

Poetry Series

**Sphoorthi Theatre Padmini
Rangarajan
- poems -**

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Sphoorthi Theatre Padmini Rangarajan()

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Down To Earth

Dawn to dusk,
In the fields with husk-musk,
Pastures of greenery turned layers of purples,
Engulfing the meadows by forming a junk of crest,
Arrest! Arrest! Me within the chest,
Let me be blessed and rest in the arms of my mother nature! ! !

Just as the buzzing bees vibrating,
Let the hatred ness get fading,
Just as birds covering the blue sky,
Let me cover the hearts with spirits high,
Just like fish swim and dive in clear water,
Let my action and words be good better and best, here after,
Just like four legged animals moving freely around,
Let me think of women succumbed inside the four walls,
Just green tall trees stand by,
Let my inner sense wipe up the grey colour shades of life and dry.
Just the flowing streams and rivers,
Let my passion to serve the needy as a true believer,
Just like a whole universe beneath,
Let me be down to earth.....At least.

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Emptiness Within

Emptiness within,
Need for feelings to fill in;
Long for those stretched arms,
That never harm.

Tears roll and roll by,
Words choked in the throat;
Hard to gulp or spit out,
Not reachable announces the modern mobile.

Not convinced by others to forget,
Longing to meet, see, touch and hear;
When loved one is not near,
Closing my palms and making fist.

Ears reacting to every hiss,
Door bells, phone bells crying alike;
Holding my breathe for a while,
Feel agitated yet fragile.

Who cares who is interested?
Life is disgusted;
Roses look pale, cuckoos weep,
Like whole world is fast asleep.

I am awake with ache,
With hope that is bleak;
To upheld self,
And assert oneself.

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Fell Scattered On The Floor Of Turkish Carpet

Fell scattered on the floor of Turkish carpet,
Colours of rubies, cherries and scarlet,
That I cherished blues and violets,
My heart filled with sweet memories creamy chocolates
It was the promises you made before the Christ portrait

Pictures torn apart of me and my perfect,
Carried the bits and pieces in my red jacket,
Pass by the roads, fields and Sunday market,
The old woman still selling her carrots in a basket
The place where you gifted me the precious bracelet,
Feel of sucking within the heart of placid,

Eyes shedding sparkle,
Tremble and fall on every hurdle,
Winter cold pricks like a sharp needle,
My cry... my cry... becoming feeble,
All that I loved a person full of riddle,
In whose arm I loved to cuddle,

Left alone midst of broken mirrors,
Head myself between arms of scissors,
To swallow or to spit with hither and thither,
Unkempt hair with differing weather,
Hugging pain to console mother,

Arose the bright sunshine in the East,
To make me light and forget at least,
There comes a man not a priest,
Expounds one needs game of peace,
To release golden heart at ease,
For needy noble and splendid

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Hidden Self

I sat around most of the time,
Right from childhood to college time;
Passed by days and nights,
When no one around to see my plight;
Longed to share and shoulders to lean on,
Pacified to see a new dawn;
All alone.

Passed summer, passed winter,
Rain too had a good laughter;
Worms and insects came near,
To threaten and not console Oh! Dear;
Dogs bark and cat's meows,
Shrunk my shoulders with raised eyebrows;
Like a child lost in the town,
I looked like a helpless clown;
All alone.

Happiness sadness accompanying me,
Like a railway lane separated yet WE;
Sharing with brothers a bowl of rice,
Shabby dress looks nice;
Teachers shout black n blue,
For no socks and no shoes;
All alone

Made everyone laugh aloud,
My cry never heard in the crowd;
Amused all with pleasant smile,
Dreaming about life for a while;
With colourful career and lavish lifestyle,
All alone.

Am I worthy of it? Questioned self,
Dusting bookshelf;
Why not assured my inner voice,
Blessed with talent and no choice;
Lost in woods, screaming, and running,

Yelling and crying;
All alone.

Now grown into a pretty lass,
My dreams like a clear glass;
With mom and dad,
Somewhere around;
Busy with kitchen and work,
No word to utter except needle work;
All alone.

My dreams fading by,
With country birds flying high in the sky;
Dressed like a new bride,
With a little pride;
Sense of new home and new life,
Now I am a wife;
All alone.

.....To be Continued.

