

Poetry Series

**John Collins**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2018

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

# John Collins(October 11,1992)

# 2018 - A New Year

2018 — A New Year

© John

As we expected, a new year has come,  
Along with happiness to every home;  
Have we vacated the place of the past?  
For this new year, too, won't long last.  
Moreover, have we learned the lessons,  
To fix wrong; to act corrective actions?

Wishing for a new year will do nothing,  
We need to change the arts of working;  
Having several dreams with no valour,  
Is good for nothing, but a sign of failure.  
We must be industrious, still and brave,  
To face the challenges of life and grave.

Do not let the past build a violent wall,  
Ahead of success, it will stop you at all;  
Forget everything — pain and torture,  
Control yourself and focus on the future.  
Reminiscing the past will drag you back,  
From your destination lied on the track.

Keeping serenity and peace within mind,  
Go ahead with loyalty, left fraud behind;  
And wear smile on your face, not frown,  
Treat humbly to everyone as your own;  
Thence, you would see in life the sheen,  
You hope to glim in two thousand eighteen.

John Collins

# A Blank Page

My life was quite a blank page,  
before you wrote this story;  
Then what I see was an image,  
drawn there to be a memory.

I kept the page and would read,  
everything that was written;  
She filled it, and I did not need,  
anything more to be smitten.

Suddenly, I noticed her feeling,  
tended to play with my heart;  
And I continued to her writing,  
it was different from the start.

Her story was washed in tears,  
before I could finish reading;  
Then I folded it, but with fears,  
reminding myself her heading.

The story proved to be a mirage,  
and then faded away slowly;  
My life, still a white blank page,  
has no painting, and memory.

John Collins

# A Crazy Heart It Is

It's a crazy heart you see —  
it madly loves you, else nothing;  
But when you come before me,  
it's scared of saying anything.

Alas! How so much I explain to it,  
How so much I draw it back;  
It's naive, doesn't understand a bit,  
All nights, it keeps me awake.

It always agonizes me, but why,  
you don't have idea of this.  
I cannot divert it how hard I try,  
what a crazy my heart it is!

Like this way, how long will go on,  
no more excuses will be better;  
I want you to understand this soon,  
before its dreams start to shatter.

John Collins

# A Disloyal Woman

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, —  
There's no woman, a man can trust;  
So you have no woman, and no sorrow,  
She's here today, and will go tomorrow.

You may think that she is innocent,  
It's true, but you'll found by percent;  
Never get attached to them, but behold,  
If the heart is available or already sold.

She's so clever at playing with heart,  
Never be idle, keep your mind alert;  
You have no idea about her intention,  
To enter your life without hesitation.

She will change into terrible a ghost,  
Your life won't be saved at any cost;  
Thus, precaution will be fair and good,  
If you're scared and haven't understood.

John Collins

# A Distant Star

A lonely star looks so bright  
The most beautiful star in my sight,  
I wish I may, I wish I might,  
To be with you for just one night.

To shoot you through the sky  
I have been in an endless flight,  
No matter how hard I try and try,  
I'm unable to meet your height.

Unfortunately, you are but a star,  
Look so near, yet shines far away,  
I sometimes do view you from afar,  
And I wish there to come and stay.

I'm determined to bask in your grace,  
Despite you are still a star there,  
Come and help me in this empty space.  
'Cause I'm tired struggling here.

John Collins

# A Little Bird

O little bird! Our news carrier!  
Where have you flown at this moment?  
Give her news that her warrior,  
Is deprived and helpless in the present.  
The day you flew from her cage,  
Was the last you made us engage.

I'm so grateful for what you did,  
To banish our loneliness and keep alive,  
The huge walls now try to forbid,  
From meeting her that I cannot forgive.  
I want you to stay with her again,  
In her kind heart, away from pain.

Like before, sing her sweet song,  
To put her sleep like a mother's lullaby;  
Never release her hand among,  
The weathers whether stormy or windy.  
Keep her safe and let me know,  
If she is happy and smiles glow.

