

Poetry Series

**sreelekha premjit**  
**- poems -**

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**sreelekha premjit(26-12-73)**

a teacher by profession and a learner by inclination

# A Daughter To Her Father

Father

to be your daughter  
to be your pride  
to see your dreams  
to live them for you

Father

to be your hope  
to be your pillar of support  
to be the rock  
for you to lean

father

to see your eyes twinkle  
to hear your pride  
to have made your name  
to have you by my side

father

to be your daughter  
unlike no other  
to be your smile  
this is my crusade  
this is my prayer

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# A Dream

My dream  
is my bubble  
in which  
I am cozy and comfortable

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# A Helipad Nose And Some Laughter

The tall man  
stood  
stretched arms  
looked down  
smiled gently

craning her neck  
the little girl  
tried  
to see the top of the mammoth-dost

knowing she wanted  
to sit on his helipad nose  
he bent  
lifting her as he rose again  
a giant, a gentle giant

crinkling his nose  
squinting eyes  
bellyfull of roars of laughter of the man  
tinkle like shrill cries of the girl  
and she was atop the helipad nose!

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# A Little Too Sweet

after all that acrimony, hatred  
name calling

to see you now  
drenched in honey

it's kind of nice  
it's like a cherry cheese top on a chilli  
only it's a little too sweet..

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# A Lovely Picture

sitting close  
knees rubbing  
scents mingling  
a casual touch  
a lingering glance  
stealing looks  
smiling eyes  
heads thrown back  
caught in a perfect picture

these are moments of true love! ! ! ! !

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# A Self Pat!

I walk the skies  
sip in the air  
jump the roads  
pluck hopes.

I thrive on sorrows  
enjoy despair  
chuckle at challenges  
gather broken hearts.

I wallow in ignorance  
swallow pride easily  
wink away hurt  
weave purple coated dreams.

I feign polite indifference  
when scorned  
smile secretly at such foolhardy  
hope to charm in time.

I relish myself  
treat me to pleasures of love  
send secret sms to my heart  
search joy in dark secrets.

Read these eyes  
watch out for joy  
If you look for sorrow  
beware of being fooled.

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# A Series Of Mishaps

this old man and this old woman  
and the aging son  
hurt, humbled now bewildered  
the savings of courage, conviction and time running out  
ask  
say  
plead  
life a series of mishaps...

(stand up, hold on, help, if you want to be counted.)

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# A Soiled Handkerchief

a casual comment  
a violent upheaval  
anger, shame  
churning wild

a seed is sown  
doubt, remorse  
assault the mind  
rock the faith

clouded landscape  
dark and stormy  
heavy downpour  
a soiled handkerchief.

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## A Sometime Lover

now to see you sit in front of me  
to know you don't see me  
to know you do not know me  
to know you do not feel my presence  
to know you do not sense my anger/anxiety/love  
to know that I may never know  
if you truly do care...  
if it really matters to you any more  
to have me here or not

yet I come  
and  
I shall be here every time.

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# A Straight Face

showing tears, her ambition  
stretched beyond its strength  
tried, tired  
wavering now, her confidence  
pushed beyond its limit  
weakened, worked up  
tottering the feet  
tearful the mind  
the patched up smile  
struggles  
but keeps a straight face

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# A Sun Beam In A Rain Drop

A sun beam in a rain drop  
a tree in a seed  
a man in an embryo  
the embryo in me.

knowing  
that I house creation  
I know for sure  
I am no one so common.

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# A Well Spent Day

i have had my due  
of poets and poetry  
that maddening addictive  
occupying the space of my mind

i have learnt a few things  
unlearnt a few others  
travelled through minds' spaces  
sipped the delights

i have had a wonderful time  
at desk today  
my day is fruitful  
coz i met so many a learned soul

this day then as i move  
i bow in honour to you  
those who turn to the pen  
to tell the world what they think.

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# Again She Came, Miracle, Mystery, Mystic

again she came  
miracle mystery mystic  
dangling a prize  
watering hearts  
tantalizing her looks  
and she whispered  
it's here  
right here  
stretch, move, jump  
catch it  
it's for you, darling  
they squirmed  
wiggled, writhed  
anxiety shedding shyness  
jumping now  
and now crooked  
her wicked smile  
she showed  
her glare burnt many a heart  
poor things

miracle mystery magic  
she disappeared.

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# Alive

Last time I checked  
I was alive  
After sometime  
why don't you do that?

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# Alone

Limp hands  
feel cold at fingers  
drooping drowsy eyes  
show no element of life  
bent shoulders speak of aches  
sadness and pain of humiliation  
tearsome eyes  
smile forsaken face  
sobbing hard within  
not many would know  
not even the one she knew  
or she thought that she knew  
could partake an iota  
of that feeling of being forsaken  
if anger could always shout  
to free itself  
if sorrow could always sob  
to calm itself  
if laughing hard and dry  
would bring joy  
she would have done it  
but  
she has but herself  
her enemy and her friend...

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# An Aerial Outing

Hanging out  
In the sky  
Just a hand's reach from my balcony  
The moon smiled  
Helplessly cut in half  
Looking a little foolish  
She said  
Come give me a hand  
Help me to stand  
I jumped in  
Lent her my hand  
Then I saw  
Myself next to her  
Looking down  
I swooned.

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# An Anthem To An Angel

Angel dear  
sit by my side  
hold my hand  
kiss my eyes

angel dear  
ever since you came  
hopes fluttered  
dreams danced

angel dear  
when I felt you then  
stirring inside  
I knew how well I loved you.

angel dear  
each day with you  
each smile we share  
each hug we hold  
has transformed me so

angel dear  
through your eyes  
I see the world  
your dreams mine  
your fears mine

angel dear  
holding you close  
your lips clucking  
you clutching my curls  
your dimpling smile

angel dear  
your waking me up  
searching and then sleeping  
running to me crying  
laughing on seeing me (gregariously)

angel dear  
I cant thank you enough  
nor love you enough  
nor hold you enough  
nor kiss those coveted cheeks enough

angel dear  
your first poem  
your first speech  
the teacher pulling your cheeks  
the tear on your knees

angel dear  
your first trophy  
your first fight  
your first dare

angel dear  
as I see you each day  
I cant begin to believe my luck  
seeing you grow up  
unbelievably, incredibly  
beautiful from within

angel dear  
I cannot  
but wish for you  
wishes that grow  
with every sigh

angel dear  
let love wait by your side  
grateful for every smile  
let earth and sky be  
as it is to us, mostly kind  
let there be trees to guard  
fruits to grace your table  
vegetables to add strength  
old folk to advise  
young ones to look up to you  
your equals to take pride  
in knowing you

and honoured you will be  
for all that you do

and gracefully as you age  
spreading love, wisdom and kindness  
giving and losing for love  
gaining strength and giving it  
the world will rejoice  
having you around  
for there's none so like you....

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# An Idea

A thought  
mulled and munched over  
now regurgitated  
forms an idea

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# And I Fell Quiet! ! !

have we come thus far  
my dear, I asked  
smiling, holding hands

have we come thus far  
dearest, I said  
as love birds then to now

I paused for reply  
my man whispered

Haven't I been silent far too often  
And I fell quiet! ! !

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# And She Became

from the dream came the daring  
from the daring the action  
and then came she.

from the love came the suffering  
from the suffering satisfaction  
and then she knew.

from the heart came the calling  
from the calling the conviction  
and she became.

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# And So He Comes

So he comes

He comes and goes  
Impregnating her with  
Dreams and nightmares  
In sleep and sleeplessness

Crumpled sheets  
Or wrinkled skin  
Shows the signs  
She much denies

His wanted unwanted  
Hovering around  
Planting seedlings  
Abandoning them

Has aroused and distressed her  
Has made love surge  
Pride fall  
ask for more.

Love and life  
Been a denial  
A running away  
Chasing visions

Blinded by passion  
Bound by tradition  
She wilted  
He watched

Life continues  
Savouring the worst as best  
Reliving the lies as truth  
Deluded dumbstruck eyes of all times.

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# Anger And Sorrow

If tears stream out in anger  
what would sorrow do?

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# Anger?

she was angry  
she said smiling through her teeth  
very angry,  
she nodded for emphasis  
she has been hurt,  
badly, she said, grinning  
'really bad, you know, '  
then, she showed a scar on her elbow  
and said, in other places as well

her eyes twinkling  
her bright lips shining  
I stood silent

her coloured locks waved  
her bangles jingled  
her anklets tinkled  
her necklace choked me

ANGER! ! ! ? ? ?

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## As To Meera, So To Me! ! !

tender in his watch  
the blue-hued lord  
played his flute  
quelled my fears  
smiled mischievously  
stretched an envelope  
a blanket  
a rainbow  
brightening my soul

the blue hued lord  
his tender care  
as to Meera, his lover  
so to me! ! !

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# Beautiful Mundane Acts

Its what I like the best about my home  
the endless repetition of acts  
the washing of the spoon,  
cleaning the kitchen.

Its what I like the best about my home  
pottering around the utensils  
packing and unpacking memories  
folding up clothes.

Its what I like the best about my home  
to hear the spoon and tumbler rattle away  
to watch the mop unfold its story of the day  
lighting lamp in the evening for prayer.

Its what I like the best about my home  
to just laze around, messing in the kitchen  
to roll up flour into round mouth watering ladoos  
hearing the television, fridge and the ac speak.

Its that which keeps me calm  
my turbulent mind lost in storm  
the beauty of mindlessly repeating  
the beautiful mundane acts of my daily life.

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# Beauty Of Make Up

Make up is make believe  
erase the scar  
hide the blemish  
coat a paint

make up is make believe  
the joy of it  
until the varnish is effective  
till the mask is fixed

but

beneath the mask  
below the varnish, the coat of colours  
the craving heart  
the chiding soul

make up to make believe  
celebrate yourself  
coat, paint, colour  
blur the reality  
forget yourself in fantasy

but above all  
love yourself

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# Before I Am No More! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

I have seen you up close  
over and again  
many times over

I have felt you real close  
over and again  
many times over

I have heard you often  
over and again  
many times over

last time when you  
helped me stand  
after a sudden fall

and later when I  
stood confused at the intersection  
unable to choose

and then when I  
was about to give up  
u egged me on

I have truly felt you, seen you and heard you  
I have tried you, tested you and acknowledged you  
All I want now is to embrace you  
(before i am no more! ! !)

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# Benevolent Krishna

amid the clang of temple bells  
the light of the evening diyas  
surrounded by heads bowed in reverence  
I stood  
mute  
overwhelmed  
tears streaming  
hands folded  
the beauty of Krishna stupefied the senses  
filling the soul with a pleasure divine.

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# Better Silent Than Speaking

what shall i say  
if by saying out i set them to nought  
the emotions churning within

what shall i say  
if by speaking i turn them futile  
the rising tide of feelings within

what shall i say  
if by telling i spoil the very effect  
of praising someone one too many a time

what shall i say  
if by confiding in you i reveal me in truth  
and thus lose what i gained with understanding

shall i then not  
choose to be quiet  
or  
converse to my soul  
in solitude

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# Bliss Of Ignorance

your silence is my armour  
your disinterest my protection  
dont know me friend  
give me your indifference  
in your turning away  
I seek recognition.

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# Blissful Ignorance

The knowledge of  
not knowing  
is what  
keeps me going.

The day I come to know  
of the knowledge  
I gathered  
Its my end.

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# Bolster The Soul

Bolster the soul  
with vaccines of hatred and insults  
injected time and again

Don't you know that  
the hurts and invectives  
are returned to the one who sent  
when you refuse them your attention? ?

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# Burning Tears

These tears  
will maul you  
taunt you

these tears  
will strangle you  
asphyxiate you

these tears  
will burn you  
crush you

these tears  
I refuse to shed  
for fear of killing you

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# Call Her The Anchor

She served as his anchor  
in times of pain and laughter

she kept him firmly feet down  
in the dusk or in the dawn

she held him steady  
even as he paraded himself as a dandy

his anchor, in a life of turbulence  
even as he tested her tolerance

he needed her, what if she didnt  
he knew without her he wasnt

she was his anchor, his bitter pill  
he could not give her up even at his will

call her his mother, friend or sister  
she never minded being the second in the line

she stood for him nevertheless  
that should say it all and nonetheless.

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## Catch 22

Learning is fine  
but  
unlearning, ah, that's difficult.  
Doing is good  
but  
undoing, oh, its never easy.  
knowing is easy  
it might appear  
but unknowing is what is truly taxing.  
hurting is fine  
but  
unhurting, that's what takes a lifetime  
loving comes quick and easy  
but unloving strangulates you.

