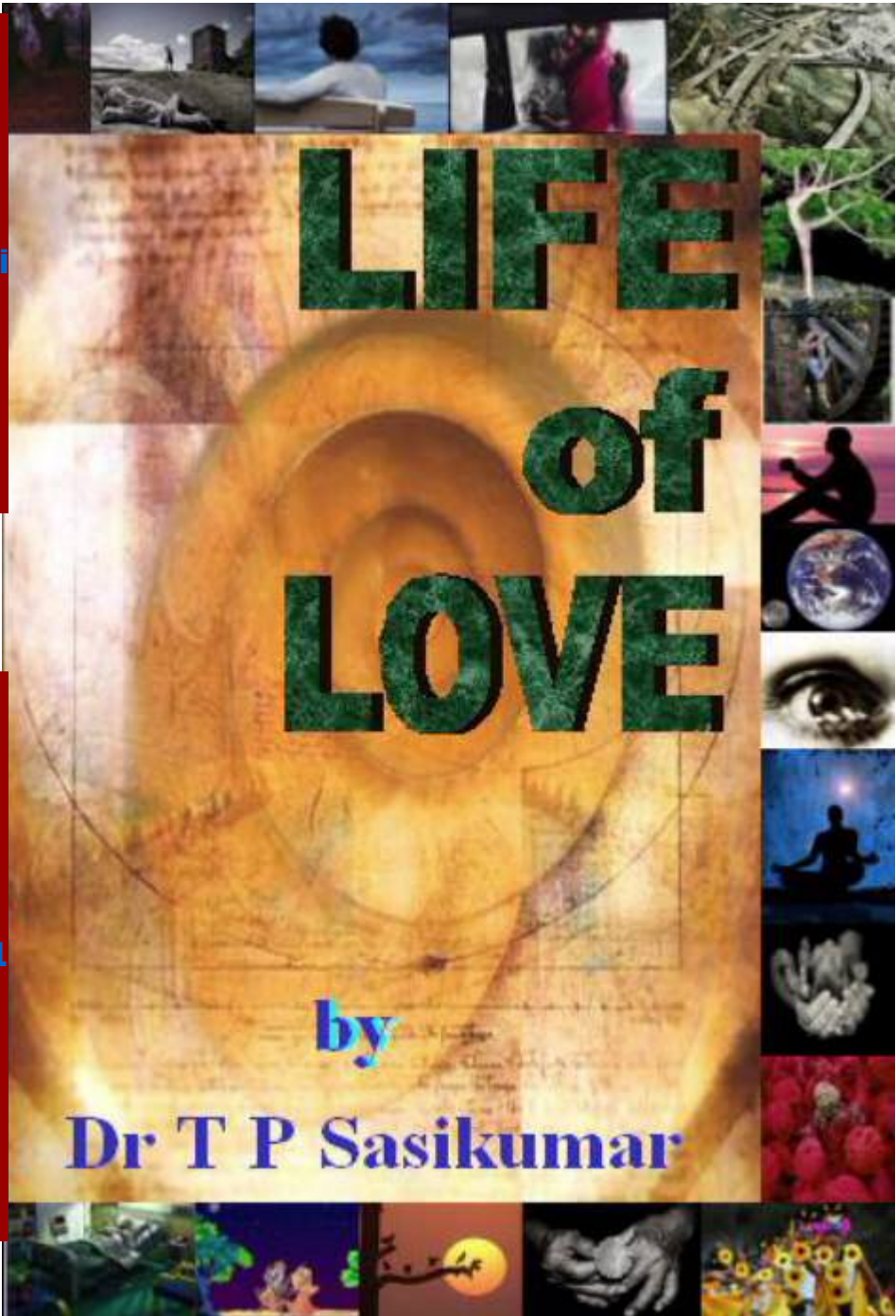


**Dr T P Sasikumar**  
*Scientist, Space Department  
MSc, M.Phil., PhD, LLB, MBA, MS  
LIFE Skill Trainer, Writer, Educationalist,  
Public Speaker, Science Communicator,  
Spiritual Director, Psychotherapist*

Published by....



**LIFE**  
**of**  
**LOVE**

by  
**Dr T P Sasikumar**



**Dr T P Sasikumar**

*MSc, MPhil, PhD, LLB, MBA, MS*

**Space Scientist, Educationalist, Writer, Public Speaker, Science Communicator, Spiritual Director, Psychotherapist, LIFE/SOFT Skill Trainer**

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (IA) - DG(Security), Cabinet Secretariat, Government of India, New Delhi.

FORMER

- o DIRECTOR - UGC-Academic Staff College at University of Calicut, Kerala.
- o HEAD - DAAPS, Photolab & Training at ADRIN (Advanced Data Processing Research Institute)
- o SCIENTIST – Department of Space at
  - ⇒ ADRIN, Secunderabad
  - ⇒ SAC (Space Application Centre), Ahmadabad
  - ⇒ Program Planning and Project Management, ISRO-HQ, Bangalore

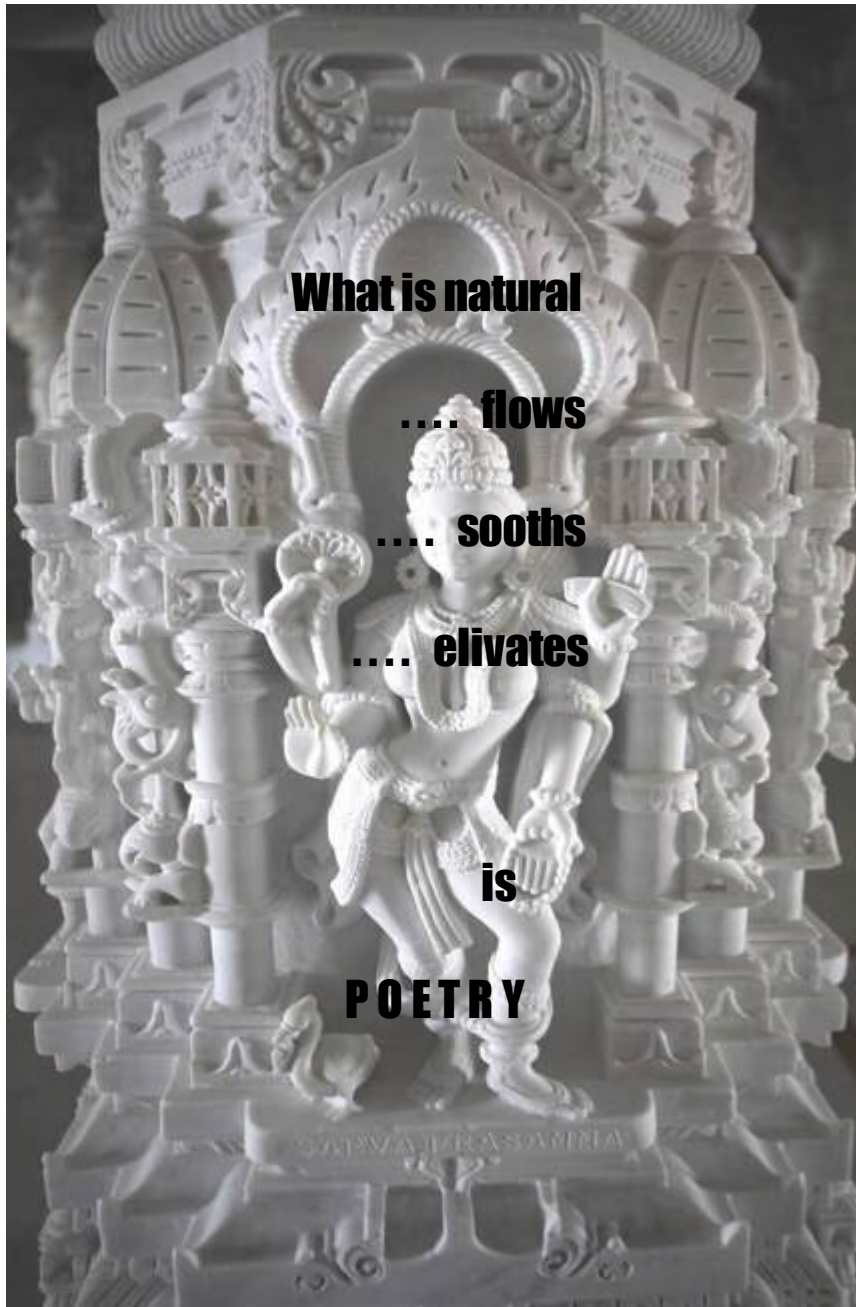
drtpsasikumar@gmail.com / dr\_tps@yahoo.com / 9911484007 (Delhi) / 9447437948 (Kerala) / 9502038875 (Hyderabad)

