

Poetry Series

Preeth Nambiar
- poems -

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Preeth Nambiar(27th August 1978)

Educationist, Litterateur & Humanitarian, Preeth hails from the northern part of Indian state, Kerala in the south-west region of India on the Malabar Coast as the son of Mr. Kana Padmanabhan Nambiar and Mrs. Saraswati Nambiar.

Born in an ancient aristocratic family that carried the rich culture of Kerala and Karnataka, where music, arts and literature were the very atmosphere, he started writing at a very early age. He has been working with various international organisations and has presented prestigious research works on Education, philosophy, arts and literature.

He is renowned for the simplistic style of narration and meditative tunes in his literary works whereas his key ideas on education incorporating eastern and western philosophies, has won international acclamation. Preeth is presently residing in the Maldives working as an educator to the University of Cambridge, ESOL, serving MAPS International, Male'.

A Breeze

Like a breeze is my life!

It comes from far beyond, a distance beyond your comprehension
A traveler, I have the fragrance of the miles I crossed, the lives I lived!
Yet, I have the freshness of the newest, the tenderness in the heart!

Wandering the long way, I feel tired and I must find an abode,
To sway my head towards, to sleep for a while, embracing my beloved,
I need a home beautiful as my home, roofless with its wall open to the skies!

My love, open your doors, open up the windows,
Wide open your heart; let me in, and then lock me within you,
I have a lot to tell you, the tales of my journey, my quest for own destination.

Embraced by me, I see your eyes closing,
Are you sleeping? Sleep not, I have moments counted, hold me tight;
To be with you, to forget my own destination! Listen to me!

And in the morning, wake me up; I have long way left;
The ways I didn't travel, the paths I have to explore, pack for me some food;
To taste on my way ahead, to feel the deliciousness of our togetherness!

I will come back to you, through the windows wide open,
An invisible breeze to touch your depth, while you sleep, to make your night,
Once again to fill you with the memories of your beloved! !

But, my beloved, I should go away, leaving you far behind me;
So is my life, a journey I never started, path never ending!
Wait for me, right here, until I come!

Like a breeze is my life! !

Preeth Nambiar

A Dragonfly That Committed Suicide

In front of the lit oil lamp while chanting Gayatri, I heard the sound of fluttering wings of a dragonfly upon the flames. My eyes opened to see that poor being with its wings burnt and body immersed in the oil. There was silence and the tiny idols in front of me were shining while I was still enjoying a temporary detachment brought by few minutes of meditation. I heard the noise for few more moments and then it stopped to take me back to silence.

I thought of its possible past - birth from a tiny egg; the amusement to see the beautiful world around it; the joy of flying amidst the plants in the wild gardens; the moments of togetherness with loved ones and at the end the pain of understanding its wings getting tired even in the slowest breeze! Perhaps he entered my tiny room seeking refuge from the drizzle outside, attracted by the light and fragrance from my serene home. Alas! Here he ends!

A dragonfly that committed suicide upon the mystic flames of divinity - that was what I felt and I understand that I am nowhere different from him. The experience of lifespan for the tiny being and my lifespan of few decades would not have much difference in the level of perception. When I count years, he must have counted hours and lived a life so. But probably I am bit early, I can feel my wings being burnt and my identity lost within the fuel of devotion.

But, my Lord, how long will I live here so? How far will I fly with these burnt wings? I wish if a spark from the flame in front of me falls unto my body, spread across my skin and burn this flesh to reduce me into ashes that would nourish at least the earth where I lived! My Lord, I am tired of a life that is being lived in vain and I am all ready to abandon this being caged in my self! Open my eyes from the darkness of this mortal life to the light of your realisation!

It is raining heavily and I am in search of a blanket that would keep me warm for this night!

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Preeth Nambiar

A Dream Of Yesterday

Another morning!

Upon the bed, my arms are still on her chest and my breath close to her cheeks.

With me she is, through her golden silky hairs I move my fingers, slowly, softly
Without letting her know she is being caressed; here she is, my love!

When did I fall asleep last night, I remember it was raining outside
The moist wind peeping through the windows, the curtain moving aside
Opening my vision to the lightening on the sky, flashes on which I could see
Trees having shower on heavenly rain and I was listening to the raindrops.

I am trying to recollect a beautiful poem that I dreamt last night,
I remember the tiny letters, words melodious and sentences beautiful,
But, the images are dark, colours faded into it and comprehension beyond!
The dream remains as it is, the poem remains unwritten, as blank as white!

The rain has stopped, the naked green lay stretched for a bath in the sun
To absorb the warmth and to be awake for another day and for another rain
To find amidst the showers celestial once again, to be blessed, blissful!
I can feel the warmth that would keep me awake for another day!

Fingers still on my beloved, I see her opening her eyes and holding me tight,
'Love me my beloved' she whispers, 'Getup, we have another day to love!
Looking at her blue eyes, I'm made silent -was she the poem I dreamt last night?
?

Preeth Nambiar

A Journey

'The road to the fulfillment of love is hard and worn! Well, now listen to me, if you are so eager to find my abode you can follow the road in front of you, which leads through dense forests, hot deserts and steep hills! You may have to walk through the thick penetrating drops of rain or sometimes even without a drop of water to quench your thirst, alone, but the distant winds would bring my melodies to soothe your soul! '

'When the roads embrace each other to confuse your direction, remember, I will leave my beautiful, fragrant flowers to show you the path! Follow the flowers as they would lead you to my abode! Collect those so that you can present it for me at the moment of our togetherness. Let the beautiful petals colour the moments, let the fragrance of those dance in the air! Oh, my beloved come to me! '

And then I started my voyage! The steep hills didn't hurt my legs; the sharp pebbles didn't prick my feet! When the hot winds of the desert left me thirsty, my longing for her quenched my thirst! When the rain turned into flood, I sailed up on her dreams! I could find flowers, beautiful flowers, withered on my way. Collecting those, long way I travelled, a long way to my beloved with her name trembling on my lips!

It was night! I painfully realized that I can no more move. I felt darkness penetrating into my senses and then beyond! Alas! Here comes my end!

A beautiful dawn! Like that from a dream I wake up to light! There is a tree in front of me under which thousands of flowers are withered! Look at those flowers! They are the same I had been collecting throughout my voyage! Flowers that have heavenly fragrance, on the petals of which we can find all the colours of the universe!

'So you are here, my love' I heard her as the leaves of the tree trembled in soft, snowy wind! 'Come embrace me! Let me whisper on your ears, the tale of our lives, days of our togetherness and the moments of our separation! I have been waiting here a life time, to take you across another birth! Oh my beloved, hold my hands! '

I stretched my hands to hold her thin fingers! It was cold, cold as snow!

Preeth Nambiar

A Man Who Set His Journey Back To Time

I closed my eyes tightly awaiting sleep caressing the conscious with its magical touch! Through the slightly opened window glasses, the northern wind whistles humming the melodies of distant past! O dear angel, of a blissful night, sit besides me, for a night of ardent love!

Through the falling lids of jaded eyes, show me a land dense of green, amidst the woods appear the streams, the bells of anklets of a naughty girl hide beneath the huge tree trunks. Chasing the shyness deep in the woods, lead me to the virgin lands, unseen, unworn!

Show me a hut there to refuge my dreams, lit a lamp of wisdom for the passersby! An adobe for an adorable beast or beauty or for flying birds or stinging flies – an adobe that would embrace them tight unto heart. Kiss them adieu in a morning, when the distant paths await their paces.

Upon the dark lit summer skies, show me meteors showering the riches; brush my eyes with colours celestial; let me pick them all and bury deep for ages to come. Come not O greedy eyes of lust, for its saved for the noble souls.

Show me twilight, where colours melting unto the distant horizons would leave me lone in profound muse! Winter, when the lastest leaf faint upon the arms of chilled breeze, lit a pyre of noble thoughts, embrace me the warmth of an abundant life!

Show me a tomb earthly under the mist, upon which the December flowers wither their petals! And a naked man kneeling down upon on the wet green with his temples on the marble and caressing the inscription: 'A man who set his journey back to time! '

O the angel of darkest night, hold my hands and take me aboard!

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A Moonlit Night

Through the window wide opened to the sky, tonight moonlight fell upon my bed!
It is not a full moon day, but look at the world bathed in the flood... hear the
chirping of the birds that might have woke up with a hallucination of another
beautiful morning! This is another night, I rest upon the bed of sleepless
thoughts, listening to distant footsteps!

Did my Lord send you, to caress my deepest pains? Within the room full of
fragrance of the instant sticks that I burnt for Him, where the tune of meditation
silently dances, my heart sings a melody that I cherished deep within my senses!
Tired traveling miles, oh rays of tenderness, rest upon my heart- within the
emptiness of my soul!

Hold my tired hands; take me to a sky where your cool rays meet the beauty of
the sailing clouds! Set me free upon them to wander across the heavens to look
at the earth! When the stars blush and disappear at your sight, let me travel with
you, across the world asleep! Here raise my heart, filled with rejoice, to dance in
ecstasy!

Embraced by tender touch, listening to the sweetest song let me remain here,
until you disappear unto the morning rays. When the birds appear at the horizon
announcing the arrival of the gold chariot that would seduce the world with its
mesmerizing illusions, let me wait for another moonlit night, your rays touching
the serenity of my being!

When you dance around my eyes, oh my dear, let me not sleep tonight! Holding
your arms when I disappear unto you, let me raise beyond the senses - to the
ether of profound joy! When you return to His abode, tell Him that you met one,
awoke in midnight longing for your caress and that there were teardrops on his
cheeks dipping down unto the earth!

Preeth Nambiar

A Rain In The Summer

It is raining! A summer rain to quench the thirst of the tired leaves and then to penetrate deep unto the hot soil! The air has the fragrance of the soil and I remain here trying to perceive it to the deepest.

