



SEASONS...

ESWAR

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Seasons*: Poetic Thoughts © 2013 Eswar

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** a good part of the proceeds from the sale of the book would be used for funding "We CAN CERTAINLY fight CANCER together"*



To my amma...
... and a million others affected by cancer...



वागर्थाविव सम्प्रुक्तौ वागर्थप्रतिपत्तये
जगतः पितरौ वन्दे पार्वतीपरमेश्वरौ

कृष्णो रक्षतु नो जगत्त्रयगुरुः कृष्णं नमस्यामहम्
कृष्णेनामरशत्रवो विनिहताः कृष्णाय तस्मै नमः।
कृष्णादेव समुत्थितं जगदिदं कृष्णस्य दासोऽस्म्यहम्
कृष्णे तिष्ठति सर्वमेतदखिलं हे कृष्ण रक्षस्व माम्॥



Date: 30-04-2013

Snehi Shree Eswar ji,

Saprem Namaskar.

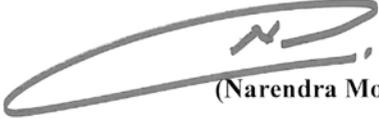
It is tragic experience and feeling to lose mother, but more tragic is to see her suffering of cancer.

I convey my condolences on loss of your beloved mother. We all know that this vaccumm cannot be filled. May her soul Rest In Peace.

Most commendable thing which you have thought is starting an awareness campaign "**We CAN CERTAINLY fight CANCER together**".

I also appreciate that you have written a poem and you wish to translate it in multiple languages. There cannot be better way than this to give tribute to your beloved "**mother**".

I convey my heartfelt wishes for your mission against cancer - an ongoing tribute.



(Narendra Modi)

To,
Shree Eswar Anandan.
Email: eswar.anandan@gmail.com



Narendra Modi

Chief Minister, Gujarat State



Dear Eswar,

For Cancer caregivers the family is a great pillar of support in their constant endeavour to provide the best possible care for the sufferer. It's the strong presence of the family that imparts the momentum for a favourable outcome, for the alleviation of the suffering, both mental and physical. The love, the affection and the care the family constantly strives to infuse in the care offers the real boost to the morale of not just the patient but the caregivers too.

Let me congratulate you for penning these experiences, so vividly etched in your mind, during your mother's brave battle against Cancer. I am sure it has helped you in sublimating the pain and the anguish you endured.

We salute the true Son in you.

On behalf of all the Caregivers at the Cancer Institute, AIMS

Dr.Dinesh.M

Professor

Radiation Oncology Department

Amrita Institute of Medical Sciences and Research Centre

Kochi 682026





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Seasons...

“The more sand that has escaped from the hourglass of our life, the clearer we should see through it.”

— Jean-Paul Sartre

It’s a year since I wrote “Alone & Lonely”; It was a Sunday Night, and I was driving home from Hospital; It was raining heavy, darkness all over, the fuel warning lights blinking, my empty wallet smiling...

Driving home, I wanted to pen down these thoughts, and it took shape of a poem, my first ever...

Later that month, I lost my mother. It was like we were pushed to darkness. Strong emotions gave way to words, words took poetic form, and I found a new purpose.

Seasons... poetic thoughts that took shape in the last one year...



Thanks...

“Everything happens for a reason... Everything happens for good...”

Over the years, this has been my guiding force. Every relationship has a takeaway, and every experience has a teaching.

Emotions give way to a flow of tears when penning words of gratitude, many to thank in a limited space of a page.

Thanks Laxmy for making me unravel the mysteries of life. Thanks Sowmya for listening to me while penning down what turned out to be the poem “Alone & Lonely”.

Some relationships does not have a name, thanks Bijeeesh and Rakesh for you have seen the seasons of change in me...

You have always introduced me as a younger brother, and you mean a lot to us Doctor. Dr. Dinesh thank you for making me think... These

thoughts gave life to “We CAN CERTAINLY fight CANCER Together”

“Days of individualism is over. Future is all about what we can achieve collectively”. These words inspired me a lot. Thank you Sethu Das Sir, I cherish all our discussions and thanks for showing me the way.

Dr. Sreejith, I cherish the meetings and discussions we had. Thank you for making me think from a different perspective.

The last few years Amrita Hospital was like a second home to us.

Words are not enough to thank you Ma’am. Thank you Shona Ma’am and Geemol Ma’am

Thanks Anjali Sinha, for helping me with beautiful thoughts on how we should go about the awareness campaign.

Thank you Sujata Ma’am for your inspiring responses.

