

Poetry Series

Aung Zayar Paing
- poems -

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Aung Zayar Paing()

Dé-Jà Vu

A single spark can burn the whole palace.
This evening is burning, I say.
When I hear the songs from the past,
The pain from the past wakes my nostalgia.

I suppose everything's in its right place like radiohead said.
But I think they overlooked me.
I murmured 'coz I'm in pain.
I yelled in the field s i l e n t l y.

I hope you all forgave me for what I am.
I'm stubborn, lonely and weird.
I am kind of primitive when I'm in agony.

Alone I say these words to nobody.
Nobody including you.

Aung Zayar Paing

HELLO

Everybody here is unknown to me.
Nobody here is the one without worries.

Everybody here rarely hears my voice.
Nobody here senses my pain.

Everybody here got anything they want.
Nobody here wants to forget their childhood times.

Everybody here never makes oneself painful.
Nobody here can feel the pulse of evil.

Everybody here follow the way they want.
Nobody here ever digs own wounds.

Everybody here wants everything.
Nobody here releases his/her thoughts.

Everybody here thinks I am a fool.
Nobody here writes the awkward poem like this.

Everybody here is the one who can admire oneself.
Nobody here ever thinks I am a dangerous person.

Everybody here is a mortal being.
Nobody here ever knows I am the man who hides his frozen tears.

Aung Zayar Paing

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Just

What do you want to do with me?

I'm just an weird person.

I'm just a blind man. (As Buddha said)

I'm just a man who can ignore some things I can help.

What do you want from me?

I'm just a crazy man writing odd poems.

I'm just a flying eagle with bleeding wings.

I'm just a silent violin not being spoken for years.

How can you help me?

I'm just a man with frozen tears in my heart. (No one sees these.)

I'm just a dead man with a beating heart.

I'm just a man who is always ready to suffer.

How can you know me?

I'm just a pebble in the stream.

I'm just a grain of sand on the beach.

I'm just a man being alone with everybody.

Aung Zayar Paing

Untitled

Let's say we'll die tomorrow
Let's say I am a bad doctor
Let's say you're the one I love
Let's say we're alone all together
Let's say I were a millionaire
Let's say I lost my way
Let's say something'll kill us all
Let's say everything we see is a lie
Let's say the words can't express our feelings
Let's say all you need is zero
Let's say I don't hate you anymore
Let's say the storm is coming
Let's say we overlooked the pot of gold
Let's say you don't know me
Let's say John Berryman is a fool
Let's say I have no friends
Let's say our souls will be free
Let's say I am not a poet
Let's say what I am writing is not a poem
Let's say you haven't read the lines above

Aung Zayar Paing

Without You

How can I sing love songs without you?
How can I sing tragic songs without you?
All the settings of this evening reflect you.
All...
When I walk along the lane,
My hand feels the absence of yours.
Where are you going, my dear?
(And where am I going?)
Your false love for me left something in my heart.
My love also isn't sure to be with you.
All I have now are pain, numbness and spaces
Made by me, you and us.
How can I continue this poem without you?

Aung Zayar Paing