When the tender branches dance under the shower, my beloved, why do I feel my tired body immobile? ! When the wet soil seeks a blanket to cover its warmth, my dear, why do I feel sweat creeping through my forehead!

This is not just another evening! The breeze today brings me your fragrance from across the ocean. I'm trying in vain to sleep! When about to sleep nightmares wakes me up, but I want to sleep, embracing your memories!

I have just a picture of you and since long time I am here looking at your eyes... deep within you! Hidden in your world, do you hear the whisper of my thoughts? Let me fall unto the arms of sleep to dream you...just to dream you...to get up to another morning of hope for you! ! !

Preeth Nambiar

A Voyage To Eternity

1

I don't know when I was born! I remember as tiny particles I were scattered upon the endless universe embracing each other with a longing for a life! With the pain of frozen dreams when my journey stretched endless I found a star smiling at me, touching me with the warmth of his light! I found my body wet; I found green sprouting upon my body! I heard the melody of the winds, there appeared birds from the distance and weaving nests upon the branches! There was rain! Beautiful rain! And I remained amidst the raindrops falling unto the thirsty body! But where am I? I have lost myself here in this planet that follows the path defined, but I see myself around me, everywhere, across the green, upon the waters, within the wind! I carried a deep wish within me - Oh Lord, I need a form to call me, 'me'!

2

In the jungle of darkness I was left alone! The crickets made the nights noisy, snakes crept through my nakedness! Waking up from sleep, upon the bed of grasses, I sensed hunger ...with sharpened woods I left in search of the meaning! I chased my prey...there was blood oozing out from the pain of the weaker... my incisors tasted the deliciousness of flesh! Lying down under the shade of age-old tree I knew- you are nothing but the contentment of the deliciousness - the very meaning of mortal life! I was in need of a shelter to safeguard my existence. Upon the woods I built a shelter and called it my home! It was when I myself became the prey of hunger, seeing my own flesh bleeding from the mouth of my successor, I knew, You were more than what I knew in my senses, my hunger!

3

My Lord, I know, I was always answered and you left me mesmerised with your miracles! I was born upon the valley of your mountain! Spending my childhood playing around your feet, the valley of bliss, I was taught that you live in the peak of the mountain the abode of snow! The curious child in me was nurtured by a wish to meet you there, upon the mountain! They taught me mantras to seek you; they disciplined my body for the journey to you! I started climbing the steps to the peak, during the mornings where the dim light of hope enlightened the worn path through the woods! In the evenings of disappointments, I slept upon the door of your sanctum sanctorum awaiting you opening the door for me! I'm still curious, why did you disappoint me, though even at the moment you left me, I cried aloud your name!

4

Freedom - I thought you were that! The boundless sky mesmerised my eyes! Here I fly with her, with the wandering clouds! On our togetherness I sung aloud, and the skies echoed my songs. The raindrops scattered upon my feathers, the hot wind hid beneath my wings! Freedom - is that not the beauty of life? But while raising to the heights of our own existence, oh my Lord, here I'm caught upon the net of bondage! Chained at the golden cage, I wish to sing, but my voice is stuck within the painful throat! I wake-up to mornings of own realization of bondages, in the evenings I die upon the bed wet with own tears! Let this cool breeze from the heavens carry my heart! Oh my Lord, throughout this night I would sing the painful songs ...the songs of eternal freedom! Before the sunrise wakes me up, I will stab me with my own sharp peek...let me bleed and die. I will carry but only your songs in my heart until another birth! Did you mean death is liberation?

5

With the strings Gods envied, I wandered across the sky, and showered as love. The rivers were filled with me....upon the draught when I rained there appeared green and there were flowers on it! The fragrance travelled miles, to the senses of my beloveds. On moonlit nights, sitting upon the rocks I kissed her! The cold rays of moon unveiled the nakedness of my beloved...it was beautiful when I perceived her with ecstasy. The streams touched our feet and giggled with shy! There appeared dark clouds upon the sky and I heard thunderbolts! It was raining heavily...the streams turned wild with its colour being red. Carried away by him when I travelled miles I found beautiful ocean and within the blue I dissolved as salt! Oh world, hear this, the streams of love ends in the salty ocean! My Lord, I wish to rise from this salt!

6

I whirled in ecstasy with the mystic music of the heavens! Music was the very blood flowing through the channels endless within me. I sung the songs of love aloud and people danced with me! I could win the hearts of them; enlighten them with the profound thoughts of being and the non-being! The colourlessness covered by the white lost its meaning for white hides every colour in it! I felt dizzy and wanted to embrace the earth! Here I go; I feel the whole world around me whirling and my senses losing consciousness! I was taken aback unto the soil with white covered unto my dead cells! With my sorrows of the very realization, I melt unto the soil again! The ages old tree besides my tomb withered its flowers

unto me, and me sleeping with the most wonderful fragrance of them!

7

They call you in different names, but my Lord I know you are nameless! Sitting on my knees in front of the Kabah I searched for you above the skies, when the revolving wheels in the monastery arouse the mystical vibration, I was lost in its music; I carried the cross to the Golgotha to feel your pain! The heaven was empty but the refuge of the noble; within the shattered pieces of stones I found the particles of nothingness! When the music of the wheels stopped there was nothing but silence! And within the silence I found you, invisible as ever! I am puzzled with the scriptures; I am troubled with the faiths! Oh Lord, bless me with a vision that would hold my people united; give me a voice that would address the curious, make my abode the inn for all. May love embrace wisdom!

8

Long distance have I travelled, a long voyage for you! Hunger was the routine...meditation was the very sleep... Tired when I ended up my journey under the shade of age old tree, I hear you are whispering 'I am that'! I have the bed of softest feathers to rest....I have the most delicious of the fruits to fetch my hunger! I have the heavenly fragrance around me dancing in the air...but my Lord, I can nothing but smile with the paradise you set for me, for happiness doesn't lies in heaven and pain does not lie in hell and for I know there exists no paradise nor hell! The mass around me is curious, impatiently waiting to pick the beads that fall scattered from the garland that I made from my lives! From the profound silence of thoughts, there arises an arrow of question towards me - Master, tell us, what is life? Oh my dear, my silence is my answer!

9

My lord, each births were prayers...each day were the petals of this tired flower that I withered unto your feet! When wished for a dropp love, you left me amidst the rain of love, I longed for a song and you left me surrounded by heavenly birds who sung the songs melodious! When wished to express my heart, you taught me alphabets with which composed poems for eternity! I lived a life praising your greatness! Here comes is a day there remains no petals to be withered. Oh my lord, take me back to you for I don't wish to live a moment that doesn't let me heap my flowers heap unto Your feet. Today, my trembling fingers doesn't hold a pen, the songs of the birds doesn't reach my ears, upon the bed

when I lie down immobile, I see my beloveds around me looking at my tearful eyes! My lord, take this teardropp as the gratitude of my life!

10

...And now it is time to scatter again to the endless universe! Liberated, when I find my Lord, oh! Beloved, look at me I am sparkling upon the skies as stars!

Preeth Nambiar

A Walk Through The Sands

Now, let us walk through the sands of this beach! Hold my hand!
When we walk, talk to me your heart's heart. When the way ahead stretch
endless fetch me your love to keep me alive! Hot summer reflects on the sand
making me blind to see the path, take me with you to the shades, kiss me; let
me close my eyes and feel your wetness on my thirsty lips!

The tranquil ocean, the waves creep through the sands to erase our foot prints.
Upon the horizon, there appear colours that fade unto the dark. Come; let us sit
on this rock, awaiting the moon! While I lay down on your lap, move your thin
fingers through my hairs, let me look at the stars blinking on my eyes.

There appear moon; I want to see your face. But where is it? When I try to touch
your hands creeping through my hairs, I realize, it was just a touch, formless,
shapeless! The lap on which I was laying down was the lap of my own dreams
about love- a dream that disappears unto my pain!

Love; I dream it, even though it is painful!

Preeth Nambiar

A Winter, Summer And Some Memories!

On the other side of the field, there was a hill covered with thick green blanket. It looked exceptionally beautiful during the mornings and evenings where the shades of the sky made frames with its amazing colours. A river flowed silently through the valley resembling a silver chain lying around the waist of the hill.

Standing upon the balcony of his house, the painter started capturing the colours on his canvas. The birds visited him on their way home and back and smiled looking at the work. He had a bowl of delicious grains and nuts to feed them all. Looking at the colours and the canvas they thanked and continued their journey.

There was a tree on top of the hill decorated with beautiful flowers the fragrance of the same was brought by the breeze. He started mixing the colours looking at the distant flowers. But every time he mixed, he realized that it didn't match the colour. He went on mixing the colours, but in vain!

He pulled his long grey hairs tightly and shouted like mad!

Another beautiful morning, through the narrow path made slippery with the morning mist he started his journey in search of the flower, to capture the colours on his canvas, making his way through the dense green.

The birds, as usual, visited his balcony and looked around for the artist. Gazing at the empty bowl and the incomplete canvas they continued their journey. And it remained so for ever!

Preeth Nambiar

An Ode To Winter

The music has stopped, and now there is silence all around me! People have departed, upon the bank of frozen river of time I am here, alone chilled in silence. A stage once full of cheers reminds a cemetery where the pleasures of the senses buried deep! The distant valley has disappeared in mist, upon my thin body rains the flakes of ice! Long time I am here looking for the travellers who pursued their way through this narrow banks! Its winter, when even the wind sleep beneath the blanket of ice!

Holding the root deep unto my existence, I used to wake up in the morning to wither my flowers! During the moments of deep meditations, I gave my space for the wanderers of the sky! Upon the grass grown in my shade, rested the souls tired in their voyage! My Lord, life was an inn for the refugees of time! The distant path carpeted with bright white snow is now empty! Where are they? Where is that little girl, the bright sunshine, who kissed me in the morning and took my flowers to the shrine of serenity?

