

Poetry Series

**Prakash Nair**  
**- poems -**

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# Prakash Nair()

writes quotes for livin  
writes code for a livin

# Blessedness

we dont need gods and history,  
this stream and its trees are enough  
the blessedness of  
meeting by the stream is enough

we dont need scripts and renditions,  
this sea and the twilight sky is enough  
the blessedness of  
feeling immersed is enough

we dont need walls and lands in them,  
this moonlit night and the forest is enough  
the blessedness of  
an occasional nightingale song is enough

Prakash Nair

# Poetry Must Be Your Art

Desire is your first name - Love  
Sadness must be your last  
Yearning is in middle -  
to cuddle these men in black

Death makes your epic  
Poetry must be your art  
Orgasm is your myth  
for ages that's been your trick

Heart is where your battles are fought  
The spleen must be your powderhouse  
Kiss of lips is your flagship, targets-  
from where you randomly pick

Prakash Nair

## Six Foot Three-Inch Horse

Ride alone on your six foot three-inch horse,  
To shores where we pined to be together  
In nights when trails of the mist-  
Cools off that heat of the moon

Ride alone on your six foot three-inch horse,  
To evening skies we've dreamt from the terrace  
Like a jet, like an arrow, ride through the wind  
Behold the air, smell my blood

Ride alone on your six foot three-inch horse,  
Not once, never meant to be together  
I'll never make it without you  
Those skies, those shores, foregone – forever

Prakash Nair

# Take Me Back

gurgle of my streams,  
slopes to the paddy field where  
birds of the morning sing,  
ol' tall bamboo forests kissing the river  
as mother wind bends them to bathe,  
sniffing sounds after the dip,  
they made my song, take me,  
take me to my songs

streaks of her silver lightning as she debuts on stage,  
her beloved thunder clapping - be it day or gloom  
dashed hopes of sailing boats, slowy drizzle finis -  
but with a kaleidoscope on the window pane  
coloured with eve's vermillion  
then the first star peeps out, one -  
one in a million  
they made my sketch, take me,  
take me to my sketches

Prakash Nair

# Traffic

Anxieties and angry cries, pounding horns-  
hot metal and black smoke  
Glaring lights, damning curses and dense fog  
Yes, I'm in a traffic block

Hither and thither they move around,  
hitting, scraping and beeping loud  
Thru every clearance they manouvre  
As if constipation is all over

Often thought with spirits low,  
where do these poor bastards go  
Next Day they come to this very place  
And race against in bloody maze

Prakash Nair

# VERMILLION

Depressions in the east  
Returning Monsoons,  
Another autumn dishevelled in the rains.

Yet a splash of red averts on the patch-  
of gloomy sky  
i'm allotted from my little window ply

I see a speck of vermillion, naked eyes forbear  
I'm sure I still see it there  
Every hint of vermillion,  
two birds soaring in that sky,  
the conifers holding up the sky,  
remind me, remind me of you

Three rainy autumns back,  
on a golden day between the rains  
a destined day in october,  
an uneventful normal day  
You happened to me

The way we met across a glance  
what else in life they call a chance  
Then the days of holy engagements  
all truly vague arrangements

Alone alone I'm all alone  
nowadays I live alone  
Crumbled and crushed I lay awake  
across the dust of mine self I've broke

Call me from your pain  
across these sounds of rain  
Colour my opening eyes  
with vermillion-  
from between your brows  
kiss me and never leave





# Vermillion - To Dear Nerd

Depressions in the east  
Returning Monsoons,  
Another autumn dishevelled in the rains.

Yet a splash of red averts on the patch-  
of gloomy sky  
i'm allotted from my little window ply

I see a speck of vermilion, naked eyes forbear  
I'm sure I still see it there  
Every hint of vermilion,  
two birds soaring in that sky,  
the conifers holding up the sky,  
remind me, remind me of you

Three rainy autumns back,  
on a golden day between the rains  
a destined day in october,  
an uneventful normal day  
You happened to me

The way we met across a glance  
what else in life they call a chance  
Then the days of holy engagements  
all truly vague arrangements

Alone alone I'm all alone  
nowadays I live alone  
Crumbled and crushed I lay awake  
across the dust of mine self I've broke

Make me from your dust,  
my face out of your face,  
my palms out of your legs,  
they still pine to be there

my chest out of your lips,  
that's were I want to be kissed  
my heart out of your heart,

there may be a few pieces left

Call me from your pain  
across these sounds of rain  
Colour my opening eyes  
with vermilion-  
from between your brows  
kiss me and never leave

Prakash Nair