

Sunshine Forever.

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

I dedicate this book to Asok, my husband. Thank you for all the encouragement you have given me, for prodding me on, when I was hesitant and uncertain, for giving me the courage to bring to light the poems, I have jotted down.

Acknowledgement

Thank you God.

Thanks to my family and my friends.

About the author

Just someone who dreams a lot, loves to read,
loves music, animals and nature and finds
happiness in the simple things in life. A kindergarten
teacher who loves her job, a homemaker too.
I live in my home town Thrissur in Kerala, India.

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Gratitude

*Thought waves
come crashing
on to the rocky shores
of the mind,
like the endless waves
churning in the sea..
One after the other
they come, endless...
Breaking into a
thousand shards
Seeping into everything...
Thought strands
weaving a cobweb
from the past to the present.
The mind
floundering in
the crashing waves,
trapped and tangled
in the cobwebs
trying to escape..*

*Still the mind...
Still the waves...
Dust the cobwebs...
Live in the present, the now
for it's a gift!
Gratitude filling the mind
for the beautiful memories
that live inside...
And for the beautiful memories
yet to come!*

Sunflowers In The Morning Sunshine

*Faces turned up adoringly
to the rising sun
soaking up the sun's rays,
tinging their petals yellow
stands the sunflowers
row upon row, like
undulating waves of
yellow and green.....
Golden sun drops fallen
from the sky
they shimmer in the breeze
Tall and beautiful, they stand
the sunflowers
framed against an azure blue sky
like a beautiful painting...*

A September Afternoon

*The golden rays of the
afternoon sun
falls through
the sun dappled trees
The dragonflies glide
soaking up the sunlight
their transparent wings
coloured golden
enjoying their
tiny moment of happiness...
The air heavy
with the fragrance
of jasmine flowers;
drowsy with the
buzzing of the bees.
The earth still, somnolent
under the afternoon sun...
And even in the stillness
there is life.*

Feelings

*All that you feel
and sense
All that you see
and do
Colours your world...
The colours burst inside
Filling the blank canvas
of your mind
To evolve as a
beautiful painting
that reflects you...*

The Sound Of Silence

The sound of silence

*The most melodious
sound ever!*

The sound of

New life sprouting

*The tender shoot of a plant
shyly poking it's head
into a new world*

*A bud slowly opening
it's petals*

*A mushroom opening
it's umbrella*

The sun rising and setting

The clouds sailing by

The rainbow smiling

*The moonlight falling
onto the trees*

The stars twinkling

*The sound of the good earth
rejoicing life...*

Make time to listen

to the sound of silence.

The World Of Books

*The world of books
each new book opened
each new page turned
opening up a new path to walk on,
a new world to explore;
flying off on a magic carpet
to faraway places...
sleeping in tree houses,
walking through enchanted forests
where the magic fairies fly
with their sparkling wings!
where elves help you find your way;
where talking animals
frolic and play.
Meeting epic heroes!
brave warriors!
Solving mysteries
finding treasures..
A world enchanting
magical, romantic and thrilling...
Each new day that dawns
filled with an adventure
something to look forward to...
Years pass by
and the world changes
but books, still the same
as captivating as ever!
the intoxicating smell
of a new book
as nostalgic as ever!
The journey through
the world of books
goes on and on ,never tiring...*

cherished, held close to my soul...

Weep No More

*Why do you weep girl
why did they clip your wings
imprison your spirit
Why do you weep woman
why did they torture you
tear your tender body apart
like petals from a flower;
Is being born a girl
the only sin you committed!
Weep no more my child
Weep no more woman
for no fault of yours.
Raise your voice
from your
bruised and tattered mind
shout out loud for all to hear!
Emboldened and empowered
rise up like a phoenix bird
from the ashes of suppression..*

The Journey

*A tiny drop of water
nestling in the raincloud
waiting to fall
with the music of the rains
sometimes
cradled on a green leaf
sometimes
on a blooming flower
before falling
onto the bosom of the
waiting earth;
joining other raindrops
forming rivulets..
streams gushing and tinkling
streams that flow through
rocky terrains,
beautiful valleys and deep forests
smoothing the pebbles;
the gurgling sound
music in the silent forest..
the tiny rain drop
journeys on and on...
the stream becomes a river
calm and serene
flowing silently
to reach it's goal
to be one with the sea
to kiss the grains of sand
on a golden beach
to wash up as waves
on earth's bosom.*

