

Poetry Series

**Chris Prabu**  
**- poems -**

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**Chris Prabu(16/02/1984)**

# A Bird

Every morning  
After the dawn  
A peculiar sound enthralls me.  
Tok-Tok or Tak-Tak  
Is the sound I hear.

Every morning  
It makes me so curious.  
Finally, I encountered a strange friend  
A vivid, tiny, curious  
Winged friend.

Every morning  
After the rise of the sun,  
She comes there at my window  
Stares the window glass  
And bangs it with ire.

I wonder.....  
What makes her so furious...  
Then, I closely observed the window from my room  
And she didn't see me; as its an one way glass  
There, she gazed his own image.

She imagines and believes  
The bird in the glass is  
Her dangerous and vulnerable enemy.  
And she let's her anger grow  
Day by day steadily and firmly.

Many things has changed  
Slowly and rapidly around me  
But her anger never stops.  
It grows and grows in her mind

Like a giant tree comes out of a small seed.

Sometimes I chuckle myself  
About her stupid manners and  
Sometimes I fill with amaze  
By her determined mind  
Of chasing an enemy.

Chris Prabu

# A Lovely Invite

One winter evening, she came near  
And whispered something without fear  
I was so blind  
Yet she was kind  
That's how she sets me in fire.

Chris Prabu

# A Manual Scavenger

This land has thousand gods  
But very few humans with heart.  
The so called educated, cultured  
Pious, piety minds are filled with shit.  
Your thoughts and deeds are  
Nothing than a foul, filthy shit.  
The shit you are dropping is not so stink  
As your dirty, cruddy inhumane minds.  
You may adore with perfumes and flowers  
But, what you filled with is stenching shit.

Oh! my dear brothers and sisters  
Have you ever imagine to touch  
The dreadful feces of others?  
Why do you infuriate on me  
Of just asking you to imagine! ! !  
Humiliated? disgraced? ashamed?  
You people are insensate and brutal  
Whose tongues are chanting the innumerable gods  
And force your own human race  
Into the hellhole to clean your grubby shit.

I heard, the nation has sent hundreds of satellites  
To explore the far away planets.  
People are praising and celebrating  
The innovations and inventions.  
How can you called this an achievement  
When thousands of lives lost in asphyxiation in the manhole.  
How shameful! How hypocritical!  
You are shameless and senseless  
Your inventions and technologies  
Are nothing than the shit.

I feel extremely disgust  
Not, when I sink in the manhole or  
Using my bare hands to clean your excretia

But at the time you talk about  
The richness of your heritage and culture.  
Please! Please! stop that nonsense.  
They are horrible and monstrous  
Oh! dear cultured and civilized nation! ! !  
I dont beg to free myself from the hell  
But, stop this cruelty within me.

Chris Prabu

# A Widower

Have you ever read  
About the anguish of a widower?  
Sound strange?  
Yes....about a widower.  
If not yet  
Read me with your heart.

After the sudden demise  
Of my dear wife  
Has turned my life upside down.  
My gleeful paradise twirled  
Into an aching inferno  
All in a second.

Now, my 15 month old child and I  
Are begging for love  
Like the orphans of the home.  
Our life was devastated  
Completely and mercilessly  
As hit by a violent tornado.

What will I say  
If my child ask her mother?  
How do I care  
Without the love of her mother?  
Whom do I trust  
For her future?

While reading a book,  
While taking class,  
While lying on the bed,  
While riding my bike,  
While walking on the terrace  
Her memories follow me as the shadow.

Sometime, my body craves for embracing a girl  
But my mind is still go behind her.  
Share the bed for merely physical pleasure  
Is insane and inhumane.  
It is a moral battle  
Between the body and the soul.

'Do marry a girl'  
'Think before you marry another girl'  
'Take care your health'  
'Don't waste your life'  
All I receive is; sympathy, concern and advise  
How cruel the life of a widower.

However, I pretend to keep myself  
As solid as the rock,  
And like the crust of the earth.  
But my inner feelings  
Are boiling hot  
As the core of the earth.