Your appreciations made me write more.

I cherish your friendship, Anu Suraj, thank you.



Manu Paily, I treasure our discussions and travels. Thanks Kiron. You both gave fresh air to my thought process.

Thank you Oneide Nunes and Johannes, for your support from the other corner of the world.

Thanks to EzeeSolve, India and Adweber, Singapore for helping me convert my poetic thoughts to Seasons...

Thanks Murali Athan and Manni, for being with me always. You mean a lot to me.

Thanks Mani Periyappa for your moral support and guidance.

Thank you Mahesh for showing me the way, whenever I got stuck.

Thanks Manni.

Kisses to my cute little nephews Athrey and Pranay, you bring sunshine to my life.

I still remember my childhood days, when I used to cling to my dad wherever he goes. Appa, thanks for being my teacher of life. I have tried imitating you, be it my signature or the way I walk, but I know I cannot, because you are special.

Amma, I miss you. I know you are with me...



a flow of thoughts that came while driving on a rainy night, from hospital to home... It was raining heavily and fuel was almost nil and there was a power failure...



Alone and Lonely

Its Dark, raining and lightening alone in the night feeling lonely
Driving with frames of thoughts running wild
Another lonely bolt of lightning hitting hard and rain going frenzy
Alone and lonely feel like singing n writing

Waves of thoughts flying when fuel indicator flashes
A lonely bar of light blinking at me as if asking 'quench my thirst'
I take out my wallet and a lonely coin smiles
Its dark and raining, wonder how I will reach

With no lights to accompany, lines of street light sigh
Bright beams of light obstructing my sight
Rain dancing dirty as if smiling at my fate
I see a lonely cop

Its dark and raining alone he stands
Trying hard to control traffic, drenched
With no signal working, at the center of the road
I find him alone and lonely staring hard at bright beams of light

Its dark and raining, amidst the chaos
I find a fuel station, inviting me with warmth
Alone and lonely sitting n waiting, he directs
I thank him and say you are a star

Smiles exchanged, I see
The rain giving way to cold breeze
Alone and lonely I feel like singing...
How beautiful is this life!



*It was 12.00 am, beginning of a new year, end of another,
praying for a new beginning, tears filled thoughts... If only
I can re-live those days again...*



If only I can re-live those days again!

If only I can relive those days ... again
Its new year and I close my eyes
Praying and wishing
If only I can relive those days ... again

Its 12.00 am and I wait
The phone rings and I pick
Its my brother and he wishes
I wish... If only I can relive those days... again

New year starts with a prayer
New year starts with wishes
New year starts with mother and brother wishing
I wish... If only I can relive those days ... again

Its just a call, but what makes it special
Is a call from loved ones
Its special, when it is from the person who loves you the most, Amma...
I wish... If only I can relive those days... again

Happy New Year Amma. I miss your wishes...
I can hear your voice in my ears
I can see your presence in my mind
I only wish I could see you in person...
I wish... If only I can relive those days... again

**Amma: Mother in Tamil*



This poem is a tribute to my mother...

The stages are based on what I saw, and towards the end she was just saying a single word, "Kalpagam", later it became "Kalpam"... she tried hard to make us understand what she meant... to her she was talking sense, its just that we were not able to understand...

She was bed ridden because of a pathological fracture; she spent looking at the painting of a flower vase that I had kept in front of her bed...

The week she lost her speech, I exchanged the painting with that of a family photo (me and brother were kids in that)... I wanted her to come back to her normal self, but I did not expect what I saw...

She turned her head and I could see tears....



Let me kiss you

She said, she wanted to kiss me
Next to me, so beautiful
I said, 'no, not now'
Travelling the road alone
The journey full of pits
I was tempted... But I said no...

Let me kiss you
And embrace...
'No, not now'
My creation of plasma
Yellow, green and red
hard, and painful
I was tempted... But I said no...

Let me kiss you
How long you run away...
'No, not now'
Looking at mirror...
I saw a stranger
I was tempted... But I said no...

Let me kiss you
And show you peace...
'No, not now'
Memories came rushing
I wanted to live again
I was tempted... But I said no...





Let me kiss you
And show you bliss...
All I could say is...

I was a baby again
Speaking language of love
Words aplenty, a thousand thoughts
All I could say is ...

A single word so beautiful
A single word for all my thoughts
A single word for all my expressions...
All I could say is ...

Let me kiss you
Its many years now
How far will you go on...
And I let her...

There I lay with her
so beautiful yet at peace
I CAN now CERTAINLY go
To where I belong...



