

Poetry Series

jose sarang
- poems -

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A Tree In The Battle Field

Horse
Hops over a pawn
In white and in black
Over a pawn
He is alone in the black square
Alone in the white square
One left
One right
The squares are deep and dark
Bishop betrays
Black queen waits with a white rose
Waits on the floor
The trumpet ends the song
Thousands of warriors on exile
Rook in white is fallen
He is alone in white
Alone in black
End of the run
None left
None left
Battle lost
He gave his best
Blood on the floor with the merciful god
Squares upon square
Black on white,
Black on white
King and the pawn in the same night
Speaks with the stars
He is alone
Alone like a tree in the battlefield
Lift the hands higher
Lift the hands higher..

.....

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Between You And I

Between you and me
I made an arch
With my smiles
With my tears
With my whispers
With the tales I recite
Between night and day
I made an arch with words
I made it above the river flows
Silent
Between dreams and dawn
I made an arch with your smiles and tears
River flows under
With a smile, dropped the cher

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City

City

NO 13

Is crying,

Like a Fly, spider webbed.

Crying like a sheep tied.

Knife wipes the tears

Rain rains in pain

City will be in flood in a moment

Cars

Cries

Byes

Good byes

Wet smiles

Cornflakes

Dead fruits

Frozen fish eyes

Fried dreams

Packed creams

Bottled streams

City will be flooded in a moment

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Flows, To Become A Wave

My hands are cold
And wings are muddy
The rain made the ferns down
The trees are wet
The angels are in the nest,
And the pebbles rolls in the flow.
My hands are cold,
And wings are wet.
Tree showers the violet in my eyes,
The boatman comes,
Like a weathered song
And faded in the morning light
I ran through the smiling ferns
I flow through the dappled cries
Flows through the sacred shades.
I keep the silver moon in my soul
The tree showers hails and berries
I flow with a song in hurry
The ocean will hug me with the waves
The boat man sings from far
I flow with the tears of hills
Flow with the songs of flowering fields
My hands are cold
Wings are muddy
The silver moon becomes
A faded smile
In my soul

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Good Bye

I left
Thousands and one nights
And my wooden horse; gallops with my dreams
I left
My trumpet sang with my breathe
And the tales slept with me in night
I left
The alphabets of my lullaby
And the swing hangs in the wind
I left
My smiles
My colors
I left
The sands were holy words buried in the Shell
I left
The pathways
Were the the blind saw the holy river
I left
The hills divided hunger and thirst
I left
The hills; were the lamb sacrificed
I left
The lamp, the prophet lighted with sacrifice
I wrapped my wings
I left my tears
I left my ways like a bird with broken wings
Thousand and one nights
Envelopes me with a night
The sea in black waves in silence
Tears blind my eyes
Good byes lend my ears
Good bye

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I Started To Love

My heaven
Hanged itself on the wind
My sky
Bears three rainbows on it's wings
My mountains
Stand naked in the day
And in the night
My silent sea
Weeping for the sun to hold
Thousands of stars
Burn above my head
I started to love
Love is true as death
Death is true as love

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It's You

The smiles,
The streams,
The hills,
The heights,
The winds,
The wings,
The years,
The tears,
The pains,
The gains,
The songs,
The waves,
The night,
The lights,
And the word lights my nights,
And then the silence wraps me in whites,
It is you...

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Leaf Taught Me...

A leaf

A Leaf taught me to fall

Fall on the stillness and melt like a grey veil

Melt like a grey veil

A drop

A drop of dew taught me to dream

Dream like a bird,

Bird swings on the strings of rain

A feather,

Feather taught me to fly

Fly above the hills of sacred greens

And silent planes

A pearl,

Pearl taught me to be silent in the night

Silent in the crying waves

Silent in the shells of my nights

A tree,

A lone tree taught me to stand still

Stand still in the rain,

Stand still in the burning flames

And then rise my hands up to the sky

A falling flower

A falling flower taught me to love

To love as she loved the leaves and the seed.

A leaf

A yellow leaf

Taught me to fall.

And a seed to sprout

And a seed

To sprout

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Mirror

Mirror

With a carved cedar frame

Hangs on the wall like a cross

Hangs

Above the rack

Where, the hundred years of solitude I kept

It smiles

Cries and wipes the tears

Keep silent and glimpses in the moonlit night

And then wraps himself in grey white

Mirror reflects

The summer hangs it's sword on the olive

Rose in white covers the graves

The dawn and dusk weep with the streams

The night

The light

The death

The birth

And then the sun drowns in the crimson waves

Mirror shrouds himself in a grey white and sleeps

I was worried about the same views on my mirror

And it's whispers

I change the from west to east

I wiped it's face

Hanged between the two, two crosses

Mirror reflects

The creator with wounded ears hang on the other wall

I see the the Sunflower

And a smile goes out through the door opened

A child's smile

And hundreds of children walk, carrying heaven on their little shoulders

They walk

Homeless

The sands wrap their dreams in a farewell song

Mirror open it's wings

And falls in a fraction of second

Falls like the veil

And shattered like a cry

Shattered like the fallen tears drop

Hundreds of cries
Hundreds of rainbows
And the sun paints hundreds of little cries
On the little mirrors
Mirror reflects the rainbows fades
Broken mirror lies
Like the life;
A smile between the hidden knives and a cross