We'll always be indebted to you,  
For your help in keeping us together,  
All our dreams will come true;  
Because of you, they will last forever.  
It has been long since we heard:  
What's about you, O little bird!

John Collins



# A Man Of Inhumanity

'Man' isn't a word to be proud of,  
Until you know his characters;  
He can say he is good, but a wolf,  
For actions are real indicators.

He'll never stay with you for long,  
Often looks for the other ways;  
Unreasonably, he'll get you wrong,  
To leave you for his other preys.

He will hardly keep his promises,  
That he'd tell you at the start;  
Like the actions shown in movies,  
He'll make you smile and hurt.

He is expert in stealing your heart,  
As you allow him by mistake;  
He'll make your world falls apart,  
Do not put your heart at stake.

He who asks for your Fb password,  
Making believe not to lose you;  
He's the one who backs out of word,  
And leaves you out of the blue.

How you could determine to get him,  
When he's known as a flying kite;  
In broad daylight, you'll look so dim,  
Grieved for what you did invite.

He seeks out loyalty in your heart;  
Never takes a look in his own;  
You know his heart filled with dirt,  
As in a lower rank, he's grown.

He plays with your emotions, baby,  
Showing you the artificial smiles;  
He would still be smiling and happy,  
Alas! when you break up as vials.

John Collins

# A Silent Heart

Everything looks like a dream,  
after losing the treasures of heart;  
They're webs of snares I deem,  
and so my heart is scared of hurt.

Afraid of being set on the fire,  
no more dreams it dares to have;  
It'll burn just once on the pyre,  
without hesitation; it's so brave.

It's silent, no sound can make,  
bleeds quietly from the old hole;  
I fall asleep but it keeps awake,  
beating inside that keep my soul.

It has no more hopes and desires;  
joys and peace are all it requires.

John Collins

# A Sorrowful Boy

## A Sorrowful Boy

Thanks for the pain you gave me,  
And destroyed my greatest joy;  
Suddenly, I lost my heart to thee,  
Therefore, I'm said a crazy boy.

How easily you broke my heart,  
And gave me the weeping rain!  
Now I can live without you, but,  
My life is never the same again.

What can I do for the pain relief,  
I'm mourning my hapless woe;  
One day, love will come to grief,  
Of course, I could never know.

In search of love, I've got this pain,  
So what does mean - day of joy?  
This fatal memory will ever remain,  
In the heart of this sorrowful boy.

John Collins

# A Visitor

He came alone to visit this stream,  
and went back after some times,  
He's empty-handed when he came,  
without clothes, friends and name.  
His pure life without any crimes,  
used to shine as if the stars gleam.

During his stay, he did many deeds,  
made friends, foes and his own,  
Colored his life in different colours,  
looked himself so fresh like flowers,  
Into an adolescent he was grown,  
And also the crops, from his seeds.

He earned everything at his prime,  
and prepared to back his home,  
But all his ties were hard to break,  
Often looked back, couldn't speak,  
His path looked again lonesome,  
with none to follow again this time.

He left all here, of good or wrong,  
he took nothing there with him,  
Empty-handed, lacked of clothes;  
forgotten all his joys and sorrows,  
left the stream flowing so dim,  
where his story remains like a song.

John Collins

# A Wild Dream

I wish a man had two hearts,  
and each one strong and active;  
If ones of them is fallen apart,  
life would not be difficult to live.

These hearts, be made of stone,  
that may not be hurt by allure;  
No pain tortures for being alone,  
remains itself spotless — pure.

Then no one can make it suffer,  
of pains, feelings or ignorances;  
It would go on well without scar,  
just working for our existences.

John Collins

# Alone

Alone, by the window I sit,  
on my chair, and see the dusk,  
Just before the lamp is lit,  
rushed, I move under the mask.

You aren't with me, oh love,  
I'm lacked of your tender cares;  
To get into my room above,  
No strength to climb the stairs.

