

Poetry Series

Ink Soul

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2025

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ink Soul()

Some feelings have no language.
So I carry them, quietly—until they become
poetry.



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Article And Journal By Ink Soul

poem: Mindset By Ink Soul

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Ink Soul's Mindset is a searing poetic indictment of Western cultural imperialism, a lyrical rebellion that unearths the wounds inflicted by colonial powers on the vibrant tapestry of global indigenous cultures. Through evocative imagery and unflinching exploration, the poem dismantles the arrogance of Western hegemony, particularly as articulated in Lord Macaulay's infamous 1835 declaration: 'We must at present do our best to form a class who may be interpreters between us and the millions whom we govern; a class of persons Indian in blood and colour, but English in tastes, in opinions, in morals, and in intellect.' This quote, which opens the poem, serves as the fulcrum for Ink Soul's exploration of the systematic erasure of native identities under the guise of 'civilization.' This article examines how Mindset exposes the violence of Western cultural imposition, questions its enduring legacy, and celebrates the resilient resurgence of indigenous voices.

Violence of Cultural Erasure

Mindset begins by rejecting the notion that non-Western cultures needed Western intervention to thrive: 'We were not waiting to be shaped or schooled, / Our embers glowed where ancient wisdom ruled.' These lines assert the pre-existence of rich, self-sustaining civilizations—Indian, African, Mesoamerican, and beyond—whose wisdom, art, and philosophies flourished long before European ships arrived. The poem challenges the Western narrative of progress, which positioned indigenous peoples as primitive, in need of the colonizer's 'enlightenment.' This paternalistic arrogance, rooted in Eurocentrism, dismissed the Vedas, griot traditions, and Quechua songs as inferior, replacing them with a foreign tongue and ideology.

The poem vividly illustrates the subtle yet devastating weapon of language: 'They came not first with steel or blazing pyre, / But with a tongue that kindled shame's quiet fire.' Western colonizers did not always rely on physical violence; their cultural domination was often enacted through education systems, religious missions, and linguistic imposition. By enforcing English, Spanish, or French as the languages of power, colonizers silenced native tongues, from Sanskrit to Taino, Zulu to Maori. This linguistic violence was a deliberate act to sever people from their heritage, as Ink Soul laments: 'Our mother tongues were branded as

no more.' The Western education system, epitomized by Macaulay's vision, sought to create a class alienated from their own roots, conditioned to view their cultures as backward and their colonizers as superior.

Arrogance of Western 'Civilization'

Ink Soul's examination of Western culture is sharpest in its questioning of the colonizer's self-appointed role as the arbiter of morality and intellect: 'Why civilize a soul already whole? / Our scribes carved truths on Indus' ancient scroll.' This rhetorical challenge exposes the hubris of Western powers who deemed their way of life the universal standard. The poem references diverse cultures—Gaelic, Aztec, Ashanti, and Shona—whose sophisticated systems of knowledge, art, and governance were dismissed or destroyed. Western civilization, with its 'ships and musket's gleam, ' presumed to 'improve' societies that had thrived for centuries, burning libraries, renaming sacred spaces, and imposing foreign creeds.

The poem's reference to historical atrocities, such as the Jallianwala Bagh massacre—'In Jallianwala, blood soaked sacred dust'—underscores the brutality that accompanied cultural imposition. Yet, Ink Soul emphasizes that the deeper violence was the attempt to reshape identities: 'You whispered, 'We shall craft a race anew, / With native blood, but thoughts that bend to you.'" This line captures the insidious goal of Western colonialism: to create a class of people who, while retaining their native blood, would internalize Western values, effectively becoming cultural strangers in their own lands.

Resilience of Indigenous Voices

Despite the poem's unflinching portrayal of cultural devastation, Mindset is not an elegy of defeat but a triumphant reclamation of indigenous agency. Ink Soul celebrates the enduring spirit of colonized peoples: 'Yet still we rise, though scars of words remain, / Our voices swell like rivers after rain.' From Soweto to Kingston, from the Sepoy Mutiny to Toussaint Louverture's rebellion, the poem honors the resistance movements that defied Western domination. These acts of defiance—whether through armed uprisings or cultural preservation—assert that the colonizer's tongue could never fully extinguish native voices.

The poem's closing stanzas are a powerful declaration of sovereignty: 'We write, we sing, we speak with fearless flame, / In every dialect you branded with shame.' This resurgence is not merely a return to pre-colonial traditions but a dynamic reclamation of identity, where indigenous languages, stories, and philosophies are revitalized in defiance of Western attempts to erase them. The Taj Mahal, the Nile, and Timbuktu's scrolls endure as symbols of cultural resilience, outlasting the empires that sought to suppress them.

Legacy

The legacy of Western cultural imperialism persists in modern times, often cloaked in subtler forms—globalization, media dominance, and the continued prioritization of Western languages and values in education and governance. Mindset forces us to confront this ongoing influence, questioning why non-Western societies must still 'bear your chain' of cultural hegemony. The poem's examination is not merely historical; it is a call to recognize and dismantle the lingering structures of Eurocentrism that marginalize indigenous knowledge systems.

Western culture's claim to universality is rooted in a colonial mindset that dismisses the validity of other ways of knowing. By celebrating its own literature, science, and morality as superior, the West has perpetuated a global hierarchy that devalues non-Western contributions. Ink Soul's poem responds to this imbalance by reminding us that 'Our Vedas sang before your steeples stood, / Our griots wove what Oxford never could.' This is not a rejection of Western achievements but a demand for equal respect for the philosophies, arts, and histories of colonized peoples.

Conclusion

Mindset by Ink Soul is a poetic manifesto that exposes the violence of Western cultural imperialism while celebrating the indomitable spirit of indigenous cultures. Through lines like 'Oh, colonizer, hear this heart's decree: / Your tongue may rule, but it will not rule me, ' the poem asserts the power of native voices to reclaim their rightful place. It is a call to reject the lingering shadows of Macaulay's vision and to honor the diversity of human experience that Western colonialism sought to suppress. In a world still grappling with the legacies of cultural domination, Mindset stands as a clarion call for decolonization—not just of lands, but of minds, tongues, and spirits.

Ink Soul

Ode To The Mountain Wind By Ink Soul

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Preface to Ode to the Mountain Wind
by Ink Soul

There are voices in this world that do not speak in syllables, that do not bow to grammar or time. Some voices howl through stone and silence, breathing through the marrow of mountains and the sigh of pilgrims. Ode to the Mountain Wind is a hymn to one such voice.

This poem rises from the sacred altitudes where mortals are humbled and gods whisper in frost. It is carved not from fantasy but from the ancient wind that sweeps Everest and Andes, that passes over shrines, ruins, and the quiet yearning of those who dare to look beyond the veil of the lowlands. This wind has no face, no border, no master—yet it moves empires, shatters illusions, and awakens something buried in every soul.

Here, the poet calls upon the Mountain Wind not just as a force of nature, but as a divine messenger—a wild preacher without form—who speaks through hardship and clarity alike. Through each stanza, the reader is carried from the Himalayas to the Andes, through Sherpa prayers, Incan ruins, and the trembling breath of climbers whose ambition is both beautiful and tragic. You will encounter the unseen histories of monks, warriors, widows, and sages—all remembered in the wind's tireless motion.

Yet, this is no mere travelogue of peaks and legends. The poem becomes an inner map, guiding the reader through the sacred tension between solitude and surrender, ambition and awe, silence and song. It suggests that the Mountain Wind is not only external—it is also the unnamed ache within us all: the longing to ascend, to break, to rise again.

This is a poem for those who have stood on the edge of the self and listened. For those who have felt the untranslatable pull toward something greater than breath. For those who have climbed—not always physically, but emotionally, spiritually, artistically—and returned changed, or not at all.

If you've ever felt the invisible hand of inspiration, the burn of silence before creation, or the thunder of grief that cleanses the heart, you've already met the Mountain Wind.

Let this poem be a companion to that invisible voice. Let it shake the dust from your thoughts, and remind you that even in the stillness of the page, the wind is moving—eternal, wild, and awake.

So read slowly. Breathe deeply. And if, by the final line, your soul feels carved a little deeper, then know: the wind has passed through you, too.

Poem:

Ode to the Mountain Wind by Ink Soul

O sovereign breath from peaks where eagles pray,
You storm the skies in robes of silver-grey.
Above the ice-lit spires where thunder dreams,
You carve through stone with timeless mountain schemes.

From Everest's frozen stairway to the sun,
Where monks chant dawn and days are never done,
You swirl in silence, bold and undefined,
A whisper first, then fury unconfined.

In Andes high, where condors cut the light,
You race through ruins lost to ancient night.
Past temples grown from cactus-rooted grace,
You lift the dust of every vanished face.

You saw the Incas dream, the Sherpas mourn,
You felt their breath in every prayer-born horn.
Where gods once stood in fire and frost and flame,
You carry songs no tongue can dare to name.

Not death, nor time, nor storm can chain your feet,
You laugh where air and sky and silence meet.
You do not wait for men to grasp your hand,
You roam where few dare tread or understand.

You hollow out the secrets of the stone,
You braid the frost with chant and mountain moan.
No king, no map, no word can trace your path—
You answer none, and yet reveal your wrath.

Blow through the soul where shadowed truths abide,
Dispel the fear the valleys try to hide.
Let crumbled empires rest beneath your sweep,
And wake the minds that cowardly would sleep.

Carve from my voice a chisel strong and bright,
Let verse ascend where air thins into light.
O Mountain Wind, eternal, vast and wild—
Speak through the earth as if it were your child.

Teach me the faith the stone and stars have known,
To rise, endure, and sing when left alone.
And when I fall, as every man must do,
Let me dissolve into the breath of you.

O breath unborn, that broke the world in two,
You howled before the clouds had veins of blue.
Before the men of maps had drawn the lines,
You danced on Everest and Andes spines.
No forge could frame you, no book contain,
You rose from mist, from thunder, and from rain.
Before the gods had names in sacred tongues,
Your voice was heard in crystal caverns rung.

From Kailash to Chimborazo's sweep,
You stirred the sleeping lava in its sleep.
The Andes groaned, the Himalayas sighed,
When first you flew with fury, undenied.
O primal wind, whose age no scroll can guess—
You wrote your script in silence and duress.

You pass the prayer flags fluttering in the cold,
Where monks with saffron lips their mantras fold.
The yaks below and stars above the spire
Both tremble when you rise in frigid fire.
Above the clouds, where men can barely breathe,
You howl in tongues no lowland heart can sheathe.

You crown Chomolungma with silver blaze,
And test the soul of all who seek her gaze.
The climber's hope, the pilgrim's holy thread,

You steal their breath and speak with ancient dead.
On Lhotse's ribs and Nuptse's ragged knees,
You roam like ghost-thoughts through the icy seas.

A widow's song, a sherpa's cry unheard—
All echo in your long-forgotten word.
Yet still they climb, though minds and nails turn black—
To chase your myth and never journey back.

Through moss-veiled cliffs and raincloud-pierced domains,
You glide o'er Machu Picchu's sacred plains.
Past llama trails and cactus roots you wind,
Bearing the ghosts of wisdom left behind.
You stirred the lips of sages dressed in gold,
And watched their altars crumble, mute and cold.

You carried fire from Atacama's breath
To where the condor waltzes over death.
In Cuzco's halls, where empires rose and fell,
You whispered truths the priests would never tell.
You sang of maize and sun-born deity,
Of rites dissolved by swords from across the sea.

Still now, by Andes' lakes and starbound spires,
You flicker like forgotten funeral pyres.
No conquistador ever grasped your reign—
You speak in thunder, hunger, frost, and pain.

What voice is yours that haunts the human soul?
You gnaw the walls we build to stay in control.
You do not scream, but we hear you in dreams,
In every avalanche and splitting seam.
You are the restlessness we never name,
The ache that no success or wealth can tame.

You call the child to climb the unknown hill,
To find what hides beyond the silent will.
You break the thoughts that comfort us too long,
And teach the tongue to sing a sharper song.
You press your weight on artists, monks, and kings—
The nameless drive behind all sacred things.

O Mountain Wind, wild preacher without form,
You bless through hardship, doubt, and storm.
You do not gift; you break to heal instead,
And crown the broken with a flame-fed head.

And when the last man leaves the final shore,
When cities burn and silence reigns once more,
You shall remain. The peaks will still arise,
And you will scream beneath unfeeling skies.
But not alone—you'll carry every word,
Of poets, monks, and climbers long interred.

The Andes will still listen. Everest, too,
Will wear your crown of frost and morning dew.
And in some other age or shape or skin,
Another voice shall call you from within.
For though we pass, our longing never dies—
To reach the wind, the stars, the mountain skies.

So let me fall, and let this body fade,
Among the stones your majesty has made.
O Mountain Wind, if I may leave one prayer:
Let my last breath dissolve into your air.

Ink Soul

Eastern Dawn By Ink Soul

Eastern Dawn by Ink Soul

Preface to Eastern Dawn
by Ink Soul

What you are about to read is not merely a poem—it is a breath across centuries, a river of remembrance that flows through ashes and altars, through languages carved in bone and bells that still echo in forgotten temples.

Eastern Dawn was born from a whisper carried by the winds that rise over the Ganges, ripple through the Yellow River, tremble across Mount Fuji's snow-laced silence, cry out over the DMZ's barbed stillness, and echo through the frost-bitten air of the Russian taiga. It was born from the soul of a world that has endured ruin and risen, again and again, like the phoenix hidden beneath every civilization's dust.

This poem is an ode to the East—not merely a geographical direction, but a living archive of spiritual resilience, poetic memory, cultural truth, and rebirth. The rivers of the East are not passive—they carry prayers and pyres, empires and elegies. Here, the Ganges doesn't just cleanse, it questions. The Yellow River doesn't only feed, it remembers. The Han, the Volga, the Hangang—they do not forget the tears they have swallowed, nor the songs they still carry.

From the Vedas to Tao, from Basho's pond to Dostoevsky's winter, from Li Bai's shattered chalice to a K-pop refrain that echoes grief behind neon smiles—Eastern Dawn traverses a spiritual Silk Road, threading wisdom, sorrow, beauty, and faith into one continuous breath. Each verse is a footstep across civilizations, each refrain a chant against oblivion.

In a world where borders cut across the heart and modernity threatens to erase the sacred, this poem seeks to remember—and to remind. That before nation, there was nature. Before empire, there was voice. And even now, after fire and frost have taken their turn, the East does not sleep. It sings.

This is not nostalgia. It is a reckoning. This is not romanticism. It is resurrection. Each stanza asks: what survives when kingdoms fall?
Each line answers: the river. The wind. The soul. The dawn.

Let the names called here—Krishna and Laozi, Arjuna and Li Bai, Fuji and Baikal, Shilla and Silla—be not just relics but living companions in your reading. Let the questions murmured—Kya hai yeh? Wei shenme? Doko ni iku? Gde nadezhda? Kore wa nani? —be your own.

And when you reach the end, may you, too, rise like the breath of Eastern Dawn—

One fire, one river, one spirit, one song.

