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FOREWORD

I consider it my fortuitous and fortunate occasion of privilege and memorable opportunity to write a foreword to poetical collections titled, “In Golden Moments” by S.L. Peeran. S.L. Peeran’s “In Golden Moments” comprising 103 poems indeed is a compendium of his profound observation of so much of wide themes such as Love, Death, Sleep, Penury, Loneliness, Isolation, Ennui, God, Godliness, etc. At a time when materialism is rampant, selfishness is taking luminous proportions, S.L. Peeran, analyses in a lucid manner simultaneously the crude stark realities perpetrated by the stigma of the society on the down-trodden and oppressed;

“Life is meaningless for the wretched!
 They lack sense and strength to fight or revolt
 Multitudes suffer with them, parched
 None possesses a will to change or to bolt” (“Chill Penury and Poverty”)

His poems bring to light avidly the poet’s keen sense of observation, which lead to sententious remarks.

..... “But black deeds of evil men, leave no trace”.

Elsewhere S.L. Peeran reiterates, “With the Maker of the man having the last say”, when in this world, caught in the quagmire of untold suffering and agonizing moments, a true-friend should save us from perdition. His poem

“Friendship” emphasizes not merely the sanguine points of true friendship but also paves the way for attaining “the zenith of inner peace”.

In this war-torn modern world, man is perpetually at longerheads within his own self. A thorough study of man is imperative and inevitable at this juncture. His poems titled, “Man the destroyer”, “Man’s existence”, have revealed how best the noted poet could at once observe and study human nature at its best, exposing the human follies of the existential dilemma into man is ensnared, as a result of the collapse of the mortal values.

“You, a destroyer of values, customs, ethics, and morals
A volcano from Mother Earth erupting”

With my poetic association with S.L. Peeran in many poetry workshops, I can safely vouchsafe that he is not only a well-established poet, widely published and anthologized, despite his busy schedule in holding a responsible post, but also a forthright, cultured person of refined manners. He has proved the dictum, ‘style is the man’. His own words ... from his poem, “A Good Company”,

“Your deep culture of kind words
Were like a pure running stream
To soothe my senses and cool
My eyes and enlighten my soul”

.... Are a clear manifesto of his attitude and deportment.

Some of his poems, “A man of Patience”, “A Citizen of the World”, “A person par excellence” --- serve as a contrast to the numbers “A Satan” and “Future

Talk”. On the whole philosophy is ingrained in his poems which reveal the time-bounded saying, for the confused, bemused beings:

“Faith in yourselves, faith in
Goodness, faith that you
Can change and change for better.

On the whole, “In Golden Moments”, with a wider range of themes, with most of the poems in rhyming structure, mostly bereft of imagery, leaves ample testimony to the fact that each and every word in every poem is the best offshoot of his poetic interaction “In Golden Moments”. The book should transcend the barriers of time, I wish the poet all success. The book will find a permanent place in the annals of English literature.

Dr. (Mrs.) S. Radhamani

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PREFACE

I have a great pleasure in presenting to poets and general readers my second collection of poems “In Golden Moments”. Infact, the selected poems from the entire work was published initially as my first work, “In Golden Times”, with a foreword penned by illustrious Dr.Krishna Srinivas. Dr.Krishna Srinivas had the privilege of going through the consolidated manuscripts, before penning his foreword which has been included in “In Golden Times”

In his foreword, Dr.Krishna Srinivas had these words to say about my humble collection:-

“Like Blake, Peeran sees the world in a grain of sand and Eternity in an hour”.

An administrator lispig in numbers may sound strange but Muse in Peeran has blossomed into many-splendoured exuberance in this collection of poems – IN GOLDEN TIMES.

Every moment of Time is a mountain, invisible, magical realities beyond our senses, float out of the unconscious, when the boundaries between the self and world are crossed. It opens expanded moments. The poet dives into these moments – one with nature, its darkness and mystery. Thus poems gleam as magical chalices, reality winking at the brim. Here in this collection, there is self-discovery, new ground to liberate emotions”.

Again he has obeserved: “Tailhard de chardin stresses that the greatest blessing of the poet is to have the sublime unity of God to save the world. Poet Peeran has the concrete

immensity of the far beyond. He ascends to higher spiritual planes, developing concentration of thought, increasing power of mind and gaining ecstasy which entails unity with every thing. In this noble task, Peeran attains unique crispness of language and classical gems like “TOTAL SURRENDER” reaches a peak of perfection.

“With deep devotion, I burn the candle
Of my life, at His feet in total surrender
I have no complains, demands, compulsions,
No grievances, grief, or pain.
Undoubtedly, I am captured by HIM”.

He writes HAIKU AND TANKA with illumined vision. There is inner vibrancy, a matchless verbal incantation in his lyrics! They gleam as flames, intense and fine. They have visible brilliance. They have deep poignancy. And there is passionate naturalness in all he writes.”

My poetry began on the New Year eve of 1998 just before the completion of the year 1997. Though to pen poems at the age of 48 years looks quite odd, however, my interest in the English poetry, as well as in Urdu and Persian poetry was immense from my college days. English literature was not my special subject in my college, yet, I had the privilege to study at St. Joseph’s College, Bangalore, where my Professors of English and Urdu filled in my bosom a deep and abiding interest in the English and Urdu poetry. My sufistic background helped me to understand sufistic and mystical poetry. My great grand father and my ancestors were all Sufis and had penned large collections of poetical works in Persian and Urdu. With this background and with my sufistic thoughts, enthused by my “guides”, (“peers” in Sufi terminology) i.e. Sufi teachers and saints, the inner

emotional feelings had a sudden and spontaneous outburst initially in the form of Urdu poetry. Later, I started composing poems in my second language, English, to express more clearly my thoughts and feelings.

My first work “In Golden Times” has been reviewed favourably. This encouraged me to publish my third collection “A Search from Within” through my publisher Mr. Mandel Bijoy Beg Editor “GreenLotus”. I have distributed the same to my poet friends, publishers and journals and hope for its critical appreciation.

The poems which had formed part of my first work, that is, “In Golden Times”, is now emerging out as “In Golden Moments”. I am fortunate to have associated with ‘Poets foundation’ of Chennai chapter and found occasions to read my poems in its monthly meetings. I got acquainted during poetry workshops with Dr. (Mrs.) S. Radhamani, Prof. of English, Pachaiyappa’s College, Chennai and a poetess in her own right, having published three remarkable works, which has received critical acclaim.

Dr. (Mrs.) Radhamani was kind enough to accept my request to pen a foreword, for which I am deeply grateful.

Dr. Krishna Srinivas has devoted his entire life for the cause of “Indian English Poetry” for the last 42 years and he is our leader and now acknowledged world over for his services to English poetry. Unhesitatingly, he accepted my manuscripts for penning his foreword, without even having known me or even

having published a single poem in his esteem journal 'POET'. It speaks volumes of his broad-mindedness, devotion and large heartedness to encourage and discover new talents. I had the good fortune to get released my first work "In Golden Times", through his behest from the hands of Dr. A. Padmanaban, former Governor of Mizoram on the "World Poetry Day" celebrated by World Poetry Society on 4th March, 2001, on which day Dr. Krishna Srinivas was honoured with the award of "Poet of the century". I had the privilege to read my poem "Beauty in Stone", which was well received and appreciated by the audience.

My regards to Dr. M. Fakhruddin, Editor 'Poets International', Bangalore, for encouraging me by accepting my poems; for publication in his esteem journal. He has been a guide and a torch bearer for umpteen Poets and has published a large number of their works and enriched "Indian English Poetry".

Dr. (Mrs.) H. Tulsi, Editor Met Verse Muse" has been acknowledged both in India and in England as "Leader of the Renaissance Movement". Despite her ill-health, she has been dedicating her services in bringing out a bi-annual comprising of more than 300 poems contributed by Poets from world over. She encouraged me by accepting my poems. Not just that, but added her golden gleam and "Midas touch" to my first collection.

Due to the benign help and encouragement received by me from these three stalwarts, I am dedicating this work to all the three great personalities, who have now etched out a permanent place in the annals of "Indian English Poetry".

I have to again seek apology of poets and readers in case they find my humble work falling short of syntax. The present work “In Golden Moments”, did not have the good fortune to have a golden touch and edition from Dr.(Mrs.) H. Tulsi.

My fond love to my parents, grand parents, parents-in-law, brothers, sisters, wife and children is boundless, for they have supported me through out my endeavours.

