

# A SELECTION OF POEMS

SOWMYA AYYAR

Theme: What does loving mother Earth look like?

## **A lesson in love**

You have been the love of my life.  
The person I look up to.

You are the epitome of empathy  
I want to learn.

Just as I have my rights and responsibilities:  
To love all the world,  
Its living and non-living beings;  
To become the purest version of  
My self.

Breaking down all the barriers and blockades,

I want to learn to love freely,  
Giving of my self without expectation,  
Recognizing my self in you,  
And you and you and you.

Realizing that nothing  
In this world  
Is mine or yours or even ours.

This world is a living being,  
Which has its own life and breath.  
Belonging to itself,  
With rights and responsibilities of its own,

---

Theme: Love and Sexuality

**Brahmacharini<sup>1</sup>**

A single woman, I am alone  
In a world made for a man.

Without him,  
I control myself  
And develop my powers  
To go higher and higher  
In my desire to  
Be more and more.

In my time alone, I seek out support.  
Frustrated, I flail about hither and thither.  
Looking for meaning on my own,  
I chance upon a devi<sup>2</sup>,  
Maa Brahmacharini<sup>3</sup>.

Dressed in white,  
She is the ultimate tapasvi<sup>4</sup>,

Not lusting after her love,  
She attracts him through her

---

<sup>1</sup> Feminine: one who is celibate, single, and conserver of creative energy

<sup>2</sup> Feminine deity

<sup>3</sup> Name of a specific feminine deity in the Hindu pantheon

<sup>4</sup> Feminine: disciplined seeker

---

Sincerity and devotion to her path,  
The one she has carved out for herself,  
With her own vision of her future,  
Developed from her heart's desire.

Seeing her single-pointed mind,  
Her focus,  
And her grace in her self-sufficiency,  
Making decisions on her own,

I realize I, too, am capable  
Of being alone, without a partner.  
I can place my energies on a path  
towards my life vision,  
The one I've envisioned for myself  
And no one else.

I will not be distracted  
By the many other paths that life might offer.  
Instead, I will use this time,  
To study the world and myself,  
Utilize my energy, the Shakti<sup>5</sup> within me,  
To transform the universe around me,  
Into what I envision for the world.

---

<sup>5</sup> Divine Feminine Energy

---

Theme: How Can We Love in Our Communities?

**To Be Productive**

"It's not productive",  
They say,  
When I suggest an idea  
That popped into my head.

For a moment, I think,  
Yes, they are correct.  
It is not productive,  
Efficient, organized,  
Good time management.

For my whole life,  
I've been taught to be efficient,  
Get things done. Be serious, hardworking.  
And I've followed it as best as I can.

I've even suggested these protocols  
To countless others.  
"Everything needs to be completed  
Before you leave."  
"The deadline is..."  
"Look at the time. Keep watch. Get it done."

But perhaps this is not my job.  
It's not my role in this world.  
That's for the great Guy in the Sky,  
Or perhaps the Girl or the It or Them.

It's the job of the earth to produce and provide.  
The earth, the sun, the sky,  
the oceans and rivers and streams,  
The stars and the moon.

When they all conspire,  
We get everything we desire.

So should I be productive?  
Or should I enjoy this earth,  
As a heaven that I've been given,

Praising and thanking  
The ones who gave to me.  
Showing appreciation and gratitude  
For abundant production  
Of all that is required.

There's no need for me  
To produce,  
What has already been provided for me:  
That's like trying to reinvent the wheel.

No, there's no need for me to be productive.  
I was born to enjoy and appreciate  
All that has come from above.

I live to love,  
To laugh,  
To light the world on fire,  
Inspire all those I meet.

I live to be.

---

## PEACE CHRONICLE

---

Now, and going forward,  
I must unlearn everything I've been taught,  
Learn not to be productive,  
But to be.  
  
Learn to do things for love,  
For life,  
For laughs.  
  
I must unwind and unravel,  
To get back to my true self,  
The one who doesn't have to be productive,  
The ones who isn't in a constant motion  
To get somewhere, to do something,  
To be someone.  
  
Take my time  
to conjure up  
some beautiful idea.  
Take my time  
To express my idea  
In my art, painting my way  
through tired tires  
resting off the road.  
In my music, measuring my melodies  
With metronomes.  
My writing.  
  
Not for any fame  
Or any gain.  
  
I must remember  
That I've been given this life  
And this is the perfect life  
For me.

I have to unlearn trying  
to teach others  
the ways of the world  
I worked so hard  
to be a part of,  
(Yet always failed).  
  
And let things be,  
For this moment.  
  
Because  
I live to be.  
  
Because  
I am  
  
Enough  
  
As I am.  
  
Maybe it's not anyone's role,  
To be productive.  
  
Slowly, the thought creeps  
Into my mind.

---