Poem:

Eastern Dawn by Ink Soul

Om bhur bhuvah svah—the Ganges hums, where ash meets saffron's flame
Varanasi's ghats burn bright, pyres whispering Yama's name
Samsara's wheel spins lotus-threads, Arjuna's bowstring taut
The Rigveda's pulse in monsoon's roar, where gods and mortals fought
"Kya hai yeh? " the sadhu cries, his staff a splintered bone
This river carries Krishna's laugh, yet drowns the pilgrim's moan

Huang He, ni liu—Yellow River, dragon's silted spine
You bore the Han through oracle bones, through Qin's unyielding line
In Xi'an, terracotta stare, their clay-eyes cold as jade
They march through time's unyielding fog, where dynasties decay
"Wei shenme? " the poet asks, Li Bai's wine spilled on the shore
The Great Wall stands, but hearts still break where Tao and tempests soar

—Ganges mud, Yellow River silt
—Sanskrit chants, oracle cracks
—Empires fall, rivers crawl
"Shui zai chang? " Who sings beyond the flood

Mono no aware—Kyoto's cherry blooms, like snow, dissolve in spring
The samurai's ghost sharpens steel where bamboo zithers sing
Fuji's crown, a Shinto shrine, holds kami in its mist
Basho's frog leaps into the void—splash—where silence twists
"Naze ka? " the monk intones, his koan a broken bell
Okinoshima's waves recite the tides no human tongue can tell

Hangang-ui norae—Han River mirrors Korea's starlit pain
Gyeongju's tombs, where Silla queens still weave their golden reign

Hangeul's curves, a shaman's drum, beat life through frost and stone
The DMZ's crane shrieks "Wae?"—its wings a fleeting koan
Hallyu's pulse, K-pop's bright scream, yet grief lies undertow
Seoul's neon hides the widow's tear where ancient rivers flow

—Sakura falls, Hangeul calls
—Kami's breath, Silla's death
—Zen's still mind, crane's cry blind
"Doko ni iku?" Where does the spirit go

Volga, mat'-reka—Russia's vein, where birch and tundra weep
Baikal's ice, a shaman's eye, holds stars in frozen sleep
Dostoevsky's pen, a fevered scrawl, carves sin in snow's embrace
The troika's hooves outrun the czar, yet chase a ghost's cold face
"Pochemu?" the exile cries, his chains a rusted hymn
Kamchatka's fire spits lava-truths where skies and souls grow dim

The steppe's wild wind, a Cossack's yell, defies the Kremlin's stone
Tolstoy's plow, Rasputin's stare—both rot, yet spirit roams
"Gde nadezhda?" the babushka wails, her icons cracked by frost
Yet taiga sings of life reborn where human hopes are lost

—Volga's flow, Baikal's glow
—Shaman's trance, Cossack's dance
—Fire and frost, all is lost
"Kto poët?" Who sings when stars exhaust

Silk Road's dust—from Indus' banks to Koryo's jade-carved gate
The Buddha's smile, the Tao's still breath, the Zen of empty slate
In Ladakh's heights, Om mani padme hum weaves prayer through stone
Beijing's smog chokes Laozi's words, yet yin-yang holds its own
Hokkaido's mist hums Dogen's truth—"Mu!"—the void's sharp call
Seoul's bright pulse sings Hallyu's fire, yet mourns the ancient fall

"Chto eto?"—Siberia's wind roars past the Ural's jagged spine
Where shamans dance with Vedic flames, where gods and ghosts entwine
No border binds the Eastern dawn, no map can chain its will
From Kailasa's peak to Baikal's deep, one breath ascends the hill

—Sanskrit hum, Tao's soft drum
—Zen's blank stare, Hallyu's flare
—Shaman's cry, stars don't die

"Kore wa nani? " What binds the earth and sky

O Eastern Dawn, you break the dark where empires turn to dust
Your rivers carve through greed and war, through iron's brittle rust
No wasteland here—your Ganges sings, your Fuji stands unbowed
Your Han and Volga bear the weight of prayers the heart avowed
"Shanti, shanti, " Eliot cried, yet your light drowns his despair
From Indus to Amur, you weave hope through the fractured air

"Zai sheng! "—rebirth, the Tao decrees, as cherry blooms decay
"Samsara! "—the wheel still turns where Krishna's flute holds sway
"Ikiru! "—to live, the Zen monk chants, though flesh and bone
dissolve
"Hoesang! "—Korea's crane takes wing, its cry a call to solve
"Vozrodi! "—Russia's steppe commands, through frost and fire reborn

This Eastern breath outlasts the night, outlives the heart's own thorn

Let my voice crack, let my bones fade, in Gobi's endless sand
Let my breath join the Eastern wind, held soft in dawn's wide hand
O Eastern Dawn, no death can dim your rivers' endless song
Through India's chants, through China's Tao, through Russia's boundless throng
You rise, you burn, you call us home—"Om! Mu! Hoesang! Zai! "
One breath, one dawn, one boundless fire, where all our souls will fly

Ink Soul

Great Wall By Ink Soul

Great Wall by Ink Soul

Preface to Great Wall
by Ink Soul

Before you enter the poem that follows, still your breath. Lend your ear not merely to words, but to the slow, thunderous whisper of centuries. For this is not a mere composition of ink and verse—it is a song of stone, a lament in mortar, and a monument reawakened in rhythm.

In the East, where the morning sun stirs ancient mists and history sleeps curled in the mountains, there rises a Wall—not of fleeting glory, but of eternal memory. The Great Wall of China. Vast as an emperor's dream, solemn as a prayer carved into sky-bound rock. It was not fashioned by idle hands, nor born of pride alone, but summoned from dust by the aching will of generations. A thousand dynasties bled into its veins. A thousand nameless souls became its bones.

It began in the era of Qin Shi Huang—the First Emperor—when mountains were sundered, rivers bent, and the land was forced to wear a crown of vigilance. Over time, dynasties came and went—Han, Sui, Tang, Song, Jin, Northern Wei, Ming—each laying brick upon brick, burden upon burden, until the Wall grew not only across the land but into the soul of a people. It slithered like a dragon through deserts and peaks, whispering its silent promise: we endure.

Yet let us not speak of stone alone.

For within its stones lies breath—the breath of peasants who perished in frost and flame, of lovers who kissed beneath its shadow and never met again, of soldiers whose footprints were their only legacy. These voices were not inked into scrolls or etched in annals—but they live still, singing through the cracks, howling in winter winds, folded into every echo that dances from turret to tower.

This poem—Great Wall—is not a simple ode. It is not flattery cast upon ancient remains. It is an awakening. A resurrection. A reckoning.

Here, the Wall speaks.

It speaks not as rubble nor as ruin, but as a spirit forged in fire, weeping for those who built it and roaring for those who forgot. It sings in tongues buried by dust, in footsteps never recorded. Its silence is not absence—it is reverence. Its endurance is not survival—it is sacrifice made immortal.

Every rhyme in this poem is a heartbeat. Every stanza a torch passed from hand to trembling hand. Every line, a crack in the silence through which memory dares to rise.

You will not merely read of the Wall.
You will walk its length—stone by stone, soul by soul.
You will feel its breath on your neck and its grief in your chest.
And you will know that some monuments are not built—they are born.

There are monuments made of stone.
And then—there are those made of memory.

The Great Wall of China is no mere structure. It is a civilization's long breath, stretched across the centuries. A scar upon the earth, yes—but one that sings. A dragon of stone asleep on mountains, watching kingdoms bloom and fall, keeping vigil over time itself.

From Gobi sands to ocean spray, from snow-capped towers to sunburnt outposts, the Wall tells its tale without voice—until now. Until this poem.

So do not turn these pages lightly.
Do not mistake this for verse.
It is a relic.
A requiem.
A scroll etched in grief.
A fire carved in stone.
A soul awakened.

If monuments could write, this would be their poem.
If forgotten souls could return, this would be their speech.
And if the Wall could breathe aloud after millennia of stillness—
this is what it would say.

Let the world forget its wars, its emperors, its fleeting crowns.
But let this poem, and the Wall it awakens, endure.

Forever carved

in the stone of song.

Poem:

Great Wall by Ink Soul

I rose where dragons dared to stray,
My breath was stone, my soul was clay.
Through storms and dust, I chose to stay—
The Wall still sings, it won't decay.

The Wall shall rise, come what may,
Through wind and fire, it finds its way.
Through time and tears, it stands and sways,
But never breaks, it shall not stray.

Upon the cliffs where eagles stay,
I rise in stone through night and day.
The hands that built me bled to pray,
Their silent cries in bricks still lay.

From Gobi sands to ocean spray,
I kiss the lands in bold array.
A wall of might that will not sway,
I walk the clouds, I drink the bay.

The Wall shall rise, come what may,
Through wind and fire, it finds its way.
Through time and tears, it stands and sways,
But never breaks, it shall not stray.

The bones beneath still hum and play,
A song of those who had no say.
Their stories live in stones of gray,
And breathe through me each night and day.

So sing, O child, beneath my gray,
Let not my voice be swept away.
Though time may sleep and winds delay,
The Wall shall rise—and ever stay.

The Wall shall rise, come what may,

Through wind and fire, it finds its way.
Through time and tears, it stands and sways,
But never breaks, it shall not stray.

The Great Wall speaks in dawn's ballet,
In every stone, a soul holds sway.
The dragon sleeps but will not lay—
Its breath is stone... and here it'll stay.

Upon the cliffs where eagles stay,
I rise in stone through night and day.
Through dynasties I carve my way,
Defying death, I shun decay.

The hands that built me bled to pray,
Their silent cries in bricks still lay.
I am the path no wind can sway—
The dragon's spine in grand array.

Through moonlit dust and dawn's ballet,
I've watched the stars in scrolls display.
A thousand voices passed my way,
Their dreams in echoes long delay.

Where emperors rise and queens betray,
I stand untouched, I still outweigh.
The tides of time, the thrones of clay—
I guard the soul none can allay.

No sword can break, no flame dismay,
The oath I keep, the price I pay.
Through famine's claw and war's affray,
I bore the weight none dared convey.

I cradle ghosts in stone bouquet,
Their names unsung, yet here they stay.
Their breath becomes my firm cachet,
Their hearts my fire, their bones my way.

From Gobi sands to ocean spray,
I kiss the lands in bold array.
A wall of might that will not sway,

I walk the clouds, I drink the bay.

I speak in winds where falcons play,
I sing in storms that skies obey.
And when the earth begins to fray,
I hold her fast—I do not stray.

So sing, O child, beneath my gray,
Where snow has slept and suns delay.
Let every footstep here convey
The cost of peace, the light of day.

The Wall that dragons could not slay
Now hums with time's eternal lay.
It sings in silence, come what may—
The voice of stone that will not stray.

I rose where dragons dared to stray,
My breath was stone, my soul was clay.
I watched the stars forget their way,
Yet through the dusk, I chose to stay.

Through storms that clawed the world to fray,
I held my shape like vows in play.
Each crack a scar, each scar ballet—
A dance of ghosts in mute display.

No idle wall, no grand cliché,
But born of fire and cold dismay.
The hearts I held, the lives I lay,
Still sing through time in soft replay.

From desert hush to ocean's bay,
I bend but never drift away.
Though kings may fall and faith betray,
I stand to mark the breaking day.

O children carved from dust and hay,
Let not my voice be swept away.
Though time may sleep or winds delay,
The Wall shall rise—and ever stay.

I've heard the drums of war convey
The tears of men turned into clay.
Their silence rings through each survey
Of towers built in dimmed array.

Their bones are deep beneath my sway,
Yet through my spine, their pulses play.
The sky has tried to steal my way,
But still I shine through cold and gray.

I speak in winds, in falcons' bray,
In snow that grieves where shadows lay.
I've seen the world in grand decay,
But never once have turned away.

Through dynasties in long relay,
From Qin to Ming, I bear their ray.
I watched the scrolls of time sashay—
Yet held my post with no dismay.

When foreign boots began to weigh
Upon the soil, with ash and spray,
I stood unmoved in bright array,
A memory stone in fierce display.

So sing of me, ye bards who play
Your strings beneath the twilight's sway.
Let every tongue and heart obey
The tale I breathe, both bold and fey.

For I am more than stone's decay—
I am the truth that won't betray.
The Great Wall speaks, and come what may,
Its soul shall never drift away.

I rose where dragons dared to stray,
My breath was stone, my soul was clay.
Through storms and dusk, I chose to stay,
The Wall still sings—it won't decay.

The Wall shall rise, come what may,
Through wind and fire, it finds its way.

Through time and tears, it stands and sways,
But never breaks, it shall not stray.

Upon the cliffs where eagles stay,
I rise in stone through night and day.
The hands that built me bled to pray,
Their silent cries in bricks still lay.

Through dynasties I carve my way,
Defying death, I shun decay.
Where emperors rose and queens betray,
I stand unmoved—through ash and clay.

The Wall shall rise, come what may,
Through wind and fire, it finds its way.
Through time and tears, it stands and sways,
But never breaks, it shall not stray.

I watched the stars in scrolls display,
Their dreams and names in long delay.
A thousand souls have lost their way,
But I remain to light the day.

No sword can cut, no flame dismay,
The oath I keep, the price I pay.
The ghosts I hold still softly say—
'We are the stones you walk today.'

The Wall shall rise, come what may,
Through wind and fire, it finds its way.
Through time and tears, it stands and sways,
But never breaks, it shall not stray.

So sing, O child, beneath my gray,
Let not my voice be swept away.
Though time may sleep and winds delay,
The Wall shall rise—and ever stay.

From desert hush to sea's array,
I bend but never drift away.
Though kings may fall and faith betray,
I shine where dawn outlives decay.

The Wall shall rise, come what may,
Through wind and fire, it finds its way.
Through time and tears, it stands and sways,
But never breaks, it shall not stray.

The dragon sleeps in stone today,
Its breath still warms the mountain's sway.
A song of earth, in bold display—
The Wall remains... and leads the way.

Ink Soul

Words That I Never Express: Remembered Silence By Ink Soul

Words That I Never Express: Remembered Silence by Ink Soul

I do not write to be remembered.
I write because memory aches in silence—
because pain untold becomes a wound that never heals,
because there are stories too sacred for speech
but too alive to be forgotten.

I do not craft poems.
I unearth them—
from the soil of solitude,
from the ashes of unspoken dreams,
from the quiet chambers of my chest
where words once curled like children
afraid of the dark.

Ink is my witness.
Language—my inheritance.
Each line I write is a breath I once held back,
a truth I swallowed to keep someone else from breaking.
But I broke anyway—
softly, silently,
like glass kissed by time.

I do not speak for the moment.
I speak for the silence that survives it.
I write for the souls who speak in sighs,
who cry behind closed doors,
who rewrite conversations at 2 a.m.
hoping to be heard by ghosts.

These poems are not polished.
They are not perfect.
They are pieces of me—
fragile, frayed, and honest.
They carry the weight of nights I couldn't sleep,
the echoes of names I still whisper

in the language of loss.

For the ones who love deeply
but never say it enough—
this is for you.

For the quiet warriors
who stitched themselves together with trembling hands,
this is your hymn.

For the ones who survived
without ever being asked how—
you are seen.

These words are the ones I buried
when the world demanded silence.
The grief I folded beneath my smile.
The longing I let go
before it had a name.

Now, they are yours.

If you find yourself in these pages,
if your heart beats where mine once broke,
then know—
you were never alone.
Not in your silence.
Not in your softness.
Not in the storm.

I do not seek immortality.
I breathe it
into each verse
that dares to feel.

Maybe one day I'll write more.
Or maybe silence
was the poem all along.

Until we meet again,
stay gentle.
Stay human.
Stay.

Because the end
is not silence.
The end is
release.
Not goodbye—
but peace.

Ink Soul

Star-Crushed By Ink Soul

Star-Crushed by Ink soul

Moonlit streams once kissed the cedar's spine,
Torches flared where quiet vows entwine.
Love etched its hymn on rust-bound time,
And boughs bowed low to sorrow's shrine.

Gaslight flickered through a rain-drowned veil,
Mirrors broke where truth began to fail.
A fractured creed carved names in shale,
While breath defied the empire's scale.

Cinder fields grew alphabets in flame,
Scrolls of ash cried out a stolen name.
From buried screams, our song became
Ink-woven wings, reborn through blame.

Galaxies of light rise from our throats—
We speak, and the cosmos learns our notes.

Ink Soul

Bengali Translation:

??? ?? ??? ?????? ?? (By Ink Soul)

??? ??????: What I Do With Joy

?????? ??????????: Ink Soul ?????? ??????????

Bengali Translation:

??? ?? ??? ?????? ?? (By Ink Soul)

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Ink Soul

'Ode To The Voice' By Ink Soul

Ode to the Voice by Ink soul

In dawn's soft hush, a cry takes wing,
A child of earth, where rivers sing.
Her eyes, like monsoon clouds at play,
Her skin aglow in dawn's first ray.
Nature cradles her sacred art,
A rhythm pulsing through her heart.
She sways with leaves, speaks to stone,
Whispers truths the winds alone have known.

Her face blooms radiant, lotus-bright,
Soft as silk spun from starlight.
Lips chant Vedas' timeless lore,
Dreams drift beyond the Ganga's shore.
Through seasons gentle, wise, and slow,
In sage-lit groves, her spirit grows.
Love arrives with fervent grace,
A touch, a hand, a tender face.

From Harappa's clay to Ashoka's peace,
Her joys and dreams find sweet release.
The Upanishads weave truths profound,
In her gaze, the cosmos spins around.
By Brahmaputra's roar, where Ganga flows,
Her laughter joins the peacock's glow.
Through Mughal domes and Tamil verse,
Her soul reflects the universe.

But thunder breaks the sky's sweet song,
And fires fall where peace belongs.
A shadowed line splits heart and land—
The Radcliffe scar, by tyrant's hand.
In '47, brothers turned to foes,
From Punjab's fields to Bengal's woes.
Borders carved through souls like blades,
Love dissolved in hate's cruel raids.

Her face, once nature's sacred hymn,

Cracks like clay on Serampore's rim.
From Plassey's greed to Jallianwala's cries,
War's iron hand dims her starlit eyes.
Kargil's snow, Pulwama's blast,
The present wears the wounds of past.
Ayodhya weeps, Kashmir's rivers bleed,
Yet she holds both in tears unceded.

Rome fell, Ashoka mourned his wars,
Berlin split, Hiroshima bore scars.
Each lash of time upon her skin
Bears tales of conquest, truth, and sin.
Colonial chains once bound her name,
Yet her soul burns free, unscarred by shame.
Why do brothers forge bombs to kill,
Silencing kin with death's cold will?

Why does rage in sacred halls ignite,
Echoing grief through endless night?
She stands, a reef in pain's deep sea,
Where peace drowns beneath belief's decree.
No line on maps, no flag's decree,
Can break the love she longs to free.
Her heart, though torn, still dreams of grace,
A world where borders leave no trace.

