight  
It was a tiger, I could see  
Its eyes were burning bright

And then something slithered  
It only increased my fright  
From this scary place  
Will I get a respite

I then saw the snake beside me  
Stand up on all its glory  
Its hood spread so wide  
Hissing with all the fury

The tiger moved in  
Full of stealth, on paws soft  
The snake beside me then  
Held its hood aloft

Would it be a quick bite to the jugular  
Or a painful death by poison  
I had no choice, did I  
To think about it or reason

The tiger then pounced  
So the jugular it is  
As I slipped off my senses  
I could still hear the snake hiss

When I woke up I found

I was lying in a different set  
On my cot by the window  
But my bed, I found was wet

Shankaran Kutty

## Navarasas - Hasya

(Hasya is used to express joy or mirth. It could be plain joy or laughter or could include teasing or making fun of in a playful way)

My wife does not want a dog  
At home or anywhere near  
There is nothing else in this world that she  
Anywhere close does fear

The counselling line I tried one day  
The kids want a pup so bad  
With posters, stories and facts I knew  
I tried everything I had

But all that failed and she then took  
A much more sterner line  
"A dog shall not enter this house", she barked  
As long as this house is mine

"Why fear about thieves", she screamed  
"when I am always here"  
"I do agree that is the truth", I said  
"But you can only bark my dear"

With flames spitting from her eyes she said  
"it is either a dog or me in here"  
We finally had a decision we thought  
For the choice was straight and clear

If we still don't have a dog at home  
Despite all our might  
It is only because my wife does bark  
But only loves, does not bite

Shankaran Kutty

# Navarasas - Karuna

(Karuna is extreme compassion or deep sorrow)

I stood at the beach last morning  
The pain inside, growing  
Like the waves that rumbled in from the sea but  
Unlike them that died a vagabond's death  
On the sandy shores of the beach  
My grief  
Only grew stronger with the tide  
To corrode me, my soul  
The very truths of my existence  
To meet its end  
Along with me  
When?

I looked around to see  
No living being, alive or dead  
Even a ghostly laughter  
Or a ghoulish howl  
Would have been to me  
And my parched soul  
Like the sweet nectar  
From the depth of the ocean  
But no Mohini  
I could see arise  
As my grief engulfed me and withered  
My battered body and mind  
To its inevitable end.

Shankaran Kutty

# Navarasas - Shringara

(Shringara is romance or love. Love that evokes deep emotions or lust)

With a sparkling smile like a dew drop  
Glittering in the morning sun  
Her eyes twinkled like the stars  
In a moonless starry night

Her curly long hair that covered  
Her dress that reached her knee  
Those eyebrows arched so heavenly  
God, Thank You for giving her to me

She was my goddess, my dreams come true  
Her figure, etched, like a sculpture fine  
Her voice so sweet as a crooning skylark  
Her fragrance, like a jasmine vine

The dimple decked cheek blushed a baby pink  
As my arms encircled her.  
She slithered out shy from my loving embrace  
And pushed me away in mock anger

It only made me want her more  
And I pulled her back to me  
Her skin so smooth as Kashmiri silk  
I made her my own forever.

Shankaran Kutty

# Navarasas - Veera

(Veera is bravery. Bravery on the warfront is a classic case. It symbolises manliness.)

He lay there dead, in the battlefield  
As the evening sun was setting  
He was bravest of all who had been killed  
He stopped his side from losing

All of sixteen he had been  
When called upon today  
But he was the bravest the world has seen  
That, he had proved this day

The brave little lad, Lord Krishna's nephew  
Abhimanyu was his name  
As the son of the Partha, Subhadreya  
He had made his fame

He fought the entire Kaurava army  
As Susharma lured Arjuna away.  
Karna, Kripa, Drona, Duryodhana  
He kept them all at bay.

He picked each one and defeated them  
As the Kuru leaders watched in awe  
A deer trapped in a pride they thought  
But in him a mighty tusker they saw

If they took him on fair they soon did see  
This battle they will not win  
For the brave lad was killing their men  
And their army he was drawing thin

So in an act which heaped nothing but shame  
They shot his bow from behind  
He continued with a sword, this treachery  
Not for a moment did he mind.

They shot that too and like a pack

Of bloody hyenas closed in  
But the lad picked up a chariot wheel  
Easily he won't let them win

He swirled the wheel all around  
As arrows flew in fast  
Fair battle, on the field that day  
Was an unknown thing of past

And brave he fell, as from each arrow wound  
Profusely, he bled  
Dushashana's son, ended the warrior's life  
With a fatal blow to his head

Of all the warriors who won or lost  
In the great Mahabharata war  
In matter of bravery, this little kid  
Was the peak, without any par.

Shankaran Kutty



# No Tears For Me

When that time comes like all who live  
In eternal sleep I would lie  
When has left the last mourning soul  
And no one left for me to cry

Would my soul in aimless wander  
Long for you or endless hate  
Fill in remorse for an entire life  
Lost for you has been its fate

The bitter days lost in futile search  
For love, would then be a thing of past  
Those tears I shed in longing, love  
Would dry up from my memories, fast

This life is over, no more suffering  
Those days of life's lonely tempest  
No more hope, no morning dreams  
From dust I came, have returned to dust

Whither lay the blame my dear  
Was it you? , was it me?  
Even as my singed soul rise  
You'd be celebrating, for you are free

It might fill your heart with joy  
That never again, me you'll meet  
As acrid taste of parting I feel  
For you it will be the sweetest sweet

But I wish thee well, for all the hate  
And anger on me, that you had spewed  
I wish thee all the Lord's blessing due  
Even now, in this solitude

Now that bliss will fill your life  
Worry not about this fiend's woe  
This blot on your life is a thing of past  
Enjoy a brighter tomorrow

As your life begins anew  
Now that I am forever gone  
A rainy day, or a moonlit night  
When you are sitting all alone

Let those eyes that now does sparkle  
Not put me through further pain  
For all I pray, is from those eyes  
Never shed a tear for me again

Shankaran Kutty

# Ode To Solitude

I find thee when my life is bound  
In sorrow's endless chain  
When I stumble yet dare to plod  
Along love's thorny lane

Like thorns on a rose bush, your presence I find  
In every sordid tale  
You let the tears flow, yet them to stop  
Each time you badly fail

Unwaveringly do I find you  
In my sleepless night  
When my life does aimless wander  
Like a free, broken kite

By the river, under the sky  
On the shores of the mighty sea  
I lose myself in vacant thoughts  
The presence, I feel of thee

What are you, a welcome break  
In life's frenetic pace  
An unwanted guest, when you overstay  
Who breeds mental malaise

But thank I must for joy I find  
In this life without a care  
I can sing or dance or simply brood  
Or soak in the autumn air

No arm would ever wrap in comfort  
Yet no arm to stop me as well  
You are the key to a life of my own  
Without a worry to dwell

You can only take away  
The presence of a human face  
But joy I find, in my journey  
Through nature's myriad ways

In your presence I do make  
A happy, contended soul  
Unstopped and free, I now can chase  
My life's private goal

Free of evil, free of vice  
You put myself at ease  
Together we shall then pursue  
Life's eternal peace

Shankaran Kutty

# Ode To The Moon

You sneak in through the balcony door  
I have left it open so wide  
And then I find you there no more  
Pray where did you run and hide  
Here I am struggling to sleep  
Then why do you shine so bright  
Let me slip into my slumber deep  
So don't shower me with your light  
Please won't you go so far away  
Let the stars alone twinkle  
Go and come back some other day  
Your presence does me so rankle  
But still I know, the presence of the moon  
On a dark starless night, is for all a boon

Shankaran Kutty

# Outrage

(I wrote this poem after reading about a ten year old girl being gang raped and hung, somewhere in North India.)

Ten summers ago was I  
Born in this world so wild  
Though stoutly built, the world I thought  
Still saw me as a child

With brooks and meadows and pasturing cows  
So pretty was my village  
An innocent little girl was I  
Who hadn't come of age

In the sleepy village by the sea  
Friends I had so many  
Of cruel dangers lurking around  
Thoughts I never had any

A winter day when the majestic sun  
Was on its downward arc to the sea  
In the oval ground by the little hill  
With my friends I played hockey pokey

I took a break for nature's call  
Behind the hill went to relieve  
That my life would change from thereon  
I had no reason to believe

I stood up and turned to face four men  
Strangers, I have never before seen  
Hello uncles", I said with a smile  
I never knew they were mean

I took a step to get to the ground  
So eager I was to play  
When the towering men stood in front  
And so unkindly blocked my way

It was then that a little fear

Entered my innocent mind  
I tried to run but in my scared legs  
No energy I could find

A powerful hand clasped around  
By smooth unblemished face  
The leader I saw then strip himself  
I watched the scene in a daze

A couple of hands pulled at my dress  
And violently did it tear  
I saw them with a sneer close in  
Soon they were all very near

When they did I have no clue  
But soon my clothes were gone  
Before four strange cruel men  
I stood like the day I was born

Someone pushed me on the floor  
Of basalt rock and gneiss  
And before I knew the leader was  
On top of me in a trice

So near I could hear my friends  
In despair I tried to scream  
I still wanted to believe all this  
Was just a bad winter dream

I didn't know what they wanted  
Bravely I tried to fight  
But all strength had ebbed long back  
All that was left was fright

A sudden pain then shot through me  
I prayed this would soon end  
I felt him fill me with his sin  
As he lay on me, so spent

One by one the other three  
Then took their turns with me  
I was long past the state of pain

While they indulged in glee

It was dark, when they were done  
For it had taken so long  
I still didn't know why they did it  
But knew it was all so wrong

I lay there bleeding, on the hard rock  
The stars were twinkling above  
As if they too enjoyed the show  
Are so cruel, the Gods above

My lips were cut, body bruised  
But the one wound that wouldn't heal  
Was when my body they rampaged in glee  
My most precious possession they did steal

I staggered up, and stumbled and fell  
And again I did try  
A living corpse, my emotions dead  
I couldn't even cry

At that moment my only prayer  
Was that I shouldn't survive  
For what meaning did life hold for me  
What reason to be alive

I propped up against the banyan tree  
Saw its hanging vine  
Then I knew my body they could take  
But my death, to choose, was mine

As the dawn broke the very next day  
To the banyan tree, did the village flock  
For hanging from its long slender vine  
A little girl, they watched in shock

For the joys of flesh, a little girl  
How mercilessly did they crush  
What punishment meted would suffice  
For this mad adrenalin rush



What prompts men to such evil acts  
That would put animals to shame  
If they are also the creations of Lord  
Which Gods are we to blame?

Shankaran Kutty

# Parallel Lines

I embarked on a journey long  
Just me and me alone  
By the rivers, lakes and the countryside  
Which spread like a carpet, finely sewn

Chuk chuk, chuk chuk, chugged along  
Like a long black serpent, my train  
And often would the whistle wail  
As if it was in pain

I befriended the engine driver soon  
And in the engine, hitched a ride.  
By the burning coals I stood that day  
The driver by my side.

Flashed before my eyes so quick  
Hills, vales and meadows green  
Grazing cows and flocks of sheep  
Most beautiful sights I ever had seen

Then laid out before me I saw  
Shimmering in the summer heat  
The railway tracks that run in parallel  
Always together, but never destined to meet

They together sweat the summer heat  
And together gets buried in snow  
Yet the soothing touch of a friend so near  
Is something they will never know

Together bear the summer gale  
And gets pelted by the monsoon rain  
Yet a helping hand is always beyond  
To see them through the pain

They creak and groan each every time  
Huffs and Puffs each passing train  
Yet to stay apart and suffer alone  
Is those lonely tracks' wistful bane

Lost in thoughts over the parallel tracks  
We sped past many a mile  
Such a mundane thought to fill my heart  
It has been quite a while

Oft it is in our journey of life  
With our friends, a lover or mate  
We take the same path, and travel far  
Yet to stay apart is our fate

Life's journey we might travel  
Together, side by side  
Yet a painful gap that we can't bridge  
For we find it is too wide

Highs and lows, through rocks and thorns  
On a lonely or crowded street  
The twists and turns we take together  
Yet, our hearts oft fail to meet

Together in joy, together in sorrow  
Together in peace or war  
Yet that little breach we find betwixt us  
Is a breach that is just too far

But if we dig deep and true  
Into our hearts we will find  
That gap we thought we never could bridge  
Is just a state of our mind

If we conquer hate and fill with love  
Swallow our ego and pride  
That little gap we will find we can bridge  
With the traveller by our side

A smile, a touch, a sorry, a hug  
And we will see the early signs  
With a little effort of our heart and mind  
Will get to meet, those parallel lines



# Peace

Let me hear the wind rustle  
Through the last remaining autumn leaves  
For in its soulful tunes I hear  
The hymns of everlasting peace.

The flowers that sway in obvious glee  
The waves that die on the rocky shore  
The distant calls of a lonely bird  
I can never stop, wanting more

For in these sights and sounds I find  
The peace my troubled mind does seek  
Wipes away the worries which  
To the outside world I never can speak

There was a time when in mental strife  
The world I searched for a little peace  
People, places, the money I earned  
Could still not put my mind at ease

Then one day to me I turned  
And the missing peace I found within  
In simple thoughts and honest acts  
Leading life without a sin

Our lives we often spend in chase  
Of wealth and pleasures beyond our need  
And peace will only fill our hearts  
The day we leave our life of greed.

In each creation of the Lord, around  
In their beauty, peace I could find  
And in surrendering to the Lord above  
Sublime peace, then fills my mind.

Shankaran Kutty

# People! !

The honeybee danced with joy in each wing  
Red, blue and pink flowers had bloomed that spring  
Pulled down by fever, in my bed I lay  
Watching the flowers, in the breeze, sway.

And then in that garden in a corner there stood  
Trying to show off its beauty as it could  
A dainty little rose, dazzling white  
Welcoming its guests with its colour so bright

From my window it stood in my line of sight  
The thorny bush was of medium height  
At its simple beauty I gazed in awe  
With my white little Rose, I fell in love.

Then I found she had visitors many  
To drink its sweet nectar, leftover if any  
From the humming bird drinking mid-flight  
To the butterflies with colours so bright

The bees, they came with a distinct buzz  
Drank the nectar and left without a fuss  
A caterpillar crawled on its leaves so green  
And a host of others came and left unseen

Like Hygeia's touch the sights of spring  
A cure to my illness, it seemed to bring  
With no phone, no friends, no one to intrude  
My thoughts took wings in that solitude

Aren't our lives like that dainty white rose  
With visitors each day, some nice some morose  
Some haunt our dreams, some trouble when awake  
Some have hearts so pure, some are fake

Some like the bee, will a happy song sing  
While leaving, hurt with a painful sting  
But forgive them, thinking of their daily need  
The thousands at home, they have to feed.

Isn't it the same with life's many hurts  
In the middle of our love and anger spurts  
We never forget the stings of power and money  
But erase forever, the sweet gifts of honey

Some visitors in life are like the butterfly  
In their brightness and cheer does true friendship lie  
In their colourful world we should bury our sorrow  
Enjoy today, don't worry over tomorrow

Some in life are like the caterpillar green  
To devour your host, might seems too mean  
Even in them, trust me, you should find  
Goodness somewhere, and continue to be kind

For when the day dawns tomorrow, clear  
Your decision, you will realize, has been right my dear  
From that ugly worm which evoked hate and fright  
Has emerged a butterfly, beautiful and bright

Some people in life are the also ran  
Let them pass by, without hurting you can  
But of goodness in them, if you see a spark  
Imbibe it in you, let it leave its mark

So it is in life, as in that flower  
Be it your best friend, or long time lover  
Let them be nice, or evil or good  
Of that you shall not for a moment brood

Just give them your fragrance, that they do seek  
It will make you only stronger, never meek  
Your ego might hurt, the heart will pain  
And question you with "For what gain"

But no one an angel, no one a devil  
No complete good, none filled with evil  
Even in the worst of a man, who no good does render  
You will find some good, some emotions tender

To their vilest feelings, never set fire

Search instead in the loneliest mire  
And in the deepest slush find a lotus bloom  
Let that ethereal joy, wipe away all gloom

From the unknown depths of ocean that has been  
That has never seen a ray of sun, serene  
In those dark depths of the deep blue sea  
Hidden in the oyster, a pearl you would see.

Then your promise in life shall be  
Remove all hate, only love would we  
What goodness we can, we will happily give  
In unity with all, our lives we will live

Be it your brother, sister or wife  
Or a passer-by in your day-to-day life  
Give unconditional love, no thought of what  
That person for you does feel in his heart

Then like that flower, in my garden, white  
Or like stars twinkling on a new moon night  
With joy and love, you will fill your heart  
And become one with HIM, never ever to part

Shankaran Kutty



# Please Release Me

(The title is inspired from the song of the same name by Jim Reeves)

When a simple touch has lost its warmth  
When words are barbs that pierce the heart  
When the eyes have lost its sparkle, its gleam  
When "we" has lost its meaning, the minds have part  
When from distance, the hearts don't yearn  
And all efforts to mend has been in vain  
When days together are a burden on love  
And all it leaves behind is nothing but pain  
Then please release me, let me go

When every action is a tit for tat  
When to stay apart the hearts do long  
When the hands to caress are raised to hurt  
When curses emanate from lips that sang a love song  
When it is you and me, never we and our love  
When my hurts you never care to know  
When my desires have no place in your heart  
And from your heart you have long let me go  
Then please release me, let me go.

When we have forgotten when we shared our love  
And mind and body had become one  
When we have forgotten those days when  
With sacrifice, our fights were won  
When our children, the fruits of our love  
Are bearing the brunt of our daily fight  
And in this dark tunnel of hatred  
We do not see a ray of light  
Then please release me, let me go.

When you are enveloped in your world of secrets  
When our world of love is replaced by hate  
When your acts are the source of consternation  
Yet you bemoan, it is our fate  
When the entire world you do care  
Yet for me you have no time  
When you have chosen to move apart

And nip our love, in life's prime  
Then please release me, let me go

The soothing breeze you once were  
Is long gone, you are a raging storm  
Of fierce hatred, anger and ire  
Expressed in its vilest form  
The giggling stream that flowed into my heart  
Is now replaced by a river in spate  
When that river in its rage  
Is hurling at me, rocks of hate  
Please release me, let me go

The sweet scents of flowers in bloom  
That filled our lives is past, now a stench  
Of decaying carcasses of painful memories  
That does in our thoughts, firmly entrench  
When it hurts to think of those days  
When from your heart, you did love me  
Now you squirm when I hold you in my arms  
Your obvious discomfort is plain to see  
Please release me, let me go

When to be faithful to each other  
Is a sacred part of our marriage vow  
And yet you have not kept your side  
Of the promise, you have broken it now  
When you haven't surrendered  
Your body and soul just for me  
When you haven't learnt from the past  
And the past be past, just let it be  
Please release me, let me go

I do not know how I will survive  
For I know not of another love  
But I promise, I will stay away  
I will manage myself somehow  
Suffice it that your lips adorn  
When from my clutches you are free  
That sweet smile which it is true  
Had sometime enchanted me  
Please release me, let me go

Please release me let me go  
Into my world so far far away  
Please release me, let me go  
Into my life filled with shades of gray  
Please release me, let me go  
That justice somewhere I shall find  
Please release me, let me go  
Let peace finally fill my mind  
Please release me.....

