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established his name as a quality poet in the field of Neo-Tamil Poetry. He contributes regularly to all the Literary

Magazines of Tamil.

- A poem of Ayyappa Madhavan has been made into a short-film and he has also directed a Documentary Film. Poet Thamizhachi Pandian has made two of his poems into a short-film. A short-story collection of Ayyappa Madhavan is recently released. And, two more poem-collections of him will be published this year.
- A soft-spoken friendly person Poet Ayyappa Madhavan waits for the birth of a new, better world where there are no wars; nor fears; where none poor and no power-mongers. And, the list is endless....

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1. THE WINGS OF NIGHT (ஊர் ஊர் ஊர் ஊர் ஊர் ஊர்)

*A butterfly
enticed by the glow of lamp
circled the house, going round and round.
It was its firm belief that
the 'thumbai' plants and 'murugai' tree
rooted in the glow of the wall.
Its single-minded penance, on the wall's
Lime.
With time
melting and seeping
with the honey-drunk exhaustion leaving,
It moved over to the
squares of bricks.
In the spring of its fertile imagination
too many plants of different varieties there were;
flowers in fabulous shapes
deliciously sweet drinks...
With the lamp closing its eyes suddenly
darkness pervading everywhere,
It also merging with the thick blackness shrouding.
When the dawn came
the plants of all the flowers upon which it sat
have all turned into terrible vacuum.
Its imprints, turning pale,
remained lifeless; frozen.
Either the 'wide-awake' Morn
or the 'deep in sleep' Night
had stolen away*

that wonderful life; that magnificent dream.

2) THE SANDALWOOD CREMATION (ஊர் ஊர்க்காரர்களின் ஊர்)

*When he was alive he used to travel all over the world
and earned millions
Houses vehicles gold-bars-
even bridegroom for his daughter, he bought
Went on jolly tours.
Gestured 'no' to the have-nots
Brought
dolls for his little grand-daughter and gave them
to her
The child smiled. And he felt so happy.
As usual when he ran in his exercise machine
one day he slumped all too suddenly
The doctors who examined him said
that his heart had stopped ticking
The house cried and turned swollen
As the hours went past one by one
they had taken him who had turned rotten and bulging,
to the cremation ground
Amidst the sandalwood smell the rich man burnt to the core
They brought the stone
And he who remained, with all of his turning to nought,
inside the ash-pot
was scattered and dissolved
in the waters of Ganges
In Water's nature he was a dissolved river.*

3) DAMN IT.... (Titled 'Che')

*If only I were to have a tail
I could have been keeping vigil and
barking as a dog...
Leaping on four legs as a stallion*

*and earning money in the race
I could have made merry the madcap of gambling
and so be'
Or else, being born a goat I could have grazed and grown
and sold as hot meat;
Or else, as an elephant blessing with my trunk
and getting money for the mahout;
Or as a bull, eating off the straw and pulling along the cart;
Or as a monkey performing tricks and gymnastics
and collecting coins.
Having been born a human-being, going insane-
cheating, swindling,
decaying, disintegrating-
Oh damn it _
How I wish to have a tail....*

4) PEACE PERSONIFIED (□□□□□□□□ □□□□□□)

*Holding one end in a proper grip
I manage to bring the milk-packet.
The White-Liquid
reminding my palms of the pleasant chillness
tried to divert my attention.
With the wicked mind surfacing-
placing it softly upon the wooden plank of the swing
pouring water and swirling it by way of washing
the wickedness of thin water
turning sticky in the hands-
I was about to let slip
the round bowl.
The wooden plank, with its wickedness
jerking away the hand
I managed to hold the packet that was about to fall.
While lifting it and carefully cutting one end with the scissors
and pouring it,*

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