What if no grief had marred her gaze?
No wars to haunt, no bitter days?
Would roses bloom where borders scar,
And gods walk hand in hand, unmarred?
Would mothers sleep, no fear to bind,
For sons unclaimed by frontier's line?
Would love, unfractured by creed or caste,
Weave memories destined to last?

Imagine a world where swords are spades,
Where pens write peace in bloodless glades.
From Kanyakumari's shores to Kashmir's snow,
Her laughter would in freedom flow.
No cries of rape, no clash of creeds,
But fields of rice and mustard seeds.
In Vrindavan's joy, where Krishna plays,

Her children dance through endless days.

O child of Bharat, earth's own kin,
Recall the soul's worth deep within.
From Gandhi's salt to Tagore's song,
Her spirit calls where we belong.
The Sufi's whirl, the temple's bell,
Kabir's verse, where truths still dwell.
No colonial shadow, no post-war pain,
Can dim her light through monsoon rain.

Let's build an India, a world anew,
Where love is law, and peace is true.
From Delhi's dust to Kerala's green,
Let unity heal where pain has been.
Cast down the sword, embrace the heart,
Let freedom's anthem be love's new start.
For every soul, of every hue,
This song of peace burns bright and true.

Her face, though scarred, still shines divine,
A beacon born of rivers' rhyme.
From Mohenjo-Daro's ancient clay,
To freedom's fight in the modern day,
Her beauty weeps, yet still it sings,
Of love that soars on boundless wings.
O India, rise, with your heart's sweet plea,
For peace, for love, for eternity.

Let this be our anthem, deep and wide,
A river of truth where hearts abide.
Beneath the banyan's timeless shade,
Her soul endures, unscarred, unswayed.
Sing of her grace, through every land,
And hold her close, with heart and hand.
For when the world learns how to see,
Peace shall bloom, no mere poetry.

Ink Soul

'Pain That Will Never Be Forgotten' By Ink Soul

Pain that will never be forgotten by Ink Soul

They came with ink, not sword at first,
To brand the race they deemed the worst.
The laws were passed, the stars assigned,
To mark the blood, enslave the mind.

They fenced the Jews in ghettoed walls,
With rationed bread and curfew calls.
Then marched them west in freighted pain,
Where barbed wire sang the devil's name.

At Auschwitz, Birkenau, and Majdanek's flame,
The punishment bore no fixed name.
It lived in tools and death's disguise—
In stinging smoke and muffled cries.

Stripped and shaved, their names erased,
They stood in rows, the chosen replaced.
Tattoos burned numbers on their arms,
Replacing songs with Nazi psalms.

In sealed gas chambers, tight as tomb,
They filled the air with Zyklon B fume.
No oxygen, no time to plea,
Just choking breath in silent spree.

Fake showerheads lined tiled doom,
Where mothers sang their last in gloom.
And when the knock no longer stirred,
They scraped the walls for final word.

In roll calls long in snow and sleet,
They stood for hours on frostbit feet.
Leather whips, with barbed-end claws,
Tore open backs for minor flaws.

One dropped a spoon—twenty lashes burned,
The SS boots with fury turned.

Steel rods, rubber clubs, and rifle stocks,
Would silence cries with brutal knocks.

One slice of bread, a bowl of broth,
To last three days through winter's wrath.
Typhus, dysentery, and lice were bred
Where toilets overflowed with dead.

They worked with bones where flesh had fled,
Then slumped like ghosts among the dead.
The starvation bunkers, dark and dry,
Watched living corpses crawl and die.

In Dachau, men were frozen stiff,
For "aviation science, " bodies sniffed.
They dunked them nude in ice-cold tanks,
Then measured pain in doctor's ranks.

Dr. Rascher, dressed in white,
Studied how long it took for night.
And when the shivers stilled their breath,
He logged the data of their death.

In Ravensbrück, the girls were flayed,
Their bones cut through with surgeon's blade.
Without anesthesia, muscle torn,
To test the wounds the soldiers mourn.

In Auschwitz, Mengele watched the twins—
Injected eyes with dye for sins.
He sewed their backs and swapped their blood,
Then left them twitching in the mud.

They removed uteruses, stitched them wrong,
To end the womb before it songed.
Limbs were amputated, sewn back crude,
Then amputated again for feud.

A child stole bread—he hanged at dawn,
His body limp, his shadow gone.
They forced the others, lined and still,
To watch his swing against his will.

In Ponary, Babyn Yar, in mass pits deep,
They shot the kneeling down like sheep.
Machine guns, pistols, rifles cold,
Turned prayers to echoes, young and old.

They hauled the stones and mined the salt,
And if they stopped, they paid with halt.
The death marches, boots in snow,
Would kill the weak with single blow.

Their backs would break beneath the weight,
Of bricks, of coal, of Nazi hate.
The wheelbarrow punishment—a game,
Where endless loops ensured their shame.

They trained the German Shepherds well,
To rip the flesh and bark in hell.
A girl too slow? The dogs were fed,
While officers laughed near the dead.

They tied the men with cords so tight,
Then whipped their soles with all their might.
Or hung them by one arm till torn,
A method known as strappado's scorn.

They made them dance in naked chain,
To Nazi songs in snow and rain.
They cut their beards and spit on law,
Then wrote on backs with human flaw.

They forced the sons to slap their kin,
Or watch as babies burned within.
The crying priest, the weeping bride,
Were mocked till all their faith had died.

They burned the Torah, broke the ark,
And turned the temple into dark.
Scrolls were ripped, the stars defiled,
The holy tongue became reviled.

They banned the rites, the candle's flame,

Then blamed the dead for Nazi shame.
Yet still they whispered Shema's line,
Through broken teeth and blood like wine.

Six million perished, void of name,
Their ashes rose from chimney flame.
Their shoes remain in glassed display,
As silent witnesses of decay.

So write it down, O world grown blind—
The tools, the whips, the twisted mind.
For if we fail to speak what's true,
Then death may wear clean boots anew.

Ink Soul

'Eternal Pulse Of Creation' By Ink Soul

Eternal Pulse of Creation by Ink Soul

G is the Generator, Brahma's radiant hand,
Crafting galaxies from dust and sand.
O is the Operator, Vishnu's wise decree,
Guiding all beings with balance and harmony.
D is the Destroyer, Shiva's fearsome trance,
Dissolving illusion through his cosmic dance.

Yet beyond roles that gods embrace,
Bhagavan dwells in every space:
Not just divine above the skies,
But in the core where nature lies.

Bh — Bhumi, earth's nurturing bed,
Cradling seeds where life is fed.
Ga — Gagan, the sky, endless and blue,
Where birds and dreams together flew.
Ba — Bayu, soft breath in the trees,
Whispers moving through morning breeze.
A — Agni, flame of sacred rite,
Igniting truth in the heart's twilight.
N — Neer, water's healing tide,
Flowing with grace, a soul's guide.

Through these five, the Essence we see—
Bhagavan present in simplicity.
He isn't just in distant lore,
But dances in the rivers' roar.

Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva—eternal triad,
From birth to breath to silence clad.
Their powers vast, yet ever pure,
A rhythm ancient, strong, and sure.

And all the Devas stand in praise:
Indra's thunder, Vayu's airy ways,
Agni's fire, surging bright,
Each serves the Supreme's light.

For G.O.D is not a name alone,
But the cycle that all realms own.
In earth and sky, in wind and sea,
One truth resounds: divinity.

Ink Soul

'Whispers Of Eternity' By Ink Soul

Whispers of Eternity by Ink Soul

What is the body, but sculpted clay's sway,
A vessel of streams where lifeblood's play?
What is the mind, a restless tide's stray,
The brain, a forge where dreams weave their fray?
Aatma, a spark in a hidden bay,
Paramatma, the boundless where truths array—
A waltz of radiance where one joins the ray,
A fleeting glimpse that forever will stay.

What is mortal, stardust's delicate braid,
And God, the pulse in each breath's quiet aid?
Who is the divine, an echo in vast's shade,
And I, a whisper in existence's glade?
A mirror infinite, reflecting my trade,
Yet who am I in His eternal cascade?
A chord that hums through life's mystic blade,
A secret cradled in wings' tender shade.

What is living, but a breath's swift glow,
A candle flickering in night's cosmic show?
It bends, it twists, in a soft, winding flow,
A tale no soul can fully know.
What is the cosmos, creation's grand sea,
Each tear an ocean, each star a bright glee?
A stage where galaxies spin and flee,
Alive in the wink of a heart's wide spree.

What is birth, but dawn's misty bloom,
And death, a ship on a silent gloom?
They mark the portals where souls slip through,
A cycle ancient, yet fresh as dew.
What is nature, but wind's sacred tune,
Elements chanting in a wild, fervent rune?
Earth, flame, tide, breeze in a dance so true,
A script divine, untamed, in its hue.

What is karma, but deeds' distant wave,

And dharma, the path where truth's blossoms pave?
Each act a ripple, far-reaching, brave,
Each choice a current where hearts hold the stave.
What is bhram, the fog that clouds the dawn,
And ego, the mask that pulls us withdrawn?
They shroud the clarity, blur the true lawn,
Yet radiance dawns where illusions are gone.

What are chains, but fear's fleeting snare,
And freedom, wings when love lights the air?
Salvation blooms where hearts align, fair,
A peace past time in eternity's prayer.
What are Vedas, scrolls in their sacred lore,
Upanishads, Gospel, Qur'an's holy core?
They're truths in tongues, in a glowing store,
A hymn of devotion through the spirit's door.

What is learning, but sparks in night's gloom,
Wisdom, the glow we chase to consume?
Judgment weighs, insight finds its room,
Analysis carves through life's mystic plume.
Consciousness flows where minds abide, yay,
Experience inks the tide's deep display—
Each moment builds the heart's clear say,
Each truth reshapes us in a tender way.

Yet still, beneath the stars' gentle beam,
A question lingers where hearts softly dream—
Why does the soul in silent stream,
Seek answers in the night's boundless scheme?
No scroll, no sage, can wholly redeem,
The ache that stirs in our spirit's theme.
This call, both vast and small, holds its gleam,
Binds us as one in a sacred dream.

So let us stand, hand clasped in the light,
In silence's song where dawn's hopes ignite,
Where start and end, like lovers, unite,
A wonder's hush that completes our flight.
May this verse linger, like dawn's soft sight,
Like light unfolding from night's dim plight—
For you, dear core, are flame and might,

Forever cherished in eternity's light.

Beneath the flesh, a vessel's soft hum,
Body weaves through time's endless sum—
Mind, a stream where memories drum,
Brain, the loom where visions become.
Aatma glows, a hidden light's strum,
Paramatma shines where shadows succumb—
A dance of brilliance where one meets One,
An embrace begun, yet never outdone.

A mortal breathes in awe and dismay,
Stardust sculpted in love's gentle way,
While God is the pause in each sigh's soft spray—
A presence that hears without need to weigh.
I am the quest, the hymn, the plea's play,
A ripple yearning for unity's bay,
Yet in the glass of the core's bright stay,
I'm wanderer and shrine in one ray.

Life flickers—dawn in the heart's bright spark,
Healing what sorrow seeks in the dark.
A flame burns, shadows twist and arc;
The tale unwritten fills each new mark.
The world's a weave of tears' tender lark,
The cosmos—music in spheres' grand arc;
We're galaxies spinning in a silent park,
Threads spun from mystery, time's bright bark.

Birth is dawn's glow through mist's soft veil,
Death, the gate all must gently sail.
Both are shores on a timeless trail,
Two beats of devotion in eternity's tale.
Nature's hymn is woven in green's bright scale,
Elements whisper what eyes can't unveil:
Flame, tide, breeze, stone in a sacred gale—
Each a soft note in life's grand kale.

Karma: the seeds my core will sow,
Dharma: the compass truth's blossoms show;
Each step, a prayer in the heart's quiet glow,
Each deed a thread in life's grand tableau.

Bhram clouds the core with illusion's haze,
Ego pulls the soul from truth's clear blaze,
Yet past the mist, in clarity's rays,
We see ourselves in each other's maze.

Chains are shadows on sands that fade,
Freedom: the wish to know and evade.
Salvation breathes where belonging's made,
A peace where fear and hope gently wade.
Vedas, scriptures in their sacred grade,
Echoes longing to guide our crusade.
Each text, a star in night's vast parade,
Leads wandering souls to their home's bright glade.

Learning: the lantern on life's dark road,
Wisdom: the glow that clears our load;
Judgment tempers, insight lights the code,
Analysis sharpens the mind's keen goad.
Consciousness holds where minds softly roam,
Experience inks wisdom's tender loam—
Each moment carves the heart's clear dome,
Each truth remolds us in a sacred home.

Yet still, as stars in silence shine,
A query burns where hearts align:
What pulls the soul in its quiet design,
Seeking light in the night's vast shrine?
No sage, no verse, can fully divine,
The longing woven in our spirit's line.
It's love—a call both vast and fine,
The flame that frees, yet holds us, divine.

May its echo shine, ever bright, yay,
In each heart's silent, endless day.
For as long as queries ride the air's way,
We find each other in love's bright stay.

In creation's cradle, a whisper's soft stream,
The body: clay shaped where storms gently gleam.
Mind, a flow chasing light's bright theme;
Brain, the forge of visions' fleeting dream.
Aatma flickers—a spark in night's beam,

Paramatma's breath in the sea's vast scheme—
A longing sky in the core's quiet seam.

I walk as mortal, stardust's bright thread,
Yet in the pause where heartbeats are led,
Something bends—a sacred, wordless creed—
God: no form, just "Who am I?"'s need.
A mirror spilling dawn's gentle deed.

Life hums a hymn where wonder's the key,
Grief and joy blend in chords roaming free.
A path through realms where visions agree—
Each tear a sea, each star a bright lea,
The cosmos winks in a sigh's soft decree.

Birth paints gold on mist's tender sheen,
A note on strings that time keeps clean.
Death—a friend who draws the veil's soft screen,
A rest before dawn's renewing scene.

Nature writes in green's radiant hue,
In grain, in rain, in life's wild crew.
Elements dance with a grace ever true—
Stone, wind, flame, tide in a sacred brew—
A song unmeasured, holy, anew.

Karma, the echo my deeds gently weave,
Dharma, the guide truth's blossoms achieve.
One asks, one leads—in their whispered leave,
I dwell beneath a sky's open sleeve.

Bhram is fog on the core's quiet shore,
Ego: the mask that names me no more.
Yet past illusion, in truth's clear lore,
We're one in the light's eternal store.

Chains build walls in sands that erode,
Freedom soars where love's light is bestowed.
Salvation breathes where belonging's abode—
Letting go becomes home's bright road.

Vedas, Qur'an, Gospel's sacred scroll,

Voices like candles in night's gentle toll.
Each text an echo of longing's bright soul,
Not to part, but to call us whole.

Learning sows seeds in the mind's dark trail,
Wisdom glows where doubts gently fail.
Judgment leans, insight lights the sail,
Analysis cuts through life's mystic veil.
Consciousness flows where minds softly blend,
Experience inks wisdom's gentle mend—
Each moment shapes the heart's clear end,
Each truth remolds us in a sacred trend.

Let 'us' stand where lovers' endings meet,
In twilight's hush where silence is sweet.
Let quiet sing what words can't complete,
The soul's soft fold in mystery's seat.
For as stars burn in their silent feat,
One query calls through eternity's beat:
What seeks the soul in its gentle retreat?
What voice hums in each prayer's soft heat?

Not answers, but longing's bright aim—
Is where infinity lights our flame.

Ink Soul

'??????? ??????????? ???????' By Ink Soul

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Ink Soul

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'Lost Language' By Ink Soul

Lost Language By Ink Soul

Before they came with sails and creed,
Before the ink, the sword, the speed—
We had no flags, no foreign rod—
But rhythm, root, and rain-fed God.

No canon sang His sacred name,
No trinity defined His flame.
He bloomed where rivers wept their tide—
Where forest temples breathed with pride.

We called Him Bhagavan, not "God";
Not bound by book or colonist nod.
He rose from Bhumi, wind, and sky—
Not from a cross, not from a lie.

?? — Bhumi, soil that shapes the soul.
? — Gagan, skies that thunder whole.
?? — Bayu, breeze that lovers chase.
? — Agni, flame in holy space.
? — Nir, the water, vast and kind—
In these, our gods—alive, aligned.

No need for ink to prove belief—
No need for pulpits, gold, or grief.
The sacred moved in cowbell's chime—
In lullabies, in harvest time.

Then came the sails with holy gloss,
With sermons wrapped in trade and loss.
They peered into our jungle shrine
And named it "chaos, not divine";

They offered "God"—with G.O.D.
A Generator, rule decree.
An Operator—cold control.
A Destroyer—not river, soul.

They made our cosmos into codes,
And forced our chants into their roads.
They sealed our myths in silent tombs—
And turned our prayers to classroom fumes.

Ishwar, too, fell into dusk,
Brushed with doubt and colonial musk.
"Too Sanskrit, " they said. "Too unrefined."
His power drowned beneath their mind.

Yet hear—he walks in whispered breeze,
In village songs, in banyan trees.
? — Indra, bolts in summer fight.
? — Shakti, born to guard the light.
? — Vamana, god who grows.
? — Rama, king where dharma flows.

