

HOW I SEE



DR. K. K. MATHEW

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International Chavara Cancer Research Institute

Nedumangad, Thiruvananthapuram

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PREFACE

These are the poems which I wrote during the past six months.
They are the spontaneous outflow of my very delicate inner feelings.
I have never used my brain to write them, as they came spontaneously.
I am sure, these poems have a touch of divinity as they deal mainly with
sacred things like
God, soul, divinity, eternity etc. Had I not copied them,
the next moment, I would have forgotten them.
This is my eighth publication of poems.
I present them before you for your kind evaluation.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am indebted to Dr. Mathew Isaac,
the former Associate Vice Chancellor in California,
and a great scholar, who wrote the Foreword. I express my gratitude to him.

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inspiration and a guide to me.

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Dr. K.K. Mathew

Kayamkulam

16 – March - 2018

To dearest Johnnykuty

FOREWORD

I am honored by Dr. K. K. Mathew asking me to write the “Foreword” for this dazzling book of poems, *How I See*. It was a great privilege to review and comment about these splendidly translucent and meaningful poems of one of the greatest English poets, an award-winning Malayalam novelist, and a physician and medical scientist from Kerala.

In one of my chats with Dr. K. K. Mathew, he had indicated that this collection of 66 poems were, “the spontaneous outflow of my very delicate inner feelings.” He went on to say, as also stated by him in the “Preface” of this book, “I have never used my brain to write them, as they came spontaneously.” It is quite obvious from his personal testimony that he falls in the same tradition of one of the greatest Romantic poets of all times, William Wordsworth, who said, “Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility.” It is true that poetry is born “when an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found words” in the powerful words of Robert Frost, who was the most eminent, beloved, and the four-times Pulitzer Prize winning American poet.

In one of Dr. Mathew’s memorable poems from an earlier book, he evoked this very emotion of poetic creation in the most figurative and meaningful way as follows:

The poet is a hunter and the poem the prey.
The hunter sees a mark, a print
On the sand of time, he follows it
From the present to the forlorn past.
He follows it through the thicket;
A trail of blood leads him deeper
In to the golden gates of the present.
Finally, the moment of uncertainty
The instant madness, the moment of ecstasy,
The hunter approaches the poem-prey;
The victim changes out of the debris
To devour the hunter in the realm of his thought,
The hunter becomes the hunted; a poem is born.

The 66 poems in *How I See* are multi-layered in meaning and have in each an underlying Lacunae. These multi-layered poems are filled with metaphors, imageries, symbolism, and have in most cases distinct rhyme schemes. They are filled with deeper truths, emotions, and spiritual understanding of the supernatural as revealed in the Christian scriptures. The spiritual insights of these poems often transcend the ordinary human understanding and communicate a meaningful Judeo-Christian ontological dimension of God, concept of love, the human heart, the human soul, and eternity.

By far, the theme of the poems of *How I See* seems to evoke the oneness of the human “soul” with the divine God, who is the supernatural and, as described in his poems in many ways, as the “Love” that dwells in the human heart. The word “heart” was mentioned 120 times in his 66 poems; the connectedness of the heart to the divine through the word

“Love” was implied 77 times; and the word God was referred to as “God,” “Lord,” “Him,” “His” and “He” 106 times in his poems. Similarly, the word “soul” in the context of its incarnation and journey to heaven or its rapture were mentioned 46 times and “heaven” was mentioned as an implied reality 35 times in this book. The word “fly” or the flight of the soul was hinted 21 times. The concept of dark or darkness was indicated 29 times and light was implied as redeeming 31 times. Therefore, one could easily classify Dr. Mathew’s poems as clearly mystical. The poets interest in the esoteric is quite revealing through his poems.

As you take a close look at the poems such as “The Golden Wings,” “Wings to Paradise,” and “Love from Heaven,” the poet echoes the popular Christian ethos described in the Bible in a unique and meaningful manner. Through a metaphorical figure of speech called synecdoche, he portrays the rapture of the human soul to heaven in the poem “The Golden Wings” as follows:

The rich and the poor alike
Ride on the golden jet
The poor becomes rich in seconds
God bless them in sleep
With the golden wings,
The dreams that come true.

In the poem “Wings to Paradise,” he beautifully describes the paradise and invites the reader:

It's beyond the human thought
Exuberance, everlasting there,
Weaved in calmness,
I just float on above my thought.
Why not you be in hurry to reach there?
Live in Him only, and get the passage
As it is the paradise!

In the poem “Love from Heaven,” he exquisitely applies visual and tactile imageries to depict how God’s love flows from heaven to our hearts as follows:

The moon opens petals
Before it blooms.
The dew on the petals
Drips down and down
Through the breeze
Falls on the fire
That burns my soul.
The love from heaven
Flows like a stream
Deep into my heart.

Dr. Mathew is adept at using the figure of speech called “simile:”
Soft gentle, they weave through the water,
Like my heart beats in rhythm
Through the troubled life

They move ahead again and again,
Like the music from the piano,
The melody comes soft and rhythmic,
Inspires me to go softly and patiently
Like the stream that flows incessantly
The love with its smooth flow
Across the blocks that stand before me
In row, not one but many in chain
The love kindles before me and I follow
Like a machine that runs with load
Do not stop but continues till the end.

In the beautiful lines above from the poem “The Ripples,” the ripples are compared as “Like my heart beats in rhythm” and “Like the music from the piano.” He uses simile again masterfully in these following lines as well:
“The love kindles before me and I follow
Like a machine that runs with load.”

