

The Cry

A Collection of Poems

Edited by

Niyas S.M.

Assistant Professor

Department of English

T.K.M. College of Arts and Science

The Cry

A Collection of Poems

Editor: Niyas S.M.

Editorial Advisory Panel

Murukan Kattakada and Dr. M.N. Kaarashery

Coordinating Editor: Akash B Ashok

First Impression:

Illustration and Cover Design: Sreevindhath V.B.

Lay out: Joyesh Johnson

Printed at: Print Out, Kollam

**Publishers: Literary Club, T.K.M. College of Arts and
Science**

All rights reserved. This work may not be copied in whole or in part without the written permission of the publisher except for brief excerpts in connection with reviews or scholarly analysis.

Nature

Twilight meditates
upon the silent mountain
like a monk secluded.
(Joyesh Johnson)

The touch of the raising sun
blushed in blood
the cheeks of dawn.
(Joyesh Johnson)

It is autumn
shed its eyes
the tree is blind.
(Joyesh Johnson)

The old well
inside the house
craving for the clouds.
(Joyesh Johnson)

Tired of playing
a dew drop sleeps
at the heart of a leaf.

(Joyesh Johnson)

Glowworms at night
stars coming down
to visit earth.

(Remya S.R.)

The glowworm from the sun
trapped in dark keyhole
mates with darkness.

(Remya S.R.)

Snakes from the sea
creeping with raised hoods
die at the sand.

(Remya S.R.)

Everything flies
in the vicious wind
over the sea and tree.

(Elizabeth Joseph)

The dog barks
seeing his master
in the wild graveyard.

(Elizabeth Joseph)

The sound of crickets ceased
and the night
fell asleep.

(Akash B.Ashok)

Light and darkness
mating behind the tree,
flowers hid eyes in leaves.

(Akash B.Ashok)

At last died these roots
seeking the lost monsoon
in the endless depth.

(Akash B.Ashok)

The icy rain hits down
through the rose petals.

The soil below is red.

Akash B.Ashok)

The wet moonlight
in the heavy rain
sheltered under the plantain leaf

(Sreevind Nath V.B.)

The white cat
eating darkness
in the moonless night.

(Elizabeth Joseph)

One more arid eagle
slakes its thirst
pecking the innocent clouds.

(Elizabeth Joseph)

The ants pulled me
into their cave.
Oh! How big the world outside.

(Remya S.R.)

Cool breeze,
rose kisses hibiscus,
fallen petals on the pond.

(Muhammed Shafi M.S.)

Glitzy butterflies
taste honey from the digs
in the festive spring.

(Sreevind Nath V.B.)

Fingers of the wind
fondles the silent pond
in the verdant gloom of the tree.
(Sreevind Nath V.B.)

I saw a red rose.
My mate said it was blue.
But the rose said it just bloomed.
(Remya S.R.)

The broken pieces of moon
swinging in the waves
eaten by the whale.
(Joyesh Johnson)

The freedom of the kite
guiled by the wind
caught in the bamboo barbs.
(Akash B.Ashok)

The child wakes up
in the garden of dawn
among the snake-bitten apples.

(Akash B.Ashok)

The lone cross
in the lonely graveyard
licked by the serpent.

(Akash B.Ashok)

The land of darkness
shines at night
and awakes in fire.

(Joyesh Johnson)

Hiding darkness in hand,
the vamping twilight
flirts with the day

(Remya S.R.)

The wind
untied from the trees
hugged the water.
(Aakash B Ashok)

The cunning spider
builds a brittle bridge
in the lonely night.
(Akash B.Ashok)

A dead star buried deep
in the crystal pond
fishes around to mourn.
(Akash B.Ashok)

The sun
confined in the dew drop
struggles to escape.
(Remya S.R.)

The handsome light
sifts through the keyhole
to meet darkness.
(Elizabeth Joseph)

The lord sleeps
under the bloomed tree
listening to his own flute song.
(Elizabeth Joseph)

The tired eyes of the child
swing to and fro.
Sleep takes his soul.
(Elizabeth Joseph)

The last breath and death
vying on the body
while a mosquito sucks blood.
(Sreevindhath VB)

The half-moon on my nail
smiles again and
begs me not to make it pale.
(Remya S.R.)