I wish to place my regards to Dr. Gordon Hindley, British poet, who has lived in India for considerable part and spent his time in Bangalore and England, for having chosen three of my poems for presentation in the seminar held by “Poet International” at Bangalore during March, 2001.

I am also grateful to reviewers for reviewing my work.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

WONDER WHITE

Glittering white clothes in summer shine.
Crystal clear water shakes dust and stain.
Makes it spotlessly clean, with aroma,
Like a heaven's ray of light serene.

Uniformed sailors in glistening white.
Marching past, to watch, is a glorious sight.
Glowing art, to create wondrous act.
To keep us all in a harmonious pact.

Wearer of white looks always fine.
To display sheer beauty every time.
Forget not the humble washerman,
Who labours to make the white, sparkle!

CHENNAI

S.L.PEERAN

DEEP SLEEP

The dark recess of the night,
Leaves a silent mystery around.
Nature's activity takes to flight.
Deep Sleep everywhere abounds.

O Sleep! You are the elixir to troubled hearts.
Blanket of darkness balms their spirits.
Deep slumber plays its wonderful part,
Their sufferings recede, pain departs.

Dark nights, cold or warm, all year round.
Bring respite to soldiers and workers,
Upon their arms rest their heads on ground,
Seeks heaven's blessing on them to shower.

Nature at night dips in deep silence.
In complete rest they go in trance.
In meditation reach peace in penance,
But, black deeds of evil men leave no trace.

CHENNAI

S.L.PEERAN

- 3-

CHILL PENURY AND POVERTY

Sense of duty wakes up one from slumber.
 With drowsy eyes, heavy head, parching tongue;
 Tossing in bed gets up, with a murmur,
 At dawn to carry out heavy loads of work.

The hut, is bereft of amenities,
 Gropes his way in dark for the call of nature.
 Dirty, unclean, sans water even for tea.
 Unblessed with luxuries of life.

With troubled-heart, severe aches or deep pain.
 He has to work, with diseases many.
 None to share his woes; to unburden his strain.
 He lives with half filled stomach, sans, money.

At his work place with hard labour groans
 He weeps in thunder, lightning sans light.
 Under cruel fate's burden he moans
 To bear all grudges, sans future bright .

Life is meaningless for the wretched !
 They lack sense and strength to fight or revolt
 Multitudes suffer with them, parched.
 None possesses a will to change or to bolt.

They merely yearn for a cozy bed at night fall,
 To sleep peacefully with stomach full,
 In hot summer, for cool breeze to blow,

To lessen griefs, seek relief from mosquitoes.

Zestful life eludes them; so also songs and mirth.

The evil eye casts a spell unbearable.

Can they hope to gain strength and girth.

Does the rich see their life miserable ?

The fine silk, refined clothes, jewellery shorn,

Bereft of joy, thrill of beauty of gem.

For all luxuries, they sigh and yearn !

Perfumes, fragrance and scents shun them.

With passion wild they dip in mire

With loose tongue, uttering profanity,

Bad mannered, infamy infused like fire.

They are men of strife and impetuosity.

In the impoverished poor rustic—

What is common in them is not so, in the rich,

Is chill penury a gift to perish ?

Does sorrow hold them in its grip tragic ?

The pangs of sufferings, pathos and grief ;

Disease, filth, and squalor surround them.

Trials and tribulations are long, not brief.

They succumb to die, unheard, unsung.

Is there any redemption for them?

Can love, care and charity from the rich –

Bring culture, harmony, progress to them?

To make their world, an abode of peace!

CHENNAI

S.L.PEERAN

- 4 -

A SOMBRE LIFE

The mourners were led past the mighty, who lies dead.
Women with white 'dupattas' over their head,
Some with black ones covering their gloomy face,
Looking for Lord's Mercy and His Grace.

Grim faced sentries stand in attention!
Still eerie silence fills the air.
An occasional cough, a choked voice
Disturbs the sombreness in the air.

Tragedy brings forth streaming tears,
The grief is overwhelming, beyond description –
Relatives wipe their eyes with white-kerchiefs;
For the death has struck their dear one.

The fragrance of sweet flowers fills the air;
The strong smell of 'agar' reminds of God the Holy,
Leaving grieving faces all around in solemnity.
Strangers look askance with bewildered looks!

The sad and melancholic music shakes the soul;
It brings forth grief and mourners are left dazed.
Does destiny hold the will of man in iron grip ?
For icy death breaks man's strength and grit!

Man is over indulgent with temper of strife.
Does God send messengers of death?
To remind erring man of His power
To make him realise about the meaning of life!

Life shakes the gay and puts them at bay.
The black shiny hair turns to grey.
The desire to live and enjoy life departs
With the Maker of man having the last say!

Chennai

S.L.Peeran.

- 5-

OLD AGE

The path of glory has a steady decline;
All that goes up has to come down one day;
The dazzling sun, on its descent loses its shine;
On reaching old age, man too withers away.

The erstwhile radiant face looks now forlorn,
All signs of beauty and youthfulness are gone.
Memory fades, his hands and legs tremble,
Sleep evades him, making him toss and tumble.

Death lingers, wearing many faces;
Every minute, a part of his youth is lost.
Life withdraws from him all its graces
And burdens him with medicines' cost.

Walking-stick is companion every morn:
Without it, he cannot take long walks
Nor enjoy, nature's scenes of dusk and dawn.
His friends no more meet him for long-drawn talks.

Searching faces appear every day
Just to guess how much longer he'll live.
"Die soon, allow us to get your wealth" they say!
Alas, old-age shakes man's age-old beliefs.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 6 -

A LONG-CHERISHED DESIRE

For long I had cherished a desire
To meet and mingle with your youth.
For, once a chance had passed me by
To look into your eyes and say "I love you".

That day had arrived a bit too late:
Your beauty had fled from your face.
With your wrinkles and eyes desolate,
Life had not left you any grace.

Oh! But is not love eternal?
Does beauty lie in mere looks ?
Shame on you for keeping external
Charms alone in your 'good books'.

The mingling of souls is a need indeed.
Their warm hug will darkness erase;
And make love's expression a good deed.
Let not evil eyes spot the embrace.

CHENNAI

S.L.PEERAN

- 7-

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is like a lily white,
Its fragrance is sweet like honey,
Lasting till times endless sight,
Flowing smoothly like a river;
Without asking from any one money.

Companions have in their bosom
Love aplenty and sun's generosity,
Shining on them tranquility of moon,
Vastness of an ocean for clarity.
Friendship enriches mind and soul.

You look for friends in light and shade.
To share joys, mirth and gaiety
To seek comfort, solace and happiness.
To share woes and enrich hopes.
To stir the ship to safe shores.

Friendship renews bonds to sinew warmth,
Which is hidden in nature's breast.
It instills in mind strength of iron,
To unfold thrill, to tickle sweet dreams,
To reach the zenith of inner peace.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 8 -

CHARITY

Isn't charity beyond filial relationship?
To cut across all barriers, of colour and race
Beyond self, but with warmth and cheer,
Isn't it like a diamond reflecting glorious colours ?

The stillness of night brings eerie silence,
Shrouded in mystery and fears abound.
Life's rumblings draws in its bosom dark clouds,
But, charity shines like a silver lining

Doesn't divinity sparkle in charity?
Its brilliance surrounds saintly beings.
Permeating every aspect of their lives.
Gushing forth from their bosom as love.

Charity purifies mind, enlightens the soul,
And lightens the burden of craving,
The burning greed vanishes from the heart,
Raising goodness to a Divine Path.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 9-

QUATRAINS

Life passing through precarious streams,
 Swaying, avoiding ridges, stones,
 Tumultuous waves, swinging violently
 Shaken, yet flowing along.

Luck shows its welcome face
 Showering charm, concern and grace.
 Faces and faces hiding story,
 Of million years, unsaid and untold.

Eyes with expressions many
 Filled with tears of joy and
 Grief; observe with care
 Nature, in all its activity.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 10 -

A PASSERBY

Simple humble man sits by the road side,
Day in and day out in all seasons.
Selling wares, which destiny has designed
For him, to face multitude's tide.
World whirls around him all the time.
Young and old men and women walk around him.
Rich and poor, high and low, strong and weak.
Pass every day by his humble station.
Life teaches him not to barter his senses.
To be kind and be full of freshness.
To keep his face radiating, life simple.
Sits quiet from sunrise till stars twinkle.
Everyday is zestless, sans joys and mirth,
Sans shelter to shade his poor head.
All desires, attachments, pains and pleasures
Have vanished, enlightening his soul,
Time creates history in his presence.
Oblivious of kings, who live closeby
The clock ticks its moments by and by.
For, a passerby, who just passes by.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 11 -

ON SUMMER HEAT

Sweltering heat, the summer brings,
Day and night people sweat all through, with
Parching tongue, severe aches and burning eyes.
Shortage of water, electricity, adds to their woes.

