

Poetry Series

Nithya Balachandran

- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Nithya Balachandran(june 6)

A Change

A part of my mind, feeling dolorous,
It is floating wobbly and flecklessly
Bored of the same places, same people,
Same sights and the same routine everyday
It desires a change and is longing for it gravily!

Mundane, is not its thing, indubitably
As it chokes it like more than anything!
But what sort of a change?
Being addled, it has no answer
All it knows is one thing that is,
It desires a change and is longing for it gravily!

Nithya Balachandran

A Life!

A song remains unsung
A word remains unsaid
A tear remains unshed
A moment remains unshared
A silence remains unbroken
A heart remains barren.
A soul remains unloved
A dream remains unfulfilled
And a life remains unlived!

Nithya Balachandran

A Lullaby

A sweet lullaby from a distance.
A much awaited and a soul reviving lullaby.
It awakened the child in her and
the adult in her was fain to die forever!

Nithya Balachandran

A Painting

Stars, the blinking bright
speckles on nature's canvas.
Glistening bicorned moon,
a perfect centre piece.
Clouds, smoky patterns on
the blackish blue backdrop!

Nithya Balachandran

A Question To Ponder

Every child is born innocent
No one is born as a Hitler
what makes them inhumane then?
A question to ponder, my pals!

Nithya Balachandran

A Thought

Sitting beside my window,
I gazed at the charming night sky.
My mind got filled with a kind
of overflowing peacefulness,
ineffable and unique!

The air outside was so cool.
And through the open window,
it entered my room,
slowly and noiselessly,
and it tenderly embraced my whole body!

'Ting' 'ting' 'ting' 'ting'.
fell the drops of rain
on the ground, with a rythm,
so pleasing and soothing!
There was something alluring about it!

But then a thought suddenly
flashed cross my mind.
that left my mind a bit disturbed.

Nature, it nurtures and loves us
but what do we give her in return?

Nithya Balachandran

Celebration Of Nature

What a cool breeze is
coming through my window! !
I feel refreshed
I could hear a slight thunder
wow, see the lightening outside,
what a feast!
And the earth is expecting a rain
poor earth!
The ruthless sun has burnt it,
the whole day.
Rain may soon come, to its relief
Nature is celebrating,
So is my mind!

Nithya Balachandran

Childhood

I wish to make a go back
to my sweet childhood days!
To remain happy for no reason
To be stupidly careless
To get wet in the rain,
without being laughed at.
To play those silly games
To walk with the moon, in the night sky
To float those paper boats
And to do all those crazy things
They were glorious and joyful days
sans worries, sans tensions
sans prejudices and
Yes, I really miss those days!

Nithya Balachandran

Dawn

Blushing dawn,
a masterpiece in the sky.
Gushing joy,
a mirror reflection of her mind.

Nithya Balachandran

Don't Show Thy Face To Me

Oh cruelty,
selfishness and insensitivity
are thy roots!
Don't show thy face to me

Thy games,
are devious and dirty!
peace and love
are thy enemies
Don't show thy face to me

Nithya Balachandran

Dreams

Unfulfilled dreams!
they are extremely tempting
and alluring,
unlike the fulfilled ones

Nithya Balachandran

Early Morning Walk Up Call!

The bewitching tune of dawn chorus,
Crowing of the cock
And the coldness of the morning air
gives me a wake up call
everyday!

Nithya Balachandran

Eyes

Lo, eyes don't lie even if your lips do.
Jealous eyes glare like a serpent's eyes.
An infant's eyes gleam with goodness
and innocence.
Eyes of lovers sparkle with love.
Hatred, it flares like fire in one's eyes.
Sad eyes speaks of the swallowed sorrows.
Angry eyes burn in itself and fumes.
Compassion, pain, lust and a lot more
can be read from those beautiful little organs.
Look, at people's eyes, folks.
they won't not deceive you, but lips will.

Nithya Balachandran

Falling Leaves

Each falling leaf has a story to tell,
Quite different from the other.
Some are short
And some lengthy.

These stories,
they are unknown,
daring, and sometimes turbulent.
These are stories of persistence.
They contain many a moments of happiness,
love, endurance and pain.
And of tears shed, and sacrifices made.

Secrets of life lie hidden
in their mysterious core.
Though unread and untold,
they are the most beautiful ones!

Nithya Balachandran

Goodness Tree

Let us together plant a tree

of goodness.

And let's stand united under

the canopy of its

goodness.

And make this world a heaven.

Let love be our language

and peace be everywhere.

Let us wipe the tears of the hurt

abandoned souls.

And spread happiness.

Let our children grow under

this goodness,

loving and caring for each other.

Nithya Balachandran

Let Me Weave A New Dream!