Love

Half closed eyes of beloved
in the window pane
sleepless nightingale at the tree top.
(Muhammed Shafi M.S.)

My glass pane covered in dust
shows not your face
though lying by my side.
(Remya S.R.)

You and me
like earth and the sky
so close and so far.

(Remya S.R.)

Holding a knife
the woman in the wood
waits for love.

(Joyesh Johnson)

My love is a frozen mountain.
Don't touch it dear
as I fear my flood.

(Muhammed Shafi M.S.)

My loosening hair
longs his love
in pitch darkness.

(Athira A.)

A broken bangle
among the fallen flowers-
my first love.

(Remya S.R.)

Two insane ants
out of the clan
kiss at night.

(Remya SR)



Contemporary Society

Students dissect
the hacked hand of the teacher
in the anatomy class
(Akash B.Ashok)

A migrating bird leaves
my room at night
patting its wounded feather.
(Muhammed Shafi M.S.)

The dark girl eats
from the leavings of yesterday
and yonder a beef fest.
(Remya S.R.)

The cry from the wilderness
unheeded by the crown
faded among the trees
(Sreevindnath V.B.)

Beetles swarm around
the painting of the lotus
placed in my flat.
(Athira A.)

Dressed as a man,
a monkey smiles
looking at the mirror.
(Sreevindnath VB)

Memory

A day off, silence,
the old school ground,
a dead fish delves deep in memory.

(Jinu Johnson)

The raft of memory
again and again rowed back
seeking the lost kiss.

(Akash B.Ashok)

Mind goes through
the dark book of memory
you gifted me once.

(Jinu Johnson)

Men in Suits

Akash B.Ashok

Second B.A. English

Men in suits
in air-conditioned rooms
surfing on the web
and pawned their wit
to the so called Intelligence.

Men in suits
live on data,
eat up files
and feeding on people who wear veils
and who have eastern names.

Men in suits
ship their troops
and their cooked up stories
of plunder and loot

across seas to these eastern lands
and take away people's life and freedom.

Men in suits
invade the third world.
They choke, dictate
push and betray and
shoved away their sense of care and vulnerability.
They fight against whole humanity
with a psyche of enmity;
Enmity, sown and grown in us
by the men in fancy suits.

The Unresolved Question

Akash B.Ashok

Second B.A. English

I am a Dalit

yet I have two hands.

I am a Sudra

yet I have red blood.

I am a scheduled

yet I have five senses.

I am black

yet I shed tears.

I clean latrines

yet I have thoughts.

I am a migrant

yet I have my life.

I am an orphan

yet I have dreams.

I am a child
not yet walking
and not yet standing.
I am an Indian.
I am human.
Then why am I killed?



You

Aiswarya Vijayan

First B.A. English

The whining clouds and your greyish eyes
make my heart so much moist.

It is enough for the dormant seed of love
to anchor its roots in my flinty soul.

Your smiling warms me well
under the whining clouds in the frosty path.
It makes my frozen life melt into
an endless ocean of rose petals.

The lone path where I stood with grief
in the autumn days with fallen leaves
has now changed with the budding flowers
in the spring days and you by my side.

I was in pain throughout life
like a pond during winter cold.
Frozen like a rock with no life at all
but with an alive melancholic heart.

I waited for the warm summer
singing the agonic symphony of life.
You came as the warmest of all
to give me beat, the pulse of life.

Now the winter with snow crystals
is not at all bitter cold and frost.
Now it is the sweetest of all
for you are here to be with me.

My Dream

Honey Raj T.S.

First B.A. English

Dream, dream

I have a dream.

How can I build up

as my dream ends?

Sometimes in my dream

a tiger mastering me

and gives a question mark,

a rapture

I don't want to end.

Sometimes in my dream

a prince galloping on a horse.

But still I don't know

Why the witch lanced him.

