



CLOUDS OF EMOTIONS

Streamlet Dkhar

2008

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"Clouds of Emotions"

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Preface

First of all I would like to express my joy because I can now share with you all another collection of Poems in English entitled *Clouds of Emotions*. Though my specialization is in Khasi Drama, I confess from the core of my heart that I love reading and writing poems since my childhood. I am aware that my English poems may not be as beautiful as my Khasi poems, because I did my studies as a student in the Khasi section, in my further studies I chose Khasi literature and now by profession I teach Khasi. English language is still alien to me and the English poems in this collection may have a number of grammatical errors. However, I will humbly accept constructive criticism from all my dear readers.

Poetry springs out from the emotions of a poet. Anything that is beautiful touches the heart of a poet and it makes a poet feels happy. But anything that is ugly also touches the poet's emotions making him or her feels the sadness in one's heart. Both the beauty and the ugly strikes the mind of the poet and those emotions come out in the form of poetry. Anything that does not touch the heart and mind of the poet cannot be considered as poetry. Sometimes Poetry comes out from experiences such as

suffering, anxiety and pain. In other times experience of joy and happiness makes the poet rejoice and use poetry to express it. Therefore, poetry reflects the truth of life. If there is an experience of pain and suffering, some poets console themselves by using poetry filled with hope to share them with their readers.

Looking back at the works of the ancient, it often reminds us of the greatness of God the Creator. It is here that it awakens us to also work like them for the good of others. Facing obstacles in the journey of our life is also an experience to be shared. In our folklore, often we come across narrations about the golden age of our culture, the age where only peace ruled the earth. Peace ruled over man and all his creatures and man lived in peace and harmony. But Peace ruled only for a certain period of time because man turns greedy for wealth and power. Man turns away from God. Vengeance begins to rule the heart of man and destruction follows everywhere in the form of bloodshed. Love appears to be exhausted and extinguished to those who do not want to feel the warmth and its beauty. Yet at times, love consoles and fills the void of the heart and ultimately fights against hatred. It is through love and devotion to God that man overcomes many unpleasant events and finds truth and perfection.

The collection *Clouds of Emotions*, emerged from the recent sad incidents in our beloved country where innocent citizens turn victims in the hands of the terrorists. The serial bomb blasts at Guwahati, Assam; the Mumbai terrorist attacks and many more unrecorded incidents happening in and around the India our beloved Country. All these incidents have really touched my emotions that I want to cry out and reach my fellow countrymen to stop terrorism. There are also other poems related to women calling them and remind them to preserve their culture and to respect life and not to imitate the modern style of living forgetting its root and committing the crime of abortion. However, in this collection there are also poems dedicated to my friends and mentors who were very close and dear to my heart like the poem "To You Duh" and "To Andrea". The lost of the departed souls have created a void in me, but I always treasure their goodness in my heart.

Before, I conclude, I am thankful to God Almighty for giving me the strength to be able to make me a woman with the purpose. My heartiest gratitude goes to my dear colleague, Prof. M. B. Jyrwa, who has spared her time to look at some of my poems. I also extend my deepest gratitude to Prof. Monotosh Chakraborty, Head, Department of English, St. Edmund's College, who has taken pain in editing my manuscript before printing.

I am also thankful to my family members who have always given me their support at all times. My special thanks go to my husband, Dr. Sylvanus Lamare and my children for giving me full support for my endeavour and share the pride of my success. Last but not the least I am thankful to the ESES PLUS Publications for the layout and design of all my publications including this one.

