

Poetry Series

**Thomas Viruvelil**  
**- poems -**

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# Thomas Viruvelil(17.05.71)

Architect and management Consultant by been writing poems for sometime on love, frustrations and death.

# Alone, How Long I Can Go?

Alone, how long I can go?  
Do I need to hear your voice near me?  
Do I need to feel your sweating hand inside my hand,  
Making me feel you are with me.  
Do I need to look at your clear sparkling eyes  
Just to feel thrill of my heart  
when it notices that widening of your eyes  
when you look at me  
as if seeing the most beautiful  
being of this world.

Alone, how long I can go?  
without feeling your smell close to me  
without feeling your warm body near me  
without feeling a part of me walking by my side  
with my own legs  
with my own hands  
with my own mind  
with my own dreams.

Alone, how long I can go?  
without you calling the naughtiest of names  
without you getting worried about  
even sweat on my forehead  
without you planning  
our days coming  
without you pushing me to move on  
without you pushing me to face  
whatever may come on our way

Then you told me  
I was with you even before you  
came to earth  
and even when you go from earth  
I will be with you  
we travel  
to eternity  
Our road never ends.  
Our legs never get tired

We laugh, hug and walk  
hand in hand  
to the never reaching  
end of the world.

Thomas Viruvelil

# Be With Me Always

Looking at your face  
seeing those whispering eyes  
feeling you close to me  
I simply do not know  
how I will ever be able to  
live without seeing you  
without talking to you  
without you close to me.  
Death will definitely  
be better than life without you.  
You have become part of me  
I breathe feel think live  
Smi  
I kept that kerchief  
close very close  
to me  
for a whole day when you were not with me.  
I felt as if a part of you  
with me  
with your body odour  
rubbed by that kerchief with me.  
Oh my God  
I never thought loving can be a pleasure  
and intense pain.  
Smi I really love you  
madly

Thomas Viruvelil

# Can I Go Wild?

Whatever you may say or fight  
I love you madly  
I want you to be with me forever  
sitting close to me  
holding your hands  
kissing you passionately  
holding you so tight  
even our breathing will feel each other

I love you so much and  
I love you forever  
even after this life.  
You said the other day that touching your feet  
is bad.  
I will caress your feet and legs with my hands  
to make them feel hot and excited  
and will caress your feet with my lips  
till heat of my sensuous lips will make your feet and legs real hot.

I want you to put your hands around me  
and kiss me passionately  
as passionate as a scorpio can be

Let us hold each other tight  
till we can hear each others heartbeat  
each playing notes of music,  
playing to make  
beats of one heart.

Thomas Viruvelil

# Celebrating Each Moment Of Life

Today sitting close to you  
walking with you  
your breath and hot body so close to me  
I feel as if I am in heaven.  
For the first time in my life  
someone other than me selected my shirts, like selecting specs  
I feel as if I am no more an orphan in this world  
I have smi my own  
most beautiful girl in the whole world  
so lovely to look at  
with real beautiful eyes  
with exciting pink colour  
sensous lips  
body that when near sends thrilling hot sensation through my cells  
blood  
mind  
heart  
senses  
My smi

I feel like holding you in my arms  
and spend whole day and night with you near me  
my hands body and lips feeling your soft hot body.  
God has send you to earth for  
having felt sympathy  
for me.

I am celebrating each day with you  
as if it is the happiest day in my life  
and I feel so happy to live  
so thilled of life  
because you are with me.  
When in the evening you say bye  
I feel the pain deep in my heart  
of leaving you  
cause I do not want you to be away from me  
even for a moment.

My whole being  
mind body and heart love you so deep

that you will get my deepest feelings  
travel to wherever you are  
and if my thoughts and feelings can touch you  
they must be caressing your whole body softly  
making your every inch of body thrilled and excited with my love.  
My dearest darling girl  
Are you feeling my love  
touching your heart?  
Your heart must be  
thirsting for me to be close to you  
cause it cannot pretend even the slightest acts of  
your hands and words  
telling me to be away.  
Your heart must be telling you to hold me close and kiss me  
forever holding me in your lovely embrace.

Thomas Viruvelil



# Dancing With Burning Madness

Dreams hold me together  
dreams of days and nights  
spent as one being;  
giving ecstasy new names  
giving madness new names  
giving pleasure  
with madness creeping into you  
forcing you to forget everything.

