

Poetry Series

yoonoos peerbocus
- poems -

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A Baby's View Of Abortion

I came as tomorrow
Swaddled in innocence
To your warm womb
Mother.....
Without your choice
Or mine
Destined to up date
With time
Our human tree
But before love
Grew into flesh and words
What is unfinished creation-
A precipitation of blood
Became my transcendence.

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A Bee's Life Journey

Bees to whom days are but duties
And what matters
Only honey furnished interior,
Hive they in a peaceful tree house

Or city sick with slums and human bombs,
Like love makes no distinction
Brews for anyone
Even before love knows it is love.

Faithful to his gift of silent service
As best, integral to grace,
buzz far within the pollen
To the corner of creation

Till laden with what is sweet only
Yet takes no credit
Save continues to hold and serve
Something this exact, the real.

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A Blind Beggar

Eye sockets mere bruises
Alike to closed fists
Save whole being tangled
In his last rags
All else dissolved-
A vase dripping away
Holding time's finger

Rattling his soul
As a broken alms bowl,
Unable to knock open
A deaf world's door
To go out of this life-
Conscious how immense
Is oneself without walls.

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A Camel

With knees so wounded,
due to so much kneeling
in prayer
on desert faith-mat of life,
and search smashed by the rock
of reason,
unable to retrieve
the unknown events of my ancestors
buried in the sand dune of history,
what my body knows and bears
their nose, eyes, ears, skin,
with shoulders yoked
between shafts
of desire and need
and hoofs blistered by tracks
of ignorance,
I lurch, I lumber, I plod
dragging, the question of
what I am and where did I come from,
and why I am here,
and should I venture in the far uncertain
to catch a glimpse of the dawning tomorrow
or change direction to escape
to reverie within and cease to be
or guess how many cross-roads must be left
behind before I reach
home.

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A Celebrity

What lures everyone's eyes
without vision
makes them dream to be me,
is but my image at sale, a star
on the cat-walk
that denies me a life-
I am he who is not I who
enters the stage
before I seem to enter;
an echo with a real voice
like the truth of liars
that makes silence eloquent,
to whom all propose a toast
and a hug, losing every other wish,
as if a stranger with whom
I'm forced to live...
as if my own eyes have given up
their search and become can I
stop a living without life
I lead within myself?

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A Child's Reflection

Made homeless from home
Bombed city where though many
Extend an armless arm, find it harder
To hold peace than explosives
In a napalmed land
Where arms are more expensive
Than human home
bred exile I learn to follow safety
through blood on the road
lit flashed by bomb-light,
To grow under a chemical sky
Dripping with nuclear fall outs
Flowing to other poison
Poured daily on earth and mind -
Today planet earth, tomorrow the stars.
How sad man who dreams of a home
In hereafter, can't share their warmth
To each other's heart, here and now
On native home land EARTH.

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A Dream

Each night, earth life suspended,
Without asking where you are going
Or who you are, you experience
As if life dreams of itself,
Content to keep happy, immortality
Behind the curtain of sleep.
It's a world you have no word for
And though it was real at the moment,
You call it a dream,
Which is lost as you awake.

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A Glimpse Of Taj Mahal

Wonderful is not so much
The mausoleum's chisel cut beauty
As the beauty of the love
Arrested in its architecture-
Starry white dome in starry space
Ray lit clouds set aglow

Fairer than the sky, akin to third eye
Visitors' mind illumine with cosmic bliss
As night snuffs asleep.
What's bricked up looking glass
Dawn sunpolishes
Till Jamuna's surface looks back

Hallucinating but still real.
There's in it no beauty
That's not surpassed in beauty
By beautiful carved adage
Till earth wears out love like theirs
Suffuses this world wonder sarcophagus.

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A Hint At What Is Beautiful?

Beautiful is the 'thank you'
Wrapped with gratitude,
Offered to peace prone people
Who offer what is real-themselves
To nurse with love and humility
napalm asphyxiated victims
in our stained world

veiling ambition with face of
iful is the moment
when sunlit world fades away
And with it mind made mirror
While look inward drawn, sight insight led,
and heart shuts out desire to let in
consciousness.

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A Kiss

Of all raw passions, kiss alone
Seals lips but opens hearts
So short its distance
Be it of blood or two souls,

To reverence awareness,
Sweetest though unspoken
Understood by any tongue
Whose affection natural as sigh

Tastes like nothing on earth,
Links to states no man thinks,
Itself raises as a moment
In time's memory,

Love so sublime
Whose sound silent
Yet its echo lasts as truth-
A wish turned Godward.

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A Memorial

Canonised when dead, cannonaded when in life,
Lofty your thoughts that savour of content
But loftier the craftsmanship
More congruent in symmetry
Than ever are our warring senses-
All in silent watch - your lust

of martyrdom but the sculptor's chisel
carves a living name, world wonder ,
Time and with it, centuries fail to see
Not light of fulfilment in your eyes
But hollow worn in stone,
History's daintily cut lies-
Mere sensorium ruin.