To you my beloved readers, I wish you all a happy reading of my poems

Thanking you,

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A PLEA TO MY MOTHER

From the virgin seed of my Papa
I was sown inside your womb
From the virgin love of yours and papa's
Now you think of earthly glory,
That you want to dress in white?
Have you forgotten me, Mama?
The seed of love
Sowed
Three months have gone
Just a fetus I am,
Inside your golden womb
I fold my tiny self
And suck the nectar of your regret;
But I could hear you regret that I was impregnated,
And you need your prestige.
Would my existence make you feel shame?
I heard you whisper into his ears
That you shall push a needle
Deep inside my heart!
Why Mama, Why?
You would think in this way.
Don't you love your blood Mama?
Couldn't you drop the idea of killing me?
I will now turn to a living human;

Why can't you wait for six more months?
Mama please do fear God
Do not kill me in your womb
You shall bear the sins forever!
How could you be a murderer of your blood?
Give me a chance to see
The light of the earth,
I could hear the sounds
Though my eyes are closed
Have mercy on me Mama,
I know your heart is soft
But why it turns hard for me?
When did you change into a stone?
You listen to your conscience Mama
Save my soul! I plead with you Mama,
My life is in your hands,
Save me Mama! Save me!

TSUNAMI

Tsunami I have often heard of your name
That you come to earth like a comet!
At Indonesia, Andaman or India
I just imagine I have no idea;
The dreadful waves of the deep blue sea,
Today I have witnessed the scene
Oh Tsunami! You stink and stain
Here at India land's end
The meeting place of the three blue seas
The place that is well-known as Kanyakumari.

Oh how dreadful your wrath was!
Who would be surprised?
You up-rooted the houses
You dug from the bottom
As the invisible crane that
destroyed things in a moment.
But why did you keep the remains of the ruins?
Sure you want a witness your wrath to!

The skull of the church in the village remains
Here in tiny Kelamanakudi.
In your monstrous hands,
Lives were wasted but who cares?
You roared like a cannon that strikes the enemy,
The sky was fired with black clouds
To frighten Humans!

Buildings you uprooted
Concrete bridges torn apart
Oh Tsunami! Your wrath so dreadful!
Labourers died
Fishermen washed away;
The children became orphan,
The village deserted.
The saved ones live the nightmare
Many asked,
"Where is my father?
Where are my brothers?
Mama we are hungry, where is the food?
Mama we are thirsty, the water is salty!
Mama quenches our thirst Mama?"

She took out her wrinkled breast
With tears in her eyes,
"Take my child, suck from it
Quench your thirst!"

Bare bodies with sunburn
Naked they are in the heat of the sun,
Poverty has come to change their fate
Oh bitter Tsunami! Why did you come?
Goodbye, stay away in the devil's kingdom
Do not threaten us anymore,
Good bye! come no more
The precious lives you robbed,
You goddess of Cheat!

THE MOMENT OF SILENCE

Away from the noisy polluted world
I am here alone to ponder over the silence of the night,
My mind flies to the beginning of the endless time
That I may only hear the sound of silence
I could feel the void in my yearning heart
The distance of heaven and earth makes me feel mad;
I long to touch the lips of thy fallen star,
But the destination is so far
I long to embrace thy star of the night
To fill up the void of an aching sigh,
Oh dear! Let those marbles see like the glittering stars
Through your mind's eyes that you would feel like me
Through the telepathy of the brain waves carry me
Touch your heart too in this moment of silence.

UNFULFILLED PROMISES

You read out the list of manifestoes,
You tried to convince the impossibilities
Your mesmerizing words drive us crazy;
Without hesitation we vote for you,
We thought you are a leader,
The leader we were looking for.

But in the span of five years,
We were searching for you
Yes for the same old you.
But how can we reach your deaf ears?
How can you see our troubles when you are blind?
Yes you are blinded by your personal gains.
Are you the same leader we were looking for?
Are you a same person that we have known
For the last five years?
But where are those promises that you had made?
Where are those words that brought tears into our
eyes?
I wonder where they have vanished.
I wonder why you change so fast.
Why are you another you?
You told your destination and want us to reach yours,
But if one could really measure

Not only one-fourth of the milestone you took;
Now you have changed your ways
Yes you have changed your plans,
You have fooled the innocents;
You have achieved your ends,
You have shown your greediness.
Now we realize that you are not
The leader we are looking for;
Please do not wear the mask of the Good Samaritan,
Though the roads are mended
The tanks are filled up
Six months before the next poll,
But that would not make another you,
Wake up now dear citizens!
We have been fooled enough,
Let us not be fooled again in the forthcoming poll,
Lest we are again promised with
Unfulfilled promises.

