

The Reflection/ehT noitcelfeR + 1(one) (eno)

By Tamizh Ponni VP

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... 'The Museum of Nothing' is composed in hauntingly beautiful language, "Lost memories of the moon's dust / and singing bones" "I am walking slowly through rooms made of screams" " That's where the heart / wants to drop down. Among the ambiguities." And on: "I used to dance with the ill-lit sunflowers / under the broken streetlamps on sick nights." " The / clock is winding from long ago, / pages keep falling on the calendar's floor." "Wait, " My DNA is / intertwined with a wolf's:"...." Barking of dogs in the distance / and my umbilical cord twitches." "I am / everywhere. Like rust, / like the presence of emptiness," Kanev writes like a man possessed—*

THE REFLECTION

This day began like all other days
Taking a long hard look
at the magnificent piece of polished metal
Both the subject and the object
broken and losing their sheen.
Neither a fabricated expression
nor a vinegar, soap water spray
could restore their lost elegance.
Years and years ago,
grandeur and glamour were all it rendered.
While squandering all the precious hours
when the only mess to fret about
was a lonely zit on his swarthy chin.
Times have changed
Predicaments have evolved
Priorities have shifted
Lessons were learnt
Now there's just one disappointment
standing as a sombre visual
running over the rococo's surface.
Something wicked from the unknown realm

sneered at him unkindly,
'What a pathetic travesty of youth!
Just a shadow of his former self.'
He is weak, empty, craving for care
But dark as the vast abyss
A camouflaged narcissist!
As the cracks of the fractured glass
branched out to bedeck the boring plane
perfecting his diabolical facade,
the world will never get to know
one frightful naked truth
that he mirror and its muse
were beyond repair and forever scarred.

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MOON GIRL

Her imperfections looked flawless from afar
Though bonded against her will
to the breeze and black clouds.
She glowed under the borrowed light
Truly sun-kissed
The lone orb of the night
Earth's solitary satellite
When lonely hearts yearned for closeness,
they gazed up to her and the stars
in the stillness of the angelic night
thinking about their first and last,
calling to mind, their bittersweet past.
She became the transmitter of
hackneyed phrases and lovelorn messages
concocted with worthless words and bogus emotions
at least for the most part.
Oceans, Mountains, Peaks and Valleys,
Shelters and streets, big and small
were embellished with her silver glaze.
Darkness played a primary part
Appearing quiet and queerly nonchalant,
it didn't need her acceptance
for she's busy basking in her vainglory.

Pride consumed her long ago.
Although it's an acquired beauty
with distance and luminescence
concealing her greyish grotesque craters,
there's no one to stop this radiant shrew .
Through periodic manipulative reshaping,
her beauty takes different forms
like an oriental dancer's curves
shimmying to the Arabic tunes.
A perverse version of Hide and seek
remains to be her preferred pastime.
She rides and rushes through the skies,
disregarding the world below,
airily asserting to the whole lot,
"I am the only precious thing you've got."

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THE POET SPEAKS... *The inspiration for these poems are my personal experiences and the wisdom I have gained through reading a truckload of poems. The works of poets like Shel Silverstein and Brian Bilston have taught me the power of writing poems with simple words laden with humour and profoundness. Though poems aren't as lengthy as a piece of prose, the beauty lies in the art of conveying ones emotions and messages using the perfect words precisely. It's challenging, cathartic and enjoyable at the same time.*

AUTHOR BIO: Tamizh Ponni worked as Design Facilitator in an International School, Bengaluru, India. She has a Bachelor's degree in Computer Engineering, an MBA in Human Resources and a Masters in English Literature. She is currently pursuing her M.Tech, PhD integrated course in Data Science. She has worked as a Professional Development Coach and as a Tech Integrationist. Tamizh believes that the best thing in being an IB educator is that beyond teaching there's a lot of deep learning involved in the process. Tamizh sees learning as a never-ending process and with technology integration, it gives her an interesting dimension to knowledge acquisition and skill-building. Tamizh spends most of her free time painting, reading, writing articles, stories and poems, playing keyboard and watching documentaries/movies.