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Mother

Once
She dropped
A pearl of tears
In the innocent palm of my hands,
As a gift
For me.
It flows
Like a river in blue In me now.
Once,
She painted a smile
On my stained cheeks;
As her symbol of love towards me.
Fireflies bloom
In my woven nest in the night.
Once,
She told me
The tales of wandering souls in my ears;
In my sleepless nights.
A star rises
In my grey sky all the night
And drops
A dream
In my sleep.
But still
I name the stars like a child...
....

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No Cry No Smile

No Cry
No Smile
No
Whispers
Not like ants seek the soul
Not like birds tailor the nest
Hides the cries
Hide the smiles
A
Grey white
Shrouds the ways
Run like a tamed horse
Without a smile
Without a cry
Ants speaks about the grain
And about river's pain
Birds predict the rain
And sings for the heaven
I stand still like a tree widowed yesterday
A last ray, yellow,
Pale yellow sets on the eyes of darkness

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Rain

Rain showers on the roof
like his bare hands pounds on the drum
I keep the silver moon on my palm
Rain showers like lullaby
I keep my head on the bunch of smile
Rain showers like fire flies
I keep my dreams with the sun flowers in the vase
Rain showers like a symphony
I keep myself in the night
To light the night in the shrine
Rain showers like fairy tales
King rides his horse to the orphaned olives
Moon floats with the wind
Princess weaves the smiles and dreams
A pearl shines in the eyes of silent waves
Grand mother hugs me with the wrinkled leaves
Rain showers like a lullaby
I wet in rain
Wet in rain like the wild violet in the night
I love the rain as you love

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She

She spreads her smiles
Over the grieves
Over the pains
She sows the sweat
And harvest the wheat
Wind blows
She flies like a kite in blue,
And in white.
Forest is dead,
She shades the bird.
Bird sings with the reed.
She takes the wings from the arrow
And the bird flies over the clouds
She takes the skin from the weeping drum
The stag climbs over the hills
She takes the sword from the chariot
Horses gallop in the dream nights
She reads the psalms
And the hills divide the loaves and fishes
She screams with the child
Child flows with the streams
And she shares the night with the half moon
She is a word.
Like a leaf, fallen from the sky
She is a tale
Like a seed, fallen from the beak
She reads the gospel
And the neighbour betrays her thrice
The words
Fade in the church bells
She closes the the Holy text
And smiles with the sky
She is saint, sins....
He, who is without sin can cast the stone
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Silence

A sigh
A whisper
Ohmm...
Chanting the tree in the wind
Yellow
Falls
Silent...
Silence
Is a
A smile
Between the green
And the yellow
Silence
Is a
Cry
Between the fall and the fall
Leaf
Falls on the brown and grey
Silence
Is a
Poetry
Ends between a vowel
And a dot.

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Sleep

He slept
He slept after the long days of weaving
Weaving the shroud in black and in white
He slept
Like a fallen leaf on the dust
He slept
Like a tapestry woven with his dreams
He slept
The rain spreads the tears over the hills
He died
The waves drop their wings on the shore
He died
Like the trumpet ends singing in the night
He spreads the green over the planes
And reap the streams
He wets in the dreams
Flies with the wind
And then weaves the veil over the hills
He shares the hut with the moon
And smiles with the god weaves the agony
He walks with the angels lost their battle
And guide the children wake up in the night
He slept like a tapestry woven in black and in white
He wets in rain of dreams
And wakes up with a smile
Like a seed sprouts

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Trumpet

He
Left his
Trumpet,
Old in bronze
On the shore
Trumpet
With wrinkles
With pain
With stain,
Slept on the grains of sand
Trumpet
Withered in the rain
Faded in Sun
Without rhymes
Without songs slept on the shore
Trumpet
With tunes of silence;
Left alone
Sea filled her waves of songs, in it's mouth
Trumpet left a sigh

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Waves And Grieves

See

The sea wraps the grains of sand

I write the agony of love on the grains

She wipes

Wipes my foot steps

Wipes the carved alphabets

Wipes the sand castles, I made.

She wipes the fallen memories in grain by grain

I flow like the streams of grains

Streams of grieves,

Streams become the waves once.

Life

A flow between the streams and the waves

I

Dream with the stars weep

Flock of cranes

Flies to the mountains nest

Life is

A flight between a scream and a silent sigh

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