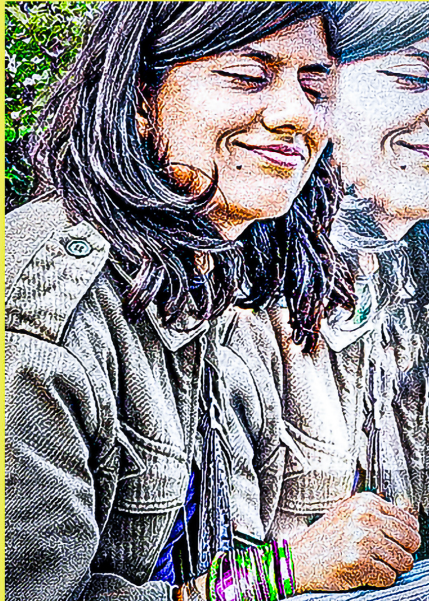


Dreamer



Sain Sucha

Dreamer

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Dedication

Sollentuna Writers Association
that, in the last twenty-six years,
has continuously given me support,
stimulation
and moments of laughter

Dreamer

Sain Sucha

English poems



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CONTENTS

No	Title	Page number
	Preface	13
1	My Wish	14
2	Hope	15
3	The Dark Source of Light	22
4	Vessels for Light	23
5	Evolution	24
6	Dreamer	25
7	Don't be Afraid of the Darkness	26
8	An Honest Request	28
9	Reformation	31
10	Oneness	31
11	My lines	31
12	Just Let the Grip Go	32
13	Contribution	33
14	Congeniality	34
15	Truth	35
16	Ecstasy	38
17	The Chill	40
18	Metamorphosis	42
19	In the Hall of Mirrors	44

CONTENTS

No.	Title	Page number
20	Human Dilemma I	46
21	Human Dilemma II	46
22	Human Dilemma III	46
23	Important Events and Simple Words	47
24	The God in My House	48
25	Either Way	50
26	Loneliness	53
27	Why Did You	55
28	Time's Hands	55
29	Generations After Generations	56
30	Healing the Divided Self	58
31	Thanks for Joining the Ride	59
32	Did I Board the Wrong Train	61
33	Elegy	63
34	Two Realities in a Dream	65
35	Now	67
36	The Annual Spectacle	69
37	My Winter Pal with the Summer Smile	70
38	Three Haiku poems	71
39	For One Who Rejected Life I	72
40	For One Who Rejected Life II	73

CONTENTS

No.	Title	Page number
41	New Year's Cocktail	74
42	To New Year	75
43	The First Day of May	76
44	I Know Who You Are	78
45	Contrasts	81
46	The Wordist	83
47	Predicament	84
48	Cognizance	84
49	Snow	85
50	Where the Fleeing Time Stands Still	86
51	The Magical Baltic Sea	87
52	The Black Cat	88
53	Don't Be a Hero	89
54	The Ocean in My Glass	90
55	Treasures in My glass	90
56	Friends, Not Foes	90
57	Writer's Tears	91
58	Merriment	92
59	Summer	93

CONTENTS

No.	Title	Page number
60	Deaf	94
61	Live	94
62	The Verse	94
63	Teach Me How	95
64	Dance 1	97
65	Dance 2	97
66	Dance 3	97
67	Basics and Continuity	98
68	Advice	99
69	In Praise of Shit	100
70	But Why	101
71	From a Father to His Daughter	102
72	Bisakhi	104
73	Tears and Tears	105
74	Just a Thought	106
75	Simple Talk	107
76	Friendship	108
77	Alternative God	109
78	If Only	110
79	Observation and Advice	111

CONTENTS

No.	Title	Page number
80	Fascination and Love	113
81	Life Train, Life Mates	114
82	Rebellion	116
83	Privilege	117
84	Wake up	118
85	The Balance	119
86	Lahories; Appearance and Reality; Past, Future and Present	120
87	The Difference; Open and closed; Hypocrites; Just Once More	121
88	On the Banks of Stream of Love	122
89	On the Very Edge of Existence	123
90	Among the Sinners	124
91	What is This	125
92	A summary	126
93	UNbrella	130
94	Existence	132
95	Debt Collection	133

Preface

This is a selection of my poems that I have written, so far, in English, Swedish, Urdu and Punjabi.