# LIFE of LOVE

by

**Dr T P Sasikumar**

Published by : INDOLOGICAL TRUST, CALICUT



## ***Preface***

*I am not a poet. These poems constitute my profound thoughts on life during a year of solitude in Delhi. Few good friends, special are they, recognized these thoughts and encouraged me to instill life into them. So here they are in verse form.*

*One or two of these poems are published in Malayalam (translated from/to Malayalam). Acceptance of those Malayalam poems was the first encouragement for my continued writing.*

*The backing of my family and other well wishers is an integral part of this realization. My journey into the spiritual and literary path was motivated by my wife Dr P V Radhadevi. My sons S. Harikrishnan and S. Yadukrishnan are passionate readers of my work.*

*The realization and shaping of the poems were with the poetical support of Mrs. Sheeba Thattil. Specially valuable were the effort of Dr. Radhika Nagrath. My thanks is due to Prof. K G Sankara Pillai and Prof. Akavoor Narayanan for their comments and encouragement. As usual, Mr. Sudhakaran of Indological Trust is with me.*

*As you peruse through these poems may you gain new perspectives on Life.....*

**Dr T P Sasikumar  
New Delhi,  
1<sup>st</sup> March 2009.**

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### **Comments by**

Prof. Akavoor Narayanan

Dr. Radhika Nagrath

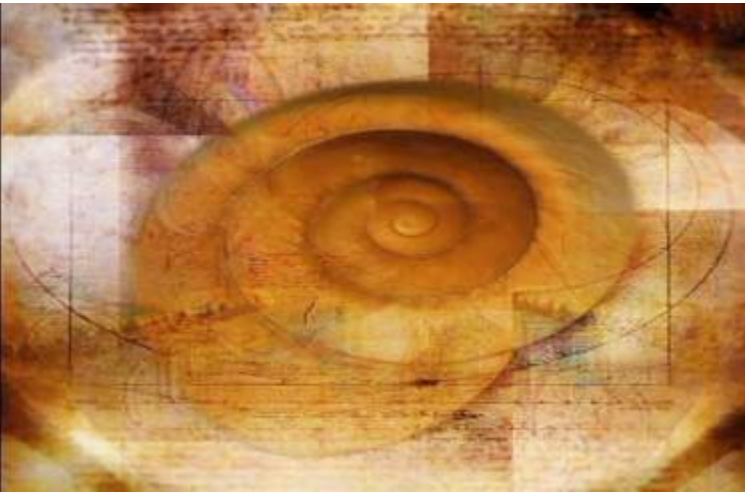
Prof. K G Sankara Pillai



THE  
LITTLE  
BIG

'1'

# 1. THE RACE FOR BIRTH



This is the story of my birth...  
I fought with millions  
Millions of my unborn brothers and sisters  
I fought for life before my birth

My birth was a battle  
Anyone could have received life  
Instead of me  
The sperms from my father  
Fought to reach my mother's egg  
I was conceived  
When I raced with many of my  
Unborn brothers and sisters  
I am the winner

In life I don't have to struggle  
As much as I have struggled for life  
I am great and I believe in me  
I can run and win the race  
With anyone in this life  
As I have won the race for birth.

-----071120-----

## 2. FROM PHILOS TO AGAPE



You have lived for twenty years  
In this world of struggle and strife  
Has it been a blow or a bloom?  
You have tasted the joy of teenage  
The wonders of philos and its thrills  
In this world of rapture and delight  
Have you welcomed its sorrows too?

You have learned the basic lesson  
That life will never be the same  
Will the future take its toll on you?  
You have seen the world in harmony  
Shared the dreams of an adult world  
The wonders of eros and its ecstasy  
Has your mission in life ever changed?

Step by step till you reach the stars  
Life awaits you, accomplish and explore  
As you discover the pleasure of life  
In the wonders of absolute bliss  
Add life to your years and years to life  
You have journeyed from philos to agape  
To arrive this moment of supreme love.

-----081120-----



### 3. I NEED SOMEONE



To learn, earn and attain fame  
I deserted all  
My home and all its affection  
Every one so prized to me;

Earned, learned and achieved distinction  
The mornings were bright  
The days sunny and bright  
The evenings gloomy  
And the nights too chilly  
I sat all alone  
Wishing that some one  
Would keep me company  
And share my happiness in success!

My success was short lived  
The happiness too,  
Glittering memories faded  
And retreated into nothingness;

Distinction adorned me no more  
The mornings were bright  
The days sunny and bright  
The evenings gloomy  
And the nights too chilly  
Once again  
I wished that someone  
Would keep me company  
And share my grief in failure!

I need someone  
To keep me company  
And be with me forever  
In happiness and in sadness too!

#### 4. THE SECRET OF THE SELF



##### LIFE

Flowing river  
Glowing spark  
Sprouting seed  
Ripening fruit  
Merry going  
Journey long

##### MIND

Maker of destiny  
Breaker of agony  
Source of Sorrow  
Place of Joy  
Freedom of love  
Jail of bondage

##### GOD

Sweet friend  
Creative Being  
Ego-less human  
Shapeless Being  
Radiant Light  
Purity of truth

##### SELF

Hiding within  
Solitary and retiring  
Rider and riding  
Source and resource  
Creator and destroyer  
Life, Mind and God

## 5. SELF LOVE - TRUE LOVE



Love is a hunt for one  
Who makes you smile  
Listen to the silent heart  
Let the love in you bloom full

Long the time and distance  
Every form of intense love  
Goes through a flow of tears,  
Heartache and heavy pain

In love, plans fail and joy fades  
Excitements vanish into air  
In the end it's not how much you love  
It's how much you hold back

Despite all the wrong  
Learn to forgive and love again  
Listen to the heart  
Hear it say that love is silent

Life is a series of steps  
Each step leading to joyful surprises  
Some with happy conclusions  
Let the love within guide you

Once you love yourself  
It is a different thrill  
All worries depart  
Your love is fresh and fair

Build a creative life from self-love  
With self love one becomes lonely  
A loneliness which brings  
Happiness and bliss from within.

A heart truly in love never loses hope  
But believes in the promise of love  
Love just grows, stops every tear  
A word from the lips calms every fear

----- **081012** -----



**I WISH...**

**I WONDER...**

## 6. THE UNDIVIDED EARTH



If the whole human race disappears  
From the worldly earth  
Without the slightest trace

In a moment machines will run and burn  
The trucks will hit and stop  
Flying crafts will dash down

Within days, these places  
Where I sat and slept  
Will go to the ants and rats

In months my house and land  
Will be free for cats and dogs  
Let the animals enjoy!

