

Poetry Series

Shalini Samuel
- poems -

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Shalini Samuel()

Shalini Samuel hails from Kanyakumari.

She has been writing poems from her school days. Her poetic pursuits took a pause during her college years. Writing journey of Shalini Samuel started again as a blogger and slowly crept into Muse India. Holding the branches firmly she ventured into poetry. Her poems got published in International journal Tajmahal review and she also contributed to Inklings anthology. She is currently editing e-magazine Fragrance and more of her poems will be published in journals in near future. Contemporarily she is venturing into fiction and essays too. She has written few poems in her mother tongue Tamil. Her passions include photography, gardening and cooking. She loves to take challenges and learn from it. She is eager to learn and cherish all nook and corner of writing.

A Fishy Day At Bay

Blue wave, white foam, washing the long shore
with its tender soothing hands, brushing away
my fading memories, polishing men's rock heart, at bay
-akin to the pebbles, the bubbly kids search to store

on a solitary rock, by the shore, a young man sits
dreaming his untold future, the spluttering sprays
banging the rock, returns back, filling water in pits
sea retreats in agony, striking again angrily on her prey

the candy man rings the bell, people run behind for a bite
the balloons sway in his hands- bright red, blue and pink
the shells, hiding an unknown craftsman, rests at the sales site,
the groundnut covers, mango peels, the leftover snacks, stink

sinking legs, wander aimlessly across the shore, holding hand
sometimes alone, like two creepers intertwined, joy and sorrow guise
the breaking dawn, sun rises, to the silent command of magic wand
I look upon through the net, the arid faces, ripping hungry and fiery eyes

enjoying weepily my solo day on shore; few hours afore, from the cold sea bed
waving my friends, I had gone astray into the net, envisioning the shore gleam;
suicidal I have been, caught in men's glitters of a wonder world afar, held
by cruel hands, I knew not, this isn't my place; travelling back alive- just a
daydream.

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Daughter's Tears

She cries, invisible tears flowing from her heart goes unanswered
She hates him, a man rubbing and flirting – using a child's innocence
The man with a hell lot of girlfriends, an avarice beast in disguise
Why does this rogue come into her life, what was her sin?
Did she pray to have him in his life or is he a curse from God?
His demonic hands and impish eyes roaming- who will tame it?
If his mother or sisters loved to be immoral, why a good wife
Is God so cruel or he wanted to make a different story
Seeing the confused and scared eyes of the little child exploited,
She smiles at the slogan "Respect your parents"
Her tears turn into anger, to tear up her dad's face
She shouts, "Can't you see your daughter in every woman
Doesn't this sin buy you God's wrath and why am I like my mom?
Is it right or wrong? ". Her voice echoes every nook and corner
But the demonic winds swallow every little word- the breeze
enveloping her with silence mourns with her
The breeze goes helpless against the mighty wind.

Shalini Samuel

Flood

Dear grey sky,

Carrying your tears
For long...
My heart weighs heavy
Do let them go dry
With your shining smile
Until then let me
Save your tears
In my trenched heart
For the lives you care

Your's loving earth.

-Shalini Samuel

Shalini Samuel

Out Of Fetters

Seeing the world after lonely days-
Walking on the earth anew
Like a new born child
Just waking up from slumber
And walking into a new life
With awe and wonder.

Exploring the lost world
once again, with tears
Opening the eyes slowly,
fingers trembling in fear
join together to thank God
The past shadow withers
The fresh air inhaled
says you are free

Silent slumber filled night
An old man walking far away
Dogs guarding the desolated street
Every life around rejoices
The steps of freedom
The lamps standing in order,
salutes
The old leaves rustle beneath
Fresh green leaves caress, with love
Shrieking cricket whispers
Your bad days are wiped away

- - Shalini Samuel

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Writers Block

I am just trying to write again.
I am trying to fill the blank pages of life
With love, happiness and hope

Starting again from the roots
I try to paint the future pages
With optimistic enchanting colours

Breaking the mental barriers
I try to find my lost thoughts
In the depths of surreal mind

Caught in hopeless thoughts
I struggle to pen down hope
To enlighten hopeless souls

Failed I return back to my den
Without finding a cure
For Writers block

Shalini Samuel

You Are Not Alone

The glass window opens every morning
She gazes across suns golden rays;
Trying to solve the mystical mystery,
She joins her hands for a humble prayer
Her trembling pink fingers handle the bow
Gracefully and excellently, the violin smiles
Splendid music fills the room, evading loneliness
Bored of this humdrum, the little sparrow hushed
Jumping on her tender lap, he chirped cheerfully
Distracting her loneliness, "I am here for you"

Shalini Samuel