There was music around me, the fragrance dancing, warmth enfolding! Dense leaves blushed by the kiss of his beloved whispered each other their heart joyfully when their beloved continued journey to the horizons! In the lonely nights stars blinked their eyes, sighed seducing to her mesmerizing beauty! There appeared fruits upon my branches, fruits as bright as my beloveds and as delicious as my longing! 'Take these with you', I told the passersby, 'for you to have it on your way stretched to immortality'!

The leaves once green remain scattered beneath my naked branches. When the west wind took them far away from my vision, I wished to stretch my arms to hold them back and to embrace them once again! Alas! I am frozen in my pain! The violet flowers swayed in the lullaby of the breeze, upon which I dipped my love, has dissolves unto earth's forgetfulness! Upon the isolated valley, there appears not even a bird to fetch my longing! The colours of life merging into white-the bright white of snow!

It's January again! There appears wind touching my thin branches and I feel pain shattering my consciousness! When the warmth of sun touches my shivering body, are these my tears dropping unto the soil, or the mist that cover deepest of my consciousness? ! My Lord, take me not to another winter my flesh loose its vigour and my soul its life! Let the streams carry my tears and travel across the mountains to touch the lives in the valley and then to disappear unto the distant ocean!

And that's why the ocean is salty, but contented with life!

Preeth Nambiar

And Now, Hold My Hands O Mortal!

And now, hold my hands O mortal, I will take you to the abode where every life meets death and death embraces the infinite. As you grasp the chill of my fingers, fear not but relish the sweet numbness of me; look at my eyes, upon the blue find yourself the mortal you diving deep. Across cliffs and shooting stars, I will pave you a way to the farthest beyond, hold me tight, fall not unto the drenches of unknown terror, for I am your beloved since your birth.

Where will you take this body with colours still upon the wrinkles, that would appeal nothing in the dark? Where will you carry the fragrance aberrant for it wouldn't feast the void? Abandon those silky cloths right here for it wouldn't make you royal in a kingdom where there are no classes to separate you! Forget those verses that you chanted for your language would spell ignorance in the silence. Follow me, O mortal, life beyond would shatter your presumptions!

Leave your name that you acquired from boundless lips, O nameless, for it has to decay with this flesh in your body. Leave these titles that decorate your name, O deluded, for there exists nothing to be adorned! The letters that represent your ephemeral musings would be washed clean by the mad floods and the pages you filled with earthly wisdom would be burnt by the wild fires. Seek the light of inner eyes, for the road ahead is of darkest moments.

How long will you carry this burden - the fame you earned by frivolous alms? Give it to him who owns the whole, the Lord of earth and the skies above. Feed your riches to those birds that fly high upon the barren lands for the lushness of your life is the adherence to Him who bequeaths his wealth to the lovely green. Bring with you the gratitude of a life that he blessed you with, in his splendid garden and follow me light, O destitute self!

There is no moon, nor sun not even the light of fireflies around. Call them not, your dearest ones, for the journey is lonely and you are a lone. From the thickest quilt of warmth, come out quick, though it is freezing winter - for the journey was scheduled right on your birth. When the world around appears deep asleep, follow me silent and fearless, at once. Timeless, perennial truth I am, death, your comrade since the very birth- hold my hands, O dear one!

Preeth Nambiar

Another Beautiful Morning!

I woke up from bed with the drowsiness of the drunken night and stretched my hands to find her near me. There is but her fragrance that she left besides me when I was deep asleep. I know, through the window, with the heavenly drink of the morning in her hands, she will come and kiss me.

The sky is still gloomy; but I can see gardeners wandering up on the sky with their cans, watering the plants of their Lord's beloved garden and the green dancing blissfully. Birds sing the most melodious thanking the mercy of the creator for blessing them with another day.

I stand near the window waiting for her. Through the raindrops I wanted to stretch my fingers to touch her, her warmth. I can feel the shower upon me like flowers being withered by angels from heaven. Here she is my beautiful morning- another beautiful morning of my life! Embracing her, I whispered:

'I love you, sunshine'!

Preeth Nambiar

Another Night's Memory

Upon the tip of a green leaf a dropp of water looks at the sky. Sun shines on it; in the morning, the world looks at it to get ready for the day. Embraced by the leaf the dropp reflects the smiles of the world around it. The breeze is gentle not to let her down, she swings with a smile beautiful as the morning.

I know not the time amidst the mist, there is silence surrounding me. I hear a sweet voice, a cry from the bottom of her heart; a painful music touching my senses. I see, her dripping down from the beloved upon which she had the night's stay. He kneels down to hold her; but, alas, she is beyond his reach!

From the tip of the green to the earth, a fraction of second, Journey of a life embracing the memories of the night! When dissolving unto the sands there, she prays for another life. Evaporated by the hot sun, she raises to the sky, to shower as mist, to embrace her beloved once again for another night's memories.

Preeth Nambiar

Divine Silence

Within the caves of deepest longing
Echoes the sounds of majestic eve!
Upon the sphere of bright white skies
Spreads the paint of evening colours!
Silence divine, Penetrates deep
Onto the void of ethereal joy!
All I have is a bundle of letters
That would sound nothing definite!
Hold my arms to touch my warmth,
O dear, whisper on my ears soft,
Is silence the fall of words or
Are words the wreck of silence?

Preeth Nambiar

Fireflies

Opening my eyes towards the darkness of the early morning hours a firefly was dancing around me and I found it approaching me pursuing me towards the door of the bedroom that I never used to close. I raised my eyelids heavy of sleep to see that mesmerising scene- innumerable fireflies blinking its wings across the green around the tiny home of mine! I remained there breathing deep the freshness and fragrance of a night wet of a drizzle!

O dear ones of the Lord, come right unto the opened palms so that I can hug you all with my warmth and kiss you all with my love! Your lights would dissolve in the bright sunshine of the morning, yet will shed light within the heart for a day to cherish it for a lifetime! Show me a path towards the horizon piercing the darkest clouds and lead me to where my Lord wanted me to go. I will follow you without even a tinge of doubt for He is my life's life and I trust His abundant love for me!

Gratitude, my Lord - There are myriad ways You show me your love upon this humble life! Here is a life surrendered unto Your feet!

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Preeth Nambiar

Forbidden Silence

When the last drop of rain dipped from the clouds; when the thunderbolts disappeared unto the songs of morning birds; when the lightening vanished unto the bright light of a morning- there was silence - silence enchanting!

When the way stretched from morning still evenings, tired of my struggle to catch those dicey moments escaping from my fingertips, in the twilight evening of serenity when I smiled, there was silence - melancholic silence!

Holding the arms of the beloved listening to the songs of earthly love when slept, when the withering May-flowers woke me up from deepest slumber, amidst the wandering clouds when I searched, there was silence- mesmerising silence!

In front of the oil lamps when my chanting dissolved unto the shining idols; when the fragrance of instant sticks spread within the dull light within the four walls; within the breathlessness-there was silence- divine silence!

The crowd has dispersed and the sounds of cheers has flown with the distant winds; when I am here looking at the way you disappeared onto the path stretching through the emerald fields, there is silence- silence melancholic!

Within these wet eyes there are colours of majestic skies reflecting and I perceive silence of unknown echoing deep within the caves of longing! O beloved, shall I call you by name silence that I would cherish a lifetime?

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God Of Love

Upon the clouds I travel, above you! Through the blue sky when they wander, see I am sitting upon them smiling at you! Invisible I am but see the beauty of the earth sparkling on my eyes during your nights of loneliness! Look at me, oh beloved!

I am the rain in the summer! When the clouds heavy with waters, collected on his long way, shower upon the thirsty soil, come dance with me blissfully! Hold my fingers; I will take you through the way rain walk, amidst the drops of purity!

Warmth of the sunshine I am, when you shiver in the winter! Enfold yourself in my arms, feel my warm exhalations touching your cheeks. I will take you to a day where your frozen dreams would melt and upon which my bright rays would shine.

Let me wither my heavenly flowers unto your path when your way stretches endless towards the eternal! Invisible I am, but near to you, within the breath to travel deep within you, with a fragrance that I'm carrying far away from my births.

In the evening when you are tired upon the road from birth to death, Oh beloved, take rest upon this wayside! As a breeze let me embrace you, with all my longing; for you are my existence. Listen to the melodies I whisper on your ears.

Abandoned by the world, when your soul disappears unto the horizon, like that of crows unto the darkness, and when you dissolve unto earth, weep not, oh, dear; for the soil you are disappearing unto is nothing but me, your beloved since eternity!

I'll remain here, holding your memories tight within my chest - the memories of the moments of our togetherness!

Preeth Nambiar

I Threaded A Garland With The Memories Of A Spring

It is morning, my dear daughter!

Look at the sky of the fragrant freshness; inhale deep the spirit of life. Through the half-opened window, tender rays paint your hair golden shine; from the cages sing the birds the melody of morning; let me kiss you a good morning and whisper on your ears the prayers for you for a day. Life goes on from charming mornings to weary evenings!

Let me not wake you up from this serene sleep, yet the heart tired trembles to speak – the long journey we are here, the beauty amidst the ocean blue! The moment I heard your voice breaking the silence of the veranda of the labour room; the first touch of the tiny you, enveloped in cuteness presented to my open arms, and the smile at the first sight of your father!

I held you tight when the ocean roared in rage, the boat carried us to the tranquil island shores. I saw your little paces on the sands that were later erased by the creeping waves. O dear, how would you recollect the lullabies that I sung on the moonlit nights, which are stolen by the breeze to distant bygone? Yet, may the depth of your heart cherish the melodies!