I AM WHAT I AM NOT

I am often told of the hidden place
I have never seen before
Not even in my dream
That I can imagine.

One day, as I was thinking of it
My friends came and asked me
“Are you ready now for the hidden place?
Do not worry because we are the Patriots.

I cannot say “No” at their call
The blood of the fore fathers
Shoots inside of me that now
I only know that I should go to fight like them.

They said the hidden land is different
From the one that we live here
“If you are a patriot common,
Live to love for your motherland.”

So I have left my loved ones
I have left my beloved hut,
I have left all pleasures,
Here I am on the way to it.

I have been blind folded all the way
The road was long and rugged,
The eyes are closed within the mask.
It makes no difference if I stare.

I was not different from a blind man
Though I am not really so
I visualized with my inner eyes
At the hidden place to go.

At last I am in the palace I want
I tried to adapt as I could
I have lived in the midst of trunks
I have tasted the raw flesh of beasts.

Though I fear the sounds of wild beasts
I pretend to be a brave man,
‘Cause I call myself a patriot
I should tame them courageously.

I have lived in the darkness
Where only a reflection of light is seen
Even in the broad daylight,
A glimpse of light is shadowed.

That was the life of a stone age
Where men lived like wild beasts,
I experienced no laughter no fun
I was asked to hold a gun!

I was taught to shoot it too,
Not only to birds that fly
Or animals that are gentle or wild
But to two leg creatures too.

I was taught to see the blood
And to swim in its pool too,
I was taught to remember
But remember to forget.

To forget all my loved ones
To forget even my bones,
Because I am a patriot
And I should shed my blood.

When did I ever shed my blood?
For the cause of my motherland
I have tortured my own people,
I have slaughtered them too.

I am now known by a new name
A name that was baptized in a hidden place,
A name in the Society is not fit
I am a wanted outfit.

Now I realize but it's too late,
That I am what I am not,
I regret that I am not a patriot
I hate myself that I am an idiot.

THE SCAR

You appear in the invisible heart
You come again in the wind of a painful heart
You have blown in the storm mixed with rain
In the golden age of the ancients,
We have tasted the lovely kisses of nature
The gentle breezes that blow calmly in the damp,
But the vehemence of the emotions
Makes the throat of dreams wither
Singing in the flat voice of an owl,
The scars of the night that is gone
In the hurdles of the rolling tide
Sometimes only you made me recall,
In the melancholic tunes of memory
You disappear gradually as an unseen dream
with the healed scar.

MESMERIZING MOON IN “DARLING VELLORE”

You are the king¹ of the universe tonight!
You were embroidered with the garments of a blissful twilight,
Your dashing looks has robbed my heart
Oh! I am so crazy to see the beauty of your might.
You cast your beautiful looks upon me,
Your eyes glitter upon a yearning hearts
Gazing at you at the “Darling Residence”
I know I am carried away far to a deep blue see.
Four hearts and may be more,
You have dug up from the core
Oh! “Nai Khatsawsynñia”² of the night!
You filled the eyes of the wanderers
And I got drunk in your circling dashing eyes.
I have quenched my thirst with the “Darling Hot Pot”,
The D.R.Platter” and the “Chicken Maharani”!
The “Butter Nan” with the “Chicken Irani”
Filled up the hunger with “Rumali Roti”
It was in the corner that Stream tasted
the nectar of your beautiful beams.
It was in the corner that Alfi pinches
The cute dimple cheeks to her ecstasy,

The stones of the corner changed to the shady green grass
as your reflection is so unique and so vast.
You mesmerize me with your chinky eyes
The passion is so touch that I can see you a million
times more.