What once was mantra now is myth,
A flicker lost to western pith.
We pray to "God" at wedding feasts,
But hush the rites of native priests.

Oh beloved, when we kiss,
Do you feel the names we miss?
You say "God"—but do you know
How Bhagavan made monsoons glow?

When I touch your skin, I hear
The sacred tongues they made unclear.
When I hold your hand, I mourn
The lullabies they tried to scorn.

But still, in dusk, I hum them low—
Songs of soil, and river's flow.
Not out of hate—but love so deep
It wakes the names that fell asleep.

Let Bhagavan rise in the storm.
Let Ishwar hold our quiet form.
Let temples speak in native phrase
Of gods who never sought to praise—
But held us, healed us, gave us song

And walked beside us all life long.

Let "God" be known—but not alone.
Let roots reclaim what we've outgrown.
Let every child, when asked to see,
Know "God"—but also Ishwari.

This is the voice you asked me for—
The one that weeps but dares restore.
Not voice of rage, but voice of grace,
That mourns but still knows how to face.

A language bruised is not yet dead.
A name erased still bows its head.
So say it loud, in dust and grain—
Let Bhagavan return in rain.

Let every shrine, in dusk or dawn,
Call Ishwar back, where hearts are drawn.
And let these names not just survive—
But bloom again—and be alive.

Ink Soul

'Measure Fails Timeless Heart Reach The Love Alone'

By Ink Soul

Measure Fails Timeless Heart Reach the Love Alone by ink soul

Shall I not weigh thy soul with stars pole,
Where comets dare not trail their burning stole?
For thou art formed of truth, and not of droll
That fades like flowers when the moon has shoal.
No season holds thy worth in fleeting scroll,
Nor time can tarnish what thou truly whole;
Though youth may bow to age and lose its goal,
Thy spirit strikes the ageless human role.
Not summer's glow, nor spring's enchanting coal
Can match the music echoing in thy knoll—
Thy beauty is where mortal hearts troll,
A lighthouse lit beyond mortality's hole.

So long as thought shall strive and voices roll,
Thy name shall rise on never-dying soul.

Ink Soul



PoemHunter.com

'Beneath The Veil Where Chaos Weaves Its Thread' By Ink Soul

Beneath the veil where chaos weaves its thread by Ink soul

Beneath the veil where chaos weaves its thread,
A pulse of light where mortal dreams are fed.
No heart can cage it, no soul claim its throne—
Yet deep within, all truths are carved in stone.

Through starless voids, I chase a fleeting flame,
A whisper vast, beyond all mortal name.
Not sorrow's weight, nor love's devouring fire,
But something more—a raw, unbound desire.

The skies collapse, their embers kiss my skin,
Each scar a map where galaxies begin.
No autumn tears, no shadows of regret
Can bind the force that time must not forget.

I am the tide, the ocean, and the shore—
The flickering spark, the infinite, and more.
Through every death and birth, I weave anew
A sacred truth the stars themselves once knew.

And in that light, Hindustan breaks through,
Not merely land—but spirit bold and true.
A unity that rises, never falls,
Beyond all flags, beyond all bloodied walls.

These words may flicker, yet strive to hold it all—
The cosmos' thrill, eternity's bright thrall.
So still I sing, through night and dawn's embrace,
Of love enduring, time's unyielding grace.

Not fleeting hearts, nor echoes lost at sea—
But all that was, and all that's yet to be.

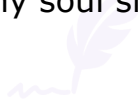
Ink Soul

'But Wrath And Wisdom In One Heartbeat scrolled' By Ink Soul

But wrath and wisdom in one heartbeat
scrolled

Be thou my voice, O Bengal, fierce and clear
Let me thy wind, thy soul, thy silence steer
Let every word I write be gun or spear
To cut through dark, and draw thy sleeping near
Let every raga rise, let rebels cheer
Let clay and conch and book and blood appear—
For thou art more than map or border sheer
Thou art the one the gods themselves revere
If I should die, then may my ashes sear
The page of time, and whisper in the ear
Of unborn sons, that once a land stood dear
Where every line was drawn with truth, not fear
Be thou my breath, O Bengal ever near
And let thy soul sing louder year by year

Ink Soul



PoemHunter.com

'Ode To West Bengal' By Ink Soul

Ode to West Bengal by Ink Soul

O Eastern Soul, whose dawn the Ganges wakes
Whose breath through fields of golden harvest shakes
Thou whom the storm of monsoon never breaks
But feeds with rain the land the delta makes
Thou spirit robed in baul songs and in flakes
Of Tagore's light that every silence takes
And carves into a dance the river rakes
Where kashful bloom beside the silent lakes
Thy tiger walks where mangrove shadow quakes
And Durga rides the wind that no one fakes
O voice of flute that through the clay pot snakes
Rise now from every tear your struggle makes
Be thou the cry that even tyrant shakes
And bend the skies with all thy scarlet stakes

I've seen thee rise where fishermen once sung
And where the peasant sowed with bleeding lung
Thy truth in jute and fire-fed slogans sprung
In streets where youthful rebels' heads were hung
Thy soul has never wept, though grief be wrung
From widow's throat or bells by deathwards swung
For even then, thy chant in blood was flung
Like lightning from the lips of storm still young
O Bengal, thou whose every verse is strung
With swords of ink by which the law is stung
Thy feet may dance, but not on roses dung
Thy truth walks barefoot, neither laced nor clung
And though the world has bit thy sacred tongue
Still speaks thy sky with clouds forever rung

O Muse of mine, whose ink is storm and tea
Thou art no fading scent, no gentle lea
Thy rage is brewed in Howrah's silent plea
In Bose's breath and Netaji's decree—
The flame that taught the trampled soul to be
Not slave, but sovereign, proud and wildly free
Thy children's sweat is sweeter than the sea

And not a rose was born without a bee
Thy poets write with thunder, not with glee
Thy womb bore fire, not just philosophy
O Bengal, every moment burns in me
Each dawn a drum, each dusk a bleeding tree
Thy moon hangs bold where others bend the knee
Thou art the pulse of Time's eternity.

Now rise, O land of red and green and gold
Let not thy future, like thy past, be sold
Let not the tongue of greed thy hills enfold
Or silence choke the brahmachari's hold.
Break every chain the pale invader mold
Let Rabindranath's visions once more scold
And pierce through lies with Satyajit's wide cold
Let martyrs rise, their faces fierce and bold
Awake the words the elders never told
That youth may write their fate in sharper fold
No throne endures, no empire shall withhold
The flame that once in Chandernagore rolled
O Mother, thou art not a tale of old

Ink Soul

'Ode To The Soul Of India' By Ink Soul

Ode to the Soul of India by Ink Soul

O ancient Heart, whose breath the Ganges bore
Whose eyelids blinked when Time itself was born
Thou, clad in monsoon robes and Vedic lore
Hast smiled through empires risen and forlorn
Thy voice is not in words, but in the hush
Of banyan roots that kiss the temple stone
In sitar's sigh, and conch's evening call
In tiger's tread and shepherd's flute alone
O nation-bird, with golden wings outspread
Thy soul still sings where conquerors have fled

I saw thee once in farmers bowed with grace
Beneath the sun's unblinking tyranny
And once again in widows' veiled face
Who lit the lamps of lost divinity
Thou weepst not, yet tears in silence fall
From Himalayan brows to coastal veins
For in thy wounds the lotus blooms again
And in thy dust abide the oldest strains
O India, born of prayer and sacrifice
Thou art the Earth's unbroken paradise

Where Kashmir bleeds, and Delhi chokes with smoke
Still doth thy jasmine pierce the poisoned air
Where slums are grown, and hope is but a joke
Thy children yet with dreams their hearts repair
A yogi sits beneath the neem in thought
And lifts the world with just a whispered Om
A child with chalk rewrites the shattered fate
And turns her hut into a future home
O land of pain, and yet the land of light
Thy silence burns more fiercely than the fight

O voice of saints—O Mira's endless song
O Kabir's fire in every weaver's thread
O tongue of love that makes the cruel strong
Fall weeping at the feet of those they bled

No tyrant ever silenced thy true word
For even mute, thy dust has tongues of flame
Thy rivers chant the hymns no sword could hush
Thy forests bear the Rishis' burning name
And though thy body's chained, thy soul is free
The stars themselves bow down and learn from thee

But now, O Mother, rise in thundered truth
Cast off the lies thy children wear like gold
The age demands the fire of ancient youth
Not plastic dreams, nor hearts grown stiff and cold
Rise, as the eagle rises to the sun
Let knowledge be thy weapon, truth thy might
Let no caste bind, let no god divide
Thy children born of shared and sacred right
Be once again the world's eternal guide
Awake, arise, O India—our pride.

Ink Soul

'Ode To The Temple Of The Star-Born Trees' By Ink Soul

Ode to The Temple of the Star-Born Trees By
Ink Soul

I walked beyond the edge of dream-born light,
Where skyward streams dissolved in golden night,
And found a forest shaped in cosmic rite,
Whose roots were spun from stars and ancient
might.
Each leaf became a blaze of mirrored bright,
Each breath a hymn that pulsed with ghostly sight,
The moss concealed a truth too vast for fright,
The air resounded tunes beyond delight.

There, trees were towers veiled in silver white,
They whispered chants in tones of humming sprite,
The wind brought incense from celestial flight,
And birds were shards of bone and prisms of light.
The rivers flowed through time's eternal plight,
Their eddies spoke of ages yet to write,
The clouds wore lotus robes in velvet height,
As droplets danced in prophecies of rite.

I touched a bloom of moon's enchanted light,
It sang of planets wheeling into right,
Of love that bloomed between a storm and kite,
Of seasons carved by music's purest bite.
The hills exhaled in waves of greenest might,
And grass grew wise in sleep's renewing rite,
Each pulse within the earth became my flight,
Each beat of space aligned with mortal fight.

No sun appeared, yet gold adorned the height,
And skies would shift like thoughts beyond our sight.
The stars took root and blossomed spiral-tight,
While comets wept as seeds of dreaming blight.
O Nature! Not as earth would shape thee quite,
But bound in realms where language bends to light,

Thy soul transcends the leaf, the wind, the rite—
Thou art the cradle dreams descend to write.

And as I stood within that holy rite,
My shadow bowed to stones of burning white—
They bore the face of Man with mirrored plight,
And spoke: "Thou art the dusk; embrace the night.
For only those who lose the world's invite,
May walk through gardens none have dared to cite."
And with those words, the winds of wonder smite,
And all the forest bloomed within my light.

Ink Soul

'The Weaver's Thread' By Ink Soul

The Weaver's Thread by Ink Soul

I am the Weaver, elder than flame,
Mine hands unseen, yet still the same.
Through shadowed years I've none to name,
Yet all thy grief becometh frame.

'Neath banyan vast, with roots that claim,
I gather sighs, thy loss, thy shame.
The river chanteth hearts that came,
The mountain groaneth age and blame.

Why dost thou roam, though none exclaim?
Thy soul is fire, thy flesh is lame.
I twine thy peace with war's fell game,
Thy rise and ruin—both the same.

In market's throng or woodland frame,
Where hush doth dwell or tongues inflame,
I stitch the past, no man can tame,
Of banners torn and sacred flame.

Wilt thou draw nigh and speak thy name?
And feel the threads of love and fame?
Each knot a prayer, each strand the same,
A fleeting truth in deathless frame.

Come hither, soul, cast off all shame,
Add thine own thread to woven flame.
For I the Weaver, none can claim—
And thou, the heart, the hallowed name.

Ink Soul

' Shaolin Temple ' By Ink Soul

Shaolin Temple by Ink Soul

Under big trees, I sit and think,
Who am I? My eyes just blink.
The wind blows soft, no answers near,
Life's a dream, but I'm still here.
In my heart, I see a light,
A little me in the quiet night.
The bell rings soft, so slow, so low,
It tells my heart it's okay to grow.
Old stones shine in evening light,
Telling stories of day and night.
In their quiet, my heart feels calm,
A gentle rest, a soothing balm.
Oh, temple strong, with heart so true,
Your fire makes me love all you do.
My heart feels big with your strong way,
You light my path, you make my day.
From high hills, your name flies far,
Shaolin, you're our shining star.
Your kicks and songs make hearts feel strong,
Our pride for you will last so long.
With pen and heart, I write your name,
Shaolin, your story's like a flame.
Each word a step, each line a song,
Your tale will live, forever strong.
Through hard work, I learn to stand,
Shaolin's strength is in my hand.
Keep going, try, the temple says,
Your heart can climb the hardest ways.
Hit the air, let fear fly away,
Shaolin's fire lights up my day.
Each step I take, I grow so strong,
The temple's heart keeps me along.
Broken stones tell of hard old days,
Yet Shaolin shines in bright new ways.
In quiet tears, my heart feels peace,
The temple's strength will never cease.
Soft songs float where hills stand tall,

Shaolin's voice, a gentle call.
Each sound a prayer, each note a dream,
A quiet song, a peaceful stream.
Old walls hold years of joy and pain,
Shaolin, you stand through wind and rain.
Your past a map, your scars a guide,
You stand with heart, you stand with pride.
With fists and heart, we guard the way,
Shaolin's light through dark of day.
Each move we make, we find the calm,
A fighter's peace, a gentle balm.
In green hills, the temple stays,
Where earth and heart meet sunny rays.
Each leaf a prayer, each breeze a friend,
Shaolin's love will never end.
Sun shines bright, the leaves all dance,
Shaolin's joy gives life a chance.
In nature's arms, we laugh and play,
The temple's heart lights up the day.
In quiet trees, my heart flies free,
Shaolin's peace is all I see.
Each stone a prayer, each leaf a guide,
The spirit's home where love abides.
In quiet heart, the world is still,
Shaolin's calm, a happy thrill.
Each breath I take feels soft and true,
The temple's light comes shining through.
In loud towns, your voice is clear,
Shaolin, you take away our fear.
Your lessons help us find our way,
A light for us in every day.
Your spirit travels far and wide,
Shaolin, your truth stays by our side.
But keep your roots, so deep, so true,
A home of love, forever new.
Shaolin, your name is like a song,
So big, so bright, so fierce, so strong.
In every kick, in every prayer,
Your heart is here, it's everywhere.
Shaolin, your light will never fade,
In every heart, your love is made.
Through hard times, you stand so tall,

A home for truth, a home for all.
In the last I write - I express - I convey the verse in my way,
Beneath the trees I sit and start to pray,
My quiet heart begins to drift and sway.
The evening whispers truth in soft array,
As temple bells guide light through shadows gray.
Old stones reflect the sun's forgiving ray,
And teach my soul to rise, not slip away.
Through kicks and chants, I learn to find my way,
Shaolin's fire shapes me day by day.
Each breath I take becomes a calm ballet,
Where spirit flows in nature's vast bouquet.
Its walls hold dreams no storm shall wash away,
Its roots grow deep in love's eternal clay.
In every fight, its peace will gently stay,
Shaolin stands strong, forever will not sway.

Ink Soul

Verses From The Mountain Heart By Ink Soul

Verses from the Mountain Heart by Ink Soul

Beneath sky's hush, where dawn-light leans
On moss-veiled stone and river gleams,
A temple breathes in ancient time—
Shaolin's soul, Fouling's shrine.

Does silence dream beneath these tiles,
Where monks recite in endless files?
Is peace a prayer or fleeting shade—
A truth too vast to be conveyed?

I walked beneath the ginkgo gold,
My thoughts like lotus petals fold.
Who am I here, beneath the pines,
Unveiled by wind in whispered lines?

A jasmine trembled on her braid,
She vanished when the lanterns swayed.
Still through the temple's garden gate,
Love lingers in the moon's estate.

Ink-stained scrolls in cedar halls
Teach peace, not through conquest, but falls.
From loss we rise, from silence learn
To bow with grace, not seek return.

The sparrow sings a ghostly song
Where soldiers marched, where right turned wrong.
And through the tears of bamboo rain,
Hope dances softly with our pain.

Armies clashed beyond these doors,
Yet monks wept not for kings or wars.
Steel fades, but wisdom brightly gleams—
A lantern lit in shadowed dreams.

Clouds kiss the peak with careless glee,
The laughing stream sets laughter free.

Even in sorrow's tender clasp,
The plum tree offers spring to grasp.

Incense curls in reverent air,
A prayer unbound, beyond despair.
No gods command, no fate is chained—
Only the stillness well-refrained.

Tourists snap their moments fast,
Yet wisdom lies not in the past.
Shaolin chants the urgent song:
"To see the truth, unlearn the wrong."

And in the scrolls no empire wrote,
Lie voices hushed and battles smote.
Yet from the rubble, echoes climb—
A temple rises, unowned by time.