Let me weave a new dream,
like the day that weaves
a new memory before it dies

Do I want the dream to come true?
No, it needn't
but still I want to weave a new dream

So, let me weave a new dream,
like the day that weaves
a new memory before it dies!

Nithya Balachandran

Life, I Still Love You!

Quaint, and unfathomable you are.
I, a toddler is unacquainted of your gambit
But you have no consideration, I know.
You have knocked me down, many a times.
But I manages to get up somehow,
though I'm not very doughty.
Tell me what choice do I have, other than that?
Besides all these, I still love you.
For I love this beautiful nature, and
the smile of those dearly flowers in my garden
And those few people in my life
Who make me laugh till it hurts.
And because, I love to hear music,
and I love to read good books.
so, my dear life, I really love you!

Nithya Balachandran

Love

O, love, without thy presence,

Life is like a starless sky.

No charm, no hope, no dreams.

All relations merely worthless, sans thy flavour.

But, sadly thou hath vanished from many hearts.

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No medicine hath powers like thine.

'Tis a truth that's echo'd over centuries.

Prithee, rain thy nectar oe'r those depress'd minds,

for they didst never been under thy shade.

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On thy kiss, heaven shall walk down here.

Happiness, thy abode.

Those who didst known thou, hath not truly live'd.

Who 's loth'd thou, hath maketh their lives bitter.

Oft, thy greatness is more value'd by gloomy and worn- out souls

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Shall I befriend thee? ,

for thy friendship is the sweetes't.

Gold is no worth, compared to thee,

Nor anything in this world

Never ever say a 'adieu' to this world,

Thy presence maketh it alive!

Nithya Balachandran

Lovely People

Once in a while in life,
I meet some lovely people
They are as innocent as
children, and sweet
They are ignorant
of the ways of this world!
They have no hatred
in their minds
They don't cheat anyone
With all the goodness of this world
wrapped in them,
they give you the most genuine
smile from their hearts.
They have no prejudices
They may not be rich,
but they have a rich heart
They may not have a head
full of knowledge
But are filled with nectar
of love.
You can see it in their eyes
I sometimes, feel like telling them
Please never lose this
innocence, my lovely ones
But at a second thought,
I doubt, how are they
going to face this world
cruel, crooked and devious?
A strange fear then engulfs me
Yes, they too will change
like the rest of the people.
They may become bitter and insensitive
Sometimes they may not, but
then God will take care of them.
As these lovely ones are pure and genuine
Their place will be in His heart, always!

Nithya Balachandran

Memories

My memories are like butterflies
They flutter around me.
I love the pleasant and hued ones.
I capture them gently by their wings,
And treasure them in the shell of my mind.
I cherish them in my free moments.
A passed moment, like an arrow shot
in backward direction, bids a good bye
for ever, but its memories linger.
And they flutter around me like butterflies

Nithya Balachandran

Muddled

She said, 'look at that stray dog,
Isn't he sweet and cute'! !
But it bites us, I said
'It is out of love, you fool', said she.

Muddled, I turned my head.
Saw a beggar woman, looking tired
Sitting under the scorching sun
With a baby in her hands, !
On the opposite side of the street

I looked at the baby in her hands
And then at the dog, many times
To find, 'who is more cute'!

Nithya Balachandran

My Digital India!

I live in Digital India
where many have no food
to eat, even once a day!
And farmers, the pillars of my country
are committing suicide due to debt!

Free thinkers are shot dead
by religious fanatics here
But, we have the Freedom of speech,
so says our constitution! !

Government here decides
what we should eat and what not
Dalit women get stripped
and are beaten in streets,
And their children are burnt alive!

Casteism still hisses like a snake
in many parts of my country
Many a communal organisations
spreads terror and hatred here
But they will be never banned
though 'Ban' is the new trend in my country!

A woman is raped
every thirty minutes here!
Lakhs of girl child get killed in
mother's womb, without any mercy
Posting selfies with daughters
in social media, is the best solution for this!
so says our leader, the selfie man.

To be born as a cow is more a bliss
than being born a woman here! !

Sponsored journalism is what
we see these days!
Medias are making as fools
And our cries go unheard

Sadly, we people, are just spectators!

Murderers, criminals, women
harassers are made candidates
by political parties here
And we, dumb voters elect them
again and again! !

Politicians, they make us fight with
each other in the name of religion,
for their dirty political motives
Their eyes are only on vote banks
And fame, position and
money are their only goals

Least are they bothered about
the welfare of my nation or my people!
But still we build temples for them
such stupid morons are we!

Tribal people in my nation
live miserable lives,
And are exploited and looted.
With money, power and position
anything is possible here
Rich grow richer here by each day
and poor become poorer

Corruption is not something new here
Many times we have to bribe the
government employees to get our things done
which is otherwise their duty

Dowry, a stigma still
exist in our society!
Having a girl child is treated
as curse in many parts of my country!