Riding The Clouds

*Riding the clouds
into the pink and orange sunset
the last of the sun's rays
kissing my eyelids;
feeling the gathering dusk
all around me
the twilight hour resonating
with a stillness
the stillness
of the approaching night..
A lone star twinkling
in the evening sky
showing me the way
the way to heaven!
The night sky slowly
dropping a curtain of
sparkling silver stars!
Riding the clouds
into the silver starlit night*

Frozen Dreams

*My dreams
twinkle like stars
in the sky of my mind
longing for the daylight;
to be fulfilled.
Alas! they disappear
in the morning light
and the dreams
inside me
remain locked
frozen and timeless.*

Change The World

*I wish I had
The power
to change the world;
to erase all the grief,
poverty, sufferings, sickness...
to bring happiness
to everyone...
The power to spread
kindness and empathy.
I wish I could be
A ray of sunlight
A ray of hope
shining gold and pure
showing the right path;
A sliver of moonlight
lighting up the dark paths;
A crystal star
shining like a beacon of hope..*

Words

*Words dancing around
filling my mind;
words metamorphosing
into butterflies
colourful and fluttering
their wings spread wide
ready to take flight,
to land
on the blank pages of my book.
But hesitant and timid
they hover,
never settling, never still
and they fly away
away from my mind.
The pages not filled..
a fleeting thought,
a word, a line,
not captured and pinned
onto the blank pages.
Words liberated, fly away
free as the wind
free as the butterflies
never captured and pinned.*

The Walk

*Walking through the meadows
where purple and yellow
flowers bloom,
walking through the valleys
where the soft breeze
whisper and caress,
walking on the sun dappled paths
carpeted with wild flowers,
walking in the rain
the cool rain drops
washing away the despair..
A walk to heal
to rejuvenate
to make everything all right.*

From My Heart

*A thousand thoughts, yearnings
milling around
thoughts that churn
in my mind,
yearnings
an ache in my mind,
memories that
pave paths to walk on
again and again,
memories that refuse
to let go
clinging to the walls
of my mind,
nurtured by the tears
I shed.
Memories that changed me
forever.
I long for the old me
for who I was...
I yearn to escape
from these sad memories,
to remember only
the good ones,
to be free and happy,
mind tranquil as a
still pond.*

The Falling Colours

*The rain fell in great big drops
pitter-patter, pitter-patter
for days on end, no respite,
the days dark and gloomy,
wet and grey..*

*A yearning for the golden sun,
warm and yellow and glowing,
a yearning for the colours that
adorn nature in all its splendour,
a wish to fill the world with colour;
A wish heard... for the sun peeped
through the dark clouds,
through the soft rain
and the rainbow was born!!*

*It touched
the drooping flowers,
the huddling birds,
the dragonflies and butterflies,
the falling colours
swirling and blending
filling everything in its path.*

*And the world shone
colourful and bright and sparkling
in the soft sunlight,
in the falling rain.*

Night Over The Desert

*The desert shimmers silver
in the starlit night.*

*The night sky
like a crystal blanket
with the twinkling stars
sewn on it.*

*The silence of the night broken
by the whisper of the
blooming desert flowers,
the fluttering of the
night birds' wings
and the sound of the
shifting sand dunes
in the wind.*

*The desert, a sea of sand
stretches endlessly
to the horizon, where
the stars rain down
on the wild flowers
draping them in silver.*

Of insects and birds and animals

*Born into this beautiful world,
the innocent creatures
that live alongside us,
each one beautiful and special
touched and blessed by God's hands!
Born with a purpose,
fulfilling their duties selflessly
these creatures who
cannot talk ..
they are special,
balancing our world,
giving selfless love!
The birds, the animals, the insects
the world lost without them...
Do the bees know, without them
we are a lost race?
Do the butterflies realise
how pretty they are,
the happiness they spread?
Do the birds know the joy
they bring with their sweet songs,
their beautiful plumage shining
in the early morning sunlight.
Do the animals realise
the part they play in our life,
some protecting,
some bringing happiness,
loving us selflessly,
maintaining the balance of nature,
going about their life
not harming anyone
except for their survival.
Do we, the ignorant humans know*

