

Poetry Series

Romy Sunkar
- poems -

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Romy Sunkar()

Rohingya..! Ran.. Drifting Ocean Cruising The Continent

In this blessed month filled
I'll tell it to you
A heart-wrenching story of grief
Of a beautiful country
Elegant eye can see

Like a pearl is hidden
Overlay broad like unto an emerald equator
No less beautiful our Earth Malaysia
I call him his name Myanmar.

There's the land of a people who were injured
Crying... groan... glazed wounds bleed
Oppressed, alienated outcast buried without a name
Colonized in a power
Democracy brutality.

World Rohingya call...
Arakan where they take shelter..
When are the Islamic government to bring peace and blessings

But since the land snatched colonial nation-evil
Dominated by sadistic ruler Ne Win named
Execute the operation is the Dragon King

The blood continues to flow without screaming..
Cleared away one by one life finished
Not a second time....
Even many centuries...
Children, adults, people do able to girls and women
Raped without crying again
Slaughtered like animals game
Shot, captured even burned

I do not know what sin odd

Perhaps because of the faith beloved I again greeted

Rohingya... oppressed people
Massacred by the military junta
Tortured another soulless
Screaming sorrow in the world
Running, continental drift to explore the ocean
In order to secure a life and faith.

Where A Aung San Suu Kyi
when asked about Rohingya,
say indifferent, I do not know. - he said,
A Myanmar democracy fighter winning the Nobel
addressing fatigue did not dare submit that hurt democracy

My eyes open world leader
Do not you see crying human blood
Open your ears, head and heart
Shouted the tragic life of humanity
Hundreds of thousands of lives were lost
Why do you clam up like a loser
Where the voice of democracy...!
Where the flag of jihad...!
Where... where are you..!

I am ashamed... in a herd of lions take care of each other..
Give whole-hearted sacrifice

I am ashamed... the human herd in the state of Syria there..
In the midst of suffering is sincerely shared

I salute... in a flock of people in the land of Egypt there
Amid mutual struggle hand in hand.

So.. where we...
when people catch stretch the hands of religion.
Let us ask our conscience knocks..

For our beloved Muslim Rohingya.
Also Islam and justice that we are striving for...

Romy Sunkar