The muddy heaps all around  
With the earthy smell  
Will cheer the plants

In years the trees will uproot  
Buildings will collapse  
Multi flats will become hillocks

Bridges will break down  
Roads will become valleys  
And metros will sink in water

Fish will swim free  
In the streams on the street  
In bliss of the new found land

The nice earth with no boundaries  
Only rivers and mountains  
Plants unshaved and untrimmed

Animals free with no belts and ties  
Where pets and wild don't differ  
And permitted to roam around free

With no humans around  
The world has no name  
Only the earthly life

GOD, grant me another birth  
With less of brain  
And more of heart

To live free and fair  
To see the earth  
As the undivided one!!!

## 7. WRITING THE SCRIPT FOR OTHERS



One evening in the temple  
I heard the murmur of ladies  
Who had gathered there  
Their voices rising  
Above the steady chant of prayers

'Rajan should have stayed in the hostel  
It is the best choice for him,  
Nair could have left for Kerala  
He is not comfortable here  
Why should he continue to stay around?'

Nature too was not spared  
'If it would only rain' they wished  
'The chilling cold would have decreased, 🌧️  
The storm is fierce,  
Or else the cold would not be so bitter.'

Thus they relentlessly wrote  
The script for other's lives.  
'Will someone write my script too?'  
I wondered. But who would tell me  
What will be drafted and written for me?

All of them busy prescribing  
How the other should live  
But none seemed interested  
In writing a simple script  
For ones own splendid life.

-----080126-----

## 8. DESIGNER AND ARCHITECT



'Feeding the poor,' a day of festivity  
For the more fortunate me  
I watch in amusement  
As rice served in plates  
Vanish into hungry mouths  
Even before the curry arrives  
'The hungry need no curry.'  
Thus reads the loaded proverb.

The entreaty of the beggar for alms  
From pavements and train stations  
Blend with the heavy air,  
My clever mind haunted by doubt  
Searches for excuses;  
The call of my heart too soft for my ear  
The out-stretched arm, too dark to be seen.

Stretching his arms for alms  
To the rich or poor he knows not  
He surrenders his ego to ugly fate;  
I strictly remind him  
Of the meanness of his profession,  
I order him not to beg in future;  
My impoverished heart and mind  
Do not wish to see his outstretched arms  
Or listen to his insistent entreaty;  
I watch him retreat in silence  
To the order of despair.

I stand victoriously at the other end  
Basking in the glory of my existence  
Until the sad truth hits me;  
I am the designer, and architect  
Of the man I label 'the beggar.'

who is real beggar here?  
☒ See me on the other side!  
I am at this end  
Not my choice  
I am in this life  
My name, fame, status, religion  
Nothing is my choice  
All the gift of someone!

-----080218-----

## 9. MARRIAGE AND MIS-MARRIAGE



'Carrying before marriage is a problem.'  
A secret lay safe within her heart  
Scenes from teenage flashed before her  
Like flashes of lightening in a darkened sky  
Abused by the man she knew from childhood  
She lived with dread, haunted by horror  
And powerless to express the revulsion, disgust  
And trauma of that horror filled day.

Credit and debit are for the women.



'Not carrying after marriage is a problem.'  
When 'colleague' was upgraded to 'spouse'  
The initial fascination disappeared  
Life took another harsh turn  
Love became irksome and lethargic  
Conversation got heated and annoyed,  
Undesirable arguments became part of life  
'Worry Invited For Ever' became the WIFE.

Blessed are the gents with no balance sheet.

-----080306-----

## 10. OPEN HEART SURGERY





I would hide...  
The Piggy Bank key,  
Let none see it I hoped  
I would hide...  
Little precious gifts,  
Let none see them I hoped  
In a place where none will find  
The hidden treasures of my life  
I would hide...  
Little trifles which I valued most,

My secrets rested safe  
Within the innermost chamber  
Of my precious heart,  
As I grew in years  
All that was hidden had a place  
The key had a place  
The lock had a place;  
None could find the key  
To the chamber of my heart  
The safest hiding place,

Now the doctor says  
He will open my heart 🏥  
To remove a small block !  
There are secrets  
In my heart  
That he must never find,  
I would rather die  
My secrets safe within me  
Before I submit to  
An open heart surgery!

----- 080704 -----

## 11. ARROW FROM THE SHADOW



In one Janma you learn  
And in the other you teach  
Yogavasishta is the lecture  
On dharma and mind management;

Rama was awarded eighteen days  
In Thretha Yuga by Sage Vasishta  
Krishna in Dwapara gave lessons  
To Arjuna in the war field  
Rama had a single wife in Sita  
Who stood with him for all time  
Krishna had many wives  
His particular favourite, Radha  
Who found herself abandoned too  
Lakshmana the younger one  
Also stood steadfast with Rama  
Supporting him in dangerous times  
Balarama, the elder one  
Was always tormenting Krishna  
Rama sent an arrow in the shadow  
Which backfired to kill Krishna;

Each day you take birth  
And in the next a rebirth  
The karma you do in one Janma  
An arrow from the shadow  
Comes back in full force  
To haunt you in the next Janma.

-----080604-----

## 12. MISSION TO MOON AND MARS



Plan the meeting  
In Moon and Mars  
Tags on other planets too  
Have a package  
Market this world  
Get into closer ties  
Find agents to talk  
We must get business  
Global to Solaral,

Schedule the lecture  
East and west culture  
Our immunization scheme  
The trade and trends  
Democracy and Kings  
Mandela and Mahathma  
Krishna and Rama  
Tell them about Rishis  
Introduce Communism  
Teach them Harthal and Bandh

You could buy land  
And stay there long  
Plan an earth mission  
Send your people here  
Let me see your future  
Will make an astro-chart  
I find no chances for you  
Your birth is in this Earth  
These Ms can only influence  
They can never bear you  
Earth can't spare you too!

-----081115-----



**FROM  
THE  
DEEPER  
RESERVES**

### 13. THE MIRROR TO LIFE



Birth life and death  
Are all within the mind  
An intricate pattern  
In the web of life,  
When the mind is full  
The world is full  
When the mind empties  
The world is empty too.

Desire is the craving of the mind  
An empty vessel waiting to be filled,  
Fantasies, dreams, imaginations and ideas  
Immeasurable illusions, the product of the mind  
Brim over the receptacle;  
I wear my leather footwear  
If I wish for a leather carpet  
The serene agent, my dynamic mind  
Transforms the thought, to suit my desire.

The mind is a mirror to life  
Made by god never to be broken  
Reflecting the wonders of life;  
Achievements too are nearer  
If you could only look within,  
What is thought to be a mirage  
Is well within our grasp;

Some struggle to clean the mirror  
Flecked with dust and scratches  
With cloth or polish both dirty and sandy  
Making it more flawed than before;  
But who will give me the magic formula  
Powder, paper, polish or paint  
To sparkle the mirror of my mind  
With which I shall reflect the truth of the world  
In its original immensity and magnitude.

## 14. THE ELIXIR OF LIFE



Unaware of the envious looks  
Lovers smile at each other  
The smile of praise, pleasure and pride  
The beloved only too conscious  
That the SMILE only means  
Some Man In Life Enjoyment;

Change your life with a simple smile!  
Rare are friends who make you smile  
Pick your friends and the feel  
Lend an ear, share a thought  
Choose your way of happy life  
Be with someone who makes you smile;

A means of turning the bitter to better  
Your cheerful face, the best of cures  
To cure the sorrow of sickness  
And wipe away the poison of pain,  
To soften the distressed heart  
And make a dull day dazzling bright;

The way to be attractive is to adorn 🧐  
The most gorgeous attire - the smile!  
An inexpensive way to smarten looks  
No coverage or network plight  
No additional costs to be incurred  
Smile-- the elixir nourishes life.

