

Poetry Series

SYAM CHANDRAN
PERINKULAM



- poems -
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SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM()



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Solitude

LEAVES OF MONSOON
DOODLE ON THE WALL
OF MY HEART.
OUTRAGING SUN
SCORCHES MY
FLITTING DREAMS.
BEREAVED FOREFATHERS
GROAN BEHIND THE BUSHES.
UNWRITTEN POEMS
SPITS ON MY WHITE PAPER.
CHUCKLING OF MY LOST DREAMS
REVERBERATE IN THE WIND.
SOLITUDE.....SOLITUDE.....
YOU ARE ETERNAL.....

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A Twilight

Cuckoo Sings His Today's
Last Melody.
Dew oozes from a
Grass blade.
With a Crooked Smile
Night Sneaks.
Breeze Searches
His Forgotten song.
In This Cruel
I Dip My Plume In Her Dark Eyes
And To Write My Woes.

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Expedition(Haiku)

A BRIDGE I BUILT TO YOU.
I FOUND THAT COLLAPSED.
I PLUNGED IN TO YOUR TEARS AND SWAM.

. Syam Chandran

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Bridge

MY WISHES
MET YOURS.
THEY DIVERGED.
MY PASSIONS,
MY LUSTS,
MY DREAMS,
SUCCESSSES AND FAILURES....
LIKE A BROKEN BOW
OR AN AIMLESS YATCH
THEY LOST.
WHEN MY HEART MEETS YOURS
WE WILL MAKE A BRIDGE.

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Denouncement

IN THE ORGY
YOU DANCED.
ON YOUR TWILIGHT COLOURED -THIGH
I WROTE TWO LINES OF MY NEW POEM.
AFTER THE ORGY
I LEFT THE TAVERN
WITH MY RAMSHACKLED HEART.
IN THE DARK, ON THE WAY TO YOUR CASTLE
I STAMPED OVER THE TOADS AND SNAKES.
I KNOCKED SEVERAL TIMES.
YOU WERE STONE HEARTED.

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Desolation

ONCE, SEASONS AFTER SEASONS
I KNOCKED AT YOUR DOOR
WITH THE DISCOMFITURES OF
MY DEEP LOVE.
INFRONT OF ME
THOSE WERE ETERNALY CLOSED.
NOW I SEE YOUR OPENED DOORS.
BUT
I AM EMPTY HANDED.

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After Quarrel

I AM THE SEA.....YOU?

WAVE.

I AM THE BOAT.....YOU?

NAVIGATOR.

I AM THE BIRD....YOU?

WINGS.

I AM THE STREAM.....YOU?

WATER.

I AM THE LYRE....YOU?

STRING.

I AM THE BODY.....YOU?

SOUL.

AFTER QUARREL

HERE HAPPENS

A SPIRITUAL PHYSICAL SYMPHONY.

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Agreements

When Raindrops ooze

I Will Feel Your Tears.

When Winter Blankets Our Nights

I Will Experience our early days of marriage.

When Myriad flowers decorate the valleys

I Will Remember Your Orgasmic Pleasure.

When The Leaves Bid Goodbye To Their Branches

I Will Mourn At Your Feet.

When The Fields Are Dry And vacant

I Will be Fertile Again To Encompass you.

When Death Hovers I Will not Think About You

Why because You Will Be Shackled By My Soul.

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Urges

STRETCHOUT YOUR HANDS
INTO MY DARKENEND SOUL.
SOOTHE MY HEART
WITH YOUR GOLDEN FINGERS.
ADORE ME AS A REED
ON THE BANKS OF YAMUNA.
EMBELLISH ME
AS A FLUTE AT YOUR CRIMSON LIPS.
GLORIFY ME AS A MORTAR
WHERE YOU WERE TIED BY YOUR FOSTER MOTHER.
BOON ME AS A SERPENT
ON WHOM DID YOU DANCE.
REJUVENATE ME AS A HALLOW,
OR REPLENISH ME AS A DEMON
COME TO ME FOREVER.

A PRAYER TO LORD KRISHNA

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Hark

I Stretchout My Ears In To The Sunny Spring Days To Listen The Cuckoo

I Know Cuckoo has Forgotten To Sing.

I Throw My Eyes To The Winter Morning

To Feel The Curtain OF Hails.

I Know The Ether Is Barren.

I Am Waiting For The Croaks In The Murky Monsoon Nights.