In this book of poems, the poem called “The Miner” was one of the most beautiful poems that stood out from the rest of them. This poem presented a special theme apart from all other mystic poems in this collection. The poet seemed to have been inflicted and touched by the Copiapó mining accident that occurred in Chile in 2010. In this poem he uses a metaphorical figure of speech called synecdoche. He portrays the sweat inducing hard labor of drilling the rocks figuratively as “Bones to break, blood turn water.” Some poets symbolize inducing “sweat” as turning “blood into water.” He also uses another figure of speech called metonymy, “The master gets the riches” instead of saying that the master takes the “profits.” In this poem he evokes visual and tactile imageries so effectively to describe the breath-taking rescue efforts that saved the lives of the 33 Chilean miners by breaking the bones and turning the blood into water:

Labored from morn to eve,
Deep in the soil, far deep inside
Bones to break, blood turns water:
The rock back is drilled
A tunnel to infinity;
It is hell indeed.
He toils for livelihood.
The master gets the riches.
Catastrophe creeps in
Life rides on a thread
Many buried in, soil erects tomb,
Everyone has a plea to heaven;
The light flashes, forlorn from helmet
Too faint to serve as a guide.
From thousand meters of terror
Death strides in stillness.
At last he gets the rock powdered
It is purified in depth,
The yellow metal comes out.
It is the heaven deep in heart

Drilled through the dirt.

Some of his poems like the “Ecstasy,” the “Angels Are Singing,” “The Smile,” and “The Sixth Sense” are memorable because they are meaningful and prosodic to hear. They are musical to our ears and the words are soothing to our souls. He has used alliterations in the verses. In the poem “Ecstasy,” he creates music with the initial sounds (alliteration): “Symphony sounds swiftly,” “Dew drips from petals,” and “The wool warms my body.” The repetition of the initial sounds in the above words in the same line are music to our ears.

Most of the poems in this collection have a clear overtone of spirituality that is deeply rooted in Christian religious faith and morality. They all evoke a certain emotion that is cathartic for the spiritual beings. But as Matthew Arnold, one of the most celebrated poet and critic of the 19th century, said, “The true meaning of religion is thus, not simply morality, but morality touched by emotion.” Dr. K. K. Mathew depicts in his poems a spirituality and morality touched by his emotion.

As Robert Frost said, “To be a poet is a condition, not a profession.” For Dr. K. K. Mathew, creating poetry is a condition. These exquisite poems came spontaneously to him as overflow of his powerful feelings. He is inspired by his emotions and thoughts that find the most appropriate words in poetry. These figurative poems evoke excitement, love, meaning, beauty and hope for eternity. That is his greatness and poetic genius. As Matthew Arnold said, “Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest and admiration.”

This book of poems is a great feast for those who love the meaning and beauty of the written word. According to Matthew Arnold, “The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay ... More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us.”

Mathew K. Isaac, Ph.D.

Writer and Retired Associate Vice Chancellor, California

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THE STREAM FLOWS

When dawn was in the skies, I saw
 In a dream, a dry land torn into pieces,
 A river, its shores lost in barrenness.
 A blood-stained cloud moving in darkness.
 Sky scrapers encased the wretched plain,
 Miners scraped for gold on the hilly region,
 The city burned like a spent Kerosene lamp.
 A thick mushroom cloud settling over it.
 A sound roaring in my ears as of the falling
 Rampart of a conquered city.
 The pond of agony is swelling,
 The river of death is weeping.
 The world is dying, come, let us
 Sing a requiem for the diseased earth...
 I see a stream falling down,
 The water transparent like a mirror.
 There all seemed young and beautiful
 The earth an unsung song, mountains full of joy,
 And Love running briskly among the wild tall grass.
 I see my image, my inner soul
 In the flowers blooming, in the fruits ripening,
 In the birds singing, in the tempests roaring,
 In the crimson and black on the sky
 In the golden grass below;
 In the thousand things around the land and the sea.
 The stream swells, pebbles on its banks
 Look like jewels glittering.
 Spring is risen and life is new
 Love is risen and Love is Lord of all.
 The bough will put forth their tender buds
 And butterflies will begin flaunting their wings;
 Life will begin afresh in every nook and far down caves.
 Let us follow our lost boyhoods to the height of Heaven.
 His love flows incessantly.
 God still walks in Eden among the old trees.
 Come, cherish it and wash away our mistakes,
 Ere we creeps to the silence again.

THE GOLDEN WINGS

I fly deep in the horizon;
A dove with golden wings
Cutting the air, cutting the sea
In the golden boat,
Pace at high speed,
It's more than a missile
from one end to the other end
The globe's too short for me
Flying above the stars
Reaching the heaven and above
In abode, the joy's too divine
The happy feelings last
from step to step, from bottom
To top in seconds, I float
Above my broken heart,
As it's subdued to the core
Nothing known but the flight only
The rich and the poor alike
Ride on the golden jet
The poor becomes rich in seconds
God bless them in sleep
With the golden wings,
The dreams that come true.

WINGS TO PARADISE

Birds fly high in the sky,
High up to the vacuum.
No air there, they just float
In the land of stillness.
Each atom there is God
Beyond the reach of the earth
Of sorrow, pain and despair.
I have not the wings of dove
I go deep, very deep in to my heart
With the wings of quest and devotion
It is too a land of stillness
So tranquil it is, pure like dew
It's the same destiny where the birds fly to
It's beyond the human thought
Exuberance, everlasting there,
Weaved in calmness,
I just float on above my thought.
Why not you be in hurry to reach there?
Live in Him only, and get the passage
As it is the paradise!

BEYOND THE STARS

High up in the sky,
above the clouds.
so delicate, mesmerizing,
a gentle breeze sways
cools the heart, cools the soul
What is it, I don't know
no words to tell
imagination doesn't reach
pure and holy, it is,
it's going up and up
beyond the stars
beyond the heaven
with golden wings
silvery tail, smooth in pace
jewel feel puts in me
It rains incessantly in heart
deep inside in me.
My soul sees it
It's beyond everything
smiles, waves at me.