----- 080317-----

## 15. HALF LIVED LIFE




Many a time I have suffered loneliness  
And feared the onslaught of isolation  
Afraid of ridicule my face lost its charm  
Fear of failure impelled me  
To abandon brighter options at hand

Half my life is ended before I learn  
That what I have lived until now  
Is not a meaningful life!  
On this bright and sunny day  
I resolve to start afresh and live it anew




Yet again I am in search for new meaning in life  
No longer will I distress myself  
No more of gloom do I see  
But the stars in the heavens glaze for me  
I believe that I will gain wisdom today

The search comes to a standstill  
With the discovery of the self  
I have learned to feel affection for myself  
To trust myself to be fearless in life  
I have learned to be grave to achieve distinction

I have rejected habits to be faultless  
 To live longer than my habits sought  
Growing old while still in youth  
Climbing the ladder to an ideal life  
The future gazes at me, dazzling and attractive


But this is short lived happiness too!

On second thoughts I wonder  
If living long is thrilling and pleasurable;  
My greatest effort to attain wisdom  
Crashes to a sudden halt even before it begins

'No pain no gain' goes the proverb.  
Make it short and joyful too  
Take of life what it gives to you  
Burn yourself in the joy of life  
 From the embers into a glowing flame

The notion 'truth shall prevail' strikes me hard  
Truth follows falsehood as sunlight the dark;  
But love is untruthful dictates the brain,  
A late realisation for my reluctant heart  
Causes me grave pain within

I deem change to be the outcome of destiny  
Change makes me beautiful too  
From pupa to larva, a beautiful butterfly  
Through the stages of metamorphosis  
To the glory of dappled dyed flight

'Change is the only thing with no change'   
Is a thought that brings no more cheer  
Life is too brief, reminds the brain  
The heart thus fears to acknowledge beauty  
In the short changing span of life

The ray of hope I saw is no more  
When this bright day comes to a close  
I return to the sordid gloom of where I began,  
Half my life is lived only to learn  
I have not lived a meaningful life!

----- 080322 -----

## 16. HEART FAILURE OF THE SPIRITUAL GURU



In the centre of the heart only Brahman exists  
No shape, no pace, no sound and space  
All empty with fullness in emptiness  
God wrote the laws of the spirit in the heart  
Look, listen and trust your heart

Meditate for a strong heart  
It is not the body's posture  
But the attitude of the heart  
That counts for the health of the heart  
There is only feeling within the heart

Relations or conflicts are at the mind level  
Break your relation-ship to flow free  
Don't break your heart for relations  
Be with one that makes your heart smile  
A simple smile gladdens everyone's heart

Open your heart for experiences  
Don't create wounds in your hearts  
Or in the hearts of others too  
Move through life with lightness  
Touching the hearts of others

All are happy when the Guru is around  
With all their troubles they go to him  
Life is smooth for all and Guru is free  
In faithful love he loses the self  
Gives his heart to be left heartless

In the dreary hospital room  
Someone held the Guru's hand  
To check his pulse beat  
Every disaster gives heartache  
Rapid uneven and pounding

Disasters are natural in life  
Opens his eyes to discern a nurse  
'Your heart beat is normal  
Nothing to fear,  
I was your student too.

I remember your words'  
"Take time to find the beauty  
In the things that you see  
Take life's simple pleasures  
Let them set your heart free"

Only the ceiling and the light above  
Murmur of the nurses around  
Groaning of death- in beds nearby  
The ICU smells of death and looks scary  
The Guru now longs to be with some one

His heart starts to pound and race in panic  
Eyes close to slide into unconsciousness  
If not in life, at least at the time of death  
He wishes for the hand of a loved one.  
His heart is broken in panic and fear.

----- 080915 -----





**ONENESS  
IN  
LOVE**

## 17. WE BECAME 'ONE'



We talked and talked  
About everything,  
About searching, hoping,  
Waiting and knowing  
There could be a different life  
Days and nights passed;

After a while our lives converged  
And we became part  
Of each other's story  
We thought we could  
Go together all the way,  
Being with each other;

The path we found together  
Was not wide enough for two  
So we parted different ways  
Our hearts felt panic,  
Throbbing swollen pain  
We promised never to look back;

As we grew we learned the truth  
We could never stay apart for long  
We abandoned the old wounds  
Time would heal them, we said  
There must be different roads  
We can meet along from time to time;

Rather than be 'two'  
On one single road  
We decided to be 'one'  
On two separate roads  
And we became part  
Of each other's story.

----- 080708 -----

## 18. BETTER BE BLIND



It was a rich experience  
Of total blindness,  
We held each other's hand  
So tight when in love,  
Afraid of losing the other  
Isolated in a world of our own  
We had eyes only for each other...

In a world of dreams  
We lived blissfully...

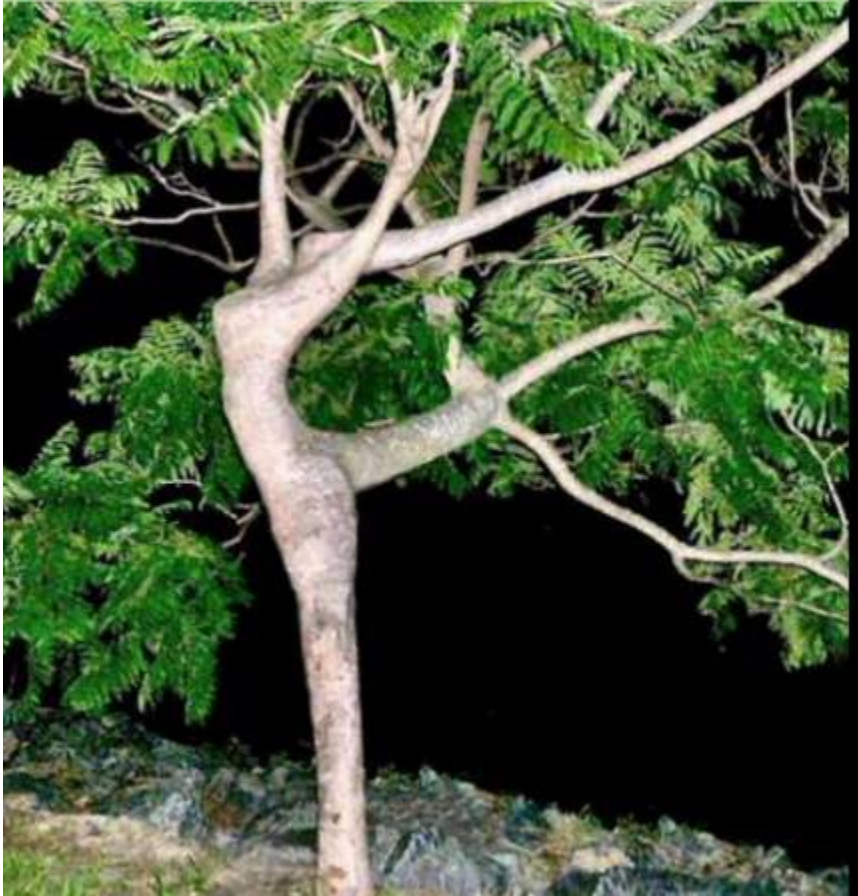
Marriage gifted me  
A different experience,  
Real life came in its turn  
The family grew in size,  
I needed to be out alone  
To have my life in place  
🔗 Now I learnt the supreme truth...

Love was blind  
Marriage an eye opener...

Get married...  
Close your eyes...  
Love the spouse...  
Better be blind !!