I Know Those Poor Chaps Have been Evacuated From The Fields & Pools.

Mutterings Of Cascades, Whisperings Of Zephyrs, Meditative dawns.....

.

Never Come Back.....Never Ever

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Fever

FEVER UNFOLDED MYRIADS OF FANTACIES.
ONE OF MY FEVER NIGHTS I SAW WALT WHITMAN,
WHO WAS WROTING HIS POEM "SONG OF MY SELF'IN ONE OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY NIGHTS.
HIS LONG BEARDS...THOUGHTFUL EYES...MARVELLOUS.
I HEARD THE BOUQUET OF PRAYERS OF EMILY BRONTE,

I SAW WILFRED OWEN, WHO WAS SINGING ABOUT THE FUTILITY OF WAR AND
ENEMITY.
I SAW SYLVIA PLATH, WHO FOUND " DYING IS AN ART'.
I MET TED HUGHES, JOHN CLARE, EMILY DICKINSON...

I WITNESSED MY FATHERS HEAVENLY TRIP WITH THE WINGS OF WORDS.
I ENCOUNTERED THE GHOSTS WHO WERE FAMILIAR TO ME IN MY GRANNY'S
BED TIME STORIES.
I TALKED TO THE OLD MEN AND WOMEN OF MY VILLAGE, WHO HAD FLOWN
BEFORE MY APPEARANCE.
I SAW MY PAST BIRTHS AND DEATHS.
I HAVE TO SAY MANY MANY.....
REALLY FEVER IS A BRIDGE BETWEEN REAL AND UNREAL.

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A Tribute

I LIKE YOU THE POETS OF ALL AGES
FROM YOUR POEMS
MY SOUL SUCKS THE NECTAR.
YOUR POEMS THROW ME
IN TO THE FAROFF FROZEN VILLAGES
WHERE THE LADS SWING ON THE BRANCHES OF BIRCHES.
THEY HURL ME IN TO THE GREEN PASTURES
WHERE THE EYES OF MY BELOVED TWITTER LIKE ORIOLES.
YOUR MIGHTY WORDS BEAR THE RHYTHM OF BIRTH AND DEATH.
YOUR POEMS MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN
EITHER FROM A BROTHEL
OR IN A GLADE
OR NEAR A HEARSE
OR FROM BEHIND THE BARS.
THESE TRIBUTORY VERSES
I WRITE FOR YOU.
UNEQUIVOCALLY I DECLARE
PEN IS MINE
YOU ARE THE INK.

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The Coffin

My maternity will accept you
Encrypted songs will be your lullabies.
You will be enraptured by my mellifluous tranquility.

Ephemerality of pleasures, futility of relations....,
You will be taught.
You may be learned to doodle the picture of Lord
On the wall of your heart.

Your ideas of life will be altered.

I shall teach you to understand the whisperings of midnight stars.
Secret prattlings of withered leaves.
Sexual lust of snakes.

You will be booned with everlasting spring...
You will be opulent in perpetual bliss....
Dead body replied:
You cannot be my mother's womb,
You cannot be my magnanimous father,
I cannot hear the orgasmic gabblings of my beloved from you.

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Summer

Whimsy clouds
Grey welkin
Rigorous sun
Aching heart.....

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Pass Words

PassWords Are Elves
They Rustle In The Attic Of
My Soul.
Like Gossamers
They Wrap My Brain.
PassWords For ATM,
PassWords For E.Mail,
PassWords For Official Sites.
In My NightMare
A YoungMan Hanged
On A Chord Made Of PassWords.
A Nursling Asks The PassWords Of
Mom's Breasts.
PassWords...PassWords.. EveryWhere.
I Am Drenched & Soaked Of PassWords.
Oh The Creator Of Universe
Give Me The PassWords Of
My Perpetual Births & Deaths.

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Anadvise

My Daughter Asks:
What Should I Do
In This Haughty Summer Days?

I Reply:
Dream
And
Fly With Your Poetic Wings.....

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Inbetween Us

In Between Us.....
A Spring Reasonances.

In Between Us.....
Owls Hoot From A Faroff Graveyard.

In Between Us.....
A Scamp Hums.

In Between Us.....
An Itenearant Cackles.

In Between Us.....
Serenity Of A Coffin.

In Between Us....
An Amorous Snake Crawls.

In Between Us.....
A Blue Rain Of Poem.

In Between Us.....
A Mirror
On That We ForgetOur Faces...