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# Chained! ! ! !

come, befriend me  
but be forewarned  
i welcome not the faint-hearted  
for i am what i am;

a young soul  
trapped in an aged body  
limbs, thoughts; rendered useless  
a wavering candle flame  
to be put off by  
the slightest breeze

i sit, walk on four legs  
(not that it makes me any faster though)  
i stare at empty walls  
vapid faces look through me  
searching perhaps  
signs of sanity

i don't disappoint  
the viewers  
picking up the nearest thing  
i throw or hurl abuse-  
pure amusement  
a different drama altogether

well! you are warned hereby  
stay away, stay back  
don't put out your filthy hand  
for friendship (in a moment of sudden weakness)  
leave me alone!  
condemned to my destiny. good bye!

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# Change

Then in hairier times  
smoke emitting  
erect frame  
he loved silence  
he worshiped it  
and enshrined it  
in the drawing room  
in the veranda  
steals of laughter  
then escaped  
sheer energy rippled  
the walls of stony silence shook  
later, the moon like crown  
made him frown  
longing for laughter  
he searched the empty rooms  
in still verandha  
silence stood rooted  
firm, resolute  
no stray sound dare raise its ugly head

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# Cheerful Spirit

Its out of sadness  
springing forth from  
the depth of her heart  
that she writes today

of what is valued  
is not her true worth  
but what she tries to  
impress others with

of those who judge  
so harshly causing hurt  
an indictment so misconstrued  
so horribly misplaced

of those judgments passed  
on souls pure but naive  
coz they are naive  
not sophisticated enough

of the resolution  
to face it all  
with out a tinge of regret  
or pain for she stands vindicated

She who is sincere  
honest, caring and considerate  
the best specimen of a  
good human being

She knows it well  
has known it always  
these attempts to  
ridicule shall fail to hurt  
cheers to her, herself and her spirit

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# Cheers To New Love

here my love, come take your seat  
enough is said of old times spent

sit close watch the dove  
eager to etch another poem of love

did you hear the cooing pigeons so intent  
come bend a little know what i meant

forget the past, forsake the lost  
not all is lost, now raise the toast

pick up the batter, lets bake a new cake  
the letters of cream shall stand out to state

the story of our love of this day  
a new beginning, shall ever be so gay

know you now, i darn't listen  
the songs of your lost love  
your failed adventures, identities mistaken  
hold me tight, sing a new song, feel the new joys begin

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# Children At Play

The back strap  
Dangled dangerously  
Eyes downcast

Thoughts reigned  
The Boss, the beast  
The meeting

A ball from nowhere  
Woke him up to smiles  
Real smiles, long stomach crunching laughs

He stood still  
To take in the moment  
To partake the joy

What is it about children at play  
That tugs at the heart  
Brings about an ache

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# Chousath Dhara

once on a shivratri  
we travelled on the khandwa road  
and in to the inroads  
to the banks of Narmada  
where the chousath dhara splayed the river  
coloured imagination  
and brought frenzied heavenly fever  
for the villagers who gathered  
had come to witness the last shivrathri  
on the banks of narmada  
by the side of chousath dhara  
and then the water till now benign  
would swallow the villages  
and then shivrathri by chousath dhara  
would be a thing of the past  
a folklore  
a once upon a time thing  
to tell and retell

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# Confused

Pink cheeks  
Ruby red lips of the lad  
Made his mother  
Pick out her sunscreen  
Her tender waft like son  
Confused of nationality  
Condemned for idiosyncrasy  
Had to rule the millions  
Who would worship no matter who  
Who would idolise no matter why  
It pinched her heart  
To see her son  
The only one  
Out in the sun  
Reddening cheeks  
Tired, tarnished  
Speaking a foreign tongue  
To a foreign people  
Knowing still  
That it was a necessity  
She endured the humiliation  
Of having to dress up like a one among them  
Speak, eat, live like one  
For what if not to rule  
To what end this sacrifice  
Of living in others shoes  
If not to be the ruler  
Then why  
It was her grouse, hers alone

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# Countless The Carnations

countless the carnations  
boundless the opportunities  
unseen unheard  
waiting for the true heir  
extend  
reach out  
success favours the brave.

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# Dear Lord, Hear Me Out! ! ! !

Wasn't it yesterday, my lord  
that you held my hand  
walked down a mile  
smiling at me

Wasn't it then, that i  
suddenly burst into loud laughter  
turning passersby to me  
smiling in wonderment

Weren't you there with me, my lord  
squeezing my shoulders  
as i tried to comprehend  
the term mitochondrial cytopathy

Wasn't it your hand that steadied me. oh! lord  
when the world went reeling around  
pits opened and cries crowded my mind  
weren't you then, wiping off my tears

Why, what happened now that  
you turn your back when I need u most  
wasn't it all just yesterday, dear lord  
or is it too far in your memory?

Why, what happened  
why this sudden indifference?  
why are these ears so deaf to my pain?  
what pulls u back now?

Having walked so long together  
shall we not reach the end hand in hand  
or will you now desert me to  
face the music of  
broken hopes, jilted love, scorning faces  
all alone?

My lord, won't you walk with me just this far?  
to the end of this road



winding off to nothingness  
My lord, my lord, hold, hold back  
take me with you! ! ! !

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# Death

Death is a consolation prize for the living

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# Death Came

When death came calling  
she found me snoring

having found me thus  
in the arms of her sis

she went out leaving  
a note meant for calling

she said, call me when u're free  
but as you can see, iam still writing

and will just keep her waiting  
until i will to free myself from the clutches of life.

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# Doubts And Conviction

An insecure feeling  
an insatiable craving  
is the power of seeing, ceasing?

an impossible realisation  
a very pertinent question  
is my mind not writing?

a sudden fear gripping  
a severe pain my heart is breaking  
is this all that's called my writing?

a sweet strong assertion  
of a mind filled with conviction  
-to write you need just vision.

the fear of impotence  
slackens its hold  
the assertion of the mind  
strengthens the confidence.

The poet is relieved  
her sweet muse is to be believed  
nature seems captivating  
humans look interesting.

The nightmare is over  
joy is spilling over  
the pen is flowing  
words are now in placing.

Thoughts are now ripening  
fruits now bearing  
mellow yellow, red or whitening  
the fruit is for all to taste.

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# Dream

My dream  
is my bubble  
in which  
I am cozy and comfortable

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# Dreaming

My dream  
is my bubble  
in which  
I am cozy and comfortable

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# Dreaming Too Less

Dreaming too less  
asking for little  
ready for compromises  
agreed to do with whatever was wistful  
she ended up having  
too less  
too little  
of joy, dreams  
of cars, houses, children, love, home, vanity bags, dresses, health  
wondering she said  
was it a crime?  
to ask for little  
to be happy with what was there  
to never to complain..  
and it started the heart ache  
the yearning  
for more  
for more  
and she has been gifted with  
more pain  
more sorrow  
more lack of everything  
dream less or dream more? ! ! !

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# Dreamz

Against the unpleasantness of life  
the sweetness of dreams beckons

against the impossibilities of living  
the realities of dreams seem inviting

this is no 'inception'  
no call it not deception

it's just a little commonsense  
in the face of so much nonsense.

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## Each Day

Each day brings with it a ray of fresh hope  
Each night a sense of peace filled calm  
Each hour brings to me a challenge to face  
Each minute evolves my inherent strength  
Each second I live I gain something.

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## Each Written Word

each written word  
is a permanent print  
of a thought told  
a feeling felt  
a momentary insight

saying the unsaid  
twisting the tale  
tweaking it to tell  
an oft quoted quote  
albeit differently

an attempt to achieve  
an altogether new  
perspective  
an old truth  
beating a new track  
striking upon the like-minded as hot iron..

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# Euphoric On Poem Hunter

ah! the joy  
the joy of being heard  
the knowledge of acknowledgement  
of finding a kindred heart

ah! the pleasure  
so sinful yet so pure  
of love to one self  
the swelling pride

ah! my heart keep quiet  
let the noise not be heard  
let the joy remain  
unsung but intact

for here i stretch my hand  
hold it for a while  
and soon with draw  
for pleasures are forbidden

tears roll down  
as i find myself on the  
moving screen  
so colourful vibrant  
a lifeless living thing

iam indebted to u  
this journey to the unknown  
is ur gift to me  
alvida! ! ! thank u

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# Ever So Gently, Dear Lover

Rise rise slowly softly  
dear passion  
ever so gently

breathe breathe slowly softly  
dear heart  
ever so gently

hold hold slowly softly  
dear hands  
ever so gently

smile smile slowly softly  
dear lips  
ever so gently

sob sob slowly softly  
dear eyes  
ever so gently

kiss kiss slowly softly  
dear lover  
ever so gently

love love slowly softly  
dear lover  
ever so gently

for the loving heart is delicate  
and so even in love cannot  
harshness take.

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## Exert Ur Choice

The landscape is clean like a bald head  
the dearth of ideas stick out like a barren chest  
the reader is welcome to form his thoughts  
the canvas is open to interpretation

here walk in, its an open mind  
draw your conclusions, or leave confused  
the choice is yours, go ahead exert..

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# Face In The Mirror

wet  
contorted  
twisted in rage  
the face  
spoke in silence  
howled and screamed  
and then the smile  
stupid deadpan  
did any one notice  
nah! ! as usual

sreelekha premjit

## Faith Sells And How? ? ?

on the thoroughfare of faith  
vendors beckon  
offering  
salvation, paradise, nirvana  
100% pure living  
credit  
debit  
aadhar  
minority  
cards and more  
for ardha snanam  
and a bumper prize  
for purna snanam  
coz with numbers  
fills the coffers  
its good business  
a flip of faith  
brings bounty!

sreelekha premjit



# Fantastic Fantasies Of The Lover

She spread her arms  
and he took her in  
holding her lightly  
he travelled swiftly  
over the hills  
now precariously  
her feet dangling in to vales  
dipping into the clear streams  
and rising to ride  
the swift soft clouds  
thunder trailing their path  
lighting up the sky and the earth  
dazed they watched  
the birds  
and  
trying  
to keep the pace  
raced futile  
the glowing sun glowered  
but gently lowered his gaze  
the sweet earth looking up  
smiled and sent the scents  
fragrances of flowers rare  
wafts of heavenly iridescence  
teasing taunting  
now he laughed into her curls  
and as she watched the sky turned  
into one big huge rainbow  
and earth a blue spot  
so they raced past  
for he is  
swift and calm  
smart and sloppy  
kid and man  
friend and foe  
her nemesis  
her blessing! ! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Fear No More!

the greatest of the tasks was taken  
in stepping out of the womb  
and its cosy comforting confines  
into the turbulent tantalising totality of the universe

having done that now what fear? ? ? ?  
as you retrace your steps to the  
womb of the great power  
that shall eventually consume  
the one who conceived you into a reality

having known this then why fear? ? ? ?  
what is in between is just a few bubbles  
of life tending to be eternal  
live it as you may, free of fears and doubts

the truth awaits you, yonder its boundary  
prepare for its finality  
relax! ! let go! ! !  
leave your life as fluttering butterfly  
ignorant of its clipped life span yet so fine.

sreelekha premjit

## Fears: All Kinds

Fearing sterility  
he refuses to give up  
as a rusted metal piece  
he feels he will end up.

Fearing ignomy  
the actor past his fifties  
dresses up in extravagance  
hoping to conceal the tell tale signs of age.

Fearing failure  
the student refuses to attempt  
he conjures a misplaced  
headache hoping to get rid of the task at hand.

Fearing a life of loneliness  
the young soul hunts  
for a feel good, be good  
partner who will add shades of brightness to a pale life.

Fearing exposure of her skills  
the lady at home  
postpones cooking  
phantom ghosts of misformed cakes, upalatable torture her.

Fearing rebellion  
the mother does not rein in  
her wayward son  
for she feels she might lose him forever.

