

The Cork and the Sea

(Talkative prominence is nowhere superior to garrulous ignobility)

Kumara Rabi

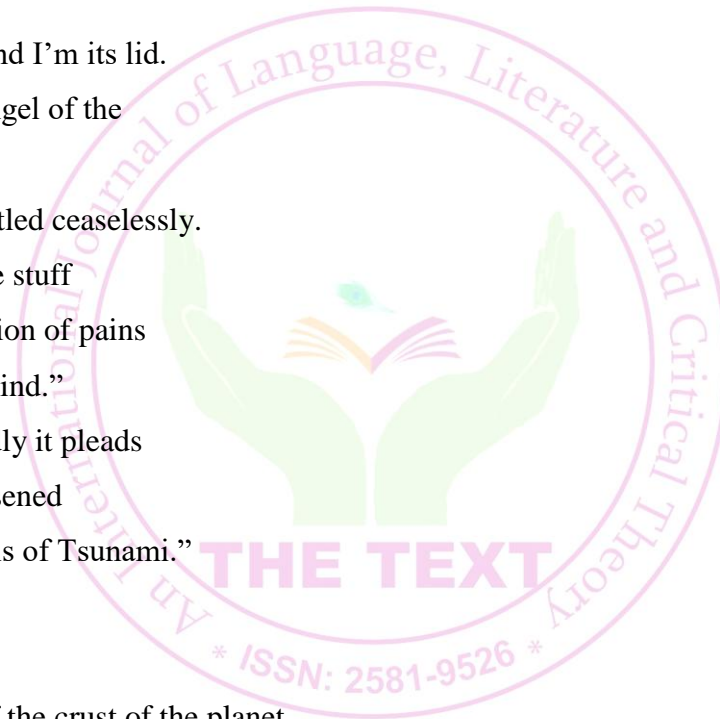
Headmaster

Municipal Boys Higher Secondary School
Gobichettipalayam, Erode

The floating cork on the vast blue waters
often boasts awkwardly;
“you see,
the sea is a bottle and I’m its lid.
I’m the guardian angel of the
high spirited spirit
bottled to be embattled ceaselessly.
Every release of the stuff
ensures the alleviation of pains
in your heart and mind.”
Still more awkwardly it pleads
“Let me not be loosened
to keep off the perils of Tsunami.”

II

Sea- three fourth of the crust of the planet
equally boasts awkwardly;
“How big and how large I’m!
You, the silly cork- the tramp on my water
How dare to say that you’re my lid.
I know your chronicles:
You the seal of a miniature cask
filled with the drugs sedative
to make the people stagnated inactive



You the bitch just recall your story:
The year before yesteryear a drunken mortal
travelling in a vessel
bothering not his cirrhosis, spate you out
before admitting the bottled stuff
into his ulcerated intestine.
Shut up your mouth the
unproclaimed orphan.
How splendid and magnificent I'm!
Do you know who I'm.

III

Either being wise or becoming unwise
is not a matter with the size.



The Mask and the Mirror

(Mask or Mirror? Whom do you show your favour to? A question is to weigh your integral personality)

Kumara Rabi

Headmaster

Municipal Boys Higher Secondary School
Gobichettipalayam, Erode

They are belittled belligerents teasing each other.

The face is the ball in the court of their game.

“You the unlearned mirror knowing not the art to conceal what are to be hidden” the mask ridicules.

More it complains “You the lackadaisical reflector unwittingly unveil all the mucky matters shamelessly.

Be a little but sensible; bit pragmatic.

Diminish the faults; magnify the merits.

The objects will start loving you.”

“Mask, your name is fake learned gentle man?

you the Marshall leads to the land of falsehood?

You’re near to skin but remote to heart.

In the game between the life and fate

you stake the soul by masking the face.

Conscience killer, traitor and impersonator get lost.”

The furious mirror thus retorts the mask.

The poet pleads the readers not to reveal the secret:

These two are the quarrelsome co-sisters.