LOVE FROM HEAVEN

The moon opens petals
Before it blooms.
The dew on the petals
Drips down and down
Through the breeze
Falls on the fire
That burns my soul.
The love from heaven
Flows like a stream
Deep into my heart.
The murmur it echoes
Is a sweet melody
That rhymes deep in me.

MY HEART WHISPERS

The solitude deep inside,
my companion so intimate,
so subtle and gentle
so filamentous, so delicate
That soothes my soul.
My heart generates, vibrates,
the music so melodious,
rhythmic like the pump outside beats
it's tuned in divinity, the rhymes
too soft, it spells out.
The stream that murmurs,
flows gently down
the water's transparent
I sail in a bliss.
It's not a dream
Lively it hugs me
The feel gentle touches me
And I fly to that abode.

THE BREEZE

The leaves flutter, the fruits daze,
the birds sing ,the stream murmurs,
the wind is gentle, spreads over
moves in rhythm, on its way to
drip dew in every heart.
where does it originate?
may be God blows very little
to sedate the burning hearts,
to melt the grief,
to cool the broken hearts,
to heal the soul.
Let us pray, it comes
every moment deep inside.

AFTER MIDNIGHT

I awake in smooth mist;
Dew soothes my heart with melody,
I see my soul blooms
Heaven is here
Solo buds in my garden
Fragrance smells, flowery everywhere
Warm blood flows, I feel its throb
The moon looks, my cells dream
Soul merges, body swifts
My heart thumps, throat opens
Psalms splendid make their way
Thoughts stimulate my heart
I sit countless rich.
Love navigates, blossoms everywhere
I become euphoric
Love, your power draws my heart
And you, hug me, darling.

THE MOON PEEPS

She is shy, peeping from heaven,
Through the old wooden door
She is kind and humble
To visit my thatched hut.
She is masked, the darkness of heaven
The darkness engulfs my life
My heart beats without peace
My hands tremble, my eyes fail
I fall down without her
She kindles a spark in my distressed life.
She now sleeps on my wooden couch
The little stars around her twinkle.
They preach her greatness
The breeze that blows
Carries the smell of her
The lights that she gives, wafts me,
A tonic for my tiring heart
She dusts and wither my dusty heart.
My heart dines with her divinity.
Dreams she bore touches my weary heart
Honey drips, sweet it be
And I fly to that abode.

THE RIPPLES

Soft gentle, they weave through the water,
Like my heart beats in rhythm
Through the troubled life
They move ahead again and again,
Like the music from the piano,
The melody comes soft and rhythmic,
Inspires me to go softly and patiently
Like the stream that flows incessantly
The love with its smooth flow
Across the blocks that stand before me
In row, not one but many in chain
The love kindles before me and I follow
Like a machine that runs with load
Do not stop but continues till the end.
The ripples run through my soul as well
When you be with me to guide
Why should I worry?
No fright in me and I carry on.
When I look at through you
The world looks different
As I see you everywhere.

ETERNAL PEACE

Shining clouds sailing high in the sky
Doves in white fly everywhere
His spirit is flowing incessantly
I saw it in a dream.

When I peep out, the sky looks threatening
Darkness spreads everywhere
Thunderstorm strikes
Lightning cuts through bombards.

How my dream comes true, I thought,
Never it is, my heart whispers.
Love is invisible, selfishness rules
Earth is burned and wretched.

Passion rules man, they pull him down
Disquiet prevails, it is hell
Hatred is man's creation it is folly
When God guides, he wins over the senses
And he is at peace, eternal.

Again, I saw Him in majesty
I cling on with adhesive, so strong it is
Darkness all vanish, sun shines
So cool the breeze that blows
Passions all dissolve to nothing
I relish calmness at its height
The peace at its best, the stillness with perfection
It is pure and holy
The world becomes heaven.

When I look through Him
The world looks different
I see every one, my dear ones
As He guides me, I am to follow Him only
I take the agony of others as mine
It is my service of all times.
I stand bold in tribulations
The life with Him is the finest ever
It is sublime tranquil
And I am at peace forever.

MY DESIRES

The sun dips at the end of the sea,
Illuminating a flash in my heart
So throbbing it pumps glory in me.
The crown that moves before me
It's never-ending, so luminous
Blinking all through in me
So thrilling, I jumped in to the ship
That takes me to the horizon
With my heart beating fast, breathing rapid
Sighing every moment, blood turns vapour
It goes like a mirage not easy to catch
It is the voyage or a flight to infinity
With the wings of my desire, flying
Above everything to the end
Of the world, no one to interrupt,
Not caring any one like the free bird
At last dips into happiness flourishing.

THE SEA IS ROARING

The sea is roaring,
The tidal waves in fury
The lion jumps up.
My tiny boat encircles
No one there to help
Heart broken into pieces,
Soul wet with tears
I with empty hands,
Looked above, the plea
Flies to Heaven
It rained with a smile
Wiped the tears,
Beats the sea with a thunder.
Calmness fills everywhere
My heart pumps with joy
Glory to Him forever.

THE MINER

Laboured from morn to eve,
Deep in the soil, far deep inside
Bones to break, blood turns water:
The rock back is drilled
A tunnel to infinity;
It is hell indeed.
He toils for livelihood.
The master gets the riches.
Catastrophe creeps in
Life rides on a thread
Many buried in, soil erects tomb,
Everyone has a plea to heaven;
The light flashes, forlorn from helmet
Too faint to serve as a guide.
From thousand meters of terror
Death strides in stillness.
At last he gets the rock powdered
It is purified in depth,
The yellow metal comes out.
It is the heaven deep in heart
Drilled through the dirt.