Sometimes a garden in my dream.

Two naked souls roaming there.

I don't know which serpent

sneaking in the grassland

irked the pond.

Now it is an endless river.



The Lion

Aaysha Humayoon Kabeer

First M.A. English

With its gnawing teeth
and desire for meat,
it seized her;
the voiceless being,
the soulless being.

But why should I bother?

It is 'she'
and not 'me'.

With ravaging revenge,
it seized the man
from the dining table;
the helpless being.

But why should I bother?

It is 'he'
and not 'me'.

With its inextinguishable fury
and sovereign power,
it seized the little kid
from being alive.

But why should I bother?
It is the poor child
and not 'me'.

One day
with its pricking paws,
it took me from my sleep.
and asked me to sing a song.

Oh King
Thou art mighty, superior and strong.
Thou art beyond suspicion.
We shall surrender.
We shall solemnize thy will.

Dare we shall not
to question thee.
Write we shall not,
nor read.
Paint we shall not,
nor sing
except to please thee.
Thy wrath is our death.
So simple it is;
we shall obey thee,
stay away from thy dislikes
that I keep doing.
But now I am blind.

Freedom

Sreevindnath V.B.

Second B.Sc. Botany

When last on the courtyard
bloomed the *vaaka* tree,
we wanted to be free.

Out of the walls
not cowed down by long batons.

Someone among us said
“careful, be careful
THE BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING US.”
Through the hidden camera,
through the window pane,
through the bathroom hole
THE BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING US.

Where to hide?
How to escape execution?
Already thawed
our Icarus wings.

We ran
helter-skelter
to find a shelter.
We couldn't go in the church,

a livid dog its gate keeper.

Espied at last

an unlocked room,

nobody in, so quiet.

But like a mouse trap

it bolted.

It was the same room

we left.

See

Two EYES

still watching us.

Brave

Akash B.Ashok

Second B.A. English

Suddenly we were ambushed.

One bullet cut its way

through my sergeant's neck.

Blood seeped out the carcass

and went its way down.

We caught alive one soldier.

We did our math and
for better sake took him out.

Through his one eye the bullet went
and through the other his life out.

We marched on.

Town after town we gained
and troop after troop we lost.

Life for land we paid
and paid our debt
like every man does.

We burnt some
and crushed some,
some were stacked against walls,
some were taken in trucks,
but to the same earth
they all went.

They sold us their life,
wives, kids and livestock.
Some women cried
and some succumbed
not for lust but for scary love.

All at last
the question was-
were we BRAVE?

The Last Cry

Arya Krishnan J.
First B.Com Finance

I
From the womb
to my mother's flowery lap
I have dropped down.
Oh' mother, You taught me

to cry and wipe tears.
Patting with cool breeze,
you made me sleep.

I cried aloud
unaware of days and nights
that wound your greenly body.

Now you are crying again,
but nobody to listen.
Tears ooze down from the tree stumps.

Cried and cried
tears of the river dried out.

The sea seething
unveiled its anger.

Now you are a dice,
a mere dice for your sons
to play with;
a ravished woman tries to cover.

With immense grief,

you are knocking doors
one after another.
But no sons there
to heed your sobs
and it hurts my heart.

You still cry
deeming about your sons
under the bare tree
not blessed by spring.

No stars to kindle the path.
Simmering blood flowing
from the burning eyes.
Fire of life getting weak,
almost dying,
but still your beats
beckon the sons.

||

Your feeble flame fades,

Your last leaf falls,
last drop scatters
and last cry dies
at the west where your tomb lies.

My Mother

Ajmal S.

Second B.A. Islamic History

Overflowing with love
this angel in the house.
Always sings lullabies soft and calm
but knows not public speeches
and how to dispute.

She is lovely and
a close friend of kitchen cage,
but knows not
flowers and trees outdoor.

My mother's love
I know so sincere
but knows not the guile
of Lady Macbeth, and so
not taking me at the ladder's top.

Mother is God
only inside the *puja* room,
and never take her out
she may be defiled.