Through the path of spring, I walked you uphill holding your arms tight unto mine. The trees withered their petals on our path; I gathered some flowers and made a garland to bring you back the memories of the spring. From the typhoon of dusty summer long way we came, seek not O dear the pain of the bygone!

The cursed moment death would come covering himself in the chill of darkness and whisper the moment of my return. When you sleep hugging the warmth of my body, how will I separate your arms tight on my flesh? How will I say adieu to you and walk towards the horizon invisible? But, my dear, the horizons are awaiting me and I have with me the last kiss for you!

On the rainy nights, look at the skies heavy of darkness, you may find stars twinkling brightness. My dear, they are my eyes looking at you, to see you growing with all my love to fulfill the dreams I abandoned here, to see you carry the traces of this life lived futile! Wake up to another morning cherishing the night and walk unto the path through eternity!

It is morning, my dear daughter!

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It Is Raining My Dear

It's raining, my dear and I am here right near the window, holding these rusted grills looking at the distant faded by the scattering drops. Lanterns that were dancing around the skies have retired to their homes to sleep covering themselves with the dense leaves; crickets are silent afraid of the thunderbolts. Upon the flash of lightning I can see those wet braches shivering in chill!

I am thinking about the poem you asked me about the rain - it is still trembling on my lips but silent devoid of words. The melodies from the deepest of the heart, through the paining throat disappear unto the noisy drops and I make futile attempts to raise my voice above them all! Alas, music dies within the caves of longing stretching endless towards fulfillment!

Upon the waters I have dived deep to collect the words to compose the song for you, yet they are hidden somewhere amidst the muddy waters. Perhaps in a morning when the clouds are gone, the beams of light would reveal them and I would thread a garland with pearls smiling in sunshine. Let me keep it safe for you until you come someday to hold my hands for another life!

I don't know where are these waters rushing; to join the streams to form rivers? to flow as rivers, to join the seas and from there right back to clouds to complete a cycle of never ending life? O maddest flow of heavenly shower, take these boats made up of papers upon which I have scribbled the words of love for my beloved; carry with you my dreams to her abode.

It is raining, my dear and I am here at the doorstep from where people have taken your chilled body to the grave amidst the silver trees! The crowd might have departed covering you within the blanket of wet soil upon which it must be raining. Through the path made amidst the scattering drops, let me walk towards you where you enjoy deepest of sleep.

Here is your poem, dear, but tell me where shall I leave it for you? When the distant rain sings far away the melody of pain, shall I sing this for you? And when I am tired of singing, O dear let me rest upon you, embracing those sands upon your remaining! Love will slumber upon the earth, my heart will dance around the air with your remembrance and my eternal self will join with you in heaven, far away in your abode!

It is raining, my dear!

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Just Another Day....

I have been sitting here since long time, eyes fixed on the distant I can see the greenery changing unto desert, the deserts turning unto ocean, the seasons melt unto each other...! At the desk I close my eyes to darkness and open it for another day! I enjoy the hug of the wind through the windows wide open.

Leaving frequent pauses in between, the train is on its way ahead. I can see some at ease come and occupy the spaces available. I can see some are running along with the train to get into it. I can see some remain lonely upon the platform, disappointed finding the train moving faster than their own pace.

But throughout the journey I experience a kind of severe pain in my throat. It's all about my co-travelers. It's about the moment they leave the compartment ending up their journey- sometimes saying adieu, sometimes even without that. In a journey that has its way forward, where shall I meet them again?

I know I too have to leave this crowded compartment. Neither I know the place to get down nor the time would I reach there. The only thing I know is that it is not too far! I remember the hands being waved in the morning when I set the journey, but let me not expect anyone to receive me at the other end!

When I reach my destination, I wish a rain to wash away my tiredness. Wet in the rain when I seek a shelter, I wish if my grandma awaiting me in front of my ancestral house with a towel to blot water from my hair. In front of the lit lamp I wish to sing with her, the songs of love that she blessed my childhood with!

I wish if her fingers would fetch me the most delicious unto my mouth! At the night of my life, I wish if I can laydown on her lap to feel her fingers caressing my hair! When I slowly close my eyes, the stars would scatter unto the dark sky, as black holes would fall unto the earth where I spent a life loving...loving everything around me!

Today is just another day!

Preeth Nambiar

Kissing A Daughter Goodnight

"Now, my dear daughter let us sleep unto the dreams" I whispered on her ears. "Across the ocean the princess' father owns a piece of land surrounded by dwarf hills. Winter with her beloved sun, decorates the valley with golden dew drops. The wandering wind whistles looking at them and escapes with his naughty smile! Mesmerized, when you remain at the balcony of our little palace, birds sing good morning to you, little princess";.

I could see her sleepy eyelids dropping down, still pleading "and then? ? ?"

"You can have a bath in the tranquil river with water made warm by mother earth. You can visit the shrine on the hill-top everyday, in the mornings and evenings, where the gods gather and bestow their blessings for your heart's heart. But my dear, downhill, be careful not to lose your pace on the slippery rocks and not to hurt your soft feet with those sharp pebbles. Hold my arms...hold my arms tightly! ! ' She held me tight and I found dreams flashing upon her closed eyes.

This is morning, within the age-old rented home I can hear raindrops breaking the silence. With fingers on the keys of the computer when I print these letters to the memory, I'm afraid of a moment my daughter gets up calling me with her eyes closed "Appa...where are you? ? When are we going to visit our home there? ? " I don't have any answers to kiss my daughter with!

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Let Us Hide And Seek!

Amidst the dark dense woods, here I go, find me if you can!
I have a vast universe to hide, where the horizons are boundless
Where the eternity of time awaits me upon the bank of the river,
With a boat, to take me across the transparent tranquil waters;
From births to deaths and deaths to births! Catch me if you can!

While moving from the shades of green escaping your eyes,
I expect you hold me tightly with your chilled iron hands,
But let me not be embraced by you, till another morning
For I need some more moments to be alive and to smile!
Looking at the beauty around, and the life surrounding!

The darkness is terrifying, the silence penetrates my ears, but
I'm left with the courage of the beyond, the music from within!
Your voice echoes up on the horizon, the tough sound
Up on the rough rocks, that bound me around here; But
I'm here kissed by the flowers that whisper me the beauty of life!

Rain quenches my thirst; trees wither their fruits unto my feet,
Through the sharp narrow edges of rocks when I walk,
Creepers droop their arms for me to hold tightly not to lose pace
Upon the slippery paths, my narrow escapes from your sight!
Contented I'm to my heart's heart, to love and to be loved!

Within this enchanting aloneness let me hide, seek me not, my dear,
Who try in vain to find me out, my existence in mortal cells!
I bet, you will never be, for I'm not just few letters that makes a word
But few words that make a sentence, a sense that define life,
Perhaps it would take ages to be revealed and births to be lived!

Let us hide and seek!

Preeth Nambiar

Letter To My Father

Amidst the journey I am, my father, neither at the beginning nor at the end- but at the junction where there are crowds rushing to both ends! Enlighten me with a vision to pursue a path, bring me a vehicle that would take me any of the ends but to the fulfillment! Tired I am of the long way, for the vessel that you gave me is empty and the rain that you pored to quench my thirst is lost among the clouds that are frozen in the winter!

O father, beneath my feet, see there flares of ice and my feet drenching; and above head the burning sun that erases the images; between the chilled winter and red hot summer I would faint; hold me on your arms tight close to you! Be the moonlight in this darkness that takes me from the depth of madness, sing a lullaby when the nightmares shake me up! A child I am yours, as innocent as you sent me, to embrace the beauty of the world and then to return!

When I was hungry you appeared as food, in my despair you enlightened me as the philosophy of life and in happiness as the very smile that touched the lives around me! In front of the altar when my teardrops melted down unto the feet of the cross, you touched me as caress of the nun; in front of the tombs when I stood these eyes closed, in the silence I found the fragrance penetrating the senses; within the sanctum-sanctorum I found your divinity kissing my eyes.

My father, my innocence is deceiving me, the zigzag ways are puzzling me! I remember the days I swayed onto your laps where the chilled fingers of you caressed my scalp and I embraced divinity penetrating beyond the cells of the brain! Tell me, O father the secret of this life mortal; show me a path that lead me to the rivers that I have to cross and keep ready the vessels to cross, to reach you- the abundance of love; that was all I wanted in this mortal life, in this tiny planet!

I feel your touch once again here, as the breeze blowing from the distant and I hear you whispering: 'I am with you son, as invisible as ever'! I see my vessel ready to leave and I am leaving to a distance that is beyond my measure, but not beyond your reach; but from the corner of the universe to the other- what makes it different when you are all around me? Leaves full of life sparkling in sunlight; rain removes the dust that cover the serenity of it! I would move with this chilled wind, to find you everywhere!

Let me continue my journey to eternity- a quest for serenity, with a blessing; the blessing of my father, the most beloved- the omnipotent, omniscient and

omnipresent self and that is the very contentment of life!

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Longing

Within a seed is there a longing
To sprout up and to kiss the light,
To raise to the sky, to reach the clouds
To be touched by the wind and to dance in his arms
A longing, the very meaning of existence!

Within a journey there is a longing
For the very meaning of its own destination
The traveller knows not the path, nor the end
The destination justifies the course, the moments,
Bring the contentment of the voyage.

Within my words there is a longing
To be written, through the senses to travel across the mind
To be perceived by your heart, to rest in your deep.

When the words touch you, feel my touch,
My soft fingers caressing your soul!

Preeth Nambiar

Longing For Silence

The storm is whistling through the distant trees, leaves shivering in chilled wind; the wandering clouds cover the dazzling sun; I hear far away a bird screaming in terror, perhaps lost its nest!

Come aboard, O dear, with your wings wet of rain! Though the nails would bruise my skin, leave your pace upon my palm, stay caressed by the softest touch! There is warmth within me to shelter your dreams and my duffel has grains to feed your hunger. On the shore of the flooded river, amidst the roaring of the darkest rain, here I am O dear, longing for you!

