

Poetry Series

Sarun Stani
- poems -

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Sarun Stani()

I Have A Dream

Long time from now, i know
People will honour me.
Their words, their laughs, they themselves
Are a bit sour now.

I can see those soaring heights above me.
My dreams real skyscrappers, i know.
But its glittering spires, like a magnet;
I can feel the force of its pull.

I can't hear you the world around.
I can't see you, i can't follow you.
Don't be annoyed, you world around
Because the pull for me is more than heavy.

I will write and write..
Words, i will mould from letters.
Lines and stanzas, i'll build of 'em
And a small rhyme though, i'll build;
The very first step to my dreams.
Slowly and steadily, i'll climb
The entire steps of that giant.

Hail dreams, hail hopes! In songs
Let's honour them and praise.
For they are the only friends
We have in those times
Of low ebbs, the non futile hours..

Sarun Stani

I Love You

Over the earth, black clouds roaring
Like beasts, but my ears listening
To the finest beat of my heart;
Those thunder bolts unfamiliar to me.

My room dark and silent
And by a taper lit i sit.
Her face cute as a moon,
I can see above those I.C engines
In my book.

'Your rosy cheeks, those eyes
Like stars lit,
My sweet heart, my dear love
No more can i hide away
My feelings to you.
I love you..

'It's time, it's time'my mind saying.
Let us flee!
To her heart and see if
There a space for us to stay.
Come on dear me;
And let your first words be-
'Don't know if mine is a wrong passion..'

Love is a soldier fighting for glory,
For the heaven in the earth.
Today she is alive, but on the morrow, dead
May be....

Sarun Stani

Loneliness

I have drunk, two cups of frothing loneliness.
I had a past, have future, but no present.
Alone in my dungeon i sit, driven by loneliness
I miss everything but me..

My home, a prison for me..
Where i am beaten by the rod of loneliness.
I live like the lonely winter tree;
Her branches stretched, with never any leaves.

I miss my love, my heart.
I miss her care, her mellow voice.
Her slender touches, the warm cloak of her love.
I miss everything but me..

I miss my friends, my joy.
I miss those days of rejoice.
No fights, no laughter, no cinemas
I miss everything but me..

Everynght i close my eyes
Hoping not to get up, but in vain.
I wish these days i am living
Pass me away fast..

Sarun Stani

The Way I Became A Vegetarian

I was a flesh eater, a renowned one,
Till that night of my reformation.
Never ever i had flesh since.
Proudly and rightly, a vegetarian now.

That night i saw a dream,
A life changing one.
I was tied upon a pillar.
The whole forest was there.
Pigs, buffallows, oxen, squirrels and more veggies.
And lions, tigers, jackals, my fellow flesh eaters.
Everyone on their dinner jackets.
A monkey, i can see, taking bids
On my flesh and bone.

In that judgement day of mine
Before the slaughter i was asked my last wish.
But reply of mine was a question 'why? '

'you swallowed me, that christmas night! '
The thundering sound of a buffallow.
'But i was teared and chewed! '
Interruption from an ox.

'But there is lion, there's tiger, and jackals
And they all do the same.'my voice raised.
I was slapped and answered.
'they walk showing the diamond between their thighs.
why don't you? '
'you have brain with you, but they don't.
you know the secrets of cultivation.
you know everything, but they don't.
you, the king of us, to protect us.
But you, son of adam, killed us,
Showed no mercy, beaten us till death.
Now its your turn..
Close your eyes and feel the pain! '
And i opened mine.
Thank god, a dream it was.,

They say dreams never do come true.
But they surely show truth, teach truth.
I therefore held tight to my dream
And i am flesh eater no more.

Sarun Stani

To My Friend

From out my heart, these words come-
'You are my friend, my dearest'.
Our friendship knows no fetters
And thou, the golden arrow of appolo.

No more i'm hearing thy friendly murmer;
No more i'm feeling thy slender touches;
Thou far away from me..
And i'm my friend, my dearest friend, alone.

Day follow day;
Driven by boredom i sit.
World for me is empty,
Days are becoming longer,
And my friend, i'm missing you badly.

Sarun Stani

To My Love

With my heart, i loved you
But thy refusing..
I pray, haven't hurt you.

I loved you silently and sincerely;
About love, i know it can't be stolen.
I have no complaints..
But you and i wont be parted
And we will be friends fore ever.

Let the heaven grand you one
Who loves you so.

Sarun Stani

War Of Her

Hey woman, arise from your ashes...
You have been nailed and hammered.
Your sprits and pride, he has
Burnt and thrown deep to the hell.

You are a mother and a wife
I know.
But not more than it.

You are the ruler of your kitchen
I know.
But not more than it.

you are the quench of his thirst
I know.
But not more than it.

You more than anything
I know
Are the drum of his stick.

They are nearer and dearer to god
they say.
And your spirits, your thirst
Buried deep to your home
away from the mosque.

Your feet weaker
I think.
For you are never compelled
To climp the temple on the hill
And the steps of he altar.

Your mnd is popping up
I know.
Ready to explode, like
The head of a kitchenmatch.

Storm clouds are gathering.

The wind is gonna blow and the
Rain that quenches your thirst is not far.

Sharpen your senses;
Toughen your will,
Hold your dreams tight
And fight for yourselves.
For your freedom and pride.
Its high time, but not over.
Give your spirits, cleanse and undivided.
Hey women, arise from your ashes.....

Sarun Stani