

Taste Bites- Poems



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Taste Bites poems

A sample of different categories of poems by
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PREFACE

Please do not look for the author's name in any web or search aids. This author had so far been unsuccessful in publishing anything.

This is not even a book or publication. It is a collection of sample poems by the author. MSS

[manuscripts] are available under each category mentioned in the contents. Readers' response to this booklet may perhaps encourage the printing and publishing of some of them.

If you felt that reading a piece was not a total waste of time, write and tell us. [pl. see email id's]

There is one relatively longer poem, "snakes in the class". Literary minded persons! Please spare time to read it. If you liked it please take time to tell us; better still, tell any reviewer of books.

Please do not give this to children. They may be encouraged to write in 'imperfect Indian English'.

PROSE IS VERBOSE

VERSE IS TERSE

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Categories ;

Ch- children; gen- general; Gr- grammar; L- limerick

Pa- parody; Pic- picture; Sc- science ; W- women

UNTITLED

I am here day and night
I can hear; seen many a sight.

I'm lying down supine
No sleep; resting is fine.
All the time quite still;
like any stone or hill.

I've seen groups of lasses
giggling and gliding on my right;
After cutting college classes
Romeos roaming on my left for a sight.

I've seen opulence in an Audi
Also beggars in clothes shoddy;
With closed windows the car sped;
An auto driver gave what he could .

I've seen bridegrooms, horses
revellers, joyous dancing, jubilant
Also the departed, biers, hearses
mourners, serious praying , silent.

I have savoured the sight of red
flowers in May, from the trees;
I've shuddered when I saw blood
after a hit- and –run driver flees.

I just lie and wait
whether events happen or not
rain or shine; light or night ,
bearing my burden is my lot.

Guruji just shows the road
to so-called salvation;
I, the road, carry my load
to reach the real destination. [TITLE: THE ROAD]

“KEEP THIS PLACE LEAN”

Let me do; something new
Every day; from today.

“Keep this place clean”

Is a universal statement
Quite often it is seen
Near a dirty pavement.

On the footpath where children walk
I sat with a piece of chalk;
In capital letters I wrote
This simple meaningful note.

I just watched from my window
The people walking by;
Nothing happened until now,
No one stopped, girl or guy.

Time for primary classes to end
Chirping, jumping children run.
Some of the tiny tots bend,
They thought reading this was fun.

“Wrong, wrong “ cries one
Another finds a bit of chalk
I purposely left on the walk,
“See, see now it is done “

The missing ‘ C’ was supplied
On the last word by the bold child.
Only a child seemed to dare
To say the emperor was bare;
Curious childhood is gone
As time passes on.
Growing up makes one mature
And kills the senses given by nature.
[True event written in verse]

WOMEN'S DAY (8, MARCH)

It is wonderful
to have a women's day.

It **was** wonderful
in **olden days**
women calling one another

for wash and bath before dawn
together in the river or pond.

to celebrate and spread the message
of a new girl, coming of age.

for giving support in multitude
to an impending new motherhood.

to make preserves, pickles and papad
collectively for the full year ahead.

to decorate the street with rangoli
for anyone's function, social or holy.

It was wonderful
That their days were full
With umpteen acts of this kind
Without a day for womenkind,
not for money,
but for company
and camaraderie.

Pray tell me,
What else they would have done
On a special day of their own?

It is wonderful
to have a women's day.

It is wonderful
in **modern times**
women calling one another

for sharing a cup of tea,
and office gossip, if any.

to have a pizza, pudding or pie;
and to know what and where to buy.

for knowing the latest tally
of the number of sons in silicon valley.

for domestic help that is reliable;
for gadget brands that are viable.

for the summary of a missed TV soap;
or compare an occasional horoscope.

It is wonderful
That the days are full
With activity of this kind
Without a day for womenkind
not for money,
but for company
and camaraderie.
Pray tell me
What else would all of us do
On a special women's day or two?

It would have been nice
in the day's gone.
Even now it is nice to have
a day of your own.

OPTIMISM- NOT FOR ME

The world is too much for me
It is not what I expect, want to see.

