

*I want everybody to love me Love me more than they love any one else. It's not very difficult. You only have to put it A little effort. I want to be prima donna.*

Best known rebel in that nun-run, conventional hostel. Always seemed confused, agonized and scornful at world. Rarely, some literature talks connected both of us. She was doing her M. Phil in one of the reputed colleges in the city. She was mostly outside the hostel and came late in evenings. Many a times, I had seen she face a crimson warden. She mostly wore rag bermudas up knee and lousy cotton tops. One of our classmates at MCC then used to refer the same name with great admiration. She used to scribble sitting at the edges of the verandah that faced a big chapel. I can still retrieve those furious looks and active indifferences she kept with her roommate that had its outlet in lunchtime gossips. Sometimes, our rare city visits caught her presence in the same area. She left even before. After some years I accidentally came across that news. She hanged herself after she attended some phone call in the middle of the night. Add-on was her interest in poems and her diary secrets. Reporter had scanned her history and found out one crucial name quite familiar to me. While looking at her picture, I felt heavy. It was exactly like her. Sooner she became a late poet with a collection of poems published and discussed. From then, something disturbs me. I crave a single shape for my fragmented thoughts. Was she the same? The one I knew at that chapel facing hostel?

Chapter 2 : Nandithayude Kavithakal [ അമ്മേയുടെ കാവ്യങ്ങൾ | Rahul A ]

*Nandithayude Kavithakal Mp3. Malayalam Kavithakal | Suryakanthinovu | Audio Jukebox | Murukan Kattakada [ അമ്മേയുടെ കാവ്യങ്ങൾ | അമ്മേയുടെ കാവ്യങ്ങൾ | അമ്മേയുടെ കാവ്യങ്ങൾ ]*

A poet named Nanditha Image courtesy: Google Last month as I was in India shopping for books, I came to know about this poet called Nanditha. When I came to know more about her, I was intrigued. Her life and death still remains a mystery to her family, friends and the world. Nanditha was a lecturer who was teaching students in a college in a small town in Kerala. The night she died, she had informed her mother that she would be getting a phone call. She had insisted that she would be attending it herself. However, her parents has no knowledge about whether this call came through. They never heard that telephone ring for which she waiting for. That night as her mother woke up sometime around midnight, she was shocked to find that her daughter had committed suicide by hanging herself from the terrace. Nanditha had committed suicide by hanging herself on the end of a saree. It is after her death that her parents found a series of poems that she had written down in her diaries. Absolutely beautiful and brilliant, her friends and family felt that it had to be published. Each one haunting and melancholic, reflecting the inner demons that were torturing the young poet. They spoke of love, pain, death, an unbearable sadness Her life and death shall probably always remain a mystery. What was the reason that finally drove her to end her own life? Never once had she taken any initiative to get any of her poems published when she was alive. Nobody knew of the poet that was alive in her. She wrote because that was the only way she could face her inner demons. That was probably the solace she sought for. Did death fascinate her as much as she wrote about? And so, that was how I read it. This was her life. Her fate that she decided for herself. Written in both Malayalam and English, each poem written during certain periods of her life, right from , speaks volumes about the mind that it was born to. Quoting a few of my favorite poems by Nanditha here. This post would be incomplete without it. What is that crack on the face? You call it a smile?! Discipline them Or they get out of control Why not tear them out? Throw them on the rocks So that they would never sprout. They are to die with this century. My mirror has gone made. It throws weird images at me.



Nandithayude Kavithakal has 6, members. à ""àµ†à °àµ•â€•à ¢àµ•à ¢ à µà ´¿à °à ¢àµ•à °à ¢àµ•â€• à °àµŠà £àµ•à ¨àµ• à ¢à µ•à ©à ¢à µà ´¿à ""àµ†.