I want to tell you how I feel,  
that I think about you everyday,  
All these feelings are so real,  
that I often plan out what to say.

I wish you a pleasant night,  
keeping awake myself too late,  
I've dreamt under this light,  
of being hurt, and unfortunate.

John Collins

# An Injured Heart

I wish I had a comforting feeling;  
that I've two hearts in my chest;  
I wouldn't have problem in living,  
when one of them is out of best.

Someone has given me the pain,  
it'll make me suffer for years;  
The heart can't be covered again,  
besides shedding rain of tears.

How can I ever forget this shock,  
I will always remember this;  
The heart hereby stays like a rock,  
by the stream with memories.

Now with the heart that's gone,  
I can't go on and do it away;  
I was really looking for the sun,  
but it's raining heavily today.

John Collins



# An Unseen Knot

An Unseen Knot....

I wake up with your name in the morn,  
Reciting in mind, I rise with the sun;  
Then, a single message from you, baby,  
Makes my day and so I feel no heavy.

I'm not alone; you are always beside me,  
From anxiety and trouble you set me free;  
You will never know how I am going on,  
Until you realise the eclipse of the moon.

I see no shortcomings and faults in you,  
Though you misbehave and talk so few;  
When joys and sorrows are bosom friends,  
It is not thoughtful for one if he pretends.

You are the blood that running in my veins,  
On the soft heart, fall like the drizzling rains;  
You are the soul that binds my body together,  
Thus, never release at the end of your tether.

John Collins

# Anger

Anger

© John

Anger is the most dangerous weapon,  
It hurts more the user than the foe;  
It eats you alive; it's a gigantic demon,  
So there would never be more woe  
Than this madness of being on the fire,  
Of inflaming inside against your desire.

Flame of anger incandescences in hearts,  
That causes you trouble and pain;  
The more it catches, the more it hurts,  
Boiling inside corrupts your brain.  
It burns down to ashes all that's within,  
But, can't be seen through the fair skin.

Our enemy is, our anger that we trigger,  
Unnecessarily, on the objects vain;  
And we make the problems grow bigger;  
We lost what we've, nothing gain.  
In fact, to get angry is to show weakness,  
And plunge self in the spirit of emptiness.

John Collins

# Ayeyarwady

The surging of the Ayeyarwady  
that never ceases its flowing;  
The emerald green full of paddy,  
paints my heart, and is glowing.

Ngaputaw, the town you live in,  
has stolen my heart from me;  
A naive heart that's loyal within,  
struggling each day to be free.

Here I'm alone without my heart,  
and there is no beating inside;  
But I must know I'm never apart,  
'cause I always feel you beside.

How sweet is your Ayeyarwady!  
that my heart refuses to return;  
Just keep it away from jeopardy,  
it will be yours in the long run.

John Collins

# Be Happy

Shwe...

I have no words to express,  
your happiness floods in mind;  
You have been out of stress,  
and passed that guard behind.

You feel no darkness around;  
shine today like the full moon,  
An Angel, yet on the ground,  
to have seen you, is my boon.

Everything your life desires,  
may all your dreams come true;  
Whatever your heart requires,  
my love, I gladly wish for you.

John Collins

# Best Wishes

Thanks to all my friends,  
Who sent best wishes to me;  
I hope this love never ends,  
Flows like the unending sea.

Friendship, a golden knot,  
That the Angel ties together;  
If we don't break this knot,  
We shall be friends forever.

Our meeting as strangers,  
Is a miracle, I acknowledge;  
Our lives, full of treasures,  
Will be happier, I do pledge.

May God keep you happy,  
And you smile at every turn;  
Sorrows may always tarry,  
Replacing your life with fun.