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Dispassion

Where is your Brothel?

I asked.

In your heart,

She retorted.

Later I planted a tree,

Roots to sky, branches to earth.

Now I try to root out it.

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Threehaikkus

1. ALMS

I stand at the gate of your chateau
With the backpack of my births and deaths
Yet you throw me the coins of pain.

2. ARTISAN

On your shadow,
You fix flesh, blood, senses, mind &intellect
And call me MAN.

3. MIRROR

In the mirror of death
When i see my face
Lord,i see you.

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You

The Reddish Twilight Firmament
Reminds Your Blood.
Your Eyes.....,
Broken pieces Of Stars.
Your Hair.....
Like Itinerant clouds.
Your Breasts.....
Crooning Meadows.
You.....A Portrait Of God.
My Heart....., A cross..
You Are Crucified.
When Is The Reincarnation?

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Tree

IN YOUR HEART
I AM ROOTED.
YOUR BLOOD
MY SAP.
MY BRANCHES
YOUR BONES.
YOUR FLAMBOYANT DREAMS
MY FLOWERS.
YOUR DEATH
MY BIRTH.

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A Bakery Quarrel

PUFFED UP CAKES
EGOISTIC BISCUITS
QUARRELLED.
CAKES BELLOWED
BISCUITS SNARLED
HAWKS OF GRIMY WORDS
FLEW IN THE AIR.
SQUEAKING CORNFLAKES KEPT SILENT.
PRIDEFUL MARMALADES
CHIVARLOUS DRY FRUITS
CHUCKLED.
JILEBBIES EMBARRASSED.
BISCUITS POUNCED ON THE CAKES.
SCREAMS..... SHREIKS.....
CAKES LOST THEIR MELLOW
BISCUITS WERE DRENCHED
OH.... POOR CRAVEN CHOCOLATES.....
RAN OUT AND HID IN THE BAGS OF POOR SCHOOL GIRLS

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Contrary

Wise Men say
If There Is Lust
there Is No Love.
If There Is Love
There Is No Lust
But I See Love & Lust
In Your Eyes My Beloved....
O

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Trans Migration

That Night
I Was Intoxicated,
Slept In A Brothel,
Dreamed Hallows,
Heard Unsung Ecclesiastical Songs,
Whispers From Saints' Tombs.
Later I Withdrew To My Heart.

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Promises

A Bouquet Made Of My Veins
Will Bedeck you.
Flowerets Of My Sexual Lusts
Will Embellish Your Hair.
Orioles Of My Orgasmic Whisperings
Will Fill Nectar In Your Ears.
My Unquenchable Lips
Will Bath In Your HolyStreams.
Pros And Corns Of My Man
Lyre A Melody In You.
Lullabies Of My Passionate Soul
Will Fill Your Flesh.

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Poemand Pain

I Seeded A poem
In Monsoon.
That Sprouted
In Winter.
Flourished In Summer.
Withered in Solemn Spring.
Pain Sustains Poem,
Poem Shelters In Pain.

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Lessons

Teach Me Teach Me Eternal Pedagogue
To Cross The Ridge Of Life And Death,
To Know The Quintessence Of Love And Hatred,
To Reach The Tryst Of Day And Night.

Teach Me Teach Me Eternal Pedagogue
The Essence Of Body And Soul,
The Bridge In Between Love And Sex,
The Mating Place Of Birth And Death.

Teach Me Teach Me Eternal Pedagogue
To Wear The Silence Of Moon Light,
To Measure The Fragile Raindrops,
To Weave The Brocade Of Winter Dew

Teach Me Teach Me Teach Me
To Imitate Your Incorporeal Love

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A Spiritual Song

Behind A Blooming Flower
I See You.

Behind A Shower
I Feel Your Incorporeal Benevolence.

Behind My Pleasure And Pain
Your Mighty Pen.

In My Tears And Smiles
You Are Immanent.

My Births And Deaths.....
Your Immaculate Brush Designs.

In Every Where, In Every One
You Are Latent.

Only you...



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Dresses

DRESSES

WhoWillCryPoignantly

After Your Death?

ReallyYour Dresses.

By Whom They Were Taken Far Off Places,
Office, Parks, Theatres, Funerals.....

Only To Whom TheyWere Amourous.

The Tenants Of Your Soul,

Who Bore Your Secret Body Odours,

Who Had Fathomless Happiness

When They Were On You.

