

# Anthology of MN

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

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## The Quintessential Senses

The squeaking cry of a young squirrel  
The thud of a ripe whole coconut dropping  
The cackling of arguing crows  
The silence of dew drops dripping

The sparkles of a lonely dew drop  
Against the beaming rays of the sun  
Like a precious diamond in a felt box  
Scintillating insouciantly in the breeze

Tiny rain drops of quick passing drizzle  
Sprinkling the tall unkempt lawn grass  
Rousting the guarded sniff of earth beneath  
Animating the sleeping creatures underneath

The vibrations of a distant train  
The busy hum of the city traffic  
The rumbling of a plane flying overhead  
The heckling of a pedestrian fruit seller

Realising the simple virtues of life  
Breathing in the fresh morning air  
Enjoying the five basic senses  
Surrendering to God's true power

MN - 2021.05.23

## Presage as Message

Deep in the second wave  
Like a gigantic tidal wave  
No time for a goodbye wave  
Precious breath left to save

Action more important than reputation  
Not doing anything no longer a solution  
Premature triumphalism led us to our fall  
Let's heed from all quarters the frantic call

Preparing earnestly for the next wave  
Conscientiously avoiding the same mistake  
Gradually undoing the unforgiving wake  
For entire populations are at stake

Let's spread gentle words of caution  
For all those unaware of the precaution  
Future targets may be teens and youth  
Ignoring recklessly the fundamental truth

Let's fix our recurring systemic flaws  
Prioritise our expenditure for a cause  
Not for lifeless statues and monuments  
But for throbbing life with no arguments

Let's comprehend the underlying presage  
Public health means health for one and all  
Selfish narrow thinking leads us to wreckage  
Common good is indeed critical to one and all

MN - 2021.05.21

## No Dead Alive

At first they came for our place of worship  
Excavating underneath the foundation  
Ripping apart the rights in the constitution  
Knowing all well that it is no stewardship

Then they came for our meagre plate  
Banning transport of female cattle  
Stigmatising a faith with a stroke of a gavel  
Knowing all well that many eat beef of late

Then they came for our legitimate purse  
Outlawing instantly every day cash notes  
Transforming whole life savings to a curse  
Knowing all well the impact to the poor hordes

Then they came for our identity documents  
Questioning our very basic right to soil  
People rummaging to find missing documents  
Knowing all well the social fabric will spoil

Then they came for our daily expenses  
Imposing a stiff consumption GST tax  
Taxing informal business to a max  
Knowing all well the economic consequences

Then they came for our daily fuel  
Escalating the prices at the pump  
Turning everything into a crunch  
Knowing all well it is all too cruel

Then they came for our meagre livelihoods  
Imposing a lockdown as a cruel surprise  
Stranding millions of desperate families

Knowing all well the impact to neighbourhoods

Then they came for our precious air  
Rationing oxygen quota to the states  
Ignoring the complex logistics to bear  
Knowing all well the magnitude of the stakes

For what will they come abruptly  
For the earth above our dead body  
For the wood around our burning body  
For the death of this great country

MN 2021.05.08

## Leaders of our times

They say they believe in the constitution  
Wanting to raze every solid institution

Strongmen on homologous trajectories  
Rummaging into scanty treasuries

They think past legacy has been toxic  
Considering themselves as truly heroic

They promise better days ahead  
Only to dog-whistle insults unsaid

They do not believe in innate human value  
Holding nothing to be sacred or a taboo

They have a humungous selfdom  
Treating the great nation as their kingdom

They think taking advice is for the weak  
Surmising modesty is only for the meek

They think that they absolutely know it all  
Forgetting pride always comes before a fall

They push for extreme nationalism  
Devoid of any virtuous patriotism

They undo hard fought rights  
Creating causes for new fights

They keep awake throughout the night  
Ruminating as how might can be right

They purport as saviours of the day  
Bad-mouthing their rivals every day

They want to go back in history  
Painting a nightmare as a story

The day of reckoning is coming  
and the signs of it are in the making

MN - 2021.01.04



## Post-truth in wonderland

If truth is lies  
Is truth then lying?  
Where lies the truth?  
Lies there the lie?