In front of a headmaster I spread
An action plan made out of what I read,
A thesis of a friend's years of research
On psychology, science and pedagogy as such.

HM – 1 looks at the title of the proposal
Immediately she knows the way of disposal:
“Such methods in our school are already running
To see, come another day after telephoning.”

HM-2 turns the pages, one or two;
“You know as well as I do, that we cannot do
In this government school, anything new
Also dedicated staff, not even a few.”

HM-3 saw it and said, “You know
Our children and their family background.
They come for freebies and meals and go;
This is no place for ideas profound.”

HM-4 just pushed my papers to in-tray
“I will put this up to the managing committee.
Whether they have time to read I cannot say.
They all are always busy, it is a pity“

HM-5 said, “ A new proposal , no!
Our students' parents are globe-trotters.
They are ever suspicious of such matters.
They trust us just as we function now “

My friend's thesis got medals and degrees.
 To put it into practice no one agrees;
 It took me a lot of loss of face to know
 Every boss wants to keep the status quo
 Even if the same is abysmally low.

The world is too much with me
 It is not what I thought it would be .
 Try again, be optimistic- no, not me

[note: HM—headmaster, headmistress]

OGDEN NASH - parody

The pioneer

*I seek in anonymity's cloister
 Not him, who ate the first oyster,
 But one who, braving spikes and prickles,
 The spine that stabs, the leaf that tickles,
 With infinite patience and fortitude
 Unveiled the artichoke as food .*

“Ha, ha Ogden Nash! You slipped”
 My friend the historian quipped,
 “Centre of the artichoke is what you eat.
 So the heart of the vegetable is its meat”
 Artichoke is heartichoke, he says.
 Historians are honest, as always.

[with apologies to Ogden Nash and his Admirers]

[AUTO] BIOGRAPHY

Autorikshaw is a three-wheeler
 A motorised taxi for three
 Share or full, pay by the meter
 Cool breeze and physiotherapy free.

AUTO 1 is Bajaj, quite masculine.
 AUTO 2 is TVS , feminine and feline.
 On the road they keep decent distance
 Parked at home perhaps they romance.

Certainly the duo
 Was fond of each other.
 Each muttered to oneself
 “ I would like to know
 More of the other”

So said each one
 And made a deal
 With the other's meter and seat
 To set up a data base of doings
 To record all the comings and goings.

Each found out ,
 how great the other was
 Nothing to brag about ,
 but be proud as a lad or lass.

AUTO 1 wrote the story ,
 of AUTO 2 and vice versa;
 Each is called a *BIOGRAPHY*
 Of this or that autoriksha.

About one's own self, he or she
 If wrote, and used 'I' or 'me'
 Each would also be a story
 But called *AUTOBIOGRAPHY*.

PRIMARY PRODUCERS

A tree is not just a tree, it is a factory.

A leaf is not just a leaf, it is an assembling seat.

A flower is not just a bloom, it is a weaving loom,

A fruit is not just a part, it is a merchandise mart.

Simple sugary sap, after many a swap

Becomes ... Stems, leaves, roots;

And also ... Buds, blooms, fruits.

Carbohydrates and casein

Proteins and pectin

Vitamins of the alphabet

Also minerals you get

All the needs of the flesh

Served to us, tasty and fresh.

Primary producers! Thank you!

What can the world do, sans you?



TIGERS AT A WATER HOLE

Tigers are known,
 to hunt alone, its prey its own.
 Lions go as a gang
 to pounce with a bang; even cubs tag along.

This picture in a watering hole
 Has captured the group as a whole
 A dozen eyes above the ground
 Close together; how were they found?

Did picturing the pack get the prize?
 or showing the slurping tongues' detail?
 Behind the photo there must be stories to tell.
 Patience and perseverance deserve the praise.

From where did you get the angle ?
 How did you gather a mob?
 O! The journalist of the jungle!
 How jealous am I , of your job!

When I had vigour and health
 I wasted time wishing for wealth.
 Now, confined to my wheel chair
 Breathing stale urban air

I have hours and days to view
 The handiworks of persons like you.
 And look back at my past with regret
 The gone time which I will never get .