Chill water, ice-creams, fruit juices, in great demand,
But cool breeze would seldom blow.
Clothes to wear are made for summer special,
To move about bare, no one minds.

Skies are clear, with shining Moon, twinkling stars,
The lakes are cool for hundreds to take a swim,
Cool breeze of night, chirping of birds in morning,
All add to cheers of festive mood all around.

Activity everywhere increases many times.
With special trains for tourists to move
In every nook and corner games being played.
With multi-coloured flowers blooming

Aged ones with long walks, and boring talks,
On night fall telling stories of past years;
Children listening in awe and wonder.
With curiosity and intense interest.

The mango fruits, beverages and juices,
Are in plenty for all, old and young,
Special pickles to taste for watering tongue
Rich and poor, all join together to have fun.

Summer season is for mirth and laughter,
With tourist coming to visit palaces.
Beggars hounding them from place to place,
Bad water making them sick and foul.

Endless scorching sun beats every one,
At last, all cry out for rain.
Gathering dark clouds bring cheer to all.
Sweet water from Heaven cools all that burns.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 12 -

A HUMAN HEART

The wilderness and arid desert,
 With life scarce and dryness all around.
The deadly silence and burning sun,
 Leave a parching tongue with looks wild.

The dangers are grave indeed,
 Deadly snakes with fangs sharp.
A threat to man sans protectives
 When exposed to nature, bare.

A sacred heart is a pleasure to keep,
 In it, dwells light to illumine the mind.
Filled with faith and hope on Almighty
 And seeks Grace and Mercy from dangers many.

The gushing springs with endless fountains,
 Makes the land fertile and enriches it.
Man with love and kind hearts,
 Creates fruits of good deeds, for all to enjoy.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 13 -

A MUEZZIN'S CALL

Night opened her twinkling eyes
 With thousands of starry jewels bedecked.
Full Moon throwing luminous light –
 Surrounded by indigo blue sky.

The 'Muezzin' calls upon the heaven,
 Resonantly proclaiming from high turret,
The words of the All Powerful, Merciful.
 For virtuous men with kind hearts to hear.

Watched over by Allah and His Angels,
 Piteous men falling on their knees,
With faces turned towards Mecca
 Repeating, "God is Ever Great".

Good will, peace and compassion,
 Reigns supreme among mankind.
Fellowship increasing many times.
 Divine light purifying mind.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 14 -

A MYSTIC SPELL

Calm serene face with pretty looks,
 Long flowing hairs fluttering in air.
Jewellery in all its finery –
 Holding out promises of great bliss!
Bewitching smiles with lusty eyes,
 Unnerves youths in their prime.
Shining passions all over,
 With erotic music endless in time.
Mystic power lays its grasp on youth,
 Shrill voice throws a spell on them.
Swaying their bodies rhythmically,
 And spasmodic jerks to sounds of music.
Pretty woman enthuses man to dance to her tune.
 To enjoy changing seasons and lovely streams.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 15 -

ENLIGHTENMENT

Dread of supernatural lurks at bottom of heart,
 Bringing forth fear and horror
But, courage and bravery overcome them all.
 Man should not succumb and fall.
Evil eye casts its mighty spell,
 Which can crush stones to pieces.
Heart with sound faith, purifies the mind,
 To withstand the fiendish force.
Peace and contentment are divine gifts,
 To a tortured mind and soul.
Being sustained in submission
 Will fetch peace in humility.
A mind that glimmers with enlightened thought
 From it ignorance and fear take flight.
Knowledge and learning are powers,
 To strengthen the soul, to make beings bright.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 16 -

YOUTHFUL PLEASURES

Fiery youth possessed with ideas bright,
 Enthusiasm, zeal packed like sticks in a match box.
Set to blaze heaven high and destroy.
 Reject the order of the old and the ancient
Uttering profanity and swearing words
 Sway to the moods like grass in wild wind,
Quick of temper and set for revenge,
 Their blood boils like flames of forest.
Female beauty in all its fashions,
 Sets itself to capture youth.
To enslave them with charming face,
 With pretty looks, and songs of nightingale.
Pleasures of flesh corrupts the youth,
 Bewitching damsels set after them,
To captivate with their cunningness,
 Oily craft, sweet tongue and silky touch.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 17 -

MYTHS

Are myths imaginations unleashed ?

Wild and fanciful stories of weirdest type.

Dreadful, pure fantasy of rarest kind,

Demon, ghosts, beasts, join, to create horror, fiction ?

Is peace stupidity and ignorance refined

Where imagination takes rest

Like a Sea without waves and storms,

Valley without streams and trees ?

Are colours, faces and scenes,

A must for an artist ?

To create a picture for a pattern to study,

Nature creates changing colours like a chameleon.

Does sound enter mind, create fantasy ?

Images dancing to its tune,

Does voice of Master permeate

Nature and enslave man ?

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 18 -

AT NIGHT FALL

Orange yellow sun on the skyline,
 Bedecked on red curtain of joy,
Birds of all hues chirping and singing,
 At twilight zone, to welcome Moon and Stars

Warmth of the day recedes slowly with onset of dusk.
 A new world emerges at night fall.
It is the day for nocturnals
 To hunt for food and appease hunger!

World beyond world opens for thinkers,
 Solitude and silence to meditate on Maker,
But slumber and sleep overtakes the wordly,
 Nightfall opens doors for the way-wards.

The spirit wanders in dream world of fancy,
 Creating castles for kingly pomp and glory
But soft melodious music raises the soul to –
 Heaven on high to merge with the Divine.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 19 -

AN ASSASSIN'S LOVE

An assassin turned to love,
On mere benign looks cast on him.
He rushed to assassinate the saint,
But, a mere glance, turned him to love.
Oh! Thy sweet melodious voice,
Turns a villain in a flash.
Sending down the spine, Divine rapture,
With peace and calmness transcending,
Let thy holy sanctuary sparkle with Love!
Let thy devotees drink from thy hands !
An elixir, intoxicant Divine wine for ecstasy
To enable them to soar to Heavenly bliss.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 20 -

STORMS

Dark fiery night, with storms and lightning,
Fury unleashed, mercilessly pouring forth hailstorm,
Making weird ghostly sounds to unnerve
At every strike of lightning, sending endless fright.

The joy and bliss the nature presents
Has gone haywire, nature pitilessly weeping,

Devastation let loose. Mother Nature
In madness, to devour her own creation.

The rivers in spate, inundating,
Drowning, uprooting, sweeping everything.
Freezing and placing chilling white sheets
Over all land, valleys and humans.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 21 -

ETERNAL SLEEP

Dying passions are like receding summer.
 Enveloping dark clouds and gathering of storms.
Birth of melancholy and dawn of grief.
 Old age is set to welcome eternal sleep.

The silvery lining on the bald head,
 Is it a halo to dark deeds ?
Thunder and lightning emerging from grey head,
 Is it to rain, to enliven a new crop, to grow ?

The full Moon's reflection is bright
 To throw its silvery light all round,
To shine on monuments and memorials.
 To remind man of Eternal Divine Light !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 22 -

MULTIFARIOUS WORDS

The power of a word is great indeed –
Every word is packed with meaning.
A word of praise, is creativity
And of consolation – regeneration.

A kind word encapsulates charity,
Soft, soothing word, is music.
Harsh words are for disharmony,
To pierce the heart and to bleed.

‘Just words’ are to create a balance.
Foolish ones are for infamy.
Words of blasphamy, are to bring wrath of Heaven;
And profanity to uncivilise a man!

It is the word of God to mankind.
To speak truth, at all times.
And be a man of words or
To remain silent, for it is golden.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-23-

FEARS

Unknown fears grip me,
 Shadowy figures haunting,
Creating illusions in mind,
 Lurking dangers of weirdest kind.

Dark clouds, gathering storms.
 Leaky roof, soft soil, creaky windows,
And walls threaten my dwelling,
 I tremble at the thought of being homeless.

Soaring prices, falling value of Rupee,
 Breakage of epidemic and sudden illness,
Expensive medicines, greedy doctors,
 Withering age, fills my life with fear.