----- 080820 -----

## 19. SABOTAGED RELATIONSHIPS



There are moments  
When relationships  
Are sabotaged,  
Learn to perceive LIFE  
With amazement,  
Not in shock;

Observe the delight in  
Diversity,  
Drudgery,  
Entertain the wonders  
Of Contrasts  
Don't kill it with  
Cynicism,  
Criticism;



Enjoy its awesome appeal  
Tackle it with the heart  
Relate it to love,  
Open your eyes  
To appreciate the beauty  
In a different reality

----- **081124** -----

## 20. WINTER'S RAIN



To dampen the joy of festive life  
Comes the chill of winter  
Drowsy winter waits longingly  
For the rays of the sun

On almost vacant roads  
Gloomy men walk  
Heads covered with scarves and caps  
With hands in their pockets  
Feet tightened within  
The warm comfort of their shoes  
Frost bitten faces and cracked fingers  
Exposed to the cold  
Suffer the ravages of the cold wave  
And some submit to the agony of death.

The winter rain is only a dream  
For the growing girl  
She dreamt of the brighter days  
The sunlight streaming down  
But there was no respite  
For the chilling cold  
She hid behind her scarf  
Shutting the whole world  
Out of her life  
She waited the endless wait  
Dreaming of sunshine  
Dreaming of rain.

It came to an end this endless wait  
With the coming of the sun  
The rays of the glittering sun  
Fought to pierce the heavy clouds  
Then they fell those tiny drops  
Until they drenched the dry earth  
She held her hands  
To catch the falling drops of rain  
The first touch of her lover  
Until drenched with love  
In the falling winter rain  
Her first love.

## 21. THE RIVER OF LIFE



Born to wild mountains  
They flow through valleys  
Waiting patiently in ditches  
Gradually filling up  
To flow down the slope,

They flow into the ocean  
Forgoing their identity  
To the surging waves  
They know no life, but 'surrender'  
A blind surrender, to change,

Life-Giver and Harmonizer  
Every moment is prized  
In its dynamic or static state  
From the River of life  
To the Ocean of love.

----- 081110 -----

## 22. GRACEFUL SURRENDER



Life is surrounded by graceful surrender  
nature too is not spared  
geese surrender to the first autumn chills  
and consider flying south  
flowers surrender to the night  
the setting sun surrenders  
to the horizon of another day  
a mother surrenders  
to the needs of her baby  
the child surrenders  
to the wisdom of the father  
friends surrender to each other  
lovers surrender to moments of desire  
love surrenders to society and pride  
partners surrender to a stable family  
surrender of job for the sake of earning  
surrendering views fearing others around  
life surrenders to death with no choice  
surrender so sweet beautiful and natural  
as the flow of the river;  
graceful movements in a dance  
the subtle symphony of life  
as one surrenders the mind  
to god in all empty moments  
attaining the best in harmony with the self.

----- **081111** -----





**MOVING  
WITH  
THE  
TIMES**

## 23. GUARANTEED BLESSINGS



I left this lovely land  
Twenty years ago-a land  
Filled with Gods' blessings  
Gods who belonged to us  
Or did we belong to them?  
Lighted lamps in the dusk  
Accompanied by evening chants  
Portals of houses adorned with  
"Om Namō Narayanaya" or  
"Jesus blesses this home"  
Picture of Mecca in some others,  
But buses were secular  
Carrying all the gods in an array  
And some buses carried boards  
Attributing its glory to GOD.

In the early nineties

On my short visits  
I learned that life and lifestyle  
Had changed over the years  
In Gods own Country,  
The lighted lamps were now off  
Pooja places moved aside  
No 'keerthans' and 'bhajans'  
No one had time to 'waste'  
Each one totally occupied  
The TV awarded the prime place,  
Buses ran with film songs  
Music system in full-blare  
Picking up the passengers  
Enjoying the drive and the ride.

As the new century rolls in  
I am back on a visit, expectations anew  
To see the 'splendid' speedy change  
God (wo)men on the campaign  
"You may identify with any God"  
Each swami(ni) has his/her own  
Full-time Telecast Channels  
Ladies are full-timers  
Gents have some leisure  
Spirituality can be purchased  
Both as wholesale and retail  
Buses have boards-- 'blessed by...'  
Safety of the trip-- 'sponsored by...'  
People feel happy and safer still  
Everything is taken care of.

Where did the traditional god go  
Giving way to the human gods?  
Gods who give blessings  
Are as per your payment  
Money back scheme too  
Guaranteed blessings!!

-----080602-----



MY  
HEART  
AFLAME  
JUST  
FOR  
YOU

## 24. MY HEART THROBS FOR YOU



I love you  
I miss you  
I respect you  
Count on me  
I understand you  
I will be there for you.

They prayed for courage  
Imagined it to be a weapon

With which all evil can be defeated  
But that was only a mental state

They searched for love  
Imagined it could be bought  
With which they could gain happiness  
But that was only a mental state

They craved to manipulate God somehow  
Imagined a superb existence in this world  
☒ With which their desires could be attained  
But he is the being within:

Many come to you for favours from you  
I love you god not for those  
But you gave me a heart  
That throbs for you

The most powerful force in me  
Seen only with the inner eye  
Is it your great love and concern  
That you have gifted me?

Though you do not appear in person  
You always get to me  
☒ Through messengers in disguise  
And you affectionately assure me

I love you  
I miss you  
I respect you  
Count on me  
I understand you  
I will be there for you.

----- 080308 -----

## 25. 🌀 IN SEARCH OF YOU, KRISHNA\_



My search begins through you  
To find you and to end in YOU.

In search of you Krishna, once more  
I depend on you to help me find you  
You came into this world in diverse forms  
Fish, tortoise and pig to save our Devi Earth

From the pillar, as Narasimham you came  
To fight against Hiranya for Prahalada,  
Granted salvation to the devil King Mahabali  
Incarnating as the dwarf Vamana

You came as Ram the apprentice of Siva  
🌀 Kshathriya-Brahmana with an axe in hand  
You came as Sri Rama, the man of dharma  
Always believing that truth should triumph

Your childhood was well spent, Oh Krishna

Balarama your playmate, the plough your toy  
And while you wait for your tenth avatar  
I am reminded of the stories of your birth

Did you come as Siddhartha, the buddha  
Parting with Yasodhara to love this world?  
Chances are sparse for you to have done that  
As you were Seetharaman and Radhakrishnan

Did you come to this earth as Christ,  
Sankara, Baapu, Baba, Guru or Amma?  
Neither seeing the fullness in them, to believe  
Nor a creative style as in the other nine. 🌀

Is it only a joke that you are 'Kali'  
That created Valmiki and Vyasa?  
Your story enacted in a single location  
Was recorded by them in separate books

When you reincarnate for the tenth time  
Whom have you chosen to write about you?  
Where do I begin from the huge heap of books?  
What shall I read and in which language?

In which continent do I search for you, Krishna?  
In what form are you with us today?  
Who is the teller of your story?  
You are the only one who can help me

🌀 My search begins through you  
To find you and to end in YOU.

-----080510-----

## 26. I MAY NEED YOU EVER MORE



I was with you  
In your childhood  
To see all the wonders  
That you've never seen,  
I was with you  
On that moonlit night  
You were in my arms  
Crossing the river in the heavy rain,  
I danced with you  
You held me tight  
Swaying to the rhythm

Of your special song.

You did not see me  
As I shared my days with you  
For you were too busy  
Playing with loved ones,  
I laughed with you  
And your brother  
At the tricks you played  
On your uncle too,  
I heard the secrets  
You shared with your friend  
I was happy that you ate  
The food I carried for you.

I want to dream with you  
Of things yet to come  
Awaiting the days of joy  
And the beauty of life,  
I want to cry with you  
When life gets too tough  
To find comfort in you  
When times get too rough,  
I want to share with you  
Every moment of my life  
All the joy and sorrow  
Until the end of life.

I have found a love  
That has just begun  
And as I live my life ahead  
I may need you ever more.