Shankaran Kutty

# Praise The Lord

It happened forty five years ago  
In a small little hospital it was touch and go  
The doctor said it is either mother or child  
The tension on the near ones piled  
You My Lord, had other plans  
You decided both will get a chance  
You are the giver of life for every being  
And on that quiet Saturday evening  
You showered your blessings on a mother and son  
You gave me life, my Lord, Oh mighty one.

It was a cold and rainy winter night  
I was switching off the bedroom light  
When I heard the telephone ring  
A most ghastly news did it bring  
My mother had suffered a cardiac arrest  
The doctors they said are doing their best  
It was you Oh Lord, who gave my mother back  
Yet, in my thanking, I did lack  
When to even thank you, My Lord, we miss  
Why do you shower us with ethereal bliss?

It had rained the whole summer day  
The road was dark and slippery, along the way  
When all at once in the middle of the road  
A lorry loomed, I braked and slowed  
I rammed into it for it was too close  
I thought it was the end of my earthly woes  
My end I thought I will sit back and watch  
But my Lord you saved me without a scratch  
What more in this birth do you have for me  
I humbly accept my Lord, my privilege to serve thee

He was most loved, always spread a smile  
To help one and all would go the extra mile  
As the dreaded disease had him in its grasp  
In unmitigated horror did we gasp  
As his health wound down to its inevitable end  
I prayed to you Lord, One whose life was spent

In spreading the divine message of love  
If he has become dear to you above  
Then so be it, but please spare him the pain  
You listened to me Lord, my prayers weren't in vain.

Oh Lord, the blessings you shower each day  
Your helping hand when I stumble along the way  
A million reasons you have given me to smile  
Yet, it is only with my desires do I daily rile  
Bless me my Lord that you fill my thoughts  
And forgive the sins that over my life has wrought  
I am a sinner, at your feet I surrender  
Guide me my Lord that my thoughts don't wander  
And when life's final messenger I do meet  
Give me a place, Lord, at your lotus feet.

Shankaran Kutty

# Prayers Of An Unborn Girl Child

No no, my mother, don't do this to me  
A speck of life I am, so born I should be  
Are you forced to do, then please scream NO  
A daughter's pleas, as a mother you should know

Is it because I am a product of your sin  
Robbing me of life, when it is yet to begin  
An unwanted result for a few minutes of your pleasure  
Yet, remember I fulfil you, when you become a mother

Don't you yearn to feel my skin like silk  
Hold me in your arms, to feed me your milk  
Then watch me turn life's every page  
To watch me grow and come of age

I want to see the world, feel the wind blow  
See the sun rise, see its setting glow  
I want to cuddle by you, suckle your breast  
In daddy's arms to blissfully take rest

I want life's pleasures and know its pain  
To dance in the shadows and sing in the rain  
Stand on the seashore and count the waves  
Climb the mountains and explore the caves

When the world is out there for me to conquer  
By robbing me of life, why do you deter  
Is it because I am to be born your little girl  
But for daddy and you, won't I be your shining pearl?

Would you have denied me if I were a son  
You would have had me as your loving one  
Whether you begot me as a lover or wife  
Remember it is God, who gave me this life

A life that I deserve to enjoy as my own  
To take it away is God's right alone  
So sustain my life, please, it is my right  
Don't take it away, because I can't fight

An entire life, for me lies in store  
All I ask, wait a few months more  
Throw me away, once I am born  
I promise from your life, I will be forever gone

I won't curse you even if me you spurn  
Will find a mother somewhere who for a child does yearn  
Her prayers for motherhood, which God has denied  
Will be fulfilled, when she has me by her side

So please I cry, don't kill me mother  
If not for you, don't deny another  
To bring forth a child is the greatest bliss  
You will realize, when you give my first kiss

So stop this.. stop this.. heinous crime  
For which in future you will regret some time  
With his gift of life, let God have his way  
Let me live to see the light of day.

Shankaran Kutty

# Queen Of Hearts

(Written on 31-08-2014,17th death anniversary of Princess Diana)

Seventeen years ago this day  
A rose in its fullest bloom  
Withered away to plunge the world  
In a day of darkest gloom

As death of the most loved princess  
Across media channels swept  
For the guardian angel of the poor  
Millions across the world, wept

Chased by the feared paparazzi  
Across streets of Paris they fled  
A high speed crash in the Alma tunnel  
Left Princess Diana, dead

Born to the honourable Frances Roche  
Her father, The Earl Spencer  
A royal upbringing did have she  
The future Countess of Chester

A royal princess indeed was she  
Consort of the royal heir  
Proud and pretty, she was forced to be  
In the centre of public glare

In course of time two handsome sons  
Future kings, she did bear  
But to be a puppet in the royal palace  
Simply wasn't her flair

To the sick and poor, her love she gave  
A caress to wounded hearts  
But before more wanted souls she touched  
Destined, was she to part

Little children in darkest Africa  
She helped to weave a dream



And all that ever she asked in return  
Was on their faces, the sparkling gleam

Tireless she worked, for the poorest poor  
For millions, last ray of hope  
A ray of light for the downtrodden  
Who in eternal darkness grope

She fought against the deadly wars  
And a humane forum she led  
Against battle fields planted with mines  
That left more maimed than dead

Adored she was by the British public  
Their pretty, loveable darling  
Respected princess, but loved her more  
As a compassionate human being

To raise more funds for charity  
She travelled many a mile  
As millions flocked to see her speak  
To see her charming smile

And step out she would in to their midst  
Their worries, patiently hear  
And laugh and smile with them as one  
And wipe their sorrows and fear

A private life she never had  
No escape from the public eye  
In the midst of all the media glare  
Her life, slowly slipped by

As her husband rekindled his childhood love  
And the media went into a frenzy  
Admirable was her steady head,  
A public trial she did not fancy

Oh Diana, we haven't had enough of you  
Like you, we need many more  
To make this world a better place  
To heal more hearts that are sore

Another one like you won't be  
You are a blessing in a generation  
As long as man on this earth shall be  
Deepest be your veneration

Perhaps He needed you more in heaven  
To spread the message of love  
But for us parched souls down here  
Shower your blessings from above

From this world, you may have been  
Forced, so cruelly, to depart  
But in our hearts you will always live  
As our royal Queen of Hearts.

Shankaran Kutty

# Rebirth

(This was return after I had a horrible accident a few months ago. My car was totally damaged and had to be sent as junk. But I emerged without a scratch. The one above decided that my duties on earth are not over, yet. There is no other explanation for why I survived)

The wind whistled a soulful tune  
An elegy or a mournful number  
The night still young, though the world  
Was peaceful in deep slumber  
Oh the arrogance of man who thinks his skill  
His brain, his acts, his intelligence  
Rules the world, his fate, his destiny  
Vanity driving his insolence

The spectre of death knows no rules  
Needs no invite, yet it comes  
An unwanted guest, who saunters in  
In darkness, when most unwelcome  
A silent clown who knows no time  
To claim his prize, his victim's end  
Yet he doth come unannounced  
Never proclaims that a life has been spent

But, I felt his presence  
That dark and rainy night  
It was but a fraction of a second  
When I screamed at the fearful sight  
And then I sensed death's nearby chill  
As the impending gloom homed in  
Against the mass of iron and steel  
A race, I never could win

The crushing sound of glass and metal  
Announced death so near  
A strange becalming peace enveloped  
My mind, I knew no fear  
A refulgent light, was it death, wrapped  
Me in ultimate bliss  
No love, no hate, no friends or foe, I

Waited for death's final kiss.

I sensed in that passage of time  
What it means to die  
But the Lord had written a different script  
Death, I was to defy  
As the darkness returned, I sat in awe  
On how I had cheated death  
It was His will and His alone  
That I got out in perfect health

Even now my heart skips a beat  
When of that day I think  
How six inches away from death I stood  
When I try to catch a wink  
Why the Lord chose me to live  
I still do not know  
But for giving me another stint  
To his benevolence I bow

Shankaran Kutty

# Resurrection

(My attempt at translating a song, actually a poem, from a film in my local language - Malayalam. The movie name is Spirit and the poet is Rafique Ahmed)

When death comes knocking at the door  
I want you my dear, by my side  
Fingers burnt from the burning embers  
With your caress would the pain subside.

Let your sweet scent fill the last gasps  
Of living breath that I inhale  
In my eyes, which have drunk its last worldly sight  
Let your vision fill, without fail

Let your sweet tones fill my ears  
Which another murmur will never hear again  
As the flames of my knowledge rise  
Your sweet thoughts shower like autumn rain

For the sweet prayers from your lips enhance  
The wounds of a passionate kiss indeed  
Soothed are my feet from the paths I tread  
That, My Love, to you did lead

Then, when six feet below my body lies  
As a fresh stalk of grass, would then I rise.

Shankaran Kutty

## Seasons - Rains

In God's own land when the rains do come  
Skip does we, the season called autumn  
For week after week it does nothing but rain  
It pours and pours, seldom does wane

The rivers would with its bounty surge  
Even by roadside, little streams emerge  
Lightning lights up the dark evening sky  
The sea roars with waves so high

The waves in anger crashes on the shore  
But the rains won't stop, there is more in store  
The poor fisherman can't go to sea  
To fetch tasty fish for my sister and me

The puddles in my courtyard have grown to a pond  
And to splash and get wet, we were so fond  
From old newspaper we will make paper boat  
In the courtyard pond, would then gently float

Strong winds through the trees would often wail  
And trees would fall pulled out by the gale  
Then many a day we would read with a sigh  
That from the floods, did someone die

For two months and more it would be wet  
To the rainy season our lives would be set  
And then the Gods, seeing our plight  
Would set the sun forth, shining bright

Shankaran Kutty

# Seasons - Spring

When the last chill of winter quietly leaves  
And the Earth wears a blanket of green  
When a tender chill still hangs in the morning air  
When the first fruits in the branches are seen

It is spring time, O Spring time, the season for cheer  
The Dahlias are in bloom, it is time for some fun  
The sky is blue, the birds are chirping  
There is smile on the face of every one

The bees are humming and bustling at work  
The first smell of mangoes wafts through the air  
The early showers fills the river giggling through  
It is the time of fun and laughter, everywhere

The cuckoos sing far away, unseen  
When peacocks strut in their regal pose  
Spring is the season of fresh dreams and hope  
For his next crop the farmer, the seed he sows

The little squirrel scampers up the tree  
The new born pigeons have their first flight  
Mommy makes mango milkshake and jam  
Spring is the season when all seems right

Yet for me it is a season of woe  
For the year end exams are ever so near  
When the world does enjoy the beauty of Spring  
For me, the season is thus filled with fear.

Shankaran Kutty

## Seasons - Summer

The sun shines like a goblet of fire  
His heat batters the earth like venting his ire  
But for me the exams are out of the way  
So it is time with friends, to go out and play

The land is parched and thirsty for a drop  
Of water to cool its hard baked top  
In the summer heat, the people do fret  
It is hot and humid, and they are drenched in sweat

No one ventures out without a reason  
So hot and fiery is the summer season  
Ice cream vendors have their day  
Small cool drinks shops line each way

As schools are closed for summer break  
Long travel plans do some parents make  
Some folks travel to hill stations far  
Ooty, Shimla or Mahabaleshwar

As the people eagerly wait  
For the summer heat to one day abate  
And schools reopen on the first of June  
With open joy we welcome the monsoon

It doesn't rain, but simply pours  
For week on week, the rain holds its course  
The land that was heated like a hearth  
The monsoon comes and cools the earth

Shankaran Kutty



## Seasons - Winter

Winters in Kerala are a farce  
There is no hail, there is no snow.  
No ski resorts, no snowman games  
No frost bite marks for kids to show

An occasional rain, here and there  
But the land is dry, no blooming flower  
Leaves shrink, the shrub heads droop  
On the banks of the lake sit a lonely plover

Children play on the dry river bed  
A cool breeze flows from the mountain  
Nights are long with a gentle chill  
The fields are dry and barren

Days seem to rush its short course  
Eager to welcome the long night  
Bereft of flowers and chirpy birds  
The winter days are a drab sight

The stars themselves seems bored to take  
Their position across the night sky  
Those nights when one does spend in daze  
Inebriate, in fermented rye

The drabness of winter drags along  
Can't wait for the pleasures of spring  
The flowers, rivers, birds and mangoes  
And the joys they together bring

Shankaran Kutty

# Seven Deadly Sins - Greed

We all came into this world  
With nothing from the Lord's abode  
Yet as we grow, in our hearts  
The seeds of greed are sowed

Those first days of our life  
When our mother's arms did we trust  
And empty handed indeed  
Return to the Lord we must

Yet for money, wealth and pleasures  
We do shamelessly crave  
Not just for us or our children  
But for generations, we want to save

We strive to grab and hoard  
More than we ever would need  
Never ending are our wants  
Never ending, is our greed.

As our greatest possession  
What we proudly claim  
We still leave behind when we leave  
They do not us great, proclaim

All this chase for wealth  
When we are old we will find  
Was for nothing, it was better  
A Legacy we had built, to leave behind

□

Shankaran Kutty

## Seven Deadly Sins - Envy

I envy the birds that fly up in the sky  
For daily can they soar in the clouds  
And over the hills and vales  
And watch the little stream flowing by

I envy the bee that each day  
Hops from a pretty flower to another  
For each tiny drop of nectar they drink  
For the sweet fragrance that comes their way

I envy the little child in its mother's arms  
Of the morrow, nay, the next instant  
It has no thoughts or worries, yet  
When hungry can cry without any qualms

I envy those little rocks by the shore  
That can enjoy the waves crash each time  
And watch the tide come in and out  
Yet keep happily wanting ever more

I envy those who can croon  
For though music fills my heart  
And soothes my frayed emotions  
I still can't sing a tune

I envy the poet who can  
Paint a canvas with his pen  
When I struggle to find a single word  
And despair, as a poet, an also ran

I envy those families, with love  
Stay together through laughter and tears  
That togetherness is certainly a gift  
Given by the Gods above

I envy those happy souls around  
Who have no wealth, no retirement  
Yet in that drudgery, daily toil  
A lot of happiness they have found

I envy those without envy  
Thankful with what they have got  
Not pine for what they haven't  
Which is what I do, envious me.!

Shankaran Kutty

# Seven Deadly Sins - Gluttony

There was a boy called Joe  
Who daily had full meals four  
Yet he used to say through the day  
I am hungry, I want more

He became so fat that he  
Needed chairs not one, but two  
And the doors in his home were widened  
To allow his frame to go through

A chicken laced with butter  
A loaf of bread, to go along  
A litre of milk to wash down  
He became as big as King Kong

His parents never felt wrong  
They were perennially happy  
Our hero never ventured out  
For he was always in bed, so sleepy

One day he fell very ill  
And the local doctor came by  
"Son, I am sorry to say", he said  
"in six months you will die"

It scared the poor boy no end  
Lost his appetite, the lad  
And walking around his block  
Soon became his latest fad

As months went by, the boy  
Was filled with mortal fear  
Forget eating, any food  
He didn't even want near

As six months went by  
And the sun rose the next day  
The boy was out of his house  
To the doctor's he was on his way

"You told me six months ago  
That today's sunrise I wouldn't see  
Yet here I am before you "  
To the doctor, screamed did he

"Stand on the scale my son"  
The doctor quietly said  
"A fifty kilos you have lost  
If not you would have been dead

You have lost all your blubber  
You have almost become slim  
Your body is hale and hearty  
You look so healthy and trim

But keep up the good work you must  
You can have your chicken and mutton  
But eat in controlled moderation  
And never again be a glutton"

And so our Joe went back  
He knew what he was doing wrong  
And he danced his way back home  
On his lips, a happy song

□

Shankaran Kutty

## Seven Deadly Sins - Lust

Come here my love, come to me  
Your presence by my side I ask of thee  
The fragrance of flowers that adorn your hair  
Spreads the desire for love across my lair  
In this world where beauty abound  
A prettier lass, I still haven't found  
You aren't mine, I have a wife  
Yet you are the only goal in my life  
Mistake me not, it is not love  
It is your body, I need somehow  
It is you today, someone else the morrow  
The call of my lust, is all I follow  
To hold your hands and walk the garden path  
To partake of you the beauty thou hath  
I want to wrap my arms around you tight  
To see your glory, to drink in the sight  
I want to get lost in your sparkling eyes  
To watch your bosom heave and rise  
Hold me my dear, your sensuous touch  
Those fingers in mine to tightly clutch  
Run my fingers through your hair so long  
From your lips to hear a lovers song  
Come to me for let me seek  
In shyness dabbles of pink adorned cheek  
Your presence so close sets my body on fire  
To make you mine, my only desire  
Can't you hear like drums my heart beat  
I can't wait dear, for our lips to meet  
Under this blanket of darkness the night has spun  
You and me, let us become one

Shankaran Kutty

# Seven Deadly Sins - Pride

You who thinks there is nothing left to know  
It is for you to lead and others to follow  
You who refuses to hear the Lord's call  
Better you know, that Pride comes before a fall

Strange it may be, yet it is true  
That all those people in my life I knew  
With a haughty air walked as if no morrow  
Were those, who were from inside hollow

And those who were made of sterner stuff  
Knew their knowledge was never enough  
In soft humble tones would they speak  
And greater knowledge, would daily seek

The power, the wealth in life we gain  
Through honest means or evil strain  
Inherited or earned by hard grind  
On departing, we have to leave behind

As he trails across the sky, the mighty sun  
Looking down on his subjects, each and every one  
Come the evening and behind the lowly sea  
Sink he must, where no one can see

We mortals on earth on time that is on rent  
Indulge in Pride, a vice not worth time spent  
Is it because, of our mortality we are blind  
Or Hope that the elixir of life we will find

Pride bloats our vanity, our ego  
But like a blown up balloon, it is nothing but hollow.  
From the seeds of humility does success reap  
Where there is humility, the Lord's blessings heap

So it is time we did look inside  
Our pride, our egos, we set aside  
To the vast unknown, bow our head  
For a life on this earth, humbly led.



Shankaran Kutty

# Seven Deadly Sins - Sloth

The animal I love most is the sloth  
I think he is the greatest the Lord has brought forth  
He hangs on a tree doing nothing all day  
If he starts moving in spring, will reach down by May

I am like that, love curling up in bed  
By evening, one more book I would have read  
How I hate getting up even to eat  
Or when friends call, saying we have to meet

Only if brain could burn all the calorie  
Would come walking to me, baked potatoes and celery  
The clothes by the bedside have formed a large pile  
The washing machine has been at rest for quite a long while

I find nothing in this world to be a greater bore  
Than from morning till evening doing household chore  
I do love jogging, to watch it on TV  
Again my friend, the sloth, how I envy

If the Lord had stuffed humans with chlorophyll  
Then with sunshine and water, I could have had my fill  
I am jealous of the trees for they stand in a place  
Yet, cholesterol and BP, they have no trace

But being a sloth, is just not easy  
For I have ten steps to the washroom and ten more to the PC  
And fifty steps to the kitchen to fetch a chilled beer  
A fridge in the bedroom and then my drinks will be near

Is there an App that will break up a sweat  
Just stare at it and the fat will melt  
And when I am too tired to go to kitchen to eat  
Would come flying to my window, full course and a sweet.

