

Poetry Series

# Kalen Paron

## - poems -



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## Kalen Paron()

From the valleys of Upper Siang I rise,  
A poet shaped by mountains and skies.  
Where rivers sing and forests breathe,  
My verses grow like silent wreaths.

I write of love, of time, of pain,  
Of fleeting youth and life's sweet gain.  
In every line my homeland stays,  
A voice of hills, of timeless ways.



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## «the Whisper Of Alu Yorbe & Dirang Mountain»

Where the clouds kiss Dirang's proud brow,  
And the winds through Alu Yorbe bow,  
Two hearts once met by secret streams,  
In a land older than dreams.

The sky wore blue like a bridal veil,  
Above green hills and shadowed trail.  
Geku sang from the eastern rise,  
While Damro danced under twilight skies.

Between their worlds, the mountains lay—  
A sacred path where spirits stray.  
And there they met, both brave and true,  
As wild as wind, as morning dew.

The mithuns watched with solemn eyes,  
Their hooves like drums beneath the skies.  
They roamed the hills, the forest deep,  
Where tribal tales are still asleep.

Legends say the stars stood still  
As love bloomed bright on that silent hill.  
Not even time could turn away  
The vow they made that starlit day.

Now when the clouds begin to weep,  
And mist wraps Dirang's towering steep,  
Their whispers ride the mountain air,  
Two souls in love still lingering there.

So if you walk where rivers bend,  
And feel a chill the trees may send—  
It's not the wind, but hearts unseen  
Still holding hands where love has been.

—Kalen Paron alias Zohin Hinlen

Kalen Paron

# ?? 'ane Siang Will Not Be Silenced' ??

(A poem of protest and protection)

They call her water —  
We call her Mother.  
She is not just a river,  
But the very soul of our people.

Ane Siang flows from the ancient hills,  
Where spirits speak and the forest breathes.  
She nourishes our fields, our forests, our flesh,  
And carries the songs of our ancestors in every ripple.

But now —  
Machines roar where birds once sang,  
Maps are drawn by those  
Who have never set foot on her banks.

They talk of power.  
We speak of life.  
They see profit.  
We feel pain.

They sign MoUs in secret halls,  
But never ask the children of the river.  
They try to dam her heart,  
As if rivers were meant to be ruled.

But Ane Siang is not just water to bottle.  
She is memory.  
She is heritage.  
She is bloodline.

We, the warriors of the Siang Basin,  
Will not kneel.  
We will stand like the old mithuns in the forest —  
Proud, calm, unmoved by force.

We will sing her song louder.  
We will beat our drums harder.

We will write poems on every stone  
That says: 'Let the river live free.'

You may build your dam —  
But beware:  
You cannot dam our spirit.  
You cannot silence Ane Siang.

Because as long as she flows,  
We will rise.  
~~~Kalen Paron Alias Zohin Hinlen

Kalen Paron