

ISSN: 2349-2147



Modern Research Studies

Editor-in-Chief
Gyanabati Khuraijam

**An International
Journal of
Humanities and Social
Sciences**

An Indexed & Refereed e-Journal

www.modernresearch.in

Title: Poems (My Story; Tears; The Poetic Flight)

Author/s: AMANDA BASHISHA BASAIA WMOIT

**Volume 2, Issue 3
September 2015**

pp. 647–651.

Disclaimer: The views expressed in the articles/contributions published in the journal are solely the author's. They do not represent the views of the Editors.

Email: editor@modernresearch.in
mrsejournal@gmail.com

Managing Editor: **Yumnam Oken Singh**

MY STORY

Amanda Bashisha Basaiawmoit*

Hear my story.
Just listen to the silence.
For it was there I found myself.
There is music, there is pain
And there is silence beyond pain.
Calloused hands with lines on the palms
Have wiped away the tears
Which only silence teaches one.
I stood on the beach,
To hear the sound of the waves
In silence.
Instead, I heard you bringing me
Sounds and voices of my silence.

I remember that day when you came to me:
"Baracuda"
Tea was good and memories strong,
There I stood, this girl in love headlong.
I saw him leaving, walking away
I see you hurt and betrayed
With the gift of life in the palms of your hands.
Precious Life...
Can it be wasted or should I fight?
I searched for answers within.

When and where did I first see you?
Yourself - In love with life.
Beyond you, beyond him,
Beyond that cup of tea.
Hark! A reminder.
Remember,
You are my Father's beloved,
Whose faith is being tested.
It is there I realized,
My story which you heard in silence.
My lines all inked in blue.
These words of captured moments,
Words which are about me from you.
Oh! How I wish the hurt I could let out.
But words they fail: am trapped in and out
A situation, a silence, a stranger,
An experience where the voice of silence
Will help me the hidden rediscover.

TEARS

Amanda Bashisha Basaiawmoit*

It is not that I was made different;
It is not that I am born strong;
It is not that I do not feel pain;
It is not that I do not cry.
For every milestone, I tread
There lies a piece of hope,
And a drop of tear.
A human in every form;
Every moment deep within,
There rages an eternal battle.
These are tears that flow:
But alas! are my warriors.
Those that cry,
They that bleed,
That they are brothers,
Those whom I call my own;
That they were martyrs,
Those that sacrificed for peace.
They whom I buried in my courtyard,
With a rose on their stone
With tears for their blood
As I achieved another milestone.

THE POETIC PLIGHT

Amanda Bashisha Basaiawmoit*

For someone who teaches literature
poetry does not come naturally.
It's as difficult as algebra,
where I forget the equating expressions.
Sometimes it's unknown to me as 'X'
the unknown algebraic entity.

So when I write,
finding the muse to bemuse me,
it is in itself an amusing situation.
Then to draw inspiration from
the well of emotions is even harder.

Even when I write,
sometimes my voice betrays me
getting stuck in my throat,
and words that I know
are buried in forgetfulness.

Therefore, my poetry,
like my linear equations
are always wrong.
The a plus b all squared up,
equates to a and b squared individually.

It gets even worse,
the left is never equal to the right.
As what I think is not what I write.

***Amanda Bashisha Basaiawmoit**, Assistant Professor, Department of English, Shillong College is a closet writer for whom poetry is the inner voice in us and a poet is somebody that hear it and express that voice in a way that we all recognise. The first poem “My Story” poem is an exploration of the self and not really the telling of a story as the name suggests. The poem “Tears” is a reflection on war and an expression of a soldier who states that it is not the dead who suffer but it is the living who survive that experience the ravages of war. The last poem is in a way humorous but none the less a candid expression of a poet on the problems he/she faces in creating his/ her work of art but more importantly one who is a self critic and never finds his/her work to be of his/her satisfaction.