

## Two Poems

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Résumé de l'article

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?

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# Precarious

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*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

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*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 Iyalbu<sup>1</sup> - On Being*

2017-19

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<sup>1</sup> *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.