I have been asked about the language that I think in. I wish I knew that. Like my dreams, I believe, it depends upon who am I communicating with – I use the language that is understandable by the person who is there when I dream or write.

The situation is like this – my mother language is Urdu; my emotional language is Punjabi; my educational language was English and for the last fifty years I spend my days speaking mostly Swedish.

Similarly, I have read my poetry and prose in English, Urdu, Punjabi and Swedish – each with his own particular form, expression, vocabulary and temperament.

So, who am I? A cocktail, I think. You would not know what the cocktail is made of; but hopefully, it tastes good!

Same is true for my writing. I have read since I was five years old; and, I have read from all possible sources. If I have learnt anything; that is for you to decide, but here I share with my readers what I think.

This book, with some changes, is also released in Punjabi–English; Punjabi–Urdu; Urdu–English; Swedish–English, and then in Swedish, Urdu and Punjabi Sain Sucha. March, 2022

My Wish

Everyday, I wish to see tears in your eyes –
Tears of joy!

Hope

I

"Wake up... wake up!"

He turned his head
And there it sat,
Outside his window,
The black myna bird

"Why are you whispering,
And why are you so hoarse?"
Asked Suez,
The old farmer.

"Stupid was I
Who flew over the city
Instead of flying around it;
And now I cannot sing!"

"What do you want?"
The old man heard the anxiety
In the bird's voice
And enquired about it.

The myna replied:
"I have come the long way
Because you are a true son of the Earth;
I believe you would understand me!"

"Just tell me,
What's in your heart?"

II

"Our Mother Earth feels sick!
Her children torment her
With gruesome games;
Her skin is torn asunder by tanks,
Dynamite inflicts burning sores on her body,
Toxic chemicals run through her veins,
And lethal gases fill her lungs –
She suffers from shivers, cough and fever.

Do you remember how last Christmas
She suffered from severe stomach-ache,
Her whole inner being shook with convulsions,
And she threw up a violent wave of her fluids –
A tsunami that drowned all far and near

And do you recall how a few weeks later on
She got palpitation and breathed so heavily
Exhaling a wind storm that violently
Fell haughty pines and majestic firs?

And haven't you heard either
About her rising fever
That is causing flood in the oceans
When the snow melts from her breasts?

The bird paused, and then added:
"Earth, our mother, needs us now!
We must hurry to help her.
We must stand by Mother Earth!"

III

"What can I do?

An old man am I
Far away from all,
Neither strong nor rich,
Without influence or authority.
I own a little land,
A flock of sheep, and my ram Sathi,
Imdad, my dear wife
And my daughter Arodnap;
Haven't you flown into the wrong direction?"

"No, it is you that I seek!
It is you who have the daring ram
And the golden girl.
One fears no hurdle
And the other knows no evil,
Together they make an invincible pair –
And it is for their sake I have come here!"

The old man shook his head:
"It's true that my ram is strong and brave,
And my daughter is chaste,
But what service could they perform
That Mother Earth would heal?"

"Unseen should they enter
The well-guarded citadel of gods,
On the other side of the rainbow,
And open the Pandora's Box."

"Open the Pandora's Box!"

Horrified, yelled the old man.

"Doesn't it suffice with all the misery that already
abounds,

Must you release more evil?"

"No, all the miseries are already running loose,

Only Hope had stayed behind,

But it did not stay there of her own accord –

It was confined there by hideous forces.

And we have lived for age

In darkness, without hope.

And now Hope must be set free

If we are to regain a trustworthy belief."

But the farmer cried again:

"A belief? And what purpose a belief would serve?

It is just the beliefs held by various people

That spread suffering and sorrow in the world!

In the name of religion ravage

One race members of another."

"Not that kind of belief, Dear Sir "

Said the bird,

"No, not that kind!

That kind of belief is borne by the people

Who are either blinded by their arrogant pride

Or suffer from grave destitution.