You even call names of Gods you know  
wondering, these pleasures are real  
you cannot believe  
as they are greater than  
you ever imagined.

Eating each bit of me  
with wildness of a mad animal  
drinking even sweat of me  
as if more sweeter than honey

You pace up and down on me  
with your hands, legs,  
lips, teeth, breasts, hips.  
with your breath going  
fast faster fastest  
wild animal in you  
coming up.

Your eyes are half closed  
eye balls rolling up and down  
you forget your existence  
as a shy, always acting human being.

You think of nothing  
only feel wild urges  
coming out as wild  
with pleasure zones each opening up  
making you a bundle of  
feelings with all colours

coming in different shapes.  
Your whole body  
reaching madness  
with mind dancing  
up and down  
and all sides.

Thomas Viruvelil

# Dream Me Dead

This day

27 december,2003

Smi

you have told me

what a painful irritation

I am to you.

I touch your hand

just as a sinking man try to hold on a piece of straw.

Straw hate it and throw me down to

deep ocean

saying

You better die

rather than holding my hand.

I search all around for even straw

nothing to be seen around.

Trying desperately to hold afloat

in deep water

with my hands and legs moving up and down in deep water

I can feel my legs and hands

getting tired.

For a moment I think

Why should I struggle to remain alive?

What life can give to me

except pain?

Nothing else.

I did not feel the pleasure of

loving a likeable lovable girl

till recently

With Smi

I could experience it.

She cannot even for a second

love me.

So for what I should continue to fight

to remain alive,

getting pain after pain

Death can be the most wonderful

dream for me.

End of all pains.

end of all abuses.

End of being the hated vht  
end of being a fool working madly for nothing.  
Do Life have anything to offer me  
even a hope?  
No.I do not deserve anything  
Have I gained anything by suffering silently for years and years?  
Nothing but new doses of pain.  
Let me now find out the best method of death.  
Let me have the working for the final settlement of accounts.  
Let the world enjoy the day without vht.  
My dearest love Smi  
can have her good old beautiful  
Laugh in her face again  
As she can be free from  
the trouble of reading my poems,  
the trouble of my dirty hands touching her divine hand,  
my lips singing patta pattu,  
Oh my God  
without me world will be more beautiful  
more happy  
and the dearest of my dearest Smi  
can breath, live, real happy.  
As a true lover  
should I not give her real happiness?  
Yes.I should.  
Why should I waste my time?  
Why should I continue giving pains to my dearest Smi?  
Let me plan for death.  
The only dream  
I can be sure of achieving  
The only dream  
a wretched man like me  
deserve.  
The only dream  
I can dream

Thomas Viruvelil

# God Laughing At Me

I asked him:  
'Can I see the body? '  
'e the doctors come'  
He opened the door  
and then  
the mortuary drawer.  
Out came my cousin's body  
cuddled with that of a begger  
He looked majestic  
all 186 cm  
Designer shirt  
with upper buttons open  
to show a rosary on the neck.  
Coffee brown pants  
Imported stylish costly watch  
stopped showing time of his death.  
Specially made  
elegant shoes.  
His eyes closed  
as if in sleep  
not even a cut on his body  
Only the body of begger almost embracing him  
in the same drawer looked  
abnormal.  
Otherwise he looked  
just sleeping  
his hands still in a position  
holding bike.  
I thought of calling him,  
even his thick stylish hair looked live.  
Coming out I strangely felt  
envy for him.  
He could escape from this world.  
I had years and years of torture  
unending torture  
never ending stories of pain.  
God must be thinking that  
death will be my greatest enjoyment.  
He being naughty

He must be denying it to me  
like even a bit of love.  
But I am working out my plans to defeat God  
and his unending laugh  
whenever he sees me.

Thomas Viruvelil

# God Laughing Madly

Smi

Today Christmas day  
will be remembered by me till I die  
From Panampilly Nagar bus stop to just before reaching  
MDB site

I talked on phone with the one and only love of my life-  
Smi

I may not be able to hear your melodious lovely voice  
in a phone call continuously talking about sweet nothings  
again.

But an unwanted man like me  
unloved man like me  
cannot hope for  
something so wonderful like this.

Inspite of not feeling even an iota of love for this  
God and devil forsaken  
garbage of life called vht  
you simply suffered the annoying call for such a long time.

Smi

you are extremely patient.