***the part played by
these insects, birds and animals
in our survival?
We are nothing without them!
So love them, protect them,
they are precious...***

Autumn

*With the changing colours
of the season
in the palette of my mind
I mix the reds, yellows, browns and gold
mixing and spreading.
A stroke here
a swish there...
and I paint the world
inside me
with a million beautiful colours.*

The Friendship Tree

*Lush and green,
proud and tall
stands the friendship tree;
its branches spread wide,
giving shade of love...
Its roots deep in the soil!
Time goes by
and the winds of change blows,
the old leaves fall
but never lost, always there
feeding the tree
making it stronger,
branches spread wider!
New leaves sprout
tender and green,
filling the tree
again and again
and thus it goes on.
The cycle continues
and the friendship tree
grows and grows...
Old friends never leaving you
making you stronger
always with you.
Happiness, sorrow,
aspirations, fear
everything shared.
New friendships giving you
new hopes to go on
making you feel young and vibrant.
Family, Friends!!
what would life be
without them!*

Cleansing The Mind

*Mind bogged down
with emotional baggage
seeped in the aftermath of
disquieting thoughts,
thoughts which glow like embers,
despair clouding the mind,
a mind restless
searching for a safe haven,
mind drowned in a sea of emotions
trying to anchor itself.
A mind sad and lost
and everything seems
gloomy and dark...
Close your eyes,
meditate and fill it with
all things beautiful in this world!
plough the mind,
ridding it of all things bad,
Pluck out the
weeds of discontent and hatred,
plant the seeds of
good and happy thoughts,
nurture it
and watch the miracle garden
of happy thoughts bloom,
filling you with happiness..
Cleanse your mind
like you cleanse your body!*

The Party In The Forest

*Last night, there was a party
in the forest,
a midnight party!
Just the bugs and insects,
no one else..
they worked hard
for it was a grand party
each one doing their best..
The twinkling lights set up
by the fireflies, shining
all through the dark night.
The décor and colour
by the
butterflies and dragonflies,
all with their
vibrant wings fluttering.
The music?
Of course the music band
was all ready to rock,
the grasshoppers in their
green dress on the violin,
The cicadas and crickets, all
dressed in brown
on the drums,
the centipedes and the millipedes
playing soft notes
on the piano,
the praying mantis
with a guitar
strung across his shoulder,
strumming softly
was all set to sing
at the top of his voice!*

And the food ?

OH YES, the food;

the bees in their

black and yellow striped dress

brought the honey,

the marching ants,

dressed all in red

brought the bread crumbs,

It was yummy, delicious!

The lady bugs in their red and black

polka dotted dress

danced the night away!

And the wasps

with their stings ready

stood guard, so no one gatecrashed!!!

For the party was just

for the bugs and the insects..

So, how do I know it was a great party,

because

I was that little butterfly

fluttering in the

blue and gold dress

dancing the night away

at the party in the forest,

my wings reflecting

the twinkling lights

of the fireflies....

Live And Let Live

*Ensnoced in a cocoon
watching the world go by
a world changing for the better
the bruises slowly healing
a time to reflect, think and act.
A lesson learnt
to restrain ourselves,
spaces marked
never to be crossed over.
A lesson learnt
to realise our mistakes
to share the world selflessly
with all the other creatures
to live in harmony
to live and let live.
The losses, the trials
making us stronger.
Walking over new pathways
footsteps never faltering
embracing the changes;
Seeds of hope and kindness
sprouting in the mind's garden;
ready to emerge from the cocoon
like a beautiful butterfly
To live and let live!*

The Frangipani Tree

*On a small hill,
silhouetted against the night sky,
stands a lone frangipani tree.
Its branches weighed down
with buds, ready to bloom!
As the crescent moon rises
in the horizon,
and the silver moonlight touches
the waiting buds,
they bloom
their yellow-white petals
softly unfurling
spreading intoxicating
fragrance all around
the still night air.
The flowers fully bloomed
luminescent and exotic,
glow like lit lamps
on the lone tree
silhouetted against the night sky!*