Let us have a shower in this pouring rain, stay wet and be cleansed in rain. Amidst the noisy rain hitting the dry leaves, listen, there is a melody from far distant, soothing the senses! Dissolve unto the notes of love and dance in ecstasy with the rhythm of thunder for between the horizons of day and night there are only few moments left!

In the morning when there is sunshine, I will set you free to the skies of blue! Fly away to the farthest, and then beyond to see a world of timeless joy, leaving me alone in this fairy dale; for I am a lone, travelling to nowhere. When the way end I would seek a shade where I would shelter my stale being, to sleep unto the silence of my soul!

For deep within me, there is a longing- longing of the deepest for silence., for quietude after a long tiresome journey.

Preeth Nambiar

Love Dale

Now, hold my hands, my beloveds on earth! Upon this valley of love, amidst the woods whose branches whistle the sweetest songs of paradise, let us gather for the sake of life, that makes us united for a while! Let us spend another lifetime loving each other, drinking the wine of love, fetching each other the sweetness of ambrosia, and live embracing the beauty of the world! Upon this land, within these huts made upon the green! Kiss me your love!

Dance joyfully, oh gathered souls, the bliss of your life, upon the stage that I built for you! May the colours melt, masks faint, the soul rejoice the moments of togetherness! Sing aloud the songs of love, play the orchestra of strings alive! May the fragrance of the courses join the merry, to evoke the oneness deep within the skin! Shed the light of smile upon the downstage though the heart is aching, for joy knows the pains of unknown! Fall asleep hugging the moments that left you in ecstasy, for another day of joy!

Oh children of abandoned dreams, follow my path! Feel the warmth of my wings that would enfold the heart of your desires! Let us play around the sands and the lakes of eternal wisdom; in the evenings let me tell you the tales of those who lit lights on our path to timelessness! I will show you a road, leading to the heights of the world, from where you can see the beauty, but let me teach you too, the dangers hidden upon the steep hills to the riches. Leave me with contentment, not with a word that would shatter my love!

Hail oh beloveds, during these moments of twilight evening, let me embrace you to take you for a walk through the road where the trees have withered petals divine! May these spalls not hurt your feet tired of a long way to morrows! May the fiery rays of sun not touch the wrinkles of your being! Let me tell you those stories that you whispered once unto the ears of your children, who walked away even without an adieu! Sway your heads upon my chest; leave your pain upon my shoulders, for I am your rest for a tired evening.

...And, in a morning, when I depart the prison of cells, dip not your teardrops unto the wastelands! Shed it upon those tiny plants that I planted across the fertile land, where my footprints sleep deep beneath! Kiss them all, their tender hearts, for I reside within, nay upon the heavens eternal, where the mansion of pleasures would seduce a life. Lend your arms, oh dear, as I lent it you, to raise a soul left alone on your way! Bless them all, the love of life; lead them all to my sacred abode, where even the fragrant air would whisper the mantra of immortal love!

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Lovers Since Eternity

When the way stretched from morning still evenings, tired of my struggle to catch those dicey moments escaping from my fingertips, in the twilight evening of serenity when I smiled, there was silence - melancholic silence!

Holding the arms of the beloved listening to the songs of earthly love when slept, when the withering May-flowers woke me up from deepest slumber, amidst the wandering clouds when I searched, there was silence- mesmerising silence!

In front of the oil lamps when my chanting dissolved unto the shining idols; when the fragrance of instant sticks spread within the dull light within the four walls; within the breathlessness-there was silence- divine silence!

The crowd has dispersed and the sounds of cheers has flown with the distant winds; when I am here looking at the way you disappeared onto the path stretching through the emerald fields, there is silence- silence melancholic!

Within these wet eyes there are colours of majestic skies reflecting and I perceive silence of unknown echoing deep within the caves of longing! O beloved, shall I call you by name silence that I would cherish a lifetime?

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Moonbeam Flowers

In the twilight morning seeking flowers in the garden lit in tender grins I found those moonbeam flowers smiling at me casting the light of serene white. With raindrops upon their petals shining, pleading me to touch it's bracing self and I felt of embracing them all to my bare chest warm of coolest shower. Birds sing songs celestial, breeze blows gentle and I remain mesmerised with a heart rejoicing the grace of unspoken words!

The sanctum sanctorum is ready, I have bathed the idol and lit lights divine. With a corbeille when I stood amidst the green, I wanted those flowers to offer unto His feet. Alas! here I am left with frozen fingers unable to pluck them from their very being. The leaves of Tulsi are still, awaiting the pain of possible death - my fingers separating them from their stems! Alas! my Lord, nor I want to see that aching heart and its bleeding fragrance!

Perhaps I may have to return with an empty basket that was always full of heavenly flowers. My Lord, here I am with bare hands of agony, grand me with a vision that would let me love them more than You, and leave me content with my heart's heart. If passiveness would bring joy abundant to the world, let my words spread it among the people all around me. I will sing the glory of you, but accept me for what I am and for what I have.

Dawdling through the soil wet of yester-rain, the path ends at the door of your abode. While trying to sing along the pitch of the breeze, why are these teardrops oozing out from my eyes instead of the melody from the bottom of my throat? Amidst the joyful chirping of these birds, why am I left silent to the deepest of my self? There is silence deep within the self of everyone and everything- my Lord, shall I call thee that name?

It is morning! Within the sanctum sanctorum when I close my eyes with silent prayers quivering on my lips, I can see those moonbeam flowers smiling at her beloved who is peeping through the clouds in the eastern horizon; I can breath deep the fragrance of unwounded Tulsi leaves ready to be kissed by the tender rays of the Lord of light! O beloveds, fall unto the lap of mother earth when you die, to feed the lives yet to sprout.

My Lord, here I am, accept this humble me as the offering and here is this life upon thy feet!

Preeth Nambiar

On My Way To Eternity

I am not alone; I have a friend with me!

The moments I wake up from my gloomy mornings
Upon the worn paths to my destinations,
At times I am about to retire to darkness,
I have a friend to sleep with my tiredness!

He was born with me, at the arms of motherhood!
Holding his cold, lean fingers I started my pace,
I composed words of love, he mocked at me,
I sung the songs eternal, he laughed at me!
I painted my canvas; he turned the colours to black,
When I was lost upon the roads of reality, I found him
Standing besides me, gazing at me, puzzled, but
I heard him whispering, 'go ahead, I'm with you! '

On my bed, with my cells growing rapid than ever
Multiplying to seize my own breath, I find him!
I find him besides me weeping, the one who
Laughed at my own existence on the earth!
I asked him, 'when are we going to depart, my dear? '
He smiled and whispered-'the moment you leave,
I will dissolve unto the light, to see you born again,
May it be in any form, I'll embrace you!

A shadow I am, on your way to eternity,
When days wither from years, years from decades,
When people depart and when you walk alone,
I'm there, on your way to eternity till another death! '

'A shadow I am! ! '

Preeth Nambiar

Rain

It is raining now and I look at the windows to the distant trees swaying in the shower. Apart from the sound of the rain, it is silence surrounding me in this night!

It was the same silence when I started observing this shower from the skies! When my grandmother whispered it is the shower from the heaven, my mother wept, they are the teardrops of the clouds. Lying down on the lap of grandmother, I found raindrops dipping from the tiled roof, forming streams disappearing amidst the dense mango trees. I do not know where are those paper boats that I sent through the muddy waters!

It was raining when I held her hands first. I touched those hands chilled in the rain and rubbed against my warmth. Smiling, she kissed my cheeks where the masculine hairs had started sprouting. The palace that we made of sands has been taken away by the wild flow of rain and when I woke up to another morning, I found the courtyard messy with the fallen leaves. Locking the home of silence, I left unto the road to the endless uncertainty!

It was raining throughout the way, but I did not stop! All wet in the rain through the misty road I walked with the baggage of the past. Upon the huts on the way, they served wine, sipping the dryness, intoxicated, I looked once again at the dipping raindrops. There were thunderbolts and lightening on the sky; frightened I hid beneath the blanket of forgetfulness. I dreamt a light entering the tired cells of the brain, but woke up to darkness.

Through the ways of rain, winter and summer the way ended up in the island holding the hollow wood of hope. There was again rain that quenched the thirst of the innocent islanders, and under the shower they sang aloud the songs of joy! I joined them and laughed aloud at the thunderbolts on the sky! upon the coral I carved the name of the lord and washed it with my teardrops and heaped the flowers of my days. I found Him smiling, a smile that filled joy boundless!

My daughter, rain is the tear, sometimes of sorrow, and sometimes of the joy of heaven - the part essential of the cycle of never-ending life. It is raining again, that reminds me of the rains of the bygone and that sings the beauty of the life. I am trying to listen to the melody and the meaning of it- the meaning that would justify the very meaning of life. Hold my hands, listen to the melody for there are rains to come and probably someday I would disappear unto the rain seeking the origin of those drops.

Shrine On The Hilltop

There is a shrine on the hilltop that I visit in the mornings and evenings; the steps to which are steep and slippery. My legs get tired, knees stiff and swollen; but when I climb the steps to the shrine, my spirit sings with the birds living on both sides of the narrow path between the dense woods.

When I feel breathless, I feel the fragrance of the wild flowers spreading into my nostrils; when I sweat because of the long walk, the mist surrounding penetrates into the follicles; when tired I see the breeze lending her fingers to take me to her abode whispering 'Follow my path'!

The shrine, my heaven on earth is tranquil and when I reach there my body regains the vigour and my spirit, its vitality. I see the ground where the dry leaves are scattered, dust surrounding the sanctum sanctorum. I don't know how long I spend to see my heart contended.