That kind of belief is devoid of knowledge,

And it merely leads to dark thoughts

Or, certain individual without any hope,

After being misled by others

Who use false divine references for their own
purpose,
Are led to kill harmless people
By self-annihilation combined with murder. "

IV

"No, the belief that arises with Hope,
And in due time matures into knowledge,
Supported by facts and reason;
That belief shows us the path to enlightenment.

That's why we must liberate Hope!
With hope in every heart,
Sound beliefs in our mind
And knowledge as our goal
We would tame the wicked forces.

First, when no one mobs another
Because one is a man, woman, bird or fish;
White, pale, brown or black;
Jew, Christian, Muslim or Hindu;
Asian, African, European or American;
But accept all as our fellow-beings,
Then could we endeavour to retrieve
Mother Earth's lost honour and grace.

And together could we
Reclaim Her devastated gardens,
Cleanse her poisoned soil,
Get rid of the toxic gases;

Only then, when She feels restored,
Our Mother Earth perhaps anew
Open her arms and give us the sanctuary
And the love that we have lost
Because of our misdeeds!"

V

The old farmer objected:
"But the citadel of the gods
Lies beyond the rainbow!
How could Sathi and Arodnap
Reach those grounds?"
"Yes! I would be their guide,
And with my song I would plead their case;
With Sathi's bold climb
And Arodnap's innocence
Every place is within their reach.
When the gods hear about
The suffering of Mother Earth
Surely they would set Hope free!

The old farmer closed his eyes,
Inhaled deep and said:
"Go ahead and take my beloved daughter,
And take my wondrous ram,
Because I hear the truth in your voice!
May you reach the citadel you just named,
And Hope be your travelling companion
On your way home! Go now
Before it gets too late!"

VI

Thereupon slept the old farmer
A deep and tranquil sleep;
Not the sleep of a man
Who had sent away his daughter and his ram;
No, but the sleep of a Mother Earth's child
Who had served his mother well!

VII

He was awoken from his deep sleep
When he heard his wife call:
“Wake up... wake up!”

“Why are you yelling,
and why are you so hoarse?”
Asked the old man.

He heard his wife speak anxiously:
“Barn's gates are wide open
And Sathi is not there,
Arodnep's window is also open
But she lies not in her bed!”

The old man smiled and said in a steady tone:
“Fear not, my dear Imdad,
I know where they have gone,
And before the night falls
They would come home with Hope.”

Even if his wife did not grasp anything
Of what he said, she heard the belief in his voice
And saw the lustre in his eyes. She smiled too and
looked out Of the window – filled with hope!

The Dark Source of Light

Far away

Beyond the visible stars

Exists

non-being alongside being

anti-matter changing into matter

and vice versa.

There

Our mighty Sun

that helps grow all that lives on Earth

Trembles like a timid glow worm

in the presence of far mightier luminescent

bodies.

Over there

The great chasm of black hole

swallows all that comes in its range

Accumulating and compressing it

so tight that it no longer can hold its energy

and it explodes again with a bang

creating new beings out of an apparent nothing

That is the cosmic cycle of life and death.

That is where Darkness gives birth to Light!

Vessels for Light

That is the way it has to be –
We becoming the vessels for light

From hand to hand
Mouth to mouth
Mind to mind

Riding the photon boats
Swirling around on gravity waves
Using light's every manifestation
From a tiny lamp that illuminates a cottage
To the laser beam that kills all cancerous cells
Cells of gross ignorance
Cells of suffocating tyranny
Cells of dictatorial clergy
Cells of physical ailments

Someday, sometime we shall enter
The realm of human affection
That is free from the gloom of
Hate, suspicion, egoism and self-deceit
Where self-awareness and mutual respect
Form that basic core of our co-existence

But
First, we must become
Vessels for light
After cleansing ourselves from all dark thoughts

Evolution

Take some cells from your grey matter
Tinge them with various hues of your psyche
Splash them on some unstained sheath of paper
And then slowly
Pixel to pixel
Grain to grain
Spot by spot
Work on them to raise shapes
And imbed in them
Meanings that reach another mind

That is evolution –
Thoughts in your mind
Metamorphosing into signs
And then re-emerging as
Multiple images in other minds
 causing awe, rage, confusion, or solace
But
 making them think, ponder, react
And also
 progress