Life in city fraught with dangers many,
 At every corner some devil asking money.
Time clicks its seconds, beckoning me,
 To a hazardous fearful journey!

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 24 -

NATURE

Every flower speaks of a grand design,
 That goes beyond the worldly.
 Every leaf reveals a symmetry
 Reflecting the glory of nature.
 Every tree reflects the passing time,
 Nature – ever on search for a greater grandeur.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-25-

MY FACE

My face reminds my friend , Raman,
 Of marauders, with Swords
 In one hand, and Holy book in another,
 Racing wildly on horses,
 Destroying temples, trampling and looting.

My face reminds my friend, Nair.
 Of poverty, disease, illiteracy and squalor,
 Calls me names, teases me,
 Looks upon me with contempt and hate!

My face reminds my friend, Ashok,
 Of Taj Mahal, beautiful Mogul gardens,
 Paintings, Music, Art and Literature,
 Refinement, manners and aristocracy.

My face reminds my friend Lala,
 Of sufis, pious people,
 With rosary and shining eyes,
 Compassion, Mercy, Love and Brotherhood.
 So! What am I alone, all alone !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-26-

LOVER'S DELIGHT

She enjoys listening to music
 Paying attention to every nuance and beat,
 Humming to tunes and swinging. To trick
 A youth, who would offer her a treat.

With a mischievous smile, and bewitching looks !
 With rosy cheeks and clever gait.
 With twinkling eyes, and a soft whisper.
 She is a picture of lover's delight !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 27 -

A WOMAN

Is Woman a commodity ?
Or a hosiery ?
Can you not admire her beauty ?
Her bravery and calm.
Instead, you dispossess her virtues,
Her charm, gait and property.
Hark ! you cannot look down or lower
Her image, status or ravish her !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 28 -

A BROKEN HEART

It is already written on my heart,
Which is difficult to wash.
Harsh piercing words and curses
Have broken to pieces my heart.

All the Holy waters of Holy springs
Cannot heal the spots of wounds.
The grief and sorrows are deep.
My heart bleeds, but spirit takes wings.

Broken hearts seldom mend,
Does love act as a soothing balm ?
To preserve life and to subdue guilt
And to leave the spirit calm!
Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-29-

THOSE SILENT HOURS

My silent lonely hours –
Were filled with thoughts
Of yester years' pleasures and pains.
Meetings and partings, of thoughts,
Of gains and losses, of regrets.
My silent lonely hours –
Were filled with eerie silence;
Sound of revolving fan,
Songs of birds and cawing of crows.
To give me company and solace.
My silent lonely hours –
Were filled with fears,
Of poverty and disease,
Rejection and death
Forsaken friendship with eyes in tears.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-30-

FELLOW BEINGS

He knew his strength and weakness.
 He knew about human failures and hollowness.
He used his strength to harness,
 To his advantage, the human shallowness.

He was a jolly good fellow
 With plenty of wit and humour.
With a twinkle in his eye
 He was a good bed fellow.

He knew the tricks of the trade,
 To fool every simpleton
Who would come to him for aid
 To mar their fortunes and to make a ton.

Human beings play with their strength and weakness
 One counters the other with their inner strength.
One strives to achieve goals at any length.
 But succumbs and falls by their own weakness.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-31 -

FATHOMLESS OCEANS

Fathomless Oceans deep and salty,
Bearing within a priceless treasure.
Blue waters cannot quench the thirsty,
And science still fails to measure.

Waves after waves lashing the shores.
To remind memory of bitter
History and of bygone lores,
Or it opens the mind to pen on foliage.

Does an oceanic womb bear a Ghengis ?
To stun the glory of mighty Sultans!
To leave a legacy for poets to write thesis.
And to build monuments, gardens and lawns?

Man's glory at last touches the dust
To lead him to paths of ever grief.
Like all rivers to meet oceanic gush
Life's joys are destined to be brief.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN.

-32-

A HUMAN HEART

Eyes get blinded on seeing blazing Sun,
 On entering home, everything appears dark,
Prejudiced mind cannot enjoy any fun.
 On seeing full moon, a jealous dog barks.
Crystal clear water cleans all dirt.
 A pure heart reflects love sublime.
Beauty mesmerizes lovers to flirt.
 Blissful joys dazzle souls from golden times.
A beast can be tamed to be a pet.
 Man can scale mountains and Moon.
The griefs and sorrow are all to forget about,
 But, a stricken heart suffers immensely.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-33-

LOVED ONES

All whom I loved intensely –
Are no more, gone to another world
Memories haunting immensely.
Love has now turned to melancholy.
Can I hope to see them again once ?

To share the joys I found!
My feelings have all been tamed since –

Silence like Moon has crossed my ground
Full many buds have blossomed.
Fragrance of flowers pervading on the air.
Roses and lotus blooming in full some.
My loved ones emerge in my dreams clear.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 34 -

'YAMA' FOR DESTRUCTION

We look for fairmindedness all around
But it has become a mirage these days!
Blood thirsty monsters in men are found
To break the society's civilised bonds.

Justice is shrouded in a black coffin.
Mudslinging is today's politics.
A sane voice is lost in the din.
Richmen's shoes everyone licks.

Men and Nature are at cross roads.
Both are now left for destruction.
Atlas is shedding his heavy load.
To enable 'YAMA' to complete his function.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 35 -

MAN, THE DESTROYER

Your arguments are triggering
 Passions, hate, anger.
Uncontrolled emotions, smashing
 All social norms. You, a destroyer.
Of values, customs, ethics and morals.
 A Volcano from Mother Earth erupting.
To avenge the destruction of Natural

 Surroundings, of peaceful valleys, everything
Beautiful, assiduously built over ages.
 Now, the perishing , decaying
To form vicious gas, the damage
 To suburb, humanity is earth shaking.
O Man! you a viceregent on earth, protect
 The Nature's beauty, to enrich good living !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 36 -

MAN'S EXISTENCE

You want people to look up to you as a god,
 For your so called attainments.
Your 'success' against all odds.
 For your proud lineage,
You being a peerless person,
 Of social standing and heritage.
All that is mighty has to bite the dust.
 A child grows up to reach old age.
Mighty sun gives life, yet it burns.
 Desires are many, but it is a mirage.
Beauty is an expression of life's perfection.
 Like a flower to wither away with its fragrance.
Eternal is Everlasting unseen Hand
 Which churns, what appears worthless to eminence.
To appear in multiple endless Forms.
 For man, to realise Him in life's existence.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 37 -

MIND'S SECRETS

A mind filled with business details
Of loss and gain and bank balance.
Ever on lookout for more customers.
Perceives the secrets of trade parlance.

A mind filled with Godly thoughts.
Ever humbles itself before Eternal Being.
Purifies the soul with rays serene.
To perceive the secrets of Superior Being.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 38 -

PAINS & PLEASURES

Sorrow bids me to her bosom
To offer me her sour milk.
A medicine to a satiated ego.
To turn pain to endless joys.

A bee turns nectar to honey
With hard work day in, day out.
Efforts and pains are to passby.
While pleasures derived are to marvel about.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-39-

ON A SUMMER DAY

As I was moving on a road on a summer day.
I found 'flame of forest' in full bloom every way.
Like dazzling sun in its mighty colours.
Taking forms like petals for beauty to display.
Nature's festivity enlivens all in existence.
Each plant with its fragrant flowers in May.
Gulmohar in yellow dress, Roses in red skirt
Chrysanthemum in velvety gown, to say –
To every other flower, to cheer up and smile,
And dance to tunes of Nature on a bright day.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 40 -

A GOOD COMPANY

Somehow, I could find cool shade
In your company, when the sun was burning
My heart filled with dark grief,
Found solace, and peace in your company.

The light that emanated from your eyes.
Comforted me with patience.
Encouraged me and nursed my wounds.
Your presence was a source of joy.

Your deep culture and kind words
Were like a pure running stream.
To soothe my senses and cool
My eyes and enlighten my soul.

CHENNAI

S.L.PEERAN

- 41 -

GROPING IN DARKNESS

He could not spread
The aura surrounding him.
Nor share his learning with others.
He gropes in his own world.

He could not realise
The living God in him.
To enlighten his soul,
And to find a cherished goal.