I write for a living so this is serious stuff  
But I have written so long, this is enough  
So let me get back to some well earned rest  
That tomorrow morning, I will be back at my best

Shankaran Kutty

# Seven Deadly Sins - Wrath

For all the evil pleasures  
And the lives we lead so vile  
When anger and tyranny rule  
Wiping away all smile  
When selfishness and debauchery  
Are all the wealth we hath  
Be ready to suffer ye men  
The fury of the devil's wrath

When the sun sets one last time  
The day of the apocalypse  
And the moon hides behind  
A never to end eclipse  
When the Gods would finally lose  
The battle of good versus evil  
When Good is bad and every man  
Treads a path so baneful

The devil becomes the master  
And the heavens his personal fief  
And plagues, floods and destruction  
Flourish, with death the only relief  
When the prayers won't be to save  
But to grant an instant death  
Such unbearable would be the pain  
If one lives to taken another breath

It is not a fantasy, but the truth  
If we lead the lives we lead  
Submit to the Lord, our saviour  
His teachings, we humbly heed  
And surrender to Him, the Almighty  
To show us the righteous path  
That we may never have to bear  
The Devil's cruel wrath

Shankaran Kutty

# Sindbad The Sailor - Voyage 4

I realized soon that my promises  
Of not another voyage were nought  
For very soon I was on another one  
Aware of the dangers fraught

This was doomed from the beginning  
As we were hit by a violent squall  
We thought we were blessed when  
Near an island did the ship finally stall

On seeing where we had reached  
The captain's face went pale  
Of hairy dwarfs and savages  
He told us many a tale

And soon we were surrounded  
His words were proved to be true  
Savage dwarfs - from where  
They came we had no clue

They proved themselves to be lithe  
And climbed up the ship with ease  
Cut the sail and cables  
And showed no intent of peace

They pulled us close to the island  
And disembarked us on the shore  
And hauled our ship to another port  
Where ships had piled up, many more

We thought the dangers passed  
A palace we spied so far  
Elegant and loftily built  
Befitting a royal Czar

A shiver went up our spine  
As we walked to the palace, close  
Human skulls and roasting pits  
Seeing which our bodies froze

Crashed open the palace doors  
Made of the finest oak  
And out came a giant ogre  
Clothed in dark black cloak

Tall as a palm was he  
On his forehead, his only eye  
With ears like a pachyderm  
He let out a frightful cry

He lifted me with utmost ease  
Between his nails like talons  
His eyes gazed at me  
Sharp like a hunter falcon's

Soon he let me down  
And picked up one by one  
Surrounded by the red men  
We had no place to run

The captain being the fattest  
He ran a spit through him  
And roasting alive on the fire  
Ate him like a chicken limb

Our minds craved for revenge  
Against this animal brute  
But the next day, another of us  
Went down his alimentary chute

We took the sharpest spits  
And burned them hottest red  
And when the ogre slept  
His eyes we gored till it bled

Screaming like a thunder roll  
He ran out of the gate  
We regrouped at the beach  
To improve our dismal fate

Rafts we made for all

Working through the night  
We knew we had to flee  
No strength we had to fight

Each raft could hold us three  
And were ready before dawn  
We waited for the sun to rise  
And then we would be gone

But at the early hours of daybreak  
We saw the horrible sight  
The ogre and more like him  
Were advancing for a fight

We climbed into our rafts at once  
And did our fastest row  
But with huge boulders they did  
Rain deadly blow after blow

The massacre didn't last long  
The end came about so swift  
My raft was alone to survive  
Hidden in morning mist

We rowed so fast and furious  
Two days we spent at sea  
Parched, hungry and tired  
And island we spotted with glee

We slept like a log, did we  
Till a slithering sound I heard  
Inside a snake, my friend  
I saw had gone in, a third

I couldn't bear the sight  
And with my only friend by me  
We settled ourselves safe  
On the branches of the tallest tree

Next day the snake came along  
And slithered up the tree so fast  
For my friend on the lower branch

Fate had decided, time had gone past

For all his trials he gives  
God has his mercy on me  
For next day I happily spied  
A ship in the faraway sea

I set my turban on fire  
And waved in desperation  
No movement from the ships  
Just increased my frustration

And to my joy I found  
The ship turned its course  
Not knowing what to expect  
Disbelieving they came so close

I was jumping up and down  
The sandy beaches of the isle  
When I climbed aboard that ship  
I could finally break into a smile

We visited many a place  
And loaded with costly spice  
Which coming back to Baghdad  
I sold at a much higher price.

Thus did end my voyage three  
Filled with dwarfs, ogres, snakes and more  
But come my friend, be my guest  
For the morrow, you will hear stories more

Shankaran Kutty



## Sindbad The Sailor - The Intro.

Long years ago, hundreds in fact  
In the beautiful city of Baghdad  
Lived a poor man, porter by job  
And the name he had, was Hindbad

And on a day when it was hot and sultry  
Whence Hindbad was drenched in sweat  
By the shade of a tree near a mansion  
The porter then paused, for a rest

From the kitchen of that palace he stood  
Of richest foods, wafted the smell  
On this display of opulence did he  
With jealousy, for a moment dwell

"Pray, tell me sir", said he  
To the keeper of the silver gates  
"Who is blessed with such wealth  
When my poverty hardly abates? "

"There is no living soul", said the keeper  
"In this magnificent city of Baghdad  
Who hasn't heard of the exploits  
Or travels of Sailor Sindbad "

"On one HE showers such riches  
When on me only sadness and calamity  
How can you be so cruel, oh Lord  
On this subject, won't you show any pity? "

Sindbad then called the porter in  
"I heard you standing by the window  
But before you say God is unjust  
My stories and travels, you must know"

"My Lord, I said so unjust  
And in undue haste was it done "  
Said Hindbad, bowing before the sailor  
"I seek your complete pardon ".

"No, no my friend, arise you must  
And hear my strange unique story  
Of dangers, death, riches and pain  
Tales of untold misery"

He pulled the porter next to him  
Whose eyes still sported a lost look  
And thus began Sindbad, telling his story  
Of the seven voyages he took.

Shankaran Kutty

# Sindbad The Sailor - Voyage 1

My father bequeathed his riches that he  
Had earned through his blood and sweat  
But my riotous life and wasteful ways  
Ensured the wealth was quickly spent

I gradually realized my mistakes  
And how my family, I couldn't fail  
And so with some merchants and their goods  
On a ship, I quickly set sail

After days and days of wind and gale  
We sailed in the open sea  
Then we reached upon a little island  
Where a few got down to see

Whence all at once the island shook  
And swallowed by the deep blue sea  
I grabbed a log and cried out for help  
But none heard this wretched's plea.

Two days at sea before I could reach  
An island so filled with sand  
But after two days at sea, glad was I  
That finally I had reached some land

Lucky was, I in that island some men  
By some chance, I happened to meet  
Told them my story; they said my survival  
Was by far, an incredible feat!

They took me then to the capital where  
Holding his court was the king  
It was the day he would buy the riches  
Traders from far-off, would bring

The King welcomed me with open arms  
"You are a trader, you shall be my guest"  
For that island survived on trade alone  
And I got the island's very best

With nothing to do but as King's guest  
Each day, I would attend court  
And then to while further time  
I would walk down to the port

And so it was to my joy one day  
At the shipping port I found  
The very same ship by which I came  
And now it was homeward bound

I ran across the beach and climbed  
The ladder steps in glee  
Astounded they were, and some shocked  
But happy were they to see me

I quickly gathered all my bales  
And set out to meet the King  
"Your Majesty, for you, many riches  
From far off lands I bring "

The King was happy to buy everything  
Hundred thousand sequins he gave  
"I give you more, O sailor for  
You have proved yourselves to be brave "

Thus did end my voyage one  
My mind so filled, yet body sore  
But come my friend, be my guest  
For the morrow, you will hear stories more

Shankaran Kutty

## Sindbad The Sailor - Voyage 2

I had thought after that voyage then  
That it would be my first and last  
The rest of my life would be in Baghdad  
And that voyage, a dark spot in my past

But weary had I grown so soon  
In a passage of life, indolent  
So when a call I got a second time  
Quickly did I relent

We sailed across the ocean blue  
Till we reached an island green  
With orchards and hills and valleys  
Meadows and brooks, most beautiful seen

I settled down between two tall trees  
With food and a bottle of wine  
As a cool breeze blew across the sea  
I felt the whole world was mine

A thunder clap in the distant skies  
Woke me up from my sleep  
The ship was gone, I was alone  
All around, the blue ocean deep

I cried out loud, beat my breast  
Was ready to die with grief  
As slowly trudged across the meadow  
Quickly ebbed my belief

And suddenly, in front emerged so large  
A structure so smooth and round  
No rock, no hill, nothing I knew  
Took fifty paces to walk around

Worried, I stood on that unknown land  
As a shadow loomed over the green  
I looked up to see a bird so huge  
The biggest, in life I have ever seen

So it was its egg that I saw  
It was no unknown rock  
I ran and hid below the egg  
Of the bird, the mariners call Roc.

The bird came and perched itself  
Near me was its gigantic leg  
I took my turban and tied myself  
To its feet, as it sat on its egg

Next day morn I woke to find  
The Roc had taken to the skies  
Higher and higher it went until  
The land vanished from my eyes

I lost my senses from which I woke  
When the bird landed with a thud  
I quickly untied myself and rolled  
Away through the slush and mud

It picked up a serpent which itself was  
So big that it could easily swallow  
An elephant, then what chance I stood  
I was sure I wouldn't the morrow

The place was filled with diamonds big  
And stones I couldn't keep count  
But infinite were they, big and small  
Strewn across the ground

Also filled with snakes indeed  
Was that canyon with walls so steep  
I climbed up on to a ledge so high  
Yet through the night I couldn't sleep

I woke next day to a rainy sound  
Of something being pelted down  
I saw the ground was covered with  
Buffalo meat, dark reddish brown

A giant eagle soon hovered over

And swooped down to have its fill  
And carried back huge chunks in its claws  
And a snake in its pointed bill

And stuck below the pieces of flesh  
Were many a precious stone  
Which the traders climbing on to the nests  
Would then claim as their own

I knew, for escape here was a chance  
I had no time to pause  
The next bird that swooped for its food  
I jumped and held on to its claws.

As the bird flew hard and high over the canyon,  
In spite of the burning pain  
I held on to my bags filled with diamonds  
My suffering shouldn't go in vain

The bird then left me more dead than alive  
High up on a date palm tree  
And the traders who climbed to collect their stones  
Were the ones who then saved me.

I laboured back to my hometown then  
Had become so weak and pale  
Enough wealth for a generation or two ☐  
No more would I set sail

Thus did end my voyage too  
Filled with birds, snakes, diamonds and more  
But come my friend, be my guest  
For the morrow, you will hear stories more

Shankaran Kutty

## Sindbad The Sailor - Voyage 3

I realized soon that my promises  
Of not another voyage were nought  
For very soon I was on another one  
Aware of the dangers fraught

This was doomed from the beginning  
As we were hit by a violent squall  
We thought we were blessed when  
Near an island did the ship finally stall

On seeing where we had reached  
The captain's face went pale  
Of hairy dwarfs and savages  
He told us many a tale

And soon we were surrounded  
His words were proved to be true  
Savage dwarfs - from where  
They came we had no clue

They proved themselves to be lithe  
And climbed up the ship with ease  
Cut the sail and cables  
And showed no intent of peace

They pulled us close to the island  
And disembarked us on the shore  
And hauled our ship to another port  
Where ships had piled up, many more

We thought the dangers passed  
A palace we spied so far  
Elegant and loftily built  
Befitting a royal Czar

A shiver went up our spine  
As we walked to the palace, close  
Human skulls and roasting pits  
Seeing which our bodies froze



Crashed open the palace doors  
Made of the finest oak  
And out came a giant ogre  
Clothed in dark black cloak

Tall as a palm was he  
On his forehead, his only eye  
With ears like a pachyderm  
He let out a frightful cry

He lifted me with utmost ease  
Between his nails like talons  
His eyes gazed at me  
Sharp like a hunter falcon's

Soon he let me down  
And picked up one by one  
Surrounded by the red men  
We had no place to run

The captain being the fattest  
He ran a spit through him  
And roasting alive on the fire  
Ate him like a chicken limb

Our minds craved for revenge  
Against this animal brute  
But the next day, another of us  
Went down his alimentary chute

We took the sharpest spits  
And burned them hottest red  
And when the ogre slept  
His eyes we gored till it bled

Screaming like a thunder roll  
He ran out of the gate  
We regrouped at the beach  
To improve our dismal fate

Rafts we made for all

Working through the night  
We knew we had to flee  
No strength we had to fight

Each raft could hold us three  
And were ready before dawn  
We waited for the sun to rise  
And then we would be gone

But at the early hours of daybreak  
We saw the horrible sight  
The ogre and more like him  
Were advancing for a fight

We climbed into our rafts at once  
And did our fastest row  
But with huge boulders they did  
Rain deadly blow after blow

The massacre didn't last long  
The end came about so swift  
My raft was alone to survive  
Hidden in morning mist

We rowed so fast and furious  
Two days we spent at sea  
Parched, hungry and tired  
And island we spotted with glee

We slept like a log, did we  
Till a slithering sound I heard  
Inside a snake, my friend  
I saw had gone in, a third

I couldn't bear the sight  
And with my only friend by me  
We settled ourselves safe  
On the branches of the tallest tree

Next day the snake came along  
And slithered up the tree so fast  
For my friend on the lower branch

Fate had decided, time had gone past

For all his trials he gives  
God has his mercy on me  
For next day I happily spied  
A ship in the faraway sea

I set my turban on fire  
And waved in desperation  
No movement from the ships  
Just increased my frustration

And to my joy I found  
The ship turned its course  
Not knowing what to expect  
Disbelieving they came so close

I was jumping up and down  
The sandy beaches of the isle  
When I climbed aboard that ship  
I could finally break into a smile

We visited many a place  
And loaded with costly spice  
Which coming back to Baghdad  
I sold at a much higher price.

Thus did end my voyage three  
Filled with dwarfs, ogres, snakes and more  
But come my friend, be my guest  
For the morrow, you will hear stories more

Shankaran Kutty

## Sindbad The Sailor - Voyage 5

When it came the fifth time around  
I decided I would take greater care  
To the best seaport I travelled  
Carrying the costliest ware

I knew I could not afford  
Another mistake to incur  
As a captain myself, I thought  
Those mistakes, would prevent recur

I ordered a new one be built  
From the wood of the finest Cedar  
Built strong with a royal finish  
That people should 'wow' from far

As the ship was being built  
I hired the local crew  
And hiring the very best  
Started sailing the ocean blue

The weather had been never so bright  
And wind just enough for the sails  
As from island to island we went  
Selling our silk, and cotton bales

When, on a day so particularly hot  
We stopped for our cans to get filled  
At an island with no living soul  
But with waters so clear and chilled

And just as we were about to embark  
A Roc's egg about to hatch  
We spied on the deserted beach  
For some it was a priceless catch

They pulled out the emerging roc and then  
Roasted on the fires till well done  
With a bit of spice and lot of wine  
They gorged on the roc, one by one

The sun was suddenly hidden from view  
As if behind a cloud  
We looked up to see two clouds looming near  
And bellowing out so loud

The adult Rocs loomed over the ship  
Searched for their little one  
They searched for the broken shells  
Evidence they did get none

They flew away into the distant sky  
As we heaved a sigh of relief  
But couldn't believe the two Rocs would  
Suppress with ease their grief

A couple of hours were all it took  
As we were in the open sea  
The story forgotten, and like fools we thought  
From the Rocs, we did truly flee

They returned with two mighty boulders  
Held between their feet  
They circled the ship, taking aim  
We knew we would soon be dead meat

The first one missed, but the second one  
Did split the ship into two  
Quickly it sunk into the ocean depths  
Survivors it left, were few

I held on to the nearest plank  
That swept me to the nearest shore  
Clear flowing brooks, green carpet grass  
And fruits for a generation and more.

I ventured then a little more deep  
Across the meadows and shrub wood  
To check if this island did indeed hold  
Other rich sources of food

And lo behold! On a rock nearby

I saw a man, with a sack, very old  
To keep slipping off the rick did he  
A vine, very feebly hold

No replies he gave to my questions  
Yet indicated by sign  
To carry him across the narrow brook  
On the strong shoulders of mine

I bent down and he reached out to me  
He effortlessly climbed on my back  
Hands around shoulders, legs on hip  
And still holding on to his sack

We crossed the brook and a fair distance  
But no word I heard from him  
Around my neck he tightened the hold  
With his hands – so strong though slim

He now stuck on to me so strong  
That I felt my breath give way  
My head went into a dizzy spin  
And on the ground I soon did lay

I woke up many an hour later  
And found he still had his hold  
My fall and thus my surrender  
Had made him even more bold

His legs now rolled around my waist  
He made me do his will  
Made me walk through the fruit-laden trees  
And his stomach he soon did fill

And from the vines hanging down  
Calabash melons, I did spy  
Mixing its juice along with grapes  
In a cask I kept on the sly

A week or two then did go by  
The old man still on my shoulder  
I opened the cask and it quickly spread

Of rich wine, its sweet odour

I gave the old man a little swig  
And he soon began to sing  
It was his first gulp of the spirit  
And his legs began to swing

The spirit pleased his palate no end  
And he asked me to give him more  
As his hold around me slowly loosened  
I hastily threw him on the floor

As helpless he lay in his senseless stupor  
On his head I brought down a big stone  
It led him to his painful death  
Till he died I heard him groan

Free from the troubles of the thankless man  
Happy, I walked to the beach  
And waited till to refill their stores  
Another ship did reach

From the crew I heard the story  
Of the "Old man by the sea"  
How for every man who fell in his clasp  
Death was their certain destiny

The ship's hold we filled with coconuts  
Which on the isle were found in heap  
And back on the ship it was time for me  
To get a well-deserved, long sleep

On the way back we stopped to rest  
At an island by the name, Comari  
Where we exchanged the coconuts in our holds  
For spices, as much as we could carry

Thus did end my voyage five  
I met Rocs and an old man who gave troubles galore  
But come my friend, be my guest  
For the morrow, you will hear stories more





# Sindbad The Sailor - Voyage 6

Having gone through all the turmoil  
Not once or twice but five  
Having cheated death so many times  
And lucky just being alive

Faulted can't be if you were to think  
With the kind of wealth I made  
Ventured not a step outside  
At home I peacefully stayed

It was not the places I went  
Or all the money's lure  
Nor the belief in my present health  
Another trip I can endure

I need to breathe in the salty sea  
And a journey's trials and thrill  
Am not the one to sit at home  
Bored, with time to kill

Time I needed to recoup my health  
So a year at home took rest  
And decided that the preparations  
This time would be the best

Did not sail from the Persian Gulf  
But across Persia I trudged  
In a captain I had known to be best  
All my hopes I hedged

The journey long, we set sail  
In weather so pleasant and bright  
Peaceful we sailed for a hot long day  
And a bright moonlit night

Suddenly we spied the captain rush  
Leaving his post and rudder  
His face had grown so pale and drained  
Seeing him did we all shudder

"Pray, tell us why you are so pale  
What on earth did happen?  
If you yourself give up hope  
Then what will we do, O Captain? "

"Across all the seven seas"  
The captain slowly said  
"There is no ocean current that  
Sailors does more dread

It flows straight to a mountain  
With a strength that none can defy  
Only God can help us now  
Otherwise our end is nigh "

There wasn't much we could do  
For in an hour and a quarter  
Our ship had crashed into the rocks  
And lay scattered in the water

No lives then we had lost  
Rushing to the floating wreckage  
Our goods and rations we picked  
And whatever we could salvage

Strange was the ways of that land  
For instead of flowing to the Ocean  
A river runs from the sea  
Into a deep and dark cavern

The stones on the mountain wall  
Were made of crystal and rubies  
And though we weren't sure to live  
We ran and collected the freebies

To avoid future fights  
Our rations we shared equal  
As it depleted each passing day  
Our hunger, we couldn't quell

Some people died of hunger

Others from their pores did bleed  
But one after the other every one  
To their untimely death did yield

I had started to hear  
The music of funeral lyre  
The smoke and the heat  
Of my own pyre

I knew I had no hope  
For creeping near was death  
But I swore that I will fight  
Against fate, till my last breath

I started to build a raft  
For my death I won't wait  
I decided to follow the river  
And tempt my impending fate

As soon as in the cavern  
There was no more light  
Laid low and waited  
Not knowing day or night

I know not whether my senses  
I lost or simply slept  
Yearning for my family  
In my dreams, I remember I wept

Whether I die of hunger  
Or drowning, didn't matter  
I suddenly awoke to the sound  
Of many an incessant chatter

On a plain by a river bank  
Surrounded by dark men  
Having not eaten for days  
Food was my only thought then

Unlike the vilest animals  
My trips I had before met  
These men seemed so nice

From them I felt no threat

They gave me food to eat  
And to drink the sweetest water  
To the famished hungry me  
That tasted like nectar

Overjoyed was I  
For in their midst one bloke  
Amongst that foreign tongue  
Arabic, he spoke

They sat and patiently heard  
My sad and sordid account  
And quickly bringing me a horse  
Even helped me to mount.