1. King refers to the Moon who is considered as a male in Khasi language.
2. ‘Nai Khatsawsynñia is a Khasi word for a young man who is perfect in all spheres.

THE TOUCH

I have known you just a couple of years
But this yearning heart tells me that I've known you a
thousand years.
Why is your touch carry me to the beginning of time?
What's so special in you?
What burns this uneasy mind?
Most people come to you for healing,
Few others come to you for studying.
Few have tasted tears and suffering.
I don't want to suffer 'cause I'll need to be healed.
But why this heart longs to meet you time and again?
Why am I touching whenever I come to you?
What miracle do you have to perform to embrace the
longing heart?
Oh dear, the wooden chair turns into a soft settee.
You melt the heart of the broken bones.
Oh dear your touch is so unique
Those words are not enough to convey
You are so special to me
And may be to many more.
I know I'll be gone away
But I'll always treasure the touch
The touches of a merciful heart forever more.

A DREAM . . .

In the midst of a pulsing crowd
You embrace me in your soothing arms
I rest my head on your strong broad chest,
I could hear the beats of your yearning heart
Like the waves of the deep blue sea,
I shyly gaze at you with those longing eyes
To appreciate that you are so strong;
Your lips touch over mine
And I feel the warmth that carries me to the heavens
"You are a red riding hood" how can you just go?
Let me taste the nectar of your burning stream of
love"
The lips murmured in a negative tone
But the heart does not agree to it
I understand the thirst is so bad
I wanted to surrender to you,
But it was in a dream
You are far away from the stream.

THE WAVES OF LIFE

The morning sun breaks to remind me to wake
I bid goodbye to yesterday and welcome the new day
Though these eyes want to close a little more,
Duty is bound to earn our livelihood.
To search for real perfection day by day,
Dawn after dawn I am looking for the sun;
I am growing faster like the tidal waves
To touch the setting sun behind the mountains,
I could see the beauty of your reflection
That was plated with gold all around
I long to touch that beauty divine
But I am too old to plough in this desert land
I know all things are kept for memories
And I shall live forever young through the ages.

THE CRACKLING LAUGH

How can I not laugh?
When,
I saw the clippings of your crackling laugh,
Yes Laugh! Laugh! Laugh!
Laugh till you cry and till your nose runs wet
And your eye -lids comes close together;
Ha-ha-ha-ha- ha!
Oh! Hu-hu-hu-Hu!
Ha-ha ----a --a ----a!
My God what a crackling laugh!
That even the devil will not hesitate to join you
In that crackling laugh!
Who am I to stop you laughing?
It was the drug that changes your mood
When
You cooled yourself down! With your crackling laugh
Laugh! Yes laugh!

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE

Behind the money plant I was pictured beautifully
I ask myself a number of queries
That I am doubtful of the answers,
Is the money plant so beautiful?
That the picture is also beautiful?
Or am I so photogenic that the picture looks so
graceful?
Or is it the photographer's skill
That creates the picturesque beauty of both the
money plant and me
Or is the high tech machine that changes the ugliness
into beauty?
Or is the scenery so beautiful that it can change the
person's look?
All these questions creep into my mind with unsure
answers;
But the only thing I know for sure is that
God makes all creatures wonderful
It all can be seen in this beautiful nature.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Lights are saving the earth from darkness,
You are the sunlight of the universe
You have your own time to enlighten the world
And you go away to find the next dawn to come
Moonlight replaces you in the night
As the king* of the silvery sky,
Accompanies the twilight stars
But the light of my life is you my God,
You enlighten my heart at all times
That I need no other light in the dark room,
I need no moonlight in the night
The light of my life and the light of the believers
Is God the creator.

FRIENDSHIP IN YOU

My friend you are like the pillars of the house
Sometimes you hold me up and
And many times I lean on you,
But sometimes it is enough to know that
You are just standing by me;
A great friend like you,
Never question my weaknesses
But appreciate my achievements;
When I am down
And in trouble, you support me always
I realize
I am not wrong to make a friendship in you
You give me hope when life is low,
And give me shelter when I have nowhere to go,
I have found the arms that will hold me at my weakest,
The shoulders to carry the weightiest,
The heart that will love me at my worst
I have now found them all,
Because I have found you
Yes a precious friendship in you.

