

# ANTHOLOGY OF S.J.SANGEETHA

S.J.SANGEETHA



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*TO THE SUPREME POWER !*

## **Acknowledgement**

I ACKNOWLEDGE ALL THOSE SWEET PEOPLE AND OBJECTS AND GREENERY AROUND ME WHO SPARKED AN INSTINCT IN ME TO WRITE.

## About the author

S.J .Sangeetha Literature: The Intersection of Life and Literature

S.J. Sangeetha , a Civil Engineer living a life dedicated to literature in her regional language Malayalam and in English. Has secured accolades including National level , State level and Regional level awards and prizes. She is a flourishing author. Her key areas of writing includes Poetry and Short story.

In the heart of every story lies a pulse, a rhythm that resonates with our own lives. The Green of Life and Words.

The colour green symbolizes growth, renewal, and harmony, qualities that literature naturally embodies. Just as a lake is fed by countless streams, our lives are nourished by the words we read and the stories we carry. Here, we explore the evergreen connections between literature and life, celebrating the ways in which books help us grow, heal, and find balance in a world that often feels chaotic.

### The Poetry of Everyday Moments

Everyday life is full of poetic moments waiting to be uncovered. Whether it is the quiet stillness of dawn, the whispered secrets between old friends, or the simple act of brewing a cup of tea?these moments carry the essence of stories. Through thoughtful reflections, and literary discussions, SJ Sangeetha

Literature delve into the poetry of the mundane,  
showing how literature teaches us to see beauty in  
the smallest details.

### Navigating Life through Literature

Books are more than just stories; they are maps  
guiding us through the landscapes of our lives.  
From the lessons of classic novels to the insights of  
contemporary fiction, literature offers us a way to  
navigate the complexities of our emotions,  
relationships, and aspirations.

MY readers are my cheer leaders. Welcome to my  
Digital Lake of Literature.

FATHER : G.SASIDHARAN NAIR

MOTHER : JAYASREE.K.R

SPOUSE : PROMOD.S

DAUGHTER: SNIGDHAA PROMOD

SIBLING(ELDER BROTHER& AUTHOR): SAJITH  
NAIR

## summary

A NEW BEGINNING !

ON THE LAP OF KILIMANJARO !

OH MARIANA !

SOFTT VOICE OF EXTRICATION

DARKNESS AND FIRE

Deadly Spread ?IVY and MENDACITIES??

13 SECONDS

## **A NEW BEGINNING !**

### ***The ever-cherishing...***

*View of the panoramic blue hills  
The melodious tone of a Thrush  
A glimpse of a distant horizon  
The sight of clouds kissing the sky.*

### ***The Panache of...***

*Lovers weaving the dream web  
The demanding depths of a mountain-pass  
The luxuriant foliage  
The sparkly stars in the pitch-black skies  
The sharpest gaze at the infinite.*

### ***It is a desire...***

*To descend the hours of hardship  
To sightsee a palmy garden  
To feel the caressing north wind afar  
To recreate the defunct fauna and flora  
To sense the aroma of Bethlehem Lily.*

### ***Must care take ...***

*The emotions swinging in the sky canoe.  
To mouth shut the gamut of harsh words  
To augment the woe of parted love  
To fill the voids with the right choice and  
To put off rage, a forest fire in action!*

### ***Exquisite is...***

*The unheard song from the unknown  
The illusion is craving for an Oasis.  
The reality, time plunging into an hourglass.*

*Afar, a new beginning undoes.*

*The sunrise, twilight and nightfall, the viewers!*



## ON THE LAP OF KILIMANJARO !

Beneath the pall of Kilimanjaro's might,  
A tale unfolds in masks of day and night.  
The swollen clouds, with cyclones bold,  
Drizzle tales of life, yet death they hold.  
Rivers spring from the glacier's spirit,  
Threads of silver, life's purest fine art.  
Yet whispers of tribes in shadows breed,  
In their psalm, the mountain's cryptic drift.  
A girl of charm, Miona, her name,  
With eyes like stars, a dancing flame.  
Her mirth danced like streams below,  
Yet her heart bore secrets no man could see.  
Two men wanted her love, robust and true,  
One a warrior, heart as morning dew,  
The other, a vagrant with reveries untold,  
Each craving her heart's depths to reveal.  
Tiago, the warrior, stood firm and proud,  
His voice alike rumble in the swollen cloud.  
But Kioni, the dreamer, sang with the waft,  
A descant soft that set hearts at comfort.  
The triangle twirled beneath the sky's ire,  
As Kilimanjaro watched with arctic fire.  
Miona's heart, torn by love's vicious hand,  
Yet fate tattered the threads they'd designed.  
One squally night, the mountain awoke,  
With snarling winds and skies that bust.  
Tiago and Kioni, in fury and cacophony,  
Mounted to her refuge, where clouds abridged  
At the glacier's edge, realities were laid austere,  
Miona discovered her soul's anguish:  
"I am of the mountain, its breath and melody,  
To choose but one would be solely wrong."

She dove, not to fall, but to upsurge,  
Her form melted in the stormy skies.  
The mountain embraced her, its perpetual bride,  
Leaving the men to mourn by its side.

Now Kilimanjaro attires her face,  
In each shadowed cranny, her numinous grace.  
Its glaciers whisper of love so intense,  
And the hearts it broke beneath its summit.  
Life springs tranquil from its icy veins,  
Yet death shows vast in its torrent reigns.  
The mountain watches, eternal and majestic,  
Its secrecies etched by nature's hand.  
For Miona, the harbinger of peace and conflict,  
Is both water's love and the scalpel of life.