----- VEE IN THE SKY

My sympathy is with the PWD
visually challenged who could not see
the nascent colours of the spring
or a rare eclipse's diamond ring;

But those normal persons I can only pity
who idly miss out on nature's beauty.

Whenever I see a vee in the winter sky
one of nature's shows for all to see ,
I am not a birder but my spirits soar high
as if Mother Nature displays it just for me .

[note: PWD- person with disability]



CHAMUNDI HILLS

1. Almost on top of Chamundi Hills
The temple stands wherein
Goddess Chamundeshwari resides;
Or not, I do not know.
2. Those who climb by foot
The near-thousand steps
Get a place assured in heaven;
Or not, I do not know.
3. Even on an April day,
Adults of eighty summers
Are happy to be on the steps.
It is the lure of the heaven
That draws them there;
Or not, I do not know.
4. Even leaving their parents,
Three-year olds join me
Their tiny feet on the ascending steps.
What attracts is the uncle;
And the hill and the bull;
Or not, I do not know.
5. But a thousand years ago
People put up a public place
Just for the sake of such posterity;
Or not, I do not know.
- 6 .But I do know
That even today There it stands
Attracting the young and the old,
the rich and the poor,
you and me,

The temples
on the majestic hills of Mysore.

7. The hills saved the temples,
And the temples kept the hills green
Against marauders, invaders,
Developers and crusaders;
Or not, I do not know.

8 For all these favours,
I do know , I should thank
The people of now or yore
Lived or Living in Mysore
And their gods and religion;



BREAK A COCONUT

1

Break a coconut, grate the coconut
 We will make something to eat
 Bring some milk, sugar and nut
 Can you cook a sweet tasty treat?

2

A coconut was broken, it was grated;
 Something to eat will be made by us;
 All the things are brought as stated;
 Kheer can be cooked by me , if you say “yes.”

3

Recipe book can be read;
 Cooking can be done step by step ;
 sambar, pulav, samosa or bread
 Anything can be done with mutual help.

4

Read from the recipe book
 Step by step we can cook
 Eatables are quite easy things
 Mutual help can make many things.

[THIS IS A GRAMMAR POEM ON AV [active voice] and PV [passive voice].

**PLEASE SEPARATE PAIRS OF SENTENCES AND LEARN
 SUBJECT – VERB MATCH]**

ADAPT, ADOPT

A childless professor called Praan
 won't adapt his views , was quite stubborn;
 When there was an option
 for foster care or adoption
 he said : “ None, I'll live as I was born “

COME DOWN CHANDRA

This is Chandra, my kanda,
 O! The moon ! sky chanda!
 On this full moon day he looks up
 Seeing you, his face lights up.

He wants you down on the earth
 So he can show you, his bright ball,
 To his mother and children all
 And share with them his toy and mirth.

Once long ago you came down for Ram
 For the palace women and his mom
 Though just an image , it is the same
 For a child ; just like another game.

O chandra, come for my kanda,
 Come down and be with us all
 Steer straight, do not wander
 Our steps are slippery, don't fall.

Come down the hill and the coconut tree
 Don't ask anyone, follow the ear
 Listen to the laughter, guided by the glee,
 Roll and cuddle with the children, dear.

Come down chandra, the moon , soma,
 For this Chandra, my son, and her mama
 You are used to play
 Play with planets and stars
 Come down and display
 Your skill with tiny tots.

[Notes: soma, chandra – the moon
 kanda- fondly refers to a child ; Chandra – name of the child
 Ram – Lord Ram of mythology]

COPY CATS

Children are copiers,
 aping their elder peers
 moms, dads, oldies ,
 other petters and even scoldies;

Munni holding a short stick
 on one hand and chalk on the other
 posing a stern look
 from a frame-only spec
 scolding a student , who is her mother.

One end of the saree across a shoulder
 the rest trailing on the floor,
 Munna's modelling is profound
 until he trips and falls to the ground.

Children are apers;
 Sweet are their capers.