Inflation have made our lives more terrible
Common man struggles here to make
both ends meet!
Hospitals are emptying our pockets

Poor die here as they have no
money to meet the medical expenses

Education and spirituality
are big business here
And God women and god men
exploit my people!

In my country, when a man dies
on a street, no one cares
but strangely many are here to lament
over the death of an animal! !

We pay taxes and our leaders lead
a life of luxury here
My country is a hell for the poor!
So, what? ?
Still my India is Digital india! !

Nithya Balachandran

My Eternal Love!

Rain in the early morning!
It is sweet, enchanting and alluring
Wet and damp, the nature
looks so angelic and ravishing
What a gratifying sight to see!
It seems to make the earth so happy
that it hums a song, lovely and cryptic!
O, rain, my love for you is eternal,
unwavering, insane, and pure
Is there any love like this, in this world?
That grows deeper by each day
This love brings loads of positivity
and hope that enthrills my mind!
And my mind then dances with
some joy, boundless and unknown!
Making my day a beautiful one!

Nithya Balachandran

My Little Fairy

What is life? ,
I asked the little fairy
Life is something odd,
she replied

What is future? ,
I asked her.
Future is a baffling mystery,
said she.

What is past? ,
I asked her.
Past is a read book, .
she replied

What is present? ,
I asked her.
Present is what you
are reading now, said she

Immersed in muddled thoughts,
then I sat there, for sometime.
But by that time, she disappeared.

Nithya Balachandran

My Tulips

I looked at the picture of those yellow tulips
on my wall
Quite riveting! , whispered my mind
With beauty woven into their
delicate petals with
a touch of divineness,
Each of them looks like a
Queen, dashing
and classy, of their own empire
Oh, Great Artist,
I bow my head before you
in admiration!
A mysterious power in
those tulips
drags me to them everytime!
I have never seen them in real,
nor touched their lovely petals
It may be as smooth as a baby 's skin
And I never ever smelled them
They may have a fragrance,
that may be out of this world!
In bunches, they look so adorable!
Why do I love them?
Iam confused, the reason is
still unknown to me
yes, they have a soul
I can sense it!
it is connected to mine
for some mysterious reason!
love is then sometimes
strange, unexplainable!
But then, does love need any reason?
who knows? ,
what paths life has in store
for us, ?
Perhaps we may meet someday!
Even if we don't,
Still my love for you will
never fade!

Nithya Balachandran

No Man Is The World

No man is the world.
Though a miniature form of it is,
present in him, undeniably
But many a people here
Lives their life in this illusion!

Nithya Balachandran

Peace

Peace!

.....
O peace,
Rain into my soul.
Pamper it and
fill it with the wine of thy
unbound eternal joy!

Drop thy nectar into my mind
And relax it, sans any thoughts,
like a calm ocean.

Detach me from this world
for a while.
And plant me in a lovely world!

Nithya Balachandran

Rain

Rain, it is beautiful
No words can describe
its beauty nor the joy
it creates in me
But i know onething that
I love rain like anything!

Nithya Balachandran

Smile!

Under the veils of the prettiest smiles,
sometimes lies the most wicked hearts.
Serious faces, sometimes masks
the prettiest hearts.
Don't get lured by the smiles of people
for it is something that
can be easily faked.
A sincere smile is a rarity!

Nithya Balachandran

Sometimes..

Sometimes you are only 'you'.

you stand like a single entity,

detached from this world.

Having least idea of what you want.

.

You just exists, that's all.

And you are not sad for any

reason, but not happy either.

something remains unsorted.

.

A strange paralysis of mind,

stagnancy or a state of helplessness.

And you stares at life, but in vain.

Emptiness just crawls around you.

.

Pages remain blank with nothing to write.

Sun rises and it sets, nothing changes

And you find yourself trapped

in a lonely island.

You stares with no emotions.

Nothing seems important nor
worthless!

.

sometimes you sense this, and
you are only 'you '

Nithya Balachandran

This Moment!

.A bright orb of hope winks

and reassures

'Next moment is going to be

the awesomest! '

but, who knows?

.

A black hole of death smirks

and warns

'Another moment may not come! '

but, who knows?

.

The clock on the wall chuckles

and says

.

'This moment is all yours.

Live it or just brood.'

Nithya Balachandran

Tiredness

sometimes I feel tired.
it is not only my body that
crave rest,
but my mind and soul too
And what I need then is a long deep sleep
in a peaceful unknown place,
far away from this mad crowd!

Nithya Balachandran

Unnoticed

With its leaves drooped
and stem burnt,
it stood by the road side.
It looked around weakly
for a drop of water.
Many walked by,
but no one looked at it
It dried up slowly
and died eventually
unnoticed, uncared

Nithya Balachandran

We Are All Unique!