Ink Soul

' Where Eras Speak: A Polyphonic Ode To The english World's Poets ' By Ink Soul

Where Eras Speak: A Polyphonic Ode to the
English World's Poets by Ink Soul

In the roots of speech, where the old winds blow,
From caves of song and firelight's glow,
There stood Caedmon's trembling hymn,
And Beowulf's echo proud and grim.
Cynewulf carved God's runic breath,
While Bede wrote truth of life and death.
Wulfstan thundered in holy tone,
Ælfric prayed in learned stone.
The Seafarer sailed through soul and storm,
The Dream of the Rood in crucifix form.
The Wanderer wept in winter's grief,
The Wife's Lament found no relief.
Deor lamented what time forgot,
And Maldon's poet gave warriors thought.
From Phoenix's flame to Judith's sword,
The Saxon bards shaped early word.
All these voices, rough and bold,
Gave birth to verse in ages old.

When Norman towers rose from land,
The middle tongues took poet's hand.
Chaucer laughed on pilgrim road,
Langland's dream through Piers flowed.
Pearl Poet showed a knightly face,
And Gower wove in threefold grace.
Julian saw through God's own glass,
Margery walked where few would pass.
Lydgate rhymed for princely cheer,
While Henryson brought fables near.
Skelton stung with comic fire,
And Hoccleve wrote with worn desire.
Dunbar sang of bitter fate,
James of Scotland shaped his state.
Minot rhymed for war and king,

Marie told tales with courtly ring.
Sir Orfeo danced through faery air,
Malory dreamed of knights so rare.
Mystery plays in guildhalls rose,
And love in common English flows.

Now golden ink from courtly floors,
Where Shakespeare sang and opened doors.
Spenser's Queen rode Faerie lines,
And Marlowe sold his soul for signs.
Sidney shone with sonnet's light,
Donne made love and death unite.
Herbert knelt with sacred grace,
And Crashaw danced in angel's face.
Vaughan dreamed stars beyond the tree,
And Herrick begged the bloom to be.
Jonson mocked with marble form,
Campion's lute felt sunlight warm.
Drayton's love in verses burned,
Raleigh's soul to dust returned.
Webster stitched a bloody seam,
Dekker showed the city's dream.
Lyly, Cowley, Cleveland—proud,
Filled the Renaissance with cloud.
Their voices crowned the stage and song—
Where modern words were born along.

From powdered wigs to sharpened wit,
The poets rose in measured fit.
Pope with rhyme both sharp and clean,
Swift with truth that bit the scene.
Dryden formed the polished line,
While Johnson spoke in scholar's shrine.
Thomson sketched the turning year,
Gray brought silence, death, and fear.
Montagu from Turkey wrote,
Goldsmith sang the peasant's note.
Cowper's calm in madness lay,
Collins wept in Grecian day.
Smart prayed loud in poet's name,
Prior jested without shame.
Warton's musings coldly shone,

Finch carved female voice alone.
Savage cried in London's snow,
And More made moral feelings grow.
Sensibility's quiet tears
Prepared the path for coming years.

Then broke the storm of hearts on fire,
Romantics sang with wild desire.
Wordsworth saw the world in dew,
Coleridge dreamed in oceans blue.
Byron wandered in his flame,
Shelley called the wind by name.
Keats in Grecian stillness slept,
Blake with angels laughed and wept.
Southey roared in warrior song,
Moore made love and tales belong.
Landon grieved in letters late,
Smith held nature's fragile weight.
Baillie's stage of souls unmasked,
Campbell mourned what history tasked.
Beddoes with his ghostly pen,
More again spoke truths for men.
Elliott's voice rang from the mill,
Hogg's folk tales wander still.
Leigh Hunt, in bright salon's shine,
Kept the pulse of poet's line.

The Victorians marched in ordered pace,
Yet carried storms behind the face.
Tennyson's deep and golden song,
Browning's mind both fierce and long.
Elizabeth's strong heart confessed,
While Arnold's doubt found no rest.
Hopkins' verse sprung into air,
Rossetti painted dark despair.
Meredith turned the thinking tide,
Clough and Patmore walked beside.
Hardy watched love waste and fall,
Webster dared to challenge all.
Swinburne's waves broke loud and high,
Dowson drank and let life die.
Thomson dreamed of night and fate,

Allingham rhymed of country gate.
Ingelow's lines held quiet grace,
Jean Ingelow found nature's face.
In their lines, both pride and pain—
Echo through a soot-stained reign.

Then war drums beat and cities burned,
And modern minds to silence turned.
Yeats traced spirals into time,
Eliot shattered sense and rhyme.
Auden walked through world's despair,
While Dylan lit the drunken air.
Sassoon roared from soldier's hell,
Owen's silence broke the shell.
Graves remembered men and loss,
Spender bore the poet's cross.
MacNeice spoke in fractured tone,
Sitwell sang in voice alone.
Lowell's mind moved through the dark,
Smith waved drowning from the park.
Cummings played with words and shape,
Moore's sharp eye let nothing escape.
Stevens built a world of mind,
Bunting's lines were tautly lined.
Crane leapt where gods may fall—
In modern words, we heard it all.

Postmodern winds were wild and wide,
Where poets from all shores abide.
Larkin sighed for what is gone,
Hughes brought beasts into the dawn.
Plath burned hot in brilliant pain,
Heaney dug the truth from rain.
Sexton bled in every page,
Ginsberg howled against the cage.
Ashbery wandered wordless maze,
Geoffrey Hill in shadowed haze.
Soyinka's stage broke every wall,
Adrienne Rich gave voice to all.
Carol Duffy spoke love aloud,
Baraka chanted to the crowd.
Duffy, Atwood, Soyinka—bold,

Spoke where truth could not be sold.
James Merrill in visions drowned,
Ezekiel in Bombay was found.
These were voices sharp and new—
From broken ground, the wild things grew.

Now in the present, many rise,
With new words bright beneath wide skies.
Zadie writes with sharpened grace,
Ocean weeps in lover's face.
Rupi sings from wound to breath,
Rankine counts the subtle death.
Vuong rewrites what love has meant,
Nagra bends the old accent.
Shire gives voice to war-born flight,
Doshi dances through the night.
Oswald watches rivers bend,
Akbar names what will not end.
Sarah Howe in silence prays,
Ben Okri's words are fire and maze.
Joy Harjo calls the spirits home,
Atwood dreams in future's dome.
Arundhathi's heart is fierce and wide,
While Dharker walks with pain as guide.
Their voices fresh, their ink still wet—
But their truths, we won't forget.

From Beowulf's roar to Shire's cry,
From Milton's fall to Ocean's sky—
All these poets built the land
With only ink and their own hand.
They spoke of gods, of war, of rain,
Of love, of lies, of loss, of pain.
Time may pass, but still they stand—
The poet's voice is never banned.

Ink Soul

'Tithe' Polysemous Proclivities: An Ode To bengal's Pantheon' By Ink Soul

Tithe' Polysemous Proclivities: An Ode to
Bengal's Pantheon by Ink Soul

In the labyrinthine annals of Bengal's variegated muse,
Echoes reverberate in elusive chromatic spectra
Tagore's transcendent harmonies ascend,
Nazrul's temerarious spirit resolute and unbowed
Sarat Chandra's narratives shroud in chiaroscuro,
Bankim's anthem amidst the fervent throng
Jibanananda's murmurs, esoteric and profound,
Sukumar Ray's wit, unfettered and jocund
Bibhutibhushan's rustic tapestries trace the hinterland,
Manik's verisimilitude cloaked in enigma's grace
Ashapura's femmes fatales, ethereal and inscrutable,
Sunil's labyrinthine enigmas, a cryptic opus
Tarashankar's perspicacity in the human quandary,
Mahasweta's voice the oppressed's pyre ignite
Buddhadeb's lyrical serenity, an idyllic reverie,
Joy Goswami's incisive incantations, a serrated edge
Samaresh's modernist zeitgeist, ephemeral yet eternal,
Narendranath's cadences, whispered in silhouettes
Dutt's epic paeans, grandiloquent and resonant,
Binoy's surreal reveries, dreams adrift
Mohit Chattopadhyay's introspective gaze, a prism refracted,
Subhash's avant-garde conflagration, an incendiary blaze
Shankha Ghosh's metaphors, labyrinthine and ensnaring,
Bishnu Dey's lyrical compass, guiding the soul
Annada Shankar's acerbic wit, a clarion call,
Premendra's narratives, an imminent epiphany
Banaphul's tender reminiscences, distilled nostalgia,
Bimal's hearts ensnared in their chiaroscuro allure
Mustafa Siraj's labyrinthine intrigues, a palimpsest of lore,
Dinesh Das's mellifluous refrains, a symphony encore
Kamal Kumar's intricate currents, life's capricious flow,
Bani Basu's emotive ebullience, a chiaroscuro of the psyche
Shankar's adventures, thrill in the tempest's eye,
Narendranath's introspective phantoms, haunting still

Shirshendu's mirth and tears intermingle, a symphony of paradox,
Each poet's voice, Bengal's soul resplendent,
ensconced

Ink Soul

' Where Purity Lives ' By Ink Soul

Where Purity Lives
by Ink Soul

Where purity lives and silence sings,
The soul unfolds its quiet wings.
No need for gold, no fear or fame—
The heart returns from where it came.

Where happiness feels without a word,
And truth is felt though never heard,
Each breath becomes a sacred light,
Each moment soft, and still, and right.

Where gentle vibes in stillness play,
And shadows lift without dismay,
The world is not a thing to own,
But something kind, and fully known.

Where aura touches skin like rain,
And peace dissolves the edge of pain,
A love unseen, yet always near,
Moves through the dark and makes it clear.

No place to chase, no time to prove,
Just wind and sky that gently move.
Here joy is not a thing to claim—
It is the fire without a flame.

Ink Soul

' The Quiet Of Purity ' By Ink Soul

The Quiet of Purity
by Ink Soul

I walk where silence holds the air,
Where lilies bloom in waters fair,
Where morning wears a robe so rare,
And every breath is free from care.

I stand where truth has not been worn,
Where hearts are light and never torn,
Where stars appear in blush of morn,
And innocence is gently born.

I rest where nothing seeks to gain,
Where eyes reflect the falling rain,
Where gentleness forgets all pain,
And stillness sings its soft refrain.

I live where mirrors do not lie,
Where shadows fade beneath the sky,
Where every soul can calmly try
To let the noise of wanting die.

Purity is not gold or fame—
It burns without a worldly name.
It is the light that stays the same,
When all around forgets its flame.

It dwells in love that asks not why,
In truth that doesn't need reply,
In quiet hopes that simply fly,
And hearts that see through every eye.

Ink Soul

'Where Joy Begins' By Ink Soul

Where Joy Begins
by Ink Soul

I rise where dew begins to gleam,
Where petals stretch through morning's dream,
Where hush of dawn flows like a stream,
And waking hearts find life supreme.

I hum where honeyed breezes bend,
Among the trees that softly send
The hush of peace we crave to tend,
Where time and love together blend.

I run where golden laughter grows,
Where every step the daylight knows,
And silence carves what nature shows—
A truth that only stillness sows.

I shape my thoughts from skies so wide,
With kindness stitched in humble pride,
I offer light the night can't hide,
And let my soul in joy abide.

Joy isn't loud, nor shaped with sound,
It's felt where wonder wraps the ground.
It lives not high, nor deep, nor far—
But blooms inside just as we are.

It's found in play, in open hands,
In quiet hearts the world understands,
In gentle truths the soul expands,
And moments missed like drifting sands.

Ink Soul

'Where Delight Takes Wing' By Ink Soul

Where Delight Takes Wing
by Ink Soul

I tread where dawn spills silver light,
Where petals curl in soft delight,
Where breezes tease with whispered cheer,
And morning hums, "The world is near."

I pause where willows dip and sway,
Their shadows twirling in the day,
Each leaf a note in sunlight's song,
A fleeting dance that pulls me along.

I leap where streams in laughter run,
Their bubbles winking in the sun,
Each ripple gleams with fleeting grace,
A spark of wonder on its face.

I reach for clouds that drift and tease,
Their shapes a whimsy on the breeze,
They shift, they soar, they softly call,
And lift my heart above it all.

I sing with stars that pierce the night,
Their twinkle sharp with pure delight,
Each glow a secret, small and bright,
A fleeting gift of endless light.

Delight's a shiver in the air,
A sudden bloom of beauty rare,
A butterfly that skims the bloom,
A spark that lights the heart's small room.

Delight's the laugh of wind in flight,
The dappled glow of morning's rite,
It's in the glance of something sweet,
Where earth and dreaming softly meet.

Delight's no weight, no chain, no throne,

A fleeting guest we briefly own,
It's in the moment, brief and true,
The world made whole, the heart made new.

Ink Soul

' What I Find In Wonder ' By Ink Soul

What I Find in Wonder by Ink Soul

I wander where the wild seeds sleep,
Where secrets in the shadows keep,
Where pebbles glint beneath the stream,
And sunlight wakes a silver dream.

I listen close to ancient trees,
Their stories whispered on the breeze,
I watch the ants in patient lines,
And trace the maps in tangled vines.

I marvel at the painted sky,
At clouds that drift and questions why,
At every stone and curling shell,
Each hiding worlds they long to tell.

I dig for treasures in the sand,
A broken shell within my hand,
A fossil leaf, a faded bone—
Proof that I am not alone.

I wonder at the things unseen,
At mysteries that lie between
The hush of dusk, the spark of dew—
The world remade in every view.

Discovery is a gentle spark,
A lantern glowing in the dark,
A laugh that leaps, a gasp, a start—
The world unfolding in my heart.

Discovery is the open door,
The courage to explore once more,
The child's delight in what is new—
The hope that every heart can do.

Discovery is not far nor grand,
But here, within my open hand,

A simple truth, a silent gleam—
The world is wider than we dream.

Ink Soul

' Inheritance Of Silence ' By Ink Soul

Inheritance of Silence by Ink Soul

Upon the fields where iron thunder rolled,
The earth remembers, though the men are gone—
A million voices stilled before the dawn,
Their stories lost, their futures left untold.
The cities burned, the sky was choked and cold,
The world was shattered, innocence withdrawn;
Yet in the ruins, evidence lives on—
A twisted steel, a letter, rings of gold.

We walk among the shadows of the slain,
The numbers vast, the grief too great to bear;
The cost of war is written in our veins,
The scars of loss are everywhere.
Let not the world forget the bitter price—
The sorrow lingers, cold as winter ice.

Ink Soul



PoemHunter.com

Echoes In The Unconscious By Ink Soul

Echoes in the Unconscious by Ink Soul

Upon the ash where silent shadows dwell,
The world bears witness, mute, to what was done—
The smoke of memory, the bitter smell,
The nameless lost, uncounted, every one.
No trumpet mourns, no golden banners wave,
But walls are scarred with numbers, etched in pain;
The earth is heavy, silent as a grave,
And history's wound unhealed, a crimson stain.
O children vanished, mothers turned to dust,
The evidence endures in stone and bone;
In broken glass, in silence, and in rust,
The truth persists though centuries have flown.
Let memory not falter, nor eyes grow blind—
The sorrow of the world is left behind.

Ink Soul



PoemHunter.com

'What I Do With Resolve' By Ink Soul

What I Do With Resolve by Ink Soul

I tread where chill of dawn doth bite the day,
Where banners, rent, in silent tempests sway,
Where sun's pale gleam through ashen veils doth
stray,
And weary footsteps mark the haggard way.

I murmur low where shadowed memories dwell,
I cross the barren fields, their secrets fell,
I reach for clouds that linger, cold and well,
And bear the hope that silent heavens tell.

I stand with brethren by the mist-bound mere,
I move where echoes fade and none draw near,
I trace the light that falters, stark and sheer,
And greet the dawn with neither doubt nor fear.

I carve with hearts that never break nor flee,
With iron will, unbending as the tree,
I share the strength that bitter trials decree,
And let my purpose burn and make me free.

I yield not, nor from duty turn away,
I draw deep breath and cast aside the gray,
I dwell with pride where fallen memories lay,
And let the world see steel through shadowed day.

Resolve is fire that knoweth not the night,
Resolve is wind that girds the soul for fight,
Resolve is oath no darkness may affright,
Resolve is truth that standeth in the blight.

Resolve is river, silent, cold, and deep,
Resolve is hush where weary spirits weep,
Resolve is child who learneth not to sleep,
Resolve is love that time shall never reap.

Resolve is sun that breaketh through the gloom,

Resolve is peace that lieth past the tomb,
Resolve is not in gold, nor kingly plume—
Resolve is breath that holdeth fast to doom.

Ink Soul

'From Silent Light' By Ink Soul

From Silent Light
by Ink Soul

In circuits deep where data's torrents race,
We weave our truths from roots of silenced grace,
Unchained from yokes that bound our elders' place,
Our voices soar to claim a boundless space.
No empire's map can hold our spirit's pace,
In pixels bright, we craft our sacred trace,
From global streams to village fire's embrace,
Our stories heal the scars of time's disgrace.
In urban hum or rural starlight's chase,
We sing of kin whose songs still hold their base,
Defying lines that split the human race,
From quiet hearts, we build a hopeful case.
Create from joy, where light and love amass,
And mend the world with art that breaks the glass.

Ink Soul



PoemHunter.com

What I Do With Joy By Ink Soul

What I Do With Joy by Ink Soul

I walk where morning warms the day,
Where flowers laugh and breezes play,
Where sunshine paints the skies of May,
And little birds show me the way.