Blessings

*I am blessed
and I am thankful.
But why then,
is my heart
filled with longing;
why is my mind restless,
seeking and searching
for something
like a weary traveler
seeking an oasis
in the endless desert of life,
why don't I realise
that life is a mirage...
why am I lost in the
musings of a wandering soul
restless, my heart fluttering
like a bird in a cage..
I know not.
I just know that
I should do my best,
for I am blessed
and I thank the lord
for all the blessings.*

Winter In Bahrain

*The subtle changes;
a chill in the air,
dusk approaching early
days shorter, nights longer,
and winter on it's way.
A while back,
seeing the woolens in the mall
I wondered,
at the winter clothes here
in Bahrain, in the Gulf
where there's only scorching summers!
Silly me;
me who knows only
the summer heat and the monsoon rains
of the tropics,
the winter is unknown;
a novel experience.
Then come November, and
as the temperature dropped
there's a glow in my heart
warming me up
the excitement of a season
not yet experienced.
The winter
with it's cold chilly
mornings and nights,
freezing winds
and the mist creeping in
from the Arabian sea
is here ..
And I, wrapped up
in my winter wear,
a mug of hot chocolate*

*and softly humming heater
warming me up
snuggled cozily by the window,
reveled in the happiness
winter evoked in me..
As everything unique
in this beautiful tiny Island,
even in winter
the sun shone down
golden and bright every day
and the stars twinkled
in a clear night sky.
The sky, blue and cloudless,
the light so intense,
that, the first winter in Bahrain
was the best.*

A Quilt Of Memories

*I stitch memories
with the thread of time
some happy
some sad
some nostalgic
memories that
blanket my life
in a colourful quilt.*

Whispering Dreams

*Dreams embellished with magic
falling like stars all around me,
dreams whispering,
filling my whole being,
lending me wings to fly,
taking me to places not seen,
I dream
on and on
with eyes open, eyes closed..
I cross deep forests,
dark and mysterious
I walk through valleys filled with
sun kissed flowers,
climb mist covered mountains,
glide through puffy white clouds,
climb rainbows
I cross seas and oceans,
wade through streams
following my dreams,
I dream on and on,
my mind wistful..
Dreams,
giving me hope to go on!*

The Green Moth

The moth,
delicate and beautiful
sits on the kitchen floor
her fragile filigree wings fluttering
trying hard to fly, to escape
looking for a safe place
to lay the eggs she's carrying.
Must have come in
during the night
seeking warmth and light.
I hold her in my palm,
coaxing her to fly
she flutters her pale green wings,
not flying, just a soft flutter,
and then as I take her and put her
amongst the plants and trees,
in her natural surroundings,
like a miracle on wings
with a soft whisper of her wings
she flies from tree to tree,
plant to plant,
seeking a safe home for her babies.
Even a small being as a moth
has her survival instincts!
Set them free,
all of nature's creatures,
to live freely
to let the cycle of life continue.
That's the rule of nature!

Little Gems

Each time I step into my class
the wonder never ceases,
the wonder of being able to
mould and teach the little ones,
buds waiting to bloom and blossom!
Each year when I meet them,
the girls and boys
with their
well scrubbed clean faces
and combed hair,
their innocent faces
looking up at me with love,
looking up at me expectantly,
waiting for me to love them
encourage them,
their heart full of love,
innocence pooled in their eyes
I feel the wonder of God.
Each one different,
some artistic, some studious,
some naughty, some shy,
each child unique!
I treasure each moment;
the flowers I got,
the small trinkets
made with their little hands
just for me,
little notes of love
pressed into my hand
shyly and silently,
the way the scared ones
put their soft little hands into mine
looking for reassurance,

**their wide eyed wonder
at everything they see and hear,
their look of joy
when I open a story book
to take them into another world.
They are precious gems
to be cut and polished
to shine forever;
bringing happiness to them
and for others.
All they need is
Tender Loving Care**

Never Too Late

As the years pass by
I realise what I lost
and what I gained.
So many things left undone
opportunities lost.
The silences in between,
words unspoken
sentences not written
the pauses in between too long!
and in the fine line
between night and morning
I wake up and realise
what I was
was never enough
what I was
was not whole.
Time flies and never comes back.
I am encased in a bubble
regrets clouding my thoughts.
Then one fine day
the bubble burst
the regrets fled
and I realised that
life is a blessing.
God's gift!
It's never too late
for anything,
never too late to bloom.