The little champion has known fear  
his victory is on the foundation  
of a past fear conquered  
he looks about and cannot  
but feel pity for those who evade fear  
adding to its growth rather than facing it head on.

sreelekha premjit

# Gentle Giant

A gentle giant helped  
smiling he held her hand  
she slipped she fell

he turned  
and she stood straight

drenched in desire  
soaked in dreams  
sundried in love

she let life happen

sreelekha premjit

## Gentleman? ? ? ?

no, no his voice is not gentle  
neither his actions  
nor his words, nor his thoughts  
yet to call him a Gentleman? ? ? ?

sreelekha premjit

# Happiness Is A State Of The Mind

Gym made body  
looks threaded to a perfect surprise

masacara dripping eyes  
Balmed lips

Sun protected skin  
Wrinkle free

Hair tinged a dark purple  
Purple is the colour of royalty)  
hassle free, tangle free

happiness is a state of the mind.

sreelekha premjit

# Has She Come?

Has she come?  
has she unwrapped her gifts?  
is she ready to give us our due?  
they wondered  
miracle mystery mystic  
smiling, taunting, teasing  
has she brought the goodies?  
has she wiped the wounds?  
has she stepped in?  
miracle mystery mystic  
smiling, taunting, teasing  
will she be kind to us?  
will she open her box of bounty?  
will she unburden the joystack here?  
or will she smiling, taunting, teasing move on  
keeping us waiting eternally?

sreelekha premjit



# He Comes Home

The man comes again  
stooping smiling  
relieved to be back home

She turns around  
to greet him smiling  
happy to see him come

Their eyes meet  
souls convey wordlessly  
much more than a thesis would do

Her pride is in his ownership  
his in being held so by her  
together they walk time

as man and woman  
leading generations to come  
the end doesnot bother  
when the journey is such a pleasure! ! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Heartless

Many ears  
turn  
to the sounds  
I  
make  
but  
hearts  
none  
turn  
nor  
stop  
nor  
heed  
and  
the  
one  
heart  
I yearn for  
is  
blind  
to  
my sighs

sreelekha premjit

# Her Highness - Miracle Mystery Mystic

he lay in wait  
his failing hands  
numbed feet  
loosened muscles  
fatigued famished  
feverish  
waiting for her highness  
miracle mystery mystic,  
her benevolence.

she counted the days of misery  
hoping for an end  
looking forward to better times  
torn between hope and hopelessness  
yet hopelessly hoping  
miracle mystery mystic,  
her kind glance.

sreelekha premjit

# Her Stilled Presence

The briskness is missing  
so is the spontaneous smile  
the constant rearranging  
the fiddling with a curl

indifference of gods and mortals  
pushing her to the brink  
waiting endlessly for the  
never happening change

stilled her presence  
muted her effervescence  
a ghost of her former self  
a laugh dead before it bloomed

still a mother, still a wife  
subdued in hues  
submissive in spirit  
a painful sight

to those who love her  
she is a fallen leaf  
find her for me  
her only daughter...

sreelekha premjit

# Here's Your Talisman

When you feel lonely  
unloved uncared for  
this is what you can do

Stand with your hands spread  
feet together, in the balcony  
where there is abundant fresh air  
breathe in the breeze

close your eyes and think  
think that you are flying  
in the blue blue sky  
one among the birds

now note how the  
buildings below turn smaller  
as you go higher and higher  
remember to hold your breath

the hands spread on either side  
sway a little with the breeze  
hold on you are not going to fall  
how minute, tiny is the world

how tinier, minuscule  
should your troubles be then  
relax, breathe in again  
feel your tummy fill with air

slowly circle in the sky  
gracefully like a hawk  
now slowly gracefully  
start your return flight

remember to breathe well  
watch the buildings, towers grow taller  
watch them walk, run and rush  
gently, oh, so gently

plant your feet  
back on the terrace  
of your balcony  
feel the sorrows vanish

joys take their place  
to evaluate a situation  
well! properly, I must say  
all you need is a bit of distance.

Trust me, try it once  
and call the world to announce  
the beauties of such a flight  
above the world, in the light of reason (or above it?)

sreelekha premjit

# Hi Hello Namaste! ! !

hi

hello

namaste

the little i knew

i shared boldly

now i feel

there's nothing i know

what's then to share? ? ? ?

So I say again hi hello and namaste! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Hunted, Shunted The Farmer In India

This is not new nor shocking  
a blotch of shame  
on a nation of farmers

led to the noose  
buckled under debt, humiliation shame  
his children dying  
his wife sick

when he chose the noose to life  
when his wife cried for help

who turned?  
none  
who listened?  
no one

when he embraced death  
to escape humiliation, torture? ?  
who cared enough to lend a hand

not the officer who claimed  
not to know of suicides by farmers  
not the government  
not the society  
not the media  
who cried foul? ? ?

Another farmer  
a victim of good governance  
a victim of progress  
a victim of modern times  
a martyr! ! !

sreelekha premjit



# I Held You In My Thoughts

what held you so long  
what held you so far  
she cried  
he smiled  
I held you so long in my thoughts  
and now you think of me! !

sreelekha premjit

# I Miss My Tooth And Miss You Too

It's when I lost my tooth  
the other day  
while drinking my coffee  
hot and refreshing  
that I remembered you my love  
and how much I missed you  
now with this gap in my teeth  
I know there will not be another time of our meeting  
you who have shied away  
perhaps it's my being awkward  
or it's your snobbery  
but the truth is you should know  
no body mattered ever to me as you did  
not even the missing tooth  
really you got to believe me when I say  
I loved you from the bottom of my heart  
many young teeth I had then  
a pretty smile  
and even a pretty bosom  
but still friend, I was clumsy enough to lose you  
just like the missing tooth  
and now I guess as my limbs stop their work  
and as my memory fades  
you will remain in the shadows of my screen of life  
bright still  
I do wish I had learned to seduce if nothing else  
and life would have been different  
the missing tooth would have been mourned by both you and me  
and it would not have mattered to me at all  
right now though  
counting what's left of teeth and the limbs alone  
it's painful. Know is plain painful.  
I miss my tooth and so I miss you too.

sreelekha premjit

# I Rise, Phoenix Like

Phoenix like  
I rise  
from debris  
beneath ashes

Phoenix like  
I rise  
quelling doubts  
quietening unease

Phoenix like  
I rise  
proud  
poised

I rise  
I rise  
plinth like  
I stand  
I stand

sreelekha premjit

# In Death, I Return

In death  
I return  
as your breath  
as the soil you walk upon  
as the wall you lean on  
as the dreams you weave  
as the breath you take  
as the liquid intake  
in death  
do i return  
to be the air that cushions you  
to be the sky that colours you  
to be the life that lives you  
I return  
to you  
to be you..  
for eons I travelled  
from nightmares to hopes to dreams to realities  
from pitfalls to firm ground to solid pillars  
for you to lean  
for you to trust  
in death  
I do return  
to hold  
to lend a hand  
to be your own  
to be yours alone

in death, yes, in death  
i returned  
to be at your side  
to see you through this strife  
to kiss you warm in the ice  
to shower you petals in the storm

in death, I return  
many deaths later, i still return

sreelekha premjit

# In Memory Of A True Teacher

In memory of Geeta Atmaram Mam  
(The Second Coming, always the first in memory)  
Hush, silent  
The voice is no more  
The smile now unseen  
The warmth receding  
The voice  
Booming, reverberating  
The smile  
Inviting, endearing  
bright crimson mark  
Burning  
a memory  
Nonpareil.

sreelekha premjit

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Inviting, endearing  
bright crimson mark  
Burning  
a memory  
Nonpareil.

sreelekha premjit

# In Modern Times Among Modern People! ! ! ! ! !

Blow the trumpet of your achievements  
seek to hide your failures  
turn to tell all your virtues  
forget always the vices in you.

Quench the thirst with something sorrowful  
satisfy the greed acknowledging your pain  
the world would rather hear you suffer  
than rejoice with you in happier times.

Remember to ask the most intimate details  
of those whom you like or hate  
forget never to pass on what you heard  
to atleast a hundred or more.

Hide not your distaste, be forthright  
never cease to think before you criticise  
Here's how to live the life  
in modern times among modern people! ! ! ! ! !

sreelekha premjit



# In Red, She Tread

in red she tread  
oh! what a dread  
pouting a smile  
prancing on her heels  
hating honesty  
disliking modesty  
she cried!  
I hate her you know,  
simple, simple woman  
I hate her you see,  
she follows too many rules  
I detest her did you hear  
she has a haughty way  
last time, I heard her say  
my lipstick is too bright for my face!

sreelekha premjit

# In Tune With Shiva

hear the song within  
feel the rhythm  
fall in tune  
the cosmic dance is in the soul.

sreelekha premjit

# Indifference Institutionalised!

Register this to this day  
at the top most column on the right  
against reasons of absence  
paid or unpaid leave, certificates/documents attached?

Note that the reason for absence is death  
after years of illness and existence as an invalid  
he had lost his mobility to an illness  
rare in his family and outside

Could that be the reason for indifference?  
could we have shown a little more tolerance?  
as long as he worked he worked well  
outside he struggled and did that well....

His name we kept on the list for long  
too bad that the disease prolonged too long  
too bad he could not find another place to work  
but then who would employ an invalid?

What a waste to the company, the bank it would be  
who could be senseless to live such a night mare  
the young man applied, pleaded, begged  
the men of authority thought it fit not to hear

For men may come or men may go  
the bank would go on for ever  
as better sense prevails  
lets push the weak away from sight

Finally, a beautiful picture is what  
appeals to the aesthetic sense...(not moral)      eh! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Its Easy To Be Kind

it cost them nothing  
to put on that smile  
stretch that hand  
look into those eyes

it meant oh! so little  
to make that call  
pat his back  
walk down a little  
sit down by his side

it did take a little more effort  
to sip cold tea  
bite into those moss-ridden  
insipid biscuits of yester years  
to mumble that kind thank word  
to look behind as they walked ahead

it meant a lot to him  
though not meant for him  
the smile that strayed past  
the look that accidentally met his  
the half- hearted 'thank you so much'

he could now live on  
for thoughtless love does make a lot of sense.  
he who lived for none  
found a hope to live for someone.

sreelekha premjit

## Its Her! ! ! Beloved Of Me

When tired broken and in despair  
All I can think of is to snuggle into your arms  
When joyous laughing myself silly  
I long to have none but you at my side.

When you are called obese  
I know how you hold me with ease  
When you are labeled unkempt  
I remember those taut veins on your hands bent.

When you are counted another failure  
I think of your sweet heart so pure  
When others turned their backs to me  
I knew you would stand up to me.

sreelekha premjit

# Its My Home, This Road!

dear aunty and uncle  
let me first appreciate your sensitivity  
your great sense of beauty,  
for you cloak the dirt in transparent plastic  
and then politely put it on the roadside  
the roadside where you rarely walk  
for when you go for a walk  
carried in your 4 wheels  
at a faraway beautiful park  
I, sleep here  
live here.  
some I heard have been saying  
I do a few other unacceptable things too  
sorry about that  
but tell me  
if you can't keep your dirt in your house  
why are you spoiling my home, my play ground, my party place  
the only one I have  
and you see, I share it with everyone else.

sreelekha premjit

# Its Sad But True

Its sad but true  
that i hurt you again  
but to hurt vents the anguish  
from the anger will rise a spark  
its sad but true  
that i see no other way  
but to hurt to awaken the spirit  
from the pain shall rise a flame  
its sad but true  
that i hurt to be hurt again  
but to hurt is what i hate  
from hurt to hurt i go.

sreelekha premjit

# Its The Village Air

Its the village air  
they sniggered  
that keeps her strong  
that she dares to smile  
when she ought to cry

its the ignorance of the village woman  
they sneered  
that keeps her will  
that keeps her intact  
when she ought to be bent and broken

its stupid they agreed finally  
that now she looks us in the eye  
when her son lay broken beaten vegetable like  
when her daughter broken beaten struggles to meet the ends

this woman the village woman  
uneducated, unkempt, the temple -goer  
the mother of imbeciles  
should have such a straight spine beat them all.

sreelekha premjit



# Kali Yuga

an alien god seduced them  
an alien tongue ravished them  
alienation has since been a curse  
to turn back to the womb that bred  
has since been an aspiration  
caught in conflicts and thus cornered  
men grieve and grievances fill  
their mindspace..rising out of which  
comes violence, terrible and self-engulfing  
utter chaos and confusion prevails  
thriving on which lives evil  
jeering at time's testimonies  
laughing at mind's masterpieces  
what lies ahead is pitch darkness  
come lose ur self it is the rule of kali yuga.

sreelekha premjit

# Kathputli

In the Kathputli colony  
in the outskirts of the city  
in the hearts of our lovers  
in the harshest of times  
we thrived  
we ruled  
travelling eons  
tailoring dreams  
until  
bulldozed  
until  
despised  
we became puppets  
sans voice  
sans action  
sans land  
sans shelter  
sans respect

sreelekha premjit

# Kill Force

the maniacs come  
obsessed with hatred  
programmed to kill

holding to ransom  
a whole thriving city  
clueless police looks on

seeds of death are sown  
rich dividends do they reap  
the city witnesses a macabre circus

sleeping nerros of the town  
rudely shaken of slumber  
what is lost is the faceof humanity! ! ! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Kiss And Hiss

No child, not now, nor ever, he hissed  
a child! ! , she pleaded  
still chill invaded  
warmth of love later, flooded  
kissing thus they made up  
making love they end up

Did love bear its fruit,  
wait to see, even if ur patience wears out.

sreelekha premjit

# Know

Know the truth of your existence  
know the power of persistence  
know what you can achieve with perseverance  
know that light dispels darkness

know then that cowardice is not your call  
know then that triumph awaits your spell  
know then that lack of will can cause ur fall  
know also that spring comes after fall.

sreelekha premjit

# Knowing Ignorance

Upon the shore  
she sat  
a bumbling idiot

she does not know the waves  
nor the waters  
nor the depth  
yet she sits  
and pretends to think  
believes to know  
assumes to understand

the pretension of knowledge  
the pride of acquaintance  
with a Marquez, with a Vijayan, with a Maya Angelou

blinds the eye to ignorance  
and they say ignorance is bliss  
it is truly...  
provided you know you are ignorant.

sreelekha premjit

# Let Me Leave You Thus! ! !

Enveloped in that sweet maddening scent  
entangled in the web of your arms  
enlightened by the beauty of love so physical  
I arose aroused to the needs of the living

Each day dear love, this is what I will  
each day dear man, this is what I wish  
to trace the nerves as they stand out  
to mingle desire with love as i know it.