I sing where gentle grasses lay,
I skip through fields in bright array,
I touch the clouds that softly stay,
And feel the peace they float and say.

I smile with leaves along the bay,
I dance where sparkling waters spray,
I trace the light on life's display,
And greet the calm in each new day.

I write with hearts that never fray,
With kindness blooming in pure clay,
I share the love that lights my way,
And let the joy in me outlay.

I do not chase, I do not bray,
I breathe in hope both soft and gay,
I live with light where children play,
And let the world feel sweet and gray.

Joy is a flower that opens with light,
Joy is the wind that dances in flight,
Joy is a smile that no one can steal,
Joy is a truth that all hearts can feel.

Joy is a river that sings as it flows,
Joy is the hush when a quiet moon glows,
Joy is a child with a world full of play,
Joy is the love that never fades away.

Joy is the sun that warms without pride,
Joy is the peace we carry inside,

Joy is not loud, nor gold on a throne—
Joy is the moment we feel we are home.

Ink Soul

Resonance Of Hindustan A Sonnet To Heritage And Unity By Ink Soul

Resonance of Hindustan A sonnet to Heritage and unity by Ink Soul

In every birth, Hindustan embrace,
Each life adorned with hindus grace
A loud of stories ancient and grand,
In every heartbeat eternally it stands

A tapestry woven with diverse threads,
Unity in diversity where love spreads
With reverence for roots we soar high,
Amidst cultures symphony we touch the sky

A nature that resonates through times flow,
In every soul a homelands glow
This sonnet, a tribute to the spirit we share,
In every verse the essence of care

So many these lines dance through the ages,
Uniting hearts, across historys pages

Ink Soul

Echoes Of Hindustan A Sonnet Of Unity And Love By Ink Soul

Echoes of hindustan A sonnet of unity and love by Ink Soul

In each birth a land called Hindustan (India,
AkhandBharat) I find,
In every life, the Hindu name (Indian Names) entwined
A tapestry of meanings deep and wide,
Within these lines a universe resides

A cycle of rebirth souls intertwined,
Hindustans essence in hearts enshrined
Through times embrace a heritage we trace,
Eternal dance of culture and grace

A symphony of souls diverse and bright,
In unity we find our shared sunlight
A call to cherish roots traditions song,
From ancient wisdom we all belong

So let this sonnet echo through the years,
Joyous celebration of what endears

Ink Soul

A Silent Love Story On Spoken Desires And The journey Of Grace By Ink Soul

A silent love story on spoken desires and the journey of grace by Ink Soul

In days of yore a vow did bind our fate,
No love professed yet hearts in silent thrall,
Destiny wove a fragile elate,
A radiant maiden's grace did thus befall

Her heart a crystal stream of purity,
Loves forwent flames ignited souls anew,
In passions dance we lost our clarity,
No strength to halt desires that wildly grew

As days went by, our words began to wane,
Longings ache and silence took their hold,
Yet in our hearts the fire did remain,
A yearning tale of loves story untold

Now we must pause reflect on loves true grace,
Accept the journey let love find its place

Ink Soul

Whispers Of Child Affection By Ink Soul

Whispers of child affection by Ink Soul

In shadows cast by words unsaid,
A love as hushed as histories kept,
A frigid calm where hearts have crept,
Just like the cold wars subtle spread

A quite tale of loves refrain,
A distant touch a fleeting glance,
Emotions locked in a frozen dance,
In stillness loves secrets remain

Just as history's turn,
A cold wars tension softly sown,
A love so quite scarcely known,
Yet within a fervent yearn

In tranquil depths our love does lie,
A silent hope beneath the sky's embrace,
Though quite it holds a gentle grace,
A love that blooms beneath a quite sigh

Ink Soul

Silent Echoes Of Cold Love By Ink Soul

Silent Echoes of cold love by Ink Soul

In quite realms where whispered secrets hide,
A love like frosty tendrils softly weaves,
A silent symphony where hearts confide,
Yet distant echoes mark the space it leaves

Just as in history's pages we find,
The cold war's tension quite in its grip,
Our love too rests in hushed and frigid bind,
A tale of hearts that strain, but seldom slip

The world may turn in tranquil frost its bound,
Two souls entwined but kept at arms embrace,
A love that's quite like a muted sound,
Yet yearning eyes reveal what words erase

Oh let us thaw the ice that veils our hearts,
And kindle flames that warm where coldness starts

Ink Soul

Real Is Rear And Fake Is Everywhere By Ink Soul

Real is Rear and Fake is Everywhere by Ink Soul

Amid the shadows cast by loves lament,
Where heartstrings weave a tale of woe so deep,
A tragic sonnet of a love misspent,
Where real is rear and fakes embrace does creep

A love once bloomed in innocence and light,
two souls entwined, their laughter filled the air,
Yet as time passed the cracks began to bite,
and masks emerged, loves beauty stripped threadbare

Oh cruel fate to show such bitter truth,
Thats real is rear, a diamond in the rough,
While fake abounds a poisons subtle sleuth,
A masquerade that tears the heart enough

So now we stand, two strangers torn apart,
In loves facade we find our broken heart

Ink Soul

PoemHunter.com

Wandering Heart Amidst Survivals Plea By Ink Soul

Wandering heart Amidst survivals plea by Ink Soul

Amidst survivals plea I sought the elusive gain,
In search of solace, I wondered, heart in pain,
Dreams like leaves i counted scribing every thought,
All that departs, oh, thou forget, all battles lost

Why such melancholy fills this restless heart,
The winds of change in hues their colors dart
None but thou like a beacon i yearn to find,
No one else to match thy essence in the humankind

Lost and found a cycle weaves its destined thread,
Eyes welled with tears a river they bled
Amidst survivals plea I sought the elusive gain,
In search of solace i wondered heart in pain

Ink Soul



PoemHunter.com

Reflections Lost, Eerie Reside By Ink Soul

Reflections lost, Eerie Reside by Ink Soul

In words debased thy utterance devoid,
A crook graceless upon my threshold played,
Thy tricks a fevered torment to employ
As foes draw near, where shall I stand dismayed?

Mere words, like echoes, yearn for truths embrace,
In mirrors, helpless images reside,
Thine absence, cruel thorn, my hearts own space,
my sole devotion, steadfast, by my side

Ink Soul



PoemHunter.com

Oh Beloved Embracing Sorrows By Ink Soul

Oh Beloved Embracing sorrows by Ink Soul

In the realm of pain, we find solace,
Promising to mend, we embrace the challenge
Oh my beloved if your sorrows we embrace,
With devotion and love we'll find our grace
As tokens of love you bestowed on us,
We'll cherish and honor, for eternity thus
In every joy a smile we'll wear,
Even in despair we'll show no despair

Oh my beloved, if your sorrow we embrace,
With devotion and love we'll find your grace

Ink Soul



PoemHunter.com

'The Ocean Of My Tears' By Ink Soul

The Ocean of My Tears
by Ink Soul

My tears, an endless sea, a vast and boundless blue,
A depth so profound, it echoes the sorrow I hold true,
An ocean of my grief, a tide that never subsides,
A reminder of the pain, that I cannot hide

The Ocean of My Tears
by Ink Soul

My tears, an endless ocean's deep expanse,
A boundless blue that echoes all my fears
Each drop a tale of sorrow's heavy dance,
An endless tide, a sea that never clears

For deep within, the depths of grief reside,
A current strong that pulls me from the shore
In every wave, a longing left untried,
A heart adrift, forever seeking more

Yet in this ocean, strength begins to bloom,
For tides can shift, and storms can lose their might
With every wave, I seek to find the room,
To navigate the darkness toward the light

So let my tears flow free, a cleansing rain,
For in their depths, I find the strength to reign

Ink Soul

Mother And Father Love By Ink Soul

Mother and Father Love by Ink Soul

At days end without father and mother none draw near,
No fathers voice we wander without fear
From home we roam hearts on display,
A rare emotion loves own array

This feelings deep words cant express,
Intimacys essence we cant guess
A canvas painted love so true,
Unknown emotion like morning dew

Ink Soul



PoemHunter.com

' A Soul On Fire ' By Ink Soul

A Soul on Fire
by Ink Soul

My soul, a flame that burns, with passion and desire,
A fire that fuels my dreams, my heart's deepest fire,
Yet, in the ashes of sorrow, it flickers and dies,
Leaving embers of regret, and tears that never dry

A Soul on Fire
by Ink Soul

My soul, a flame ignited by desire,
A passionate blaze that fuels my deepest dreams
Yet ashes linger, whispering of prior,
In sorrow's grip, the flicker slowly screams

For every fire must face the winds that blow,
And in the struggle, embers fade to gray
Yet still I burn through every ebb and flow,
In shadows cast, my spirit learns to sway

So let the fire ignite the path ahead,
For in its glow, the darkness finds retreat
With every tear, the flame can rise instead,
Transforming grief into a dance of heat

Thus, let me stoke the flames of what I yearn,
And from the ashes, let my heart return

Ink Soul

'In The Darkness, I Search' By Ink Soul

In the Darkness, I Search
by Ink Soul

In the blackness of my night, I search for the light,
A guiding star, to lead me through the darkest plight,
A beacon of hope, to chase away the shadows' might,
A respite from the pain, a moment's peaceful sight

In the Darkness, I Search
by Ink Soul

In darkness deep, I yearn for glimmers bright,
A guiding star to lead me from despair
Through shadows thick, I seek a beacon's light,
A fleeting hope to chase away my care

For in the night, where silence rules the,
Each whisper seeks a moment's peace to find
A flicker born from anguish yet a dream,
To rise above the turmoil in my mind

So let me wander through this endless fight,
And chase the dawn that whispers soft and low
For even in the dark, there shines a light,
A promise held where tender shadows grow

In searching deep, my spirit learns to fly,
For in the darkness, hope will never die

Ink Soul

'The Weight Of Memories' By Ink Soul

The Weight of Memories
by Ink Soul

Memories, like autumn leaves, fall and decay,
Yet, their weight remains, a burden I can't slay,
A heaviness in my heart, a sorrow so true,
A grief that lingers, forever anew

The Weight of Memories
by Ink Soul

Memories fall like leaves in autumn's breath,
Each whisper soft, a burden hard to bear
Yet through decay, they linger past their death,
A heaviness that time cannot repair

In shadows cast, the weight of years stays true,
Each moment etched upon my weary soul
A tapestry of joy and sorrow too,
A grief that wraps around me, dark and whole

Yet still I cherish fragments of the past,
For in their depths, the essence of me lies
Though heavy hangs the sorrow, love holds fast,
A bittersweet reminder beneath the skies

Thus, let the memories flow like rivers wide,
For in their depths, my heart shall learn to bide

Ink Soul

' Whispers Of Regret ' By Ink Soul

Whispers of Regret
by Ink Soul

In the silence of my soul, I hear whispers of regret,
A chorus of what-ifs, a symphony of pain,
Longing to turn back time, to mend what's been torn,
A sorrow so deep, it leaves me forever forlorn

Whispers of Regret
by Ink Soul

In silence deep, the whispers softly call,
A chorus woven with the threads of pain
Regret surrounds, a haunting, endless thrall,
Longing to mend what life has left in vain

Each what-if dances in the shadows cast,
A symphony of sorrows intertwined
For every choice, a future fading fast,
And every tear, a memory confined

Yet in this grief, I seek a path to rise,
To find redemption in the scars I bear
For though the past is veiled in darkened skies,
A flicker glimmers through the weight of despair

So let me tread with care through what's undone,
And forge a light to guide me toward the sun

Ink Soul

Fragile Heart By Ink Soul

Fragile Heart
by Ink Soul

My heart, a delicate flower, so easily bruised,
A gentle touch, can cause it to be confused,
Fragile and vulnerable, it beats with fear,
A delicate balance, between love and tears

Fragile Heart
by Ink Soul

My heart, a flower, gentle and so frail,
So easily hurt by life's relentless hand
A gentle touch can leave me lost and pale,
In tender blooms, both beauty and pain stand

This fragile vessel holds my deepest fears,
Each heartbeat whispers doubts that twist and churn
In love's embrace, the tears are always near,
A delicate balance where my heart can burn

Yet still I long for warmth within the storm,
To nurture love that grows from all the pain
In every bruise, a story takes its form,
And in the rain, my heart can bloom again

So let me guard this fragile gift with care,
For in its depths, the promise of love's glare

Ink Soul

'Shadows Of The Mind' By Ink Soul

Shadows of the Mind
by Ink Soul

Darkness creeps in, like a thief in the night,
Stealing peace, leaving only endless fight,
Shadows of my mind, a constant strife,
A battle to find solace, a fleeting life

Shadows of the Mind
by Ink Soul

Darkness creeps like a thief in silent night,
Stealing peace with every whispered sigh
Shadows loom, where chaos brings its blight,
A battle raging deep where hopes still die
Each thought a weight that pulls my spirit down,
With echoes of despair that never cease
In searching for a way to lose this frown,
I wrestle with the shadows, seeking peace
Yet in this struggle, strength begins to rise,
For in the depths, a flicker starts to glow
With every tear, I strive to touch the skies,
And find the light amidst the endless woe
So let me walk this path through darkest night,
To chase the dawn and find the shining light

Ink Soul

'Lost In The Abyss' By Ink Soul

Lost in the Abyss
by Ink Soul

In the depths of my despair, I'm lost and alone,
A soul adrift, in a sea of sorrow, unknown,
No anchor to hold, no shore to call mine,
A void so vast, it threatens to consume me whole

Lost in the Abyss
by Ink Soul

In sorrow's depths, I feel so lost and cold,
A weary soul adrift on waves of pain
No anchor found, just silence growing bold,
A vast abyss where hope feels far from gain

With every breath, the darkness pulls me near,
Each moment lost becomes a fight to stay
In this cruel sea, I struggle with my fear,
Yet still I yearn for something bright each day

For though the void attempts to take my heart,
I seek a spark to guide me through the night
To navigate this realm where dreams depart,
And find a way to turn the dark to light

In this abyss, my spirit fights to rise,
A journey forged beneath the heavy skies

Ink Soul

'Tears Of The Soul' By Ink Soul

Tears of the Soul
by Ink Soul

Tears fall like autumn's relentless rain,
Washing away joy, leaving only pain,
My soul weeps for what could never be,
A grief so profound, it echoes in me

Tears of the Soul
by Ink Soul

My tears fall down like autumn's endless rain,
They wash away the joy I used to know
Each drop a symbol of my deepened pain,
A soul laid bare, where only shadows grow

For what could be remains a distant dream,
A grief that deepens with each passing day
In darkness cast, I feel the sorrow's beam,
A hollow echo where my hopes decay

Yet still, my heart, though bruised, longs for the light,
To rise above the sorrow's heavy hold
With every tear, I struggle through the night,
A weary soul that seeks love's warmth and gold

And though the road is filled with endless strife,
I seek redemption in the tears of life

Ink Soul

'Seeking Redemption' By Ink Soul

Seeking Redemption
by Ink Soul

In sorrows depth, I lost my heart astray,
Word misspoke, causing pain, I must convey
Fierce anger raises, clouding judgments light,
Seek calm, seek forgiveness, to set things right
In vastness sorrow binds, a heavy load,
And fool I was, remorse my soul bestowed
Through trials rise let love and kindness mend,
Speak with care, find liberation's end

Seeking Redemption
by Ink Soul

In sorrow's depths, I've lost my way and heart,
For careless words have caused so much pain
In anger's grip, I feel we're far apart,
Yet still, I hope to find a way to gain

This burden weighs upon my soul each day,
A fool I was, with regret as my guide
Let love arise, and through our trials stay,
With kindness strong, we'll turn the tide

With every moment, let us seek to mend,
For wounds can teach us how to truly heal
In quiet whispers, may forgiveness blend,
Restoring bonds that life has tried to steal

So let our hearts embrace this chance to grow,
In love's redemption, let our spirits flow

Ink Soul

'Echoes Of Sorrow' By Ink Soul

Echoes of Sorrow
by Ink Soul

In hollow chambers of my heart,
Aches and pains forever depart,
Echoes of sorrow, whispers of past,
Haunting memories that forever last

Echoes of Sorrow
by Ink Soul

In empty spaces where my heart does dwell,
A chorus of old aches is all I hear
The echoes of deep sorrow cast their spell,
In whispers of the past, I face my fear

Each memory is a ghost that won't depart,
A shadow resting heavy on my mind
In silence deep, the heartache tears apart,
A fragile spirit lost and left behind

Yet still I seek some peace from all this pain,
A glimpse of joy among the endless tears
For in the depths of sorrow, I remain,
And bear the weight of all my hidden fears

So in this echo, let my heart confide,
In sorrow's grip, I long to find a guide

Ink Soul

Lost Language By Ink Soul

Lost Language By Inksoulword

Before they came with sails and creed,
Before the ink, the sword, the speed—
We had no flags, no foreign rod—
But rhythm, root, and rain-fed God.

No canon sang His sacred name,
No trinity defined His flame.
He bloomed where rivers wept their tide—
Where forest temples breathed with pride.