The Forgotten Flower

Devika Dileep

First M.A. English

At last

the first bud bloomed

in my garden.

Many veins run helter skelter

in happiness.

Many suns and moons

went through my garden
to see the full flower.
It grew in some corner
unseen, unfamiliar, weird
and hence free.

It wilted not, fallen not,
but still I don't know
why my previous births
tied to it so snugly,
so close to the soul of my soul.

One day
the fingers of my left hand
turned to leaves
and dripping leafy juice.
My right hand is so powerful.
But it cannot pluck the leaves
taking root in my ears and head
and impossible to take away
the petals bloomed at the eye lids.

Hush! Somebody comes to ruin my garden;

my heart sobs in a breeze.

I could not say “No”

as words hid in fears.

I lost

my leaves, petals and roots.

My eyes filled

looking at the unbloomed stalk.

The petals I kept in my book

melted with the paper.

Forgotten?



The Cry

Aaysha Humayoon Kabeer

First M.A.English

I

CRY

I shall!

For tears never demean,
nor insult and belittle.

You may freeze

in its chill or
burn in its heat.

SMILE

I shall not,
a mere lip exercise
for it feigns joy.

Cause of grief

I know not.

Not an inborn grief
but gifted by the world.

I am not able to decipher,
nor can I comprehend,
for I was made so.

Yet one thing I know
(and that is) my heart is heavy.

So I shall cry,
a roaring to change myself.

What is this voice inside my own room?
so bizarre.

II

Nay, never follow the feet
leading to the wilderness,
but rule.

Be a monarch of all you survey.

Regain, regain

cry again

to get at yourself.

Like a child

your cry is your weapon.

Cry to create a tear flood,

cry to reign,

cry to protect,

cry to come out of the veils

cry to block bullets,

cry to veer fifty one stabs,

cry to frighten him

when he undrapes you

after the insidious game.

Not a lotus-eater you are;

your body cries
and a fire emanates.

In the Cave

Mukthi M.V.

Second M.A.English

My hopes are fading away.
who pulled me to this dark cave?
Without doors and windows
and no flash of light.

Unaware I am
of the seasons passed,
the noise of boots
and not heard her helpless cry.

Hurting and teasing,
the past tells my weakness.
Locked from all sides
my forward journey impeded.
My own tears
slakes my thirst.

I cried loudly and loudly
to resist the cave.
I cried loudly and loudly
for my own existence.
And as I cried
I feel I am alive.

My Devotion to Melody

Arsha Raj

First M.A English.

She came leisurely like a breath
to dwell slowly in my soul.

She calmly captured my jovial spirit
to spread her blissful passion.

Days passed without any haste
as I silently continued my escapism.

But one day, though prisoned and roughly tied,
I felt delighted in a resonating melody.

I moved to the mirror, found my twin
and asked her what happened to me.
My twin, in an impressive mood,
responded in an exotic language.

My twin's response surprised me.
I couldn't get the real picture,
but only her imperfect melody in mind.
And I started loving that imperfection.

She found ease in my company
and I issued an invitation to her world.
Our relation now is blushed and affectionate
and I fell deeply in love with her.

Yes, she is my soul mate,
the inspiring kindred spirit

playing symphony with my soul.

She is the music, my all and all.

She taught me, loved me, nourished me
and even my shadow always adhered to her.

I find its roots on the hills.

I don't need highness, but only her presence.

Flying against the Wind

Aaysha Humayoon Kabeer

First M.A.English

The wind blows swiftly
in the early morning hours
fondling my gray hairs.
the leaves live their last moments
and fall like birthday crackers.

again the wind blows
plucking the leaves

both young and old.

it was in yesterday
they say
the wind had taken
an old man to the skies.

when the wind comes
you cannot close
your doors and windows.

invisible,
it is inside my room
tearing the clothes.
it is inside
and you can feel
the wild hysteria of the wind
imposing what it has.

can you win
this hide and seek game against the wind?

Again the wind blows swiftly.
But now I have become a BIRD
flying against the wind.
My wings create wind.