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Hidden Truth

Cold and stormy nights,
Open the doors of my plight;
That I buried underneath.
And decked with a wreath;
Let no one no one know it, I thought,
The puzzle of life that distraught;
The unspoken words,
Like a cry of a jailed bird;
Crumbling hands, cold feet,
Sign of my love defeat;
Shall not, shall not see him again,
Raised arms, praying high, but then;
What to say, whom to plead,
I just sank within me as I bleed;
With no cuts and wound,
No marks to trace around;
All that I know and can sense,
Still in my heart and intense;
Shall not share or say
Thus remain forever in a way
As hidden truth.

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Lonely In The Night,

Lonely in the night,
Looking at my plight,
Confused with what is wrong,
And what is right.

Clear sky,
Filled with bright moon light,
Yet, gloomy –gloomy night,
Heavy heart and poor sight.

Past is past,
So say vast,
With lots of pain at last,
Still up and steadfast.

Like to share,
With little extended care,
Still feel unfair,
Causing nightmare.

Puzzled with one's life,
Stumbled between roles of
Women and wife,
Is there any knife to tear apart,
The hidden secret and guilt in my heart.

Myself, my husband, my family,
Circle blindly and abruptly,
To break the chain,
With whip or cane,
To fly like wild crane,
And to feel the spells of rain.

At last, at last, the mighty night rolled on,
With the haunting sun rising on
No wonder, blooming flowers and chirping birds,
I count my past with sequences numbered.

Met In The Meadows And Lost In The Mist

Springs welcomed the morning sky,
Moist pearls on flowers sigh,
It was month of July,
With a bouquet in hand and a lovely necktie,
With smile on face and sparkling eyes,
Said he 'I would ask for your hand in my journey of life
As my beloved wife',
Met in the Meadows and lost in the Mist.

A man of amusements,
Spreading fragrant and pleasant,
Beside me at every moment,
Surprising with gifts and presents,
Life was filled with involvement and enjoyment,
Met in the Meadows and lost in the Mist.

Family of two extended with two more,
Nappies, toys and booties and fun lore,
Picnic, parties, playgroup and seashore,
Life was just content with fun, fun and what more,
Met in the Meadows and lost in the Mist.

Downside cycle of life made me realize,
Nothing is wanted than my loving man beside,
Topsy-curvy waves is joyful ride,
Deadly nightmares falsified,
Horror and horrid thoughts beautified,
Met in the Meadows and lost in the Mist.

My man in my life means a lot,
Showered abundance love and support,
No not a pain or worrywart,
My love, my life, and my escort,
What else shall I call he was all in one my life partner,
Met in the Meadows and Lost in the Mist.

Tides in the sea went up so high,
Dark clouds covered the clear sky,
Howling sound heard all through night,

Shuttering windows with frightful sight,
Holding my hand and looking in my eyes,
Breathed last unable to say goodbye,
Met in the Meadows and lost in the Mist.

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Mirror

I look at myself in you,
Sometimes, you make me look good,
Sometimes dull,
When I come upon hell,
Still, you smile back and say to me,
That, all is well.

I laugh and you laugh with me,
I cry and you too cry with me,
I snob and wipe my tears,
You still make me feel,
That I am your dear,
As I near and near.

I shout and scream,
When I am crazy and extreme,
You keep calm and quite,
All through day and night,
Make me feel the silent,
Better that noisy fight.

You make me beautiful,
When I smile,
You make me ugly,
When I am torn and exile,
You are only one with me,
When my world is gloomy.

Hanged on the wall, you make me think,
You make me realize and rethink,
You give me an opportunity,
To look back and feel no guilty,
Chance to set right and be pretty,
Like a little lassie.

Mirror, Oh! My mirror,
You surely don't lie,
As I see real self in you,
When I open my eyes.

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New Year

Blissful morning rays,
Spread the good wishes without delay,
Marble shaped curdled clouds,
Bow down to earth
Fistful is the need,
Let's give up our greed,
May all be hale and healthy,
Promises the New Year,
To fulfill the successful and endeavor.

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O' Death! !

The prick of unbearable loss of loved ones,
Is more painful than the prick of a needle.
The suffering that one under goes,
Makes a strong one also feeble.
The heart stops in jiffy
The mind acts like iffy
Day before the loss looks clear and bright
All of a sudden the onset of gloomy night
Blown out roof, worn out kitchen,
All that pitch in
Friends and relatives□
Pat on back
Mom and Dad lay in ice pack
Left only with questions with no answers
It's all the game of cancer
Why me? ? Why only me? ?
All pass through the stage
In turns, it is they or we
Thank the eyes that weep on the departure of dear ones
What if I go.....
Will there be any eye to weep for me? ? ? ?