John Collins

# Come Back Soon

Your so-called five days is like five decades,  
How to state my conditions, in which grades;  
My heart refuses to beat, and is still and cold,  
I'm almost half-dead, but no one can behold.  
Lacked of your warmth and out of your shade,  
Thinking about why and for what I was made;  
Happiness looks afar — a thousand miles away,  
Gripped by sorrows, burning like the dried hay.  
Every second is like a year full of pain to me,  
So hard to endure, and impossible to be free;  
I'm gazing your path to have a glimpse of you,  
But it looks like a dream, I'm trying to pursue.  
My eyes have dried up the sea of tears;  
That I had collected in those long years.

John Collins

# December 2017

December 2017

© John

Many Decembers have passed,  
And many will come again;  
But December 2017 is classed,  
Into longing, hurt and pain.

Gentle breezes froze my heart,  
And chilly air wet my eyes;  
Prior to Christmas, I fell apart,  
And outcry echoed the skies.

Till years, I'll surely remember,  
How hard it was to deal;  
With the maddening December,  
That I couldn't truly heal.

It gave me lots of pain and fear,  
That I forgot to prepare for;  
Stepping into a happy new year,  
That had come to my door.

John Collins

# Do Love Never

Love is life, or it may be death; but —  
Restlessness is there in everyone's heart!

Life is mortal, but love is deathless,  
Lovers who did love, has died and still;  
Life can be stopped and breathless,  
But love is still alive, and always will.  
Love's defined on our feelings based,  
And only he knows who has it tasted.

She loved you, and you could not,  
Then she's settled down with another,  
And who you love is not in your lot,  
Longing for each other goes on forever.  
If you do love, expect it not to be true,  
None has found it, under the skyblue.

Love is a deep and tremendous sea,  
In which many a man's been drowned,  
A bottomless ocean for you and me,  
It's a monarchy where pain is crowned.  
Love is a crowd where everybody goes,  
And they return embracing some woes.

The souls in true love remain parted,  
For true love never allows to be together,  
The pain of true love is already charted,  
On the palms which can be altered, never.  
No couple enjoys the blissfulness of love,  
How tragic it is that decreed from above.

John Collins



# End Of Dreams

I am glad and sad at the same time,  
To say this word, my friend;  
Because being friends, is not a crime,  
But now it seems, it will end.

Unexpectedly, you came into my life,  
And we vowed friendship forever;  
But you ever tried to plunge a knife,  
So from now, the end will be better.

I don't want you to be fallen apart,  
Whether you are right or wrong;  
I can't see any pain in your heart,  
Being intimated with me for long.

Tears are falling that you can't see,  
'Cause I don't want you to be sad;  
But, you will always be a part of me,  
Through the states, good or bad.

John Collins

# Facebook

A renowned social app in the world,  
that's being used among all ages;  
Joys, sorrows and all kinds of words,  
are seen through walls and pages.  
Here, what we get, or what we lose,  
is solely depend on what we choose.

Name, age and address are not real,  
that we take directly to the hearts;  
They're different from what we feel,  
everyone here is proficient in arts.  
Ah! knowing that everything is fake,  
why people put their hearts at stake.

Often, friends are made in dark deep,  
no face is seen, no sign to recognize,  
No time to rest, and hardly fall asleep,  
whatever we share, hearts memorize.  
When the feelings fill as tears in eyes,  
we all become the masters of disguise.

So use it for knowledge and learning,  
take your heart but guard by brain;  
It's no good expressing your yearning,  
keep your heart far away from pain.  
Don't believe all that resounds in ears,  
take a look before you leap, my dears.

John Collins

## Facts Of Life

My dear friends, we are a man, not a stone,  
We can, therefore, live never alone;  
By the way, we all were created by the Lord,  
And being sent in the illusive world.

As we were born, we have to die someday,  
Then our beauties will lead to ashtray;  
The deed we do whether it's right or wrong,  
Will be left here like a memorial song.

Upon the road of life, so twisted and rough,  
Experiences we get, are never enough;  
We meet with new things at every moment,  
That are so unfamiliar, and so fervent.

How sad it's with a life-so short and brief,  
That we spent it with pain and grief;  
Overwhelmed with works, we're out of peace,  
Despite we try, we are never at ease.