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A Water Melon's Truth

Roving back through wild centuries
At rust and ripeness time
To land blood wet, martyrs fed,
A water melon still conceives
What alone bears peace-a sweet heart,
Summer's blood, timber scent-

Each slice for life time sweet,
Munch you as you would grapes or kisses.
Her only hope, wish for nothing on earth
Save eternal be her internal love's season,
Akin to sea plain where no autumn comes,
Though all things go, not one lasts.

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Beauty

The body's shape that the eyes delight in
and the ears that hear words that talk
about all this, is not beauty. It is not
the earthly
beloved. It is creative, not created. It's
the wind
that stirs the dust of form
made for the eyes of one who sees
and even the blind feel
its touch.

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Butterfly

Akin in essence to man in the eyes of nature,
as are they not always from creation's birth, yet
the butterfly-miniature perfection,
sooner smells than spring or man
the raw smell of the orange flowers
that wait till weeks to if its childhood
wound with wisdom, risen with sun duty, it wantons
from succulent vegetations to flower gardens
cajoling blossoms and tassels
not for a sip
for good as drink is, it ends in thirst
or for colours which as mere senses
nourish colour bars but for what mirrors
not its own worldliness but images of the invisible,
unseen by man, as if colour blind
both in heart and ous back
with flaws, those blemished lime green,
pink or aubergine small birthmarks
on the creamy wings whose flutters alter
the panorama of the operation of seasons
and exude
fresh fragrance from the florescence
of a messenger of change, it is
a counterforce to the winter of life
and a force in itself to metamorphose
to migrate for survival
to its original self, caterpillar,
anonymous, free

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Confession Of A Pearl Dealer

Where I am lost in transaction of cash,
where mobile rings and the deal is done, I
know by heart the species of all pearls-all back
with flaws, blemish green or pink or aubergine, small
birth marks on the creamy shell, by the heart
of profit and loss which deprives me
by dint of mindlessness of the rarest pearl-ME,
human mind gives.It seems
strange almost as strange as I'll be
when my clay coat I
be left forgotten in the dust
when the flower devoid of sublime feeling
revives?

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Easy To Die

To die is easy, difficulty lies in living up
not to the badly told truth
but truth
with which you are born
recognised only by the heart
which is separate from the skin....
a heart that owns only
that which it has earned-
much prized by the
never costs as much
as it is worth
yet shows the way through
the mist of senses
avoiding lie's lantern of intellect
sparking the real light
of the heart!

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Gardener

Unlike the garden of man,
dusted with the dead, a-bloom
with mine-plants, the garden which manifests
between the two heart-beats, breathing
as one creation
unencumbered with feelings, not obsessed,
therefore, pure, nullifies the heart's distress
into the peace of wordlessness. unaware
whose seeds they bear and whose lust bore
them, the roots burrow need-deep
where permanent is the unwalked way
where borders cease
away from stammering guns
to be that unnoticed and that necessary,
by ways hidden from the senses
the way a common stone becomes a garnet
and the ruby red, to transmute
the earthy into
trees flaming into autumn, drooping heavy
with fragranced human fruits, juiced with
antediluvian taste of humanity, kissed
by the sun of being, luminiscent with warmth
we rarely feel in people today
as if their spiritual light is snuffed out
by an unaffectionable decay
is the green life of change-the evanescent
nature's eternal resurrection. Is there
another world for my dust of form
to warm life and be myself again
when the gardener of dust
re-uses my frame as a mould
for the shape of future dust?

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Home

Carpet laid floor and gilded ceiling
where stand walls of coins, silver and gold
can never make a home
for a home is
where mind's roof beam, roofed
with tranquillity
houses love that alone gives the heart
real
with the sun of being, here
no one bothers about the colour
of the curtains and the rooms
are not clogged with yesterday's
conversations,
where every one relishes the dailiness of life,
the peace of understanding on each face,
smiling for no reason
but simply because they are feeling,
where windows spark the first sun
as the cuckoos with one cry mark the dawn
where friendship is a daily guest,
where key is re-remembering the family nest
as, as fated each leaves without leave
for good,
where supporting and supported
all mingle in the bliss
never found
beyond its mystic truth
in a calm home in which there is no
other meaning, itself is calm, itself
is the inmates living there.

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Mirror

The one who looks from the looking glass
is but a face-like face which proves
I'm just alive, taunting my self truth lies
in what is penned in the self-mirror
on the wall of my heart,
as large as I,
to myself is all the like I have.
It's a being, being indifferent
to hurt or to be hurt
mindful only to the courier inside.
powder, dye and surgery are needless
for touch up uses
for a fast fading s it
not to be an arrested rosily blushing maiden
where time is sequestered,
useless for the expansion of self essence
wound in the ecstasy of the unknown, or
what the soul may wear over its
oncoming is
not upset by how I look
or if I'm happy but happy
is how I look.