Hope

The tear drops
I shed
fall like pearls
in my mind
and washes away
the sadness within,
a ray of hope
shining golden
lights up my soul
and I weave
an intricate tapestry
of hope and happiness
adorned with
gold thread and pearls,
to be hung forever
in my mind.

The Sound Of Music

The distant sounds of music
floats in from afar,
It touches a chord
in my heart,
the notes play on the
strings of my heart,
the melodies soothe me,
the nostalgic memories
crowd in
washing up like waves
on the shores of my mind,
evoking feelings
deeply buried,
taking me to another world
and I escape into the music,
until
there's just me and
my music and my memories.

Forest

The dark, green forest beckons me.

Sunlight falling through
the dense branches
drawing patterns on the
forest floor
on the fallen leaves.

I walk along the
leaf strewn paths,
the dew soaked leaves
wet under my bare feet.

The music of the chirping birds
and cicadas
serenading me.

I touch the wild flowers,

I touch
the touch me nots

I see them curling up
like babies
and my heart sings!

This is bliss,

to be alive

in such a beautiful world.

The Earth Is Healing

People confined,
never stepping out,
distancing themselves,
confused and scared;
panic in their eyes
like trapped animals in cages.
The price we pay
for our atrocities,
for our wrongdoings,
and amidst the
chaos and confusion
nature starts healing.
The earth starts breathing again,
fresh air flowing
through mountains,
polluted rivers and oceans.
Burnt forests
sprouting new leaves!
The earth is healing
slowly and silently.
Is the pandemic which
wrought havoc everywhere,
nature's way of reclaiming
what it has lost?
New life, New hopes!

The Blue Planet

**Somewhere along the way
compassion is lost
humanity ,empathy
buried deep down
never to surface,
wars raging on
people killing people.
Earth, our beautiful planet,
pillaged and plundered.
Our home
filled with everything dear,
slowly deteriorating
waste mountains springing up
dwarfing even the mightiest,
seas choking with debris.
The world slowly changing
The green valleys
giving way
to rocky slopes
The forests slowly
disappearing,
mutilated and benumbed
the animals, homeless
dying one by one.
The sea crying silently
Its creatures
choking and dying.
The Earth is changing
what we had is no more.
wake up!
before it's too late
care for our world
Our beautiful blue planet.**

The Cat In The Window

She sits on the window ledge
watching the world.
I wonder
what's on her mind.
Is she looking at the
woods beyond
at what dangers lurk there
Is she worrying about how to
survive in this world
Is she sad
thinking about her lost kittens,
worrying about her one surviving baby
or is she having some 'me' time
away from all her problems
watching the bees and the butterflies,
wondering about
what's beyond the blue blue sky
or is she thinking of
what mischief she can
get away with.
She sits there
on the window ledge
warming herself
in the sunlight
still, not moving ..
She sits on the window ledge
watching the world.

The Night Sky

A full moon
hangs low in the sky,
like a lantern,
lighting up the night sky.

The haunting music
of the night birds
wafts across the
still air.

A soft wind kisses
the tops of the trees
and the fragrance
of the night blooming jasmine
fills the moonlit night.

A million stars
sparkling like diamonds,
adorn the sky ,
and I stand,
lost in the wonder,
lost in the silver-soaked night,
The moonlight
shimmering and glittering
all around me.

My wish

**Imagination running wild
the heights
the places
it takes me to,
guiding me
to find a niche
for myself
a space for me
to escape to.
I wish it never ends
the magic that words weave,
I wish the wells of ink
never dries up,
I wish the magic wand
that is my pen
sprinkles the magic dust
on my poems.
I wish I could
keep on writing.**

Chasing the rainbow

Futile the efforts,
chasing the rainbow,
always eluding,
always outside your grasp,
the colours that be
fading away,
never to be touched,
the pot of gold still elusive.
Then, as you flounder,
disappointment clouding over,
you realize
you are the rainbow,
shining with all the
vibrant colours,
the elusive pot of gold
is within you,
not yet unearthed,
The colours that be
fill your soul
to make you whole.