Mother... the only relationship that can never be replaced...



Mother...

Meaning can't be attached to everything

Often time spent searching

Tuning a mechanical life

Hearing what we want...

Everything happens for a reason

Reasons aplenty; blind we are...

Many a time spent searching love

Often forgetting presence near us...

Thinking 'll always be there

Hearing everything around, but not within

Engaging in mindless activities

Realizing later... not enough time spent

Memories of moments spent

Often brings tear..

Thoughts of you

Have always created

Enchanting notes of music

Realizing ... its all I have now...



This poem took birth of a trivial situation where I had purchased a lottery ticket and I did not win. An interesting thought came in my mind making a theme out of the lottery ticket

It took further shape with a bit of reverse thought process on how it became a lottery ticket.

At that point of time a more philosophical line of thought took shape: In order to be a star, you need not be a star yourself; but if you are playing a major role in the making of a star out of another person, you are a star.

Once I started writing the plot developed on its own and more elements came into picture like environment protection...

The first few words which took form was that of a forest and an immediate setting was a rainy dense forest; and that gave shape to the villainous in woodcutter.



One day, You will be a star

One day, you will be a star...
Thunder strikes and lightning
Causing a silver streak
Muddy water flowing down, giving a chill
And he came...

Looking up and down
He sized us
Knowing not what he wanted...
Providing shelter we always did
Fresh was the breeze which touched us

One day, you will be a star...
A cold chill down my spine
Looking down the empty spot
Which used to be she...
Years of shelter
Now a vacuum...

Logs of her tied and bundled
He left... not hearing my tears
The night was long and days passed
One day, you will be a star...
Fresh was the breeze which touched me
And he came...

Sizing me a cruel smile
Wiping blood down his brows
It was sharp and hard
Looking down the vacuum
From where she said...
One day, you will be a star...





Rolling down, up and down
I was washed, colored and treated
With names printed on me
I came out in sheaf

I was all over the town
Caged in pads and clubbed in pins
People in droves asking for me
Taking me home with hopes and dreams
And she came...

Hours passed and eyes fixed
Hopes high and dreams fly
Moments passed and she came...

Lifting me with folded hands
Holding me with prayer chants
She waited and she saw...

She kissed me with joy
Screamed and cried
“I win, I win, Thank you”
Not far away, I could hear
“One day, you will be a star”



It was a rainy day, early in the morning... I was travelling by train. Next to me was a beautiful lady and she was using sign language to communicate to her partner...

Dedicating to HE ... whom I met while travelling...

Dedicated to the little child who was playing by the beach side

Challenged

Sitting alone the journey of life
Sizzling monsoon danced at me
Cool was the rain, fresh from above
I saw her...

Sitting by the window side
Enjoying the grazing cows
The enchanting clouds
The drumbeats of thunder
She sang... a silent song

Smiling the beauty of nature
Silver drops by his chin
Drops of water giving way to downpour
Playing a small mischief
Looking all directions with closed eyes
He saw ... a colorful world

Dancing to the tune of waves
Singing with the voice of birds
Leaving her tiny footprints
She heard a silent song

Unaware of the cooing birds
The sound of nature
The rampant tides
She enjoyed a silent song

Reading the birds beaks
Seeing the gestures of people
Enjoying the beauty of silence
She heard a silent song





Compartment

Crammed in a compartment
People treasuring their seats
Lest another occupy
Standing by the door ... I Saw

Squatting by the side
Three women of varying ages
One wearing black, old and wise
Another pink, married and shy
One holding her child who cry

Standing by the door... I Saw
A steep curve of mountains
Moving along a jungle of trees
Grazing cows and barking dogs

A man trying hard to balance
Shoulder bag in one hand
Water bottle in another..
Texting messages in a tab

Beard flowing down a man
Mouth drooping on another
Nested hair matted with dirt
With worn out dress but happiness all around

Reaching my destination
Turning back at the compartment
Strangers who feel like friends
I saw him, smiling
Capturing words in his tab





Onam Memories

Sitting inside glass doors
Amidst laughs and dances and movie music
Eating traditional food in plastic leaves
I travel to a different time and place

Surrounded by green fields
Festivity all around glowing in colours
Men dancing painted like tigers
Girls singing along in swings

Flower mats drawn all around
Ladies vying each other better
Draped in traditional attire
Shining sky spreading happiness

Irrespective of age, gender, caste
Generations together with happy faces
Welcoming the benevolent King
With traditional food and songs



*met her during one of my train journeys, 3 years back..
her smile still lingers in my mind...*



Mehendi...