LEFT THY PATH

I close my eyes to cherish the sweet memories that we
shared
I will save all of them in my treasure
I have gone through the zigzag road of the bygone
days,
And I have left behind those hurdles and path;
I now proceed ahead to find the new path,
I have seen the beautiful things in life
As I have also seen the ugly things too,
I have surrendered myself into your arms
That I have forgotten of the yesteryears
I shall be a new leaf, budding green again
To taste the fresh sunlight and the rain,
I will not go back as there will be no point of return
I have chosen the enlightened path
And left yours, a still darken path.

BEAUTY OF GOD'S CREATURE

I look at the ocean I see God's abundance
I look at the sky I see God's wonder!
I look at the sun I see God's glory,
I look at the moon I see God's beauty;
I look at your eyes I see God's splendour
All looks that I have seen
Have made me happy in different ways,
And if I ever have to let them go away
I would find a million reasons to make them stay
Because I want to see the greatness of God in nature
That I shall always look and adore
Till these eyes are close forever.

A QUEUE

Life is like a queue
To reach the target one has to queue,
Queue for fetching water,
Queue for getting a doctor
Queue for getting a ticket
Be it for journey or for banking
Queuing for everything is compulsory
Whether for pleasure or pain
Queue even for spending money or for any trip or
journey
Oh! When will this queue come to an end?
I am tired of being in a queue
Shall I have to wait in a queue to go to heaven or hell?
Queue! Queue! Queue! Till one's legs get weak
And the sensations cease,
But one must queue to reach a target
in this world as long as we want our needs.

TERROR AND AGONY

Terror! Terror! In the city of Guwahati
The 30th October brought a nightmare
The stench smoke and blood
Woke up bleary eyed, full of pain and agony
Oh! Bloodshed of Terrorism!
You have found your grip and blasted
The morning mists turned to pool of blood,
The innocents turned victims of death
Three serial blast sites turned unwanted martyrdom!
Breaking news in all channels
Showed the brutal reality;
Buses were lifted and thrown by the blast,
The auto-rickshaws burst like crackers of Deepavali,
Sheer terror everywhere!
Gory Scenes have traumatized the survivors
Horror images etched in one's memory,
The waves of anger broke out
Searching for solutions
What a Faith to justify!
Burnt flesh scented like burnt dried meat
The loved ones are found with pieces of flesh
In a split moment they are gone
But I still have to live here
Ah! Terror and agony!

HORROR OF DEATH

Horror of death
I have seen your cruelty,
Your wickedness immeasurable
No scale of judgment,
You came bare and dumb
In the hands of terror
They have become numb,
No prayer yet completed
No benediction is pronounced.

TO YOU DUH

No rosy lips are now smiling
No sweet scented hair now blowing,
How can I again see peace?
Written on a dead face;
I saw pain in your eyes
Though you wore smile to disguise,
The voiceless tumult
Has gone beyond the cloud,
Motionless you slept in peace
No return the way you had left,
But wait in the house of God.

LUST

The eyes of the dreaded monster
Stared at the budding angel,
Like the cunning fox
That is hungry for lust,
The gracious baby's smile
Turned blue in helpless fear,
My little angel you are torn
in the iron heart of a lustful monster.

VICTIMS OF INNOCENCE

Just yesterday you touched
The silvery dew of youthful strength,
You are expected to be
The stars of the universe;
Why have you now withered so fast?
In the brutal hands of the hungry beasts
They have slaughtered you
Like cows for meat!
Does justice have a name to be slain?
Is there any stream to clean their stain?
“You” the plurality of mankind!
That comes to earth with holy Divine,
You were just victims of innocence
God please help! I plead,
Stop the hell of terrorism!