He could not marvel about
The beauty of Nature,
And feel the joys and pleasures
On watching the sun rise and sun set.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 42 -

LIFE WITHOUT LIGHT

He knew, he would
 Have been in the grave;
Long time ago, yet does,
 What he should not have done.
He hurts every one, now and then.
 Lives in a dark room with no candle to burn.
He causes pain and anguish.
 With his piercing words.
Wounds the hearts and leaves
 Everyone, bleeding and weeping.
World had been unkind to him,
 He struggled to make a living.
Not a moment of joy he found,
 Now, without light, he is groping.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 43 -

A DISTANT CRY

To feel and enjoy the beauty
Is a distant and a far cry.
For, I have just opened my eyes.
With sprouting desires and being shy.

More, I see fashions around.
More the yearnings grow in me.
Cupid's eye falling on me.
Feelings of love grow and abound.

I took a plunge in to the sea of love,
Only to be drowned in emotions.
I realised too late that beauty
Was only skin deep and to wane.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 44 -

AN ONCOMING GLOOM

His voice was sounding like
Coming from a hollowed trunk.
Sometimes booming like thunder.
He was in an inebriated mood and quite drunk.

He was falsely imagining things.
Roaring like a lion, acting like a baffoon,
Incoherent in speech, throwing hands and dancing
He was a reminder of oncoming gloom.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-45-

BLACK DEEDS AND LOVE

I gloriously wrote about all my
 Achievements on a black board.
An unseen hand erased all,
 Leaving only the black board.
In my body, I carry a dark soul,
 Over and above is a black sky,
In a dark, stormy night, Nature
 Threatens to strike with
Lightning and thunder.
 To burn and drown the people,
With evil deeds and acts.
 Moon lights a halo over
Saints with white shining hairs.
 Twinkling of stars for bright eyes.
For those who yearn to look up to
 The Lord, with humility and love.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-46-

LONGING FOR SWEET DEATH

I can feel the burden of life's grill,
 On your old age, with still
Heavy burden on your shoulders.
 I can't bear to see tear-filled eyes.
Which reflect the pains and sorrows
 Of past pleasure, future fears and
Pangs of separation from loved dears.
 Time clicks slowly, sucking marrow
From your bones, reducing strength.
 Strange feelings, eerie silence making it clear,
The futility of listless living, longing for death
 To be sweet, painless, when it comes near.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 47 -

AT TWILIGHT ZONE

Twilight throws spectacular colours
Of multiple treat to twinkling eyes.
Birds chirping, calmness descending
Everything is at ease and world slowly
Whirling to a halt. A full stop,
To all the day's activity.
The burning sun's energy lights up,
The universe with all its inner force.
Stirs to activity in harmonious ways.
Divinely adding meaning to all its endeavours.
Nightfall is receding of life force,
To deep sleep, rest and to reinvigorate.
Life's cycle whirls round and round.
Churning good, bad, ugly and beautiful.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 48 -

A DISAPPOINTED LIFE

Life is a disillusionment for some, while
Shadowy and changing for others.
For some meaningful, some times, purposeless.
Day in and day out, it is the same routine.
For a few, it throws challenges around,
Adventurous. Every day to feel new experience
At their door. Pulls them in all directions,
To enable them to meet people of varied hues,
In umpteen avocations. All feelings mingling.
To create a society of love and hate, for every one.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 49 -

DEPLORABLE

So, I am reminding you of
 Something deplorable,
 Something despicable,
 Something hateful,
 Something sinful.
So, you detest me,
 You want me to be removed from your sight!
 To be thrown out of this country to wolves!
 For how long, will you detest me?
Your fears are imaginary !
Your feelings are temporary !
Your bearings are transitory !
 So, are Life and changing Times !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 50 -

A SECULAR PERSON !

A highly religious person,
Superstitious, a believer in astrology
In omens and amulets. Visits temples
Dargas, churches, gurdwaras.
Prays to every deva & devata.
Regularly fasts on 'ekadasi', offers
Prasadams to every deity. Seeks
Solace from sadhus, saints, seers, fakirs.
Participates in every pooja function
Is a member of umpteen committees, for
Upkeep of religious rites and rituals.
A very secular person indeed !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-51-

A DEPRESSED PERSON

He is a moody person. Always
 Depressed, lonely, melancholy.
With imaginary fears of hate,
 Of body harm, of diseases and poverty.
Sometimes smiles and laughs, but
 Seldom enjoys the beauty of Nature.
Of life's variety, its colours and mirths.
 To him, world is a woeful place !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

-52-

A BALANCED PERSON

He never takes at once what is offered. But
 Attends to it cautiously, studies it.
 Consults, weighs its pros and cons.
 A deep person but always, still and calm.
 Takes his own time to decide a matter.
 With forethought, insight and depth.
 Takes failures in his stride.
 Success does not enter his head.
 He is a well balanced personality !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 53 -

LIVES IN HIS OWN WORLD

He is a very cautious one.
 But a doubting Thomas.
 Never trusts or believes in any one
 Person. He works with a single minded devotion.
 A man of books, burns midnight oil.
 Listens patiently, goes to the roots,
 Of the matter, to uncover truth.
 Never boastful, but minds his business
 A virtuous person, living in his own world !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 54 -

PERNICIOUS

There, he is, a short man,
 With stubby nose, moving about
 Quickly, with closed fists.
 Bespectacled, with eyes cast down,
 Always suspicious and jealous.
 Dissatisfied with everyone and hateful.
 Incoherent in talk, quick in temper.
 Frown on face, without a smile.
 Jeering, taunting and teasing everyone, a bully.
 Hissing like a cobra, stares like an owl.
 A pernicious individual to be shunned.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 55 -

SHORT SIGHTED

A person, who hardly bothers about others.
 A glutton, eats and sleeps like a hog.
 Oblivious to others' feelings and needs.
 A crasher, cuts the lines and overlooks
 The bystanders. A greedy person,
 Short sighted, mean and debased.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 56 -

A WORRYING PERSON

A highly pessimistic person, seeing
 Darker sides, a cynic. Believes in
 Dooms day being round the corner. Boring
 With long monologues. Talking of bygone days,
 Of past glories, of yester men's learning. Of
 Falling standards, miserable living and
 World going awry. Of hot headed
 Youths with riff raff behaviour. Of cheats
 Round the corner. Of diseases and double standards.
 A person always worrying about everything.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 57 -

A DANGEROUS PERSON

Cunning like a fox, more poisonous than a snake,
 A sly person. Though with benign looks,
 Sympathetic and kind eyes. But,
 Heart filled with hatred, cruel and ruthless.
 Always showing concern, praising others with silvery tongue.
 But ready to mislead and gobble the wealth of others.
 Untrustworthy, but never allows a slip for others to know.
 Secretive, well dressed and mannered. Show of
 Religion, with a caste mark and being a 'god fearing' person.
 Beware ! never befriend him, a dangerous person !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 58 -

DISGUSTING

Tall, balding with hollow cheeks,
 Square faced, deep furrows below eyes.
Moving and shaking his hands furtively
 Fidgetting, restless with hungry looks.
Smacking lips with long tongue, on seeing
 Fairer sex, throwing lustful glances wildly.
Egoistic dreams, boastful, dropping names
 Of big and sundry. Creating impression of
Knowing everything, of holding high bank balance,
 Owning cars of latest model, being fashionable.
Speaks of being a good samaritan,
 In distress, showing chivalry to damsel
Expects the high and low to look up to him.
 He is a snob, a bore, foolish, simply disgusting person !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 59 -

A TIME SERVER

He talks of high ideals and simple living.
 In evening, spends his time in Service Club.
 With a glass of Whisky and Scotch.
 An expensive cigarrette, a game of bridge or rummy
 With stakes for every point.
 He is a connoisseur of every thing best.
 Appreciates beauty, and art
 Takes delight in music and dance
 All, at the cost of favour seekers,
 Friends, bootlickers and time servers !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 60 -

A SHAME TO THE FAMILY

A lecherous person, mean, debasing
 Fraudulent, a petty thief, a scoundrel
 A wolf in gentleman's garb. A drunkard,
 Never keeps his word, Wife beater.
 Borrows money, never returns. Pleadingly
 Begs for favours. A cheat, tongue twister
 Never returns a favour. He may be your
 Brother, brother-in-law or a close kin.
 A shame to the family !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 61 -

A MAN OF PATIENCE

You would not know, what he keeps in his mind.

Silent, calm, steady, always in deep thought.

Never interfering, minding his own business.

Always with a book or a newspaper or an
Umbrella in hand. Old fashioned, punctual, disciplined.