John Collins

# Fantasy

Fantasy

O beloved... my sweetest darling,  
To make you believe how do I say;  
Be sure; do not afraid of parting,  
I won't leave you, come what may.

Looking at you, I am really happy,  
So never do stay out from my sight;  
Without you, all my happiness tarry,  
That I can neither catch nor fight.

Yeah! my life without you is a bore,  
So you are the one I always desire;  
Let's love each other more and more;  
No less than our hearts really require.

Let me see your smile, not the frown,  
And never curl your lips, my love;  
I promise you I'll never let you down,  
I will always be as loyal as a dove.

I'll keep you safe in my gentle heart,  
Where no sorrow is able to touch you;  
I would have asked you from the start,  
But I was afraid that you would not do.

Are you certain, or still in the doubt,  
To come and stay on this secure place;  
As my heart is all whispering about,  
To be filled to brim this empty space.

John Collins

# Good Night

Good-night?

How can I call the lone night good—  
I close eyes, but sleep runs away;  
Laying on bed like a piece of wood,  
hope and pray for the another day.

I see nightmares with unclosed eyes,  
of all those memories I was given;  
Mind engrosses in thoughts, and cries,  
recalling the words left unspoken.

The night is silent, and room horrible,  
darkness grows deeper than before;  
How do I say it "good" — impossible,  
there are still sleepless nights galore.

John Collins

# Her Voice

Her voice is sweeter than the cuckoo,  
And comforting and loving, too;  
He who hears her voice for a while,  
Becomes happy and gets to smile.

Either it is magical or celestial aid,  
That I went mad; love is laid;  
The more I hear it, the sweeter it is,  
Never satisfied, I always miss.

Neither of human, beasts and birds,  
Nor of instruments, I ever heard;  
Can make the sound like of my lover,  
Hums in my ears over and over.

Angels and demons praise her voice,  
Proud of her that she is nice;  
Thank to the Creator that she's loving,  
Until the world stops revolving.

Several times a day, I call her phone,  
When I am free and being alone;  
Living is hard until I heard her voice,  
Ever long for it, and is my choice.

I always wish she was in my arms,  
And she, be my morning alarms;  
Together for ever we shall move on,  
And our dreams come true soon.

John Collins

# Her Voice II

Her Voice II

© John

As the earth is thirsty in warm April,  
In separate agony of rain for long;  
I was longing for her voice, my Angel,  
That seems to be a melodious song.  
Thus, when she starts to speak,  
The sitar begins to play I think.

Sweetness on her tongue sits, and lips,  
Are intoxicating more than wine;  
From the matured lips, red wine drips,  
And radiates more than sunshine.  
She is the melody of the flute,  
Or the sweet tunes of the lute.

My Lord! I'm blessed to have this heard,  
A miracle that hardly happens twice;  
I wish YOU had made her a gentle bird,  
Then, I would keep her in paradise.  
I would tend to her with care,  
Feed her pearls, and I do stare.

John Collins

## Hidden Pains

The tear-drops fall off her nose,  
when she finds herself alone,  
She cries out where nobody goes,  
her feelings remain unknown.

But her wet eyes tell me a story,  
of being in solitude and pain;  
I can read her eyes, and memory,  
glares inside again and again.

Never shows the scars of her past,  
hidden under the thin clothes;  
The artificial smiles often overcast,  
her pains that nobody knows.

But do not think that she's happy,  
just look again into her eyes;  
Broken to pieces, looks so snappy,  
she's now a master of disguise.

John Collins



# I Am Not Alone

You know, of the eternal things:  
the sun, the moon, and the earth,  
And the vast sky alone he sings,  
that for joys loneliness is worth.

The earth away from the sky, and,  
the moon far away from the sun.  
Looking at them, I can understand,  
from going on, nothing can ban.

The earth feeds me — let me grow,  
the sky keeps me under his shade;  
The sun keeps me warm and glow,  
the moon cares me as a bride-maid.

