

Kyaw Win
POEMS

ODE TO LORD BUDDHA

O! Nargis,
in the reign of your cruelty and mercilessness,
we all faced great disaster.

However,
having granted us this devastation,
you left.
we are quarrelling,
we are fighting,
and so we can do nothing.

To those,
who mistrust each other,
to those,
who do not know the way out of chaos,
to those,
who feel constant sorrow,

come among us, Lord Buddha,
teach us how to love,
bring your dream of peace, and
plant it in our hearts.

THE ABANDONED VILLAGE

The silence is awful and sorrowful,
as cold as the hands of a dead man.

Houses, gardens, monasteries and pagodas,
all abandoned,
like a graveyard.

“When will they come back?”
“When will they come back?”
“When will they come back?”
The lonely wind howls.

The answer is silence.

HIMALAYA IN THE DARK

There is no-one to exchange a word with.
No book to read.
No pleasure to enjoy.

Days wrestle nights,
Love quarrels hate,
Belief corroded by disbelief,

Sweet honey turns to bitter *neem*,
Clocks sleep, dragon-inert.
Youth turns into old age.

There is only one feeling left.
The spirit of freedom,
Remains, like the great Himalaya.