

Poetry Series

Faruk Ahmed Roni

- poems -



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Faruk Ahmed Roni()

Faruk Ahmed Roni: The Quiet Flame of Expatriate Literature

Born: 24 May 1968

Languages: Bengali & English

Notable Roles: Poet • Writer • Editor • Cultural Organiser • Founder and Chief Editor.

Selected Works: Darkness in the Full Moon (2014) , The Soul Still Burns (2025)

Major Editorial Work: Poetry for Peace (2023; 176 poets, 46 countries)

Within the wide and layered terrain of South Asian expatriate literature, the name Faruk Ahmed Roni emerges as one of quiet yet enduring influence. He is a poet whose voice does not seek to overpower, but to resonate; a cultural organiser who builds literary spaces rather than occupying them; an editor who nurtures voices rather than centring his own. For more than four decades, Roni has written, curated, guided, and shaped literary expression across countries, generations, and languages. His works examine memory, migration, identity, silence, longing, and spiritual endurance with a contemplative and emotionally eloquent voice.

Yet despite his substantial impact, Roni does not seek the spotlight. Those who know his writing understand him not through public spectacle, but through the quiet intensity of his words. He is a poet who creates depth rather than display; substance rather than performance. His legacy has grown not from self-promotion, but from commitment to literature, to culture, and to human connection.

His life and work illuminate a simple yet profound truth: Some flames burn quietly, but steadily holding their light across time.

Born on 24 May 1968 in Bangladesh, Roni grew up during a period of significant cultural development in the country. The literary movement of the 1980s was rich with new voices, poetic experimentation, and political reflection. It was within this environment that Roni began writing poems, songs, stories, and dialogues that expressed not only the emotions of youth but the early formation of a philosophical and reflective worldview.

From the beginning, poetry was not something he decided to pursue, it was something inherent, something that lived in him. His writing exhibited an immediacy of emotional truth and a natural sensitivity to language, rhythm, and metaphor. What he wrote was not merely expression, but presence, the presence

of a young voice already attentive to the inner life.

His early creative years were shaped not through academic literary institutions, but through observation, self-reflection, and instinctive poetic thinking. The world was his classroom, experience his textbook, and silence his teacher.

While poetry shaped his emotional and imaginative development, Roni's formal academic journey took shape after his relocation to the United Kingdom.

Demonstrating both discipline and intellectual curiosity, he pursued higher education at a time when he was also building his literary networks.

He earned an Honours Degree in Business Management from Suffolk University in London, grounding him in organisational leadership, strategic thinking, and cultural administration, skills that would later serve him profoundly in building literary institutions.

Additionally, he completed Level 6 studies in Health and Social Care, deepening his understanding of human psychology, vulnerability, resilience, and the lived realities of individuals in changing social contexts. This academic background enriched his literary work, providing emotional depth and insight into the human condition.

His educational path reflects a balance between internal emotional insight and external social understanding, a combination that would define his poetic voice.

Roni has been based in the United Kingdom for over three decades, and the experience of migration fundamentally shaped his literature. Exile, displacement, memory, and cultural continuity became central themes in his writing. However, unlike many writers who describe migration as loss, Roni approaches it as a deepening of consciousness.

In his work, homeland is not a fixed place; it is a living emotional geography, carried, remembered, reinterpreted. The experience of diaspora becomes not fragmentation, but expansion. The self becomes layered, fluid, and reflective. Roni's literary work spans multiple phases, each reflecting shifts in emotional awareness, philosophical inquiry, and stylistic evolution.

Bengali Works

Publications: A Literary Journey Across Time

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Bengali Works

Ami Ek Nosto Jubok (I Am a Wasted Youth, 1993; 2nd ed. 1994)

A raw, introspective voice exploring the turbulence of youth and the search for meaning.

Jholchi Olik Onoley (Burning in the Unreal Flame,2003)

A metaphoric reflection on existential questioning and emotional disquiet.