## **OH MARIANA !**

**OH MARIANA!**

**Below the Pacific's cerulean veil,  
lies the Mariana Trench, a whispered saga.  
A chasm vast, where the light won't tread,  
Where secrets lodge in silence wed.  
Its walls are cloaked in infinite night,  
a labyrinth unknown, bereft of sight.  
Creatures of shadow and bioluminescent light,  
Boom where pressure crushes all we know.  
Much like the trench, a soul can sink,  
to depths unseen where few would think.  
A maze of thoughts, a fathomless marine,  
Where echoes of pain and beauty verdict.  
In the human heart, a bayou resides,  
where joy and sorrow together abide.  
Memories like silt on the ocean base,  
Layered, pressed, and yearning for more.  
The pressure of life, like the ocean's weight,  
Shapes us, bends us, and seals our fortune.  
Yet even in the deepest dejection,  
a flicker of hope can shine there.  
The trench and the heart share a creed,  
to endure the darkness, to still proceed.  
For in those depths, a strength is born,  
like fragile corals weathering the squall.  
Oh, Mariana, a mirror you are,  
of the human spirit's rigid star.  
In your void lies a truth deep,  
that in silence, resilience is found.  
So, let us dive into life's subterranean blue,  
to cuddle the shadows and find what's true.  
For like the trench, we too can divulge,  
A cryptic vast, a beauty surreal.**

**S.J SANGEETHA**

## SOFTT VOICE OF EXTRICATION

In urban shadows, where desire burns bright,  
Her veins pulse with chemicals hug,  
Each lovers touch- a fleeting flight,  
Addictions dance across her fractured charm.  
Dismal nights and neon-bleeding nightmares,  
Men drift like smolder through her trembling hands,  
Attachment's mesh of transitory extremes,  
Where passion crash on banned sands.  
Unconscious empire- a conjectural scene,  
Where woe melted in silent light,  
A disciple's whisper breaks the canopy,  
Awakening cascades with acumen's might.  
Beyond the mayhem, 'Dharma' softly heaps  
Redemption- where the injured spirit breathes.

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## DARKNESS AND FIRE

**S.J.SANGEETHA**

**Darkness** spreads fast like wild fire at night,  
The full moon, so benign, showers its light.

A **frosty** fragrance tickles the young night  
And a sudden lightning scratches her breast!

The **young** night asks the streak of light,  
"Without my consent, why you touched my heart?"

A question, un-answered hung in tranquil chill  
The **moon** stood witness, lone and still.

The darkness murmurs to her-self  
"The **blitzkrieg** burns me and cast a spell,

Yet the **sheets** of darkness fall itself  
Trees and beasts slumber, while I remain awake!"

Fiery **fire ball** rolls to her fast  
"Who are you?" asks she, in fright.

"Friends forever we are "answers "don't panic!"  
We play an **eternal** game in cosmic wheel

And will remain together, as if in spell  
I will **paint** bright pictures on you

And light the lamp of eternal love"  
The **fiery** flame loses its power

In twilight, they stood still, together.  
The **radiant** dawn with rosy hues

Paints a brilliant picture in expanse  
The **shadows and flames** stood hand in hand,

In the canvass of **time**, they both expand!

## Deadly Spread ?IVY and MENDACITIES??

Scrolling silages like poison leaves unfurled  
This viral brash that crawls across my world  
Lowe key watching trends that itch and expand  
Half-truth dancing in my head  
Tiktok algorithms slay just like these lianas,  
OneTouch can elicit what nobody defines  
Hashtags scorching faster than skin's reaction.  
Instagram tales climbing wall to wall,  
Fake news mutating-watch how gossips crawl  
Each share hits dissimilar, each repost a bite  
Collusion thrives bloom without a care  
Diffusing roots of bedlam everywhere  
No sieve blocks the venoms of this game  
But listen up: this digital sickness  
Twigs reaching like mulish social interactions that won't quit  
Nature's defense mechanism copies my own shielding walls  
Why do plants have more respect than teenage visions?  
# Plant life untiringly lesson about consent and personal space  
Roots mining deeper than my therapy sittings could explore  
Each sore a testimony of boundaries ruthless crossed  
Wilderness whispering secrets about survival and silent struggle  
Autumn winds will strip these lethal links away  
Learning that endurance isn't about perfect defense, but revision  
Poison ivy: nature's unfiltered cue of resilient reality.  
We're all just growing, sometimes worryingly, sometimes exquisitely!



## 13 SECONDS

Spells of broken slumber embrace often,  
    May be the winter's cool drowsiness!

Efforts to reach the branches of sleep  
As if a female chimpanzee's fancy!

    Oscillating between the trees of Amazon  
    Rain forests, she heard a heinous 'hiss-hiss'

And felt a nauseating odour too!  
Is it the nine-headed poisonous snake?

'**Lernaean Hydra**' of Greek legends?  
    Didn't the brave hero Hercules kill him?

    Next moment that horrible snake  
Hissed and sprayed poison onto her.

Yelled aloud her 'oh! Mom!' and-  
    Opened her eyes 'Oh! I'm not dead!'

    It was again the uninvited villain "Seizure".  
Not any poisonous spray from snake!

Only the water sprinkled by Mom,  
    To wake her up '**Tick, Tick**' **13 seconds!**

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