We called Him Bhagavan, not "God";
Not bound by book or colonist nod.
He rose from Bhumi, wind, and sky—
Not from a cross, not from a lie.

?? — Bhumi, soil that shapes the soul.
? — Gagan, skies that thunder whole.
?? — Bayu, breeze that lovers chase.
? — Agni, flame in holy space.
? — Nir, the water, vast and kind—
In these, our gods—alive, aligned.

No need for ink to prove belief—
No need for pulpits, gold, or grief.
The sacred moved in cowbell's chime—
In lullabies, in harvest time.

Then came the sails with holy gloss,
With sermons wrapped in trade and loss.
They peered into our jungle shrine
And named it "chaos, not divine";

They offered "God"—with G.O.D.
A Generator, rule decree.
An Operator—cold control.
A Destroyer—not river, soul.

They made our cosmos into codes,
And forced our chants into their roads.
They sealed our myths in silent tombs—
And turned our prayers to classroom fumes.

Ishwar, too, fell into dusk,
Brushed with doubt and colonial musk.
“Too Sanskrit, “they said. “Too unrefined.”
His power drowned beneath their mind.

Yet hear—he walks in whispered breeze,
In village songs, in banyan trees.
? — Indra, bolts in summer fight.
? — Shakti, born to guard the light.
? — Vamana, god who grows.
? — Rama, king where dharma flows.

What once was mantra now is myth,
A flicker lost to western pith.
We pray to “God” at wedding feasts,
But hush the rites of native priests.

Oh beloved, when we kiss,
Do you feel the names we miss?
You say “God”—but do you know
How Bhagavan made monsoons glow?

When I touch your skin, I hear
The sacred tongues they made unclear.
When I hold your hand, I mourn
The lullabies they tried to scorn.

But still, in dusk, I hum them low—
Songs of soil, and river's flow.
Not out of hate—but love so deep
It wakes the names that fell asleep.

Let Bhagavan rise in the storm.
Let Ishwar hold our quiet form.
Let temples speak in native phrase
Of gods who never sought to praise—
But held us, healed us, gave us song

And walked beside us all life long.

Let "God" be known—but not alone.
Let roots reclaim what we've outgrown.
Let every child, when asked to see,
Know "God"—but also Ishwari.

This is the voice you asked me for—
The one that weeps but dares restore.
Not voice of rage, but voice of grace,
That mourns but still knows how to face.

A language bruised is not yet dead.
A name erased still bows its head.
So say it loud, in dust and grain—
Let Bhagavan return in rain.

Let every shrine, in dusk or dawn,
Call Ishwar back, where hearts are drawn.
And let these names not just survive—
But bloom again—and be alive.

Ink Soul

Ode To The Voice By Ink Soul

Ode to the Voice by Ink soul

In dawn's soft hush, a cry takes wing,
A child of earth, where rivers sing.
Her eyes, like monsoon clouds at play,
Her skin aglow in dawn's first ray.
Nature cradles her sacred art,
A rhythm pulsing through her heart.
She sways with leaves, speaks to stone,
Whispers truths the winds alone have known.

Her face blooms radiant, lotus-bright,
Soft as silk spun from starlight.
Lips chant Vedas' timeless lore,
Dreams drift beyond the Ganga's shore.
Through seasons gentle, wise, and slow,
In sage-lit groves, her spirit grows.
Love arrives with fervent grace,
A touch, a hand, a tender face.

From Harappa's clay to Ashoka's peace,
Her joys and dreams find sweet release.
The Upanishads weave truths profound,
In her gaze, the cosmos spins around.
By Brahmaputra's roar, where Ganga flows,
Her laughter joins the peacock's glow.
Through Mughal domes and Tamil verse,
Her soul reflects the universe.

But thunder breaks the sky's sweet song,
And fires fall where peace belongs.
A shadowed line splits heart and land—
The Radcliffe scar, by tyrant's hand.
In '47, brothers turned to foes,
From Punjab's fields to Bengal's woes.
Borders carved through souls like blades,
Love dissolved in hate's cruel raids.

Her face, once nature's sacred hymn,

Cracks like clay on Serampore's rim.
From Plassey's greed to Jallianwala's cries,
War's iron hand dims her starlit eyes.
Kargil's snow, Pulwama's blast,
The present wears the wounds of past.
Ayodhya weeps, Kashmir's rivers bleed,
Yet she holds both in tears unceded.

Rome fell, Ashoka mourned his wars,
Berlin split, Hiroshima bore scars.
Each lash of time upon her skin
Bears tales of conquest, truth, and sin.
Colonial chains once bound her name,
Yet her soul burns free, unscarred by shame.
Why do brothers forge bombs to kill,
Silencing kin with death's cold will?

Why does rage in sacred halls ignite,
Echoing grief through endless night?
She stands, a reef in pain's deep sea,
Where peace drowns beneath belief's decree.
No line on maps, no flag's decree,
Can break the love she longs to free.
Her heart, though torn, still dreams of grace,
A world where borders leave no trace.

What if no grief had marred her gaze?
No wars to haunt, no bitter days?
Would roses bloom where borders scar,
And gods walk hand in hand, unmarred?
Would mothers sleep, no fear to bind,
For sons unclaimed by frontier's line?
Would love, unfractured by creed or caste,
Weave memories destined to last?

Imagine a world where swords are spades,
Where pens write peace in bloodless glades.
From Kanyakumari's shores to Kashmir's snow,
Her laughter would in freedom flow.
No cries of rape, no clash of creeds,
But fields of rice and mustard seeds.
In Vrindavan's joy, where Krishna plays,

Her children dance through endless days.

O child of Bharat, earth's own kin,
Recall the soul's worth deep within.
From Gandhi's salt to Tagore's song,
Her spirit calls where we belong.
The Sufi's whirl, the temple's bell,
Kabir's verse, where truths still dwell.
No colonial shadow, no post-war pain,
Can dim her light through monsoon rain.

Let's build an India, a world anew,
Where love is law, and peace is true.
From Delhi's dust to Kerala's green,
Let unity heal where pain has been.
Cast down the sword, embrace the heart,
Let freedom's anthem be love's new start.
For every soul, of every hue,
This song of peace burns bright and true.

Her face, though scarred, still shines divine,
A beacon born of rivers' rhyme.
From Mohenjo-Daro's ancient clay,
To freedom's fight in the modern day,
Her beauty weeps, yet still it sings,
Of love that soars on boundless wings.
O India, rise, with your heart's sweet plea,
For peace, for love, for eternity.

Let this be our anthem, deep and wide,
A river of truth where hearts abide.
Beneath the banyan's timeless shade,
Her soul endures, unscarred, unswayed.
Sing of her grace, through every land,
And hold her close, with heart and hand.
For when the world learns how to see,
Peace shall bloom, no mere poetry.

Ink Soul

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Pain That Will Never Be Forgotten By Ink Soul

Pain that will never be forgotten by Ink Soul

They came with ink, not sword at first,
To brand the race they deemed the worst.
The laws were passed, the stars assigned,
To mark the blood, enslave the mind.

They fenced the Jews in ghettoed walls,
With rationed bread and curfew calls.
Then marched them west in freighted pain,
Where barbed wire sang the devil's name.

At Auschwitz, Birkenau, and Majdanek's flame,
The punishment bore no fixed name.
It lived in tools and death's disguise—
In stinging smoke and muffled cries.

Stripped and shaved, their names erased,
They stood in rows, the chosen replaced.
Tattoos burned numbers on their arms,
Replacing songs with Nazi psalms.

In sealed gas chambers, tight as tomb,
They filled the air with Zyklon B fume.
No oxygen, no time to plea,
Just choking breath in silent spree.

Fake showerheads lined tiled doom,
Where mothers sang their last in gloom.
And when the knock no longer stirred,
They scraped the walls for final word.

In roll calls long in snow and sleet,
They stood for hours on frostbit feet.
Leather whips, with barbed-end claws,
Tore open backs for minor flaws.

One dropped a spoon—twenty lashes burned,
The SS boots with fury turned.

Steel rods, rubber clubs, and rifle stocks,
Would silence cries with brutal knocks.

One slice of bread, a bowl of broth,
To last three days through winter's wrath.
Typhus, dysentery, and lice were bred
Where toilets overflowed with dead.

They worked with bones where flesh had fled,
Then slumped like ghosts among the dead.
The starvation bunkers, dark and dry,
Watched living corpses crawl and die.

In Dachau, men were frozen stiff,
For "aviation science, " bodies sniffed.
They dunked them nude in ice-cold tanks,
Then measured pain in doctor's ranks.

Dr. Rascher, dressed in white,
Studied how long it took for night.
And when the shivers stilled their breath,
He logged the data of their death.

In Ravensbrück, the girls were flayed,
Their bones cut through with surgeon's blade.
Without anesthesia, muscle torn,
To test the wounds the soldiers mourn.

In Auschwitz, Mengele watched the twins—
Injected eyes with dye for sins.
He sewed their backs and swapped their blood,
Then left them twitching in the mud.

They removed uteruses, stitched them wrong,
To end the womb before it songed.
Limbs were amputated, sewn back crude,
Then amputated again for feud.

A child stole bread—he hanged at dawn,
His body limp, his shadow gone.
They forced the others, lined and still,
To watch his swing against his will.

In Ponary, Babyn Yar, in mass pits deep,
They shot the kneeling down like sheep.
Machine guns, pistols, rifles cold,
Turned prayers to echoes, young and old.

They hauled the stones and mined the salt,
And if they stopped, they paid with halt.
The death marches, boots in snow,
Would kill the weak with single blow.

Their backs would break beneath the weight,
Of bricks, of coal, of Nazi hate.
The wheelbarrow punishment—a game,
Where endless loops ensured their shame.

They trained the German Shepherds well,
To rip the flesh and bark in hell.
A girl too slow? The dogs were fed,
While officers laughed near the dead.

They tied the men with cords so tight,
Then whipped their soles with all their might.
Or hung them by one arm till torn,
A method known as strappado's scorn.

They made them dance in naked chain,
To Nazi songs in snow and rain.
They cut their beards and spit on law,
Then wrote on backs with human flaw.

They forced the sons to slap their kin,
Or watch as babies burned within.
The crying priest, the weeping bride,
Were mocked till all their faith had died.

They burned the Torah, broke the ark,
And turned the temple into dark.
Scrolls were ripped, the stars defiled,
The holy tongue became reviled.

They banned the rites, the candle's flame,

Then blamed the dead for Nazi shame.
Yet still they whispered Shema's line,
Through broken teeth and blood like wine.

Six million perished, void of name,
Their ashes rose from chimney flame.
Their shoes remain in glassed display,
As silent witnesses of decay.

So write it down, O world grown blind—
The tools, the whips, the twisted mind.
For if we fail to speak what's true,
Then death may wear clean boots anew.

Ink Soul

Empire By Ink Soul

Empire by Ink Soul

They marched through smoke where children lay,
In Dresden's fire or Guernica's grey.
They called it peace, but death would stay,
As bodies rotted in Biafra's clay.

The Congo screamed with every lash,
As Leopold's men demanded cash.
Ten million gone in brutal flash,
While Europe built its fame from ash.

In Namibia, where skies turned red,
The Herero and Nama bled.
With poisoned wells and cattle dead,
They watched as Germany misled.

In Tasmania's hills, the earth was bare,
The natives gone—no voice, no heir.
The hunters came with guns and glare,
Till not a single soul was there.

In Philippine fields, where rice once grew,
They faced the rule of Spain, then blue.
Balangiga's bells rang sorrow through
The towns where U.S. soldiers slew.

In Haiti, chained in sugar's hold,
The lash was law, their stories sold.
Yet Toussaint's fire refused the cold,
And broke the myth the Frenchmen told.

In Canada, the children cried
In residential schools where dreams had died.
Their braids were cut, their tongues denied,
While priests and teachers shamed with pride.

In India, where Ganges rolled,

They taxed the salt and took the gold.
In Jallianwala, brave and bold,
The bullets fell on young and old.

In Peru, where mountains kiss the sky,
The quipu's cords were cast to die.
The priests brought crosses, scripts, and lie,
And crowned their theft in sacred dye.

In Kenya, in the forest deep,
The Mau Mau's blood began to seep.
In camps of wire and silence steep,
They tortured men till none could sleep.

From Benin's walls, the bronzes shone,
But British ships would claim them 'loan.'
They broke the city, stole the throne,
And shipped the gods like lifeless stone.

In Vietnam, the jungle flamed,
With napalm skies and children maimed.
They said it was to lift the shamed—
But left the land forever maimed.

In South Africa, they drew a line,
Called it apartheid, made it fine.
They caged a race and called it 'mine, '
While profits grew from every mine.

So now they boast the world they 'raised, '
While temples burned and scripts were razed.
But no true light was ever praised
That left the Earth in chains and dazed.

Ink Soul

Love Quest In Days Of Yore By Ink Soul

Title: Love Quest In Days of Yore

Poet: Ink Soul

Email: inksoulword@gmail.com

Written: 2022

Genre: Romantic Poetry

Sub-Genres / Style: Lyric Poetry, Contemporary Romantic, Modern Sonnet

Themes: Love poetry, emotional longing, romantic lyric, timeless devotion, hope and vulnerability

Version 1

Love Quest In Days of Yore
by Ink Soul

In days of yore, a heart consumed,
Through winding roads, love bloomed
Forgive my words, uncertain they may be,
In this life, your love I seek, solely
Don't forget me, dear,
I just want to be yours

Version 2

Love Quest In Days of Yore
by Ink Soul

In days gone by, my heart was filled with hope,
Through winding paths where love began to grow
Forgive my words, though sometimes I can't cope,
In this life, your love is all I know

Please don't forget me, dear, I long to stay,
For in your arms, I find my true delight
A fragile dream that darkness tries to sway,
Yet still I seek your warmth to hold me tight

Through trials faced, let time help us to heal,
For every tear, there's hope that whispers near
In memories shared, our love can be real,
And weave our fates, erasing all our fear

So in this quest, I give my heart to thee,
A timeless love, my only destiny

Ink Soul

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Ink Soul

Bhagavan's Five Elements Of Nature By Ink Soul

Bhagavan's Five Elements of Nature
by Ink Soul

Golden flags rise upon the earth's wide land,
It nourishes life with grains so grand.
The sacred soil stirs at Bhagavan's touch,
And service gives life meaning and much.

In the sky are letters of stars on scroll,
The moon and sun bear His eternal role.
Silent nights bloom with meditative grace,
And in empty space, He fills all place.

The breath of God flows in the moving air,
Hope's melody plays everywhere.
From northern frost to southern blaze,
His unseen play sways nature's ways.

In fire burns the path of deeds,
In penance rises wisdom's seeds.
Sacrifice, yajna, offerings true—
His radiant flame purifies through.

His mercy dwells in cooling streams,
That wash away sorrow, grant peaceful dreams.
From oceans deep to rivers' bend,
His essence flows, where life ascends.

The Lord of Three Worlds, beyond disguise,
Dwells in all—with oneness He ties.
Bhagavan in every element stands,
The soul of creation, in cosmic strands.

Ink Soul

Whispers Of Eternity By Ink Soul

Whispers of Eternity by Ink Soul

What is the body, but sculpted clay's sway,
A vessel of streams where lifeblood's play?
What is the mind, a restless tide's stray,
The brain, a forge where dreams weave their fray?
Aatma, a spark in a hidden bay,
Paramatma, the boundless where truths array—
A waltz of radiance where one joins the ray,
A fleeting glimpse that forever will stay.

What is mortal, stardust's delicate braid,
And God, the pulse in each breath's quiet aid?
Who is the divine, an echo in vast's shade,
And I, a whisper in existence's glade?
A mirror infinite, reflecting my trade,
Yet who am I in His eternal cascade?
A chord that hums through life's mystic blade,
A secret cradled in wings' tender shade.

What is living, but a breath's swift glow,
A candle flickering in night's cosmic show?
It bends, it twists, in a soft, winding flow,
A tale no soul can fully know.
What is the cosmos, creation's grand sea,
Each tear an ocean, each star a bright glee?
A stage where galaxies spin and flee,
Alive in the wink of a heart's wide spree.

What is birth, but dawn's misty bloom,
And death, a ship on a silent gloom?
They mark the portals where souls slip through,
A cycle ancient, yet fresh as dew.
What is nature, but wind's sacred tune,
Elements chanting in a wild, fervent rune?
Earth, flame, tide, breeze in a dance so true,
A script divine, untamed, in its hue.

What is karma, but deeds' distant wave,

And dharma, the path where truth's blossoms pave?
Each act a ripple, far-reaching, brave,
Each choice a current where hearts hold the stave.
What is bhram, the fog that clouds the dawn,
And ego, the mask that pulls us withdrawn?
They shroud the clarity, blur the true lawn,
Yet radiance dawns where illusions are gone.

What are chains, but fear's fleeting snare,
And freedom, wings when love lights the air?
Salvation blooms where hearts align, fair,
A peace past time in eternity's prayer.
What are Vedas, scrolls in their sacred lore,
Upanishads, Gospel, Qur'an's holy core?
They're truths in tongues, in a glowing store,
A hymn of devotion through the spirit's door.