My words cannot express thank you  
as my mind feels.

All that sweet memories I got from you  
in this short period of not more than 60 days  
is a big treasure of most romantic memories of this begger of love.

After all God is not that bad

He sent one of his most beautiful angels to me-  
you

without even telling you  
why he sent you to me.

You came to me

looked at me and told Him

'Eeeeeeah, what nonsense are you doing?

Why did you send me to this dirty man? '

God started laughing seeing your irritation.

He is still laughing without telling even a word in reply to you.

I stand between you and God

looking like a fool

not knowing what to say.

As you do not get any answer from Him  
You ask me  
'Why did I land up with you  
dirty fellow? '  
I know His intentions  
But I cannot tell anything.  
I count the treasures I got from you  
and do not worry  
whether I will get more treasures from you  
What I got itself are unimaginably  
great in my begger's torn bag.  
Passing persons may hold on my neck and ask  
'What right you have got to talk to this  
Angel of God?  
You are only a dirty animal'  
I look at your face and I hear you telling  
nodding your head:  
' has no right to talk to me.  
Look at him  
He is so dirty.  
He does not even have the right to  
look at me  
and the devil keep looking at my face  
again and again'  
Hearing this God laugh again  
this time more madly.

Thomas Viruvelil



# Heart Bleeding For Days To Come

While going I asked her  
'Why you are taking my heart with you? '  
'No.It is with can I take it? '

But I know it is no more with me.  
Because I can feel the bleeding.  
and it is continuously flowing thick red blood  
from my heart as if it is broken into pieces

I will never get back that stolen half  
Heart will continue to bleed without ever clotting.  
That is a pain I have to live with  
like an amputated organ,  
reminding me of the loss always  
every minute and seconds  
of my living days.

Thomas Viruvelil

# Hold Me Tight

Whatever you may say or fight  
I love you  
I love you madly  
I want you to be with me forever

sitting close to me  
holding your hands  
kissing you passionately  
holding you so tight  
even our breathing will feel each other  
smi  
I love you so much and  
I love you forever  
even after this life.

You said the other day that touching your feet  
is bad.  
I will caress your feet and legs with my hands  
to make them feel hot and excited  
and will caress your feet with my lips  
till heat of my sensuous lips will make your feet and legs real hot.  
I want you to put your hands around me  
and kiss me passionately  
as passionate as a scorpio can be

Let us hold each other tight  
till we can hear each others heartbeat

Thomas Viruvelil

# Hoping For Hope

Do I want to live?  
To live I need hopes  
Do I have hopes?  
No.  
Then why I do not die?  
Is that so simple like buying  
something?  
Just go to a shop and say  
I want to die  
Pay the money wait for my turn  
as there is bound to be  
a waiting list  
to die.

Then all that I can do  
is to pray for hopes.  
To make me alive  
Living day after day  
hoping for hopes  
and suffer day after day  
hoping for hopes.

Thomas Viruvelil

# I Am Not Alone

I am not alone  
I can feel you walking close  
I can hear you talking to me  
I hear your giggles  
I see your sparkling eyes  
I can even smell you so close.

I am not alone  
even in darkness you are close, so close  
I can touch you so close.  
When I sleep,  
I can feel you close, so close  
you always sit close, very close  
I keep on telling you so much  
and you laugh and tell me so much

You reply to me for even my thoughts.  
You give your ideas for my worries.  
You tell me go straight I am with you  
This way, not that way  
You are always with me  
every moment.

But when I open my eyes wide  
and look around  
I can feel you close, so close  
But my eyes cannot see you  
any where.

Thomas Viruvelil

# I Deserve Nothing Good

I deserve nothing good.  
Not even a good homely food  
not even a bed coffee  
not even some one to care me when I am sick  
not even someone to talk freely  
not even someone to feel anxious about me  
not even some one to feel my fever  
not even some one to keep blanket on my trembling body  
not even some one to waste a dropp of tear on my forehead

I deserve nothing good  
not someone to play a song for me  
not someone to pray for me  
not someone to kiss a parting kiss on my dying body  
not someone to think of me as human being  
not someone to take me out  
and show beauty of nature  
at least for the last time

Last person in the world after my mother was you  
mother went away when death called her  
and then you left me cursing me  
And I will never have another human being close to me  
Why God is torturing me like this?  
Can you at least be kind enough and send simply an email  
saying that  
vht you can now die  
even I do not need you  
Then why should you live?  
Go and die.

