

TREASURED UNFORGETTABLE MOMENTS

Through my insight album,
I flash in my inward eyes;
The treasured moments of my life,
It flows in a consecutive way,
From childhood to adult,
And remain in my heart, with no refer-
ence needed,

From time to time I open it up,
To recall and retrieve the
moments,
Tied up and kept
safe,

Some are happiest in life,
Others full of sorrow with much heart
pains,
Still I treasure them as it's,
From births to deaths,
Some thoughts bring up goose
bumps and tears,
Others tickle your heart with pleasure
and smile,
Two destinations of joy and hurt,
With tears and smiles.
These I'll carry to the grave,
To be shared in my dark mud room,
And lavish myself with these wonder-
ful moments,
Which I'll take with me,
And nothing else!

- M N KAIYOOM



Poverty ill-treats her family

At a bus stand so stinking
By a common sanitary-den
Lie a two member family, mother and son
Making her livelihood, begging
Husband a drunkard, to the needs of the family never attended
The Mother, daughter and son
Out of home, stepped out, one dark-night
When chased by the father-drunkard away from home
Mother so vigilant, knowing the oncoming-disaster
Of her daughter – So pretty, went to a monastery in the hills
Met the Mother Superior, revealed the story-entire
Begged 'Her Honour' to nurture and bring the young blossoming
– buet-up
In the best possible manner she could
With a heavy heart, leaving the young-blood beside an Angel
She left the monastery promising never to come again
Today a lovely looking flower which has been blossomed
A damsel of twenty in her age, creature of budding grace
Mother took in-charge of her – own son,
her own flesh and blood
Clasping and embracing they sleep at nights in the bus-stand.
The boy now is school attending-age
But both of them have to spend sleepless-nights at times
From becoming a prey to the brutish-hooligans,
the sex hungers
The hard-hearted wretched
Yet the firm determination of the mother is golden
To educate her own son in the best possible manner
It's an example for every mother
Such mothers of gallant in outlook are urgently needed
To build up our healthy-Nation
The beggar-Mother never blames the male-members
for their-unusual-behaviour
She blames her own kind, the women
For having looked down upon her and her child
As street-woman and child-she weeps for such garrulous
– talks of women
Without knowing the true-story

- Dharma Kaviraj

The flame



The moth fluttered near the lighted lamp
The flickering flame dancing in between,
Come into my arms dear moth sighed the
flame
I will not harm you it softly said.
The moth danced and flew higher turning
round and round.
Its beckoning me she proudly thought,
I will show you my colors, you wait and see;
The flame watched her with longing ardor,
You have no escape my dear little moth,
Yes, the heat is unbearable, its little wings
are gone,
Now in captivity, no escape, crushed by the
wicked flame.

- Yasmin Jaldin



This human condition

These trees I saw yester-year, and in years before,
Have now changed, conforming to nature's primal law.
And, passing beneath them, my weary, way-worn feet.
Tread upon these heaps of rustling leaves, strewn around.
Some, fading-yellow, still, yet others, darkening brown.
Earth-coloured, closer to earth, they'll be one with, soon.
From which universal mother's womb, they all have
sprung.
But, weren't these the same leaves I saw the year before?
Dancing with joy in the golden morning sun, high
Upon the boughs, swaying in the morning breezes.
Seen as buds, born the week before, growing green,
Yielding to mother tree, the vital breath of life
To keep her growing strong, soaring high and skyward,
Amidst constant changes, to renewal leading
Age following youth, and youth, changing into age,
Year in, year out, keeping nature's endless cycle.
But, not so is this, in the life of hapless man,
For him, his spring, his time of growth and youth, must
end,
When once gone, to ne'er return, with no renewal,
Years gather upon other years, to mar his youth,
Driving him to slow, but yet, remorseless decay
Doddering old age, bereft of hearing, sight, strength,
Shunned by all, except the graveyard's welcoming pit.

- M B Mathmaluwe

The feline VAGABOND

This Stray Cat,
Is stubby and fat.
He likes to eat, raw rats,
As a matter of fact.
He cries, 'MEOW',
When he wants, some milk.
His coat, is white,
Fluffy and light.
He is Born Lazy and
Half Crazy.
He sleeps all day and
Hunts at night.
His eyes are shiny and bright,
He shuns strong light.
He romps 'n dance and
Sprints after mice.
He gallivants all over
The neighbourhood,
Looking for food and
Is misunderstood.
He's chased out
From every house,
Where there's a grouse,
A gainst, 'Cat and Mouse'!
It's a great pity,
If he gets lost,
In the big city,
Without sympathy!
There's no one, to Care,
For a Cat, so fair,.....
With a coat, full of
Snow white hair,
Like that, of a Polar Bear!

- Mohan Lal de Mel



***Tis my faith that every
flower Enjoys the air it breathes!***
**- William Wordsworth,
Lines Written in Early Spring,
Lyrical Ballads, 1798**