This blessed land I found  
Serendib was its name  
As land of precious stones  
Lay its claim to fame

The dutiful subjects they were  
They took me before their king  
Who ordered his men to take care  
Of me, my food and my lodging

In every corner I found  
People with me empathise  
This land where Adam had lived  
When banished, from Paradise

A week with my wonderful hosts  
My health had fully regained  
I felt enough pains I have had  
Which, for this voyage was ordained

So I went and met the king  
And humbly expressed my desire  
To go back to my homeland  
And then forever retire

The king was glad to see  
Me back so soon on my feet  
And told from the land of the Caliph  
A subject, he was happy to meet

“Pray, would it inconvenience you  
To do this help, my friend  
When back you reach Baghdad  
Run for me this errand

To the Caliph Al-Raschid  
Will you deliver my humble gift?  
The weather is now very clear  
So be off on your journey, swift “

The orderlies then before me  
Laid out the gifts to give  
So priceless were each one  
Had to be seen to truly believe

A cup from a single ruby  
More than six inches high  
Had pearls around its brim  
Dazzling, like the evening sky

There was a skin of a serpent  
Scales were made of gold  
It cures one of all illness  
Whoever does it hold

Then there was a slave  
One of beauty enchanting  
She wore a golden robe  
With jewels, most dazzling

Finally, there was a letter  
Written in utmost humility  
Passing his obeisance  
To the Caliph, His Majesty

I gathered all these gifts  
Along with my treasure

Set sail on the royal ship  
Richer beyond measure

With a thousand jewels on his Sceptre  
And a million more on his throne  
Sat the greatest Caliph ever  
On his head, the royal crown

He held the royal court  
As the courtiers sat half naked  
In respect to the Caliph  
The most revered and most sacred

I bowed before the emperor  
As rolled the royal drum  
"With a scroll and gifts for you  
From a faraway land I come "

He read the scroll with interest  
There broke a smile on his lip.  
"But tell me my dear sailor  
Does his wealth, our country's outstrip? "

"I really don't know my Lord  
Nor do I think I can compare  
But with wealth as his and a heart of gold  
Kings I have found very rare"

The emperor opened the gifts  
With pleasure his face then beamed  
Like a child with his first toy was  
The emperor, to me it seemed

And in that moment of joy  
He showered on me many presents  
Like a slave before his master  
Quiet had been my acquiescence

Thus did end my voyage six  
Shipwreck, then gifts to the Caliph and more  
But come my friend, be my guest  
For the morrow, you will hear stories more

Shankaran Kutty

# Sindbad The Sailor - Voyage 7

Although my body had screamed "Enough"  
Even before my sixth voyage  
My mind yearned for more such that  
Any suggestion to stop, I took umbrage

But now I realized that I have grown old  
And my mind too stopped being willing  
I had gone through all the thrills of life  
Each voyage had been so fulfilling

I started building this palace you see  
My family and friends were overjoyed  
Each journey I had said would be my last  
But each time my mind later swayed

The wealth I had brought in my journeys six  
Would for a few generations suffice  
So any more risks that I were to take  
Would have to pay too high a price

But the plans we make would remain that  
For we know not those of God and King  
I heard a knock on my mansion door  
When with my family, a quiet evening

"I am an officer of the Caliph's court"  
The stranger said to my face  
"He has asked if his palace now  
You would be willing to grace "

"Don't mock at me sir", I said to him  
"Just tell me it is the Caliph's command  
I will be there in just a trice  
Let me finish this job at hand "

I took the fastest horse in my stable  
And quickly to the palace sped  
The officer was waiting at the palace gates  
To the Caliph's chambers he led



I paid my respects to the Emperor  
And prostrated at his feet  
"Nice to see you again, Sindbad  
For after a year we meet.

I am in need of your services  
Only you can help me now  
To my friend the King of Serendib  
I need to send gifts somehow"

For a moment I lost myself in thoughts  
Can I travel in this state?  
But the Caliph I believed, like God  
Is one who can rewrite my fate

"Though I had taken a call to retire  
And live upon my resource  
Your words are my command, my Lord  
And obey I shall with full force"

The Caliph was mighty pleased  
To hear thus my submission  
A thousand sequins he ordered me paid  
As expenses for my mission

The letter and presents were delivered  
To travel, by the royal ark  
In a few days I had my goods  
And on my journey I did embark

The journey was most uneventful  
As we reached Serendib isle  
The island displayed the same grandeur  
Though I hadn't been there a while

A royal welcome awaited us  
As we entered the palace gates  
The king came out to receive us  
As if we were old mates

"Thrilled am I to see you thus

You have made an old man glad  
These doors are open any time  
To receive my good friend, Sindbad"

"I carry for you a letter and gifts  
From our Caliph to the benevolent king  
And prayers that may Allah forever  
More joy and riches bring "

The King was so visibly pleased  
To receive the reciprocation  
And for the next few days in Serendib  
It was time for celebration

It was time for us to leave our hosts  
The mission, safely accomplished  
A journey back, like the one we came  
Was all that we all wished

Alas! but fate had willed otherwise  
Just a week into our voyage  
Our ship was captured by pirates who  
Were so skilled, fierce and savage

A few did try to fight their way  
But met a violent end  
Against this savage lot so fully armed  
We knew we couldn't defend

They took us to a remote island  
Hidden in the ocean vast  
My heart was filled with intense fear  
Visions from my voyages past

Their intent clear, in the slave market  
For half a sack of gold  
The entire bunch of the captured crew  
Heartlessly, to a trader sold

I was bought by a rich merchant  
Who treated me quite well  
Who fed me, clad me in decent clothes

And gave a place to dwell

“What skill do you have”, he asked me then

“That I can put to use? ”

“I am a merchant with no physical skill”

I told him, fearing abuse

“The only skill I have ever learnt

Is to use the bow and arrow”

“That is good”, my master said

“Have some work for you tomorrow”

To the deepest woods next day he took

And made me climb a tall tree

“The work I have is from high up there

But don't you try to flee

Sitting there each day you would see

A parade of elephants pass by

All you have to do is to shoot at them

And hope that some of them die ”

For the first two days for all I did

I did not make any kill

As my rations wilted, I began to

Doubt my shooting skill

Success came the very next night

When an arrow found its mark

The panicked animals ran around

But did not spot me in the dark

As the streaming rays of morning sun

Streaked its way at dawn

Quietly climbed down from my perch

And in a trice I was gone

My master was happy for the dead pachyderm

And its tusks he cut off deep

For me it was back to duty

As I climbed the long trunk steep

The next few days were good for me  
A rich harvest had we  
Till one dawn found the elephants had  
Encircled my tall oak tree

They danced around and shook with might  
Loudly did they trumpet  
High up the tree with no escape route  
I could visibly see the threat

Then stepped forward the biggest of them  
Around the foot of the tree, his trunk wound  
With his massive strength then plucked the tree  
And threw it on the ground

Hidden amongst the thick branches  
I waited with abated breath  
But I knew it was a matter of time  
Before I met my certain death

Like a child pick up his small toy  
He picked me up with ease  
Placed me on his back and walked  
With fear, my heart did freeze

We went along a very long way  
And then placed me on the ground  
And pointing his trunk behind me  
To depart, he turned around

I turned behind to see a heap  
Of elephant bones and tusk  
Too scared to flee after my ordeal  
I waited till it was dusk

I ran as fast as my legs would take  
Under the cover of night  
My heart was beating in a frenzy  
Body shivering from my morning fright

" I thought you were dead when  
Your bow and arrow I found

And the tree in which you had sat  
Was lying on the ground”

Saying thus my master followed  
Me to the burial heap  
His sacks he filled with tusks so many  
And gave me one to keep

“Every year these gigantic beasts  
Has killed many a timid slave  
Having survived the elephants’ wrath  
You have proved yourselves to be brave

And by showing us the burial heap  
You have saved many an animal and men  
I can’t hold you a slave anymore  
The islanders are your brethren”

In a daze I stood and heard these words  
My master had just spoken  
No gift in this world is worth any more  
Than the gift of freedom given

“You are free to go now”, my master said  
“You are free as you have yearned  
And you may take any of the riches  
That you have so rightly earned”

I told him, no wealth I had craved for  
Just wanted to quickly leave  
Dreams that long ago I stopped seeing  
I again started to weave

A dozen crater of ivory he made me take  
And told me I could leave very soon  
As soon as the ships would start coming in  
At the onset of summer monsoon

My master chose the ship to board  
And under his personal supervision  
Loaded the ship with the ivory  
And all my journey’s provision

To de-port me in the country of Indies  
To the captain I did demand  
Where selling my ivory for riches  
To Baghdad I proceeded by land

I straight went to see the Caliph  
To brief him of the mission's success  
And too old I have become to enjoy  
Another journey's excess

So that is my story my friend  
Of how I reached where I am now  
How I survived all my ordeals  
And cheated death somehow

"My sufferings dear sir, are nothing  
To what you have been through", said Hindbad  
Seeing tears of guilt in his eyes  
Pulled his friend to his chest, did Sindbad

"The miseries of life I have been through  
In another soul you may not find  
But it hurts to see another go through  
The travails of daily grind

These days you have been with me  
Listening to my long story  
Of adventure, fun and tragedy  
And events sometimes so gory

Riches I have made enough  
For my family and generations few  
So as my friend and brother from now  
Why don't you partake it too "

Thus ends the story of Sindbad  
The most celebrated sailor  
Whose life was filled with stories  
Of the sea, adventure and valour

But he was also a kind and noble soul

Which made him even richer  
And for that alone, would posterity  
Him, always remember

Shankaran Kutty

# Sinned To Be Born A Girl?

The putrid smell of smoke and sweat  
Pervaded the dim lit room  
And alone I sat in eager wait  
No time to drown in gloom

Born I was to loving parents  
With a mother so pretty and loving  
Her death cheated me of her love  
Of my sorrows it was the beginning

Within a week my father brought  
Home, a new young wife  
As if my mother and her memories  
Never meant anything in his life

My step-mom was the most cruel  
Putting Cinderella's to shame  
And everything wrong in our house she found  
I was the one to blame

As my step-sister and brother were born  
She had no time for me  
And all the wealth my father had  
She never wanted divided by three

It was a day after my twelfth birthday  
When an old lady came a calling  
My mother asked me to go with her  
And said she would be caring

When wads of notes she counted and got  
I still had no clue  
The life full of sin and evil  
I will have to go through

She took me to a house in an alley  
One that looked so quaint  
Bedizened me in gaudy clothes  
And dabbed my face with paint



When I saw my very first client  
I stood, trembling with fear  
I then let out a curling scream  
When he came too near

It was all over in a trice  
He left me in a shamble  
From then on my world and my dreams  
I saw before me crumble

I once tried to run away  
But was caught and beaten blue  
Next time you try, kill you I would"  
He said and I knew it was true

From then I knew I couldn't fight  
No point in feeling dread  
Politician, police, student and officer  
Everyone I had to bed

God knows I don't do it for fun  
Or pleasure or material gain  
Fifteen years hence, each time I submit  
I go through the mental pain

I don't blame my step mom or  
That woman, for my sinful fate  
But all those men who come to sin by choice  
Cheating their legal mate

By day they walk so regal and smart  
And act so polite and nice  
Yet, at nightfall in their hypocritical ways  
They fill themselves with vice

Next day they walk out to speak  
Against the evils of flesh trade  
Knowing well this is a vice  
They themselves by night have made

When my emotions hit a longing crest

Oft I have thought of death  
But my life was given by the Lord  
Only he can take my last breath

They live a life of debauchery  
An animal, more than a man  
Even animals learn to show respect  
To the females in their clan

What despicable twist of character  
Makes a man so vile  
When God has made all beings equal  
To expect a woman to be servile

One who has a mother and a sister  
For his own carnal pleasure  
Can he seek the forbidden  
A woman's greatest treasure

Forgets the man who thus indulge  
He too was born of a womb  
The sins of his acts savage  
Will carry beyond his tomb

There was a time when I too dreamt  
Of a childhood fun-filled and free  
Of days in school and loveable friends  
And my parents beside me

To get a job, have a career  
Travel far and wide  
A loving husband and cute little kids  
Always by my side

Is it my curse to be born a girl  
That my dreams were not to be  
I wish I could one day forgive  
Those who did this to be me

If my prayers are heard for a better tomorrow  
Then it is worth the price  
To a time when girls can dare to dream

Let the world arise.

Shankaran Kutty

# Six Blind Men And An Elephant

Long time ago in Hindustan  
Six wise men of a single clan  
Set out with a single goal in mind  
To know an elephant, and they all were blind

The first was their leader and he walked out in pride  
He approached the elephant that was on its side  
He declared on feeling the elephant's large ear  
"The elephant is like a fan, all ye hear"

The second approached right from the front  
He felt the animal's trunk and declared so blunt  
"Trust me and let me conclude for all your sake  
The elephant is an animal so long like a snake "

The third ran up as he wasn't convinced  
Hit the elephant's body and in pain he winced  
He told his friends "you have quite a gall  
To say this animal is anything but a wall"

The fourth caught the tail as he came from the rear  
He declared the truth, grinning from ear to ear  
"You all are wrong and will believe me I hope  
The elephant is nothing but built like a rope"

There was some confusion the fifth one could see  
As he walked up to the animal and held it by its knee  
"It is strange", he said "that you all couldn't see  
The elephant is huge and built like a tree"

The last one trudged in as the evening turned to dusk  
He walked in straight and held the animal on its tusk  
"The elephant", he declared "is one you must fear  
For I dare say, he is built like a spear"

So the six men of Hindustan, each so blind  
Thought they found out, what they came to find  
But the argument about the elephant was there to stay  
As they fought over what they had "seen", all along the way

Shankaran Kutty

# Sleepless

Things are just not going fine  
When without a reason or fright  
I stay wide awake all the night  
Sleep just eludes these eyes of mine  
It is not that mind is filled with sorrow  
Or I had slept right through the day  
Just that I do not find a way  
To sleep well tonight and be fresh tomorrow  
When the day has been long and winding  
I end up so tired, my chores are done  
I believe my battle with sleep is won  
Yet sleep I find has gone a missing  
I envy those who when they hit the bed  
Crash to sleep, they are truly the blessed.

Shankaran Kutty

## Sonnet - 10

There is no greater sorrow than to part  
From those you would die to save  
Whose memories does fill our heart  
Memories, we would take to the grave  
Every leaf that flutter, every silent drop  
Of rain that rests on the window sill  
Would bring the grieving heart to a stop  
How one wishes they were around still  
Yet we know, it is futile to weep  
For those who are gone are gone  
Let their dreams be our promises to keep  
Let those dreams usher in a fresh dawn  
For as true as our sighs, each living breath  
Would visit us all one day, the messenger of death

Shankaran Kutty

## Sonnet - 2

Why do my poems always sing  
Tales of loss, sadness and woe  
Of selfish folks and the tears they bring  
I have asked myself, yet I do not know  
I want to weave tales that will bring a smile  
Of success, happiness and tales of pride  
But it is of saddest thoughts that tales do pile  
I have to move on, take them in my stride  
Is it because alone I find  
In this big world, bereft of love  
Tough I find this daily grind  
Senseless I plod each day somehow  
No more will I make that an excuse  
I pledge I will become a happy muse

Shankaran Kutty



## Sonnet - 3

I asked the Lord in my dreams one night  
"When in your presence I find peace  
Why do you drag me through this plight  
Would my worries ever cease  
Everywhere when I looked around  
With my friends, neighbours and strangers on road  
On their faces only happiness, I found  
Content and happy, their faces glowed "  
The Lord said "Son, why do you fear  
When to me wilfully, did you surrender  
When you feel my presence, always near  
And only good deeds in your life you daily render  
It is them I love and only those I love, my son  
Do I test them on earth, for them heaven is won"

Shankaran Kutty

## Sonnet - 4

Battered by the forces of Nature  
My Chennai, to your resilience I bow  
Your people have so risen in stature  
By their compassion, when nature laid them low  
When the rivers rose and waters came in  
Lost what for a lifetime, many did save  
When the meagre resources to eat drew thin  
Dear Chennai, your people still stood brave  
Soon would subside nature's rage  
And overcome you would this angst  
But let this herald a brand new age  
Where you live with nature and not against  
Remember those who defy nature  
On this earth has no safe future

Shankaran Kutty

## Sonnet - 5

What ancient Goddess breathed her love  
Which princess did her beauty yield  
What mission brought thee to us earthlings now  
Like an angel that flutters o'er the field  
With circles, spots and lines of gold  
Which artist painted the beauty of your wings  
A feast for the eyes of young and old  
You remind the creator amongst us mundane things  
You are the epitome of innocence  
Each morning can I wake up to your show  
In this dark, evil world in decadence  
You are the saving grace you know  
My heart's pleasures in this world does lie  
When I see and dance with the butterfly

Shankaran Kutty

## Sonnet - 6

The trees stand forlorn, its leaves long gone  
Below, a carpet of every hue  
Its branches specks of ice adorn  
To herald the onset of a winter new  
Cold and chill fills my dreary mind  
The nights are dark and bleak  
If winter is here can spring be far behind  
Those days of joy, I vainly seek  
Then the flowers would in glory bloom  
Would bathe us the tender rays of sun  
To wipe away from our mind the gloom  
Joy and mirth would fill every one  
The changing seasons are the work of the Lord  
To ensure, he is remembered and adored

Shankaran Kutty

## Sonnet - 8

With a splash of red strewn across the sky  
The last rays streaks through the evening cloud  
As if to sign off with one last sigh  
The brilliant sun, still stands so proud  
The birds start calling home to roost  
To feed their little ones in nest  
As though by some power induced  
The moon rises as the sun does set  
The sun couldn't have sunk too soon  
For a billion stars start twinkling bright  
With a smile, steps in the moon  
To keep us bright all through the night  
Worry not now that the sun is gone  
Each sunset is followed by a sparkling dawn