LOST SOULS

Why are we controlled by man's power?
Why is this world so changed?
Where is the commandment
That says “Earn Righteousness”
Fights! Hatred and Revenge!
When will they be buried?
My hopes are vanished
The dear ones are gone
Their souls only live
As reflections of the past;
But the young ones are alive
To continue to live
I cry out in vain
Let them live on
Not to lose their souls.

SHIVERING IN COLD

Poverty! Your hands are so bold
To sweep the thousand souls,
I see them naked with bruise
Yet the dryness as the withered leaf
They are thirsty, they were numb,
They suck their thumb
Yet the tongue so dehydrated
How wilderness shielded them
They lay here shivering in cold.

CARRY ME

Carry me to the shadow of the unseen land
To the sand of turbulence,
To the land of promises
That I can live when I die
That I can sing in motionless melody
I am tainted in this filthy pool
I have seen the bloody hands
Day by day from bad to worse
I cry to the deaf ears
I smile at the blind eyes
I am hoping against hope
I am now helpless
Just carry me to the land I know not.

THE UNTOUCHED LIPS

Your untouched lips are blessed
With beauty divine
To everyone you have been so kind,
Ages ago all like your juicy lips
Transformed to streams and waterfalls
Like the grey long hair of a beautiful girl,
I discover the graceful virgin
I wish your caliber is saved
When you kiss the edge of heavens
Your untouched lips
Will still remain
Forever clean.*

THE PINE BROOKS

The wind is whispering
On the winding roads like serpents,
Those clouds of emotion
Torturing me like the woman in a labour pain,
I wonder how I could bear
The thorny carpet under my feet,
The pine brooks sheltering
The face sheet of my body
The mysterious sound I hear in silence
It is the sound that I used to hear
And take me back to the thousand years.

I SAW HER

I saw her smile in a cute dimple
The teeth like the soldiers in white
Her torn clothes and a basket
Selling Kwai (beetle nut) in the street
I saw her counting the coins
How much she has earned that day
I saw her fingers with all cuts
When she plasters them with rags
I saw her sweat the whole day
So that she earns her bread.
I saw her she is homeless
My heart is motionless
One day I did not see her
I could feel the void
I want to buy from her a Kwai
As I want to see her smile
None could ever tell me
Where she is
Or ever fill the void
There may not be another she
But it's a difference to me.

THE DEN OF PAIN

Land of mineral resources
I appreciate your wealth
Limestone and coalmines
Have made you a new man
I am happy that you prosper
I never dream you would suffer
The lungs are now cloudy
Like the fog of Cherrapunji
Your face has now changed
As you are drown in the den of pain.

I AM NOT WHAT YOU WANT

I am not a saint
Just a simple human being
I was afflicted and oppressed
I fought like the tigress
I could not think I am a lamb
That I shall easily be slaughtered
My wrath like the fire of hell
Never expect me to tell
"I am a Saint"
I am an ordinary human being.

A FRIEND OF PEACE

What a cruel blow you had
For this unfailing loyal love
You have suffered
And falsely been accused
You have been maligned
That your name is tainted
But you let them say
And do their worst
You hold the Earth
Like a friend of Peace.

NON-STOP CRIES

My dear fellow women
I am not joking with this sharp wit
There are tears in my inner eyes
That you can never see
Do not worry for death
About tomorrow
Stop now your non-stop cries
It rings into my ears like echoes of the ghosts
The present is a never ending push
For tomorrow never comes
Live for today and stop those tears.

THE TRUTH OF GENDER

They say he is strong
That he has twelve powers,
They say she is weak
That she has one power,
This is what they say
But how far is this true?
As I see fear in him
That she may overrule;
They may say gender determines everything
It could be just the opposite
Gender determines nothing
Here lies the truth of him and her.

THE IDEAL HOME

I have dreamt of this home
With decorated souls
Embroidered with beautiful pearls
I have painted the inner walls
With soft splendor hearts
Each touch of this home
Has filled with all love
I have covered its floor
With the un-faded soft grass
I now only long for the holy divine
My ideal home is a complete shrine.