Sleepless nights,  
Painful heart,  
Endless tears,  
Uncertain future  
All are the part  
Of a mourning widower.

Chris Prabu

# An Angel

The seed of hope  
Sowed with joy  
When the winner of the millions  
Hopefully hit the egg of life.

The heavenly moment  
Has been begun from there  
And the journey of life  
Sailed through all odds.

Desires and dreams  
Curiosity and concern  
Expectation and exaggeration  
Revolved in all the days.

Plans and preparation  
Pains and pondering  
Observation and oracle  
Reigned all the days.

After a long hibernation  
Of a period of ten months  
The angel falls in my hand  
As a gift of my eternal love.

Chris Prabu

# Bird Watching

After the demise of my wife  
I had no way to calm down  
My howling, drooping, monkey mind.  
Friends, colleagues and well wishers  
Suggested many hopeful ideas  
Such as reading, Yoga class, gym etc  
But I chose bird watching  
To mend my feeble, frail mind.

I almost took two months  
To find a perfect gear for the task  
Finally bought an affordable camera..Nikon p900  
I was so curious to take my first photo  
Its almost dusk when clicked  
And could take only the tired, exhausted birds  
Swiftly hurried to their cozy nests  
To feed their last meal of the day.

Now...this unusual whim becomes a passion  
And I'm wandering forest, rivers, lakes  
Barren rocky mountains and thorny shrubby bushes  
In search of the winged friends.  
I patiently wait for hours in camouflage  
And cautiously stay in distance without make any noise  
Like a cop who waits for the thief  
To catch him in his custody.

They're reigning the infinite blue sky  
Under the almighty of the mother nature.  
Stalking, soaring, brooding, foraging  
Oh! ! whatever they do is such an heavenly treat.  
They're curious, cautious, magnificent  
And sometimes furious if we hurt  
In them I try to forget my loneliness  
Though its not possible.

Chris Prabu

# Can You

Shall we close our eyes  
And go back to our past and pleasant  
Memories which are still fresh as a morning flower....  
Can you still keep them alive  
And often recall and allow your eyes to cry  
And expect me to wipe your tears....  
If yes....still we are living for each other.

Can you remember those heavenly days  
We fell in each other's love?  
After the hot sun woke up from the east  
My heart would count every nano seconds  
And my heart's rhythm tick tocked  
Till I sat beside you  
And started the heavenly journey.

Can you feel that golden moments  
Where once our hands clung together  
And fingers under other's control,  
Penetrating into our eyes and exhilarated,  
You, like an intoxicated honey bee,  
Nod your head upon my shoulder  
And your tender melons crushed and swollen against me.

Cooing, pinching, praising, enchanting all the way, ...  
Can you still watering those memories  
And keep them as a treasure in your heart?  
I try to bury them deep into my heart  
But they are sprouting and growing even stronger  
So, I can't make a show or act  
Can you? Can you? Can you? Can you?

Chris prabu

Chris Prabu

# Childhood Sin

When I was 10  
I went to a small grocery shop,  
Ran by a desperate widow.  
I gave her RS 10  
For my greens and beans.  
But, she gave me RS90  
By mistook as she thought I gave RS 100  
In that busy business hour.

I fled from the spot in second  
And not returned  
For a week long period.  
I spent almost RS 80  
And had a last note of RS 10.  
Finally, I went back to that shop  
When I entered, she was so cautious  
And asked me about that RS 90

I've frozen as an iceberg  
And my heart's rhythm shoot up ever.  
But, she was certain,  
It was me who fled with that RS 90  
She threatened and then pleaded  
To confess my mischievous act.  
But, my guilty and dirty mind  
Refused and somehow managed her.

Now, that woman turned enough old  
And upgrade her shop.  
I, become a young teacher  
And teach about moral to students.  
She doesn't know who am I  
But I still feel guilty before her.  
My sly sin follows me  
Like a cart behind the bullock.



# Daughter

Daughter  
Cute gift by god  
To understand the life  
And eliminating the worries  
Of mind

Chris Prabu

# Kiss

Kindling the fire of lust

In her is so poetic.