Each time as we thus meet  
the fragrance of mating shall stay  
leaving you craving for more  
dear love, this shall be my imprint upon your soul.

sreelekha premjit

# Life Happens, So Does Love!

drenched in desire  
soaked in dreams  
dried in love  
she let life happen

sreelekha premjit



# Life, A Dream

My dream  
is my bubble  
in which  
I am cozy and comfortable

sreelekha premjit

# Listen To Me

this day here at this place  
seek your heaven in her face

this minute hither in her company  
trace those promises about to become a reality

remember then to give up your past  
break the ties that held you fast

reconcile to the pleasures at hand  
restart the voyage you left half - done

remind your self not to repeat the errors  
that once condemned you to terrors

the joys of life that come unadorned  
are the sweetest and are to lasting bound

mark my words, and accept the fact  
that life could get no better for you  
therefore gather strength to keep intact  
what is yours this day, hold on tight.

sreelekha premjit

# Little Did I Know

Little did I know of what would follow  
when I shook hands with a kid  
a wobbly head, trembling hands

Little did I think of how the parents  
lovingly tended to this gentle being  
her sweet pleas, her sweeter slumber.

Little did I realise that this sweet minstrel  
had made her home her temporary haunt  
a stopping by, on a long travel ahead.

As her mom sobbed inconsolably  
I stood by, a mute witness  
the bursting sorrow couldnot be quietened.

They said though how painful it would have been  
for the little soul to live on, a girl that too...  
thus maimed by the cruelty of chance.

My lord, I ask, aren't they the more deserving to live  
those that are so different  
My lord, I want to know, what makes a few of the best  
conceited to be the worst of physic  
My lord, tell me, why this disparity  
why such cruelty to the deserving?  
My lord, why we do we always wait till its too late  
To amend a wrong.

Questions abound, no answers are heard  
The search is on, help if you can.

sreelekha premjit

# Living

dead in life  
pretense of joy  
that is living

sreelekha premjit

## Living -2

its amazing how  
death and disease  
makes one aware of living.

sreelekha premjit

# Living Two Lives

HE fell behind  
unable to cope

still his hands joined in prayer  
for her, his beloved

he never stopped dreaming  
but pushed them to reality through her

each time she ventured  
he listened carefully to her adventures

each time she hesitated wanting courage  
he egged her on to defy fear

at times when tasks seemed mundane  
she paused to think of him

life was to her a promise to keep  
to achieve what should have been his as well

the good god aided  
smilingly holding her hand

as she traversed the paths meant for two  
for in one life she juxtaposed the two

it takes courage to live one's life to the brim  
and of living it for others... well nothing need be said.

sreelekha premjit

# Loneliness A Solace

Cut off that damn dazzle  
switch off the lights  
push off those enlightened  
shoo off those prying into my life

keep the windows closed  
turn down the visitor at the door  
jeering at my debacle  
hands folded the curious spectator

switch off the music  
it pricks and pierces  
knock off the unwanted  
unopened gifts  
loneliness is solace..

sreelekha premjit

# Long After You Left Me

long after you left me  
i sat there  
alone,  
holding on  
to the air  
drinking in the fragrance.  
i sat there  
alone  
seeing you  
when you were not there  
feeling you where you were not  
hugging on to the feeling of you  
hearing words you did not utter  
not wanting to let you go  
i asked your shadow to stay back a little..

sreelekha premjit



# Look Within

she said to me, look within to find your self  
i found it silly, to spend time thus  
for what would one find  
in one so common

she said to me, trust your self not others  
i scoffed at her, i thought them wise  
it mattered most what they thought  
what they said and did not say

those words once despised  
are now to me, gospels of truth  
those pearls of wisdom, then belittled  
are now the truth that i hold dear.

sreelekha premjit

# Looking Back

do look back  
often and on  
to those days yonder  
spent by the bougainvilla

remember how  
when we met for the first time  
the bougainvilla  
blushed blue, pink and red

hark back  
to those honey-coated days  
longing eyes  
lingering thoughts

sweating palms  
heaving hearts  
whispering nothings  
on eager evenings

she stood witness  
to secret meetings  
sweet exchanges  
broken promises

turn the clock  
a bitter twenty years  
remember the lass  
who stood by your side

lost in glory of your present  
lost to the happiness of past  
you sought a new world  
leaving behind pain induced numbness.

sreelekha premjit

# Lost Again In Love

On that nose that crinkled  
lips that pursed  
eyes half shut  
and a few silver hair  
she lost herself  
again

sreelekha premjit

# Love - A Narcissist

Love  
invisible  
invincible

mysterious  
clinging to memories  
moments  
in the backyard  
of the mind.

Love  
asks  
no proof  
no document  
nor any validation

Love exists  
inspite of itself  
of time's tribulations  
of vagaries of circumstance

The marching time  
nor  
the piling struggles  
snuff  
it out

It stays on  
surviving attempts  
at burial  
at decapitation  
at forgetting  
at indifference

thriving in itself  
Love is in love with itself  
a true narcissist!

sreelekha premjit

# Love And Hatred

The colour, the pallor  
The fragrance, the  
The annoyance  
The grudge  
The smudge  
Of love  
is  
the same  
all  
across the world  
and  
so I heard is it for hatred.

sreelekha premjit

# Love Entranced

her love entranced steps  
leave no foot prints  
as she sprints  
floating in the breeze

her joy not yet in bloom  
is still felt  
in the gush of spirit  
the rush of joy

the secret misgivings  
are a big hush-hush  
look closely  
you can read the floating fear in her eyes.

the love-lorn lass  
the secret muse  
the pretty young thing  
whispering nothing

a pretty sight  
rain drop in the desert  
quenching the thirst of a parched soul

(venus despised her  
happiness was always amiss  
the sporadic spell of peace  
never lasted long

the care and concern  
she is blessed with  
as love walks by  
holding her close

lord, give her more  
than is her due.  
and in her joy  
shall we rejoice)

sreelekha premjit



# Love This Way

lovers dears  
hold onto each other  
loose enough  
to let the other breathe  
tight enough  
not to let go of hand

lovers dears  
hold onto each other  
kissing ardently  
in sadness, madness  
holding hands  
when in joy

lovers dears  
touch gently  
to evoke love  
pinch sometimes  
to evoke lust  
(let passion never be covered in dust)

lovers dears  
tell me if you have  
gained or lost  
having done this  
an ear willing to hear  
I shall always have.

sreelekha premjit

# Love Unseen

Are you there?  
Are you there?  
She asked  
To receive no reply.

Turning to go  
she heard a falling leaf murmur  
have I ever left you?  
turning still

she felt  
a breeze touch her shoulder  
saying feel my presence, feel my presence  
yet she turned

and was embraced  
by the fleeting fragrance of his love  
she stood silent! stupefied!

sreelekha premjit

# Loving Sickness! ! !

Sick I feel  
swollen eyes  
dry lips  
wary of smile  
losing its verve  
dull voice  
cold body  
fingers shrunk  
see for yourself

lost in his world  
he doesnot know  
take a chill pill  
says he casually

as a girl  
I loved to be sick  
Papa at my side  
rubbing my forehead  
always her agitated self  
mom did manage  
to take a look  
and bang a glass of rasam,  
love and admonition on the table  
my little brother  
then I was his world  
and he felt easily frightened  
as I pretended sickness

those were days  
and these another! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Madam

Pink cheeks  
Ruby red lips of the lad  
Made his mother  
Pick out her sunscreen  
Her tender waft like son  
Confused of nationality  
Condemned for idiosyncrasy  
Had to rule the millions  
Who would worship no matter who  
Who would idolise no matter why  
It pinched her heart  
To see her son  
The only one  
Out in the sun  
Reddening cheeks  
Tired, tarnished  
Speaking a foreign tongue  
To a foreign people  
Knowing still  
That it was a necessity  
She endured the humiliation  
Of having to dress up like a one among them  
Speak, eat, live like one  
For what if not to rule  
To what end this sacrifice  
Of living in others shoes  
If not to be the ruler  
Then why  
It was her grouse, hers alone

sreelekha premjit

## Madhavikutty..Lover Of Krishna

loving him madly  
deeply, honestly, sincerely  
she lived him  
her love tied him to her  
unknown to others, unseen  
an untouched presence  
pure and serene  
raised eyebrows never knew  
a devotion too pure to be true  
ruing what they didnot know  
they belittled themselves  
when at last he came  
she smiled in death as always before..

sreelekha premjit

# Make That Call

Pick up the telephone, make that call  
do not delay and end up in dismay  
this is the time, most opportune  
this is the number, dial it fast.

Pick up the telephone, make that call  
let her hear your voice  
let that drench her soul  
let the acrimony be forgotten.

Pick up the telephone, make that call  
forget for god's sake what chanced to happen  
forgive the one who has been yours  
forego your pride just for once.

Pick up the telephone, make that call  
lest with time you regret  
for your call shall never reach the called  
or these few years of life left shall not be spent in love.

Pick up the telephone, my child  
its your mom speaking to you  
call me up once, so that I  
find an excuse to forgive you.

Pick up the telephone, do not hesitate  
how have I spent those years I know  
yearning to hear your voice somehow  
blaming myself for forgetting your easy pride.

Pick up the telephone, let me hear your smile  
wipe your tears, hug you tight  
pick up the telephone, let me see you now  
what of tomorrow, I do not know.

sreelekha premjit

# Mama Wants Me Dead

Mama wants me dead  
for I killed her in my birth

Mama wants me dead  
for I squeezed her life juice out

Mama wants me dead  
for I prey on her inside and out

sreelekha premjit

# Marina, The Modern Girl

a shade too dark to be fair  
a shade too fair to be dark-skinned  
they found it a bit difficult to label her.

a bit too timid to be brash  
a bit too arrogant to be meek  
she stood apart from the crowd.

a brave girl yet too kind  
a generous heart that stood up to fight  
a mystery!!!!  
there she was laughing away at the knock of death  
there she stood crying inconsolably at joy  
an unsolved puzzle!!!!  
here she comes Marina, behold!  
modern in her traditional garb  
orthodox in her ultra modern gait

watch out for the new woman  
she fits no bill  
defying definitions  
she creates her own space.

sreelekha premjit



# Me! ! !

I walk the skies  
sip in the air  
jump the roads  
pluck hopes.

I thrive on sorrows  
enjoy despair  
chuckle at challenges  
gather broken hearts.

I wallow in ignorance  
swallow pride easily  
wink away hurt  
weave purple coated dreams.

I feign polite indifference  
at those who love to scorn  
smile secretly at such foolhardy  
hope to win them over in time.

I relish myself  
treat me to pleasures of love  
send secret sms to my heart  
search joy in dark secrets.