Walking slowly waiting for kindness
She moved person to person
Some smiled, some shooed and she moved
with a smile in her lips

Entering an empty compartment
looking out at moving trees
finding joy at little things, she sat
with a smile in her lips

Looking back from where I sat
I saw, her with suspected eyes
Something intriguing about her
I went to her with a smile in my lips

She said she was from the north
Abandoned by relatives
Traveling alone the roads of despair
With a smile in her lips

Memory still afresh
I search her smile





A train journey

Six people sitting in a seat of three
Wishing always the other got down..
Three girls talking and smiling
One with handsfree so close she ate it..

One bespectacled lady with sliced fruit in hand
Staring me writing on tab
Two boys wih hands inside bags
Taking out snacks every time

Sleeping man atop, not knowin the chaos near him
Listening to music so loud, soothing to him, irritating others
Like a wave, passed from yet another, a song so loud
Restlessly lookin around,
I continue my journey standin...





Beacon of light

You came as a beacon of light
In this journey of sorrow and despair
Walking a lonely path
Coming round in circles

You gave meaning to life
Lost in a never endin' maze
Tryin' hard to understand
Ever chargin' bouts of lies

You added colors to life
Fighting shades of grey
A lonely fight
End never to be seen

Wherever you are
You 'll always remain
My li'l angel
A gem, 'll always treasure

My li'l angel, now and always
Never seen ever
Will miss you forever
In this journey of life...





Caged

Sleeping peacefully
Amidst disturbing thoughts
Lying restlessly with open eyes
Seeing everywhere but nowhere

Prowling eyes pounding on me
I hear movements
Wanting to scream and jump
Out'ta this cage I am in

Smiling at everything
Crying for nothing
I shout loud
Biting my tongue

A thousand eyes at me
Raising voices and arms
Showing faces
They charge at me

Lying still feeling calm
Soothin' my ears
I hear her voice
From a distant land...





Magical...

Lying down in pain
Giving way to sleep
I felt you..
Magical were your words...

Lost in deep sleep
Soothing words
I heard you...
Magical were your words...

Opening my eyes
I realise it was
A beautiful dream
Magical were your words...

Sitting wide eyed
I read your words
It wasn't a dream
Magical were your words...





Near .. yet so far away...

I hear your voice
I see your smile
I feel your presence...
You are near... yet so far away...

I see the moments
I feel the happiness
I smile at you
You are near... yet so far away...

You were always with me
I was always with you..
Now its like a dream...
You are near... yet so far away...

There will be a time
When I'll finally meet you
And we'll be ...
Near .. yet so far away...





Talking with nature

Early in the morning
Silver moon giving way to crimson sun
Drops of dew smiling
Mud still smelling its night with rain

Walking down lanes of memory
Each step telling a story
With each story a change
I continue my walk...

Cold 'n soothing, fresh 'n fragrant
Breezing feathery touch
Feeling the same
Fresh like years before

Dancing red, blue and yellow
Flowers smiling everywhere
Making me wonder
Was it I who changed...

Cooing doves n sparrows
Waging tail, a dog passed
Smiling my way back
I continue my walk...



We CAN CERTainly fight CANCER together

Dear Friend,

Thanks for your time.

The campaign “We CAN CERTainly fight CANCER together” is about awareness, educate and share experience.

To help remove the fear and stigma that surrounds the term. To make people realize the importance of well-being and how cancer can be completely cured if detected in the early stages. Unfortunately, the current scenario is so worse that either people don't disclose till the final stages, or it is only detected in the final stages. The ultimate aim of the campaign is to help in bringing down this incidence. The planned phases of this campaign is as follows:

1. Awareness: Creating awareness through viral campaigns, talks, paintings, and other creative outlets
2. Share: To encourage survivors and affected people to share the experience so that it can help someone
3. Educate: Educate about cancer and help remove the myths surrounding it
4. Participate: Encourage participation, and spread awareness.
5. Camps: To come out with medical camps which helps detect cancer
6. Treatment plans: To guide, assist, and help in treatment plan and also to fund
7. Shelter: To open a shelter camp for terminally ill patients. The shelter camp would be having 5 star facilities including doctor and nursing assistance, so that the patients would feel and live in a better humane condition.



I am on a Mission...

I would like to translate the Poem "Let Me Kiss You" to as many languages as possible and create art forms out of it - Dance, Music, Song, Paintings, etc...

I look forward to your support...

I am on a mission to create awareness...

We CAN CERTAINLY fight CANCER together

www.c4care.org

www.facebook.com/care4cancer

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