Seeing, sighting, and standing close behind her

Smell her aroma; now her lips lock like a magnet.

Chris Prabu

# Love

Love

Heavenly, Blissful

Falling, Feeling, Mesmerizing

Heart, Soul., Fight, Cry

Misunderstanding, Fuming, Accusing

Intense, Bitter

Hate

Chris Prabu

# Love Life

Love

Pure, Inevitable

Kissing, Hugging, Cuddling

Live for each other

Heaven

Chris Prabu

# Lover

One lovely morning,  
I saw her under a tree.  
Like a swan in pond,  
Her nice white shawl fluttering  
And made my heart behind her.

Chris Prabu

# Mask

Everyday,  
Before I leave home,  
I heedfully choose  
The masks for the day.

Not few; but many  
Colors of masks  
For the different situations  
And for the various people.

Warm and jubilant,  
Annoy and disgust,  
Happy and hopeful  
And all other masks.

For friends and foes,  
Strangers and relatives,  
Colleagues and heads  
I carefully wear for everyone.

Though I wish or not  
I have to wear  
A mask to survive  
In this disguise world.

Every minutes,  
Moods are changing  
So as the masks  
Like a changing chameleon.

I'm so weary  
Of changing and changing

Of this dirty business  
Of wearing masks.

Every night,  
After I reach home,  
I throw away these masks  
And look myself in mirror.

It's so beautiful without a mask  
But no one knows.  
Darkness, mirror and I  
Only aware of my true face.

Chris Prabu

# My Panacea

There is a gorgeous angel  
I often refuge in her memories  
Whenever my mind Frazzles  
Perturbs or encircles in gloomy thoughts.  
When I loose all of my hopes  
And stand alone in darkness  
I solely seek her help  
Because she is my panacea.

When I close my eyes  
The gates of the heaven open.  
She comes there with tender heart  
And loads of love with in.  
She simply peers though my eyes  
And doesn't need the help of words.  
She knows the art of healing  
My wounded, abandoned, miserable heart.

She gently takes my hands into her  
And wipes my tears.  
Consoles my painful heart  
Like a lullaby sing for a weeping child.  
Every single words from her  
Is absolutely magical and divine.  
My aching heart turns cheerful  
When I immerse in her memories.

Chris Prabu

# My Wonder Medicine

No pain  
No pills  
No side effects  
No need for further medicine  
But, my pains and perils are  
Vanished by your single touch.  
A simple soft touch  
Can heal everything.  
Really a midas touch!

No blood  
No scar  
No chloroform  
No need for surgical knife  
But an heart transplantation  
Done successfully.  
Purifying my blood  
With free of cost.  
Really a skillful surgeon!

How could you diagnose  
And penetrate deep into my heart?  
The prescription you've given is  
Nothing than the pure love.  
I wonder about your treatment!  
Is it a science or  
Merely a black magic?  
You are my wonder medicine,  
The life saving medicine.

Chris Prabu

# No More I

I'd never thought that  
I will live for someone.  
I ever so,  
Not even a bit.

Imagined myself a solid rock which  
Couldn't be shaken by anyone.  
Believing this as my trait and  
Completely aware about.

Many moons and seasons  
Were passed in my way.  
I was still stiffen  
Like the same hard rock.

But it had happened  
All in a sudden  
Like a big wave  
Sweep the long shore.

I am no more a stable rock but  
A floating dust in the air.  
The word I vanished  
By her everlasting smile.

A tiny, pale creature  
Pulverized my ego and  
Made me a loyal slave  
Like the princess of the universe.

C

Chris Prabu

# Saffron Nationalist

He is a monster  
A blood thirsty monster  
Raised from the blood of  
Innocents and aborigines.

He'd been saffronised himself  
And infecting others  
By threatening, violating, terrorizing  
And triggering violence.

His claws spread everywhere  
From remote hamlets to modern metros  
And bites all most all  
Who fight against inequality.

He poisoned the mind  
And the deeds of billions  
By fabricating the history  
And polluting human values.