We are all unique
And I love it that way
If it had been the
Other way, just think
How boring our lives
Would have been?
No new ideas, no
different opinions,
No new innovations
And no progress
Everything will look
Dull and quite stagnant
Diversity is beauty!

Nithya Balachandran

What Do You Know My Kid?

Dear kid, never have I seen you before
But my eyes are wet with tears now
You were born innocent
To be loved and to contribute
But what do you know about this world, my dear?
Man had created walls everywhere
Nationality, religions are their names.
These have divided the people
And even their minds forever!
Poisoned are these people's mind
They kill their brothers
Only for the reason, that he stands
On the other side of the wall
But what do you know about it, my dear?
Prophets were born here long before
To teach them love and peace
Sadly, man didn't learn a thing! !
God had send them to create faith
But man had created religions!
Each one of them has convinced themselves
That only their religion is right
And they live their life believing it
Like the frogs at the bottom of the well!
When the naked truth is that
These are just different paths
To a destination that is one and the same!
But what do you know about it, dear?
Sacred books are of no use here!
These are our people, one will say
And rest are our enemies!
Though we all belong to each other.
You are born into a species
Most intelligent but also the cruelest!
But what do you know about them, my kid?
Let others live, is just a fine saying
Live your life well, even if it
Cost others lives and emotions
This is our new slogan, my dear!
Man knows only the language of hatred

They kill their brothers with no remorse.
Love is not their thing!
But what do you know about these, my dear
They rape and torture woman
Just for the reason that she
Stands on the other side of the wall.
Such weird species are they, kid
They invent new technologies everyday
Although to live here, what
we need is a little love and peace
But what do you know about it, my dear?
Love don't exist here anymore
Hatred drives this crooked world.
One cannot speak the truth openly
For he will be shot dead, with no mercy!
It is the land of cultured savages, kid
Humanity is dead and it vanished long ago
Your innocent smile cannot
Move their hearts, my little one
But what do you know about all these, my dear
Sleep peacefully forever in those silvery clouds
For this world is no good for you!

Nithya Balachandran

Why I Hate You?

O, strawberry, I hate you!
Never could I stand your taste,
Even your flavour, and in all your forms
You are the worst fruit to me,
Though I know all health benefits you own.
And all those calories, vitamins and minerals
Still I find you horrible!
My taste buds gets pissed off,
Everytime I see you
They yells out, oh, ' hell, just escape
And no more of that again, for heaven's sake'!
You tastes like those terrible
Nauseous medicinal syrups and tonics to them
So, I can't blame those poor buds of mine
Pardon me, my friend
I know, you are a popular figure
And has a lot of fans and lovers
I have never bothered you, as long as I could remember
But everytime you finds a reason
To come near me, just to leave me irritated
Some times in the form of
A friend's birthday cake slice
Or as a flavor in a toffee!
Gifted by someone dear, with love
Or else in some other form,
You come uninvited to my life, to annoy me
Whenever I saw you in a fruit stand
I always distanced myself from you
Never tried to harm you in anyway
But you had always tried to irritate me.
Many a times, I had given you a piece of my mind
But you seemed to remain the same.
Stubborn, arrogant and annoying as ever!
How can you blame me if i hate you,
For you always loves to get on my nerves
Though i never did anything wrong to you.

Nithya Balachandran

Why Should ' I ' Care?

Someone died somewhere
why should I care?
many people die everyday!
and I have lost nothing

someone has no food to eat
why should I care?
I have money in my wallet
and food on my table!

some girl was gang raped
why should I care?
she is no kin to me
and I have lost nothing

Someone was denied justice
why should I care?
it is not for me or my family
and I have lost nothing

These things makes
no difference in my life
As long as iam happy
and I have lost nothing! !

Nithya Balachandran

You Are A Charmer!

Listening to the singing of rain outside,
I stood at the balcony.
Lovely scent of the wet earth
pierced into my nostrils.
The wet leaves of the jack fruit tree,
shimmered in the darkness.

A touch of cold air on my skin
gave me a heavenly feel!
And I shivered with delight
Cool breeze blew my hair
tenderly and caressed my face

The sullen grasses,
beside the compound wall
smiled and swayed with
the gentle breeze.
Pink flowers of my potted
Ixora plant, in the balcony,
looked velvety in the murky light

A look of ecstasy on all faces.
how splendid is nature's grace!

O Rain, you are a charmer!
whispered my entranced mind

And everything around me
echoed,
You are a charmer!
You are a charmer!
You are a charmer!

Nithya Balachandran

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#Dreams never die, they resurrect from ashes like a phoenix bird

Nithya Balachandran

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Nithya Balachandran

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Nithya Balachandran

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