Thomas Viruvelil

# I Want To Eat You

Dearest Smi  
today 30 dec 2003  
Is the happiest day in my life  
My own Smi  
loved me and together we spent hours  
loving kissing  
feeling each other so close  
so much loving  
i do not mind dying any moment now  
I got more than what I hoped from life  
Love of my Smi  
I never ever imagined  
your body to be so much beautiful  
You are the most beautiful woman in the world  
Your forehead ears, eyes  
nose, beautiful lips  
extremely beautiful face  
intoxicatingly beautiful navel  
must be unimaginably beautiful hidden parts  
hidden to me  
Oh My Smi  
I will do anything to  
have you as my own forever  
I love you so much Sooooooo  
Muchhhhhh.  
Your lips were so tasty  
your hug was so sexy  
have I made you happy my Smi?  
Were you happy with your vht?  
I will make you mad with my love  
As I am really mad with you  
Oh my dearest darling  
I cannot live without you  
You are the best woman in the world  
Be mine forever

Thomas Viruvelil

# Last Day Of You In My Life

When the last day was coming closer  
You were more worried than me.  
You kept on telling me  
I will be going  
I will be going.  
I kept on telling me  
How can she go?  
She is in my heart  
It has only walls and no doors.

If death were parting you from me  
I would have felt better  
Because you are never going to be  
with any body else.

You will go away from me  
and will start telling you  
Past is past  
forget the bloody past.

When you wanted to see me  
for the last time.  
I could not stand the last time  
So, only I knew  
that the time before last  
was really the last.  
So, I kept looking at your  
moving figure  
till it was no longer  
possible to see.

Thomas Viruvelil

# Moving In The Wild Valley

I walk slowly in this valley  
White glistening sand kiss my bare feet  
wind so soothing  
touch my face as if in a kiss  
and murmur something  
which I could not  
understand  
Beyond this valley  
is there a wild bush  
with beings not so friendly?  
will they bite my legs  
and encircle me  
to choke me to death?  
Even on this valley as I walk and walk  
I dont find a human sound or smiling face  
Is there no human here?  
no smiles and no laugh?  
Or the bush ahead have small dwellings?  
will they come out of the houses  
smiling at me?  
Or they will come to me with knives carefully hidden in the back  
with a smile cunning  
to disarm me  
and make me a nice flesh and body for their knife  
to go deep  
and they may take out the knife  
and smile seeing the red blood falling  
in drops and drops  
What if I do not fall with those knives?  
what if none of those doors open for me?  
What if my thirst and hunger make me fall on the white sand  
and in my tired sleep  
I start dreaming of  
white sheep coming in bunches  
near me  
and those sheep rub their soft  
white hairs slowly on my body  
till i feel the heat  
going deep into my



hungry body  
thirsting  
hoping  
craving  
for life

Thomas Viruvelil

# Onam And King Mahabali

Long long back  
We had this King called Mahabali  
When he was ruling,  
there was no sins.  
No looting, no cheating  
No lies, no killings  
No rapes, no beatings  
No double standars,  
No scheming treachery

No shortage of food  
No rich and poor  
No sorrows, no pain

No one was afraid of anyone  
No one was doubtful about any one  
No one was expecting trouble from any one  
No locks and safe lockers  
No jails and no police

Every one was loving and caring  
Every one was helpful  
Every one was there when you need help  
Every one loved every one

In our land, every year  
We still celebrate ten days of festival  
remembering those old days of happiness  
Dreaming with no reason,  
those dreamy days will come back.  
Dreaming that our old King Mahabali  
Will come back from death  
and rule us again  
with no looting, cheating  
with no lies and killings  
with no rapes and beatings  
with no shortage of food  
with no rich and poor  
with no sorrows and pain.