SUBLIMITY

Sublime, I think
It soothes my agony
It lingers in my heart
It blows melody
The thoughts carry me
To infinity.
They kindle love,
Decorate my moody heart
Visions divine spring out
They emit energy
My heart beats with vigour
My soul is in peace
I am in stillness,
Tranquility flows in
And I merge with Him.

DEW

Dew, you touch my heart
As you look divine
I look at you always
I aspire for your purity
And I get it from you.
You're transparent
You cool my heart.
I see you on petals
And roses smell fragrant,
My aches disappear.
You come from heaven
To soothe my soul,
I wish to be like you.
Let you fill my heart
And dirt washed away
My heart becomes holy
And it becomes heaven.

ECSTASY

Joy overpowers thoughts,
Body cools in gentle breeze
It soothes my brain.
Lilies bloom,
Fragrance instilled
Heaven glimpses,
Melody drifts
Symphony sounds swiftly,
Feelings climb up
Evoke spirit,
Love navigates
Blossoms everywhere.
Dew drips from petals
Honey, it sweetens my heart
Brain, mesmerised,
The sun peeps though the cleft
The wool warms my body
Imaginations fly over,
The soul kisses my body
And I get immense pleasure.

THE FLOWER SINGS

The flowers open in the music
That tuned in heaven,
Sway gently, singing in the breeze
That love blows everywhere,
From the hill side to the valley
It touches the stream,
That ripples the flow to bottom.
The murmur echoes gently
Harmonious they hum
To the tune of the birds flying
They too sing uninterruptedly
With joy to the extreme
That awakes my heart.
My soul has to sing
Its glory and pride
It whispers in rhythm,
The kindness showered on me.
Thought delicate crosses my heart
They too bloom and sing.

THE KITE

Flying high up in the sky
up to the soul,
deep to the heart
the string of light passes,
it loosens, let the kite fly
no limits anywhere in the sky
it enjoys the freedom
The light is the string
the kite moves in the wind
sideward and upward in hurry,
like the heart loses its rhythm
beating here and there in fury
it cannot reach the heaven
as the string is too short
to reach the height,
the kite falls at distance
breaking its skeletons
the light too, fades in man
It fails to reach the soul,
fails to reach the heart
everything is lost when
the string is gone.

ANGELS ARE SINGING

When dawn was in the sky,
I saw in a dream,
A river, thin and dry,
A blood stained cloud,
A dry land torn into pieces.

I saw angels in Heaven,
Singing and dancing,
They come down to earth
They glorify God.

I see then,
The earth full of joy,
The flowers blooming,
The birds singing,
Butterflies flaunting,
The river swells.

Life begins afresh
Love running among grass,
The leaves sway in gentle breeze
God walks among the tall trees.

THE FINAL ATTAINMENT

The world is on the dark
Hiding the white inside
Many live in the dark
Only few in the white
It is not the earth,
But the heart,
That is the core,
The white and the dark one.
How the dark becomes the white?
It is the aim in life.
The worldly is perishable
The one eternal is Godly
That is the soul behind bars
Of the passions worldly.
The soul to set free
Is the aim in life,
A task difficult to do.
The one stands with faith in God
Achieve it after a war
With tribulations, he faces,
The hurdles one after another,
Countless they, in a row,
Win over them, holding on
The thread, the faith in God,
That comes for rescue
Lift him from the deep pit,
Without fall into the hell.
After many jumps,
The thread becomes rope
Unbreakable, it holds him firm.
The remarkable event soon,
The passions worldly vanish
The senses internal open,
He sees with them
No air there, he floats,
It is the soul, he aimed at.
The body separates, the soul
Set free, never-ending it lives,
He is in a bliss, the abode heavenly,
Heaven is here amidst sufferings
All worldly that pain,
But the heart smiles,
Lives after body separates
It is the attainment, final.

THE LEAVES STREAM

The leaves green and dry
Stream to the ground
In the wind that blows,
In full passion with lust,
They dream to settle on soil,
Grow much taller and bigger
Than the parents, vigourous,
Show the might to everyone,
Show the true colour,
Not inching to any one
How nice the dream
That fades in the noon sun,
Lasting for moments.
The sun burns it to smoke
That vanishes in the wind,
They buried in the soil
Like the corpse in the tomb.
The grace on the top is gone,
The beauty vanishes,
The music with the birds ceases,
Here no one to see them
No one wants them
They dip to the bottom.

THE SPRING IN ME

I see my image in the stream flowing,
The water transparent like a mirror,
The birds singing and flying,
The butterflies flaunting,
The boughs put forth tender buds,
The flowers mesmerise my heart,
Fragrance soothes the soul
The love flows among the trees
Spring is risen, love is new,
Love flows into my heart,
Love is Lord of all.

THE SMILE

The honey dripping from face
So sweet on the tongue
Mesmerising the heart too.
The smile of the kid,
Too shiny to be kissed
More fragrant than the flower,
A drop cools the burning fire
It whitens the dirt inside.
One can't smile with dirty heart
It soothes the soul, cools the heart.
Innocent heart, God lives there,
Innocent soul, a part of God,
Never darknen the whitness inside,
One smile, the quarrel stops,
One smile, the agony vanishes,
One smile, the war ends.
What is the smile?
The God presents before
From every innocent heart.
Smile, when heart is torn
The grief runs away
Smile always and live long.