-----080520-----

## 27. SOCIALIZING WITH GOD



The best place to socialize is the temple;  
I have established contacts, larger in number  
During the short span of my stay here  
But I am aware of the perceptive looks  
Of some who look at me, amazed  
Wondering at the speed of increase  
Of friends and acquaintances  
From all walks of life.

I was absent from the temple one day,  
The next day I was greeted with a query  
'Why were you not here yesterday?'  
I looked at the idol in the temple  
And pointing to him in all earnestness  
In answer I told him, that no one sees  
Or cares to seek what is there to seek  
The presence of the all pervading God;

He exalts in your presence  
Expects the same from you too!  
Begin to converse with him  
He will spot you among the crowd  
Will love you in a very special way;

I socialize, with God these days  
Through whom I hope to reach out  
To the people I meet at the temple  
Have you never searched for him?  
Have you not experienced his love for you?

## EFFLUGENCE OF WISDOM AND LOVE

Dear Sasi:

I have carefully gone through the poems in your book "Life of Love"; I deem it a privilege and honour to be asked to say a few words about such a book of exquisite beauty and grandeur. But at the same time I must confess that it is not without a trace of diffidence that I scribble these lines, because of two factors. The first is my doubt of my own fitness and competency to comment on the quality of these poems of high thought since I consider myself as a layman as far as principles of metaphysics and modern science are concerned. The second reason is that I was not in a position to read and write about a book, physically and mentally, when you presented it to me. Now I feel a little better and relaxed and refreshed. The pleasure and satisfaction derived from enjoying these rejuvenating poems emboldens me to venture an attempt.

These poems, I think, essentially reflect the core of Indian thought expressed in poetry. As everybody knows, information and knowledge do not make great poetry. We get poetry of good flavour only when knowledge distils into a mystic and sublime sensibility. Otherwise it remains mere prosaic statements. In these poems I experience deep and unique thoughts on life and death based on our ancient wisdom fortified, corroborated and tempered by modern science as expressed in these, crisp and exact words. Even these few lines of the first poem, "THE RACE OF BIRTH" set the tune:

My birth was a battle  
Anyone could have received life  
Instead of me  
The sperms from my father  
Fought to reach my mother's egg  
I was conceived  
When I raced with many of my  
Unborn brothers and sisters  
I am the winner

How beautifully, one would wonder, the poet has expressed the process of conception and reproduction!

Another gem of a thought based on one's own experience in given expression in these words of poetic finesse:

The mornings were bright  
The days sunny and bright  
The evenings gloomy  
And the nights too chilly  
Alone once again  
I wished that someone  
Would keep me company  
And share my grief in failure!

(I NEED SOMEONE)

It is only natural that our hopes in the evening of life that

I need someone  
To keep me company  
And be with me forever  
In happiness and in sadness too!

The anger and anguish of an enlightened scientist with a human heart have found powerful expression in another poem "THE UNDIVIDED EARTH". It is only in the fitness of things that a scientist with brain and heart like you visualizes the total destruction of the whole world as a result of the mindless and heartless pursuit of modern scientific advancement, and pray:

GOD, grant me another birth  
With less of brain  
And more of heart  
To live free and fair  
To see the earth  
As the undivided one!!!

(THE UNDIVIDED EARTH)

It is so refreshing and heartening that a pure mind having absolute faith in the real God without any attributes recognizes and values the



ultimate truth, which is stranger than fiction. Though in a lighter vein, you have uttered a profound thought with the lines

'Carrying before marriage is a problem.'

.....

'Not carrying after marriage is a problem.'

(MARRIAGE AND MIS-MARRIAGE)

I would like to place another poem "BETTER BE BLIND" besides this

Love was blind  
Marriage an eye opener...  
Get married...  
Close your eyes...  
Love the spouse...  
Better be blind !!

You have realized that Surrender (is) so sweet beautiful and natural

As the flow of the river;  
Graceful movements in a dance  
The subtle symphony of life  
As one surrenders the mind  
To God in all empty moments  
Attaining the best in harmony with the self  
(GRACEFUL SURRENDER)

As our scriptures say, self-knowledge is the highest and greatest knowledge. You have given eloquent expression to this wisdom in the modern context of medical treatment

Now the doctor says  
He will open my heart  
To remove a small block !  
There are secrets  
In my heart  
That he must never find,  
I would rather die  
My secrets safe within me  
(OPEN HEART SURGERY)

I have quoted only a few specimens from your poems, which are really distilled products of decades of dedicated study and teaching enriched by retrospections and ruminations. I am profoundly thankful to you for providing me the sublime bliss of true wisdom and true poetry. My hearty congratulations for this lovely poetic gem which lives upto its name, "LIFE OF LOVE".

With warmest regards,

Yours,

**(Prof. AKAVOOR NARAYANAN)**

Mayur Vihar, Delhi,  
1<sup>st</sup> February 2009.

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**Prof. Akavoor Narayanan retired as professor of modern Indian languages, Delhi University. He has authored several books on classical arts and literary criticism in Malayalam.**



## Reflections on LIFE of LOVE

### 1. THE RACE FOR BIRTH

The positive attitude towards life depicted in the lines above strongly motivates us to move ahead in life in spite of all odds. The biggest struggle of winning over the competent brothers and sisters in the mother's womb, who could have taken birth, is already over. The poet inspires that if we have won in the race of birth successfully, why can't we win in life too? He exhorts a common man to believe in oneself and come out triumphant in life.

### 2. FROM PHILOS TO AGAPE

Each age has its own charms and lessons to give. Growing from teen to twenty the writer has also realized the blows and blooms.

### 3. I NEED SOMEONE

Life is all about sharing the joys and sorrows. There should be someone in life with whom one can share. The poet longs for a true companion.

### 4. THE SECRET OF THE SELF

The Self encompasses all, viz. life, mind and God. In very few simple words, the poet explicates the trio through the Self.

### 5. SELF LOVE – TRUE LOVE

Love of the Self is the true love because it rightly guides the life of a person. This loving of the Self is not fanning the lower ego or self which binds but with the higher self that liberates us.

### 6. THE UNDIVIDED EARTH

The poet's imagination is a place somewhat like Utopia, where there will be no bindings. Animals move free, so does the man; the creatures are not captured for any commercial use.

The more the modern man has grown in knowledge, more boundaries he has created around himself. Emotions are left far behind and intellect rules the way. In this poem, the poet's sensibility can be likened to a great philosopher thinker of the 19th c. Swami Vivekananda. He says at one point in his life that he wishes to unlearn what all he had learnt in a life time. The modernization and material growth seems weighty to most of the men of heart.

### 7. WRITING THE SCRIPT FOR OTHERS

A common observation at community places especially at places of worship and contemplation like temples and churches is that people visit the holy premises but get engaged in mundane talks. They are whole heartedly involved in discussing about weather and events of the lives of others. Sarcastically Sasi Kumar says, "Will someone write my script of life too?"

The poem is a satire on our common wasteful talks prescribing the key to happiness in each other's lives whereas each one of us has to write the script of our lives ourselves. Whatever we think, that we act, and so we become. No one else has right to perform our karmas.

### 8. DESIGNER AND ARCHITECT

Somewhere down the line if we analyse the existing social and economic disparity in life, it is we alone who are responsible for that. If each one of us shares the burden then this disparity in the world can be lessened. Everyone on this earth must be given a chance to prove himself. The poet owes himself responsible for the suffering in the world. The world could be a better place if each of us undertook the responsibility. The poet owns the responsibility that he is the maker of

the beggar next door portraying his heights of modesty through this poem.

#### 9. MARRIAGE AND MIS-MARRIAGE

To fulfill her role of motherhood, it's the woman who is to be blamed ever for carrying or not carrying. In this male dominated society, man has kept himself safe on all fronts. His balance sheet of credits and debits, assets and liabilities boils down to the perfect figure - Nil. Man has always been a crafty accountant in his married life.