Here is my Lord, I bathe Him with the water from the streams, I dress him with the most precious gems of my heart, and I shower on him the flowers that I collected on my way to the shrine. 'How was your journey my son?' I hear him asking. I have nothing to tell him and I know he has the answer.

When He finds teardrops rolling down my cheeks, see Him smiling! A smile that arises a hundred questions on my own existence in this universe!

Preeth Nambiar

The Actor

And suddenly there was horrifying silence with high beams of light flashing in the darkness on the stage in front of the actor! ! !

He observed behind him the background of the stage changed to deep mystery leaving him terrified. He was ignorant of the next scene and remained puzzled unable to recollect the dialogues next for it was written by an author who always surprised him with myriad scenes unknown to the actor himself.

The audience muzzled to surmise the next scene of the act once pleased them with magnificent arena! Among the audience he sought that unknown, invisible author and there was a smile beautiful, yet mysterious on his face! He sat on knees, idol in front of the curious audience and wept, leaving the stage flooded of his tears!

Through the dense crowd he made a way, knelt in front of him and told: "O thee the author of lives of the universe, wipe my tears out! The whispers of the crowd had turned loud and hear them shouting at my ignorance! O Lord of this transcendental play, enlighten, teach me the dialogues and lead me till the end of great act known as life! ! "

But there was nothing but a smile on his face, a smile that amazed the poor actor from the very beginning!

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The Fragrance Of Life

The last drop of the poison from the tumbler tight on my fingers is quivering upon its edge to dip on to the floor. I am drunk and the sweet intoxication has conquered the body, but I can still hear raindrops falling from the leaves to the ponds of muddy waters playing the sweetest notes of music. I wish if a drop of it fall on my lips dried of thirst; I wish I could once again hold the grills of the window and remain looking at the distant skies caressed by a sweet breeze that would touch me, the fingers of motherhood.

My breath has disappeared unto the distant wind that would perhaps feed the leaves beyond these walls; my vision has dissolved in the darkness of the sun that would open its eyes as a new dawn with bright light; I have given my warmth to the pigeons that are brooding in the chill of rain; I shall give this flesh to the mystic flames who would fill their belly and retire to ashes; Alas! Here is the space that I occupied for a lifetime as of a butterfly, O skies take this back while my lips tremble to pay gratitude!

My Lord, here I go from the deepest silence of life to the serene awakening of lifelessness! I am no more the part of earthly vigour, but the part of supreme consciousness- the void. Quietness penetrates into the numb cells and I needed a blanket to cover this body. Let me cover my vision that would hurt by the brightening rays of dawn; let me close my ears that would be distraught by the loudening noise. Let me enjoy the sleep as I slept upon the lap of my mother long back, squeezing the nectar of immortal love.

There are fireflies glittering amidst the thick green in this night, O dears come on and dance gracefully around me! Let me wait right here with a body as chilled as winter, until in the morning there are men who would carry me right unto the land where there are thirsty fires burning flesh. Upon the woods, when the corners are lit with the noblest fire, fear not O dear, for you were born out of flames, the intense longing of life's own passion. Keep a piece of wood of sandal upon me, for here is a life that loved fragrances!

A piece of sandalwood that would bring you the fragrance of this life!

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The Journey

Dirty I was with long journeys, and she found me a river that flowed tranquil in the suburb of the city. I thought it was the Ganges of purest waters and I immersed into it while small fishes kissed my feet and tickled the self. When I sat upon the banks sunshine wiped those drops that shined on my cleansed body and breeze touched my senses to leave me refreshed.

The road ahead was stretching endless and I felt the pangs of hunger leaving me blind. She had kept a plastic bag with rice among the wastes- I fed myself with that thinking it was her Prasad and it is my Mother who was feeding me. I never felt the rotten smell of it, perhaps that is the most delicious food that I have ever tasted in life.

The path ahead was lit by His brilliant light. I followed my paces and rested among the beggars upon the street my first teachers of philosophy. The teardrops that flowed down through my cheeks I thought they were the heavenly streams of the Himalayas. The salt in it nourished the banks and there appeared trees that bear delicious fruits.

Such is your mercy, my Mother! Everything was for this moment- of silence, of bliss! I am speechless at this shrine of You and I understand that life was just a journey to find You, the deepest consciousness living in even the dead!

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The Kiss Of A Morning

A flower I am after a shower,
Of rain, of teardrops!
Washed clean, clothed white,
Touch me with your soft fingers,
Embrace me with all your love,
Kiss me a good morning!

Let me dance with you,
When the arms of the breeze touch me gently,
Let me sing for you, the songs of love,
When the melodies of the birds around inspire me,
Towards the dusk when you walk alone,
Let me whisper the secrets of this life!

My colour would fade in the summer sun,
Freshness would be taken away by the hot winds
My petals would wither 'tomorrows,
But, carry this fragrance deep within you,
Of heavenly love and purest thoughts,
To remind you a life I lived!

In a summer evening, before the night,
When the world around fade in your eyes,
Remember me, oh beloved, a life for a day!
And then to sleep a beautiful night,
Holding me tight unto your heart!
Kiss me a goodnight!

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The Longing For Her

Lighting the earthen lamps upon the doorsteps, looking at the road meeting another, I don't remember how long did I stand there. I was longing for the sweet voice of her anklets approaching but there was nothing but silence profound and dense darkness amidst the thick branches of the trees.

Maa, I am weary waiting you! I haven't eaten anything since morning waiting for you and decorating this small home that you have presented me with. The broken bones in the foot are hurting, yet I am here at the doorsteps just to have a glimpse of you. But how long will I stand here so?

I have kept your favourite pudding in front of the lit lamps, Maa, come and taste at least a drop of it for it is my love for you! I can see a butterfly, perhaps lost her way, seeking refuge within the space of the room flooded in the light of Diyas or is that you, Maa who always surprise me with myriad forms?

It is night and sleep is conquering eyes tired of waiting you! Maa, from far away, from wherever you are, sing a lullaby for me, let me feel myself on your lap like that of an infant! In your fond thoughts when slip into deepest sleep, Maa, kiss me on my forehead and bless my dreams with your abundant love!

...And let me wake up to another beautiful morning, in your longing!

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The Magic

Tell me O gardener, what is this magic
Of branches gloomy and naked yesterday,
Yet bearing magnificent blooms today!
Watch the arms bearing heavenly buds
With petals divine, mystic and vibrant
Being offered to the blues of distant skies!
O gardener, whisper onto my ears deep,
The magic of these majestic blossoms,
To be withered onto the dusty earth

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The River Of Silence

And now there appears a seemingly narrow river in between us. A river of silence flowing in between our existence! It is twilight again, through the mist I feel it hard to see you standing up on the other bank or is it the tears blurring my vision? My beloved, I'm still here with melodies on my lips!

When I stay here awaiting darkness separating us forever, I expect a man dark old appear upon the bank with a tiny boat to carry me across the river. But it is getting late...I'm afraid of darkness...especially when I hear the strange noises breaking the silence. The chill penetrates my muscles.

And at last, here comes the old man with his tiny boat. 'Tell me dear, where would you wish to go?' -he whispers. 'Leave me with my beloved, up on the other bank, where she must be awaiting with pain in her heart with a longing for my touch'. The boat is moving, not across the river, but with the river, to a destination unknown.

I see him smiling, but afraid I am to utter a word as his rough words would shatter my heart! Silent I'm like the waters itself, with frozen thoughts. When I'm tired and fall asleep upon the board wet with teardrops, the boat would carry me with the waves to the vast ocean of salt, where life starts and where the life ends.

Forget me, oh my beloved, a wanderer I am who knocked at your door to fetch my thirst for love and light. You opened for me the doors to heaven and I remained forgotten my path behind - Cursed I am, the God of love, fallen from the skies, from upon the clouds on my way from hearts to hearts, from lives to lives!

And now, in this small boat, how long should I remain here, wandering across the ocean of salt! My fingers are still upon the strings and a song upon my lips! Here is my life- a song, a song eternal!
Do you hear my beloved? ?

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The Seasons

I have been sitting here since long time besides you staring at your face while you are in deep sleep knowing nothing that happens around. I don't wish to wake you up. Through your veins I have let my blood flow! Through your mouth I have let my breath flow! And up on you I have vested my life!

Through the window glass I can see the sun travelling from horizon to the other; the seasons change and the flowers wither! The yellows wither silently in the winter breeze! Let me grab your chilled hands and place on my warm chest; my beloved, feel my heart's longing for you! Can you hear my heart's heart?

I don't know, how long will I wait for you. The sleepless nights have started weakening my senses; the tired days have started blurring my vision. There are now flowers upon the trees...but the colours are faded...the fragrance dissolved to distant winds. I dreamt a day we walk amidst those trees, while the branches shower their flowers on us!

It is raining outside! I have shut the doors tightly for I don't want even the tiny dropp of water interrupt your sleep. When the lightening tears the skies and thunder breaks the silence in between rains let me hold you tightly! Nay, my beloved, let them not wake you up from your pleasant dreams!

Mornings visit me with its rays wet in mist. I can see life sprouting upon the soil covering the road with tender grass. When you are awake, my dear, let me take you through the road that starts right down from the courtyard of this ancient house. Hold my hand tightly when you lose your pace upon the slippery road!

Lengthy nights, my beloved, I'm here awaiting you to open your beautiful eyes to another morning! Perhaps, when you wake up you may see just frozen hands tight on your body; but let me not leave you until the moment my breath start its voyage to another life. Leave me here, my Lord, I beseech you, my heaven lies besides her!

I see her fingers moving within my palm! I see her lips trembling; her eyes blink, painfully opening to light! Oh, my beloved, look at me! Here am I waiting for a lifetime!