Shankaran Kutty

## Sonnet - 9

In the labour room I stood beside her  
She, my wife, was screaming in pain  
My daughter was to become a big sister  
Seeing this, I said, never again  
Suddenly the door was burst open  
And rushed in the doctor and nurse  
I watched unfold as they worked as one  
The greatest event in this universe  
"Push", "Push", the doctor screamed  
As I stood there dazed and stunned  
And then she came after what it seemed  
Ages, all covered in blood  
And when I held my daughter close to my chest  
I felt the presence of The Lord, I was blessed

Shankaran Kutty

# Sonnet 1

What shall I call thee my love  
A flower that bloomed, but for me in vain  
A gift for me from the Lord above  
Or someone born to shroud me with pain  
Art thou the one, born for me to be  
Suffering beneath thy gift of hate  
In my despair, who finds much glee  
My suffering, life's cruel work of fate  
What harm to thee have I ever done  
For you to walk away from my heart and mind  
It is always a loss, dear, don't gloat over victory won  
True love, one day would I certainly find  
For Good over Evil will find its way  
Alone I will trudge, till I reach that day

Shankaran Kutty

## Sonnet 7

Through the leaves of the giant oak tree  
When the wind whistles a lonely song  
Never said, "I am coming, welcome me"  
For it knows to the world it truly belong  
Did the river that through the hills and plain  
Giggle its way, so full of mirth  
And in its majestic flow, stop to explain  
Why am I here, what is my worth  
Did the silky rays of the morning sun  
While dancing on the early morning dew  
Ever pause to think, "what have I done  
Shouldn't I be doing something new"  
As true as the sun, river and the gentle breeze  
The love of a dear friend, would never ever cease

Shankaran Kutty



# Sounds Of Childhood

The whispering hiss of starting up a fire  
How my mother starts each day, never to tire  
Acha in the garden caring each flower pot  
Cold would have become, the tea served hot  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

The first sounds of breaking dawn  
Is when the Venad Express would blow its horn  
Early morning, from the city zoo  
Could hear the lions roar and the lionesses too  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

The hissing sound of milking the cow  
How the milkman directs it to the pot I used to wonder how  
And then the big jersey cow begins to moo  
After been fed hay and green grass too  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

Paaaaaper, screams the newspaper boy  
The rumbling sounds of the china toy  
The incessant sound of the alarm clock that rings  
And the fresh new day that along with it brings  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

The Sanskrit news at five past seven  
It was time for me to get ready then  
The milk cooker, giving its whistle  
Amma crushing spices on mortar and pestle  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

Amma screaming for me "Jayuuuuuu  
It is eight o'clock, but where are you? "  
Then late hear the horn of the school bus blare  
And rush in to see the driver's glare  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

At my slightest touch my sister screaming in pain  
And then to escape punishment I try in vain  
The angry voice of my father when he scolds

In a vice like grip my hand he holds  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

My grandma's open throated laughter  
Her rare scolding and loving thereafter  
Each evening hear her unfailing chant  
The hymns in a tune that does enchant  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

My toddler brother when he does laugh and cry  
Into a mischief when he heads on the sly  
My sister's screams when he swallowed a beetle  
To make him sleep was a royal battle  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

The wind whistling through the coconut leaves  
That hang low as if to catch the breeze  
Our pet mongrel when he does non stop bark  
The crickets chirping once it is dark  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

The home made ball, meeting the willow  
The tingle of glass breaking after a blow  
Sound of a hundred on the school football field  
A dozen teams who to each other does yield  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

The starting tune of Doordarshan  
The boring sounds of Krishi Darshan  
Mein Samay hoon" starts the great epic  
We had Ramayana too, to take a pick  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

Heated discussions at local chai shop  
During elections, loud speakers blaring non stop  
Politics and football were topics livewire  
The feel good Lal movies of which we never tire  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

From the local mosque the call for prayers  
Street vendors screaming to peddle their wares  
Temple festivals with much light and sound

Where little box shops with goodies abound  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

The cacophony of many a chirping bird  
In early spring, with mangoes ripe, were heard  
The mangoes ripe, falls with a thud  
We pick them up and eat straight from the mud  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

The non-stop giggle of children who talk  
On the way to the school, they daily walk  
The bullock cart that rattles along  
Women rushing to work, on their lips a song  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

The pelting rain on my tiled rooftop  
That for days on end does not stop  
The sound of thunder in the distance rumbling  
Scared screams of people on the road, running  
O those sounds of childhood I still can hear

As dear to me as the sounds that were heard  
Were the sounds those days were simply unheard  
The hushed up clicks of computer keys  
The sounds of war, when there was only peace  
The digital sounds of a phone alarm  
Sounds of an ac when the days were warm  
Fancy ringtones of a mobile phone  
Sounds from the earphones of people walking alone  
Dancing girls and screams of an IPL match  
For those days, cricket we would silently watch  
The revved up purrs of an imported bike  
Screaming "Anchors" I simply don't like  
Heavy metals screams they today call a song  
It is still the melodies, for which I long  
Today's sounds are a sign of decadence  
Give me the sounds of old, or I prefer silence

Shankaran Kutty

# Stay Away Now I Am Dead

(This is hugely inspired by Lord Tennyson's "Come not when I am dead". My humble tribute a powerful, awesome poem)

On the broken stubs of wood I lie  
And all around me, people cry  
When my journey, that began in the womb  
Is to end soon in a lonely tomb  
As grieving souls stand there a few  
Please, a last wish, that You  
Quietly stay away,  
For you, let it be just another day

As the flames reach out to the morning sky  
In your eyes, no tear should one spy  
For even your tears you do not owe  
The real tears would then flow  
In true unmitigated grief  
From those who in my love, did share belief  
Let those who loved me, for my soul pray  
And you, just watch the show and walk away

To partake, as the crows swoop down  
The last offerings for this dead clown  
A grieving few still stand by  
And even they have ceased to cry  
A last favour may I ask of thee  
Never stood your way when alive, did me  
So thou shall not mine, now I am dead  
Go, Continue the sinful life you have led

The embers are now long since dead  
I don't care with whom you live or bed  
Your love indeed I once did pine  
And wished you would be only mine  
But a spiteful abhorrence you did hand  
But now I demand  
Return all the love to you I gave  
And your hate, let me happily carry to my grave



# Surrender To Thee My Lord

I have seen many a rainbow my Lord  
That you have painted with Love  
I have seen the twinkling stars  
You have strewn on the heavens above  
I have drenched in the cool moonlight  
Danced in the summer heat  
And your presence by my side my Lord  
Has made my life complete

I have known the joys of earthly love  
And of parting, its intense pain  
Have seen my dear ones yearn for me  
Have felt their love slowly wane  
Have seen the flowers in spring time bloom  
Only to wither in time  
Each step I stumbled, you held me my Lord  
Have felt your love sublime

You gave me the joy of being born  
With parents and siblings so dear  
When in strife, gave me a friend  
To wipe away my tear  
You gave me the joys that love doth serve  
And two sweetest angels, one can find  
With your love and blessing forever my Lord  
Our family you did bind

You have showered everything my Lord  
All that my needs ever be  
Then why do you hold me back from you  
Why don't you let me free  
Why let me see the waning of love  
Why let me wallow in hate  
Haven't I taken the path you have shown  
Then why this sorrow in my fate

No more does dreams fill my sleep  
For I have got more that I deserve  
Just a prayer that at your feet

Give me a place to serve  
Take my wealth, take my dreams  
For no more joy to me they bring  
Just give me a voice that I shall my Lord  
Your glory, forever, may I sing

Those days of fun, the days of pain  
And the joy of those rainy days  
The love I yearned, the love denied  
Those words of scorn, the words of praise  
Take them away, for let me part  
Take them away, Lord, they are thine  
One last prayer, I surrender to thee  
Accept my Lord, this life of mine

Shankaran Kutty

# Sweet Sally

(This poem is an experiment, written as a tribute to the classic poem 'The Raven' by Edgar Allen Poe. I have tried to introduce the same rhyming pattern out here, which is like

aa

b

cc

cb

b

b

and the 4th and 5th line should end in same word) .

When I was a boy of seventeen, on my lips hairs were first seen  
Like an eagle in the sky, floated poor me  
All the time I did spent dreaming, when I got my very first sighting  
And my heart started beating, when I first met she  
Standing at the public bus stop, 'My name is Sally', said she  
All she said was her name was Sally

In front of her I tried to shine, for I wanted her to be only mine  
With butterflies in my stomach, called her out for tea  
Told her all my hopes of love, then with courage mustered somehow  
Asked her if she will be mine from now, asked her romantic me  
She looked so shy as she looked down, with her pretty hands on me  
So pretty looked my Sally

Same time morrow can I meet you, for the chances we get are so few  
With hope shimmering in my moist eyes, I made a fervent plea  
And then I saw her eyes were twinkling, and her eye lashes were fluttering  
With her little fingers twitching, she stood in front of me  
"Yes this weekend we shall go out", my sweetheart told me  
So pretty looked my Sally.

So that weekend we did go out, was with her the weekend throughout  
It was a time of supreme bliss for my Sally and me  
Then she snuggled up so near, and in loving tones then told me "Dear  
When you are around I have no fear, I feel so happy and free "  
So my love told me then and my mind was then set free  
Oh how I loved my Sally.



Falling in love is no crime, and so merrily flew by Father time  
I took her along, on many a shopping spree  
She was happy in rupees spending, as I was happy consenting  
Our relationship will have a happy ending, so believed poor me  
One day over a steaming cup of coffee, she told me  
So told me my Sally.

Then our jobs did take us apart, and sadly did we that day part  
With tears in her eyes told Goodbye, did she  
Oh my darling when will we meet, without you life is incomplete  
Stay in touch my sweet, she said, her eyes were moist I could see  
Never did I dream that day that that would be the last I see  
As my lover, my sweet Sally.

I remember it was a winter morn, when six months had quickly gone  
Six months without seeing her, my Sally  
Then I got an inland letter, it was from my precious lover  
But my world got suddenly darker, as the letter did I read so slowly  
She was getting married to a diamond merchant, I read again so slowly  
Was getting married, my Sally

So my world went upside down, I did feel like a circus clown  
Felt as if I was being thrown down from a Giant Sequoia tree  
All my dreams came down tumbling, my lonely heart then stopped breathing  
And the future looked bleak and receding, like tide in the Arabian Sea.  
I cried and bawled and cried and bawled as cold winds blew in from the sea  
Still I didn't hate her, My Sally.

As I heard the church bell ring, and the wedding choir sing  
Daintily down the aisle, she walked my Sally  
She walked down the aisle, as people held her trail  
Her face hidden behind the veil, tread she like from heavens a fairy  
With a diamond tiara on her head, she was looking like a fairy  
A fairy she is, my Sally

As the marriage party left, silently I stood and wept  
Her arms clutched around his arms she sat, so dearly  
As the cavalcade came near, I slithered into the crowd in fear  
That she will see in my eyes a tear, my eyes so sad and gloomy  
But then when our eyes did meet, hers looked so bright not gloomy  
Still looked so pretty, my Sally.



# Teenage Love

When I was a teenager  
It was indeed a must  
That like everyone I fall in love  
If not, I won no trust

But what should I do to fall in love  
I indeed had no clue  
But my friends who did manage somehow  
Said it is too good to be true

They walked around as super heroes  
And roamed with dreamy eyes  
Shy me, with a stranger girl  
Didn't know to break the ice

We talked about in hushed whispers  
"Those two are an item"  
To be a leader, win a girl  
Was the unwritten dictum

To solve a problem in mechanics  
They had no clue to do so how  
But Amul chocolates never forgot to give  
As a "Gift for someone you love"

Beneath the trees and behind the lab  
They talked and talked and mostly, only talked  
And those traveling the one way street  
Their targets, they daily stalked

Then there were those with dads so rich  
In their Yamahas they came well preened  
With Ray Ban shades and a fire in hand  
At pretty girls, they beamed

And so time went by and I continued to be  
A rare romantic failure  
As all around in pairs they went  
Whether my junior or senior

So it was in the car park other day  
I met my college Casanova  
He walked past looking so bored and aged  
As I parked my Innova

"How are you, that college beauty  
Did you take as your wife? "  
He looked at me and said so softly  
"No, bro, that is not life"

"Those girls in college, so smart are they  
Much smarter than you and me  
Each day my meagre pocket money  
On her was spent, would ensure she.

Nail polish, eye shadow, glass bangles red  
With love and affection, bought her, did I  
Churidar, tops and leather hand bag  
Ice creams, Porotta and Syrian Beef fry.

She did breath much sweet nothings  
Each day and every day into my ear  
And before I closed and opened my eyes  
Went by many a love filled year

One day a marriage invite came my way  
I opened to see, she was the bride  
In shock the world caved below me  
I sat in a corner and cried and cried

I knew for him 'twas terrible pain  
But for me it felt so nice  
For having not fallen in love  
I suddenly felt so wise

So that it was my dear friends  
Of love lost, an ancient story  
But sad is life, for even today  
Poor boys repeat history

Did I tell you, all this story

You shouldn't tell my wife  
For when I go home tonight, I don't  
Fancy a welcome, with a kitchen knife!

Shankaran Kutty

# The Idol

The Idol

A mighty stone edifice  
On top the idol, where  
In times of troubled mind  
Or when I am in pain  
Or simply go in peace  
For no reason or rhyme  
Yet it did keep me in humour  
It kept me in spirits high

So strong was it built  
On foundation so deep  
The winds that blew from the south  
Couldn't cut the walls so steep  
The sands and snows over time  
Couldn't but retreat  
And so thought it will last  
Through time, tide and eternity

Yet a slow yet steady breeze  
Or was it the beating sun  
Little pieces of rock,  
Some jagged, some so smooth  
Or the rivulet of tears  
That washed the base, each day  
But the altar I had built  
Did collapse one day

The idol lost its shine  
The halo, lost in the darkness  
The power it had to heal  
Turned into a curse each day  
Whither shall I rush in despair  
Whither I seek my hope  
The God where I sought my boons  
Had turned into a rock so soon

Came into the world so strange  
And leave it a forlorn stranger  
And through the rocks and thorns  
The idol was to guide my way  
Yet, I watch it crumble  
Weathered by petty force  
Without my idol to guide  
A vagabond, in the journey of life

Fools are those men who  
Make Gods of rocks and stone  
The real Gods we need  
Is the soul within  
And so the journey anew  
I start fresh and without fear  
Let the broken idols lie  
Crushed, by the paths gone by.

Shankaran Kutty

# The Interview

It was a time in my first company so new  
When I got a call, for an interview  
I was in Chennai and this was Bengaluru  
And they were paying my travel costs too

Now fans we were of drinks of the alcoholic kind  
And Bengaluru was where many brands we could find  
And friends I had many from the college, so  
The decision was easy, I decided to go

Six months had passed since the last text book I had opened  
But that never was a risk as far as I was concerned  
For a job in TCS, was more than I ever had dreamt  
So this government job was never going to tempt

I landed in Bengaluru in midst of December chill  
But getting drunk in that cold only added to the thrill  
The stay was arranged in a hotel, three star  
But more important to me, was next door was a Bar.

I called up my friends and promptly landed a few  
One brought a text book, the better ones had the brew  
With scotch and vodka and Singapore sling  
The preparations went well, well into the morning

I still woke up at 7, it was the day of the interview  
Of circuits and waveforms, I still had no clue  
The book I brought lay at the bottom of my suitcase  
But the interview I knew, I was confident to face

I was made to wait there for more than an hour  
Some faces were tense, others looked very dour  
With a smiling face, I plugged in my Walkman  
They thought I was crazy, or simply a madman

"Jaishankar Menon", a sweet voice screamed  
With an hour glass figure she was a model it seemed  
That was all the inspiration I needed  
To sooth any tensions, her sight certainly aided



One big burly fellow sat on the right  
With a greying beard, he sure gave a fright  
"Good Morning Young man", his gravel voice boomed  
This was worse than I thought, I knew I was doomed

A middle aged man sat on extreme left  
With large soda glasses and hair unkempt  
One look at him and I knew he was a nerd  
But his voice was meek and could hardly be heard

The one in the middle was a pretty young girl  
With a sleeveless blouse and her hair in a twirl  
"I am the HR manager", she said in a sweet voice  
She was all I wanted to hear, the rest were a noise

The first question came from one who looked like a bear  
The answer I knew, I had heard somewhere  
The second one, tougher, but the result the same  
I couldn't muster an answer, even one lame

From there it went down like a Swiss mountain slope  
Am not sure if they or me, first lost all hope  
When the toughness of questions then came down a notch  
I was thinking if tonight I will have Bacardi or Scotch

In that large hall, there was no place to hide  
It soon was a question of saving my pride  
Then came that tough morning's only highlight  
When she started to speak, seeing my plight

"is there anything that you would like to ask"  
That for me was the morning's easiest task  
"thank you for the opportunity, ma'am and gentlemen  
Yes, there is one question I have, with your permission

Of all your departments, is there any one specific  
Which has been targeted, this time to pick? "  
They looked at each other as if we had switched side  
She answered, her anger, struggling to hide

"Yes, we are hiring for our team in software "

She said giving me a very cold stare  
"If that is so" I said with a grin  
"You may look elsewhere, don't count me in

For in software I work for the best in the country  
Not interested to change, I really am sorry  
So thank you gentlemen", I got up with a bow  
Turned and walked, before they said JUST GO

For me to the door it was a race  
Though I wanted to turn and see their face  
But the interview was forgotten, my mind was filled  
Waiting for me, was Heineken chilled

Shankaran Kutty

# The Intruder

It was a very tiring day at work  
Little did I know that danger did lurk  
In my home, in my very own room  
One who would leave me to fret and fume

I reached home, quite tired and late  
Still oblivious to the awaiting fate  
In the living room, watching her favourite sitcom  
Her emotions changing, sat my mom

Seeing me, she got up to make tea  
When my dad said "then make one for me";  
I walked past them and opened the door  
Switched on the light and immediately swore

I spotted him straight, the intruder  
Wasn't sure if it was a "him"; or "her";  
But poised was "he"; for a straight attack  
And I wasn't one to take a step back

He flew for a strike as if Bruce Lee  
Equally lithe, was the now angry me  
Took a step to the side and crouched very low  
Enough to avoid his very first blow.

I looked around for a handy weapon  
A leather sandal of mine was the only one  
If that is that then so be it  
I picked it up and aimed for a hit

I was better than him for I did not miss  
The sandal smacked for a deadly kiss  
Well nothing more then needs to be said  
For the intruder there, lay stone dead

Before you accuse me of being a murderer  
Remember dear friend, I was not the intruder  
So before for violence you censure and reproach  
Let me tell you that I hate being with a cockroach

Shankaran Kutty

# The Lighthouse

Hundred feet above the ground  
On a lonely rock, she burned bright  
For many a lonely mile around  
She was the only guiding light

Beneath her the vastness of the sea  
Uncouth terror in her surge  
The land stood up to her force and she  
For that arrogance wanted to scourge

Waves crashed to death on the rocks below  
But for not a moment did she flinch  
Badly bruised, she took blow after blow  
For centuries, never moved an inch

At the setting sun, in the fading light  
When blinded by the spraying mist  
Like a returning sun, she burns bright  
Warning the ships from the schist

How long she stood, how old she was  
She never had any clue  
She is just a speck on the vast canvass  
That is the ocean blue

Winter pelts her with snow and ice  
Rains lashes her walls each monsoon  
She watches the tides, ebb and rise  
On command from the distant moon

The foamy seas seemed to dance  
And break their heads on the jagged rocks  
Without her presence no ship stood a chance  
Or survive, the monstrous shocks

Many a life she had saved  
From a gory end, on the rocks below  
For the foolish captains who had braved  
Never survived, to see the morrow

Without any complaints or any murmurs,  
Forever, she burns so bright  
In raging waves or floods or tremors  
She happily serves through the night

With her battered walls and purple winks  
She is the island's pride  
"For centuries more", the seagull sings  
"She will be the ocean's guide "

Shankaran Kutty

# The Little Bird

Sipping tea on the balcony I stood  
When a little bird came flapping by  
Lost in thoughts, I hadn't seen her  
She came as if dropped from the sky

It was raining hard and a wriggling worm  
The bird held in its beak  
For a safe and dry place to have its food  
I thought the bird did seek.