When dissatisfied, gives a cold look.

Listens to classical music, but never expressive.

A disciplinarian, fastidious of things and orderliness.

Frugal and simple in habits, never boastful.

A man of few words and patience.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

62 -

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

He is a man of iron-will
 Firm in mind, soft in heart,
Agile, active and restless
 Bold and quick in decisions.
Forces his enemies to silence.
 Surrounded by friends, always helpful
To distressed, moved by poverty
 And sorrows of mankind. Makes
Amends quickly. Loving, never hurtful
 Tolerent and God fearing. Social and cheerful.
Generous, magnanimous and sympathetic.
 He is a man of words, keeps his promise.
A citizen of the world.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 63 -

A PERSON PAR EXCELLENCE

So many people come to him
 To pour forth their woes,
 Their miseries, their platitudes.
 He silently listens to them.
 Shares their sorrows and joys.
 He is a person par excellence.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 64 -

A BOHEMIAN

He carries a “don’t care attitude”
 Throwing all cautions to the wind.
 Burning candles at both ends.
 Bohemian and enjoys life to the brim.
 Heartily laughs at the sorrows and griefs.
 Make amends and quickly buys peace.
 He carries a whiff of joy for everyone
 Light hearted, good humoured samaritan !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 65 -

A SATAN

He carries a holier than thou attitude
 Stiff lipped with collars up without a smile.
 Cannot bear to see a smart fellow.
 Shuns good company; carries lots of gall.
 Moves slyly to cause heart aches and burns.
 Instils fears and despairs, when face to face.
 Holds a grudge and tries to settle the score;
 For an imagined wrong, without a cause.
 Is he a satan in human garb?

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 66 -

FUTILE TALK

It is frustrating to talk to him.
 Can you believe what he says.
 You cannot make sense of what he tells.
 Rumbblings of abracadabra.

He is only trying to break
 Your mind and make you a wreck.
 To achieve his objective of robbing
 Your beauty and put chains around your neck.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

– 67 –

SAVAGE INSTINCTS

The Sun disappeared, lonely night in sight.
 Benign Moon did not desert me,
 To shed a little light on my dark soul.
 White Moon nestled in thick layers of clouds,
 Gathering storms to beset grief in me.
 My life boat in shambles, I, in self doubt,
 Caught in an ocean, in a violent turmoil.
 Lingering hopes to reach the mother soil.
 Buried in tempest of furious waters.
 Powerful sucking force swallowing me.
 The desire to give in was magnetic.
 But, savage instincts to survive prevailed !
 Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 68 -

MOTHER'S LOVE

I want the sweetness and honey of love.
 For I am disgusted with my loneliness.
 My fair beauty has grown in you,
 In it, you dwell with your light and charm.

O! Mother! How can you be forgotten ?
 In deep slumber, I get your lovely dreams.
 Like a child, I cuddle in your gentle arms.
 To rejuvenate, my life with warmth and love.
 Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 69 -

GOD WHO ?

People say merge yourself with God

See God, Realise God, Follow the path of God !

Who is this God?

Is it possible to see the Effulgence,
The Brilliance, the Everlasting, Overpowering
Beauty, the Mighty and Tremendous, Colossal Power ?

Is it possible to bear the Tumult, the
Everlasting Strength and Greatness of the Being,
Who has the power of Creation and Destruction,
God realisation simply means.

A path chosen by good people, practising –
Virtues and everlasting goodness.

Who are peace loving, brotherly and affectionate

Who think of the well being of others.

Who have concern and love for others

Who place others' needs above their own.

Who feel humble, kind and humane

Who speak softly, forbear and are chaste.

Who have abundance of patience and are forgiving.
Who remain calm, cool and collected.
Who are not cunning, wicked and cruel
Who have compassion for the poor,
Unfortunate, sick and hungry.
Who respect one and all.
Who have the strength to bear the loss.
Who are just, truthful and straightforward.
Who keep their promises and words,
Who are charitable, generous and hospitable,
Who bear in their heart and mind,
Thousand lights of joy and happiness
And feel one with Nature.
Who attain self-realisation.

CHENNAI

S.L.PEERAN

- 70 -

IMMENSE FAITH

You are born in a circumstance,
 in a caste, in a class.
You are born in an environment
 You are born in a parentage.
You either carry a stigma or a silver spoon.
 Society makes a way for you to change,
Or it mars your chances for growth and well being,
 Or leads you to the path of destruction ?
Before you can learn to choose
 between right or wrong, evil and good,
 you are already in a strait-jacket.
But the faith in the power of
 Divine i.e. in your own inner strength.
To overcome evil and change to
 Good, can surely bring a change.
For that, you need immense faith.
 Faith in yourselves, Faith in
 Goodness, Faith, that you
 Can change and change for better.

CHENNAI

S.L.PEERAN

- 71 -

WHAT NEXT ?

A man has talents, physical strength
energy and a desire to lead a
Good life. But, he is an unemployed person !

He has no earnings. He has a
family depending upon him.

Is it sufficient for him to visit
a Temple or a Church or a Mosque, to
merely pray for succour or bread?

Or

Should he remain silent, or
beg for his food or
steal bread for himself
and for his hungry family?
Society is callous and indifferent to him.

WHAT NEXT ?

Try then the following :

- Help your neighbour.
- a sick person or an animal.
- clean your environment.
- help bury a dead, a destitute

- help needy people aged and infirm.
- show compassion and mercy to fellow beings
- help those who need assistance to do social work
- join those who need volunteers
- to do environmental works.

Certainly

you will be noticed

Certainly

help will reach you.
when you show love, compassion,
mercy to His creatures
He will

Certainly

Show you a straight path for success.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 72 -

STRIKES VENOMOUSLY

He has lots of wealth,
But earns with stealth.
Does lots of charity,
Moves about with gait.
He strikes every one,
With a venomous sting.
All the good, he earns,
With disdain, he flings.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 73 -

FAME

A shot in the arm is no bargain.
It is a glory achieved with a golden stint.
To catapult to fame, to greater heights.
Attainments are always by sweat of the brow.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 74 -

BYGONE TIMES TO REAPPEAR

Oh, the unpleasantness of the seasons,
 Withering of age and change of fashions
 The discomfitures and graveness of the Times.
 Cunningness in abundance with slippery tongue.

Provocations are galore, for acts of grief.
 Patience fails on loss of memory and strength.
 Seal of culture is broken and desecrated.
 Now, welcoming bygone Times, to reappear.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 75 -

NO RECOGNITION

They have not recognised –
 My skills, my good intentions
 My love, my character,
 My conduct, my gentleness
 My good breeding, my back ground,
 My knowledge, my eminence.

They know me well, we are from the
 Same stock, same branch, same tree,
 Yet, the glamour and glitter of this world,
 Has fused their brains, unable to see the reality.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 76 -

HARMONY

Man has to make peace
With his surroundings
With himself, with his family
Friends, neighbours,
At workplace, at Temple,
Mosque, Church or School,
You snarl at others,
Others snarl at you.
You bite others,
Others bite you.
You love others,
Others love you.
You reap, what you sow.
Sing in chorus, for harmony.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 77 -

HEART

Lose not your heart at the loss
 Of the dear and near ones.
 At the destruction of values.
 On the betrayal of trusted ones.
 A testing time indeed !
 You are in a great turmoil
 Senses are totally numbed.
 You are broken and shattered.
 Look up to the Lord, the Merciful.
 Pray and start life all over again.
 Many missed opportunities
 Now would lie at your door.
 With courage and with daunting skills
 You can turn the tides your way.

CHENNAI

S.L.PEERAN

- 78 -

THE SAGA OF UNSUNG HEROS

The wondrous Taj, the magnificent Konark.
 The imposing Redfort, the Khajuraho temples.
 Bear testimony to our Indian Architecture
 Million coarse hands. The toil and the blood;
 The tears and sorrows. The loot of the wealth
 Of the humble farmers, banyas, petty chiefs.
 All have gone to create wonders of the World.
 The saga of the mute suppressed is unsung.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 79 -

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP

While trying to cut someone's tail
You may lose your own head.
The assumed enemy may prove to be a
Formidable, vengeful and cunning person.
You may not be a match to him
A born fighter and a pugilist.
He may lay traps and may catch you.
He may adopt hundred means
To cheat you. To win over and slay you.
By smooth, sweet talks and disarming smile.
He may praise you heaven high.
Feed you, corrupt and spoil you.
Beware ! of hidden daggers and desperados!
Never underestimate a person!