Bishmito Flashback (Astonished Flashback,2016)

A journey into memory as living presence and narrative identity.

Mithila (2016)

A poetic weaving of myth and modern consciousness, linking ancient symbolism to personal experience.

Nishidho Agune Pure Bishudho Shorir (Burned in Forbidden Flames, Emerging as Pure Body,2023)

A work of spiritual reflection, describing transformation through trial and illumination.

Kobita Ki and Keno Likhi (2015)

A philosophical examination of poetry itself, its purpose, its necessity, its emotional and cultural role.

English Poetry

Darkness in the Full Moon (2014)

A meditation on contrast, illumination found inside the shadows of lived life.

The Soul Still Burns (2025)

A forthcoming work centred on endurance, memory, hope, and the quiet fire of the human spirit.

Women of Ash and Fire (Online Poetry Series,2010- present)

An ongoing tribute to the unspoken histories of women, exploring strength, invisibility, and rebirth.

Together, these works trace a journey from introspection to philosophical insight, from emotional vulnerability to spiritual maturity.

Founder, Editor, and Cultural Architect

Faruk Ahmed Roni is not only a poet, but he is also a literary builder.

He is the Founder and Chief Editor of:

Shanghati Literary Society (1988)

Shikor Literary Magazine (1998)

Global Poet and Poetry Online Journal

Shikor Online Literary Platform

These institutions have provided platforms for poets, writers, and artists across generations, especially in the Bangladeshi diaspora. Through them, Roni has nurtured dialogue, mentorship, artistic community, and transnational connection. He does not merely write poetry; he creates spaces where poetry lives.

Poetry for Peace (2023)

As editor of Poetry for Peace, Roni curated voices from 176 poets across 46

countries, demonstrating his belief that poetry is a universal language that transcends political borders and cultural divides.

This work stands as a testament to peace through creative unity.

Recognition and Awards; Throughout his career, Roni has received numerous literary and cultural awards, honouring both:

His contributions as a poet of emotional and philosophical depth

His role as the founder of literary organisations that uplift and sustain creative communities

Yet, he remains modest, placing art above praise.

The Silence I Wear

I watch the world through a locked mouth,
where screams stay folded beneath my tongue.
Fire rages through pulse and souls,
but my voice is a prisoner behind my ribs.

I have seen blood on hands that shake with lies,
heard laughter echo over broken bodies,
Watched innocence traded like currency
And still, I stood, silent, hollowed.

Not because I do not feel.
But because my voice was taken
by a world that feeds on obedience
and punishes truth with exile.

I've seen girls turned into shadows,
justice buried beneath boots and bulletproof lies.
I've seen power wear the mask of progress,
while the poor are crushed under its heel.

Yet I stood
not in protest, but in paralysis.
Fear silenced my name.
Doubt broke my spine.

Is silence my betrayal?
Or is it the only refuge left
When courage have no place to bloom?

I am not proud of this quiet.
It weighs more than truth,
cuts deeper than cruelty
for I know what I see.

And still,
I do not speak.

Faruk Ahmed Roni

For You

The sun leans close to kiss your face,
A golden touch, a warm embrace.
The wind hums softly, a secret tune,
A melody spun by the light of the moon.

The trees applaud, their leaves take flight,
Dancing in joy, a shimmering sight.
The stars rehearse their midnight show,
To paint the skies in your love glow.

So close your eyes, make a wish so true,
The universe is listening just for you.

Faruk Ahmed Roni



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Whispers Of The Night

A bird calls to me in the deep of night,
I stand quietly on the balcony, bathed in moonlight.
Your memory, a secret within my heart,
I hold it close as silence plays its part.

The stars gather, the moonlight sways,
Waves of silver dance in the night's embrace.
Cool winds hum a melody soft and sweet,
The bird's call carries me to where memories meet.

Through its song, I wander those paths once ours,
Where your touch lingered like dew on flowers.
You're gone, yet it feels you're still near,
In the quiet shadows, your whispers I hear.