Read these eyes  
watch out for joy  
If you look for sorrow  
beware of being fooled.

sreelekha premjit

# Miracle Mystery Mystic

At last she came  
Miracle mystery mystic

Her tantalizing presence  
Irritated them

Hurt them  
Made them jealous

When she visited neighbourhoods  
Left right and centre

One after another  
And they regaled

Stories of her power  
Miracle mystery mystic

They burnt in negligence  
Her indifference

Her steady ignorance of them  
Then she came

Quietly surprising, shocking them  
Miracle mystery mystic

And they lost themselves  
In sorrow and joy.

sreelekha premjit

# Miss Morning Stood

When Miss Morning stood  
at my door, I smiled  
she lovingly held my hand  
rubbed her nose on to my cheeks  
gently touched my chin  
I stepped in into her embrace  
unabashed unshy uncaring  
dancing hair on my head  
pricking tears in my eyes  
I felt her hand at my back  
aching legs melted in agony  
aching back vanished in love  
tired neck -holding my head high  
gave in easily  
and so we stood  
Miss Morning and I.

sreelekha premjit

# Mother's Dilemma

when all she want is to love  
words of hate rushed out from her mouth  
When to hug is what she craved  
extended hands receive but cold stare

When all she knows is to love and care and love again  
she come across as one sans any care  
her mathematics of love and care all wrong

she yearned for quiet companionship  
mothering the child  
her thoughtless, hurtful tongue lashing away

inspite of herself, inspite of her will  
she hurts more than she loves  
in her effort to love and care.

sreelekha premjit

# fly

Miss Housefly rubbed her hands  
flying in circles  
she cried  
Ah! they won't tell me!  
Ah! they won't tell me!

Because she had seen  
the mosquito and the cockroach  
mumbling to each other  
khus phus, khus phus  
khus phus, khus phus

She decided to eavesdrop  
hid beneath a cup  
stuck precariously to its tip  
then she heard them quip!

ito'these nasty humans  
have planned to bat me out! ! ! '  
joined in,  
'After chinks and colours and gas chambers  
Men I hear have come up with new ways  
but I just cannot understand, why they are so good to Ms. Housefly? '  
Ms. Mosquito said, 'We are villains, but she is no angel'

Aha! fly said  
rubbing her hands  
gleefully  
flying in circles  
she laughed at their folly

sreelekha premjit

# My Darkness Came To Me

My darkness came to me  
Quiet, submissive, almost shy  
They call you death, I said  
I call you life.  
She smiled nodding her head  
My darkness  
gently releasing my breath  
Freezing the bones  
Icing the fingers in a state of twitching  
Mouth just about shut  
Eyes open wide  
Legs spread open  
Lifefull  
I leave with my darkness  
Smiling content  
Not one look behind, no gasp, no sigh  
To yore unseen.

sreelekha premjit

# My Soul Is Not On Sale

my soul is not on sale  
I had to say that again and again  
when pamphlets and letters  
threats and treats  
surfaced again and again  
at the door step  
while on a walk  
while chatting.

i am happy with  
my god/s i said  
slowly waiting for them to hear  
i am happy with their presence and absence  
i am convinced i need no other.

you tell me, i am wrong  
you tell me, my god is powerless  
you tell me, my gods are many  
you tell me of an alternative god  
and I tell you  
Since you cannot show me yours  
nor can I show mine to you  
can't we just leave it at that?

Well! these have I known since birth  
to these will i pay obeisance.

sreelekha premjit

# Nirvana Moments

Hanging upside down  
peeping in to others den  
moving like a pendulum  
dancing with the wind  
lighter than the breeze  
happier than the sun

upon the clothes thread  
lies the  
nirvana moments of my life.

sreelekha premjit



# No Time To Think Of You! ! ! ! ! !

I know this numbing gnawing pain  
this deep felt growing ache  
as if you are being slit alive  
the dagger drawing through  
shredding into pieces  
the pride that poverty has permitted existence.

I know the hurt that cruises through  
crawling clinging upon every living cell  
the pain that you dare not acknowledge  
the pain that you pretend not to be  
the sorrow of not knowing things  
the sadness at having to watch others relish.

Have I not seen the burning rage  
have I not read the pure plain jealousy  
the anger seething within  
curdling your tears, holding them back  
and then your turning your back  
to what shall not be yours any way.

Has it not pricked my heart, (slightly though)  
and I decided to keep aside a morsel for you as i gorge  
the junk that's is meant to be thrown  
have I changed, have I started thinking of you more? ? ? ?  
perhaps not, maybe I will later! ! ! !  
the pleasures of today beguile me  
the pleasures of today hold me in sway

There's no time to think of you! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Not A Place For The Old, Not Any More

peace settled here  
so did we  
in the evening of our lives  
the kind sun and cool breeze  
made it easy  
for the old  
but that's in olden times  
today weakened bones  
fading memory  
tortoise paced, we are outsiders  
this city doesnot know us  
nor our pains  
nor our joys  
the monthly rush  
the gush  
the flush of currency  
is not for us  
not any more  
now we sit, she and I  
side by side  
tea keeps us company

sreelekha premjit

# Not Quite Forgotten!

Having forgotten  
having buried deep down  
having hurled aside like an unwanted weed  
having moved on

I stood at crossroads

That though uprooted stayed  
that though discarded never left me  
that though unwanted like a weed  
refused to budge

So I swayed

from memory to forgetting  
from hazy to crystal clear  
from hurt to cold shouldering

Sometimes my memory chided me

what's that you hold and why?  
where is the place for such foolishness in maturity?  
what is the point of forgetting  
what you hold close in memory?

I sighed! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Nothing Is More Joyous! ! ! ! !

It rained joy  
splashed laughter  
sparkled delight  
when my love smiled at me.

The crank of a tree  
shook its branches carefree  
showering flowers  
crackling up at her jokes.

The pretty butterfly, a passerby  
stopped to watch the sight  
settling down on her pink dress  
sucked in some honey of her chest.

The bright and handsome sun  
glowering from above  
thought it fit to soften his glare  
for he too fell in love with my beloved.

The breeze breezing by  
held on to the end  
of her tapering gown  
as if maddened by lust.

And I stood transfixed  
love's ecstasy paralysing my senses  
for I know nothing more joyous  
than just to watch her be.  
I know nothing more joyous  
than just to watch her be.

sreelekha premjit

# Nothing Little About You

little things you do  
little things you say  
little things you choose not to say  
changes your life  
in so many little ways.

little bits that you read  
little notes that you jot down  
little wishes that you fulfill  
changes your life in ever so many little ways.

little deeds of your kindness  
little words of your concern  
bits of your sunshine smile  
means a lot to him and you.

for there's a lot in every little thing  
for the seed holds a tree  
a tear drop an ocean  
for in you is the possibility of greatness

the sky unscaled  
the spirit unconquered  
the shadow of a smile  
the joy of knowledge

know then my friend  
the immense strength in you  
one so little  
come on! do not belittle your self.

sreelekha premjit

# Now That I Am Dead

now that i am dead  
i said  
you could hold a breath  
stretch a leg  
and relax  
but for all your preaching  
i take my soul with me  
and you will have none of it  
you, never will...

sreelekha premjit

# Now That You Are Angry

now that you are angry  
why dont you speak  
now that you are angry  
why not shout  
now that you are hurt  
why not retaliate  
your silence is killing  
shout it out  
so that i can shout too  
together lets give it out  
be then free  
but do warn me ahead  
so that I be prepared.

sreelekha premjit

# On Poem Hunter

I find it irresistibly captivating  
the notion of men and women  
huddled together under a huge umbrella  
I mean, poetry, you silly  
that removes the strangeness among strangers  
the wonder weaving word  
put to the order of each idiosyncratic mind  
to tell a different story  
which is told each time differently.

I can't stop being amazed  
at what words can do  
all those is, was and ass  
as simple as they sound  
conveys each time a different sound  
the wonder of it all  
confounds my confusion  
leaving me nonplussed  
perplexed and vexed.

Yet I plod on for the joy is infinite  
when I know of someone who read  
thought it fit to comment  
or leave a note instead  
perhaps felt it better to rate  
but the joy ah! the joy  
it gives is unexplainable.

sreelekha premjit



# Pain Of Living

The reward for the pain of living is the sweetness of death.

sreelekha premjit

# Pandemonium

in the pandemonium

hurling abuses  
opposing views  
drowned sane voices  
until actions spoke  
and silence ruled

sreelekha premjit

# P'Haps A Li'L Bird Was Hungry

For days the parrots  
visiting the guava tree  
in the morn or at noon  
left a little unripe fruit  
beneath some shoots

eyeing the guava fruit in  
my neighbour's garden  
hanging on next to our balcony  
" alittle more ripe -  
and tomorrow I will hve'  
next day finding the fruit missing  
she said ' perhaps a lil bird  
was hungry..perhaps'

sreelekha premjit

# Philandering, Not Any More!

Not one to stop  
to wait endlessly  
he preferred to skim  
sometimes to scan

once in a while  
he stayed longer  
and engaged himself  
to trade a heart or two

near the curve  
by the turn  
to the highway cross  
a little further the inn

he left a piece  
gave a share  
of his immense love  
for keepsake

and moved on  
newer pastures  
brighter dreams  
a lighter heart

but there it stayed, the love  
grew  
strong  
long  
deep

one day  
tentacles  
drew him in  
tight breathless

he gasped

heard a sunshine smile  
turned to a few drops fall  
and stopped!

sreelekha premjit

# Poet's Poverty

Seeking immortality in verse  
working hard at desk

nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs  
slip the mind  
play hide and seek

when thoughts rush  
words fail to turn up

when words do come  
they donot become

Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth  
taunt the amateurs with their glory

writing, striking off, writing  
poet's poverty

sreelekha premjit

# Pregnant Silences

fuelled by pregnant silences  
i embark upon a journey to myself

sitting back i relax  
switching into reverse gear

images race past  
a happy kid  
a brilliant smile

a growing child  
knowing the body  
a perturbed mind

entering adulthood  
praises abound  
peppered with salt

into adult life  
driven by the self  
mixed reactions

a looking back  
encounter with the lost 'I'  
a regret

the urgency of time presses  
leading into various blank spaces  
filled with vacuum  
an empty zone

the search begins where it ends  
the peace of the mind is a distant past.

sreelekha premjit

# Pride

the pride of a big man can be small  
the pride of a small man can be big  
but  
if big is small or small is big  
none can tell, except time.

sreelekha premjit



# Purple Sunbird Changes Hue

The purple sunbird dances  
dressed in shades of black

then the sun spots her  
turning her into a mesmerising purple

so do we change tones  
when love stops by

nudging gently at the elbow  
reminding of gifts to bestow

in times of joy or sorrow  
to many a friend or foe

be the purple sunbird  
dancing and get others to dance with you

coz there's much to give  
and lots to forgive

the purple sunbird dances on  
there's much to celebrate in this unhappy world..

sreelekha premjit

# Resurgence At Kanyakumari

It is appropriate thought she  
sobbing, stifling her groans of pain  
trying to be herself

It is appropriate  
that she lost her virginity  
on the virgin shores of this land  
a virgin goddess is here worshipped

It is appropriate  
that life turned a violent leaf  
crushing her innocence  
strangling her pride in self

It is appropriate  
that her freedom of a brave journo  
has thus been trampled upon  
her psyche has been scarred

It is appropriate  
that this should happen  
here in a land of blind believers  
of frenzied religions

It is most appropriate  
that the cruel waves  
a mute witness- now rush to wash her  
cleanse her innards(of  
accumulated dirt of aeons)

It is but appropriate  
that she gathers her remnant sprightliness  
uncrease her soiled dress  
pull up her broken resolve

dust off the dirt  
straighten her shoulders and walk on..  
the vast endless seas bid good bye  
kissing her feet in penance

she walks off..

sreelekha premjit

# See, Dont See

We donot see  
what we see  
even as we see

we rarely hear  
what we hear  
even as we hear

we donot talk  
when we talk  
even as we talk

we seldom do  
what we do  
even as we do

sometimes we donot be  
when we be  
even as we be

and the same for love

sreelekha premjit

# Shall I Then Wait For You To Grow Up?

Shall I tell you the truth  
the dark hidden secrets of the heart  
Shall now unburden the undigested pieces of thought  
masticated bits of unforgettable unachievable dreams?

Shall I tell of my deep deep longing inside  
gnawing at the side walls of my heart  
shall I tell you of the deep dirty pain within  
will it be too much for you?

Shall I thus stand in my naked glory  
of a tattered heart patched up in hurry  
Shall I trust you to bear with dignity  
the dark upalatable truths of my soul?

Shall we you and I move on to another plain  
where our hearts beat in unison  
cringe in hurt and feel the pinch  
as siamese twins born apart but alike

I fear if the thin thread of understanding  
woven over years shall carry the strain  
of honest truths and these unsaid secrets  
I fear I shall lose then what I took years to gain.

