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## The past is gone

**K.S.Subramanian**

Chennai's landscape is changing faster  
beyond the raising of the brows;  
A fusion of time zones where the Past  
has disappeared into the shadows.  
A jaded glimmer of luscious green  
lurks like a tree in the maze of mist;  
Roads cry for a fresh coat of life  
as wheels rip through clouds of dust.  
New alleys of hope swim into view –  
Farmlands giving way to pigeonholes;  
where the old seek salubrious wind,  
the young questing for defined roles.  
The Past only a dust-blown wall paper,  
uncover new vistas in the day's layer.

## Eyeing Mars

News: 100000 people in US have applied for a trip to Mars years later and do not wish to return.

**K.S.Subramanian**

Has eye seen the last threshold of life,  
 shirking from a glance at the void beyond?  
 The void a throwback to the valley of chaos  
 before the Big Bang?  
 Or the smell of life born out of it spreading  
 Into an aroma of beauty that still  
 beams light into awe-struck eyes?  
 Myriad vistas of sculptural motifs -  
 Palace of Versailles, the gardens of Babylon ,  
 the Qutab Minar, Pyramidal symmetry,  
 radiant Taj - and many more spinning a saga of  
 astounding brain work and deft craft.  
 Have they lost out on the eye?  
 Is the mind emptied out of the search  
 ..... almost busted by the nauseating  
 reality of perceived nothingness?  
 Is earth that flew out of the Bang  
 caught in the web of climate disorder,  
 stock busts, cultural atrophy?

Come Red Star! Let the fatigued eye  
 scan your fiery empty plains;  
 And put up a makeshift shanty  
 to rest the limbs; then take a deep  
 breath to look for a green horizon.

Bio: K.S.Subramanian has published two volumes of verse titled Ragpickers and Treading on gnarled sand through the Writers Workshop, Kolkata. He is a retd. Senior Asst. Editor from The Hindu.

The Past only a dust-blown wall paper,  
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\*Chennai is one of the metro landscapes which has gone through a paradigm of change and the present face is hardly what it was 40 years ago in my memory.

Only a Chennaite will know and speak for what it signifies. A sign of aging and sapping metabolism? It is a question of how one looks at growth in a larger sense.