The bird calls again, and it's as if you say,
'I still dwell in your heart, I've never gone away.'
Its voice becomes yours, soft and aglow,
A touch of light in the night's silent flow.
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The Unfathomable Wait

Everyday, wonder drops anchor in my yard.
I raise my sails like Columbus chasing the unknown,
but icebergs collide with me
wonder shatters and sinks into depths unseen.
In depths of my eyes, I cradle Mithila's divinity,
A lakeful water in my gaze, she floats effortlessly.

I wait on the way to Mithila's walks
The jingles of Mithila's anklets echo from afar,
but it only drifts from far away.
Mithila never comes.
Time, like a feather torn by storms,
falls endlessly, just before the rain.

I cannot sever myself from Mithila,
Endless waiting chases me like shadows unyielding.
The mirror of love shatters into shards—
Who cares, truly? Mithila does not,
Her generosity is a mirage;
Inside me, poison brews,
Yet I refuse to let it taint another soul.

When Mithila walks through darkness,
The full moon follows her in silent awe,
and I follow the rhythm of her anklets.
Should she knock on my door,
would cast away the fear of love,
pride will dissolve in the soft light of trust.
Through shadow and light,
I will cross this endless night.

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The Unwritten Chronicles Of A Broken Time

The river always awakens within me a water festivals
Once, you said:
'If there is a bridge across this river,
we'd walk together and paint our lives in festival hues.'

So, tying together the ribs of my chest
I built a bridge for you,
My bones creaked beneath your steps.
But no festival came to water's edge
Only waves rose to shatter the riverbanks.
We were restless hearts, forever wandering.
Treading narrow paths like the parting of hair,
Both sides are the thorns of life.
Through dusks and noons, we clasped dreams tight,
Crossing fragile bridges over a perilous time.

One winter full moon, you said,
'Wish I become a star, radiant across the sky, '
And so you did.
I lent light and glow rays throughout you,
Yet, I still gather faith from the darkness of new moon.

You spoke of climbing mountains,
To float amidst clouds spun of dreams.
I bent my spine into steps for you,
Arched like the back of a camel.
Swiftly, you ascended step by step.
Your navel now cradles an ocean.
I have yet to straighten my broken frame.
Time now crawls through my chest
Like venomous serpents,
each moment, a struggle to breathe.

We dreamt then, as beggars dream of grain
A glimmer of unspoiled hope,
Warm embraces adrift on lotus leaves.
Through weary days,
Indifferent to all but fleeting reveries,
We roamed cities drunk with fevered passion.

But today, the city in my heart is a battlefield,
Troy's siege, Kurukshetra's agony,
Rivers of blood burned through my veins.

And yet, I walk alone down broken paths for you.
You've claimed the moon, the stars, a home in the heavens.
I am left to swim in the floodwaters of endless rain.
Your sacrifices have blossomed into bounty
Fields of dreams harvested in triumph.
You've become the farmer of all your desires.

But I am still here,
A silhouette against the dim glow of apathy,
Surviving on the bitterness of breath,
dragging hours soaked in anguish.
I am a portrait of ruin,
A lost soul caught in the ache of broken time

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Destiny, The Final Milestone!

My sizzling heart failing around the clock
No light colliding with the dark to spark
But essence dying passively through the dim
Dream's wall burning by the fire of terror
In a second, a sharp arrow infiltrates the soul
And silently overflowing blood around its artery.
Nothing emerged than an insane time,
Everything not set as materialised
There are volatile inheritance bloodstreams
Follows to end up with a quiet destination.
What a life ushers for nought...
No, no satiety to purify the lure in life.
Look at the moon shaded by a cloud
A hard rocky cloud
Cosmos horizon...
Never has it appeared over the sky
Even ancient times have yet to happen.
A silent mourning overthrows the time
A path continues to the graveyard
And I found a frosted body lying
cuddled with dreams.
A scamp life left behind the snag...
A presence of fervent destiny, a final milestone!

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