



Poem by Dr.Ezhil Vendhan

1. BANYAN TREE

Banyan tree I am,
a marvelous one at that.
This gigantic form
have I taken
out of a very tiny seed
like an atom's mighty power.

Grown on the bloody mire of sacrifice
and watered by human tears,
my branches leap boundaries
and extend as my vision goes on.

I am the refuge for birds
longing for shades
from my ever-green branches
and the exquisite taste of my fruit.

Varied indeed are the languages
of the varied species of birds
of many a hue,
but the thought that inspires the song
is the same forever and ever.

I'm the tent,
where birds that toil and moil all day revel.
On my branches gets inaugurated
each season of festivity.

My Veda of eternal relevance is Truth;
I preach Love and Peace,
the time-tested ideals.
The branches of my ideals
do not allow the birds of prey
even to sit on me;
not to speak of them
building nests on me.

Strictly, no permission for the birds
even if they pay a fee.
Having a never-drying milk-spring in me
I grow even on barren soil,
I am the gift of this soil.

Some birds that taste my fruit
drop their excrement elsewhere.



Some try to find fault
with my lisp of fledglings;
clip their wings just beginning to grow.

Some others
praise the charm of birds,
a little nature,
tell them temptingly thus:
"Let us sit on tall branches of other trees
and be gay and carefree."

I am unable to excuse the woodpeckers;
do they not rejoice in disrobing me?
Creating holes in me,
the woodpeckers,
only invite vicious vipers to settle in me.
A poor, pitiable tree I am,
Giving away fruit only to songbirds.

My roots
labour without rest
going deep down into the soil
seeking water.

Bitter may be my seeds
but sweet are my fruits.

My body suffers
a thousand wounds
from head to foot.
Don't you notice my eyes watering
as the pungent smell of Sulphur affects me ?

Inexplicable are my trials and tribulations
in the cycle of time;
in the annals of history
I am a tree of achievements.

I have no chance of being flexible
like a plantain tree.
My branches never bow down
even while my fruits gain weight.

Storms wail to me
that they are unable to uproot me.
My roots are only aerial roots
which are not being closed
allow light to pass through them.
They will soon take root
and stand majestically.



2. BANYAN TREE -Part 2

You are asking what could trees give me.
Why are you so hatred on trees?
What the trees do not offer us,
don't you know
the trees are the boons of the soil.
How could there be natural environment
without plants and trees.

You are posing a question
as to why I am crelebrated
and written by poets and writers
who love natural environment.
It is my bark which is used for making paper on which you write.

I'm always evergreen,
the tree of knowledge and tree of life.
I am one of the most venerated trees in India,
a tree of immortality.

I can take root and grow in any soil,
even in baren land.
I can survive for centuries together
and is often compared to the shelter given by Almighty to the people.

I am the Kalpavriksha,
for the people
fulfilling their wishes, desires and many material gains.
I'm the male and soulmate of Peepal tree.

My luminous aerial tentacles
grow down into the soil forming additional trunks and is therefore called Bahupada,
the one with several feet.
I am the botanical embodiment of the universal soul.

I am sacred and connected with Buddha.
I only extended my hands
to him to climb up
from the flooding river Niranjana.
It is believed that,
under my branches only,
Buddha was served with
sweet pudding by Sujata.
He got refreshed and sat near
my main trunk for seven days
and attained enlightenment,
absorbed in his new-found realization.



I am probably the biggest
and friendliest of all trees.
I have always been the focal point for the common people.
My gloosy edible leaves are used as the food plates
by poor wanderers.

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Biography

Dr.Ezhil Vendhan is a celebrated poet from India and a recipient of numerous international accolades and author of four poetry collectios in English and Tamil two in each languages. And his first poetry collection LUMINOUS TENTACLES has been translated and published in Indian languages Assamese and Odia and Chinese, Russian, French and Azerbaijani translations by eminent poets are under print.

This poem Banyan Tree has been widely acclaimed and translated into 39 global languages including eighteen Indian languages. It was originally written in Tamil and selected as the best poem for the Indian Republic Day Multilingual National Poets Symposium 1995 and broadcast worldwide by All India Radio.

He has been honoured with the ‘World Laureate in Literature 2017’ by the World Nations Writers’ Union, Kazakhstan and ‘World Icon of Peace’ by World Institute of Peace, Nigeria for his contribution to the world literature. The ‘Fellow of the Regal World of Scribes’ and ‘Enchanting Muse’ have been conferred on him by the Writers Corner International during the World Poetry Festival in October 2017. A review on the poem <https://youtu.be/ccJRl2xgoEc>
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