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Mother

My passage from the dream to the waking dream
slows towards home
to winter in the wharf of flesh
which breathes with people
who breed each gh opening
in my life of which I know nothing
I blood sip
while the dreaming real I's
features are moulded from a handful
of earth making hard to tell
which I is I
and what humility is that which will
not let me reveal the real? it was not
to gather knowledge of yet another
second hand I
that I came here but to learn
'what I was' and by learning, to learn
to pervasive is the human
scent now that my new I makes me homesick
for where I've not ng
the blood cord
from the dripping hold, out come
two tiny feet, the head follows, to fall
in the arms hungry hold
of the one who held me in
and whose being of pain and pleasure
I've taken-my mother who calls me
'my baby'
but cannot say'who I am.'

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Peace

For all to survive peacefully, nature
seeds with our needs
our garden earth, now a pretend world
as trust to man who does not trust each other,
contrary to the beauty of being.
with each bomb blast
as if a world's day light, he warms split
the seamless brotherhood of life, harmonious
with all weapons plant
and the planted mine fields
rear terrorism in carnivorous green, ignorant
of how far the Unknown transcends
what he gold drunk,
his Earth's journey to Ascent
on metallic inferno
is devoid of purpose
bar aerial dogfights to own space
where beyond ozone zone
there's no way in the -made
its origin remains sensuality
and desire. his mind's
frost steams in the air napalm
whose shimmering eyes leave all blind
as to how much love is needed
from man's loveliness to re-people
nuclear waste where lives waste away
so scarce and unobtainable
are food, water and alarmed
warriors of peace
keep waving their armless arms
by peace march and all through the wars,
proclaiming
that war does not last as peace, and peace
alone could render all other delights
's wage war on death
for lives, not men, for flags-a baby born
to a dead mother on the battle field
indicates life is still far
from death.

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Rain

Atomized ocean, sun powered, airlifted,
With thunder and lightning, breaks
Eternal silence of infinite space.
Unknown what is it holding when it falls, yet
Blessed from above despite unclear sky,
As if immensity taps at our life
Either as celestial shower of mercy

Or world wide waterfalls of existence
Emptying itself on what the world survives-
Failed or excess, all is derailed.
What's by birth creation whole, unique taste,
Free its service, humanity its faith,
Ever bent to put on level with heaven

Man's earth turned desire.

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River

Fed by the timeless semen smelling rain
coming from afar as pure space,
I slope down between the two steep banks
of history and tradition. I stay put in
now which is always now
that holds my full g
already all I need-water, so I go after
what I love in sky
I never met mirrors inside me
as a replica of a world within
this my bottom hits the rocks,
my new shoots laden ovaries
by virtue of their covenant with the stream bed,
conceive and celebrate the nativity
of aquatic plants and creatures
which choir the immortality of water.
the mountain rills and marshy creeks
returning to home source
unconsumed, confluence in me
to die in the flow gurgles
on the pebbles
'who brought me hither from whence
and where I'll be borne'. from soft-spoken
farm to loud voiced town, across the green,
from south to north through the desert,
to present from past I drift
before the estuary freights me
to the fall where my tide becomes rapid
enough to ferry myself in the sea
where none of us empty anything
save two sets of arms-salt and fresh, collide,
unreconciled and inextricable, in sheer
culture-cross, a model summit
for man's world dream
to become harmonious with all difference.

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Sugar Cane

What grows on its own within my breast
that in truth's alone real-
the quintessence
of sweetness, of which man has its
counterpart
that could however be sapped bitter
by faulty are both caged alike
in eternal bounds, albeit he
in the vastness of space's decree
and I in the shutness
of cane-case, whence we each draw
in each movement of the sphere-
sweetness
of which the least bees buzz
as nature's greatness in the small,
circumambulating
my site of manifestation
not as stale ritual of desire
but primeval re
how I suck salt laden moisture
from ocean's nipples
steamed and filtered by the sun
of being to become sweet
the whole of me.

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Woman

To fulfil immortality in life
Is woman's truth
Whose sole deed is
To disclose us to ourselves,
To whom next to Almighty
All owe their life
And who makes it worth having,

Although in the veil of desire
Is but lust made beauty,
Nature's agreeable blunders
In the magnifying glass of spite,
Yet no man is whole in himself
Save she's the rest of him.
What puzzles the mind,

Heart can understand only by love,
Awareness can touch only by virtue,
So rich in variety
Each perfect in its own line-
light of love alive, home in flesh,
Revered when alive,
Venerated when dead.

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