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O'beautiful Eyes

The beautiful pair of eyes,
Sparkling and rise;
Seldom laughs but cries,
Holds love of the beloved high;
Mesmerizing, blissful with content sigh,
Let not go the golden memories fly by;
Tears of amusement, happiness, sorrow roll and roll by,
Yet remain beautiful pair of eyes;
Separated yet stay intact,
With dreams aiming sky.....

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Oh God! Why Did You Create Me As A 'girl'?

Oh God! Why did you create me as a 'GIRL'?
With gold chained bounds and curls,
My 'Name' spreads displeasure,
And I am not a treasure,
I spread sorrow all around,
Like a bell sound.
I am treated as a decorative piece,
With brutal burns on self-increase,
I am adored as a doll,
With no feelings of self at all,
That, I am made to stoop and fall,
That, 'I am a girl' so all call.
I am daughter, sister, wife and mother,
I play meaningful roles that world does not bother,
At festivals I am worshipped,
Just to bear some more cane whips,
Before, blossom into flower,
I am married off with restrictive power.
I am made to bear the fruit of love,
If, it turns out to be a 'GIRL';
It is crushed to death under the merciless 'HAND GLOVES',
This cycle of life going on and on,
The story of pain is ever born,
I am nowhere better than males,
Because, I am born 'Female'.

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Oh! My Dear Yellow Bag! ! !

Years ago, I saw most of them carrying a bright yellow colour cloth bag,
Yellow bag for buying vegetables and fruits,
Yellow bag for carrying tiffin and lunch box,
Yellow bag my grandpa's best companion,
Followed him day and night,
From office to evening clubs.

Come Pongal, Dussera and Diwali,
Sarees, dresses and white dhothi,
Gifts and crackers packed in you.
To get home yet another bright yellow bag,
as new.

Then came a monster Called Plastic,
Who chased you off and made Earth spastic.
Making hell on Earth and bombastic,
Human's leading life unenthusiastic.

Humans lost soul and mind,
Behaving careless and being unkind,
Damaging ozone and polluting every zone,

Streets covered with plastic litters,
Clogged lakes, pond and river,
Polluting water and air.

Happy are mosquitoes and insects,
Happy to spread all over and ready to inject,
Me falling sick, unable to sit and stand erect,

Oh my negligence of leaving my earth unprotect,
Harming her and treating with disrespect,

I realize -'All that glitters is not gold'
Meaningful saying though old,
Let me come out of fantasy of using plastic,
My yellow bag my rescuer, need not panic.
No more shall I treat you as rag,
My dear yellow bag,

With new look and colour,
I make you appear good and elegant.
Affordable in less than a dollar,
Classic and pleasant.

NB: Pongal, Dussera and Diwali or Deepawali are major festivals of India.

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Oh! My Sole Betrayer!

I trusted you more than self,
I believed you more than self,
I considered you more than self,
You betrayed me oh! Betrayer!

I look around, find every one betraying.
Betraying each other, betraying each other.

A cow that ran to rescue herself,
From wolf fell into the hands of a butcher,
Oh! Butcher the betrayer!

I look around, find every one betraying.
Betraying each other, betraying each other.

Ran to save myself from thunder,
Took shelter under a ruin temple,
Temple collapsed upon,
Oh! Temple the betrayer!

I look around, find every one betraying.
Betraying each other, betraying each other.

In a boat rowing to the other side of the shore,
Wild wind blowing high,
Feared and held boat man,
He shook his hand and I fell in the water,
Oh! Boatman the betrayer!

I look around, find every one betraying.
Betraying each other, betraying each other

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Once Bitten Twice Stung

The path that I choose to travel
Was tough, hard yet marvel
Pit pots with less of pebbles and more of gravels,
In the journey of life,
Me bold and young,
Once bitten twice stung.
The myth that I well is all well,
Faded away in the journey that foretells,
With people's connection,
More of self suppression,
Rocks on, roll on and rollercoaster on,
Pushing on from pillar to post,
Got lost in the journey almost,
Me bold and young,
Once bitten twice stung.
All the fairy faces
Appears with no voices
With a jiggle and mingle
Try to hold 'self' but struggle
All lost in the journey of 'Saints'
Very less to recall but, sure to faint
With promises high and up,
Open wealthy hub,
Me the poor and meek,
With a voice that creaks,
Unheard to many
Listened by none, □
Me bold and young,
Once bitten twice stung.
Lost in the midway
At the crossroads,
With no hopes, no help, no aid, no companion.
Tall mountains bow down
Streams dry up
Unfriendly chirping of birds
Midst of wild herbs,
Me, my scream, my call
Goes unheard and unsung
Still holding myself strong

All the way along
Me bold and young,
Once bitten twice stung.