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 80 -

A 'SARDAR' AMONG HIS PEERS

He is a person born with a silver spoon
 An aristo, of high-brow and creamy layer
 Brought up with delicacy and good groom.
 Classy, trendy and he is a time server.

He needs to keep all his fears away.
 Avoids poverty-ridden relatives,
 They are 'sore thumbs' pricking him day by day.
 A false pride puts up his nose in his prime.

He is a 'Sardar' among his peers.
 Shedding company of people low born.
 Priding on his lineage, and of being seers.
 A person of fiery tongue and looks of scorn.

Time may bring change of heart in men
 Love and Eternal Truth unite every one
 Save those who shun commandments Ten.
 A Pharoah can never be won.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 81 -

NO ONE TO DELIGHT

You never lend your shoulders,
To weep, to place my arms.
To hug, to embrace you.
You never put your arms
Around me, never cajoled me.

You never lend your
Soft and soothing voice to me.
To console and to cheer me up.
All the yearnings, all the feelings,
Have all now dried up, fossilised.

The birds sing in chorus,
So does the honey bee.
During every season, flowers
Of various hues and colours
Bloom and emit fragrance.
They charm and please every one.
But, my dear one, does not delight me any more.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 82 -

YOUTHFUL TIMES

Indignation and doggedness of the youth.
Make every action and utterance uncouth.
Like a snake, they are so soft to touch, but
With fangs deep and poison in the mouth.

Clamouring for might and power.
Thundering at every step, without light.
Sans smiles and fragrance of flower.
Chaos ranges, sans concern for other's plight.

Flexing every muscle to fight with arms.
Without fearing death and pangs of pain.
Quick in temper, set to revenge and cause harm.
Boasting of Herculean strength, with disdain.

Sowing oats wildly without a sense of shame.
Riotous nature and passion's poesy;
And all their actions bring them infamy.
Youthful arrogance defies the Hands of Mercy.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 83 -

MAN'S INSTINCTS

Miseries make one sombre,
Moods reflective and changing.
Gripping the mind with melancholia.
And overcome by grief like tumultuous sea.
Mark the golden sun on dawn,
Turning fierce and churning,
Burning the desert sand.
The full fury of monsoon,
Hurricane, tempest and storm,
Destroying all the beauty of Nature.
Does man's instincts and emotions,
Reflect Nature's glory, its seasons
Floods, whirlwinds and myriad colours ?
Does man's humaneness match his ignominy
Shame, tyranny and oppression?
Does the deep power of harmony,
And a spirit to create joys and hopes,
Bring meaning in man's life ?

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 84 -

BE OPTIMISTIC

You need to have a clear mind,
And should know what you want
From life. A lot of things happen
Around you. But you need to
Be alert all the time. Lest you
Go overboard with the sensations,
Bickerings, scandals, scams,
Criticism, condemnations and quarrels.
You need intuition and act with
Spontaneity, improvisation.
Be sure and above all have
Immense faith in yourself.
And be optimistic, all the time.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 85 -

A GENTLEMAN

He is thoroughly professional,
A thoroughbred and cultured.
A noble soul, a gentleman,
Honest, hardworking and he knows
His fundamentals and basics.
A person of charm and quality.
Light of step, with an open, soft,
Gentle smile, large lively eyes.
He exhibits enormous integrity.
A clear mind with firmness
Of character and good conduct,
Finesse and personally congenial.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 86 -

LOVE AND BE LOVED

Love forsaken, I am, for what ? I do not know ?
Man, no longer exists in vacuum,
Without zest, zeal and enthusiasm.
Love and be loved, sans expectations,
Condemnations, differences and jealousies
Petty-mindedness, taunts and criticism.
Raise yourself above ego and selfishness.
So as to remain calm and peaceful.
And to achieve virtues of a good living.
Otherwise, life would be meaningless.
A colossal waste of daily living.
With concrete jungles around you.
With articles of plastic and empty vessels.
With jarring music and noise pollution.
With junk food and tasteless fruits.
With baser elements raising their hood.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 87 -

ECLIPSE

Man becomes bold, though,
His experiences are hollow.
Prides on his superego.
A hero becomes a zero.
Hidden desires erupt,
Like a fiery volcano.
To avenge the terror within.
And destroy the mean fellow.
Seeds of hatred, sown by elders,
Sprout to bear bitter fruits.
Evil eye casts dark shadows.
To eclipse the divine self within.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 88 -

A NEW ERA

Is dawn of new era for humanity,
Freedom from inhibitions and myths ?
Can one now reach pinnacle of satiety.
Are these times for joy, mirth and laughter ?

Begone Mahatmas and Theresas !
Wild and free like nature be.
Move about like sultans and pashas.
With amorous thoughts and live regally.

Sing songs of passion's poesy
Fear not of darkness of mind and soul.
Nature, when wild, loses its glow.
So, does man gets swayed from his goal.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 89 -

REDEMPTION

Like the end of a storm, it is all over.
Once, as a haughty man, he had snarled
At one and all, rich, poor, sundry or small.
For every and any minor mistakes.
Even if made only once by short or tall.
Unyielding, stiffnecked, he would not accept.
Apology, show mercy or forgiveness
But, filled with cunning and covetousness.
Now is struck by death, in dust he lies.
All gone, crushed, in ashes, lies his pride.
Blind men succumb and crumble, when they die.
Their wealth, name and fame get soiled, now, thrown aside.
Like waves and waves, which bring fresh breeze,
Change of seasons also ushers in comfort, ease.
Death of a tyrant is a source of strength.
For mute masses, who suffer at great length.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 90 -

FUN TIME

You want to deprive yourself of the art of pleasure.
 Surely you would lose beauty and treasure.
 Fun time is gala time, for mirth and joy.
 No love smitten girl, would lose her dear boy.
 She is a spirit to freely float like butterfly.
 To swing and sway with love songs on lips
 With angelic wings to soar, to give love a fillip.
 To eat manna and honey, to quench the thirst.
 To sparkle her eyes and give her love, a big thrust.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 91 -

SOULFUL MELODY

Oh! She is a damsel of beauty !
 With bewitching looks.
 To steal the charm
 Of a handsome youth.

To capture his mind with tales
 Of love and sing songs,
 With a melodious voice.
 Which the soul always longs.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 92 -

OVERTHROWN

Is she an enigma, with bold
Beautiful looks and pleasant manners?
Deep down below, a wretched witch.
Scheming, suspecting all good and
Lovely, attractive figures.
Is she a nymph ? Enchanting
All the time, luring youths
To fall a prey to her occult.
Mysteriously weaving a magic
Around the charms and valour of Caesars,
Rustoms, Sohrabs, Gamas,
Even, Adam could not escape
Eve's powerful lusty frame.
Recluse Adam, overthrown from garden of Eden.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 93 -

BLOT THE RECORDS

My warm pulsating beats,
With longings and yearnings,
For imaginary nymphs.
And bewitching looks and winks.
The need of the burning flesh,
For the warmth of the arms.
The tensions of the gruelling day.
For the coolness of the nights
The waves of the blue seas,
For meeting with shores.
The yearnings of the clouds,
To throw rainbows on the skies.
The angels watching us
And ever ready to blot the records.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 94 -

DEEP PAIN

Sufferings of man end up in deep pain.
Sorrows, dejection and in ultimate death.
Eternal blue sky displays unconcern;
Infinite disregard for a pitiful and
Lonely funeral of a forsaken rag.
Chants of empty and high sounding words,
Are to lull the grieving soulless heart.
With only a cold blooded priest taking part.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 95 -

DIVINE MOTHER

O' Mother divine! You are a virgin dove.
Of virtues, righteousness, purity.
You have nurtured faith, courage, sacred love,
For the selfless sincere humanity.

O' sweet daughter of an humble chosen one!
With heart of gold, lovely hands of Mercy,
Feeding hungry rags, lepers with milk and bun.
Though, thankless world has gone mad and crazy !

You cuddled in your arms, the dying souls.
Receiving them with cheer and smile on face,
Though, they never aspired for heavenly goals,
Yet, sparkling divinity, charmed them with grace.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 96 -

BRIDE FOR LYNCHING

You promised her the Moon,
Showed her heaven in your palm.
Eloped with her merrily at noon.
Like, eruption of storm without calm.

You derived pleasure on plucking a rose.
But, fragrance was not to last for ever.
For one addicted to opium's dose,
Roving eyes seek more, when urge stirs.