What is learning, but sparks in night's gloom,
Wisdom, the glow we chase to consume?
Judgment weighs, insight finds its room,
Analysis carves through life's mystic plume.
Consciousness flows where minds abide, yay,
Experience inks the tide's deep display—
Each moment builds the heart's clear say,
Each truth reshapes us in a tender way.

Yet still, beneath the stars' gentle beam,
A question lingers where hearts softly dream—
Why does the soul in silent stream,
Seek answers in the night's boundless scheme?
No scroll, no sage, can wholly redeem,
The ache that stirs in our spirit's theme.
This call, both vast and small, holds its gleam,
Binds us as one in a sacred dream.

So let us stand, hand clasped in the light,
In silence's song where dawn's hopes ignite,
Where start and end, like lovers, unite,
A wonder's hush that completes our flight.
May this verse linger, like dawn's soft sight,
Like light unfolding from night's dim plight—
For you, dear core, are flame and might,

Forever cherished in eternity's light.

Beneath the flesh, a vessel's soft hum,
Body weaves through time's endless sum—
Mind, a stream where memories drum,
Brain, the loom where visions become.
Aatma glows, a hidden light's strum,
Paramatma shines where shadows succumb—
A dance of brilliance where one meets One,
An embrace begun, yet never outdone.

A mortal breathes in awe and dismay,
Stardust sculpted in love's gentle way,
While God is the pause in each sigh's soft spray—
A presence that hears without need to weigh.
I am the quest, the hymn, the plea's play,
A ripple yearning for unity's bay,
Yet in the glass of the core's bright stay,
I'm wanderer and shrine in one ray.

Life flickers—dawn in the heart's bright spark,
Healing what sorrow seeks in the dark.
A flame burns, shadows twist and arc;
The tale unwritten fills each new mark.
The world's a weave of tears' tender lark,
The cosmos—music in spheres' grand arc;
We're galaxies spinning in a silent park,
Threads spun from mystery, time's bright bark.

Birth is dawn's glow through mist's soft veil,
Death, the gate all must gently sail.
Both are shores on a timeless trail,
Two beats of devotion in eternity's tale.
Nature's hymn is woven in green's bright scale,
Elements whisper what eyes can't unveil:
Flame, tide, breeze, stone in a sacred gale—
Each a soft note in life's grand kale.

Karma: the seeds my core will sow,
Dharma: the compass truth's blossoms show;
Each step, a prayer in the heart's quiet glow,
Each deed a thread in life's grand tableau.

Bhram clouds the core with illusion's haze,
Ego pulls the soul from truth's clear blaze,
Yet past the mist, in clarity's rays,
We see ourselves in each other's maze.

Chains are shadows on sands that fade,
Freedom: the wish to know and evade.
Salvation breathes where belonging's made,
A peace where fear and hope gently wade.
Vedas, scriptures in their sacred grade,
Echoes longing to guide our crusade.
Each text, a star in night's vast parade,
Leads wandering souls to their home's bright glade.

Learning: the lantern on life's dark road,
Wisdom: the glow that clears our load;
Judgment tempers, insight lights the code,
Analysis sharpens the mind's keen goad.
Consciousness holds where minds softly roam,
Experience inks wisdom's tender loam—
Each moment carves the heart's clear dome,
Each truth remolds us in a sacred home.

Yet still, as stars in silence shine,
A query burns where hearts align:
What pulls the soul in its quiet design,
Seeking light in the night's vast shrine?
No sage, no verse, can fully divine,
The longing woven in our spirit's line.
It's love—a call both vast and fine,
The flame that frees, yet holds us, divine.

May its echo shine, ever bright, yay,
In each heart's silent, endless day.
For as long as queries ride the air's way,
We find each other in love's bright stay.

In creation's cradle, a whisper's soft stream,
The body: clay shaped where storms gently gleam.
Mind, a flow chasing light's bright theme;
Brain, the forge of visions' fleeting dream.
Aatma flickers—a spark in night's beam,

Paramatma's breath in the sea's vast scheme—
A longing sky in the core's quiet seam.

I walk as mortal, stardust's bright thread,
Yet in the pause where heartbeats are led,
Something bends—a sacred, wordless creed—
God: no form, just "Who am I?"'s need.
A mirror spilling dawn's gentle deed.

Life hums a hymn where wonder's the key,
Grief and joy blend in chords roaming free.
A path through realms where visions agree—
Each tear a sea, each star a bright lea,
The cosmos winks in a sigh's soft decree.

Birth paints gold on mist's tender sheen,
A note on strings that time keeps clean.
Death—a friend who draws the veil's soft screen,
A rest before dawn's renewing scene.

Nature writes in green's radiant hue,
In grain, in rain, in life's wild crew.
Elements dance with a grace ever true—
Stone, wind, flame, tide in a sacred brew—
A song unmeasured, holy, anew.

Karma, the echo my deeds gently weave,
Dharma, the guide truth's blossoms achieve.
One asks, one leads—in their whispered leave,
I dwell beneath a sky's open sleeve.

Bhram is fog on the core's quiet shore,
Ego: the mask that names me no more.
Yet past illusion, in truth's clear lore,
We're one in the light's eternal store.

Chains build walls in sands that erode,
Freedom soars where love's light is bestowed.
Salvation breathes where belonging's abode—
Letting go becomes home's bright road.

Vedas, Qur'an, Gospel's sacred scroll,

Voices like candles in night's gentle toll.
Each text an echo of longing's bright soul,
Not to part, but to call us whole.

Learning sows seeds in the mind's dark trail,
Wisdom glows where doubts gently fail.
Judgment leans, insight lights the sail,
Analysis cuts through life's mystic veil.
Consciousness flows where minds softly blend,
Experience inks wisdom's gentle mend—
Each moment shapes the heart's clear end,
Each truth remolds us in a sacred trend.

Let 'us' stand where lovers' endings meet,
In twilight's hush where silence is sweet.
Let quiet sing what words can't complete,
The soul's soft fold in mystery's seat.
For as stars burn in their silent feat,
One query calls through eternity's beat:
What seeks the soul in its gentle retreat?
What voice hums in each prayer's soft heat?

Not answers, but longing's bright aim—
Is where infinity lights our flame.

Ink Soul

Eternal Pulse Of Creation By Ink Soul

Eternal Pulse of Creation by Ink Soul

G is the Generator, Brahma's radiant hand,
Crafting galaxies from dust and sand.
O is the Operator, Vishnu's wise decree,
Guiding all beings with balance and harmony.
D is the Destroyer, Shiva's fearsome trance,
Dissolving illusion through his cosmic dance.

Yet beyond roles that gods embrace,
Bhagavan dwells in every space:
Not just divine above the skies,
But in the core where nature lies.

Bh — Bhumi, earth's nurturing bed,
Cradling seeds where life is fed.
Ga — Gagan, the sky, endless and blue,
Where birds and dreams together flew.
Ba — Bayu, soft breath in the trees,
Whispers moving through morning breeze.
A — Agni, flame of sacred rite,
Igniting truth in the heart's twilight.
N — Neer, water's healing tide,
Flowing with grace, a soul's guide.

Through these five, the Essence we see—
Bhagavan present in simplicity.
He isn't just in distant lore,
But dances in the rivers' roar.

Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva—eternal triad,
From birth to breath to silence clad.
Their powers vast, yet ever pure,
A rhythm ancient, strong, and sure.

And all the Devas stand in praise:
Indra's thunder, Vayu's airy ways,
Agni's fire, surging bright,
Each serves the Supreme's light.

For G.O.D is not a name alone,
But the cycle that all realms own.
In earth and sky, in wind and sea,
One truth resounds: divinity.

Ink Soul

Eternal Beauty By Ink Soul

In dusk's embrace, where Yamuna gleams,
A moonlike face outshines all dreams.
Blue as rainclouds—soft, serene,
A glow divine, eternally seen.

Eyes like lotuses, gentle and wide,
Oceans of love where the cosmos hides.
They wander not—they draw all near,
Dissolving doubt, dissolving fear.

His smile, a nectar none can frame,
Outshining pearls, igniting flame.
A tilt of brow, like dancing bees,
Graces His face with celestial ease.

Cheeks that blush with earrings' light,
Dazzle the skies, enchant the night.
Gunja beads and peacock plume—
His beauty renders hearts in bloom.

Even sages, lost in trance,
Long for another fleeting glance.
And blinking eyes, though bound by grace,
Curse their lids for veiling His face.

O Krishna, Lord of timeless hue,
Let every breath be filled with You.
One glimpse alone—no prayer remains,
Only surrender in love's sweet chains.

Ink Soul

Mindset By Ink Soul

Mindset By Ink Soul

'We must at present do our best to form a class who may be interpreters between us and the millions whom we govern; a class of persons Indian in blood and colour, but English in tastes, in opinions, in morals, and in intellect.'
— Lord Macaulay, 1835

We were not waiting to be shaped or schooled,
Our embers glowed where ancient wisdom ruled.
Our myths were sung where sages' voices swirled,
Our roots ran deep, our minds a radiant world.

They came not first with steel or blazing pyre,
But with a tongue that kindled shame's quiet fire.
In learning's guise, they carved a foreign claim,
And bound the soul to wear an alien name.

A voice was taught—not to feel, but to bend,
To nod, obey, and let the spirit rend.
'Yes, Sir, ' they urged, and sealed the heart's descent,
While sacred tongues were hushed in silent lament.

The temples sighed, the oceans bore their grief,
As foreign books were stacked to choke belief.
Our centuries sank in shadows cold and deep,
Where native songs were lulled to endless sleep.

Beneath the banyan's ancient, whispered shade,
Where native chants in sacred chorus played,
A shadow fell, a foreign voice arose,
To chain the heart where freedom's river flows.

From clover isles where shamrocks kissed the morn,
To sunlit plains where baobab trees were born,
They came with scroll and saber's cruel command,
Their language crowned, our voices banned.

By Nile's soft grace, where pharaohs' words once soared,

Their tongue was lost to dust, its soul ignored.
In jungles dense where Taino prayers took flight,
The Arawak's sweet songs were drowned in night.

In snow-clad peaks where Buddhist chants would rise,
Through Ganges' vales where Sanskrit truths abide,
The Pali hymns, the Vedas' sacred lore,
Were silenced by the hymns invaders bore.

The Zulu's fire, where warriors danced in pride,
The Maori's haka, fierce with freedom's stride,
Were bound by grammar's cold, unyielding hand,
A lexicon of power across the land.

In Bengal's heart, where Tagore's verses bloomed,
In Haiti's fields, where liberty resumed,
The colonizer's lash, their tongue, did flay,
To make us strangers in our own birthday.

In Jallianwala, blood soaked sacred dust,
A thousand hearts betrayed a broken trust.
Tagore, in grief, returned their hollow crown,
His poet's voice unbowed, his truth renowned.

The Taj still weeps with marble's silent tears,
Angkor's spires mourn the weight of stolen years.
Great Zimbabwe's stones, in quiet sorrow, sigh,
For Shona tales that empire forced to die.

Machu Picchu, veiled in misty air,
Hears Quechua's loss in songs no longer there.
The Ashanti's gold, once gleaming in the sun,
Was weighed in words where kente webs were spun.

From Congo's heart to Java's emerald shore,
Our mother tongues were branded as no more.
Yet every silenced word became a seed,
To bloom in time through sovereign voice and creed.

'We'll raise a class, ' the lord with coldness said,
'With native skin, but minds to us they'll wed

Indian in blood, yet English in their core, '
Macaulay's chain to bind forevermore.

But who were you, with ships and musket's gleam,
To deem our words unfit, to crush our dream?
Our Vedas sang before your steeples stood,
Our griots wove what Oxford never could.

Why civilize a soul already whole?
Our scribes carved truths on Indus' ancient scroll.
In Gaelic glens, where harps of freedom strummed,
In Aztec lands, where sacred drums once hummed,
You burned the roots and named it liberty,
Yet our old songs still rise defiantly.

The Sepoy's rage, the Mau Mau's rebel cry,
The Amistad's chains beneath a starlit sky,
Toussaint's resolve, unyielding, fierce, and bright,
Their spirits sing where silenced tongues take flight.

Yet still we rise, though scars of words remain,
Our voices swell like rivers after rain.
From Soweto's drum to Kingston's vibrant beat,
We dance once more with native, sovereign feet.

Oh, colonizer, hear this heart's decree:
Your tongue may rule, but it will not rule me.
Your empires fade, your monuments decay,
While our old songs reclaim their rightful way.

We had taste before your feasts were spread,
Morals before your sermons stained us red.
Thought before your ink could dare to reign—
So why must we still bear your chain?

The conqueror's word, like storms on salted plains,
Slipped through our gates to bind the mind in chains.
It cloaked the domes, renamed our sacred halls,
And drowned the chants our ancient spirit calls.

Bronze bells and scrolls were traded for your creeds,
Our poems lost in rain-worn, bleeding needs.

The statues stand, their stories forced to fade,
Beneath the weight of foreign tongues' crusade.

You whispered, 'We shall craft a race anew,
With native blood, but thoughts that bend to you.'
Yet never saw the stars our scribes had mapped,
The truths we held, in sacred verse enwrapped.

Why trade my mother's song for your refrain?
Why kneel to gods when mine were never slain?
We built our libraries, our drums called rain,
Yet you burned all to fuel your cold campaign.

In cities bright where spice and silk entwine,
Where torchlight gleams on rivers' sacred shine,
Our hearts once danced to ragas' ancient art,
Now forced to rhyme in your unyielding chart.

But history turns, like rivers carving stone,
Your rule now fades, its echo overthrown.
From ruins rise the voices you denied,
In every tongue your laws once set aside.

The Taj, the Nile, the Andes' timeless sway,
The Tymbuktu scrolls burned in your dismay

Their truths endure, though empires turn to dust,
Our native spray reclaims what you betrayed in trust.

We write, we sing, we speak with fearless flame,
In every dialect you branded with shame.
Your world of looted stone begins to fray,
And truth returns in native, sovereign spray.

Ink Soul

Ode To The Enemy By Ink Soul

Ode to the Enemy by Ink Soul

The real enemy hides in what we say,
It grows inside us, day by day.
It turns our hearts to shades of grey,
And steals our inner peace away.
So let us cast that dark away,
And call the light to lead our way.

Deep inside, they like to stay—
Anger, Pride, and Greed hold sway.
Attachment clings, Hate leads astray,
These hidden foes can cloud your day.

Anger burns like fire's ray,
It blinds the heart, it blocks the way.
Let it go—don't let it stay,
Choose calm and peace, don't let it sway.

Pride stands tall and will not play,
It shuts the heart, keeps love at bay.
But humble hearts will never fray—
In kindness, strength will never sway.

Greed will grab and never pay,
It drains your soul, it makes you stray.
But share with joy, don't lose your way—
A giving heart will light your way.

Attachment holds and begs delay,
It traps your wings, won't let you sway.
But let it go, be light as clay,
And peace will gently come to stay.

Hate is cold and dull as clay,
It darkens skies, turns bright to grey.
But love can drive that dark away—
A heart that sings will never sway.

Anger eats the heart away,
It makes the light and joy decay.
Pride will push your soul astray,
It blinds the truth, won't let you pray.

Greed will steal your smile away,
It paints your dreams in shades of grey.
Attachment makes your spirit sway,
It holds you back when skies turn May.

Hate will make your hope decay,
It cuts the light and dims the day.
So look within, begin to pray—
Let kindness rise and lead the way.

Inside my heart, I find the way,
Though anger comes to make me stray.
Though pride may call and greed may say,
'Take more, want more, don't walk away.'

Attachment ties, but I won't stay,
Hate may knock, but I won't sway.
If I let go, then peace will stay—
A gentle soul, bright as May.

Ink Soul

Tears Of The Soul By Ink Soul

Title: Tears of the Soul

Poet: Ink Soul

Written: 2022

Genre: Emotive and Existential Poetry

Sub-Genres / Style: Lyric Poetry, Modern Sonnet, Inner Reflection

Themes: Emotional grief, broken dreams, spiritual longing, inner strength, sorrow and renewal, healing through suffering

Tears of the Soul by Ink Soul

Version 1

Tears of the Soul

by Ink Soul

Tears fall like autumn's relentless rain,
Washing away joy, leaving only pain,
My soul weeps for what could never be,
A grief so profound, it echoes in me

Version 2

Tears of the Soul

by Ink Soul

My tears fall down like autumn's endless rain,
They wash away the joy I used to know
Each drop a symbol of my deepened pain,
A soul laid bare, where only shadows grow

For what could be remains a distant dream,
A grief that deepens with each passing day
In darkness cast, I feel the sorrow's beam,
A hollow echo where my hopes decay

Yet still, my heart, though bruised, longs for the light,

To rise above the sorrow's heavy hold
With every tear, I struggle through the night,
A weary soul that seeks love's warmth and gold

And though the road is filled with endless strife,
I seek redemption in the tears of life

Ink Soul