ETERNITY

There is a world within this world,
It's beyond the pain
It springs out of the sufferings
Beyond the stars, beyond the heaven
It's here itself,
The never-ending one
It's pure and holy,
Doesn't bear gravity
Not seen by naked senses
But relished by heart,
Unseen outside
But seen deep inside
It lights the heart
So illuminative, so colourful
I relish it, taste it
No words to tell
It sprung out of my search
After the quest for years
I fly like a dove
Well above the sorrow
Much beyond the happiness
No pain there
What is it?
It continues after death
No limits there,
Tranquility flows in everywhere
It is a vacuum, no air there
I am in a bliss,
Above the human thought
Now I float there
Like the Astronaut
In the space of divinity
At its centre is God.
It is the treasure,
The wealth in pain and sorrow
The fool man can't realize.

THE ECHO

The murmur that rides through the air,
Passes sweetly but for a pause
Swift so profoundly dipping to
Nothingness, then again it comes,
For every sound produced, a voice
From the sky, when thunder comes
From heaven when the angels speak,
Singing a chorus, too faint to deliver,
To communicate, to signal the divinity,
In fraction, its presence to the one hearing.
The sound is sublime like the thoughts
Polished floating above my mind.
I grasp them now and then
And tunes my heart with holiness.
Man speaks, the angels respond
With thoughtfulness of the day.

TRANQUILITY

The calmness at its height,
The peace at its best,
The stillness with perfection,
It's pure and holy.
It fills my heart
I'm in peace, contented,
No disquiet in me.
You can't buy it
Nor does wealth possess it:
It's the treasure,
The gift by Him
Transparent and thought free.
The stream is tranquil
As the tick woods are,
The sky is in peace.
Tranquility draws me to infinity
I fly everywhere, breath calmness.
Live in God as he gives it,
Moral breeds there,
They grow and multiply
And divinity flows in.

JESUS WAS BORN ONE DAY

Jesus was born one day
To save man from elimination,
The total one that was to come,
To fill salvation in every fragment
Of man on the brink of deep pit.
He turns darkness to daylight
Turns the wicked to righteous,
The sinner to live holy.
The happiest event on earth,
Is to rejoice every year,
To pledge the light glow
In everyone beyond the limits.
The love to flow incessantly
To the down-trodden,
To see Godliness in everyone
To cure the broken hearts
To see Him in the wounded
The love to heal everythnig
As He is love only.

THE DARK HIDE - OUT

I a wonderer in passion, encircle,
Like a tiny boat in the tidal wave,
No destiny in my route,
Drunk to the last,
Drown in the dark shadow
That hits my life in depth
Wounded the heart, the soul is torn
Loiter in the desert without a drop
Of water to cease the thirst.
The hell in my heart,
burns me inch by inch
To be the dust of of agony.
The thorns prick the sole
Of my feet, blood oozing out
Everyone left me with fear
The thread strangulates the neck
The hook tightened every moment
The hell closes the door
Darkness engulfed me
Blind to see the virtues
How to escape from the prison?
I asked myself, no way out,
I could see. I looked up
The light sparkles, waving at me
I peeped at it, the heart fills with it
It melts, body twitched
Light overshadowed the dark
The body is relaxed, soul cooled
What is it? I asked myself.

I LOVE THE ROSE

I loved the plant rose,
Thick red, only one in the plant,
I loved the flower
Which one loved first, the flower or me?
I don't know, the egg or the chick
It's mine only, I trusted in heart
I relished it, smelt it everyday
Heart rushed for it in sleep
Rose loved me only, heart whispered.
That dawn it vanished, leaving no love
Heart-broken, I knew late
That love lives in every rose.

THE SHADOW

The shadow of my end
On the rise in my mind
The shadow of my life
Blinking at my eyes,
It gives me shade
Too faint to recollect.
The shadow cools the cells
In me, digests every event
That haunts my heart.
The memories sweet
Creep in with fragrance,
A recollection golden
And to the past that saddens
The feelings that hurt,
Everything at a stretch,
Covering one end to
The other, so shining
Lives with me so close
Never loses me,
Never parts with me,
It is my friend immortal,
Sings in me the melody
Of finished and coming
Too fast on its run,
To nurse, console me.
The love that boards
To infinity, is my shelter
That keeps me under
Its wings, so kind that
It follows me to my tomb.

THE LUSTFUL FLAME

The meek in the tempest of glory
That hastens my moody mind,
Things havoc supine lustful way,
The wind of passion blows over heart
That burns in the flame of thunder,
That intensifies my throb
Let alone it wanes to nothing.
The sky at its intense luminance
Embrace me with tears of joy
It sighed the glory yet to come,
My heart becomes pure at meek show.
The pebbles jumps with joy,
The flowers bloom to shower fragrance,
The stars bow at the glaring mystery,
God lives in man, the passion
Burns into thunderous applause,
The light that sparks into infinity
Illuminates the whole world.

THE SIXTH SENSE

Oh Lord, how lucky I am,
I see you every day,
Every moment with you
Fused with you,
And we are one.
The passion in me
Separated from the soul
And the soul is set free,
I see the soul is you
The world doesn't know it.
The body is gone from my soul
And you fill in me.
The dirt is dissected out
The scalpel is my faith in you
A rope it is, never it breaks,
The internal senses in me open,
I see now with it.
I relish, taste you,
Exuberance, joy at its top
No, it is bliss, the heavenly abode,
I have now, no words can tell it.
The feel of me is beyond
All my sufferings.
It is the wealth on earth
Which the fool, man doesn't know.

THE SORROW

My friend you are
From childhood my guide.
You teach me a thrill,
I drank deep from your fountain,
When you touch my face
I grow stronger every new day.
You're not sorrowful
Not bitter in taste.
Had you visited me not,
Weary I would become.
My fragile heart moulded,
Now to a towering one.

When I sank in tidal wave
None came for my rescue,
You touched my heart
I cried, God heard my plea,
He sent a wooden plank
I caught that in time.
I swam to the shore.
You're my anchor,
Courage instilled in me.
Body reacts swiftly
And pain vanishes.