If truth is lies  
Is lies new truth?  
If truth is lies  
Is half-truths half-lies?

If facts don't matter  
As a matter of fact  
Not anymore an expression  
What then is the real matter?

If everything real is fake  
Fake is already fake  
Then everything is fake  
Making up of a fake reality

If truth is in decay  
Are lies filling the cavity  
Of our hallowed heads with  
Confusion sans concussion

Think of the above  
Seemingly confounding you  
But never ever say  
Ignorance is bliss  
Only by accident  
Never ever by choice!

- MN 20201220



## Ode to my dear aunt

A lady known for her virtue  
The evils one should eschew  
Virtuous deeds to follow  
Never an advice too shallow

Hospitality was her hallmark in gold  
Winning the hearts of young and old  
Setting an example was her ideal  
Until the last minute of her ordeal

Thinking about others needs  
Accomplishing them by deeds  
While brimming the heart warm  
Silently introducing a soft reform

Pursuing her goals relentlessly  
Day in day out tirelessly  
Home, school or orphanage  
Never worrying about her age

Endeavouring to explain  
The deeper meaning in plain  
For everyone to understand  
With the language in command

Winning over hearts of tiny tots  
Carefully connecting the dots  
She constructed a long story  
Outliving her soon in history

Remarkable lady was she  
Selfless as one can be  
Leaving a furrow to continue

For no ideal to discontinue

Not long gone after

To heaven hereafter

Will be missed forever

For her noble endeavour

» MN 2018.09.01

## The Will You Write

Where there's a will there's a way  
Something to achieve needless to say  
Where there's a will, there's a way  
Someone with a plan after their stay  
The will to plan and the plan to a will  
Becoming urgent although not over the hill  
The will to write is both your duty and a right  
The will well written will enable deeds right  
Among your successors lot of peace  
Soon after the expiry of your lease  
A man out with an umbrella sees no rain  
What's there to lose if not a lot of gain  
Stranger times like these  
Calls for plans like these  
To avoid a bigger disaster  
Apart from a well said prayer

MN 2020.10.02

## Unidentified Flying Object?

I have a very light frame  
I have a even lighter skin  
I have a very very long tail  
I am on a even longer tether

I can almost see until the horizon  
I can see even more when it's windy  
I can fly higher than most birds  
I can even look prettier than many

I like it when a child buys me at the shop  
I like it even more when I am hand crafted  
I enjoy when a happy child plays with me  
I enjoy even more when the parents are nearby

I like it when it's bright, sunny and windy  
I like it even more when there's traces of rain  
I like to hide behind the snowy white clouds  
I like even more to slide down the rare rainbow

I like it when I jostle my friends in the sky  
I like it even more when we do a spiral together  
I don't like to come back to earth to land but  
I am happy to return in one piece to play again

Can you guess whom I am?

MN - 2021.05.24

## Global Warning

Floods everywhere  
Shelter nowhere  
Planes rerouted  
Trees uprooted

Water everywhere  
Not a drop to drink  
Not once somewhere  
To pause and think

Bear the brunt  
Of fury of nature  
Rain forests burnt  
In state of stupor

Deny the cause  
Await the pause  
Clean energy to invest  
Good policies to digest

All the warnings to ignore  
Denying the science in uproar  
Act now when it's possible  
Or repent later when impossible

MN 20201120

## Leprosy is his life

Leprosy is his life  
Where social stigma was rife  
Spanning Thirumanee  
Chingleput and Poonamallee

A world without this scourge  
With his generous attitude  
Battling for a cure to emerge  
He keeps his quietude

Leprosy is his life  
WHO was his dream come true  
Travelling with an ambition to pursue  
Fighting for a better life

His actions speak louder than words  
His words few and far between  
But he gets his message across  
Ensuring the mission to be seen

In Asia, Africa and the world  
Travelling around the world  
In nations known, unknown and strange Planted the seeds for change

In his relentless quest for betterment  
His routine is set like a metronome  
In his retirement to be spent  
Many a project out of home

Helps all to get an education  
Strives for a better life they deserve  
Wants to make India a better nation  
Of its great peoples to preserve



Harmony among peoples of all faith  
Loves to promote good relations  
Among all peoples in good faith  
And peace among relations