We call those ten days  
Onam festival days  
Onam days of King Mahabali

12, September,2008

Thomas Viruvelil

# One More Day With You

Like a man sentenced to death  
I count each day as if it is precious  
It is a real pity  
you cannot extract even a bit of love for me  
Had I been the richest man in the world  
I would have traded all my riches for your love for even a minute  
Even this friendship is more than I can ever dream of  
I think I dont even deserve this.  
May be in another birth if I can negotiate with God  
(I told him several times earlier I dont need another birth)  
I can beg for a life with smi.  
I cherish those moments when I sit near you  
like a school boy looking at teacher  
and I take each moment I spent with you  
each word you told to me  
again and again  
from my memory  
like a small child looking at shells collected from sea shore.  
I get delighted seeing those shells of  
sweet memory!  
I would like to have maximum time with you by your side  
because I know I dont have much for me.  
But these moments I got with you and whatever I may get from you  
I will keep in my inner heart to  
again and again remember in my mind  
till death come for me like a  
blessing.  
I really think you are not at all underweight  
You seem to be perfect for me.  
I dont know why your mom has to  
fatten you like a  
sacrificial lamb.  
I know you must be feeling uncomfortable reading these  
and I do not know whether you will curse for the folly of showing it to you  
Like you cutting off calling me  
You can tell me not to show these  
writings of a mad man  
But I still write these  
for me to read again and again

when you get your freedom and happiness  
to fly away from me  
leaving me  
in bare earth with eyes  
not having enough strength  
even to cry.

Thomas Viruvelil

# Pain Of Being Alone

I feel the terrible pain of being alone  
Having no one to share your feelings, worries  
Having no one to listen to you  
Having no one to dream with you  
Having no one to be a part of you  
Having no other heart close to you  
So that your heart beats can hear another heart beats closely  
and when your belly rises when you breath  
If it can touch another belly warm near  
with those hands hugging you, holding you close  
to make you feel sleepy in the comfort of those hands  
and make you sleep like an innocent baby.

Thomas Viruvelil

# Ray Of Light In Darkness

That day I forgotten the key with me  
I had to come back hiring a taxi from Mulanthuruthy  
While on the car to Kaloor  
I took it as one of the millions of hardships I have to undergo  
till death will come like a final colourful celebration to  
free me from pain generating  
pain maintaining  
pain producing  
continuous story of pains  
called life.  
But when I came to office  
I really enjoyed your care.  
You made me feel like  
a man  
who has someone to care and love  
and I never ever dreamed that even I will have a day  
when a beautiful lovely girl will show care  
to even  
a cursed and lost man like me  
who has no right in this world  
except for abuses curses  
angry faces  
hatred  
fear  
and an ever familiar  
continous pain of being alone-  
a man lost in the wilderness  
to be attacked by wild animals  
to be killed by thieves mercilessly  
to be kicked, abused and  
body to be eaten by  
hungry wild animals.  
Fate had been cruel to me  
and my mind has become hard  
with no hope ever entering it  
and I firmly believed that  
I have no right for anything good in life.  
Those moments of care and love by you  
let me keep in

a precious shell near my heart  
for me to take out and hold close to my chest and lips  
as I have no right for anything like that.  
My fate and destiny has given me these bundles of sorrow,  
loneliness and I have even forgotten to cry  
because I cannot have that luxury of crying  
as I have no right  
for crying

Thomas Viruvelil



# Together We Make Gods Envy

Smi

Togetherness is great

It send thrill through every cell of me.

It make adrenalin flow fast.

It intoxicates

send me in the sky

with gods.

When you are with me

I feel like floating in the air

with happiness all around and inside me

When I turn my face and look

I can see your eyes filled with love

so soft and so charming

your eyes spark with love soothing

I can go on sit looking at them.

When my hands move to the side

I can feel your hand

soft hot and touching your hand

I feel I am the happiest man in the world

cause I have my smi in my hand

When I move my hand in your lap

I can feel your soft thighs

touching them

I feel as if I am in heaven

Your body gets slightly hot

and my hands can feel the lovely hot soft feeling of touching your thighs

and my mind murmurs to me

Here you have your smi

with you so close

you can touch and feel her

she is all yours

Are you not the luckiest happiest man

in the world?

when I move my hand to hold you

close to me

I tell myself

here you have your dearest smi

so close

so lovely

so loving  
made for you when the world was born.  
God is a bit naughty.  
He made you run through ages and births  
searching for your dearest.  
Finally you got her  
hold her close to you  
close to your chest  
close to your heart  
close to your mind  
close to you forever  
She is so precious  
hold her close  
feel her body heat  
heart beat  
breathing  
close very close to you.  
For this moment I travelled through ages and births  
and my smi  
your sound so thrilling  
so soothing  
is now very close to me.  
Even if I die next moment  
tomorrow  
any day  
I have no regrets and complaints to God  
cause he brought me close to my smi  
made me feel greatest of all pleasures  
of being with my smi  
Now I do not mind dying  
holding my hand inside the soft hot hand of smi  
laying my head between the soft hot thighs of smi  
let anything even death come to me  
I do not need anything more from life  
cause I got the best life can give me-  
my dearest smi