And I hear her whispering- 'Tell me, who are you? ? '

The Separated

Separated I am from the soul of my contentment
Oh my beloved, smile not to fill my heart with tears!
Time leads the traveller to the destination unknown
Nay, I can't travel with these wounded knees!

Never did I look at my eyes upon a mirror near,
That which captured the beauty of the world!
Never did I thank my own warm breath of life,
That kept me walking, throughout my ways!

Never did I know you were with me, my love,
For we know not our own selves while being our selves!
I see you nearer than me, but far away from touch!
Forgive my innocence that took me from you!

The hot wind brings the smell of the summer
With its fine dust of the desert, enters my breath!
But your thoughts still evokes the fragrance,
That I cherish deep within my depth!

While I wake up from sleepless nights, my Lord,
Let me have a shower under my own warm tears!
Here I am, in front of the sanctum sanctorum
Where the lifeless stones listen to the pain! !

Preeth Nambiar

The Valley Of The Invisibles

They asked Him to bless them with a valley - the valley for the invisibles! And it was granted.

Upon the mountain of snow featherlike clouds wandered and sunshine peeped through them! Blushed snow melted and fled towards the valley to visit the invisibles. The rocks cracked themselves to leave their way; the pebbles melted and joined their path! From the unworn forests, embracing the freshness they gathered the essence for life. While joining the lake they whispered: "here is the valley of the invisibles, the rest of our journey! Feel their silence, their presence amidst the woods! "

They have been living here since ages, from the very birth of life. Lives, tired of births and deaths reach here, in the asylum, hold each other and kiss- a kiss in which their existence embraces each other to be one! Shadowless, through their transparency travelled the myriad colours of the nature! There is a melody flowing in the air, a melody that touches the hearts of the beloveds in union. Silence absorbed the melody and carried it in their heart. They say- it is for the presence of the invisibles, silence has a melody in it!

They didn't built houses to sleep beautiful nights! While the valley lit by fireflies illuminated in tranquil nights, they slept under the trees that withered flowers filling their dreams with heavenly fragrance. In the morning, the dew drops from the chilled leaves woke them up! They danced in ecstasy, when the sunshine twinkled upon the grass crafted magic upon the earth! The nectars of the wild fetch them with their deliciousness, leaving them cheerful for the day! Living justifies the very meaning of life, seasons the very voyage of time, else the states of changelessness! They embraced life, as it is!

Envied, the Gods approached their Lord- take back the valley, for heaven was then just another place to live! And God set his journey to the valley where the invisibles made a heaven of their own! Mesmerised He stood to perceive the beauty and the tranquility! He bathed in the streams, sat upon the bank, closed his eyes and observed the silence! It was beautiful! The invisibles came and danced around Him, the trees withered the flowers upon him! The nectars of the wild secreted deliciousness unto his lips! Drunk, He slept forgetting own existence! And when he woke up, whispered to the air - here I go, the Lord of the universe to my home that is not better than here!

I am here, upon this valley; I can hear their laughter, their whisperings and wish

if I could be with them forever, invisible, in this valley of invisibles!

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The Way Aboard

Seems it is raining, dear! But I am unable to open my swollen eyes tired of long medications. When I try to inhale the fragrance of mother earth outside the hospital room, it is nothing but the smell of spirit that enters my nostrils through the mask that supplies the breath. I am tired of these days and wonder how long would I lay down here looking at the roof where the fan jerks in long hours of its work? I am thinking of those rainy days we embraced each other and closed our eyes to listen to the songs of the distant. But today there are thunders that break my ears and frightening lightening flashing on my blurred vision!

The flow of relatives has reduced and I am much comfortable for I do not have to hear those consoling words that multiply the pain and suffering. The visits of doctors have become mechanical, I see them throwing an empty gaze at the people around me and nurse caressing my white hair and disappearing. People think that I am no more conscious and I cannot see, hear anything, but the half closed eyes I can, perhaps better than before! My throat is dry and lips stick to each other, my voice has stopped somewhere within and that makes my days miserable!

I wonder how fortunate you are, though living away and suffer our separation. When death is the separation between us, I no longer wish to be here in this agony and the same was my thought since the day you left me. I lived a life for those who gave birth to me struggling hard to fulfil their heart, when held your hands offered a life plentiful of love trying keep up the vows of noble bond, when blessed with a child of our longing rose her up with all what I have. Life became a series of sacrifices and now it is time to sacrifice the very body, the only remaining of a contended life!

But my dear, I was shattered today when I heard our dearest daughter asking the doctor how long will I remain so on the bed! I wonder how could those eyes that we made beautiful with the herbs that we applied stop being wet when all those life saving apparatus were being removed from my body making me hard to breath. We didn't teach her to be rude in life, but to look at everything with love, we have been inspiring to be sensible. Probably she needs to go to catch her dreams, her longing! She is our daughter, O my dear feel not even a bit of anger towards her! But I pray this wouldn't happen when there is such a moment in her life!

My beloved, I feel breathless! When they remove the needles pricked on my body I feel it terribly painful. The rhythm of my heartbeats has gone irregular

and I strive hard to breath, but slowly everything is getting eased, I feel light, light as a breeze and now out of a cage where I was bound! But people are still looking at my lifeless body on the bed and I can see some tears on some eyes. Without knowing what had happened, our grand child is singing and rejoicing, but this is what I wanted everyone to do!

The mighty fire has started engulfing my body and I can smell my hairs burning and skin and flesh melting within the firewood. The bones that supported the body shatter in loud noise and I am right here witnessing my identity burning into ashes. People have already left and I see the caretaker of the crematory land trying hard to accelerate the fire, in hurry to catch home early. It is a beautiful evening! Under the colourful skies my celestial flight is waiting, angels with their welcoming smile.

While travelling across the blue sky, across the velvety clouds I have a smile on my lips of a contended life, of a longing to join you in our eternal abode!

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This Christmas, My Beloved, Forget Me Not

This Christmas, my beloved, forget me not,
When the nights are decorated with the colourful stars
When the cheers of the neighborhood raise your spirit
When the sweetness of the wine thrills your blood,
The joy of togetherness fills your soul!

This Christmas, my beloved, forget me not,
Hold my hand and take me with you on your way.
When the chilled wind freeze my flesh, light up the fire,
Give me a blanket, make me warm
Give me your palm, hold me tight!

This Christmas, my beloved, forget me not
In front of the lit candles, sing for me the song of merriment!
Up on the table serve me a dinner and see me smiling
When you feed your own love to my within!
Hungry I have been since days unknown!

This Christmas, within these walls, surrounded by the salt,
I am all alone, with a heart full of your remembrances.
When the colours on your walls fills my vision with ecstasy,
I hear the screams of your souls, the carol of seasons!
Chained I am, but with a mind unchained!

This Christmas, my beloved, forget me not!
Here is a gift as precious as my heart, take it with you-
A song from a heart sung in your memory!

This Christmas, my beloved, forget me not!

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To A Morning

Upon the road still not worn by the passersby, dawdling towards the morning, a flower withered unto my head! The breeze gentle brought the fragrance of the heavens to my nostrils! Stopped by longing long time I stood, upon the bank of swift flowing time! Let me stay here for a while when the drops of yester-rain still dip from the clouds!

The flower white enough to touch the depth, fragrant enough to awake the senses, is on my palm overlooked by my sleepy vision. With the smile of gratitude, did the pigeon that came hungry today upon the windows drop it? Or did the heavens pleased shower the blessings from far above the skies of blue? Look at me, touch my petals, says the beauty upon my palm!

The wet paints on the horizons fades unto white, desperate twilight sings the songs of longing! When you hold each other grabbing the hands tight, sing not your pain oh beloved lovers of eternity for there are twilights to come to paint your dreams again! The moments of union would shatter your abstinence; kiss each other adieu for a day for longing is the heart of love!

The path serene await me stretching unto the eternity upon which reflects the tender rays of morning! Oh dear morning, the child of the tranquil night, hold my fingers, let me take you to an evening, when your mother appear upon the eastern horizon to grab you and to sing a lullaby melodious. Hold my fingers, walk under my shadows for the path is steep and it is a hot summer day!

On the other hand, close to my heart but not tight to hurt the softness, let me carry this tiny flower that would fill our paths with its divine fragrance! Hail oh heavens for the sweet gift for a morning that would fill a day with its fragrant pollens!

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To My Daughter

Far away, my dear daughter, do you know that your father is just thinking of you?

I remember the day the nurse gave you on my palms. When I took you for a bath you were crying aloud. My dear, I never wanted to make you cry! I wanted you to be clean, clean from all dirt of his world! When I took you to sunshine out of the hospital, I never wanted the light to penetrate to your eyes; I wanted you to be away from the yellow of diseases of the world!

You were with me, when I walk, when I sleep, and even in my dreams. Carrying you I travelled the isolated paths in the island, and I was talking to you, even though I know that you wouldn't understand my language. Up on the lonely path, your father started feeling the presence of somebody, somebody as precious as own life, even though he knew that one day you will fly away!

When I was sleeping you were beside me and in between my sleep my hands crawled to see you are near with me. When you got up with nightmares I took you out to show you the moon. When you hugged me tightly, I kissed you with all my love. Looking at the stars I told you stories about the world and the beyond. Life was for you, and I don't want this life the moment you say adieu!

It is a moonlit night! and I'm trying to sleep! I can smell rain that is showering far away and through the window I can see the dark clouds moving hiding the moon. I'm trying to sleep! But my fingers crawl through the bed to see you are with me, I wake up with breaking pain and spend the whole night with all your memories! Up on the corners of my eyes I feel there appear tears, tears full of your memories! !

Far away, my dear daughter, do you know that your father is just thinking of you?