SEARCH

In silence I search for you
Through the pages of readable scripts,
I search through the minds
Of the intellectuals,
I search you through the hearts
Of the kind hearted,
I still search for you
This mind does not stop
And it weeps for years;
Have I run the tortoise's race?
I found myself in slow pace
Shall I give up this race of search?
Or shall I go on searching?
My mind turns upside down
Peace on earth I haven't found.

CANDLE

I see the light in my dark room
Giving me little hope,
Through the softly lit candle
I ponder to myself,
How much can you give your light?
When the hurricane is so strong
I wonder how you will give others life?
When your life is destroyed and melts;
Am I courageous like you?
To sacrifice my life
Oh Candle!
What strife. *

THE MIXTURE OF LIFE

Day comes and night goes
Winter goes and spring comes,
Birth comes and Death goes
Pleasure comes and Sadness goes,
The law of nature is seen on earth
Are these the antics of nature?
I wonder if I could change these laws
That I could smile when I cry
And see the light when it's dark,
The mixture of life could be seen.

DREAMING FOR A CHANGE

When will the vice become virtue?
When will the beast become a man?
When will the waves stop rising
When will the murderers stop killing?
And the blood turns white
The mosque turns into temple
And atheists turn devotees
When will harlots turn virgins?
And snakes keep its skin;
When will fox start eating grass?
And lions stay with man
I wonder if this is just a dream
I am dreaming for a change.

SELFISH LEADERS

Remove the dirt from your garments of habit
Let the dust fall and wash away in the river of hope,
Dear political leaders lead now!
Or you will never lead in life
The ruins of the country are visible
Division of the race is predictable,
Stop now your hunger of power!
The goddess of wealth will not stay forever
How can you peacefully sleep?
When the children of the soil suffer
Remember your dear ones
will not hide under your dirty garments
The truth lies that pretention is not hidden.

TO YOU ANDREA

You wear the chain of a holy cross
Your garments are colourless,
You always talked of a holy book
You call to accept the holy- spirit;
Others are your disciples
To follow you in without questioning,
You give away your life for them
And leave the material world,
You are now gone forever
You found your place in heaven
The sacred and the serene
With the angels you forever sing.

THE HEART

The sweet-bitter memories
Carry back to the golden age
To see that black is beautiful
And tears are rain drops of love;
The light and darkness meet
Like the bamboo carpet
It is torn and mended,
Like the old house is renovated
Or the broken ceiling is mended
The wrinkled face could be painted
Everything is easily mended;
But this heart is like a mirror
That once broken is broken forever
It cannot be mended again
Oh conservative Heart!

SPRING

A spring that I used to love
Not only in summer but in spring,
The Chrystal water that shoots up
It melts my heart to the core
How much I adore
Its beautiful fountain
Like the angel pure and white
You are just around
To quench the thirst of all
Living in a broken thatch
You have your everlasting life
May none touch you with a devil mind.

EASY WAYS

"Toil and sweat!
No, that was outdated"
He said
Gamble and have wealth
Corrupt and enjoy
Earn through your luck
Lottery is your wealth
The easy ways to live
Pamper him
Stab him with the dagger of cheat
Earn easy wealth
And have sleepless nights.

FOGGY DAY

I shivered that day of chilled December
I recalled the foggy day
Like the fog of summer
In Sohra
How can I fly back home?
Sitting on the chair
Ponder how I could reach home
That foggy day
But nature smiles
And the sun peeps through the clouds
I am here safely from that foggy day.

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- ♦ Co-authored, *Ka Mahabharata.* (A Translation of R. K. Narayan's *Mahabharata* into Khasi) 1988.
- ♦ Co-authored, *Ki Sngi Jong Ngi.* (A Collection of Essays) 1994.
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- ♦ *Na Lyngwiar Dpei I Mei.* (From the Mother's Hearth) A Collection of Poems) 2008.



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