

Poetry Series

Sumalatha R Vembayam
- poems -

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Sumalatha R Vembayam(25-04-1977)

I like writings in English and Malayalam..I use fb page-Broken Minds Fly Again

Precious Vista

Hello good morning my naughty village!
It creates me as usual naughty like locust
My passion enriched like paddy field
At times my paddy field filled with spotted doves;
At times touched by cranes, at times parrots
From the field, all reap their golden threads
Their sweet concert reveals loosen hearts'
My mind murmurs with a stolen haystack
I hear cuckoo's song as friends' timepass
It filled just a vista of my class room;
I recognize my 'lass' chase at its touch
Near the place a stream wake me up a moment;
Pebbles fell down in; its vibrant waves seen
Coded it may my master of feelings
My face covered chashmak by mischievous wind
The breeze may tell about my solitude lamp
I walk again in the edge of golden field
There the brook, water snake catch a tadpole
Fishes playing with bubbles; symbols a thread of hackers
I afraid of, but my armour appears as liking
Again keep my mind firmly in golden stack;
The chimney-sparrows swinging in the palm leaves
My mind touches its feathers and tweets
Vanishing nests swinging by breeze again and again
I regain the harness of the girlish with the waves of paddies
I deeply search a fence of colours for wellness in my studying
I seek my ancestral home for arrays of new stories
There see a kindle light waiting for my presence
After a while started prayer song with golden grandma!
At night, a precious antique recite for avoiding the phobia of snakes
There keeps a string with idols singing their lullaby only for me!

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The Dark

The horizon sees as red carpet in the dusk
Shining of the sun hides for sowing the dark
There spreads lantern light in my cottage
Short distance, the moon at the top of the hill
As a companion of dusty cottage of me
My lonely, languishing greyish shadows on the hill
There see the various lives- beetles for honey
Firemoths for the end and cricket's arid noise
Reveals the last moments of the darkening minds
I feel the way of solitude of never touched better-half
Sincere eyes keep a touch to the other hearts
For sweetest rhythmic vocals for evergreen flower!
Tears burst out for better steps into a life like a river
Ardently my desires for, in the air, the castles draw a colourful figure
Never touch other hearts with meaningful existence
See the chandler at the top of the hill
Cold breeze caress the valley with consoling hands
Heard the voice of the bat's flown away from the near mango tree
The nature comfortable with silent partnership
All dreamy hearts hear the murmuring sound of winds
May its playwords gives to night flowers with better fragrance
Keep its cold, soft hands as an armour to live long
Keep its talent warmly to loose my losses
I slipped into the sleep for tomorrows healthy heart
There should coming dawn at right moments
There should have shines and sounds
There should have red carpet with the sun
All duties with responsible hands be waiting
Sleeping is going on for renewing lives
Life is going on at right sleeping!

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