#### 10. OPEN HEART SURGERY

The life's secrets die with a person sealed in the heart of a man. The inner chamber of one's heart is the safest place where no one else can have access until we allow ourselves. The love for our God must be kept safe in that chamber. The poet wishes to leave this earth with his secrets hidden without anyone having access to the inner realms of his heart.

#### 11. ARROW IN SHADOW

As you sow, so shall you reap; the poet asserts through this poem. The force with which an arrow is shot or the ball is thrown, comes back to us with an equal and opposite force. It is the nature's law. No one can escape the law of karma. What we do today is bound to come back to us in this life or another.

#### 12. MISSION TO MOON AND MARS

Being a space scientist, the poet's infatuation with moon and mars can never be withdrawn. He foresees the time when people will plan their holidays and get together on other planets but ties with heavenly earth can never be broken.

#### 13. THE MIRROR OF LIFE

The guy in the mirror hints to me to keep my minds mirror sparkling clean. The whole world is reflected in the mind's mirror. But is it an easy task? Nay, the poet says that who will give me the magic formula to tame this mind and keep it ever sparkling for the reflecting the truth of life.

#### 14. THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

A smile can go a long way in brightening someone's life. That face is incomplete which doesn't wear a smile. Without an extra cost, it enriches the both receiver and the giver. So whenever one dresses up to start his day, the first thing to check is, "Are you wearing a smile?" And the friends who make you smile are to be cherished for long, feels the poet.

#### 15. HALF LIVED LIFE

The realization that major portion of life has been spent in stupendous affairs, comes to a very few. Most of us feel contented having had a good career and living. But is that the real purpose of life?

#### 16. HEART FAILURE OF THE SPIRITUAL GURU

The seat of all emotions, heart is an important part of the body where the Absolute (Brahman) exists. 'Hriday kamal' (the lotus heart) of the devotee is the place where the deity resides. So never hurt the soft organ, cautions the poet. With the stopping of the heart, the life stops too. Even if the beats of the heart of spiritual guru stop, his words echo in the ears long after.

#### 17. WE BECAME 'ONE'

With maturity of age comes wisdom. All strives and struggles of life come to an end with egos dissolved and the two lovers become one.

#### 18. BETTER BE BLIND

It is sometimes better to shut our eyes and accept gladly the follies of each other in a married life. Loving unconditionally is the key to a successful married life, feels the poet.

#### 19. SABOTAGED RELATIONSHIPS

Blessed are the adversities of life for they teach us how to live in life. Criticism and blames inflicted are in fact a boon which cut and polish us. One must learn to be happy and enjoy every moment of life, says the poet.

#### 20. WINTER'S RAIN

In this poem, the poet has caught the beautiful somber feelings which one experiences in life. After a long wait, our cherished dreams come true and the joy derived from those wishful moments which come after a long struggle are like the light shower and glittering sun after the chilly winter. Every cloud has a silver lining and so is the every dark event of life.

#### 21. THE RIVER OF LIFE

Reading the poem I am reminded of Ramakrishna Paramhansa, the chief mentor of Swami Vivekananda who gives a beautiful explication of Absolute and its manifestation (Purusha and Prakriti). He says that the Absolute, when in static form, is Purusha, the causal agent of this whole universe and when in dynamic form manifesting the changes, is Prakriti. In this river of life, Prakriti plays in different forms and ultimately unites with the Absolute. Just as the river, merges with the

ocean and thus becomes complete, same way we all are flowing in this river of life and keep on evolving in every birth till we become complete and are liberated.

#### 22. GRACEFUL SURRENDER

To gain in life, one needs to surrender. To move on in life, surrender is mandatory; to harmonise in life, surrender is the only key. Let go your mind and your thoughts and be empty for a while. That is the only mantra of success and joy. So surrender at will otherwise nature herself forces you to surrender on day, says the poet.

#### 23. GUARANTEED BLESSINGS

Visiting his homeland after a gap of few years, the poet is caught in between two cultures; one which he has left behind and the other which has become dominant. He receives a culture shock when he sees spirituality being marketed. The "traditionalist" poet finds himself as an alien amongst his own country people. He sees everything from the past lens and is grieved. In a satire he says that are the blessings also guaranteed in this age of warranty?

#### 24. MY HEART THROBS FOR YOU

My Lord! My heart throbs only for you and not for your benedictions and gifts. And this pining for you is also a gift from you, says the poet. He says to the lord that if he can feel for Him, it's because He has bestowed on Him the real heart which craves not for earthly love but love ethereal only.

#### 25. IN SEARCH OF YOU, KRISHNA

The poem is soaked deep in Indian mythology. Only Lord can tell His means, as mysterious are the ways of God. In what form and where

will the Lord incarnate, He only can predict. Where can we mortal beings search for Him? He only can know whom Lord himself lets know, says the poet.

#### 26. I MAY NEED YOU EVER MORE

Devotees look upon their deity, Lord Krishna, in many ways. One of the ways of expression is Sakhya Bhav in which the devotee talks to the beloved Lord as a friend, sharing with Him every moment of his life. This friendship with the Lord is the only true friendship and eternal.

#### 27. SOCIALISING WITH GOD

Every act done with realization of God becomes fulfilling, even the act of socializing. When we are socializing with the Creator, His Creation automatically comes in our purview or social circle. We need not make any special effort for that. Through Him, one can reach out everyone.

#### **(Dr. RADHIKA NAGRATH)**

Haridwar, 1<sup>st</sup> January 2009.

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**Dr. Radhika Nagrath is an English Literature expert who contributes to News papers and Periodicals on Philosophy and Spirituality. Have contributed deeply into the study of Swamy Vivekananda on his Poetical Approach. Authored many books.**



## CARE AND CURE

Portrait of the self as a traveller in Dr.T.P.Sasikumar's Delhi Poems – *LIFE of LOVE* - generate a new poetic electricity. Self is the observer and the observed in the depths of these poems. We see the self as a nonstop traveller, reading the time we live in by reading the mind and life of its own and the minds and lives of others. It reads everything around, in and out. Reads the minute throb of the heart; the flames of desire and instinctual drives of the body. Success, failure, fame, wounds and pains are recorded in the self. The self travels through the anxieties and chaos in the cities and continents of competitions and battles. The self travels with dreams to acquire a companion to share everything and regain the lost treasures for the plus and minus of love; to be loved and guided by love. The self confronts and contains darkness of grief, grievances, sweet and sour relations, fiery slogans, given ideas and concepts, Gods, crowds of nonsense, illusions of paradise on a divided earth, and many more. The self goes on examining the tensions and worries within. Through a series of verbal graphics of these poems the poet exposes the complex inscape and sickly soul of our time. We acquire the vision that every word/step in life is constitutive of the self. But due to certain reasons beyond our perception the construction of the self ceases to win over the self-demolishing trends of the new civilization. These poems unveil a vivid view that all voyages of the self are voyages to the self via a grown up but through an immature universe of desire and grief. An enlightened self, the first person narrator of these poems, lives to lift them up to a quite zone of repose and purification of mind. We reach an axiom: Travel is reading and reading is travel. Both enrich the therapeutic power of a creative mind. Every reader is a reader of the self. And Dr. T.P.Sasikumar, the poet, makes it clear through the poems in this collection that he has greater faith in care and cure of the suffering human self.