I notice them when I feel lonely,  
that they're eternal and ever alone;  
But I'm sad for my promises only,  
that was forever, and is now gone.

Everything is the same as before,  
only the dreams have extinguished,  
But those dreams aren't to long for,  
with this nature, life is completed.

Life doesn't mean to be together,  
for we were not destined to be;  
This illusion may not last forever,  
as forever lasts longer than we.

John Collins

# Keep Your Heart Safe

A single, pure heart you have, -  
may be inexperienced and naive;  
Always keep it under your eyes,  
in this age of injustices and lies.

It cannot be replaced at any cost,  
if once it's given away or lost,  
Your heart can beat for you only,  
it can't work for others fondly.

Never contract your heart to one,  
won't care it as much as you can;  
For you're to suffer when it hurts,  
no one notices its broken parts.

Keep it safe, and you'll be happy,  
have your senses, don't be crazy;  
The flames of youth don't last ever,  
but the pain they give hurt forever

John Collins

# Let Me Free

Forget me and make merry by choice,  
Don't look at me when you go;  
It's my fault that I believed you twice,  
And you killed me with your ego.

How crazy I was that I closed to you,  
Again and again to be killed;  
Feelings are a lot, but words are few,  
How to poem, I ain't skilled.

May you twinkle like stars in the skies,  
With no worries and pains;  
Let me free now, and break all our ties,  
And erase my heart's stains.

As the ties break, my heart bleeds away,  
Anyhow, that will never truly heal;  
There's nothing more left in heart to say,  
Henceforth, we have just to feel.

John Collins

# Longing November

The cold wind and the chilly air,  
freeze my heart and make it numb;  
For a lonely life, ah, it's so unfair,  
hard to suffer, and easy to succumb.

How callously the nature treats,  
all days and nights, the heart weeps;  
Longing still for those heartbeats,  
wanna hear before the winter creeps.

The rivers and the seas are frozen,  
the earth is studded by the dewdrops;  
Longing for someone who's chosen,  
to be with me before this clime stops.

Also the nights are so bitter cold,  
and emptiness grows day-and-night;  
With no one here to tightly hold,  
shivering alone, alas, what a plight!

John Collins

# Lotus

It is amazing to see this flower,  
that despite it grows in mud;  
It always raises above the water,  
without having fears of flood.

Its color is neither green nor red,  
but its stem is green and long;  
Grows from a seed, up from bed,  
it shows us all how it is strong.

No matter where it grows in dirt,  
it always stays above from it,  
Bearing all pains that make it hurt,  
diverts it route from that shit.

It wouldn't look pretty in the vase,  
not can take the place of rose;  
But it has no any signs of disgrace,  
and has neither rivals nor foes.

All day and night out, it keeps awake,  
in ponds and lakes, it is rife;  
It enlightens us the right path to take,  
disregarded the status of life;

John Collins

# Love And Sleep

Love and sleep, are two archenemies,  
To settle them, who have remedies?  
However, each of us, both we need,  
Nurture them, like a garden seed.

Love without sleep, is to go to Hell,  
No peace of mind; become restless;  
Health goes down, yet we don't care,  
For we are trapped in such a snare.

Sleep without love, is to lie on the pyre,  
A soulless body burning on the fire;  
Having dream to have someone beside,  
The morning finds us laying wayside.

When love silently enters the hearts,  
The journey of sleep from eyes starts;  
Ah, when the hearts are without love,  
Like a hungry doe in forest do rove.

John Collins

# Maha Thingyan

I wish you all success and happiness,  
in this Thingyan and new year;  
Leave behind the past strife and stress,  
move on forwards without fear.

May all you find permanent pleasure,  
no sorrows shall ever touch you;  
Take advantage of this short leisure,  
and do some good deeds too.

No sin is remained after this festival,  
as water can't stay on water-lilies;  
Thingyan is the happiest time for all,  
that we may meet our families.