Every child is a mimic
 each of their charades is chic.

They endlessly copy and repeat
 with a grin or smile , nice and sweet.

Beware of what you utter
 There is a copy cat around
 Know which side you butter
 Eyeing you, there is a child behind.

[Notes: Munni- girl child; Munna – male child ;
 oldies, petters, scoldies, apers - author's words;
 saree- long Indian women's dress]

SNAKES IN THE CLASS [1]

Our English teacher didn't have a hunch
That the students would be standing on the bench
On their own and the class room was a scene
One that he never before had seen.

“Sir, sir! Do not enter “
Was the students' shout.
“Ok. Ok! It is better
If I kept myself out”

Looking around, our teacher knew what
made his students mortally afraid.
The corner of the room was the spot
where umpteen snakes lay together tied.

Small, big, stout, thin , hooded head
Snakes .. snakes . .snakes .. snakes
The whole class in awe and dread
Shakes..shakes... shakes .. shakes.

But there was no reason for fear
No reptile was anywhere near
any human ; but were neatly curled
in a corner of our academic world.

One, thick and long, stood up;
Bowed politely from where it was;
In a clear voice with hood up
Without any hissing, spoke thus:

We have heard how the bees benefitted
From a course of English from here
Kindly let us also be admitted
We'll be well behaved, don't fear.

We have come in peace, neither to terrify
 Any of you , so please don't worry
 Nor to get hurt by a hasty student.
 So I suggest let's all be prudent.

We know how you saved
 Hundreds of bees' lives;
 They too properly behaved
 And kept safe, their hives.

We too would like to get
 The basics of the written script.
 About discipline I hope, I bet,
 Promise of mutual respect will be kept.

Thus began the saga of reptile education
 The total set of twenty-six English letters
 Our teacher never cursed his avocation
 Took up the challenge without any jitters.

The letters ess, oh and cee
 For the snakes natural and easy
 As the knotty one's body language showed
 We, in admiration, applauded and bowed.

Chain writing and curlicue
 For you and me seem unique
 For the supple bodied snakes
 It was like eating plum cakes.

Before our teacher could finish *bald* or *bold*
 There they were formed against the white wall
 Formation of words for the class to behold
 By the 'bodies' , some short some tall.

On the last day the cobra queen
 Addressed the class in gratitude;

“I have entered many places and seen
Nowhere, this kind of friendly attitude.”

Thank you all, our friends!

You have taught us the science and art
Of communicating without our presence
And helped us to be safe by being smart.

Sorry, we are not able to pay fees
We brought some items, accept them please.
All legal honest. If you find some soft fur
we didn't kill any mongoose, never.

Fancy shells from the sea shore
Shining pebbles and stones galore
Enormous bamboo stems with holes
Large purple sugarcane whole
Flurry fur and soft leather
from many a dead brother
Snake skins discarded
delicately folded
Neatly packed vials of venom
with a label 'to The Serum Institute'
with a signed statement 'PURE'
with a fang attached to assure.

”Before we go , let us show”
So saying some snakes slithered away
and brought some panels for display :
The class rushed forward to read
the words made from leaf, twig, sand and seed

BEWARE OF SNAKE
SNAKE SHELTER
SNAKE [IN/OUT]
GANDHI COBRA
SERPENT CROSSING.

SNAKES IN THE CLASS [2]

After the serpents had gone, we were still
 Wondering if all this was a dream
 One student found in a corner an epistle
 Addressed to 'Sir, and his team'

The student read:

There are stories and mysteries about us
 In our part of the world it is umpteens
 Never in our life we carry gems precious
 Though this writer is quite old and a queen

We don't drink, not even milk
 'nagin' is not one of our ilk
 To you as idols and gods we are welcome
 But seen in person beaten to death. How come ?

Myths, beliefs and superstitions
 Born out of ignorance or fear
 Continue in your customs and traditions
 Only a discussion can make them disappear

I, the queen, can assist your teacher
 If he can bring the public and the preacher
 To a dialogue for dispelling myths
 Fostered by well-meaning but faulty faiths.