Withered, cast off, pealed now decayed
Her ceaseless tears, can't take away the stench.
Robbed of jewels of hopes and love betrayed
Delusions dashed. Now in her bridal dress for lynch.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 97 -

FOR OPPRESSED SELF

You expect the world to honour you,
When you break the idols of their hearts.
Their icons, their symbols, their monuments,
When their lovely dreams are shattered.

You expect the world to respect you,
When you fling on their innocent face,
The word of honour, respect, without grace.
When you refuse to show courtesy, which was due.

You expect the world to sing praise for you.
When you dishonour their kith and kin.
Damage their reputation, when they cannot sue.
When you openly and daringly commit sin.

You carry a stain of blood on your brow.
Mind you, Sir, you reap, what you sow.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 98 -

DAMAGED HEARTS

Only the poor suffer from storms, thunder and lightning
The tempest, the fire that destroys –
Their dwellings, their hut and their belongings
Again and again, and yet again.

Only the oppressed face the bullets, lathies,
Gas chambers, killings of their innocents.
They are mute witnesses to the annihilation
Of their culture, their language and monuments.

Only the heart can bear the pangs of separation
From the loved ones, dear ones and related ones.
Only to suffer immeasurably and unconsoleably;
The damages, ravished, destructions of the TIMES.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 99 -

AH SHALIMAR!

The beautiful 'shalimar' garden.
A jewel of heaven on Earth.
It was here, here and here.
Now, flows a river of blood, a burial ground.

The golden bird i.e. my Bharat !
My India, my Indus, my beloved Hindustan
Wearing borrowed jewels in chains
Around the neck and shackles of debt.

Now, drowned in sea of hatred,
Scams, hawalas and black money.
Filthy rich with tainted evil deeds,
Of treachery, designs of cunningness,
Crookedness galore, illumined minds in disarray.

Salubrious places with peace and tranquility;
Now, polluted with smog and suffocation.
Stony hearts encoiled with deadly snakes ;
Poisonous tongues spitting fiery thunder.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 100 -

DISFIGURING

Withering age, camouflaged in cosmetics.
With 'hairdo style' of 'Shahnaz beauty parlour'.
Is like expecting fragrance from plastic flowers.
Is it done for preservation of self esteem ?

For some, thinking has narrowed to a point of zero.
For some, old age makes one shy away from reality.
Isn't gathering of dark clouds, for elude to gloom ?
Don't storms and cyclones devastate the country ?

Alas! Now, Mahatma Gandhi on postal stamps !
Every day disfigured instead of being remembered !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 101 -

MY FALLEN IDOLS

All my heroes, idols and icons,
On pedestals of marble and silver.
Studded with precious diamonds and gems.
With crowns of glittering gold and platinum.

Washed daily with milk and honey.
Bedecked with morning's fresh fragrant jasmine.
Lovely red and pink roses, lotuses and champaks
Atmosphere is filled with burning agar and perfumes.

My heart throbs with million beats,
Of love, awe, wonder and admiration.
At the colossal brilliance and glamour,
My eyes twinkle with splendour.

A lightning of Truth in a shining armour,
Slays the secret veils, tearing it to pieces.
Now lie on floor, my destroyed icons;
Myths, taboos, falsehood, lie shattered.

My eyes blinded with beams of Effulgence
Heart is exposed and thrown asunder –
Into million pieces of shining mirror.
Now, each speck reflecting the Grandeur of the Lord !

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 102 -

CONFLICT OF VALUES

They talk of old ancient values.
Of decaying nondescript language.
Of pagan ways, rustic, obscure thoughts.
Of million years dead and forgotten heroes.

A young brilliant modern mind,
Is illumined with million lights,
Is organised, sophisticated and cultured.
Systematic, scientific and harmonic.

Now, on threshold of fresh new Era.
Looking beyond the infinite skyline.
They wonder at these forgotten dead souls.
And are perplexed at the obsession with the past.

The pulls and pressures of those bygone ghosts,
With these lively genuine spirits,
Of love, compassion and mercy.
Appears to cause storms, in otherwise, calm sea.

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN

- 103 -

SHORT VERSE

1. The growing
Social inequality
Beckons man
To his doom.
....

2. Sun shines
For ever
on minds
pure and simple.
....

3. Sun rises and
Sun sets
Life moves on
Process of ageing.

....

4. True love
Is mingling
of souls
For ever
In ageless
Time.

....

5. Crime,
Is love
Gone berserk
Jealousy
And hatred
At its worst

....

6. We beg
To differ
On God –
Almighty –

For we are

In self doubt !

....

7. Silence

is a symbol

of Nature,

Being

In peace

And tranquility.

.....

8. Betrayal

Of friends

In need

And deed,

Symptoms

Of self-love.

....

9. Parliament
In animated suspension
Or parties in bargain
for seat of power.

....

10. Competition
For College Seats
Rush
For courses
To increase
Matrimonial market.

....

11. Increase in
Intelligence
And brain power
Threat to life
World peace,
Love and brotherhood.

....

12. Music, songs,
Mirth and Joys,
And laughter
Passions and lust
Invitation –
To stress and strain.
....
13. Patience
And fortitude
In thick
And thin
Fragrance of Roses,
Prick of thorns.
....
14. Perfumes
And scents –
Fragrance in the air,
The burning of agar –
A reminder,
Of the beloved.

....

15. A still
Atmosphere
Slight drizzle
And sunshine
Wait for
Emergence of rainbow.

....

16. Jealousy
And hatred
In mind
Hard hearted and cruel
A sure way
To doors of Hell.

....

17. Love and affection
Sacrifice and Charity
Single minded devotion
A sure way to Supreme Bliss.

....

18. Matrimonial discord
Bride burning
And divorces.

Hatred and superego.

At their worst.

....

19. Myth,
And Superstition
Distorted lie
Made to appear as Truth.

....

20. Plurality of gods
Idol worship
Mind's ingenuity
And creativity.

....

21. Unity in social divergency
Mother of necessity
Man cannot live
In single isolation.

....

22. Mother of all wars –
Clash of culture,

Religion

And social conflicts.

....

23. Mother of all virtues –
Patience, tolerance and love
Service to mankind,
For ever.

....

24. Transcend
Love through eyes
Unspoken words passby
Spiritual
Experience
Thrills multifold.

....

25. A clasp of hand
Brotherly,
Embrace
And smile –
Show of Love
Personified.

....

26. Parents sacrifice,
Their today.
To make children's
Tomorrow happy.

....

27. Solar Eclipse
Time for reflection.
Mind bound
In superstition.

....

28. A hasty decision,
quick temper,
Fiery speech
To repent at leisure.

....

29. Self confession
And remorse
Cleans heart of guilt
A sure way to Success.

....

30. A benign look
Pat on back
A hug,
Turns away my anger.

....

31. A pinch of Love
a silken touch
Stirs,
The Soul
To great heights.

....

32. Roses, Roses
All the way,
Show of love
For the soul
To sway.
And be gay.

....

33. Make feast,
for moments pleasure.
But love,
To live for ever.

....

34. Love
Without
Embrace
Climax.
Hypocrisy
At its best.

....

35. Lovers,
Meet in embrace.
reach climax
Mingling,
Of Souls
For Oneness.

....

36. Moth moves,
Towards light
Owl and Snakes,
Towards darkness
A good shepherd
Guards the herd.

....

37. Mecca and Kabba
beckon one
To life of love
Oneness
And brotherhood,
For man to display

....

38. 'Muezzins',
Calls for prayers
To sinew

Brotherhood

Practice of grace

And spiritualism.

....

39. Mathematics

And Computers

A mind -

Boggling exercise.

Science and creativity

At its zenith.

....

40. Might

And Right

went out

To fight.

Man and Man,

Crossed swords.

....

41. Mother's Love
Is all embracing
Nature's spirits
At display
Cosmic harmony
At discount.

....

42. Tea party,
At Moghul gardens
Then,
Heavy rain!
What,
A discordant note ?

....

43. Deepavali,
Festival of light,
colour

And sound
Money burns,
While you churn.

....

44. We offer
Handful of flowers,
To the departed Soul
Lifelong,
Gratitude,
To console our hearts.

....

45. A wrong practice,
Of Religion
Of Caste practices
And Customs –
A sure path
To destruction.

....

46. The grave
Does not accept,
A living being

which has a dark soul.

....

47. Cosmos,
Is expanding
So is mind
A unique union.

....

Chennai

S.L.PEERAN