John Collins

# Modern Love Online

Of late love is done on social lines  
As maggots infest the rotten meat;  
Rushly, they make their valentines,  
Failed to control their hearts beat.  
They begin their love, but on mind,  
End with a block, no traces to find.

Their sweet 'Hi' then turns to sorry,  
Contented to play with your heart;  
You are left with the pain and story,  
To suffer till your world falls apart.  
The more you cry, the more it pains,  
Cannot be cured, forever it remains.

You believe them beyond the limit,  
Till you hand over the key of door;  
One who misuses it, will ne'er befit,  
But is sure to left worse than before.  
Your crying aloud that no one hears,  
Though your heart is soaked in tears.

For one who you keep nights awake,  
Sharing deeply what you feel inside;  
The very one puts your heart at stake,  
And on true love, they start to deride.  
Who's innocent and who's to blame?  
Their conditions are never the same.

Whom you trust, plays the field most,  
Even guards your actions every time;  
In fact, they don't care if you're lost,  
Counting on them, all of your prime.  
Slowly, you understand what love is...  
After cherishing in the spurious bliss.

The night falls again, but gets darker,  
Even no light is seen all around you;  
Then you get remember your Creator,  
To beg happiness when you are blue.



You learn to live happily ever after -  
Being all alone, you are lonely, never.

John Collins

# Moonlit Night Of Thadingyut

The dream of looking up together,  
the skies, shining in full moon;  
Even the twinkles of myriad stars,  
flickered as if they were strewn.

But I couldn't appreciate the skies,  
for I didn't dare to do that alone;  
Though they flickered in my eyes,  
I remained standing like a stone.

Here, the streets shone with lamps,  
and space tinged with fireworks;  
All night, I was down in the dumps,  
without you, to see those sparks.

People bursted crackers all around,  
that were resounding all night;  
In darkness, with a swollen wound,  
tried to light a lamp to all delight.

John Collins

# Myanmar

Myanmar....

The invaluable star in Asia,  
Twinkles throughout the world;  
A peaceful land of pleasure,  
Is ranked as the celestial abode.

A union of sacrificial people,  
From seven states and divisions;  
Won't let their star go feeble,  
Throughout all fearful situations.

Till the earth & the sky go on,  
The flag of Myanmar will flutter;  
The patriots, in rhythmic tune,  
Will sing National Song together.

He who tries to part this land,  
Is our capital enemy, not our own;  
The world should understand,  
We are all peaceful, but not down.

John Collins

# Mysteries Of Life

Life and love are two different songs,  
Of lyrics written by God's hand;  
Feelings are expressed in different tunes,  
But not sweeter than the mother's croons;  
In advance, we can't understand,  
With the flow of time we sing the songs.

Joy and sorrow are the fruits of Karma,  
Of the deeds we did in the past;  
Alternately, we share laughs and cries,  
That can't be halted, how hard one tries.  
But they're temporary never last,  
For we all are playing roles in a drama.

Poverty, richness, ugliness and fairness,  
Are individually gifted to all of us;  
Half of life is already spent in learning;  
The wick of life always keeps burning.  
Act with a negative or with a plus,  
Life is all about gladness and dreariness.

John Collins

# No Happiness

No Happiness

© John

Life itself is a perplexed puzzle,  
Hard to know about it well;  
People say it a war, or be a battle,  
But we can really never tell.  
Or if it is a story what is written,  
Curiosity to know is a big burden.

In avarice of wealth, love, beauty,  
And of the pride, we are busy;  
Intoxicated in them is everybody,  
Why these people are so crazy!  
No one abides the rules of Nature,  
Trying to change the face of future.

Hearty smile never comes to those,  
Who are engaged in business;  
Often stay afar, we're hardly close,  
What is family and happiness?  
No time to share with others at all,  
Life in solitude seems a mere doll.

One by one got separated from us,  
We could do nothing for them;  
Memorizing of what he or she was,  
Breaks us as if a rosary of gem.  
In agony of separation, we all weep,  
What we sowed then is hard to reap!