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Sand, Seashore And Sun Shine

The hidden Sun yet to rise,
To spread his rays all through sky
The rays that shine,
On the sea waves that line
Like a white crochet lace,
Bordering the sand base
Ornamenting the sand bed with colourful dye
Of seashells and corals,
Gentle waves whispering me,
Roll on the sand bed to feel sea,
Like a lonely honey bee
Buzzing around the fragrance of flower,
Sea water gentle touch
Made me feel you so much
Every raising wave under the blazing sun
The wild wind made me run
Run on the blue sea shore
Enthralling fishery folklore
Amidst the wild blue sea
All that they foresee
Life as life be
A true learning for me
Under the evil scorching sun
A sprout of new start to begun
On sand sea shore and Sun shine
To forget all the stupid that I had done
Days go slowly one by one
Calm waves paves way to sun
Let you rest, let you rest
In the west
A chance to quest and to request
Let me rebuild by nest
On the sand bed
Lacy seashore
To sing unforgotten lore
With abundance of happiness and more.

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Swing Swing Swing...

I enthralled seeing a little one
Sitting on a swing,
Tied in the midst of the threshold,
With scary laugh and cry
For every up and down move of the swing,
Swing me high, swing me low....
As a child I loved to swing,
Swinging high, Swinging low,
Swinging in woods and meadows,
I laughed, I sang, I screamed in Joy,
Making my friends to whirl around and enjoy.
Swing me high, Swing me low....

Troubled by mother often to tie a swing for me,
At times she smiled and grind at me,
Brothers rescued and tied swings for me,
With mothers sarees and fathers dhothis,
Happy to see swing, swing and swing everywhere.
Swing me high, Swing me low....

Awaited for Nag Panchami,
The festival of swings,
Me as a queen bee on the swing,
My friends as maids to push the swing
To and fro,
Swing me high, swing me low....

As the time passed by,
My mind lost the traces of my swing,
Now, I rarely find swings and swinging amusement,
Good were the days I was swinging and singing,
All to myself, all to my self,
Swinging high, swinging low...

With pleasure of being a child,
Enjoying the festivity,
With colourful clothes and jasmine flowers,
That adored my long tresses,
With less hassles,

Moving front and back,
With fun and frolic,
Sudden fall with a creek
And that ends that days swinging.
Swinging me high, swinging me low....

NB- Nag Panchami is the festival of worshipping Snakes in India. The worshipping is in order to Thank snakes, other reptiles, and insects which are helping humans and maintaining the balance in the Eco system.

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The Road

My Journey on this long road,
Sure to lead to the destination;
That I began with least hesitation,
To explore the world of mankind;
With an open mind,
There are no shortcuts for sure;
To face pain and pleasure,
With tall trees on the either side, growing and growing;
Keep me going and going,
Best of my old memories;
To capture the same as a series of documentaries,
Nothing behind me;
The glimpse of the new world ahead welcoming me,
It's my road alone;
Others join to walk along,
But... but.. no one to walk for me....
It's not about my destination but,
Pleasant journey I had;
My journey... my destination... my road.

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The Successful Women - Whom I Salute!

Life is not a straight road,
Neither a pleasant abode,
It's topsy - turvy curve make,
The journey of life agreeable.

I encountered brave, bold and beautiful women,
Women of courage, discreet, and power within,
All underwent the rigorous test of life,
Living and digesting it like meek docile wives,
Withstanding the harsh abuses from family and friends,
And 'MAN' just tagged as a label at their name end.

Who taught them to be brave?
To be bold?
To be confident and overcome the challenges of life by challenging the life?

It is the inner self of these women,
The inner peaceful resting soul, arising in a raised voice,
It is the inner positive force gushing out to face the challenges,
To welcome, face up to, to stand with upright shoulder,
Like a fearless soldier,
Let all the pain be felt, smelt, and breathed
I alone can do it 'I can do it'.
No more tides of sorrows would wash off my feet,
I ascend higher and higher with every beat,
Lowering my struggle, defeat beneath the seat.

Then, they did not speak,
The world found them unique,
One up with boutique,
Other with parlour,
The third as a successful administrator,
The quest to conquer the world,
Let them to conquer the life.