Dr. Sasikumar begins his search and narration of the journey of the self; right from 'the story of my birth'; the story of one's own origin. The poet traces the starting point of the journey of the self in the past to his father and mother. This is the usual way of seeing the origin without mystification or mythification. Dr. Sasikumar observes the physiological micro drama behind every birth, the battle of sperms to win a birth, to win a life and to weave a saga. Though it may be unknown to the newborn the first realisation of the self naturally is that of a winner. It paves a positive basis for all the forthcoming waves and layers of self awareness. That pride of the winner becomes an innate energy of self confidence which later is to be manifested in

every motivation in addressing and advancing various urges, needs, dreams and dilemmas in the future. The lines of the first poem in this collection –The Race for Birth- certifies this.

"I can run and win the race

With anyone in this life

As I have won the race for birth."

We can see here the birth of consciousness and in toto the rise of the mind. A fascinating fact revealed normally in the context of birth is that the answer of one plus one is another one; self plus self is another self. In the genetic structures of every self we see the profound inscriptions of the fabric of inherited plurality of the selves. Seeing itself in the mirrors of life and times; in the actions, reactions, expressions and extensions of perceptions as the seed of a response system and of a series of complex, complicated, complaints and complacencies.

'Where are you from?' is an ancient question a universal one, deep and curious. A question demands responses from mysterious dimensions of physiology, psychology, cultural heritage, history, geo-positions, and cosmology. A question asked by everyone to everyone. No origin is a singular phenomenon. Every origin is like the origin of a river, a culmination of various forces inherent in various origins. It can be argued that the singularity of entity and solitude of identity are very close to myth. In reality every self comes from and passes through ages and spaces, races, various socio cultural contexts and situations, different types of love and battle, truth and myth, agony and ecstasy, creating new forms of energies and histories. Solitude is enjoyable because of the mutual appreciation of the inborn friendly elements present in the mind. It is essentially a self enjoyment. Solitude is a punishment in situations of absence of friendly forces in the mind. Disharmony of the opposing inborn elements in the mind can make solitude a solitary imprisonment. It is essentially a self battle. These elements are acquired or inherited from the relentless travel of the self through history, through different janmas and karmas of the self and the world. The poet traces the route of the arrow from Rama to Krishna as the route of justice in the history of ethics. Karma follows us for centuries to pay us the reward. It never fails. Sometimes what we reap need not be the direct return from what we sow. These are the self-evident premises of the concept of the self as a traveller in Dr. Sasikumar's poems. We see innumerable linear and vertical movements in it.

The majority live and die without even having a glimpse of their own self, without listening to it, without caring for it or loving it, without even feeling the unbearable lightness of their being as a void in history. They haven't yet been born into an awakened human space and time though they are watching movies, wearing costly garments for celebrations in cool banquet hall evenings and flying across oceans and continents, eminent preys of the crocodile which lives and grows in their own mud of greed and pride. In their self blindness they live in their hiding place, a black hole as in the Dark Ages. The absolute opposite is the bright presence of a loving self in word or deed.

It is there in the essence of Dr. Sasikumar's search through poetry. In one of these poems he refers to the searching for a magic formula to sparkle the mirror of the mind

"to reflect the truth of the world in its original immensity and magnitude."

The searcher is not a romantic. He is realistic enough to dissect, demystify, and demythify the contemporary cultural practices and faith systems. He is very sure of the impossibility of such a magic formula to attain purity or liberation. It is repeatedly asserted in these poems that there is no such miracle cleanser of mistakes and miseries and crimes in this world of remote powers. I think this position is the milieu of Dr. Sasikumar's poetry. It is a spiritually enlightened linguistic arena of self awareness, self confrontation, self criticism and self renovation. It reminds us of an ancient eastern wisdom that the construction of an alert self constructs a bold life. Writing about the necessity of self in a selfless world is a revolutionary mission. These daring wings make his poetry frank, credible, and flight worthy.

Dr.T.P.Sasikumar's poems are creative dialogues of the poet with himself and with the world in closed contexts of acute loneliness and sharp introspection. Most of them follow certain structural aspects of lyrical or dramatic monologues incorporating soliloquies of a consistent searcher of love and meaning of life and stray conversations of women in places of worship. These poems effectively befriend the reader in her/his inner bad times of crisis. They speak in a soft and sharp curative voice of concern and compassion. They have a therapeutic effect on the perplexed minds. Words move around in Dr.Sasikumar's poems with a sheer clinical vigil. They convey psycho-cultural messages for seeing, hearing, trialing, analyzing and updating one's own inner life. These are all without any hidden agenda of the megalomania of a contemporary middle class intellectual. It can lift the reader from shallow levels of greed, guilt, dust and dirt of emotional complexities. These poems are spiritually rich with

empowering elements like empathy, warmth of hope, the will to listen, love, dream and live; willingness for regular renewal of sensibility to the age we exist, and power to convince and inspire fellow beings- the depressed slow walkers.

Qualities of this brand are rare and worthy both in art and life. Art of poetry always celebrates these creative features of a poetic persona as potential makers of profound vision and linguistic magnetism. Knowing oneself as central to all forms of cognition, in all its emotional and intellectual possibilities and limitations, in conscious or unconscious tendencies of self; skills of self management in contexts of crisis, are worthy of transforming the mind into word/action which in turn can be transformed into a bright emotional event. Using an intimate throb of the poetic rhythm it can determine the tone of an expression, vigour of the lines, freedom and ease of the organic form and the velocity of the flow of the life stream in a poem. This happens frequently in good poetry. The worldly veins of the lines sprout straight from a person requesting to God for a new birth with less brain and more heart. This is to stretch-out the individual self to the entire vastness of history and creative heritage. This I feel is the innermost drive of these poems. It is an essential request of a scientific/ philosophic mind to be blessed with a shift to a poet's wind like mind. It can be praana or prachanda as the situation commands.

Personal is political in the world of ideologues. Here personal is poetical. Or personal is rather ethical/ spiritual. These poems may be defined as a rebirth of private diary notes. His thoughts are filled with the aroma of that personal habitat. They reveal the insatiable urge of a mind to embrace the beloved lifescape; and to widen the circle of arms to embrace all, the whole. It reminds us of the spiritual wish of the protagonist of a Tagore poem to stretch his self on the banks of the river of time like a white dhoti. I enjoyed the twenty seven lights of these twenty seven poems as the silence of the stars from twenty seven depths of our everyday sky. These lights are gentle torches of introspection for the resurrection of the self.

They speak the language of praying candles.

They encompass a soft melody of love as their soul.

### **k.g.sankarapillai**

Born 19-02-1948 in Kadampanad a remote village in the old Kollam district of Keralam. Taught Malayalam literature and History of Culture in various Government colleges. Was Principal of four Government colleges. Retired as the Principal of Maharaja's College Ernakulam in 2003. Started writing poems at a very early age and published five collections of poems.

**Edited:**

*Prsakthi* quarterly in 1972-73

Eight volumes of *samakaleena kavita*,

*Penvazhikal*, an anthology of feminist poems from south India

Translated more than two hundred poems from various countries into Malayalam.

Many of his own poems are translated into all Indian languages and English, French, Chinese, Sinhala, Russian, and German.

Books of poems published in English, Hindi, and Kannada.

A collection of documents on human Rights since the declaration of UDHR.

A collection essays introducing rules and laws pertaining to the everyday issues of ordinary public.

Wrote a weekly column in Malayala Manorama daily for six months in 2006. ; '*duuratthu*' the first collection of essays is to be released in April, 2009, more than hundred essays to be collected.

**Awards**

Kerala Sahitya Akademi award for poetry in 1998

Sahitya Akademi (New Delhi) award for poetry 2002

Asan Kavita Puraskaaram (Chennai) for poetry 2004

Mahakavi P Smaaraka award for poetry 2007

Odakkuzhal award for poetry 2008

Habeeb Valappaad award

Kadavanad Purskaram

Putthezhan Pursakaaram etc for poetry .