Twice a year the tricolour unfurled  
Not just for a better India  
But a role model for the world  
Straight out of the encyclopedia

By leaning on our strengths  
We too can alleviate a small distress  
Hard work is one of his strengths  
He sure is an example for all of us

All this without Allah's help  
Would have been impossible  
We would like him to continue to help  
In this mission where few thought possible

MN 2008.01.15

## School Reunion

A diverse motley of school mates  
A field-trip of many dates  
A grand plan in the making  
All in the mind dreaming

Because it was a long felt need  
Besides wondering where to go  
Beyond the dreams ago  
Best of all of us can heed

Catching up with friends again  
Computing the distance to cover  
Calculating the time to hover  
Concluding that it was a gain

Deep within the golden tears  
Discovering the friendships  
Designating some volunteers  
Deepening the relationships

Escaping the harsh realities  
Ever engrossed in technicalities  
Exorcising the corporal punishments  
Elucidating our relative predicaments

Up from bed at five thirty  
Out of the house at six sharp  
On the highway at seven thirty  
At the reunion site at nine sharp

Happiest school reunion of my life  
The first one with most my classmates  
Ever etched in our fragile memories

Retaining our lifeblood full of energies

MN 2017.08.15

## Greed

When the poor segregated  
Visible poverty eliminated  
When the poor uninsured  
Their toll of suffering inured  
When the conscience silenced  
While the morality diminished

Greed predominant  
Everybody discontent  
Charity of deeds lacking  
Not even an inkling of thinking

Food to the healthy  
Power to the wealthy  
Freebies to the greedy  
Nothing for the needy

Sermon to imbibe  
Religion to divide  
Holding onto symbols  
While the meek trembles

Broader the brush  
Simpler the thinking  
All news is a one-liner  
In depth analysis whither

Where is the harmony  
In this cruel irony  
Where is the freedom  
From our ancient fiefdom

Where are we heading

A land of further extremes  
Where wealth drives everything  
Deferring our cherished dreams

## River of Life

Entering the world with a welcome cry  
Gushing like a new born spring  
Yearning for warmth and my feed  
Etching my journey in stone and rock

Waking my mother for feeds and change  
Joining other streams along the way  
Smiling at eager faces some of the time  
Creating rushing water falls on the way

Learning quickly to crawl and climb  
Shaping rainbows with the gleaming sunlight  
Picking up any odd thing into the mouth  
Lushing my surroundings along the slopes

Venturing out to play school off late  
Feeling like a kind river to my people  
Moving on to kindergarten and primary  
Allowing people to dip for cleansing and fun

Discovering science math and grammar  
Reaching the foot of hills amidst the woods  
Experimenting with my new toys and ideas  
Watering the parched farms of my peasants

Treating my parents with boundless joy  
Extending my reach to the wide plains  
Building my knowledge and rich skills  
Carrying rocks and stones downstream

Expanding my circle of friends every week  
Merging with deeper rivulets on the way  
Delighting my parents with my character

Flowing around obstacles and under bridges

Sharing fun and knowledge with my siblings

Grinding the carried stones creating silt

Conspiring and pranking on one another

Dropping rich fertile silt on my riverbed

Growing to adulthood and a newfound job

Becoming a mighty river with my own name

Seeking a partner to share life's pleasures

Irrigating the broad plains and farmers' fields

Bonding with my partner to tie the knot

Catching a stronger wider river to merge

Transforming soon into a parent of our own

Starting to creating tributaries of our own

Promoting ourselves to full parents

Graduating our parents to grandparents

Living the life of our parents again

Letting them enjoy without bounds

Cherishing the life of our children

Meandering slowly heading to the ocean

Giving them their freedom deserved

Letting loose distributaries to their own

Fulfilling life's goals and ambitions

Providing precious water to millions

Awaiting grandchildren to our name

Seeing the wide ocean in the distance

Relishing the cries of our grand kids

Hearing the sound of ocean waves

Resting peacefully is our next goal

Feeling the cool sea water under our feet

Evaporating water soaring to the clouds  
Beaming children spreading their wings  
Springing of the next river formation  
Praising God for our beautiful blessings  
- MN 2021.06.18