

Poems

Jeyalakshmi P

Caged Freedom

Life becomes a bright, red rose
never alive, just still in pose.

Fragrance gone, dispersed in space
waiting endlessly, counting days
for a birth again - than live in vain.

The soul within the rose sings
hymns of freedom soft within.

The soul is like a parrot green,
in golden cage - in darkness gleam.

The parrot never feigns in pain,
flies in freedom, with flurry wings.

The cage - neither paradise nor prison.
for the parrot hadn't felt the stings
of birds of prey, but just the one
who caged her in gold to see her sing.

The parrot had grown, the cage had not.
She grew up learning the cage's dimensions
and the art of flying with joyous pretensions.

The caged bird sings to the rose in melancholic tune:
to cut its roots and shoots, in disguised prune,
for the rose does grow, the pot does not -
to pretend to live, to fake pretty smiles
to learn to reside in caged delight,
than to sink in dreams of far - off skies.

Memories Forgotten

Words entangled in a messy network,
 Suffocated and strangled to silent death-
 Emotions expressed to walking statues,
 failing to recognize, deaf to listen!
 Life lost in countless imaginations,
 brain flooded with scary hallucinations.
 Memories erased, reappearing flashes,
 Of life's events as though in dreams.
 A prolonged story in bits and pieces -
 life- a collage, meaning never deciphered.
 Glories of past, as distant silhouette
 Identity darkened by eerie noises!
 Forgotten faces of children and friends,
 frightened of human like aliens!
 Rooms at home - a confusing maze,
 Corridors - crooked, doors slammed at face!
 Loss of language, loss of memory,
 loss of identity, loss of history
 Does never mean - but sadly lead to
 loss of meaning and loss of self.
 A world mushrooms within words,
 In muted corners of the mind!
 Verbal fountains pouring with pain,
 sculpting meaning in soundless rain.
 Come, wading through the waters of amnesia,
 Bring warming flame, melt the ice of anomia.
 Peel the amyloids shrouding my neurons,
 Sick with senility, doomed in dementia.
 Detangle the enmeshed cortex strings,
 to pick the pearls of Sylvian string.
 Take me in your arms, am I not your rainbow child?
 Born afresh with Alzheimer's, lost and gone wild!
 Walk with me hand-in- hand, is not old age -
 "second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything"
 but sense of love and self esteem, still brimming!

The Return

Things never return
moments gone,
Words spilt, love forsaken
Memories of years of togetherness
Summers, winters. Seasons always
spent in loneliness and among maddened crowd
hands joined together ever and ever.
Words unspoken; illusionary sounds;
meaning sleeping far beneath.
Views captured and gaze stolen
in moments of thoughts lost in maze
For time to reverse; waves to recede,
Time gets back, with change as constant
Never the moment, unheld in arms
Never the same waves once rolled and bygone
never the same love, never the same warmth
never once more; all dissolved in time
To return as patterns never to hold
lamenting in loss of sorrows untold

In Your Grief

The night you shared your grief with me,

I heard the cry of a deprived child!

Craving to wrap you in my palms,
and transfer your sorrows to my arms.

Come, nest your face on my shoulder.

Am neither your mother, nor your lover.

You- my holy water, me - your scared laver.

Lest our love be muddled in gossips - vain.

Let's erase all, earthly and mundane
and inscribe virtues, those to heaven pertain!

Let's shed all manmade identity
and read in silence, the 'intertextuality'

That holds each other in close propinquity.

Let's love each other - platonic
jeopardizing notions within confined tectonic.

Let's club together as hemispheres in symmetry,

let's speak not words, but exchange feelings.

Close your eyes, repose on my lap-
like Sun that sets and sinks in ocean!

Feel my fingers through your scalp,
distance and space are mind's creation.

Ripped apart in distant nations,
souls intertwined, in celestial motion.
celebrating oneness in syncretisation.

It's always better to live alone
than live together and feel alone!

Let's live apart in wholesome togetherness.

than feel things fall apart within us!

Travelling in Age

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