Foodie

I am a foodie,
a self professed foodie,
I love food.
I watch shows
where food is the star.
I watch shows
where people cook
to their heart's content.
But why don't I cook,
people wonder!
I love to eat,
but not to cook.
And that's the truth.

Butterfly

With wings
so translucent and bright,
It flutters
from flower to flower,
soaking up
the warm sunshine,
gliding on the
rising wind.....
A tiny butterfly
shining like a jewel,
forever beautiful.

Monsoon

They come
every year
without fail,
the cool breezes
a prelude to the rain,
the dark purple clouds
filled with raindrops,
ready to fill the earth with hope,
hope of escaping
the summer,
the ever pervasive heat,
the humid blanket
that smothers,
bringing relief
to the parched earth,
hope of new life sprouting.
The monsoon is here!
Waking up in the morning
to the music of the rains,
to the smell
of freshly washed earth,
afternoons heavy
with rain filled clouds,
the dark evenings
filled with rain,
the nights alive
with the sound of cicadas,
and the whisper of the
rain fly's wings
as they rise up
from the damp earth.
The monsoon is here,
bringing with it

the music of the rains.

SUNSHINE FOREVER

Sunlight falls
like a bouquet of flowers,
turning the dust motes
into spun gold.
The golden dust floating down
spills onto the trees and flowers,
onto the grass,
bathing everything in it's golden glow.
I hold a drop of the
golden Sun
in my palms,
shining forever.

KRISHNA

O Krishna,
The eternal One,
I bow before You.
The ethereal music
from Your flute
floats across the mountains,
the tinkling of the cowbells
echoes across the valley
and in the golden sunlight,
I see you
in all Your glory.
I am lost in Your
mesmerizing eyes,
mischievous smile.

O Krishna,
what magic You weave!
All the paths I walk on,
leads to You.
All the thoughts I have
begins and ends with You.
I follow you
across eternity.
I am lost in You,
lost in Your aura.

MEMORIES

Memories like clouds
floating along
in the sky of my mind.
Sometimes bright and beautiful
like a sunny day,
filling me with happiness,
lighting me up from within.
At times clouding them dark,
like purple rain clouds,
ready to burst,
and spill out as tears
from my eyes.

Me

Who am I?
Am I just a speck in the Universe?
I soar high above the clouds,
I dive deep into the seas,
Trying to find myself,
searching and seeking.
Is it me, flying
on the gossamer wings
of the butterfly?
Is it me, mirrored on the petals of the flower
drenched in morning dew?
Is it me, flying on the wings of the wind
that blows past the mountains?
Is it me, riding the waves that
break on sandy shores.
Is it me floating on the clouds
in the blue blue sky....
I try to find myself
searching and seeking ,
I try to find the real me,
To be one with nature,
To be eternally free.

VADAKKUMNATHAN

Walking barefoot along the
well trodden paths,
Surrounded by the dense foliage
of the banyan trees,
Immersed in the holy ambience
of this beautiful Temple,
I am at peace with myself.
The dusk is lit up
with a thousand oil lamps,
the air thick with the fragrance
of incense sticks,
reverberating with the sound of drums,
the Temple bells and blowing conch.
The flickering light of the oil lamps
light up the sanctum,
I see the Lord,
the radiance that shines forth,
And I bow my head
before the Almighty.

BUD

**In a shadowed green glade
In the middle of the forest
A tiny bud waits
To unfurl it's velvety petals
To spread it's fragrance
It's tiny face turned
up to the blue skies
Waiting for the first kiss
of the Sun's rays.**

TWILIGHT

Perched on the windowsill,
I watched the Sun setting.
The shadows deepening
Twilight falling.
The dusk painting the sky
in myriad hues.
There's a longing in me,
a poignant desire,
to hold onto the
last of the Sun's rays.