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To My Son, With Love

Upon the bed, listening to the notes of crickets aloud, slithering from conscious to the unknown depths of the unconscious, I heard her whispering softly on my ears:

I am here, my child, right near to you, with my eyes upon you, fingers caressing you and heart throbbing for you! I can see the corners of your eyes still wet in my longing, but my son I let not the earthly eyes to perceive my formlessness nor times of those lives to measure my timelessness. I wanted my son to look deep within him, to feel my life pulsating within him!

Fear not, my son, for I will not leave you ever hungry, until there are leaves of majestic green, fruits ripened upon those thick branches and until there are fleshy roots beneath the soil! Fear not, until I have the power to move the clouds, direct the course of sun and decide the time and seasons and I will not let them ever terrify the existence of my son!

I can hear your shattered voice, I can see those innocent tears, and I can feel the pain in your heart! Trust me, dear son, I will not leave my hands held tight on yours, until you cross this wilderness and those mirages perplexing your senses! I am waiting, right here, to take you with me to our abode, far away beyond the galaxies, there I shall whisper my love!

Fear not, O adorable son, I am with you!

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Upon The Bank Of A River

Life sings; a melodious song from the distance,
Painful flow of the river to dissolve unto the eternal,
Alone, on the banks I sit, gazing at the reflections,
Decades have I spent here listening to the wind!

I was born here; upon the grass I have a home,
Seasons come and peep through the window,
Travellers stop and rest, for a while, and then
Follow their path to the destination, unknown!
Never had they said adieu, but I watch them
Disappearing unto the woods, the distant path,
Again, alone I am in the melancholy!

I need my rest; upon the banks of this river,
Covered by green, near my tomb, look at a tree,
The shadow by which I will remain embraced;
Alone, when I dissolve unto the soil, see the branches
Withering unto me, the fragrant, beautiful flowers!
Hear the painful song of my soul, beloved, when,
The chilled wind seep through his branches!

When you visit me, oh traveller, look at the clouds
Showering from the heaven of my heart- a drizzling!
Be right there, amidst the rain, my teardrops from the skies!
I lived here with a longing for you- for a lifetime!

On the bank of a river, that flows, tranquil ever!

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Upon The Bank Of The Lake

Surrounded by the dense woods, there is a lake now.

Here is the lake, the resting place for the streams from the depths of the forest- see them kissing their beloved; Look at the clouds reflecting upon its transparency, look at the birds - the spread wings of dreams souring towards the horizon, listen them singing joyfully! Here is the water that quenches the thirst of the travellers from the distant!

Were these birds waiting for me to sing the melodious? Was the breeze stopped behind the leaves to welcome me with his magical touch? The branches of trees dancing in ecstasy withers their flowers unto the purity where the fragrance dissolves unto the heart of the purity. Mesmerized I remain while the misty mornings kiss me with dew drops.

I am here, upon the bank of the lake, with few pebbles. Unto the tranquility fall my pebbles that I collected long way from my past. The woods are still silent; the wind moves its veil to glance at me. When I throw the pebbles, hear a string being touched sings its pain and the ripples creeping towards my feet!

It's raining now! The heavy drops of water merge waters! Wild flow of streams joining the tranquility! I hear thunderbolts...I hear the soft melody of the wind turn furious! But, upon the bank I'm still here waiting to see the reflections again. The dark clouds would disappear; upon the clear water I would again see the heavenly reflections!

I would rather prefer to see them all here, upon the clear surface of water - the beauty of the universe, the depth of the beyond, as reflected upon the lake! And, when I painfully realize my bag once full of pebbles is empty, I would give myself to the tranquil waters... like a pebble I will plunge unto the depth, to disappear unto the bottom.

Probably another traveller, with love for me would come and rest here, upon the banks. While withering your petals on him, whisper, oh heavenly breeze, that I lived here, throwing pebbles to the depths! Tell him, I lived within the purity, deep within, with a love for colours reflected up on the tranquil waters!

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Waking Up On A Rainy Morning

Its rain uninvited perhaps of storms far away,
Knocking at the window to wake me up!
From amidst the letters scribbled last night,
My eyes open to a gloomy rainy day!

A voice shattered of pain not of wine,
Grumbles recollecting a melody enchanting
And sing to the pace of the rhythm of the rain,
Alas! dissolves behind the window glasses,
Within the silence of a twilight morning!

Seeking the meaning on the notes of past,
Looking up to the cloudy horizon,
I feel to sing aloud the songs de novo,
Fingers on my piano tremble of nightmare
That took away serene sleep last night!

Day or night, or pain or pleasure– what matters,
Life is but a walk along the side of a river
That flows tranquil ever upon the path destined
A bracing shower upon senses, of rain, and
There is again sunshine to towel the wetness!

Shower, O rain upon the gloomy mornings,
When there is dirt covering the conscious,
When it is hot and sands cry aloud the pain!
A shower that would gently wake up the soul,
To raise the spirit high upon the skies!

Pigeons await me wet upon the roof
For a handful of grains for their tiny bellies
Take away these seeds, dear ones, and set ahead
For the skies await your joyous wings!

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When The Universe Speaks

Hear the trumpet of the glory of him dancing profound upon the sands! The farmer he is toiling upon the earth, his perspire is the deepest oceans, warmth of him the flames of fire, wandering winds his very breath, life of him the cosmic life, and the look of the world of majestic green, the space he owns, the majestic world. Come on, men of mighty labour, let us build upon the sands of the haven for us, yet we own naught for he is the Lord of this fistful of soil!

With the anklets' jingling bells the naughty streams play hide and seek. Upon the woods, looking at her growing young- with paces slow holding hands with her eternal love- a flow of tranquility toward a world to fetch the love of an eternal quest. O waters of deepest woods, take me with you to the distant lands where the rich shores bear the fruits of your longest passage. A voyage from the pores to the deepest ocean, carrying the bliss of unseen end!

Look at the light shimmering upon the green, the fire of life -the eternal flames! Upon the canvas of colourless space spreads the magical colours of your fingers. Feed our soul the life's life, and fetch our lips the yearning to kiss. Melt within us, as ardent love and rise above the flames of height. In the lassitude of sweetest joy, where we lie under the moonlit skies, close your eyes O dear, feel the touch of serenity's breeze upon the weary drizzled lawns.

Upon the skies of endless blue, whispering clouds fly still so far, blowing the mighty wind of joy! With the divine fragrance from woods, O dear breeze hug me tight, caress the skin with your chilled fingers and whisper on my ears where the blues will dissolve. There are thunderbolts in the horizon, light beyond the apparent vista- seducing me to travel afar- to a plane, going past the vision. O storms give me your wings to soar toward my celestial home!

The void of majestic darkness has the sweetest melody of all, that would boom upon your ears aloud and fetch you the secret of all unseen. Stars to stars, let us flutter with our tiny tiny wings, sip the nectars of immortal knowledge, arise above the heights of cosmos. Befuddled when we fall down deep, unto the vacuum of celestial plane, we shatter as cryptic holes of black, remember you were mere consciousness- consciousness of the Supreme!

Know, O man you are a particle of the supreme feminine being sucked to an obscure vacuum - of a bliss but that we can only name - universe!

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You Are Coming

You are coming! When it is almost the end of winter, when the pine trees are still frozen on the earth, between the wandering gloomy clouds appears a ray of light eager to fall onto earth. It is morning, close to the windows when I stay gazing at the road, I hear fallen leaves being blown away by the northern wind falling onto the road unworn for a winter. There is coal still burning in the furnace, and it is still dark within, yet let me wake up for I have much to do before its dusk.

How will I colour this home, O dear, for I do not remember those that would delight your eyes? How will I paint these walls for they are broken and torn by years bygone? Puzzled I am, yet let me ask rainbow to brush our home the colours celestial! Within this inn lone for ages, there is a space alone for you where the fallen petals of red-rose slumber dried of time. O sparrows, my playmates in boredom, come on, pick up these petals to weave your nest- a nest heavenly that would shelter your dreams!

I did not hear the beats of time for the clock on the wall has stopped ticking long ago. With mornings and evenings when I measured time, there were no reminders saved the bells from the distant mourning in deaths. Let me fix this dead needles that would perhaps show me the time when you arrive at the doorstep of the mansion. Let me count the moments of longing, O dear, the paces of time wavering and that play the rhythm for the melody of longing that I sing.

Look at the trees upon which sprouts the seedlings of longing; see there are flowers to be heaped on your way! Let me clean that path for I don't want a thorn prick your softest feet. Breathe deep the fragrance divine that would caress the senses tired of long way! When you approach this ancient bungalow, O dear you would hear my birds singing in joy seated upon the branches spread unto the skies. They are joy of heavens kept me alive with their melodies eternal.

I have forgotten your favourite dishes, but let me open the barrels that I kept deep within the heart of earth, for the wine must be ready of sweetest grapes. When the pangs of hunger leave you tired, O dear, taste this flesh, for life of my life I lived for you! Upon the sight of our union when the moon hides amidst the clouds ashamed, let me light up the candle of celestial love and get lost in the brightness. O mystic flames of love divine, raise above to the skies and then to the heavens where the clouds of darkness would melt unto earth!

O dear, it is raining! - Is this winter rain or heavens pouring its grace? I wish if I

could stay right here enfolding you! Through my cheeks when these raindrops fall unto you, feel the salt for it carries my tears too! Tears of longing, tears of love, tears pure right from the heart- wipe this away with your kisses ardent! Upon my chest your bosoms blossom, feel my heart beating mad, amidst the rain my warmth is sweating. It is rain, but my beloved, it is darkness around, just darkness wreathing this lone!

I didn't sleep, but was awaiting your footsteps; it is another morning and it is almost the end of winter. Upon the veranda when I sit laying my eyes on the zigzag road disappearing unto the woods dark, my eyes fill again with tears unknown. I have been alone, and would live alone, but pang of longing leaves me frozen again for a winter or so. When the last breath escape through my nostrils, I can hear the northern wind singing in his tired voice- O look at that man who died of longing!

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