Thomas Viruvelil

# Walking Close To Green Paddy Fields

As days pass by  
you become more sweet  
more beautiful  
more lovable.  
Is love brewing inside me is making me  
Intoxicated with smitha?  
Even after seeing your face with clear skin,  
ever smiling wide eyes  
I feel like sitting close, looking at your eyes  
as if those twinkling eyes can give me  
happiness unknown forever.  
In my dreams I imagine  
gently softly touching every bit of your body  
with my lips  
making your body feel my love  
and feel a bit of love for me.  
That day when we waited by the side of that paddy field  
have you not heard the paddy leaves  
murmuring sweet dreams to us?  
Those green leaves could feel  
my love for you  
and I heard them telling me  
Ask her  
she cannot avoid your love for ever  
So I asked you  
and I got great pleasure unimaginable  
When you said you can imagine  
Love for this forsaken man.  
May be I might have been searching for you  
through many births  
and I could find you at least now  
If I cannot have your love in this birth  
I will travel to another birth  
for your love and after  
satisfying my long yearning for you  
I will hope to whither away in eternity  
In your soft caring hot  
embrace of love.  
Like a small baby cuddled in the soft hot lap of mom

I feel like sleeping in your lap  
with no worries, no fear, no tension  
and I can feel your soft hands on my face  
gently stroking me to sleep.  
I remember you closing your eyes and lying  
coolly next to me  
smiling without any fear or tension  
in between seeing with amusement  
my tensed face after having lost way.  
That peaceful sleep of you  
told me  
that you trust me  
and in the heart of your heart you love me.  
This love is love unimaginable  
unfoundable  
may be through many births.  
Let me hold you close to me  
and feel the peace and happiness  
even if it is for a day.

Thomas Viruvelil

# When You Are With Me

Now, sitting at the computer  
after packing off the last man for payment  
I closed the door  
thrown away pants and its under  
tshirt intact there  
for the man who peeps in  
see only tshirt  
as I sit on the chair  
I relive those moments  
when you sat close to me  
sleeping  
thinking  
dreaming  
listening and singing with the music.  
Those moments and hours  
where so exciting  
and my mind start dreaming  
holding u close  
my hands around you  
and your hands around me.  
Do you now feel my lips on your lips  
my chest on your chest  
and our legs holding tight each other?  
Is it not real pleasure  
being together,  
and feeling your soft body heat  
making me feel like being in heaven?  
If this is not heaven  
what else can be heaven?  
I do not want any heaven without my smi  
close to me.  
In between I should see your face  
so beautiful  
when it is close to me.  
That naughty loving look on your face  
make me forget the entire world  
and I want a world with none  
but smi and me in it.  
We can hold tight

kissing and loving each other  
as no one will see us  
Can the God  
give us even an island  
where nobody will come?  
There lying on sea shore sand  
let us find the greatest of pleasure  
the pleasure of vht and smi  
becoming  
one human being  
loving till world lasts  
years ages and ages together  
because we never get tired or bored of each other  
every coming moment is a moment of celebration  
because i have smi with me  
my hands holding u  
and our bodies feel being one and never two persons  
smi  
I do not have words  
to tell  
how I love you  
u just imagine till you  
can no more imagine  
and then come running to my hands

Thomas Viruvelil

# Will Winds Come?

Sky was dark.  
Holding thick bundles of rain inside  
waiting for winds to  
open bundles of rain,  
take away heavy bundles  
and free me to play with  
white cool light clouds.

Sky was worried.  
Will winds come and free me  
from this dark bundles of rain  
making me feel tired  
making my knees paining?

When will those winds come?  
How long I have to carry these dark bundles?  
Waiting for winds  
will I fall down  
with tiring weakening bundles  
of these dark clouds  
in my hand?

Even the sun is moving down  
with colour changing to red  
going for rest for night.

When will these winds come?  
Am I destined to fall down  
tired and exhausted  
with ever increasing burden  
of these dark clouds in my hand?

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Thomas Viruvelil