

Echoes of Forgotten Longing



The Song of Monsoon

During the song of rain,
If your final scent fades away,
I will not wait for you in the clouds of the evening's last light.

In the tender haze of ghostly light,
If you stir the still water and disappear,
I will no longer listen for the faint echo of your footsteps.

One day, a thousand monsoons will be yours,
Surrounded by the laments of countless stories.
In the attic of your memories, seeking a place to belong,
I will cover my eyes and turn into a soaked bird,
Drenched in the rain-soaked moonlit night.

A remembrance of Dante

In hell lie tunnels, endless and deep,
Where breaths of dreams and threads of thought run crimson,
Bound in this strange embrace of nine dark circles,
Our world fades to the shadows of a moonless night.
I have wandered far, losing all that was precious,
And now, I am consumed by a thirst for darkness, a music unsung.

I never loved the depths of darkness, as I scream,
"Let this gloom be illuminated by Beatrice's light.
God, I am the eternal witness to the pain of hell,
Let not darkness fill my being to the very end—
I want the fiery moon to return once more."

Self-portrait

Suddenly, the unruly pencil's tip snaps,
As if defying me,
Refusing an end, I pushed too hard to reach.
Leaving my beloved self-portrait, incomplete.

Time unearths itself,
Teaches us to call ourselves by our true name—
But here, I am absent,
Erased to nothing but a shattered pencil's edge,
And the remnants of my cherished self-portrait,
Bent and broken, lingering in silence.

This is peace, this is enough

An endless night,
Dissolves in a silent weeping,
which was lost ages ago-
In waters unnamed and unknown.
As if a shadowed tree extends its tender roots,
Threading softly from birth through countless rebirths.
Touching sky after endless sky,
Holding the deep ache of earth's scent within—
Yet none dare whisper,
“This is peace, this is enough.”

The attic of memories

At the farthest edge of life,
The pursuit of abundance no longer feels fitting.

Perhaps I am getting old,
Bent under the weight of memories,
Only recounting my failures.

“If what is lost could return,
If what I desire could come close,
It would erase every wailing of my heart.”

In the hollows of my decaying body,
The song of death echoes on, unceasing.
I never asked for anything in life,
I only wished to grow green and free,
To rise like a golden vine, sheltered in your embrace.