He's many faces and names  
But hide himself  
And his venomous fangs  
Under the saffron robe.

He clasp the warriors  
Of blue and red clans  
And branded them  
As 'ANTI NATIONALS'

The struggle will be last  
Still the last breath of a blue cadre  
Who educate, agitate and organize

Against inequality.

Chris Prabu

# Scarcity Of Words

Every year, before your b'day  
I feel pretty nervous to greet you.  
However I try hard  
I can't find the right words  
To describe what I feel to wish.  
That doesn't mean I know fewer words  
But means the existing words can't define you.  
Yes! I feel the scarcity of words  
Though I carefully choose word by word  
To make a beautiful garland of words.

Where can I get the perfect words  
To describe the beauty  
Of your aesthetic, cute, gorgeous,  
Stunning, mesmerizing, everlasting smile  
Which showers happiness to many.

Is it possible to choose some words  
To define the cuteness  
Of your gleaming, radiant, kind,  
Attentive, charm, alluring eyes  
Which fascinate me forever.

How can I coin the words  
To depict the innocence  
Of your benevolent, tender, sinless,  
Humane, warm, loving heart  
Which gives cozy shelter to me.

Yes! I feel the scarcity of words  
Though I carefully choose word by word  
To make a beautiful garland of words.

Chris Prabu

# Sex

Sex is a wonderful gift  
And it may help when two hearts in rift.  
Makes them one  
Explores the fun  
And leads the heart love each other with full swift.

Chris Prabu

# Standing Alone

I'm standing alone in darkness  
Where you've left me.  
Like a traveller lost his guide and way  
And weeping at the brink of the life.  
Lost all my hopes with in  
And pretend as strong and steady  
But whose heart tremble, quiver, shudder  
And every step of the life is murky and bleak.

I lock myself in our darkroom  
Where once we cuddled and conquered each other  
And plunge into the memories of our endless chat,  
Limitless love and boundless kisses which made us one.  
I make the four walls as the boundary of my heaven  
And talking with myself like a mad  
Who lives in an utopian land  
Deliberately refuse the reality of life.

You promised me to hold my hands  
Still my last breathe of this life  
But you left me like a lightning  
Which is impossible to trace and catch.  
Some people are still measure the love  
By days and years  
How could I teach them

About the immortal love we possessed.

You are like a rarely a spotted nimbus  
Hovering on the dry, torrid desert  
Showering life with kindness  
And make an oasis on the lifeless world.  
A fresh, charm, vivid flower  
Bloom, spread her aroma and withered at dusk  
You left me alone in this dreary land  
By the fragrance of your pleasant memory.

Chris Prabu

# Summer And Winter

Summer

Hot, Unpleasant

Scorching, Sweating, Irritating

Dry, Thirst.., Fog, Green

Freezing, Biting, Hibernating

Foggy, Pleasant

Winter

Chris Prabu

# Summer In My Hometown

You don't need to die or  
Commit great sins  
To feel the fire of the hell.  
Come to my hometown in summer  
And be a witness for  
The scorching sun's insufferable fury.

You can feel the heat  
Even before the rise of the red ball.  
And when the sun starts to sail  
Every creature hide themselves in their shelter  
Like the good, old souls tremble  
When face the son of the evil.

The hot sun parches the rivers and lakes  
And makes you dehydrate  
And you feel like being in hot oven  
When it soars over your head.  
The simple, soft, light cotton clothes  
Turn unbearable and heavy.

The curse of the cut down trees  
For laying new highway roads  
Is haunting us for months.  
Droplets of water from the taps  
Is elixir for many flocks of birds  
And the summer mirage reminds the reign of satan.

The cloudless sky and the treeless highways  
The barren rocky mountains around  
Make the place hottest ever.  
Dried pipelines and mile long queue  
Of empty pots and quarrelling women  
Depict the shadow of the horrid hell.

The distress is not yet over  
Even after the successful hiding of the sun.  
The so called government often test  
Your patience by drop the electricity.  
The deadly bushfire set by the miscreants  
Engulfs the fauna of the hills around.

