

Syam Sudhakar's Poems

A Solo

I am alone
on this island
called Caesar.

The rage of the Sun
has sunk
in the antirage
of the Ocean.

You may see
a giant white whale,
or an angry Cyclops —
frightening enlightenments.

I don't keep a torch.

You may call
these hungry winds, Cassius
the unforgiving snow, Brutus
and the eternal darkness,
Fear.
The moonlight
seeping through the armoured heart,
Cleopatra.

I am alone on this island.

Dear,
I no longer care
if the sandcastles
I have built on these ascetic shores
one day dissolve under
the relentless kisses
of the elements.
The wind hums in my ears
saying that
without you
I am all alone
in this deserted island.

The memory of your skin
crumbles my earth
stabs my soul
strips time naked.

The Bull

On the snow mountain
midnight;
a bull ruminates on the moonlight.

A fallen tree,
its roots—his rival's horns.

The full moon
drips onto his forehead;
insanity trickles down
his nostrils.
His sinews
rise and fall.

He
an ice rock in perfect bloom,
a secret whispered among the mountains;
his horns
like the index finger of death.

In his convex eyes
the fallen roots reflect
another bull;
a roar
shatters the night.

Four hooves
in the memory of
mighty battles past
ram into the
maddening roots.
His horns break,
he writhes on the snow.
An avalanche.

In the brow of the night
far away from time
a divine third eye
sleeps.

Syam Sudhakar is an Indian poet based in Thrissur, Kerala. He is a winner of the Srinivas Rayaprol Poetry Prize, 2022. His poems have been translated in various languages both in India and abroad. He teaches English literature in St. Thomas College, Thrissur, Kerala.