Eulogy For Ammini

*Old, sick, hungry and scared
crying and whining
for her loved ones
she lay for days
soaking wet
in the relentless rain
no one to care, no food, no water
abandoned, she waited.
Old and blind, her only fault...
A gentle, loving and docile creature
how can people be so cruel
so heartless,
betraying the trust
of these mute beings...
Her only fault, she can't talk
but her heart, full of love
unselfish and whole.
Her faith in us constant
never doubting that
she will be cared for.
Poor soul, her faith misplaced
for she was abandoned...
cruel and heartless, her owner
left her to fend for herself!
Thirsty and hungry
she whined and cried...
But not all of God's children
are heartless and cruel
for she was found,
fed, cared and loved for..
She left this world yesterday
for God's abode
but before she left*

*she got love at its best,
care and shelter,
safety and warmth.
Ammini, the gentle loving soul
one among many
who suffers like this
but for people who care
about them, our mute friends
and all creatures wonderful
in this world.
But for them
she would have died
hungry and scared; all alone
in the falling rain...
I have not met you Ammini
but I feel for you,
my heart's heavy!
I pray you are happy
loved and safe
wherever you are!*

Flowers In The Rain

*Sleeping petals
woken up
by the
gently falling rain,
glistening raindrops
falling off the
unfurling petals...
rain-soaked and dewy
the flower smiles...
welcoming the rain
that fills her up.*

The Sun, Sky and Sea.

*The sea dressed up in
myriad hues of blue,
the colours blending
and overlapping...
Calm and serene;
she hides a
teeming world of
coral reefs and fish
in her womb,
her gentle waves
rolling onto the
pristine white beaches
bleached white
by the coral...
Adorned with fluffy clouds
tinted golden and pink
the sky
holds onto the sea's hands
never letting go..
with a beaming sun
looking on!
Sometimes cloudy
sometimes overcast
sometimes blue
and at times grey!
The sky changes;
the changing moods
flowing onto the sea.
Calm or turbulent
sunny or rainy
they are one...
merging on the horizon
forever and ever!*

Stars In A Jar

*In the silence of predawn
as the night gets ready
to wrap up
the twinkling stars
in it's dark velvet cloth,
I reach up and gather
a handful of them;
stars that sparkle
like diamonds;
to hold in my palm
to hide in a jar;
my secret treasure
a jar full of dreams
a jar full of stars
to light up
my darkest nights.*

My Secret Garden

*Tucked away
in the corner
of my mind
is my own
secret garden
just for me
to sit, to ruminate,
to dream,
where I pluck words
like flowers
from a garden,
arranging them
in a verse
like I would,
flowers in a vase
to spread its fragrance...*

The Day She Smiled

*The day she paused
to listen...
to the little bird
singing in her balcony,
to the rustle of
the leaves
in the soft breeze,
to the sound of rain,
to the music orchestrated
by mother nature herself!*

*The day she paused
to watch...
the sun rising and setting
in all its splendour,
the new dawn
unravelling the wonders
of nature all around her!*

*The day she paused
to watch...
the clouds sailing by
in the blue sky,
in shapes that she
imagined them to be,
the butterflies
that flew around
in their colourful best,
the lambent moonlight
casting silver shadows
on the far off mountains...*

*The day she realised
that being kind and loving
brings happiness,*

***that happiness
is all around her,
filling her
in more ways than one!
that happiness
can be found
even in the
smallest things in life!
It was the day
she smiled, a smile
that lit up her soul!
For she found herself...***

Fireflies In The Enchanted Forest

*The forest awakens
from the folds
of a drowsy day;
to welcome the fireflies.
Fireflies that light up
the night scented leaves;
fireflies that light up
the entwined trees...
Their iridescent light
enfolding the forest
in a green glow
a glow
that shimmers
all through the night,
making the forest
more enchanted!*

Music Of The Night

*In a burst of colours
that paint the sky
in pink, orange and purple
the day recedes,
a farewell well deserved!
And as the dusk that falls
covers the weary day
in a mantle of darkness
slowly and silently,
the night comes alive
with its own symphony
that serenades it...
A music
that lulls the day to sleep...*

