

Poetry Series

olapamanna narayanan
- poems -

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olapamanna narayanan(08/19/2008)

Ambiguous

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On the shadowy boundaries of life and death
In between waxing and waning of memory
On the misty terrains between wakefulness, sleep and dream
On the foggy landscapes between doubt and certainty
On the vague frontiers dividing divinity and devilishness
My mind wanders, wanders, wanders.

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I Know What Is Dharma

I know what is dharma; but I am not abiding by it
I am aware of what is adharma; yet I am not avoiding it
I am doing whatever is being prompted by an invisible power seated inside my heart.

Yoga Vasishtha(Sanskrit) by sage Vasishtha

Translation by yours truly

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The Labyrinth

I'm alone, naked in this mansion of gloom
Its labyrinthine corridors, Gothic archways and spiral staircases surrounds me

I'm wandering and I have lost my way
I saw a spot of light and screamed 'light at the end of tunnel! '
Alas! it was only my perspective which deceived me

I have been and seen the nightmare exploding in the darkness
I'm the moment between extremes

I have ceased being.I have ceased becoming
I have ceased being.I have ceased becoming.

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The Portrait

Behold! My mind, beside the portrait of the charming woman

The picture of the sweet and gracious woman

All her features are in repose, her lips form an adorable Cupid's bow,

Kindness softens her glance, and goodness illuminates her brow.

Oh! The princess charming, you never get old

As time passes by, you glow like burnished gold.

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The Rain

It was heavy rain outside.

I felt a heavy burning sensation inside my chest

I wanted to get out from here and run up to the end of this earth

Slowly the rain came into my mind and it started pouring heavily on me.

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