And then it suddenly flew in fast  
Through a hole in the mosquito net  
It sat on the rail, its green plumage  
I could see was shining wet

I ran in to raid my mother's store  
Peanuts was the present need  
With a handful of nuts to the balcony I ran  
The bird I wanted to feed.

She was still there, strutting about  
On the wet balcony rail  
Her eyes were red, the short neck too  
Spotless was her long tail

Her beak was sharp, so scared was I  
Yet the peanut filled hand I held out  
She looked at me, as if to read my thoughts  
In her heart still harboured a doubt

Then with a hop she stood on my hand  
Around my wrist her claws  
The peanuts went fast down her beak  
Not for a second did she pause.

Her stomach full, she was off  
Through the hole in the net in a trice  
She soared in the sky, and was a distant spot  
Far above the clouds did she rise

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Each day since then I would wait  
With peanuts for my feathery friend  
I know she will come back one day  
Or so I hope, Hope itself has no end

Shankaran Kutty



# The Lonely Prisoner

How long has been, how long to go  
I really care not now  
All I know it has been so long  
Without any care or love

No one to visit, no one to call  
Or even send an odd mail  
No one to whom I can speak  
To tell them my sordid tale

Within the walls of my dark cell  
Even sunlight I do not pine  
For I can't blame why I am here  
The fault I know was mine

Yet my mind I can't rein in  
Those memories that I cherish  
There is no present, no future yet  
Why do I hope, what can I wish?

Trust me, I wasn't born so vile  
I had my dear own family  
Yet now I am all alone  
It is just me and all of me

Yet today in my life their presence  
I do not seek nor desire  
For if I did, in my heart would kindle  
Of passion, a tender fire.

I have forgotten the smell of first day of spring  
The smell of earth in the very first rain  
The crimson splashed across the evening sky  
Now, all I have is a throbbing pain

Strange thoughts I have found begun to flash  
Somewhere in my inner mind  
And in them to live a reason somewhere  
I hope I shall do find

A ray of light through the darkest clouds  
An honest voice, does it seem  
Perhaps it is born of a vagrant mind  
But I have begun to dare to dream.

Those thoughts that flash, the blinking lights  
Are born of my minds despair?  
Yet as long as they soothe the pain  
I really do not care

Let it be destined the fires of hell  
For me, or the heavens divine  
But till Death comes calling, that eventual day  
This life I will live, it is mine

Shankaran Kutty

# The Neem Tree

Long time ago, in the corner  
Of a large park by a stream  
There stood a little neem plant  
No one to care for did it seem

Amidst the rows of pretty daisies  
And sunflowers so shining yellow  
And the swaying, smiling pansies  
Our little plant had nothing to show.

"In the midst of this pretty garden  
That ugly plant doesn't fit"  
So were the visitors' comments  
He felt he was a misfit

He yearned for a little water  
Even which they forgot to give  
And a little free sunshine  
Is all he needed to live

Ignored and abandoned  
He wilted in the summer heat  
But growing his roots to the stream  
He helped himself to a treat

And slowly he grew so tall  
As if to reach to the cloud  
With branches out like an umbrella  
He stood there tall and proud.

The wind whistling through his leaves  
Gave the land a healthy air  
But he still stood ignored  
His mind filled with despair

For the visitors to the park still said  
"Oh that tree is such an eye sore  
Cut it, that these pretty flowers  
We could plant, some more "

Yet when even a small child  
Came to sit in his shade  
He felt he had achieved nirvana  
He felt his day was made

People came for his leaves  
They came to pluck his twigs  
They came to take his seeds  
To heal they plucked his sprigs

Yet, when they went away  
They commented from afar  
That tree in this beautiful garden  
Its beauty, certainly does mar

But the tree never took hurt  
And took it all in his stride  
To serve his fellow beings  
He did it with lots of pride

One day a rich man came along  
His son had fallen ill  
And the doctor said the touch of neem  
Cure him, certainly will

Soon his men were at work  
As they hacked away at the tree  
His leaves, bark and root  
People grabbed for free

The rich man took home the trunk  
To make a chair for his son  
And for that, the poor neem tree  
He cut it down for fun

And in that corner of the park  
A little stump there stood  
And the mighty tree was now  
A dead piece of wood.

Yet from that stump there seemed

To flow a tear of joy  
For even in his death he seemed happy  
That he could save an unknown boy.

Shankaran Kutty

# The People President: Apj Abdul Kalam

A man of destiny to my motherland born  
The path to glory for a nation he has shown.  
For a nation that for true heroes do pine  
Like the brightest star in the night sky you shine

As a man of science he was without peer  
Never swayed by power, he walked without fear  
That greatness and humility can go hand in hand  
He showed us all, proud son of my motherland

In a world where people are so drenched in greed  
Honest leaders like him are this nation's need  
We know him as missile man, yet he was a man of peace  
He loved little children, with them he was at ease

He dreamt of a great India, so bold was his vision  
To make his country great, was his selfless mission  
Millions of children with his words, did he inspire  
That to toil for their motherland, today they aspire

A scientist, engineer, president and speaker  
In the hearts of his countrymen, the ideal leader  
For millions, he was their inspiration  
But above all, a kind, loveable human

Goodbye dear Sir, India's star and pride  
Your loss, a chasm to bridge too wide  
Your dreams, your vision, your every desire  
We promise to fulfil, on the "Wings of Fire"

Shankaran Kutty

# The Poetess

She enters into a world of her own  
As words tumble on to her page  
Flowing like a ballet dancer's steps  
Profound, like words from a sage

She steps out on a journey far  
And takes us readers by her side  
A mother, a wife, a daughter, a sister  
For all, she is their pride

As pretty as a monsoon rainbow  
The passions in her poems run deep  
Her words spin many a tragic tale  
Stories, that make us weep

Her poems speak of simple thoughts  
That spring from a mind so pure  
Yet the sweet words that flow  
Would for generations endure

Sometimes she writes so abstract  
Sometime in fine flowing rhyme  
But her words elevates the reader  
Into a world of poetry, sublime

Her poetry soothes the wounded heart  
Like a little child's sweet kiss  
On a magic carpet does it take  
The reader, to a state of bliss

Of flowers, rains, a departed soul  
Pains and hurts that do get worse  
Of children, their toys and of a cat on the street  
She paints in a canvas with colourful verse

A magic world, or one of her dreams  
The cheerful presence of flowers in spring  
With words in a flow that leaves me in awe  
So smoothly, does she with her poetry, sing

For one whom poetry has oft left dry  
She flows like the mighty Ganges river  
Like the waves that crash in from the ocean  
I want her to write forever

The world of dreams she has so far spun  
She was born to write, does it seem  
The smiles, the tears, her poetry evokes  
For a budding poet, I can only dream

If a poet is a gift of God  
And poetry his way to bless  
Then a blessed gift of God is she  
My friend, my sister, my poetess

Shankaran Kutty



# The Sculptor

He chirped and chipped at the hard rock face  
Of great passion, driven was he  
As the best sculptor he hoped his name was made  
And his name spread across the sea

Great plans he harbored in his mind  
Of a sculpture so grand and tall  
That gently swayed in the summer wind  
And was liked by one and all

And thus it was he trudged up the hill  
And down the old stone quarry  
To get the best stone for his work was his will  
And for that he had to hurry

"Don't do it dear", his sister said  
"That rock is too soft to hold."  
A village prayed on the quarry bed  
Watching the danger unfold

"And if it will that you be gone,  
Then keep this close to you",  
She gave the ring to her brother her own  
One she loved so true

Obstinate was he and never heard a word  
That was told to him with love  
I will get the best stone for me, he vowed  
As the rain clouds gathered above

And so he chipped with all his might  
As the rain came pouring down  
As thunder rolled and in failing light  
When fear gripped the entire town

He never heard the gravel rumble  
The world gave way beneath his feet  
The rocks above started to slide and tumble  
His face went pale as a sheet.

&quot;I should have listened to you sis&quot;;, he cried  
When the rock hit him on the arm  
When people came running to help they spied  
The ring clutched tightly in his palm

His sister's eyes, he woke to see  
Were filled with untold sorrow  
&quot;No sis, please don't do this to me  
Just cant take, I am sure you know.&quot;;

He groaned, he cried, his hands twitched in pain  
His heart was filled with guilt  
All the worlds fame he knew was no gain  
When with his sister's tears were built

He clasped her hands, eyes pleading  
&quot;Sis, I will never repeat this ever&quot;;  
Her sorrows gone, she said, sighing,  
&quot;Bro, I need you forever.&quot;;.

So he resolved, to be her &quot;good boy&quot;;  
His sister's sweet smile his aim  
Her love and affection his ultimate joy  
And thus he made a great name

Shankaran Kutty

# The Scum

(This is based on a true incident. Of how a mother asked her lover to kill her own husband and child, so that they can elope and lead a life together. he has been given capital punishment and she, double life terms. But irrespective of all that, the incident created a huge shock, as I still cant imagine how a mother can kill her own 4 year old child for carnal pleasures.) .

What is it this thing called love  
Isn't it the presence of the Lord  
The spark that lights a lonely heart  
That from one heart to another, poured

And of all the love that fill our hearts  
The one that is most sublime  
Is the one that flows from a mother's heart  
Yet, a mother did commit this crime

She was a wife, a mother, a daughter  
Her daughter so cute and dear  
All of four, when the sun goes down  
Her mother is all she wants near

She fell in love with her colleague, at work  
Which by itself wasn't fair  
For with a loving husband and a lovelier daughter  
Why did she stray elsewhere

Can Love make so evil, a mortal soul  
Can it make her so blind  
To despise those who loved her the most  
To cause her to lose her mind

So did she with her paramour  
Her future life, conspire  
Far away, just the two of them  
A life, she did aspire

But to get her vile pleasures a price  
She knew she had to pay

Her loving husband, her little angel  
She wanted out of her way

Oh! The human mind in its grotesque ways  
Can be filled with such evil and greed  
That to call them animals would put those gentle  
Beasts to shame indeed

So one day, she sent her lover  
On a mission that can't be more cruel  
That little one and her grandmother  
Were hacked to death, so brutal

Then he waited for the husband to be home  
And hacked him too, leaving presumed dead  
And quietly from the scene of crime  
The monster then quietly fled.

But the long arms of law caught up with them  
To unravel tales of sin and sleaze  
Of two minds that were most depraved  
And acts that would any sane heart freeze

He has been sentenced to death by hanging  
She, to decades in prison  
Each night for her would certainly haunt  
The last cries of her little one

Would she have cried out for her Mother to help  
Would she have screamed that time in fright  
Would she have known her messenger of death  
Was sent by her mother she hugged at night

Even the vilest of animals in the forests wild  
Would guard their offspring till their death  
Then as what form of life was she born to send  
Her daughter to death for pleasure and wealth

Perhaps for the evil that mankind does  
Are born such scum to roam the earth  
To remind us not to lose touch with the Lord  
Does he send these devils to be given birth

Shankaran Kutty

# The Silly Box

It is not without reason  
That I think it is close to treason  
To have at home  
And it is almost the norm  
This idiot box  
To which every child flocks  
Whether night or day  
There is escape, no way

In every sense  
It insults my intelligence  
For it is the serials they care about  
And never go out  
I wish they would fight  
Or hold each other tight  
Maul each other  
At least talk to one another

I have tried in vain  
To keep my kids sane  
Used up every trick  
The carrot and the stick  
But I am at the end of my wit  
For they are still stuck to it  
What more can I do  
Other than break it into two

There is no time to talk  
Or a walk in the park  
They have forgotten to think  
In front of it, they eat and drink  
Seeing it they laugh and weep  
Or sometimes there itself they sleep  
How I wish I had been  
Born in an era before this idiot screen

They call it education  
But my main consternation  
And this, I do really dread

That imagination is dead  
In a world of make believe  
Do they today live  
The half naked beauty and gorgeous hunk  
How much more should I suffer this junk

One day my niece  
Told me this piece  
Uncle please say  
By what magical way  
Did you survive  
And stay alive  
For you say when you were born  
There was no TV to turn on "

I told her "My dear  
Those days our minds were clear  
In the burning sun  
Playing was fun  
Cricket and football  
Replaced this box on the wall  
And it is only after the sun set  
Returned home drenched in sweat "

She looked so fazed  
And looked at me amazed  
And burst into laughter  
As if I grew on Jupiter  
And it was then I realized  
If we want our kids to be civilized  
And as sensible children grow  
This idiot box should go out the window

Shankaran Kutty

# The Victory

Fear not, now that you lie on your father's lap  
As the warmest blanket around you wrap  
The war is over, the victory won  
So arise, and claim your kingdom my son

I know you were scared of the bugle's call  
Battles you said will only lead to downfall  
Forgive me my son, no more battles will I lead  
Forgive this father, for his folly and greed

I know you wanted to do a lot of good  
Not make wars and battles a means of livelihood  
Yet for your father, you came out to fight  
You fought bravely son, through day and night

Listen my son, to the victory roar  
To spread the message, see the pigeons soar  
Your mother awaits to receive her victorious son  
The kingdom awaits its chosen one

Hear them my son, for you they are celebrating  
For you the streets are dancing, for you the drums are beating  
Through the night they celebrate, without food or sleep  
Yet here I sit and mourn and over your body weep

The enemy is vanquished, the losers have fled  
Yet hollow this victory, for my son lies dead  
He doesn't see the fireworks that light up the night sky  
Even my tears have dried, no more have I to cry

The lights are blinding, the night still young  
The victory songs I hear are for me dirges sung  
Wallow I deep in my tears and sorrow  
Will the sun rise to herald a brighter tomorrow.

Shankaran Kutty



# The Watermelon

Big and heavy and green and round and juicy red inside  
My buyer put me in the car and I rolled on the floor inside  
His little girl tried to lift me and was scolded till no end  
"You drop it on your leg and at the doctor I have to spend "

He carried me home as if I was Olympic shot put ball  
And placed me on the bamboo table in the living room hall  
Then his mother came and poked me with a knife on my side  
And cut me through my stripes of which I did always pride

And then she proudly declared for all in the house to hear  
"It is good you bought a water melon but let me make it clear  
This melon although big and pretty, has a long way to be ripe  
The things they sell in the market nowadays, are nothing but such tripe"

How I wished I could roll off the table and on to her tiny feet  
But then I knew I could only dream of such an impossible feat  
Don't they know that my life is set, not for me but others  
And I have to bear such nonsense from the owners and their mothers

I was cut and served to all as a welcome summer treat  
There isn't there a better food to survive the summer heat  
Some wanted to crush me and squeeze me and serve me as a fresh cold juice  
Grandpa wanted me served in a silver plate, after dinner and nine o'clock news

The little girl wanted me as a topping on her scoop of chocolate ice cream  
The grandma said I wasn't ripe and so she would have even in her dream  
The master came by and cut and carved me with a vegetable carving knife  
Then proudly showed his sculpting skills to his young and beautiful wife

Pretty soon all that was left of me was my skin and bright green shell  
But knowing I fed so many hungry mouths, I felt so happy and swell  
And that last surviving part was fed to their big, red Jersey cow  
And so it is from her stomach, that I am telling this story now!

And so you have heard the story of a poor hapless water melon  
Of how they treat us worse, than the world's most dangerous felon  
But yet you need us as a summer food for your thirsty tribe  
Or as a topic to write poems on, for a clueless scribe

Shankaran Kutty

# Thoughts On New Year Eve

One full Year I have known her close  
She has made me laugh, she has made me cry  
She has given me hope, yet with no regrets  
I shall let her - year 2015, go by

Most of it will pass off with time  
Yet, some memories so strong to keep  
New resolves, new beginnings  
Hope this year I will peacefully sleep

A year so placid, yet one where I came  
Face to face with Father Death  
Cheated him, yet find myself  
A year older, in worsening health

A Year I found that those who care  
For me, did strengthen our bonding  
Them for whom each day in life  
Has multiplied, my yearning

Then there were those who in my life  
Has chosen to gift much pain  
Them for whom their love for me  
Did steadily over the year, wane

I can choose to moan or choose to ignore  
My choice in life is clear  
I shall not carry any baggage of hurt  
To burden my life this New Year

Remove them I will as a painful wart  
They shall not alter my fate  
For this year when I start anew  
I will with a clean slate

Let this New Year start afresh  
Let it light up with rays of hope  
Let us all with acts of kindness  
Trudge up life's slippery slope

In this New Year, let fresh flowers bloom  
In every garden of love  
To break down walls of religious hate  
Let us all take an oath now

Let it bring joy, let it bring smiles  
And peace for the entire mankind  
Where there was tear -smile, despair -hope  
And the hungry, food they shall find

Whether you are rich or whether you are poor  
Let every soul be filled with cheer  
Let the drums roll, the celebrations begin  
To Welcome a fabulous New Year

Shankaran Kutty

# Tiger Of Tiger Hill

("The Kargil war is an undeniable proud moment of Indian history. But this act I describe here is a fictitious one. there were many like the hero of this poem, who made that victory possible.")

He was a young and sprightly and bonny little lad  
He was the best, my brigade ever had  
He scaled the Kargil peaks till a single act  
Left him dying, now lying on my lap.

He was so young, just twenty two  
With a mother and brother and a widowed sister too  
"You should come sir", he would say with a sigh  
"Cool mountain rivers and fields of rye "

He was so sweet and talked a lot  
He spoke of the fights, with his brother had fought  
And how his sister with her eyes so bright  
Would plead with them, to stop the fight

His father was a martyr, an officer brave  
His mother, for whose love, he daily does crave  
Her roti and dal he says he yearns a lot  
He wanted to go home, to have them hot

Every time I met him, I saw his eyes gleam  
Very soon he was, the darling of the team  
For games and work he would always lead  
He was there for all, in times of need

The peaceful days in Himalayan cold  
Were to end quite soon for the jawans, bold  
The enemy barged in on our peaks tall  
From Drass to Tiger Hill they captured them all

For a soldier, there is no greater adrenal rush  
Than his vilest enemies in a war, crush  
As the air filled with gun shot noise  
Above it all, we heard a human noise

"Let us take them on" did scream he  
On the lad's face, I spotted his glee  
Never on his face did I see any fright  
As for the assault we waited for night

And then in the night when all was still  
We scaled the rocky face of Tiger Hill  
On the jagged rocks with no sure hold  
Made all the worse by the freezing cold

As the howling winds brought our hearts to stop  
Inch by inch we clawed to the top  
The enemy we knew in wait did lie  
But not one of us was scared to die

The brave young lad did lead our way  
It was real war, not simulation play  
Steeled by the desire to reclaim our own  
We swiftly reached the peak by dawn

The enemy soldiers were taken by surprise  
The lad took two before they could even rise  
On that barren peak with no place to hide  
We were far less in numbers, but driven by pride

He danced around like a boxer in a ring  
A song I thought, I heard him sing  
He fought his way through, though the end was near  
For him death was glory, not something to fear

One by one our brethren fell  
The enemy ranks just seemed to swell  
Wounded and unarmed I stood alarmed  
With his bayonet in hand, a soldier at me he charged

'Bharat Mata ki Jai", I did loudly scream  
To die for his motherland, is a soldier's dream  
As I waited for my death, no fear did I show  
When from where he came, I will never know

As the bayonet plunged, the lad was in front of me  
'Vande Mataram", softly stuttered did he

I pulled out his gun and blew the enemy's head  
As we fell, and down the slope we sped

We landed on a ridge on the mountain slope  
To win the battle we had lost all hope  
'Why did you do this? " I wanted to ask  
"We needed you more, to finish our task"

"Sir, to my mother back home will you tell my story  
By dying for my country, I have attained greatest glory  
That in the tough field of battle, I did not flinch  
Never took a step back, only forward by each inch

Tell her, her son never did cry  
That for my country, till my end did try  
These tears that flow are not from pain  
It is because my efforts, are being in vain"

Then I heard the distant sound  
Our fighter planes, our place had found  
As they swooped in for the kill  
In no time we had freed Tiger Hill.