Shall I then wait for you to grow up  
to the demands of comarderie  
of taking and holding and  
when giving, giving whole heartedly...

sreelekha premjit

# She Rose, Rising Falling Panting - The Sea

rising falling panting  
she thundered her benevolence  
rising falling rising to fall again

rising falling panting  
she laughed at their ignorance  
rising falling rising to fall again

rising falling panting  
she kissed their feet humbly  
rising falling rising to fall again

rising falling panting  
she neither preached nor pretended  
rising falling rising to fall again  
they were caught in her eternal web.

sreelekha premjit

# She Stood Dressed In Green

She stood dressed in green  
Twinkling bells of light, bright, dark green  
And the soulful singers fluttered around  
Voicing songs of joy and happiness  
Then suddenly she shook me  
Stark in her nakedness  
Shorn of her green dress  
The songsters disappeared  
Was she part of Femen  
Was she a member of an aggrieved party  
Was this deliberate  
This shedding, this unclothing  
Or was this seasonal  
Or inflicted  
Maybe her beauty awed them  
Maybe they wanted to punish her  
Maybe this was her protest  
Maybe she was in subjugation  
Standing on the balcony of the fourth floor  
I could look her in the eye  
But she smiled slyly  
A little sarcastically  
And I was dumb.

sreelekha premjit

# Sigh Of Your Soul

Have you heard the sigh  
the sigh of the soul  
the sad heaving sigh  
a waiting for an opening

have you lent your ear  
to hear the sigh of your soul  
the yearning for a different you  
a wishing for a changed hue

have you stooped to listen  
to the stifled sigh, a mumbling cry  
the hoping for a stop, a thought, a feel  
a warm talk over the tea

have you had the time, my love  
to sit down with your soul  
to hear, to feel, to share a word  
to know what you truly are!

sreelekha premjit



## Sign Posts Of God Ii

Sit down, she said  
have this  
pushing a plate  
of piping hot idlis  
two little bowls of Sambar and Chutney  
she smiled again

turning his face  
as if there was no hurry  
his droopy eyes  
half shut

he pushed a polythene bag  
right into her face  
in, he nodded  
slowly she put it in

those idlis and the sambar  
gathering his tattered clothes  
his droopy eyes  
half shut

he prodded with his stick  
got up  
to a waiting wife  
or a wailing child

he had to feed that someone  
so plodding his way  
in tattered clothes  
a large heart he concealed  
a sign post of God! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Signposts Of God - I

Weak and tired  
days of hardwork telling  
his feet failing him  
ah! then he flopped  
down on the road  
as he walked

nothing stopped  
not a single car nor bus  
no man rushing to his office  
no child to his school  
not a single loitering fellow  
not even the policeman who watched

save the youngman on the bicycle  
who rode ahead  
but kept looking behind  
and then came to the man lying  
bending down with a warm smile  
and a grieving heart

first bending to  
to pick up things scattered  
holding then the poor hands groping for help  
smilingly held the torn bag of cloth  
the tiffin box peeping out  
a companion of many years

walking him to a shade  
holding a bottle of water for the thirsty  
he stayed on, unhurried, patient  
as the bewildered pour soul  
held his yellow printed cloth bag close  
he simply smiled reassurance

and then when they parted ways  
the poor worker wondered  
at the bicycle boy and his benevolence  
knowing well what he knew by experience

how he deserved to be treated  
his poverty was his curse

he joined hands to thank no one in particular...  
he didn't know he had just met a signpost of god.

sreelekha premjit

# Silence Empowered

its the power of being mute  
not open not quite

is the trick to upset others  
punish with pain of indifference.

its the power of silence  
exercised by those powerful

to quieten the disquiet  
to wrap beneath, away from sight

the well- known secrets of the public life  
the reason for the latest fight

the cause of tears, private happiness  
that secret smile, a silent chuckle

all it takes to silence anger is to  
smoothly iron out differences

of years of baseless arguments  
to hug and kiss and repeat it again

silence empowers you  
when you chose to ignore

patterns that provoke anger  
snides that signal hatred

empower silence thus  
be at peace always

sreelekha premjit

# Silence Speaks

sneering jeering

silence speaks

stifling sighing

silence speaks

a language of its own

sreelekha premjit

# Sinful Wishes

it is sinful, isn't it?  
to wish for more

when there is a father to hold  
a mother to console

a child to wait for your return  
a husband who wish you to be by his side

a grudging mil to correct you at every turn  
a trusting friend to confide

a peaceful morn to greet you  
chores awaiting just your hand

a smiling way-farer bidding you good-bye  
an unknown gentleman wishing to help you.

sreelekha premjit

# Sitar

The blessed Sitar  
dances to the touch  
of the master divine  
strikes notes  
stringing music  
heavenly manna  
to the soul

sreelekha premjit

# Smile That Never Leaves Me

Every time I smile I know  
your eyes sparkle  
your grin broadens

knowing that  
how could I  
hide the smile

that spreads on my face  
the rising sun  
brings it out  
the dancing leaves  
sets it off

and I let it go  
I let it go  
every smile that starts in my heart

because I know  
my smile is the sparkle in your eyes  
its the spring in your steps

so even when I am aching to cry  
I bring it up  
the smile that sets your heart racing  
the smile that broadens your grin  
and the smile never leaves me

sreelekha premjit



# Smooth Killer

Have i been killing you, my love  
he asked politely  
have I been hurting you, my dear  
he queried  
has it been too much for you  
has the eyes swelled  
Have the tears rolled  
and have I been indifferent, once too often

she smiled  
your killing has been smooth  
your hurts soft  
your jibes painless  
your indifference a routine  
most of it goes unnoticed  
if you have been a killer  
you have been very polite, very silent  
that I almost did not know, really!

sreelekha premjit

## So He Hoped..

Having bared his mind thus  
the father of the child sat back

To heed to his tidings or not  
he leaves it to his ward

He rests assured in the hope  
that as he came upon the truth

years later, so his son would  
what if it took a life time?

sreelekha premjit

# So Why Do I Love You?

Why do I love you?

here's why

not because you are intelligent

not because you are stupid

not because of your skin or colour

not because of the riches you hide

not because of your selfish selflessness

not because of your heart,

it does not know

what it does!

but because

love happens to me inspite of me! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Soft Silken Dew Spread Its Arms

soft silken dew spread its arms  
eagerly embracing the sleeping earth

enamoured by the power of senses  
they lay lingering on to each other.

closing eyes the man and the beast  
connived in this cosmic plan

by refusing to wake up  
and disturb the semblance of things.

rarely does man so peacefully cooperate  
to let the cosmos run its own plan.

sreelekha premjit

# Some Day

The vineyards of Greece  
the Colosseum of Rome  
the chefs of Italy  
the igloos of Iceland  
the palaces of England  
the forests of India  
the streets of New York

will rejoice  
will receive  
a vagabond  
a lover of words  
an admirer of arts

and that will be some day!

sreelekha premjit

# Spirituality Is A State Of The Mind

trimmed shorts  
peroxidized curls  
evening lamp is lit

MJ fan  
sports skirt  
vibhuti on forehead

tapping feet to waka waka  
slangs, slights  
chanting a mantra

spirituality is a state of the mind

sreelekha premjit

# Staircases And More

staircases should be long  
but wide  
with ample space for feet, thought, leisure and some work in between  
allowing movement of many at a time  
with no running into one another  
each at his own pace  
each to his destination  
counting the steps  
or skipping them at times  
in solitude or in company  
in joy or sorrow  
aimfully or aimlessly  
ambling or rushing  
(even struggles are enjoyable) .

sreelekha premjit

# Stay Off The Angels, I Tell You So! ! ! !

A dry soundless scream is stifled  
nails sink in and head shakes violently

hair is strewn and swollen breasts heave  
legs are torn apart

violence is thrust mindlessly  
poor hands fail to protest, prevent

numbed heart screams  
a living dead body sighs

pain, hurt and humiliation  
punish the one already devastated

prey not upon the daughters so! ! !  
stay off the angels, i tell you so! ! ! !

returning from the dead she shall  
wreck vengeance  
shedding her incompetency she shall  
take on violence

if for generations she stood for kindness  
if for times unknown she was living lovingness  
if times call and situations so demand  
if need be she can change her stand

prey not upon the daughters so! ! ! !  
stay off the angels, i tell you so! ! ! !

sreelekha premjit



## Stealing The Sunlight....

Stealing the sunlight of my smile  
stifling the joy that was slow to come  
leaving me burning with the sting  
my last love left me lonely.

sreelekha premjit

# Stuck! ! ! !

Showing off  
her pride possessions  
she sighed  
the crochet scarf  
my husand brought from Russia  
forty years ago  
never did i give to my yongest one  
most beloveds  
this saree a full 61/2 yards  
my mil gave me: a reward for sambar  
a few 55 years ago  
look at this tumbler shining still  
given to me by my real great grandpa  
old and bent with time  
at the birth of my first born  
a few forty years ago  
would you like to wear  
this costly 40 year old silk, priceless  
then neatly folding it up  
I kept it all these years  
shall keep it for more..

The woman at 70  
found insipiration for her present  
in gilded fading memories of past  
the glow, the long and curly hair  
their admiration, their disgust  
her ambition, her sorrow  
these are her anchors  
in the incomprehensible present...

sreelekha premjit

# Taking Baby Steps At 28

writhing in pain, legs strapped  
i take my baby steps at 28

as the struggle continues  
i keep a stoic face

for in me lies their happiness  
(who sowed the seed of life in me)

sipping this bitter medicine  
failing everytime i try

i still, donot give up  
for the sake of those who depend on me.

strange as it may sound  
these two pairs of eyes never leave me

after a tired day, even as they sleep  
they watch with care, every little beep

though god forsaken, i am rescued by man  
it was He, who picked me up every time i fell

i need prayers and blessings of the man  
i know it is He who shall rush to my side.

sreelekha premjit

# Teacher's Take

here i stand  
facing these inquisitive faces  
searching me top to bottom  
giggling, sniggering, wobbling  
a pair of twenty eyes

i look left and right  
as if asking for help  
but then i realise  
i better help myself

suddenly a gentle man stood up  
walked to me and then  
peered closely at me  
an intimate glance  
the whole class giggled again

it then struck me what was to be done  
i pushed the boy a liitle away  
and then stared hard  
at him below his belt

the boy blushed  
looked down  
did not mutter a sorry  
but did go back to his place  
as i heaved a sigh of relief.

down and then up  
trying to avoid direct eyes  
then i smiled and said  
aren't we here together  
you and i aren't we to help each other

allow me to be myself  
i shall help you to find yourself.

sreelekha premjit

# The Agony Of Success

he rushed to me  
to share his joy  
his new found achievement

glowing eyes,  
pride-coated  
confessed with gay abandon

the elation of success  
the pains unlimited  
the adulation received

endless his talk  
painful for me to endure  
my eyes twinged with jealousy

how could i tell him  
what pinched me  
is his success  
the fact that i had no share in it  
the pain of standing aloof

time shall tell him  
i am no fiend  
just an unhappy friend

But yes, congrats  
keep it up.

sreelekha premjit

# The Better Man

So you are the man  
the men told her  
when she pushed hard  
when she refused to buckle  
when she stood up to fight  
when she manned the house, the office and more  
she said  
I am the better man

sreelekha premjit

# The Bitter Twang Of The Tea

the bitter twang of the tea  
brewed for half an hour  
stirred and bubbled enough  
to a muddy tawny texture  
coats the tongue  
stains the teeth  
and the cup in which it sits  
the after taste of lost expectations  
a rudderless life  
an arrow that missed  
a desire that remained unfulfilled  
a sense of loss  
and  
a realisation of never being able to make up

sreelekha premjit

# The Bride Groom Shone His Teeth

The bride groom shone his teeth  
spent his breath  
whisked a hand  
strained his cheeks

the bride glistened  
her brightened lips  
glossed up look  
buoyed up hair

a lady in silk  
counted the notes  
weighed the gold  
(minus the girl)  
too busy to smile  
tangled in the thoughts  
of another expedition.  
(her second, son -groom in waiting)

sreelekha premjit



# The Bright Evanescent Being

The bright evanescent being  
radiating self energy infinite  
illumines every pore of my being  
drunk with its delightful downy care  
the soul knows raptures galore.

sreelekha premjit

# The Day Of Judgement Has Arrived

dazzling in white, purple and gold  
truth walked in  
her angry eyes seared me  
her pouting mouth refused a smile  
her accusing fingers i tried to evade

she drew a magical hand  
to draw pictures in space  
a whining whale  
a terrified tiger  
a emaciated elephant mother  
a piqued peacock  
a child cowering  
a mother molested

on the floor  
on my knees  
trembling I sat  
hiding from myself  
the day of judgement had arrived  
and I had lost my face.

sreelekha premjit

# The Discreet Helmsman

Have we met before?