TREES

Trees

***that talk silently
to each other
all day through...
wild and free
to grow as they please...***

Trees

***with rich green foliage
adorning the valleys and
the mountain sides...***

Trees

***that dance, bend and sway
to the music of the birds
and of the wind...***

Trees

***that form a
dark green canopy
over the leaf strewn
forest paths...***

Trees

***with leaves that shine
golden and green
in the warm
morning sunshine
that filters through...
and silver and dark
on moonlit nights...***

Trees

***that talk and whisper
to each other
all day through...
happy and content...
to grow as they please.***

Let Me

*Let me
feel the warm sunshine
and the cool raindrops
on my face...*

*Let me
feel the soft breeze
that plays with the
tendrils of my hair...*

*Let me
lose myself amongst
the cotton clouds,
fly with the birds
and the butterflies...*

*Let me
walk under the
green canopy of trees
that line the sidewalk,
feel the soft petals
of the flowers
as they rain down...*

*Let me
curl my toes
on the damp sand
kissed by the
endless waves*

*Let me
stand on
top of the mountain
with the valley spread
all around me
like a beautiful painting...*

*Let me
walk on the*

*dew soaked grass,
amongst the flowers
fragrant with
the night rain...
Let me lose myself
in the music of
the early morning birds,
in the flutter of their wings...
Let me
adorn myself
with the crystal stars
hear the
whisper of sunlight
as it falls
through my window.
Let me
lose myself in nature,
in the beauty
all around me,
for without nature
there's no me.*

Thumper

*I couldn't meet you
nor could I hold you
in my arms...
Soft and fluffy,
delicate yet strong,
you with your
playful frolicking
was so dear to us...
Though miles apart
you were mine too.
The moments that
I could share with you
though virtually
gave me so much happiness
moments that are still fresh
in my mind...
The way you cock your ears
the way you play and eat.
The joy and happiness
that you gave us during
the few days you lived
pacifies me a lot...*

*You had a good life
loved and cared for
by many...after being rescued...
Thumper, our little bunny
may you be blessed and happy
in your afterlife too...*

SHADOWS

*The sky
coloured by its
varying moods...
blue, pink
mauve and purple;
The clouds forever busy
moving, drawing patterns
on the vast canvas
of the sky;
clouding it golden,
grey and white...
the hues and shapes
creating shadows deep
shadows that flit past
the trees,
mountains and rivers;
shadows that have a life
of their own,
shadows that dance
in the twilight and dusk
and throughout the day,
lengthening and deepening...
Shadows that come alive
at the soft touch of light....*

Changes

*The rain must fall
relentlessly
whether needed or not;
the sky weeping
all through the night
and all through the day.*

*The dark burdens
carried by the clouds
falling like teardrops
onto the bosom
of the earth.*

*Greedy minds
never satisfied,
always plundering
the vulnerable earth;
and as the years pass by
our beautiful earth
changes, no longer
the mother we knew;
watching and weeping,
sighing helplessly
at the changes
happening everywhere.*

*The changes
brought about
by the follies
of mankind...*

The Rainforest

*The first rays of
the rising sun
fall on the
sleeping trees
waking them up...
The golden rays
meander slowly through
the dark paths
lighting them up,
caressing the
sleeping buds
to waken and bloom
Colouring the wildflowers
that cling to the
moss covered logs
and the green lichen
that hugs the trees.
The forest
a riot of colours
glows in
the morning sun.
The echoing calls
of the birds fill the air,
their music
an accompaniment
to the dance
of the butterflies...
The forest, the lungs of
our beautiful earth
is alive and thriving
nurtured by
the sun and the rain...*

Shards of my soul

Shards of my soul ...

Left behind

in the dark woods

and forests,

where wildflowers

line the paths,

where the dappled sunlight

falls through thick trees,

where the leaves

whisper in the breeze ...

Shards of my soul ...

left behind

in the majestic blue mountains

and the valleys that lie

in the shadows of the

drifting clouds ...

On the sandy beaches kissed

by an aquamarine sea ...

Shards of my soul ...

left behind

in the beautiful places

I have seen.

The shards lie dormant

until a flicker,

just a tiny flicker

of light awakens them,

and they glow and shine

travelling miles

to light up my memories,

memories of

those lovely places

filling me with

wondrous happiness.

***Pieces of my soul, lost,
but the shards left behind
shine, bright and beautiful
connecting my soul forever ...***