

Two Poems

Srisrividhiya Kalyanasundaram

Volume 38, Number 1, 2022

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1095390ar>

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.7202/1095390ar>

[See table of contents](#)

Publisher(s)

Athabasca University Press

ISSN

0832-6193 (print)

1705-9429 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

Cite this document

Kalyanasundaram, S. (2022). Two Poems. *The Trumpeter*, 38(1), 105–108.
<https://doi.org/10.7202/1095390ar>

Article abstract

How do we open our sense of being? What is to be our intrinsic nature - iyalbu from which action flows freely bound by the laws of a chosen, crafted consciousness? What is this residual loneliness of being that makes us who we are as part of the greater earth? How do we create a sense of belonging? How do we find ourselves - trillions of years old in star dust and tracing our ways back to a single ancestor of life?

Copyright © Srisrividhiya Kalyanasundaram, 2021



This document is protected by copyright law. Use of the services of Érudit (including reproduction) is subject to its terms and conditions, which can be viewed online.

<https://apropos.erudit.org/en/users/policy-on-use/>

Érudit

This article is disseminated and preserved by Érudit.

Érudit is a non-profit inter-university consortium of the Université de Montréal, Université Laval, and the Université du Québec à Montréal. Its mission is to promote and disseminate research.

<https://www.erudit.org/en/>

Precarious

Srisrividhiya Kalyanasundaram

One being after another
one tree after another
we have lost count of the
species we have neither counted
nor know is lost...
But strangely even as we speak
the rainforests of our minds
are fast being drained
and we barely notice
in all this normalization of reality.
Whose reality I wonder
this notion of being –
living without the very words
of a long drawn song of life
where home and land
mystic insight
and bodily expression
all flowed into
the flooded being of a nearby river
and deepening soil
formed the humus of the self.

Precarious life, one thread pulls down the forest
and another one the human self
so noisy, both the destruction
and yet so silent as we sit in
crowded theaters eating
popcorn and listening to yet another
propaganda of some voice
that we think is reality of
our times and we construct other realities
in relation to that.

Mind boggling
one thread pulls down the forest
and the other one,
the great interiority of the mind,
and we gaily laugh as we crumble to dust
thinking it must be some new kind of technology.

Line

Srisrividhiya Kalyanasundaram

Earth Body

Clay Self

One entwined into the other

What is a moral decision?

in a political world?

The clay self animates itself

into a thousand forms

and becomes earth body

one undulating line that

sweeps across mountain, river, sea, cloud

rain, storm, desert, raccoon,

frog, tiger, elephant, painted stork,

grey heron and ladybug...

Just one undulating line,

that connects all our feet on the ground

and the air....

One single line

and fragmented morals

for a divisive perception,

How can the two meet?

Earth Body

Clay Self

One entwined into the other

What is a moral decision

in a political world
driven by consumptive divisiveness?
One line in harmony
disintegrating into newer and newer worlds...
Old leaf falls down to make new forest.

From the collection Iyalbu¹ - On Being

2017-19

¹ *Iyalbu* is a Tamil word that captures the essence/ nature of something, it's natural state of being. In this collection, I explore the essence of our own beings, our loneliness that draws us to connect to all that is mundane, and all that is more-than-human.