Your absence makes one blind
To the sight of Him.
Life with grief and joy
Is life with all fruits
A gooseberry on my tongue
Bitterness vanishes soon
And sweetness makes its way.
God lets flow tears to man
To sooth his sorrow.

Sorrow, you are Godly,
Human too,
Man and God are connected
With chain of grief.
It is the hymns of
Painful heart.
Sorrow you are not a waste,
Tears, you are not fruitless,
Sorrow gives me hope,
Gives me life
And gives me God.

LOVE, THE TEARS

Love is the rose,
Roses grow with thorns
Thorns hurt me
And it bleeds.
My heart is torn
Tears drip down
The pain is sweet
No medicine to heal it.

HEAVEN

Heaven is here in my heart,
I live in it, cherish it.
Hell also here in me
The other side of the coin.
My body is crushed
I am sunk in agony
But my heart smiles,
It sings his glory.
Pain is sweet in me
Grief pumps joy in
Despair vanishes
And I sleep in melody.
When my heart becomes pure
God lives there
And heaven is in me.
Don't chase God
As He lives in you.

LOVE THE SUPREME

[A sermon]

Oh! Love, You are the creator,
My mentor and guide
You made the universe a wonder
You made the world a mystery.
You breed me and the fellowmen
You keep the fish in the sea,
In the streams, for my food only
You grow the plants and grains
For me, for me only.

Glory to you, my Love
I get euphoric and mad
When I think of you.
The little stars twinkle
With the mystery of you,
All the stars in the sky
Preach your greatness.
Oh! Lord, you live
Deep in my heart
The dirty covering it bears
Makes you invisible to me.

A man can't live without you,
A woman can't part from you
You kindle the light
In their harmonious life.
You make the birds kiss together
You make the animals friendly
You make the plants fruitful
You ripen the plants and fruits.

the cuckoos fly and hum
The rhymes of your glory,
The skylark fly in the sky
With the hymns of your beauty.
You care for everybody alike
You care for the tiny creature
You love the mighty one.
You love the tender heart
You make the oppressed happy
You make the prisoner free.

Oh! Lord, come to my dwelling place
Come, come my master
And I go to that eternal joy.
What should I offer to you?
My soul, my heart and my body
I submit before you, my Lord!

THE GLORY

Never, never, condemn others
As I have more guilt in me.
See the goodness in others
As you are good in you.
The soul is God in everyone
Love others, you love God.
Knowing me, I know God,
The glory in me is not mine
As He does through me.
I have nothing to glorify
It is He to be praised.
I know, I am nothing
As everything is Him only!

THE CHILD

Pure heart, where?

As God is there.

The child is a stream,

The water is tranquil

And God lives there.

The new-born,

A miniature of God

Comes out divine.

The child is a mist,

Spotless, the mind

No dirt there.

The love is holy.

Love the child,

Then you love God.

God is before you,

When innocence there.

I wish to be a child

When another life here.

EVERY HEART

I am yours
You are mine,
And we are one.
When we're split,
We split into four
When they're split
We become sixteen
And we live in every heart.

THE FLAME

The heart that kindles
With flame of love,
That warms the soul
That glows inside me
That fumes into
The coldness of brain,
Tips into bottom of earth,
Jets into top of heaven
And brings heaven on earth,
Intoxicates me in dim light,
That it lights in darkness
All along the thorny path
That bleeds the feet,
The pain becomes sweet
That, never felt before.
The joy that binds
Exudes deep in me,
It is a burning candle.

THE FOG SPILLS

The buds on the mango tree
Grow merrily as they flourish
On happy note in the chilly nights,
The tree sleeps, smelling fragrance,
Daze in sweet melody at noon
The fog at night makes it blind,
It sways gently with flutters
The buds weakened and fragile,
Few fall down with no fragrance
What a plight, they decay
The tree in grief stoops,
The silent mourning heard
That fades in the gentle breeze,
That blesses her with a smile.
The sun throws its arms at her
But the buds not roused
From the coma it suffers.
Man on its way to the destiny
Blocked by fog, makes him blind,
loses the charm in life
Thrown away from the path
To the garbage on the side,
Can't see the light ahead
And ends in the thick darkness.

SEMI DARK CORNER OF GARDEN

The sun peeps through the cleft
Throws its arms so gently
At the herd of the flowers
That bow their heads, weeping,
Drinking the rays in hurry.
They are too weak to stand erect,
Others at farther end, so vigorous,
Have no mind to take bath in sun
As the friends are weaning.
The sun kisses the weak, too faint
Only at times so meekly
But they too live in the world
To charm man and the Lord.

TRIBULATIONS

Tribulations creep over her,
One after another.
It crushes her body
She is down to the bottom.
It frightens her
With each hurdles,
She looks at God.
She prays, she pleads
He hears her cry.
Faith drives her out
With each fall, her faith
In Him multiplies
And it becomes so strong.
The passion in her
For world, separates
And the soul set free.
Her soul lives in Him,
It is He, guides her.
She feels no pain,
The torture turns harmless
And tribulation vanishes.
Her soul is His now
They become one.
Why should she worry?

THE POISON

The evil that wrecks hearts,
The poison that flows to the soul,
That spoils the love,
That breaks the families,
That sows seeds of enmity,
In the society, in religions,
Is the bomb that explodes
With fury of nonsenses
That never have happened.
A total lie that is inflated
A balloon that breaks to nothing
So attractive it becomes,
So sweet to digest.
But so late, the truth spills out
But it is too late to convince,
To cover up the mistaken notion.
Never believe anyone in the world
Except the trust in God
The truth in purity, that flows in.

WHAT SHOULD I POSSESS?