On That Day They Will Shriek In Emptiness.

From The Next Day.....

Their Unseen Eyes Will Search For You,

They Will Sing Your Glories,

In The Darky Nights,

They Will Search The House.

But.....

When They Are Thrown.....

While Decaying.....

They Will Pray For A Chance

To Bedeck You Again.

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The Bereft

THEBEREFT

In ThatSpring...

When TheFlowers Were Chuckling

I SoughtFor You.

Unscrupulous You Were...

In That SultrySummer,

WhileMy Cells WerePierced,

Knocking Your Door

With MyConsecratedMelancholies

I Was Thrown Out.

Nefarious YouWere..., ., ., .

Being Melted

In That Derogating Rain,

While The Frogs Were Lyring...

IStood Your Yard.

The Bereft.....I Were.....

In ThatWinter....

While Lying Hearing The Lullaby Of DewDrops On The Grass

I Saw You With Flowers And Tears.

My Neighbour Souls Muttered: "Camouflage"...

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Five Poems

FIVE POEMS

A Conversation

Lifting the Face To The Pouring Sky
The Insane Asked: WHO ARE YOU?
Rain Replied: I AM YOUR MOTHER
The Insane: BATH ME BY YOUR CELESTIAL HANDS.

MY PAIN

As A Poet My Poignant Pain Is.....
To See The Drowning Sun In The Eve
In The Sea

I SEE YOU.....

I Do Not See You In My Reveries
I See You In The Cavern Of My Mind,
Where The Thoughts Hoot Like Owls.....

A YELL

In This Quagmire I Yell:
"Light The Lamp Of Thy Love..
Diadem Me By Your Eternal Bounties...."

EVERYONE SEARCHES.....

In Our Revels We Forget You....
In Our Grievances We Never Think About You...
Oh My Death

In Each And Every Globules Of Our Life
Really We Are Searching For

Your Sanctum Sanctorium.....

K.SYAMCHANDRAN

31.10.2017

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM

Thistle Downs

THISTLEDOWNS

- - - - -

Filling Our Tranquil summer Noons
ThistleDowns Flew.
Wandering In The Vacant Fields
We (I And My Sister) Collected Them.
My Sister, Who Was An Absolute Girl Of Reveries
Used To Name Them.
OneDay.....
One ThistleDown Which Was Out Of Our Reach
Was Named 'ACHUTHAN NAIR',
(Was My GrandFather, A Court Officer, One Who
Went As An uninvitedGuest To Heaven In An Autumn Night) .
Another Day One Was Named As 'KESAVAN NAIR',
My Mother's GrandFather, (Was A Farmer, Courageous,
Who Lost EveryThing And Died Disappointed) .
One Evening She Pointed One 'KRISHNAN NAIR',
(Our Great Ancestor, WellVersed In Epics,
And Left His Physical Garb While Chanting 'RAM'Nam.)
Recently.....
One ThistleDown,
Which Was Fluttering In My BedRoom.....
To My Astonishment My Little Daughter
Called It 'RAMACHANDRAN NAIR',
My Heavenly Father, Who Was A Man Of Tenderness,
Had A Beautiful Beard Like Ethereal ThistleDowns,
Who Bid Good Bye To Me In One Sultry May Noon.
Now.....
My....DaysAre Being Filled With EverSoothing ThistleDowns.....

SYAMCHANDRAN.K
25.10.2017

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM

To My Leman(A Soliloquy)

TO MY LEMAN(A SOLILOQUY)

To My Dilapidated House

You Were Welcomed.

Your Ethereal Feet

Have Given A Celestial Touch.

I Heard The Harbingers Of A New Spring.

The Hooting Owls Of My Attic

Have been Become Chanting Doves.

The Rattling Of Utensils in My Kitchen

Have Started To Croon Thy Divinity.

The Taste Of the Dishes Genuflect -

to Your Divine Dedication.

The Gossamers Of My Old Walls

Have been Become Golden.

I Plead You.....

Play Your Harp.....

To My Eternal, Imperishable, UnQuenchable,

DisIllusioned

Ecclesiastic thirst.....

K.SYAMCHANDRAN

SYAM CHANDRAN PERINKULAM

A Plea

A PLEA

Embellish My Chariot
With MarieGold.

Ornate My Soul
With Sapphires.

Fill My Cells
With Frankincense.

Collect My Tears
In Your Heart.