I asked the helmsman who steered us through

& he smiled enigmatically.

have you helped me before?

i asked again unable to quell my curiosity

did you notice the hand that pulled you up from the muddle?

that patted you, to keep you going?

that held you, when you broke down?

that waved at you, when you thought you were alone?

as I looked at him in wonder

he vanished

and we were at the ferry!

sreelekha premjit

# The Dry Earth And The Rain

The dry earth opens up  
into fissures breathing fire  
the withered leaves hang  
their head in shame

the little butterfly goes hiding  
all the winged beings are resting  
the toiling man rushes home  
to the side of his woman warm

the earth is silent except for groans  
of dying plants, decaying man  
rottening beastly beings  
the dried wells, sunken sockets

together they await alike the arrival  
of the grand old evil  
now turned to a blessing  
the torrential rains lashing

lashing, beating hard  
cold wet blows on to the mud  
the earth laughs out  
(a woman possessed)  
hair hanging out

the more the lashes  
the more the joy  
like an old shrunken shrivelled  
flesh opening upto violent love

panting now the the rain  
matching movement the earth  
they dance and lo! behold  
the offsprings the flooded rivers, laden crops  
joy to man, beast and his winged friends.

sreelekha premjit

# The Final Standing

when he got up  
he looked tall and handsome  
his benign eyes  
lighting up  
his fingers folded  
in a namaste

having sat for too long  
he rubbed his knees  
and looked up and smiled  
and then looked at himself  
and smiled brightly

I stood in prayer, in humility  
for I knew not whether to be happy at his freedom  
or to be sad at my loss?  
after all this was one final standing up  
after many years of confinement to the wheel chair  
how will I ever forget  
his peaceful countenance  
his joy at this release  
and thus forgot my sorrow in his joy.

sreelekha premjit

# The Honey Bee Sucks Blood

The honey bee sucks blood  
poisoning nectar with ire

the heat of hatred  
leaves the soul scalded

the rising fiery flames  
send out pungent fumes

love's untimely demise  
leaves nothing but bad taste

sreelekha premjit

# The Job Of An Educator

Its so difficult to keep the grin  
when deep inside is the din  
of curses heard and unheard  
of advices that rebound  
(having clashed against the void)

Its so difficult to keep that grin broad  
and in place as you count insults heaped  
wishes so palpable and not so good  
the dear heart is broken and needs to be held! ! ! !

Its so difficult to cut across the ice  
of anger, cold hatred and ire  
some times true and sometimes not so true  
the knowledge of which dampens desire

the job of an educator is made difficult  
when cutting swords is all that seems to happen.

sreelekha premjit

# The Man Every Woman Wants

a barren land  
deserted, untended  
smooth and glossy  
a perfect trophy!

a witness to the ravages of time  
symbolic of times past prime  
the thick black mane  
once the pride of the man

his symbol of virility  
(an active, good performer)  
here these days sadly  
he is a guy left lonely

except for the old hag  
who shares his bed to nag  
the poor man is a ghost of himself  
his romance is an imagination of his self

what matters though is his thoughts  
his virile active pen  
his concern for others  
his refusal to stick to his den

here the man scores  
far above those younger to him by  
his heart like gold shines  
the eyes like diamond glitters

he is the epitome of manhood  
the son, father rolled into one.  
not many girlfriends does he have  
but many a daughter and sister has he gained

This man is my man  
every woman's dream  
every child wants such a father  
every woman such a lover.



sreelekha premjit

# The Man, The Rain

The rain  
The fall  
The rise  
The man

The man  
The joy  
The rise  
The child

The love  
The joy  
The rain  
The man.

sreelekha premjit

# The Most Desired

What is desired the most  
is what is the most detested later  
as the first taste unveils the truth

what is truly desireable  
is that which withstands  
the onslaught of time and familiarity.

sreelekha premjit

# The New Woman

holding her head high  
traversing the stony paths  
her hands  
her heart  
her feet  
her soul  
tied to one thought  
(one too many at times)  
she transcends pain, solitude  
bending to conquer  
bowing to defeat  
the odds  
the rogues  
the travesties of fate  
she stands tall  
in her small frame  
sunken cheeks  
hollowed eyes  
she redefines beauty

she adds new meanings to conviction  
the woman  
altogether new  
yet the same....

sreelekha premjit

# The Pharaoh- Crowned In Death

He combed the hair  
gently, softly  
cupping a handful  
running his fingers through  
straightening his back  
knitting his eyebrows  
efforts to make it seem effortless  
the free flow of jet black hair  
freshly coloured  
She turned to him  
and he smiled in reply  
picked up a band  
tied a bun.  
Eyes distraught  
hands cold, rigid  
they held her tight  
and pressed hard  
untie! untie!  
Freeing herself  
past clucking tongues, muttering  
She snipped off the bun  
a thick mass of hair  
an offering  
into the coffin she placed  
the pharaoh sleeps  
a precious jewel by his side  
Crowned in death! ! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# The Poet's Mind

audacious the idea  
of being called a poet  
on the basis of a few scribbled lines  
neither sense nor sensibility

outrageous the belief  
of declaring yourself a weaver of words  
coz you wrote a few lines  
and someone thought it fit to comment

incredulous the gnawing desire, poetic or otherwise  
the yearning for adulation and praise  
the constant need to check out  
who read and who didnt

unbelievable that the pen could thus  
hold its sway and enslave a mind  
lost in dreams  
unreceptive to actions

irrevocable the effect  
the poet sits scratching her head  
waiting for ideas to strike  
more comments, more joy....though fleeting

sreelekha premjit

# The Promise

Burning slowly  
scorching tears  
dying gracefully  
ajar the door  
open the heart  
footsteps  
come and go  
love shall walk by your side  
your resplendent smile  
your beautiful visage  
the words came  
but not the speaker  
waiting she wilted

sreelekha premjit

# The Reclining Deityi

Majestic  
reclining in the lap of Anantha  
he lay  
lotus eyes benign  
Kaveri at his feet  
the majestic Vishnu  
huge mammoth like  
wearing a blisssome smile  
the lord of the universe  
and the praja  
in the town of  
Srirangapatana  
the city of Srirangam  
bowed their heads  
in reverence  
in respect  
in adoration  
and the clang of temple bells  
the fragrance of incense sticks burning  
filled the air  
and out he came  
riding on the shoulders of his devotees  
borne with dignity  
on a survey of what is his  
his abode  
to the tune of music  
to the beating drums  
to the chanting of mantras  
tears of joy and sorrow  
of exaltation  
of oneness  
overpowered  
in utter silence they stood  
breaking into cries  
hey! Vishnu! hey Vishnu

sreelekha premjit



# The Reluctant Saint

in the congregation  
there was silence  
there was prayer  
and he stood up  
from the crowd  
laughing loudly  
he waved his hands  
his eyes closed  
divinity sat gently on him  
heads turned  
hearts stopped  
but when they turned to him in prayer  
he walked out.

sreelekha premjit

# The Rumour Spread Thus

The rumour spread that he is dead  
the talks were excited with passionate greed

anxious souls rushed to the site  
eager for morsels of material food

(to pacify momentary greed  
though not satiate the need for more)

as he lay he heard the commotion  
quickly he came to the conclusion

and the poor unloved soul  
thought it fit to kill what was left  
of the dying life in him

the rushing crowd of wards and worse  
saw the father writhing in pain

his slit hand spoke volumes  
of the hurt that loved ones gave

did realisation dawn, better sense prevail  
did greed subside? truth and love prevail?

in hushed tones the neighbours spoke  
of heartless sons and cruel daughters

who having had their due  
would only turn back to scrounge for more.

sreelekha premjit

# The Search Is On! ! ! !

the search is on  
endless, relentless! ! ! !

the search continues  
tiring, terrifying

the search begins where it seems to end  
the attempt to fill the vacant spaces

those empty lines in life  
each leading on to another

one fusing into other  
the path widens, new turns appear

the search goes on  
the search goes on and on

endless, relentless..

sreelekha premjit

# The Seminar

imprisoned in beards  
thoughts swell  
breaking the cacophony  
of what lies beyond  
beyond faces, lines, moving pictures  
sudden phallic burst  
primitive, pervasive  
licking up words, ideas  
initiation to what lies beyond.....

sreelekha premjit

# The Sometime Lover And The Sometime Loved

Its the sometime lover  
who turns up  
when least expected  
asking for  
and ready to give.

Having been used to solitude  
she wondered at this sudden benevolence  
but he was insistent  
the sometime lover.

He wanted her to feel at home  
he wanted her to feel loved  
he asked for faith and trust in him  
he asked for pride gushing at his love.

She not used to kindness  
she not used to company  
she not used to protectionism  
balked off at the thought.

The sometime lover  
stood waiting  
he knew she would turn around  
he knew she would not turn him down  
he knew her need for him even if she did not  
so they were  
the sometime lover  
and the sometime loved.

sreelekha premjit

# The Stethoscope, The Strecher

The stethoscope, the stretcher  
the coat, the catheter  
the constant mopping  
the clank, the clutter  
the conspiring ghosts in white  
drinking blood  
spewing venom  
meting out zeal or death  
covert cohorts  
of a staged act.

sreelekha premjit

# The Strain Of Laughter

the strain of laughter  
is a pain.

sreelekha premjit

# The Sun Peeps Down

The sun looked down  
parting the clouds of darkness  
hiding himself but eager to see  
the life on earth in his absence.

Amazed was he, spellbound  
at the life of the dark- sun forsaken times.  
The hustle and bustle at the market place;  
the flower girl selling herself;  
the young men out to romp.

One little child he thought he saw  
sneaking into the kitchen cellar  
befriending darkness  
searching a bite of his favourite cake.

In one corner, he saw that night  
the land decked up with lamps  
and the noise that the crackers made  
made him wish to quickly retreat.

While most of the animal world slept  
man was greatly at large  
a threat to himself and the rest  
a blessing turned into a living curse.

Chuckling to himself  
he chided his poor soul  
for it s folly of wilfully believing  
that he was the be all and end all of life.

sreelekha premjit



# The Teacher And The Taught

The little devil walks up  
-head bowed,  
a picture of repentance

-he seeks forgiveness  
eager to apologise  
a reformed person.

The teacher looks on  
her eyes filled with affection  
ready to embrace the culprit.

The teacher and taught  
share an experience  
unique and vibrant.

Each time a student walks up to ask  
each time the teacher feels honoured to answer  
each time a student turns to her for guidance  
the teacher obliges with no resistance.

Here in the classroom  
many life portraits are made  
the present, past and future  
are intermittently linked.

The teacher and the taught  
share a relation  
unique and vibrant.

sreelekha premjit

# The Universe Conspires

Energies  
surreal  
benevolent  
reach out  
spread an arm  
to touch her  
silent surreal  
the ways of the universe  
to love  
to protect  
to bring joy  
blissfulness  
divine  
ethereal  
surround  
surprise  
ignite  
unleash  
a new life  
smiles rain  
joys double  
the universe conspires!

sreelekha premjit

# The Vacation Wife

The vacation wife blooms  
her hair fragrant  
her lips delicious  
she trips and flits  
a purple sun bird in town  
changing hues  
shifting moods

The little child  
put to sleep early  
asked a sly question  
exchanging glances  
the mother begins  
to pat the child, a little harsher  
and harsher until lulled  
by constant thumping  
the lil one sleeps:

her fragrant body  
her delicious hair  
caressed on a yearly basis  
half and full moon, honey-dipped  
shorter times of happiness  
are better than long spells of unhappiness.  
'Its better he leaves now'.

sreelekha premjit

# The Voice Is Heard

It's me  
just me and only me  
lonely, vulnerable  
gullible too at times

it's me  
just me and me alone  
raising my voice  
feeble, frightened

it's how i learnt  
though it sounded strange  
to hear me speak  
i tried

and here i am  
not lonely any more  
in company of those who think alike  
i voice my thoughts

read you may or may not read  
not much difference shall that make  
for now i know  
the strength of my voice-  
feeble, frightened though it may sound.

its the voice of the many  
ignored needy  
we have a stronger voice  
high pitched, shrill

forcing ears to strain to listen  
here we've arrived..  
the voice is heard...

sreelekha premjit

# The Weary Wanderer

the weary wanderer sets down his ware  
the willow bent down to provide him shade  
the west wind went past whistling by  
the wayward thoughts vanquished his soul.

the visage once the pride of youth  
now much wrinkled has lost its sheen  
the razor edge of his words once so sharp  
had been blunted by the pains of life.

the last lap of the long run  
he hoped to spend in a quiet den  
but would not fortune turn its back  
to one so callous and so crass

wouldnot the hurt once hurled so easily  
victimise the one who prided in his targets  
alas! the wanderer weary and lonesome  
finds no warmth.

sreelekha premjit

# The Wily Farmer: A Story

once a wily farmer went to a lawyer  
a dispute of land to have it settled  
at the court he nudged the lawyer  
shall I take care of the gentleman?