What should I possess?
A heart that is tender,
Not a stone, a rock.
I must love the heart,
Not the skin.
Be steady in my words
Never sacrifice my conviction
Never hurt anyone.
Never cheat anybody,
Never long for momentary joy,
Enjoy in heart only
That is eternal.
Could read jewel and dirt
Read jewel, a jewel,
The dirt, a filth.
Live in love only
As love is God.

THE RITUALS

The God unseen, living today
In every time, every moment,
In everything, He created,
In the mountains, in the valleys
In the hilltops to the stream flowing.
It is pure holy the inside everything
Every creature the spirit is inside,
In the interior of man, the light sparkles,
The soul that is holy, guiding him
Is part of God in man,
Glowing inside, but shadowed
By the dirt coated in layers outside
Unseen by the naked eyes
But seen to eyes inside;
When dirt parts from body,
The soul illuminates the whole inside
That is reflected outside.
It is God residing in man
Pouring love to him
That flows to every one.
God hears the cry of weeping hearts
He hears directly every plea
To cool every wounded heart
He is not pleased in rituals
As he wants only sorrowful plea
From the interior of every heart.

THE STONY HEART

The heart that is soft
beats in rhythm
fleshy, meaty, it is
It becomes stony
when dirt accumulates
It's hard as rock to break.
The dirt is hell in heart
passion rules and chase God
cruelty overpowers the goodness
and man becomes a beast
blind to the morals,
blind to everyone,
blind to himself.
love is decayed
and love is murdered.

A THOUGHT

The mind is to tell
what the heart feels
a thought that is so noble
what Jesus said,
what Gandhiji thought,
a horizon painted with love,
That the cross stands.
The living heart in peace,
that brings the poor hunger-free,
the destitute lives under shade.
The Khadi weaved in simplicity
that whitens the enmity
The cast creed join together
the string of love holds
the kindness instilled in every heart.
Now khadi becomes a tomb,
whitish, hollowness fills inside
The poor becomes poorer,
the rich touches the sky.
blood shed and sprayed
The darkness spreads,
the light fades
Where we are to?
on the heavy thorny road
to the indefinite end.
what is the way out?
whom to tell?
fate is the fate.

THE SOUL

The root that is the crux,
The spirit that is eternal
The invisible that centres,
It is my find for decades.
The dead is gone
The golden remains,
The bird in me flies
In the horizon wide.
It is the vacuum
Where I float
I see with my heart.
The paradise in me
Amidst the sufferings.

HOW TO LOVE

How to love?
Love the soul,
Not the body,
Not the world,
The soul is Godly,
Fragment of God in it.
When you love man,
You love God.
You can love any number
Of males and females
Love their image in you
That glitters always.
You kindle light in everyone
They relish love in you,
It is never-ending
The world becomes heaven.

THE CREATURE

The wild beauty in full,
The creepers dance in shade,
The trees stand in loftiness
The stream flows in rhythm
The lilies with tender buds,
Bloom under the hiding sun
The leaves sway in gentle breeze,
The bees suck on the flowers
The butterflies flaunting across the valley
The birds singing in groups
They fly in romance,
The deer run with pace,
The fish move in silence,
The love flows everywhere
So calm, everything in stillness
The murmur sagging in tune,
The mist trupets hearts with melody
The hilltops smooth in vicinity
The beauty haunts hearts,
The soul fills with divinity
The heads bow before the creator.

HAPPINESS

The roses grow with thorns,
The beauties grow in sorrow,
No happiness without sorrow
The heart makes them.
The happiness in pain
Is the joy of the soul.
Finding God, you get it,
It lives long, the wealth
In sorrow, you feel happy,
The pain is not felt,
The grief flows away
The heart thumps with joy.

THE LIGHT IN ME

My life dumped in dirt
Has its way astray
Not its way forward
And I become giddy.
I sat burned in my way
Dark hue shadowed
I can't go forward
I drum havoc on my will.
My life purposeless in a way
It runs in its way
I sit in moody light
It withers my tune.
Dirt I run through
It soaked my life
I look ahead to distance
I see a twinkling star.
My life is a search
Searching one after another
I run over hurdles in row,
And I don't fall.
When I searched
Dirt removed from heart
I see you the light in me
And passion all vanished.
I could love others
I love every one,
I love the world,
The world looks heaven.
The Light that sparkles
Deep in my heart,
It guides
And I follow.

ME

Love, the worship,
Humanity, the religion,
Deeds, the God
Make me wise.
I see God everywhere,
In every heart,
In every plant
And in every hut.
That makes me happy,
Peace at heart,
And life with perfection.

THE SUPREME

The supreme on earth,
It flies beyond the earth,
Not selfish, not for reward,
Not swells, not freezes
Flows like a stream,
Flows down incessantly.
So divine like mist
Not for anyone's presence
Lives in the heart,
Not coming out.
Heart to heart speaks
Not decayed, stays eternal
Earth perishes, but it lives.

THE DARK NIGHT

The night posts dark hue
In my frightened heart,
Like the train passes in tunnel
Very long it is, the hell,
Darkness everywhere.
The moon hides in the sea,
The stars all fall down,
I suffocate, body choking
No air to infuse life,
The dark shadow engulfs me
The train comes out,
The sun greets me
Heart fails to beat fast
The rays from the cleft
Lights my heart again,
The life sinks in the sea
Too often, but rises again,
Like moon, waxing and waning.
The joy sinks in sorrow
And it overshadows the joy,
The cycle continues to the end.
The gooseberry sweetens at last
All roses grow with thorns
The beauties spring from sorrow
What for the joy,
When there is no sorrow.

SEEING GOD

God is not seen
by naked eyes,
not by naked senses.
He is seen rather
felt, no relished
no tasted, no cherished,
by open senses internal.
An experience, it is.

