

UNTITLED - DREAMS?

I have no words
that give hope
and solutions
like a leaflet
in bold print.

Dreams
their meaning
is lost to me
who is uncertain
that the sun will rise
tomorrow.

While a gun
aims at society's
umbilical cord,
the dreams
of a butterfly
resting delicately
on the tip
of a fragile flower
are merely
an occurrence.

In my attempts
to-be humane
I would rather leave
the flowers
on the trees.

Now,
the beautiful night
shaped by the day
is only a dream.

UNTITLED - THE LAST INTELLIGENCE

The last
intelligence is dying ...

All avenues
for questions
denied
Children lie
only in darkness.
Nothing beyond
but
an orthodox
culture
preserved by
the draping
of a sari

The answers
to the questions
are already written.
Those to be named heroes
Already decided.

The intelligentsia
of the land
stand
on street corners.

Questions
answers and solutions
have lost their importance.
"We have failed to live humanely."
This is our
final declaration / testimony / proclamation.

Sivaramani 1989