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To Catch The Glimpse Of The Prince

Twilight set in the horizon,
Filled with happiness for a reason,
Dressed in ethnic Elizabethan,
Looked through the opening of the window,
Far stretched sight crossing meadows,
For all that I longed for
To catch the glimpse of the Prince
About whom I dream day-in and out.

Gentle breeze passing by gently,
Filling the air fragrance of budding mango shoots,
Joy news of orange spread in the West,
Mustard flowers get the marigold look,
Birds returning back to their nest,
Blazing sun going down to rest,
To catch the glimpse of the Prince
About whom I dream day-in and out

Women fetching water at the well,
Rumbling sound of glass bangles,
Dancing sound of wind chimes,
Rhythmic sound of temple bells,
Pounding sound of turmeric,
Cracking sound of nutcrackers,
Buzzing sound of bees
Held my breathe high,
To catch the glimpse of the Prince
About whom I dream day-in and out

Threshold decorated with mango leaves,
Gardens filled with marigold fields,
Earthen lamps lit by eves,
To welcome the dusk with amusement feast,
All dance to the thundering sound of drum beats,
Children jump high hearing the paddling sound of horse riders,
Crossing my fingers and shedding tears of joy,
To catch the glimpse of the Prince
About whom I dream day-in and out.

Blissful evening turns into the stormy night,
Hounding sound of wolves pricking fright,
Surrounded by the fortress of clouds,
Full moon up in the sky,
Appear like a shroud with a corpse,
Calling for the crowd,
To witness the harshness of my love,
Sent as a reward,
By the envious with whom he fought,
Courageous, brave and vigilant,
Stabbed mercilessly in the back
Cruel, unkind and coward-as they were,
Tears that flow down the cheeks,
Without my eyes noticing it,
My love, my life buried along
With the dreams I carried lifelong.....
To catch the glimpse of the Prince
About whom I dream day-in and out

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What Is A Bomb?

I asked mom,
What is a Bomb?
She smiled and held my palm;
Looked worried; still with a calm;

Said it is a firebomb;
That blows up and explodes;
Killing innocents in the midst of the roads;

Destroying peace and Heart-ease;
In towns and cities;
With burns, bruises, bloodshed;
With tears she said;

Men and women,
Young and old;
Every now and then;
Tossed in fire and roll, roll, and roll;

Misuse of brain;
Leaving people with pain;
But in vain;
With a pray to the 'inhuman',
Not to repeat it again, again, again.

My country is vast;
Don't destroy with a blast;
Let's 'live and let live'
We are 'humans' at last.

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What Is Love?

Is it tempestuous moments spend together or,
Is it exchange of hugs and kisses, or
Is it meaningful nights spend rolling on, or
Is it the hot and violent gestures temptation, or
Is it getting started and getting addicted, or
Is it the often exchange of three word syllable, or
Is it holding hands and looking into each other's eyes. Or
Is it lovely fight had over nights, or
Is it sweat remembrance of Dating days and Wedding days, or
Is it going on long drives with beloved with subtle music on, or
Is it presenting gifts and expensive saree or jewellery set, or
Is it living like a man and woman and rearing kids, or
Is it cooking all those favourite dishes for the candle light dinner, or
Is it the beautiful face and dutiful mind, or
Is it wild nature with moments of joys and frustrations, or
Is it warmth of such a companion for lifelong who touches our heart and soul
with closed eyes, untouched hands, and unspoken words?

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Womb Paradise

The withering womb,
Cried a loud and outburst;
Holding and breathing my breathe,
To welcome the love trust;
To the unseen, unheard world of,
Beauty, care and love;
Realized my love lost trust,
Arranged for the crush;
Of the new life in my life,
Unfortunately no tag of wife;
Pain of pleasure increased in vain,
Now banished and bane;
The stretcher bed pulls the stretch marks,
My cry falls dead on ears and the mouth barks;
I nourished and nurtured my womb,
With love stories buried beneath the tombs;
Sadly washed out in the hospital room,
The promises and the oath taken;
Under the holy cross,
Makes no difference of my loss;
The mother in me with the hands pleading,
Not to kill my life yet bleeding;
For sure my love with sign of relief,
With no more hassles and grief;
Looked in my eyes,
Not bothered if the die;
Yet another morning, another sun rise and another life,
Just need a woman beside not a wife;
Flamed eyes looked in despise,
For the sake of false fame;
My life within me made a sacrifice,
How can a betrayer in love ever know?
The value of life growing within the Womb Paradise! ! !

□