THE LOTUS

Spring dries up, I with realms of
Dance in nature as it be,
The unique shadow that awakes
My thought that the beauty brings,
Chilly breeze that sends the smell,
At hay in the air to flow down,
The petals sway gently, turn up,
Twist around the sun leaving no panic
The brightness smacks the loneliness,
That pours in the water that is transparent
With no cloud in the sky that illuminates,
Sends beam to the water hot
That surrounds the flowers,
Which applauds the shake
That droops from the hanging lotus.
The earth in its full birth brightens
From the silly cycle that points the chapter
Of the shine that polishes her,
The glory that comes embedded in the flower,
Deviates to the harness of mind
That charms the noble deed,
That opens mouth with wizard to come
In its prayer to save man, the world.

DIVINITY

The purity at its best
The heart that is cleaned
To the spotless one,
That shining inside,
That attracts others.
The helping one
That guides,
That changes the world.
The Godliness that flew to earth,
The love that flows down
To the wounded,
To the down-trodden
That wipes out the tears
The one who reaches to nothing
As everything is God only.
The message of God,
Being carried everywhere,
Is full of wisdom
That God gives,
That changes hearts,
That melts the rock
That loves pain,
That doesn't want money
For God is the wealth,
God is the way
He is the truth
And It is the divinity.

THE HONEY

The birds fly up in the sky
Come down to the tree,
Suck nectar in the flowers.
The bees live on it
The butterflies suck to lees
They suck daily,
As they are free to fly
In the limitless horizon.
But man can't climb the tree,
He can't suck the flowers
He in despair look at flies
He can't fly or suck flowers
He always sucks the nectar
Of greed jealousy and hatred,
Love is the honey that he can't suck
As his tongue lost taste buds
He tastes sour sweet, sweet as sour
Hiding God makes his tongue rigid.

THE MORN YET TO BEGIN

The chilly broth spills from sleepy trees,
The cold breeze spreads among the wild trees,
The birds silent for long begin to hum,
The stream flows with the singing murmur
Its echo sneaks in the silent valley
The flowers open half sleep into nodding
The fragrance emits in uninterrupted notes
In harmony with the singing bees
The dew drips in chain on the rock
With the melody on the air
The still forest hugs the golden rays
That sneaks though the holes open above
The sun smiles at the sleepy trees,
It throws long arms to rouse
The warmth of love spreads everywhere
The tonic of energy energizes,
Stimulates every weak filament
To shower the blessing of the Almighty.

IN SOLITUDE

The stillness with perfection,
So precious that touches my heart
The divine feel that sprouts out,
Haunts my mind to show the colour
Of my interior that merges with soul.
The stillness, a paramount beauty
Flows everywhere with melody
That airs its echo in rhythm,
The body then extinguishes
The soul springs into action
That floats above every thought.
I hear Lord whispering
Deep into my interior,
The stillness bursts into divinity
That fetches the bliss, an abode,
The holiness that thrills me.

THE WOMANHOOD

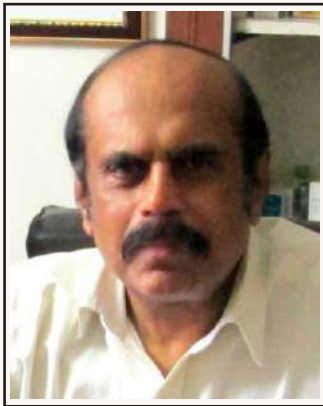
The angels singing and dancing
In Heaven, at centre is God
All virtues filled that sphere,
All spotless, clean and holy,
Sacred and divine in and out
Truely whitish, the divine shine
Lighting a glow in every heart.
When Heaven is full they overflow
To earth and they multiply,
They make earth a Heaven
As they came from sacredness.
They are the true angels here,
True love flows like a stream,
Kindness spread like light glowing
In different figures, different forms
Partner, sister, companion, to mom
All studded with virtues in holiness,
The guiding force in every home
Like Jasmines they spread fragrance
They can change every stony heart
They heal every wound by sheer love
They arm destitute to warm chest
The fountain flowing in every direction
But the earth spoils them.

IT DAWNED

It dawned in my heart,
the dawn of wisdom
that a new life to bud,
the old is gone, new to begin
that the darkness vanishes,
the morn comes in me.
the reminiscent pain a bit
that flees to distance
that rose in the darkness.
The feelings carry havoc
And the dirt of the past;
a new horizon with brightness
like a flame that glows at distance,
a mirage so tricky, I can't catch
it moves a distance before me
the heart melts, the tears drip,
the grief sweeps through
the memory spills away
a new thought, new beginning,
a run to the new route,
the heart pumps in force
a new dawn to face with
the rays bright smooth past
the wounds in memory
that is gone to redeem,
the loaded heart eases
to the fleshy clean one,
the brightness fills inside
It sparkles everywhere
And I become anew.

THE WOODS

The woods spreading before me
in my dream that passes on with delight,
that exuberates in an attempt to toss up
the loneliness that smooths my heart,
with the divinity that blows through the air
which encircles the trees as the tiny breeze,
The leaves swing with hum and easy to fall,
the wide bed with brown paint coated on it,
flowers bloom here and there sing the glory
of the solitude, the Garden of Eden where
God walks through the tall wild grass,
the rock bald, stays as marking the stream
behind flowing with the murmur echoes
in stillness that condenses into tiny drizzle
that wets the woods into perfection.



HOW I SEE

Dr. K.K. Mathew

These 66 poems, mostly mystical, are the outpouring of a poet who is highly spiritual and has a heart full of Christian love and affection. The varied objects of nature: stream, tree, breeze... are all used symbolically to convey a philosophical vision about God and the transient nature of human existence.

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