As I watched the tricolour flutter proud  
'Vande Mataram", I cried out loud  
I picked up the lad and held him to my breast  
"Arise..son, you simply are the best

Look up and see, the battle is won  
Arise my son, our work is done "  
But he never heard a word I said  
On my lap he lay, blissfully dead.

Many a summer has since gone by  
As a soldier, I climbed many rungs so high  
But when I think of the lad my heart stands still  
I bow to the Tiger of Tiger Hill.

Shankaran Kutty

# To My Daughter Before Her Exams

What can I tell you my dear  
You have grown up to be past fifteen  
But unlike your dad at that age  
You have grown without any fear  
Without any fear of what the future  
Has stacked in its surprise box .  
I swell proud when I see you confident  
And your dreams you fearlessly nurture

You have seen the world much more  
Than I ever did, your age  
Which is why I feel you are ready  
To face what the future has in store  
Now as you reach the first landmark  
Ready for life's first hurdle, remember  
The path of life is seldom well lit  
Rather go through winding alleys dark

Worry not of A plus or hundred  
Worry not what the world tells you  
Ask yourself if you have given it all  
Then the exams, why do you dread.  
You are your dad's dreams, his hope  
The shining moon, his brightest star  
You can outshine him each and every day  
These silly exams, you can easily cope

I remember the day those little fingers curled  
Around my finger, as you took the first step  
Today you are ready for life's first leap  
Across the chasm, to conquer the world  
So aim for the stars and not the cloud  
The world is laid bare for you  
To take the first stride, to conquer  
And thereby make your dad so proud

Go ahead and choose what you want in life  
Choose for yourself not what others want  
Then aim for it and make it your goal



Pave the path with your sweat and strife  
And the day you write your own story  
That would be the day you make me glad  
That would be the day I will stand tall and proud  
That is the way you will crown me with glory.

Shankaran Kutty

# To My Daughters

You are the pretty flowers that bloomed  
On my life's romantic vine  
The most precious possessions I have  
What is truly mine

Those little fingers curled around mine  
As you first learnt to walk  
You stumbled and fell, but filled me with joy  
When the first words you learnt to talk.

Your smiles, your giggles and naughty acts  
And when you did cry in pain  
I still remember, as I do the day  
I let you play in the rain

Now you are two big grown up girls  
Your wings are ready to fly  
And soon one day, Acha's darlings  
Would be soaring in the sky.

And before that give me a little chance  
To say a word or two  
To grow up as two fine little women  
Most loved, should be both of you.

The greatest joys that one can find  
Are in give, more than in take  
Little acts of sacrifice  
Do great lives make

Beware of the greatest enemy  
The fearful force of anger  
Victory shall be yours in life  
If that you can conquer

Every word you speak in anger  
Shows you in poorest light  
To forgive is far more tough  
Than in anger, fight

The greatest people in history  
In humility found their pride  
For true greatness does not need  
Vanity by her side

Learn to respect your elders  
And not to shout or be rude  
It doesn't belittle them, but  
Shows yourself to be crude

No mountain falls, no irreparable loss  
Happens when you say sorry  
But when you do, over your Ego  
You claim the ultimate victory

Someday you will fly away  
And be part of your own family  
That should be your first circle of love  
Spend time with them daily

May you become a loving mother  
And a most dutiful wife  
Let togetherness and happy smiles  
Always fill your life

These little words of wisdom  
Which comes from a dad's experience  
May it shine like a lighted path  
And form your life's very essence

Grow up to be brave and bold women  
And win over the traits of the meek  
Then the kingdom of happiness shall be yours  
You will find peace everywhere you seek

Shankaran Kutty

# To The Bovines On The Roads Of Chennai

If you don't like being called a buffalo  
I will happily call you a jolly good fellow  
And you Madam, my dear holy cow  
Please do get off my streets some how

At the sight of you I scramble to lower my gear  
And my whole body starts shivering with fear  
On the highways where we go at high speed  
On a summer vacation, your family why lead?

Last week a guy did brake and skid  
And fell into the ditch along with his kid  
And a girl in a hurry who crossed the road  
Got knocked down by you, you were playing when bored

In the dark night, when it is pitch dark  
In the middle of the road, why do you park?  
As if drunk, you always do swagger  
With your size, us humans why bother?

When I saw you toss a dog with that horn  
So scared was I, wished I never was born  
How is it you have such a cute calf  
But cute you aren't, even by half

On the tarred roads, what do you feed  
Then to slowly saunter, what is the need  
All the dust, smoke and sound pollution  
Couldn't you do without all that confusion

I for one would heave a sigh of relief  
If you end up on my table as roasted beef  
Those roads are made from the tax I pay  
So it is high time you got out of my way

Trust me, I don't despise anything bovine  
In fact happy am I to see you divine  
But in a temple or farm, why don't you stay  
And leave me free to ride my highway

I will get you enough hay and grass  
And hang a bell of shining brass  
Ask me if on your horns you want a fan  
For peace of mind, I will do all I can

So next time I do drive on the road  
I don't want to see you and your herd  
We will pray to you as a being divine  
But the roads, I am certain, I want it to be mine

Shankaran Kutty

# Tomb Of The Unknown Soldier

I once went for a walk all alone  
Across the countryside  
When I spotted the tomb of a soldier unknown  
Who died for my nation with pride

To fight till the battle is won  
For his country, he had vowed  
A father, son, a husband faithful  
He would have made his near ones proud

Somewhere, perhaps alive or dead  
Are those who held him dear  
Them who when his body was brought  
Would have shed many a tear

Perhaps on the battle field  
The lad had made a name  
He lived and died for the land he loved  
Not for any money or fame.

The tomb was covered in leaves so dry  
That fell in the summer heat  
I am sure for his motherland, with a smile  
Death, he did greet

I moved the leaves to find engraved  
In fading words on the stone  
&quot;Here lies him who lived for all  
Yet in death he was all alone&quot;

I stood up there in silent awe  
As chilled the evening breeze  
As it whistled its way from the sea  
Through the swaying grass and trees

And then across the forest floor  
In silence I did tread  
In respect and admiration  
For the lad who lay there dead

Then my thoughts flew to the soldiers brave  
Who die that we could live  
Who that their country lives in peace  
Their own lives they give.

I moved so far from that unnamed tomb  
Where the bravest of brave did lie  
As the setting sun splurged his crimson rays  
Across the evening sky

Shankaran Kutty

# Try Try Try Again

I remember as a child I would sit and cry  
When math I couldn't crack however much I try  
When Newton's laws would stare from the Physics book  
I was too scared to even take a look  
And when I thought all my efforts were in vain  
My dad would come and say "Try, try, try again"

A cycle, the first time I tried to ride  
My fear of falling I tried to hide  
My first class to learn to drive a car  
I thought this will never go too far  
I hear a voice scream inside my brain  
"You can, so try, try, try again"

Now I have grown so big and tall  
Have gone through many a failure and fall  
But my daughters two when they come to me  
With tears in their eyes say, it is just not gonna be  
I immediately sense their fear and pain  
But I tell them "Dear, try, try, try again"

Shankaran Kutty



## Two Headed Bird

Come hither children and I will tell you  
Something from the past, so fun  
A story that is so refreshingly new  
Come, and I will tell every one

So it was a very long time ago  
In some northern kingdom there lived  
A beautiful parrot, in the palace garden  
But she was of a special breed

With a plume that shone so dazzling bright  
And coloured in blue and green  
She was the most beautiful that ever was  
And the world had ever seen

But by some cruel twist of fate  
Or God's special decree  
She had heads not one, but two indeed  
Very strange it was to see

And the heads would often be in love  
Or sometimes engage in fight  
A two-headed parrot with body one  
Was indeed a strange little sight

It was a day in early spring  
When the fruits were beginning to ripen  
And to get the choicest fruits each day  
Early, she would awaken

Searching for fruits so ripe and sweet  
She combed the palace garden  
When one of the heads found a mango ripe  
Its hue was so bright and golden

She pounced upon with obvious glee  
On the fruit so sweet and fresh  
As one head looked with hope and greed  
The other pecked through the succulent flesh

"Hey I too want a taste of that  
Of that juicy fruit, my share  
How can you eat that all alone  
How can it ever be fair"

So said the head that never got a taste  
As the other gulped the delicacy  
Take it easy, another we will find"  
She screamed, in obvious ecstasy

"And please my dear, why worry thus?  
The next is yours have no fear  
So please do not sulk and let us search  
Aren't we one, my dear."

But that offered little solace  
To the head in obvious despair  
She swore she will take sweet revenge  
To the head that was to her unfair

A day or two then passed by, when  
The garden floor they forayed  
When the head in despair, got her wish  
A fruit she got in her raid.

It was the fruit of the poison oak  
That she found on the garden floor  
And to take revenge on her foe did she  
Pick it up to devour

No, don't you ever do that my dear  
The other head did plead  
But in the heat of anger never did she  
The tearful requests heed.

And in the fit of anger then did she  
To spite her foe, other head  
Swallowed the fruit, without any remorse  
And soon did she fall dead

In the tears of this sad demise

This story does end then  
But from this story of the twin headed bird  
Is a lesson for all, my children

This happens oft in today's world  
In the darkest alleys of our life  
Sordid tales of revenge and kill  
Tales of unwanted strife

And oft when we in anger or scorn  
Hurt those we despise  
We hurt ourselves with those actions which  
We did without thought, in a trice.

So never shall we in a negative mood  
Take any action in haste  
To repent later, or going forth  
See our life go waste

The best way to kill your foe  
Is to be nice and kind  
When the foe is dead would then arise  
A true and loyal friend

Shankaran Kutty

# Uddhava Gita

"I'm the scruples in the heart of all living beings  
I'm their start, their being, their conclusion  
I'm the wits of the senses,  
I'm the beaming sun amongst lights  
I'm the song in revered lore,  
I'm the sovereign of deities  
I'm the cleric of great seers..."

(Lord Krishna describes himself thus in the Bhagvad Gita. Yet, one very pertinent question I have always had when I read the Mahabharata, was asked by his good friend, Uddhava, in a discussion with Krishna just before the Lord returned to Vaikunta. "Why didn't you stop the Mahabharata War? More pertinently, on that fateful day in Hastinapur, during the game of dice, why didn't you let Yudhishtir win? Why did you allow Adharma to have its way? " The response from the Lord is often known as Uddhava Gita or Hamsa Gita. A brief synopsis of Krishna's response is what I have tried to depict in this effort.)

The greatest of wars was a distant memory  
Faded, the ruins the war had wrought  
Thirty Six years of Golden rule  
To the land, the peace it craved had brought

For the Lord, the mission of this avatar done  
It was time to ascend to his heavenly abode  
With benevolence, Emperor Yudhishtir reigned  
In peace, the mighty Yamuna flowed

And so it was one day, the Lord  
Pulled his childhood friend aside  
"Uddhava, my friend, from our childhood days  
You have been my closest friend and guide.

But the time has come for me to leave  
So pray, tell me what boon do you seek "  
So in affection to his childhood friend  
Madhava that day did fondly speak

On hearing his friend to him thus speak  
Tears filled the eyes of the Yadava

Holding his friend in a warm embrace  
Gently he began: "O Keshava

Your friendship has been my greatest boon  
What more this life, would this old man need  
Just your blessings that my remaining time  
A life of goodness, I may lead.

Nothing I need, but since you ask  
A question may I ask of thee  
It has rankled in my mind forever my Lord  
So the doubt, won't you clear for me"

"Why doubt, my friend? ", Lord Krishna said  
To Udhava, who stood by his side  
"We have lived our lives in mutual trust  
We never had anything to hide "

"You are the Lord of the seven worlds  
You came, to uphold our Dharma  
You taught us to lead a life of Good  
You taught us the essence of Nishkarma

My Lord, many a time a disconnect  
Between your words and deeds I did see  
I have been at a loss to understand  
If it is my ignorance, pardon me"

"My discourse to Arjuna" Lord Krishna said  
As Bhagvad Gita, the world would know  
And my response to you today, my friend  
As Uddhava Gita, forever shall glow

So speak out and not for a moment shall thee  
Hesitate to clear your mind  
And pray, in my words the ultimate truth  
I promise you shall find "

"That day in Hastinapur, my Lord  
When was played the game of dice  
Couldn't you have stopped the Pandava King  
From falling to the temptation of vice

For that day in Hastinapur my Lord  
The seeds of the war were sown  
When Draupadi you saved, yet Dharma was raped  
Where, my friend, had you gone?

You could have stopped the game itself  
Or helped the King of Dharma win  
But it was the dance of the Devil that day  
You helped perpetrate, the sin

They saw you as their protector, O Krishna  
You were their Apatbandhava  
Where were you when needed most  
Your presence, to protect the Dharma?

And look around you today, your people  
Kill each other, their race decimate  
And yet you, you their leader hasn't lifted a toe  
But just left them to suffer their fate"

Thus spoke in anguish, the Yadava elder  
The Lord himself, gave a wry smile  
He lifted his head, wiped his friend's tears  
And thus gently spoke, after a while

"The Yadava race, by my presence, their fortune  
Has grown to be so powerful, yet insolent  
If I leave them thus and to the heavens depart  
The human race itself will end

So for humanity, its greater good  
The Yadavas, from this earth must leave  
So look beyond, and for the human race  
Rejoice my friend, and not bereave.

As for the other question you ask of me  
Why that fateful day in Hastinapur  
I stood and watched, yet not intervene  
That truth will win, to ensure

I was there, my friend, in Hastinapur

Outside the palace gate  
With the hope in their prayers, the Pandavas  
Would call for me, did I wait

Yet Yudhishtir from the bottom of his heart  
To me that day did pray  
Not to come and help him win  
But for me to stay away

For proud was he, the eldest Pandava  
Yet, wise to know his fate  
He knew the suffering was his to endure  
To save him, it was too late "

"You have me lost again my Lord"  
Said the aged Yadava  
"Your blessings are only for those who ask  
Is that so, O Madhava ? "

"You forget what you have learnt my friend  
It is our Karma that lets life go by  
Our Karma, drives what you call as fate  
Our joys, our sufferings, till one does die

I am not its creator, not its preceptor  
Just a witness by your side  
I was there by Yudhishtir when the evil  
Game he played, out of hollow pride"

This confused Uddhava ever more  
"Then what is your role my friend  
To watch your devotees do evil deeds  
When their minds are enslaved by the fiend

You watch the sins then pile up high  
As a "witness" to all evil deed  
Then watch us suffer for the sins we commit  
You are the Lord indeed "

Thus burst out the Yadava elder  
In anger and in despair  
To his Lord, yet his childhood friend

He spoke so true and fair

Lord Krishna stood unflustered  
His face so serene and calm  
And around his confused friend  
He put a comforting arm

"My friend", quietly said the Lord  
"Of my presence if you perceive  
Then how can you err in your deeds  
Your conscience, how would you deceive

Like the shadow trailing you  
Unknown would be my presence  
Like the unseen hand to the blind  
I would provide guidance

From my believers, all I demand  
Is to repose complete trust  
In me as their lord, their saviour  
And remember me, you must

When before every act you do  
You think of me and pray  
Then I would forever be beside you  
To guide you, the right way

Let not your power, your arrogance  
Makes you my presence deride  
Remember that every fall  
Happens due to ones pride

So come to me my children  
Unto me you shall surrender  
Your ego, your pride, your wealth  
Then your peaks you will conquer"

And the Lord continued his sermon  
With the nuances of Bhakti and Yoga  
With folded hands and in awe  
Stood his friend and Bhakt, Uddhava.



And thus was the Uddhava Gita  
Conveyed by the Lord to mankind  
He blessed us before he departed  
With the greatest teachings one can find.

(Even after reading through the teachings of Uddhava Gita, it still rankles inside me that Krishna could have averted the Mahabharata war. And he would have, despite Yudhishthira or the other Pandavas not asking for his help or even remembering him. For, once the Lord accepts one as his bhakt, he then becomes a slave unto his Bhakt's hands – ready to do anything for him. So I feel that if he had wanted to, Krishna would have.. certainly. Perhaps, the reason why he did not stop it was that he wanted the war to happen. In his infinite wisdom, he would have done so to avoid another even greater catastrophe. One never would know.)

Shankaran Kutty

# Unknown Sorrow

(Today, my entire neighbourhood in office, went for a team outing. So I was practically alone. Went down alone for a cup of tea... While having tea alone, saw a young girl – 20-23, on the phone. Could see that her face was sad. I couldn't hear her because she was at the corner and it being a basement, not very well lit. She stood frozen, oblivious of her surroundings. Slowly her face turned sadder and sadder. Then tears filled her eyes and when it starting flowing down, not even aware of it, she continued to speak. I wondered what would have made her so sad, but that progressive increase in her sorrow and the change in her expressions still remain etched. I couldn't help her, I knew, so all I could do was to express my anguish and support through a poem)

Why do you stand in a corner and weep  
Shun your memories, do not them keep  
I am there for you, and a million other souls  
For whom a smile on a face is top of their goals  
So why stand there, please do come hither  
That sparkle in your eyes, let it not fade or wither  
The gloom that fills your heart today  
Will fade, and happiness will come your way

Whatever caused those tears to drop  
Have passed by, now let the tears stop  
The clouds are gone, the sky is clear  
Seek all those who hold you dear  
And all those who have made you cry  
Let them go, let their memories pass by  
Now when you seek, only those hands clasp  
That in times of need, will firmly grasp

Fresh winds of change will certainly blow  
To bring a bright and sunny tomorrow  
The waters of hurt, however deep  
Through the sands of time will slowly seep  
Even hearts of rock will one day melt  
When the breeze of your love is gently felt  
The springs of sorrow, will soon run dry  
So come here dear, please do not cry

Lives of all, please understand

Are often dealt a cruel hand  
But strong are those who when they fall  
Get up, and dust and then stand tall  
The hurt of fall they cast aside  
And gamely take their forward stride  
Sadness and joy, they treat as one  
They are those who life's victories have won

Shankaran Kutty

# Unwritten Lullaby

(A Lullaby written 12 years too late, my younger one is now 12 years old! !)

Hush, the wind that blows in from the East  
Hush, the birds that flock in to feast  
Hush, the waves from the oceans deep  
Hush for my little one is going to sleep

Sleep well my darling, my little angel  
Sleep, in your dreams let good thoughts dwell  
Do not cry for your daddy is here  
When Daddy is around, what do you fear?