You don't need to die or  
Commit great sins  
To feel the fire of the hell.  
Come to my hometown in summer  
And be a witness for  
The scorching sun's insufferable fury.

Chris Prabu

# The Memories Of My Primary School

There is a place  
I rarely have a chance to visit.  
Where once I spent my lovely days  
With unlimited joy and bliss.

A boy in a short kakhi half trouser  
With the hair of dripped coconut oil  
Sitting curiously at the last row of the class.  
Oh! That memories are still green.

I was proud when reached the class early  
And felt extremely nervous if went late.  
That four walls of my class rooms  
Witnessed all of my emotions.

I was awfully ignorant  
Yet delighted in every seconds.  
Each minutes was so heavenly  
Like being in Shangri-La.

That place was the testament  
For my first sin and punishment  
That made me stand outside of the class  
For filched a blunt, broken pencil.

That stout principle who often vanished  
And emerged from the toilet with the smell of cigar.  
And that ever kind Rose Marry teacher,  
The stringent teachers of class I, II.

The windowless huge classroom  
Where anyone could come and go.  
And that simple midday meal

Sharing with friends and some crows.

The small algae filled pond near the school  
Where one could see the men with fishing hooks  
And sometimes slimy poisonless water snake.  
All are preserved pretty well in my mind.

That old, wrinkle granny  
Who sat near the rusted gate  
With her basket full of sour and sweet  
Cherries, gooseberries and plums.

That giant tree on the way to school  
Where I sneaked from the class  
For collecting those red and green cherries  
Scattered under the thick shade of the tree.

Whenever I think about that life  
I magically turn as a naughty, curious boy  
With colourful images of those  
Unforgettable awesome days.

Everything is so fresh  
Like a blooming morning flower.  
And these memories keeping me  
Young, joyful, innocent and ignorant.

My logical mundane mind  
Crave for that illogical, delightful school days.  
Oh dear God! Lets destroy my worldly knowledge  
And bring me back to that mirthful paradise.

Chris Prabu

# Thief Or Politician

My photo is pasted everywhere.  
At streets, fairs, alleys  
Markets and stations  
With stern warnings.  
Cops often brought me to the police station  
And striped out my clothes  
And beat me black and blue.  
For pickpocketing a few 100 Rupees.

His photo is sparkling everywhere  
At tv, newspapers  
Radios and social sites  
With immense support.  
The police often visits his palace  
To assist and escorts him  
Day and night with care  
For pickpocketing hundreds of billions.

The only different  
Between us is  
I cast my vote for money  
He invests his money for vote.  
The only different  
Between us is  
I'm a notorious thief  
He is a so called politician.

Chris Prabu

# Tingling Heart

Once, books were my girlfriends,  
I spent my time with them.  
They adored me in all time  
whether I was in lonely or  
Being with someone.  
They're sharing my bed  
And gave me unforgettable pleasure.  
That was undoubtedly eternal.

But, When I engaged and married  
A tender, fair, kind, pretty girl  
I forgot them completely  
And went behind her like a slave,  
That made them fury  
And sent their wrath against my wife,  
And she is no more,  
As went her abode left me all alone.

My colourful, lovely life  
Scatters as a dreadful dream,  
Like a green lush oasis  
Turned as a barren desert.  
Now, I don't know anyone  
To console my tingling heart.  
So, I am begging at the same girlfriends  
Who shared my bed once.

Chris Prabu

# Winter Wind

Oh! freezing winter wind,  
You hurt me a lot  
By your chilling air.  
That forces me to furl  
In the thick woolen blanket.  
But.....  
I do not curse you,  
Because your nippy air,  
Make her shiver  
And she embraces me imperviously.

Her soft, sweet melons  
Crushes against my body,  
And the musk of her melons  
Keeps me warm  
Throughout the hours  
Of the sluggish day.  
Her sharp, round, fully erected grapes  
Pierce my soul.  
I do not curse  
Oh! freezing winter wind.

Chris Prabu