I am In A Cross
Your's Nail Must Be Last,

Deserve Me.....
Because You



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The Lost Sheep

THE LOST SHEEP

Wandering in the wild

I search for my shepherd

Have you seen him?

A black lad who hides a saffron smile.

Like a wanton beggar I roam on the river banks.

Have you seen him?

Who keeps a profound frown in his eyes.

Not amorous he is Oh.....his his tender hands.....

I was a lyre on his lap.

Have you seen him?

Who keeps clemency in his breath.

Like a hum I wait on the street

Oh: my dear shepherd

.This hive wishes you.....

Rankled mob throw stones at me

Have you seen my jolly chap?

* * * * *

Oh ... my sweet heart A clairvoyant told me

He saw Your entering in to my bosom

Now in my exhilarated temperament I sing.....

I am in you.....you are in me.....

K.SYAMCHANDRAN

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A Song Of Martyrdom

A SONG OF MARTYRDOM

Under The Shroud
He Was Tranquil, Quiet And calm.
Unaware Of the Boisterous, Tumultuous Crowd,
On the Way To Grave Yard
He Might Have been Dreaming Flowers And Belles.
Not Knowing About Martyrdom
He Was In A Profound Sleep.
Alas.....He Was Martyrized By The Wicked Political Foxes.

In That Still Starry Night Three Destitute souls,
A Languid Middle Aged Widow And Two Teenage Girls
(His Mother And Two Sisters) Were Panicked By A Dream
They Dreamt The Amorous Eyes Which Fluttered On Their Youth.
Condolences.....Oh.....They Fear.....They Hate.....
They Cannot Hide In Any Dungeon.
They Know not About Martyrdom.
In That Gloomy Snowy Night
In The Grave Yard
He Might Have been Dreaming Flowers And Belles.....

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A Song Of Alienation

A SONG OF ALIENATION

Drowsy Winter, Sultry Summer,
Rainy Monsoon And Delicate Spring
Harass me.

I am In A Fever Bed.

I am Alienated.

Where Are Thou.

Hail covers my Life

Scorching Sun Dries My Soul

Rain Drenches My Thoughts

Oh..... In Spring Birds Sing

About My Peril.

Truly You Are Abstrusive.

I abjure All My Expectations.

Tears Roll On The Wall Of My Heart.

Conspicuously I Remind You

My Life Is In A Peril

I am In An Endless Funeral.....Soothe Me.....

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To My Beloved

I am far away from you,
None the less I am yours.
I am being misguided,
My travails are vain.
You are my savior.
My melancholies, lusts,
And hopes have been derailed.
In the billow of life I stumble.
I feel my kin and kith are in a fancy dress.
I believe in you
I abide in you.
Oh: the giver of ecstatic trance and fathomless love,
Fill my life with your compassion.
I urge you to herald me your arrival
In to my heart and life.

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When You Are Far Away

WHEN YUU ARE FRAWAY

When you are far away

I am alone.

I dwell in despondency.

Wordly desires owerpower me

My fears cannot be surpassed.

Thick blanket of lust covers me.

I like to see you everywhere

And in every thing.

Oh: what a petty creature I am,

The myriad figures attract me.

Like a lamb which searches for a pasture

I search happiness in these perishable things.

I know you are mine,

I am your sweetheart.

Come to me quickly

Succour me

From my hazardous thoughts.



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A Lovers Song

SINGING IN YOUR LOVE
I LIVE.
BY CHANTING YOUR NAME
I HAVE BECOME A HALLOW.
IN THE MOONLIGHT OF YOUR MERCY
I WALK.
SHOWERS OF YOUR MEMORY
DRENCH ME.
IN THE FOLIAGE OF YOUR COMPASSION
I MAKE NEST.
TO ME
YOUR LOVE IS SORING
YET
I ACCEPT IT WHOLESOMELY.

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In The Palanquin Of Your Love

IN THE PALANQUIN OF YOUR LOVE
I TRAVEL
OTHERWISE
THE SHADOW OF IMPENDING DEATH
WILL HOVER ME.
I AM NOT A NECROMANCER
NO TALISMAN TO PROTECT ME.
ONLY BECAUSE OF YOUR LOVE I SUSTAIN.
NO POSSESSIONS FOR ME.
NO BEAUTY.
MY WRATHELIKE PICTURE HASBEEN DRAWN HOLY
BY YOU.
YOU POSSESS ME THAN I POSSESS YOU

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