For the reason for our being, look no further  
Apple in the eye for me and your mother  
We laugh with you, but can't see you cry  
The meaning of life, for your mommy and I

Daddy wants to see this tender skin glow  
Each day I watch these tiny hands grow  
You came to us, after a mighty struggle  
So come to me darling, to Daddy snuggle

Whole day I can watch your toothless smile  
Stay away I can't, even for a while  
Mommy's love and Daddy's pride  
We want you always by our side

The sparkling eyes and silky hair  
The rosy lips and cheeks so fair  
The speck of white, your first milk tooth  
Tiny toes and skin so smooth

I can sit and watch all day and night  
Pick you up and hold you tight  
And when on your cheeks give a loving kiss  
I feel the Lord by my side, heavenly bliss

For all our prayers you are the boon  
You came into our lives not a minute too soon

You are the sun, our lives the earth  
You fill our lives with joy and mirth

A thousand stories I have to say  
A thousand prayers to show you the way  
You are the dreams that I daily weave  
A gift from the Gods, I do believe

A billion stars have lit up the night  
So my angel can sleep without any fright  
The moon is full, spreading its glow  
Gently O gently, does the sea breeze blow

Even the breeze seems to sing you a song  
So sleep well my dear, sleep so long  
As those little fingers around my finger curl  
You fill me with bliss, daddy's little girl

Night has lost its youth, so gently sleep  
These days are the memories for my life to keep  
Softly I hold you close to my chest  
And sing songs for you that you like best

It is when you sleep, you grow to be wise  
So time my dear to close those sleepy eyes  
Sleep now, the night is peaceful and calm  
Daddy will hold you in his loving arm

May you grow up my little one  
Healthy and wise and have all the fun  
To a million faces may you bring cheer  
And speak only truth without any fear

The flowers in the garden does gently sway  
As if they wave, to keep bad spirits away  
Hey naughty cat, don't shed your fur  
My sweet is sleeping, do not stir

A healthy life, may the Almighty give  
For a hundred years, on this earth you live  
Remember, long after I am gone  
I will be remembered as of me you were born

So as the stars do twinkle bright  
These little eyelids, close them tight  
As the Golden Sun will lead the way  
Wake up tomorrow for another bright day.

Hush, the wind that blows in from the East  
Hush, the birds that flock in to feast  
Hush, the waves from the oceans deep  
Hush for my little one is going to sleep

Shankaran Kutty

# Uttara's Lament

Alone she sat in the battlefield  
Her husband's head in her lap  
At sixteen, a mere trifle of a boy he was  
His face serene as in a nap

"Arise my dear, you have to see your child  
Who grows in my womb", she cried  
In a battlefield strewn with death  
No one heard the young bride.

In twilight glow, all around her  
She does not hear any cheer  
All she hears is the sound of death  
Of death, she does not fear.

She looked around and all she could see  
Was death, so dark and gory  
Is this what the war was fought for  
Is this the winners glory?

The war was done, the winners gone,  
But hark, who the heroes maybe  
Does a lie to get your teacher killed  
Bring glory, for the king to be?

"But tell me pithashree, in using Shikandi  
What glory did you find?  
In killing one who always loved you  
Did you never mind?

And oh tell me what joy it brought  
To see your brother lying dead  
When he pleaded time, to pull his wheel  
Before you shot arrows to his head

You can be proud of your son, dad  
He was bravest of the brave so few  
For when he entered the Chakravyuha  
He will never come back he knew

He fought so hard, he fought so brave  
He fought till his energy was spent  
But proud you can be, as proud I am  
That he never flinched till the very end"

What cruel heart could have hacked to death  
A wisp of a boy so cute  
To do this would have brought no fame  
To warriors of such repute

But he was also their son, wasn't he  
One from their flesh and blood  
One for whom they toys did make  
And sang lullabies to bed.

She was too small to understand  
The politics of the great war  
That caused men to come and die  
From kingdoms all so far

But for her all this war had bought  
Was a heart full of sorrow  
Never started living her life, yet  
Here she was, a widow.

"Arise, my child", the soft voice rolled,  
And lifted the sobbing bride.  
"Unto me your sorrows", Lord Krishna said  
As he gently pulled her aside

"Tomorrow, O Madhava, when my son grows up  
What tales shall I tell him of thee  
Of a brave and fearless warrior king  
Or of deceit, and treachery

Is this the Dharma you told Partha  
When to slaughter his dear, he feared  
And where was that Dharma to protect my Lord  
When to his untimely death he neared

You are the Lord, the Lord of seven worlds



Couldn't you have stopped this war?  
My son would have had his father, the widows their men  
Why did you take it this far?

Can all the wealth that this war has won  
Give back my Abhi to me  
If not, then all ye warriors hear  
Nothing but shame to thee.

It is time for you to celebrate the win  
But don't you show me your face  
For remember, in me does grow  
The last hope for the Pandava race"

Thus spoke in anger and sorrow did she  
As the Lord pulled her to his breast  
"My child, answers I do not have  
For those that you have asked in quest "

"But Blessed you will be and through your son  
Your name is here to stay.  
Bharatvarsha will owe you its name  
Long after we have all gone away."

A mom to be, but child she was  
And the twinkle returned to her eyes  
As a Kshatriya princess, her fate she knew  
Was where her duty lies.

She turned and walked into the setting sun  
Across the battlefield  
In the midst of death, her face serene  
To perform her noble deed.

Shankaran Kutty

# View From My Balcony

Tall buildings line the distant horizon  
Coconut trees sway as far as I can see  
Squirting red, the setting sun  
Shows its brilliance, just for me

Vehicles dot the winding road  
Across the military ground  
People walk so lazy and bored  
A bullock cart, on the road I found

The shops were filled with the evening crowd  
Last shopping before reaching their home  
The Karate class was going hoo-haa so loud  
Clouds so fluffy, like velvety foam

Down below was the house where I grew  
Now razed for a building to come up high  
Stars I could see in the sky, a few  
And they scattered the evening sky

A bunch of children with their cricket kit  
Returning after their daily game  
Probably discussing the six one hit  
Each dreaming of cricketing fame

Another bunch, of a different sport  
They came, bouncing their ball  
Some, returning from the tennis court  
In the distance, I hear a cuckoo call.

The crows by hundreds fly home to roost  
In the streets a dog runs by  
A drunkard more than he could, boozed  
On the pavement does he lie

I could hear the leaves whisper  
Soulful strains of melody  
The distant sun was now a blur  
The moon sprung forth in glee

I stood gazing at the stars for long  
As if them, I had forever known  
I felt amongst them, I did belong  
Down here, I felt all alone

Shankaran Kutty

# Walks Of Life

In the capital city some time ago  
People from all walks of life  
With all their worries and grouses in tow  
Met to discuss their strife

Said the doctor- I tell my son  
Whoever born must one day die  
But to watch them die is certainly no fun  
And when they do, I sit and cry

The carpenter then came up to moan  
I always try as best as I could  
But this wood I think is harder than stone  
Oh it is so tough working with wood

The goldsmith then stood up to speak  
All that glitters is not gold  
In my life it is perfection I seek  
When a speck of gold to jewellery mould

The blacksmith who works in a red hot smithy  
Beating iron in a flame, with his tool  
Said he is sad none gives him any sympathy  
They think his job is quite so cool

The Engineer who sat in the very last row  
In his coat and suit, he stood up so tall  
To address the crowd he first gave a bow  
The last bridge he built third day did fall.!!

Then stood up the humble nurse  
Who looked so pretty, petite and young  
In work of God does she daily immerse  
Yet the work she does is most unsung

The teacher said, I may not be rich  
But the greatest pleasure comes my way  
When little lives I daily enrich  
That to me is my biggest pay

Then there was the civil servant  
Who thought he was so special  
He looked like the local temple elephant  
His behaviour, indeed, was so banal

Then came the politician  
And he was the biggest bore  
Who went on and on with stories he spun  
A hypocrite to the core

Finally came a man who looked so wise  
Who spoke with a lot of sense  
His words were fresh like new formed ice  
He spoke without pretence.

&quot;All of us take myriad ways  
To meet our goals in life  
Hard work fills each of our days  
With thorns our paths are rife

Yet we should the pleasures seek  
In happy bonding of our mind  
To evil we shall not surrender meek  
And peace we shall then find &quot;

And thus that meeting that day did end  
And for me who was there as a bard  
I found that time was for me well spent  
To understand why life is so hard.

Shankaran Kutty

# Welcome 2016

The old year has gone by in a rush  
Herald the New Year, so young and fresh  
Forget the people who made you sad  
Forget the events which made you feel bad  
The year gone by is a thing of past  
Enjoy this moment, for it wouldn't last  
Like a flowing river, past year went by  
Let it go, do not brood or cry.

Like a fresh flower that in spring does bloom  
This year will wipe away all the gloom  
Enjoy the rainbow, savour the breeze  
Waltz through life with ultimate ease  
Life is short, so take a break  
Wipe out stress, whatever may it take  
Play in the rain, have all the fun  
Let us march forward, together as one

Whatever time the Lord has given on Earth  
Is to make it worthwhile, not brood over death  
This morning we have seen, of a bright new Year  
Is the Lord's gift, so have no fear  
Privileged are we that we are alive today  
So for tomorrow the Lord will show the way  
Let the glass be filled, the fireplaces glow  
Enjoy this moment, for the next we don't know

Today we start a year so new  
Where the dreams we saw still hold true  
The dreams unfulfilled, let it pass  
Enjoy the fresh smell of earth and grass  
Welcome the rainbow, the floating cloud  
Listen to the church bells ringing loud  
Listen to the Thrush sing a fresh tune  
Dance in the light of the winter moon

Let your dreams then take wing  
And enjoy the joys they would bring  
Reach out your arms for a helping hand

Be proud to work for your motherland  
Let us speak the truth without any fear  
Soak in the love of our near and dear  
Leave the rest to the Lord above  
And he will shower his infinite Love

Shankaran Kutty

# Welcoming The Monsoon

In summer when in abundant fun  
Gently sways the verdant leaves  
Squirrels in gay their fears do shun  
Run up and down the mango trees  
The last of the half eaten pearls do they  
Nibble and squabble in ethereal delight  
When the sweltering heat of the day gives way  
To welcome cheers of soothing night

Faraway the first claps of thunder  
Breaks through, so deafeningly loud  
Lightning strikes in uncouth anger  
In fear the moon hides behind a cloud  
Then the first drops of manna fall  
As celebrates the sun baked earth  
Rain falls as a relief to one and all  
Living their lives in a heated hearth

Next day morning broke, the sun  
Is shining, from somewhere behind  
The dark grey clouds that are like one  
Monster, the scariest one can find  
Raindrops lines up like a string of pearls  
Dancing on each leaf I could see  
Little streams, giggling like school girls  
Finding their way round the mango tree.

Beneath each log does mushrooms sprout  
Like mushrooms, umbrellas of every hue  
Come up, but the rains are winning no doubt  
The sky has long lost any streak of blue  
Wind whistles through the swaying tree  
Pregnant with moisture and the smell of earth  
Huge waves crash in from the angry sea  
Nature is angry, but people are filled with mirth

Somewhere far a lonely bird chirps, school boys  
Are running and splashing from puddle to puddle  
From neighbouring houses I could hear the voice



Of Mothers, with their children in a wakeup battle  
Light streaks through the gaps in a cloud, a rainbow  
Lights up the darkened skies in glee  
The monsoon is here, it is time to go  
To welcome rains, in Gods own Country.

Shankaran Kutty

# While You Were Sleeping

While you were sleeping  
I took a walk down to the beach  
The strong icy breeze that struck needles  
On my face, my dry lips shivered, each  
Wave I found dying on the shore but  
They kept coming, never failing to die  
In our false search of our eternity, I saw  
In those dying waves, true eternity lie

While you were sleeping  
A million breaths somewhere did cease  
Yet a million others were elsewhere first taken  
A million dreams did midway freeze  
Some broken by the first rays of dawn  
Others shattered by the fate's inevitable claim  
And yet when you woke to the same gently breeze  
The morning smell of earth remained the same

While you were sleeping  
Somewhere a hand reached out in hope  
Not to steal, but for a little morsel  
To subdue their hunger they could not cope  
A little child somewhere near you  
For a day in school, did silently yearn  
Which he could only the day someone  
Else for his family, would daily earn

While you were sleeping  
I went through the life we have gone by  
The letters you wrote, the songs you hummed  
The little dreams we have let die  
The birthday gifts, the little joys  
Our little pains, the occasional sigh  
Those things in the cellar, we bought yet never used  
The shopping lists which we never did buy

While you were sleeping  
A few more breaths we reached near  
To the journey's inevitable end

An end, I have long stopped to fear  
For this bright moonlight night  
In the clear sky I can see so far  
My dreams, my final destination  
A lonely, twinkling unnamed star

Shankaran Kutty

# Why Do I Love You

Why do I love you?

I love you for your sweet smile  
That I haven't seen for a while  
That leaves all sorrows in its wake  
Won't you smile again for my sake

Why do I love you?

I love for your tender heart  
That would pain me if I were to part  
That has stolen my being, my thought  
I would win it again with all I have got

Why do I love you?

I love you for your kind words  
That is the sweetest I have heard  
That has soothed me in my times of strife  
Has made you a most loving wife

Why do I love you?

I love you for your noble deeds  
That has left me awestruck indeed  
For like a golden star does it shine  
Has made me proud that you are mine

Why do I love you?

I love you for your tender care  
That with me and kids you daily share  
Your alluring presence when you are near  
Your comforting hug, when you spot a tear

Why do I love you?

I love you because you are the air I breathe  
You are the fragrance that does my body wreathe  
You are the flower that floats down the stream  
You are the one who fills my every dream

Why do I love you?

You are as pretty as a monsoon rainbow  
You are the only love that I do know

In my garden, the prettiest flower  
In this world, you are my only lover

Why do I love you?  
I love you because you are my love  
You are my past, my future, my now  
I love you because I know no other way  
You are the only one, come what may.

Shankaran Kutty

# Why I Can'T Be A Poet

Those days when I was a little child  
Leading life so fast and wild  
When a ton of books I would pack  
To carry to school and evening back

Friends I used to make at will  
And found each one had an unique skill  
And those they would display with pride  
Jealousy alone, I had by my side

Some would each day a new song sing  
And enthral with the joy it would bring  
But each time I tried I would pray  
The donkeys in the field would not bray

Some were good at telling a story  
In their writing skills some found glory  
Some were good at GK and Quiz  
In music I found, some where a whiz

Some friends decided they would wield  
Their prowess on the cricket field  
Others were stars in local soccer  
But when I tried, I came a cropper

Then I thought what was the least sought  
And I will try at that was my early thought  
Thus I decided I will become a poet  
Though with my skills I wasn't there quite

I dreamt of becoming the next Shelley  
But soon I started looking very silly  
For when I tried writing, every time  
I would struggle for words, that would rhyme

A poet I realized, needs a lot of imagination  
But my lack of it led to much consternation  
I didn't know how to select a theme  
Then make it flow like the waves in a stream

My inexperience at poetry very soon showed  
I couldn't choose between ballad, elegy or ode  
Analogy, epitaph or Carpe Diem  
All I wanted was to squeeze out a poem

And when I wrote something so poignant and sad  
My sister said, to be so negative, I was mad  
So I thought I will expand my poetic range  
And will try writing humour, for a change

But reading it, most just didn't care  
And those who read, gave me a cold stare  
I knew I needed tough steps to ensure  
As a poet, I had a longer future

On what to write I had no clue  
No ideas sprouted out of the blue  
I wracked my brains, but in my shallow mind  
Something I could write on, I could not find

I had no topics that I could pick  
Or stories that to the heart would stick  
My day in this world as a famous poet  
Was well past noon and reaching sunset

To write like Milton, Shelley or Keats  
Needed inborn talent, were no easy feats  
My efforts at poetry, fast lost steam  
My life as a poet would remain a dream

Finally one day, I accepted the truth  
Trying to be a poet, I won't waste my youth  
The truth before me, lay plainly bared  
Of another poet, thus the world was spared

Shankaran Kutty

# Why Shouldnt I Be Sad Tonight?

Why shoudn't I be sad tonight  
For the night winds are howling  
An eerie tune it floats, as a warning perhaps  
Of the impending gloom that it does bring

Why shouldn't I be sad tonight  
For the rain drops finds it way beneath my door  
As if to challenge me to say  
I am here to entice your tears to flow more

Why shouldn't I be sad tonight  
The moon is dead, no shining stars  
Just a numbing pain deep within  
Reminding how life has become a farce

Why shouldn't I be sad tonight  
For though I will my mind to brave  
This darkness, this loneliness that permeates  
I fear I will carry to my grave.

BUT NO, I WILL NOT BE SAD TONIGHT  
For I know the morrow when the sun will rise  
In the glittering dewdrops on the blades of grass  
That sway in the gentle breeze, I'll find  
What I miss tonight, my twinkling stars

BUT NO, I WILL NOT BE SAD TONIGHT  
For tomorrow when I hear the cuckoo call  
And the moo of the distant cow  
This dreaded loneliness I feel  
I know I will wipe away somehow

BUT NO, I WILL NOT BE SAD TONIGHT  
When the morning sun works up a sweat  
Which with its caress would wipe the gentle breeze  
When I see the butterfly dance from flower to flower  
I believe I will get over this mental freeze

BUT NO, I WILL NOT BE SAD TONIGHT



For though I have forgotten to dream, to desire  
I still hope for hope is all I have my dear  
That these saddest lines I write will end  
That day, when I will have you near.

Shankaran Kutty

# Winter!

Sang a poet so long ago  
If winter is here, can spring be far behind  
But would I survive the harsh winter cold  
And the frost that has frozen the mind

Icy winds blows across the plains  
That is my life before me  
And only the dry, barren future  
Laid out, before me I see

Like a solitary oak bereft of leaves  
And love, do I lonely stand  
No life does sprout, no water flows  
To feed the barren land

Alone I stand, my lonely form  
Covered in sheets of snow  
Forlorn, for a dollop of love  
I search, for someone I know

I hear the mocking laughter  
I feel the throbbing pain  
As the cold bites into the bones  
I hope to survive, in vain

Whither the warmth of goodness  
That I have done all my life  
To thaw this chill of winter  
That cuts through me like a knife

The outside world sees the glitter  
Of freshly fallen snow  
But inside my heart stopped its throbbing  
For frozen it is with woe

Blows across a southerly gale  
As surrender seems to be my fate  
If spring indeed might turn up one day  
For me it would be too late

Shankaran Kutty

# Woman

She is an angel  
She is a mother  
She is a best friend  
She is a summer shower  
She is the sunshine  
On rainy days  
She is the womb  
That sustains the human race

She is the lamp that will  
Flicker to its inevitable end  
But in having given light  
Would consider life well spent  
She is the Mother earth  
The coolness of moonlight  
The ocean of patience  
That sets the world right

She is the cool breeze  
That wipes away the sweat  
The greatest treasure  
A man can ever get  
She is the rainbow that brightens  
Life's wet clouded sky  
A man's greatest pride  
That keeps his name flying high

Unleash your power  
For you are not weak  
Let the world see you as strong  
And not amongst the meek.  
Fight against those evil  
Who think you are easy prey  
To satisfy their lust  
Let them find some other way

You are the Goddess Sita  
You are the Virgin Mother  
A mother to every child

A sister for every brother  
God Bless thee O mother  
God bless thee my friend  
Indebted to you  
Till life itself does end

Shankaran Kutty