The lawyer, familiar with the honest judge  
admonished him and replied  
never commit such a folly  
god-willing I shall win the case for you.

The wily farmer kept quiet  
heard the lawyer's advice  
but resolved to do as he pleased  
and sent two goats to the judge's home.

The case was won and the lawyer asked  
had I not told you of the truth  
never bribe an honest judge to win the case.  
The wily farmer just laughed aloud.

Well! he said, I had sent the goats  
as gift to the judge inspite of your advice  
but in the name of my opponent.  
The clever lawyer held his head  
thank god! the farmer stuck to his field! ! !

sreelekha premjit

# Then And Now

Then in hairier times  
smoke emitting  
erect frame  
he loved silence  
he worshiped it  
and enshrined it  
in the drawing room  
in the veranda

steals of laughter  
then escaped  
sheer energy rippled  
the walls of stony silence shook  
later, the moon like crown  
made him frown  
longing for laughter  
he searched the empty rooms  
in the still verandha  
silence stood rooted  
firm, resolute  
no stray sound dare raise its ugly head

sreelekha premjit

# This Slouching, Stooping Man

there's some thing about this man  
tall, stooping now with the weight of his belly  
with a casual smile  
and a glow in the eyes.

there's something about his hands  
strong and soft in touch  
large to hold yours both in one  
his lazy slouching ways.

there's something charming about  
his stooping to listen to you  
chuckling at your jokes  
travelling with you in time

its not his ways  
no, not the looks  
nor the heavy purse  
that draws you to him  
like glow worm to light

its his heart  
at once manly and child like  
his almost motherly concern  
his pride in owning you

that makes you relax  
sit back  
let him lead the way  
not that he's always right  
what the hell! he cares alright.

sreelekha premjit



# This Way Please

I showed him the way  
to my house  
where I spent year after year  
eager to meet  
anxious to embrace  
tired of waiting  
I heard of his coming  
and couldn't wait any more  
So I got up dressed in finery  
and stood at the door  
He, surprised asked  
'I am a committed visitor  
but none has so welcomed me'  
I smiled to say  
knowing you as my true friend  
I lived my life  
now when you call  
why should I be shy?  
So we sat and over a cup of coffee  
he did what he had come to do  
set life free of this body  
and feeling light and happy  
we flew together, he and I.

sreelekha premjit

# Those Who Know The Sour Shall Value The Sweet

What 's there in it  
the tearful heart cried aloud

the snides, the sniggers  
the taunts and the trails

a sweet voice replied  
pouring sweeter solace

dear love knoweth thou  
that those who know the sour  
shall alone value the sweet.

How true said the poor heart  
consoled and now composed.

sreelekha premjit

# To Learn

Dearest, hold my hand  
and thus guide  
as me as I traverse  
the turbulent paths of life

teach me humility  
that I may humbly accept  
my wrongs and frownless  
I be when I am corrected

teach me to  
stretch my hand to help  
those around  
knowing well that its you who made me so

teach me to trust  
what I may at first mistrust  
for good is often hidden  
and the best is often late

teach me to  
be your trusted child  
willingly following ur bid  
so that I may rest in peace.

sreelekha premjit

# Together We See Togetherness

you feel my love  
blowing hot on your cheeks  
you blush  
and my sky is redder  
you feel my breath  
tender tender in your heart  
and you reach out fragrant  
senses tingling in anticipation  
eons, oceans separate us  
mountains nod  
yet you feel what I do  
you hear what I do  
and together we see togetherness

sreelekha premjit

# Tonight

tonight i shall take the plunge  
to this moment have i waited  
tonight i shall confide  
break the chains of secrecy  
open up

tonight shall i connive  
with wickedness  
to break a heart  
to ignore the pain  
look away from tearful eyes

tonight i shall  
be at my worst  
come what may  
search out the good in  
doing evil parts

walk out head held high  
amidst murmurs, whispers  
those knowing glances  
to seek me, myself  
my lost self  
lost in years of  
pretention  
cheers! to me  
i celebrate myself

sreelekha premjit

# True Friend

When you are in doubt, turn to me  
When you are pretty sure, still come to me  
When you are lost in wonder, look for me  
When self doubts assault you, find me standing by.

When things are not all hunky and dory  
When folks desert you for something merry  
When hurt fills you, leaving you in fury  
trust me to make you happy.

When you lose patience  
When life leaves you no chance  
When you are tired of nonchalance  
come to me in confidence.

When all hopes are exhausted  
the dreams are all busted  
when a little too far you are pushed  
the wall of self defence is smashed.

Find in me your trusted confidant  
walk in any time with anything pertinent  
be sure to walk off with smile intact  
for I am your trustful friend always.

sreelekha premjit

# True Love

there he goes, my valentine  
sweet his eyes, full of tender care  
here he sat, by the fire place  
holding my hand as if in a trance

look, at that portrait, the angelic face  
in me he searches his secret muse  
trace this pattern, the reddest rose  
note how time and energy blend with patience

now read these lines, so telling  
of feelings that need no mentioning  
this his poem, engraved in wood  
lean to it to hear it speak.

the past twenty years have i spent  
growing on passion i tasted once  
each night as i put myself to sleep  
i feel the phantom lips crush me deep

i wish you dears, the joy of sorrow  
the angling back into a gone morrow  
sweet may your love be in absence too  
for then you may boast of knowing true love's essence.

sreelekha premjit

# Truth Lies In What Is Unsaid

Truth lies not in what is said  
but in what remains unsaid

look carefully for the spaces  
the long gaps between the lines,

to know the truth  
trust not your ears

lean closer to the heart  
for the heart speaks no lies

have you the courage to hear the unsaid? ? ? ?

sreelekha premjit



## Truth: A Parable

Long ago the Indian soil  
was graced by a saint and his disciple  
who traversed long distances  
of mind, knowledge and spaces.

Upon reaching the bank of a river  
both hesitated thinking for an hour  
perchance there came a beautiful maiden  
who beesechingly turned to them and then

Said she, Holy masters wilt thou not be kind  
to take me to the other side  
look how this treacherous river  
is swollen with pride, causing me to shiver

My family doth on the other side  
with my poor child and his father reside  
the young disciple of spirit chivalrous  
nimblely hoisted the maiden to his shoulders

Carrying her safely to the shores  
they resumed their journey; for hours  
they walked discussing matters  
of grave importance, not a cause for much cheers.

A few hours had thus passed  
when the saintly sage turned  
prodding the young man with his gaze  
a taunting smile gracing his face

He said, did you not forget your vows to celibacy  
when thus you held the maiden with such intimacy  
the young disciple smilingly turned  
reverend master, he said, surprised  
Why dost thou still carry her in your mind  
long after I'd dropped her behind?

sreelekha premjit

# Tuned To Deafness

fine tuned ears  
deafened to realities,  
silenced sorrows and soulful solilloquies  
of these ultra-modern muddled times  
reach out in greedy eagerness  
to embrace the shallow morals  
of the soul-wrenching skirts of the stupid boxes.

sreelekha premjit

# Turbulent Times

Kindness curdled into cruelty  
killing what is left of humanity  
unbridled passion charred into hatred  
what is killed is the compassion of the kind.

sreelekha premjit

# Wants

she does not know  
what she wants  
yet want she does  
and  
she wonders  
how  
she could want something  
she did not know  
but  
she wants to know  
Why she wants  
What she does not know she wants.

sreelekha premjit

# What Is Terrifying Is Not The Terror But.....

What is terrifying is not the terror  
but the minds so gripped with terrorising  
that rejoicing in the kneeling of the innocent  
that decision to play the god.....

The learned well-tutored minds  
sharp and witty, but hiding the fiend  
cleverly between neatly pressed ties  
ironed suites, laptops, saute and grace

The name of the game is to go on the kill  
the more the number of victims, the more the joy  
the more the fear, the more the vindication  
all in the name of almighty who loves him not you

The same almighty in different robes  
blessing different stocks of men and women  
choosing different gifts of trials and joys  
for variegated groups, believers and non-believers

To read more into it  
is to fuel frenzied minds  
is to seek escape in illusions  
friend, I beg to differ

Life as I know is a divine gift  
treat it as it is now or never.

sreelekha premjit

# What More Could I Ask For?

I begged creativity to take me on his wings  
lull me in his arms  
help me seek new truths and then impart  
in words that spake- loud and clear  
I hoped silence to teach me the secrets  
of worlds near and afar  
I wished my soul to hold on to the rainbow  
carrying a few others  
Love could tell me the truth of lives  
the beauty of pain  
Patience would then turn me into a poet  
the world would whisper  
the stars would shower  
the sorrows then disappear  
If this would happen, what more could I ask for?

sreelekha premjit

# When Ishtar Called

Ishtar called  
streaming sun rays  
caressing breeze

dark brown hair splayed  
tender arms spread  
fist clutching a few dreams

yellow leaves beckoning  
carpet call awaiting  
gentle fragrance reckoning

twitching toes  
yawning smiles  
clasping hopes

a path of glory  
awaits her!

sreelekha premjit

# White Doves

amid applause  
at inaugural ceremony  
the chief guest let off  
the white ladies  
disfigured  
wings torn  
feathers strewn  
but  
they shied  
stricken  
hovered on  
till the wind  
swept...them  
to freedom  
or back home  
to the pimp...  
another freedom  
another prison

sreelekha premjit



# Who Is Really Busy?

one october morning  
the banyan tree woke up  
to the whistle and buzz  
of a hundred dragon flies  
flying in frenzied patterns  
round and round  
zig zag

the leaves shook off  
the initial fright  
then joined in  
dancing merrily  
to the silent music  
of the many dragons

here the little ants  
climbing the apartment walls  
laboriously, looked up  
wishing for such luck  
hoping to sprout wings  
to move from sugar jars to cookie bars

the little girl watched  
wondered  
uncles and aunties rushed past  
pretending to work.  
Who's busy really she asked  
uncles, aunts, dragonflies, the ants, the banyan or me?

sreelekha premjit

# Wicked Smile

The racing heart  
knows the truth  
these flickering lashes  
try to hide them though

the reddened face  
cannot but show  
what the miserly tongue  
would never say

these twitching fingers  
the fidgety nails  
the constant beating  
of the feet on floor

let out signals loud  
though you clearly  
would not let me know  
of what goes on in ur wicked mind

didn't I notice that lingering glance  
didn't I see your turning back  
guess its not much of love  
but passion I can see for sure

they say love is blind  
but its certainly not dumb  
for bodies speak  
and the heart does hear

the message is loud and clear  
lets take care of passion now  
love shall follow  
taking its own time.

sreelekha premjit

## Will She Brave The Odds? ? ? ?

pushing the wheel chair harder  
the old man heaved  
his poor body shook  
his poorer heart spoke  
silent pleadings it sent  
get me a reprieve  
give me an assurance  
this young life  
shall find his feet  
he will be taken care of  
he will laugh and be laughed along with

this he said  
his voice shook

his daughter stood dumb

will she raise to the challenge? ? ? ?  
will she brave the odds? ? ? ?

sreelekha premjit

# Writers Wish

Wish it were easier to write  
some soul stirring songs  
poignant, pondering and purposeful.

Wish the poet could mull and munch  
on moments of great magnitude

Wish what is gurgled henceforth  
holds the promise of a great mind

Wish things would just fall in place  
thoughts were moulded into meaningful words

Poetry would then gain momentum  
leaving the poet behind

Running its own course  
mixing and matching up words

New connotations would arise  
new thoughts would then spring forth

The world would be a better place to live  
the human souls very incarnations of heavenly spirit

Wish such a day would come  
when each soul on poetry feeds

Feeling for the rest, brute and the beast  
and those frail delicate beauties of the earth

And those not blessed  
but still owning their righteous place on earth

Work then together to bring that day to light  
when love shall abound and truth spreads its wings.

sreelekha premjit

# You Are Not My Tears!

You are not my tears  
not my smile  
nor the knowing look  
not the hurt  
nor the feel of loss  
nor the gain

You are not my hate  
not my anger  
nor my resentment  
not this grimace  
nor the faraway look

You are not my love  
nor the dislike  
not the unbearable  
nor the invincible

Dear love  
don't lose your sleep  
over you in my life  
I got over it  
It's time you did too!

sreelekha premjit

# Your Smile Made All The Difference

we recline on this sofa  
as friends  
laid back leisurely  
love struck  
last time we met  
we sat on the same  
as foes  
to the corners  
stiff in body  
taut face  
your smile made all the difference.

sreelekha premjit