John Collins

# No More Tears

Baby, do not cry for that person —  
who doesn't know the value of tears;  
He just used, and gave you a lesson,  
Of life or love, that's beyond your ears.

He's walked away, and will not hear,  
the cries penetrating your heart;  
Don't lose your heart, but try to bear,  
Of all pains from you can't depart.

Forget all those memories of the past,  
that may drag you back and hold;  
Again, start your new days with trust,  
assuming that you're never too old.

Wipe out tears; prepare for tomorrow,  
to start your steps with happiness;  
The path of rightness is always narrow,  
but be brave and keep off laziness.

John Collins

# One-Sided Love

One-sided love is setting heart on fire;  
That grows stronger at every step;  
Feelings of rejection, spurn and of liar,  
Are more painful than the mishap.

It's like embracing the stem of acacia,  
And swallowing the bitter poisons;  
Mind soaked in it, and full of pressure,  
Rob us of happiness, give tensions.

No desire left to eat and sleep in love,  
When it's rejected for no reason;  
Feel like the pot heating on the stove,  
And eyes rain out of the season.

Life seems worthless to live all alone,  
When dreams remain in the eyes;  
But what we feel inside is not known,  
To the one — our love never dies.

John Collins

# Raining Eyes

Shwe....

Eyes that kept awake together,  
And had dreams at night;  
Are now crying tears like river,  
Risky to lose their sight.

Eyes that looked you beautiful:  
An Angel from the above,  
The very sights are now fearful,  
And look away from love.

Eyes that were stars of the sky,  
Befriended you, the moon;  
Today, they are like passers-by,  
To everyone, they bemoan.

Eyes that looked a better future,  
Together with you, my life;  
Are lidded with a vague picture,  
Of the present, full of strife.

I wonder if they are those eyes,  
Never tired gazing your way;  
Upto brim, they are full of lies,  
And suffer more day by day.

Eyes that never wanted to see,  
Tears falling from your eyes;  
Now rain and flow into the sea,  
Even though I do not cry.

Eyes that glared into delight,  
To see your exquisite face;  
They've lost their visual sight,  
And is dark to every place.

Why the eyes are mild and soft,  
That they can't bear a crush;



You are all they are thinking of,  
And call your name so much.

But these eyes wish you smile,  
Cheeks untasted with tears;  
May you be abstain from wile,  
In the future, so long years.

John Collins

# Realities

God doesn't encourages the villains,  
perhaps the villains ever suffer pains,  
Not thousands of you, not one of me,  
Will be there while crossing the sea,

What to proud of body and fairness,  
One day, it will burn down to ashes.  
Do not differ anyone, take as friends,  
Remember, coffins don't have brands,

Some shed tears to divert their hearts,  
Some smile to hide their broken parts.  
Death is unseen, perhaps it is so pretty,  
Once you are caught, then where's pity.

In crowded people, the unity I perceive,  
Lifting the dead and tumbling the alive;  
Who can say which night will be the last,  
and when we are going to bite the dust.

So my friends, be loving while living,  
with rules of life — taking and giving;  
Always welcome others with greeting,  
God knows, which is our last meeting?

John Collins

# Reasons To Smile

Yes, I smile because I know,  
what happens, life goes on,  
And days of hurt and sorrow,  
are going to be over soon.

When I see the morning sun,  
peeping from the mountains;  
I smile that a night has gone,  
taking along all of my pains.

I smile to know that those lies,  
aren't in my life any more;  
I have been ones of the guys,  
for love, who never implore.

I'm smiling because my heart,  
is out of dangers and beguile;  
All bad dreams look me apart,  
they're the reasons, why I smile.

John Collins

# See You Again

One day, when you come to miss me,  
And have a dream my face to see —  
Be bold enough to walk to my grave,  
I'll welcome you with what I have.

More than a smile what I would give,  
How sad it is that I'm buried alive;  
But don't cry, my love, as I didn't die,  
My heart still beats in the tomb I lie.

My world is now dark, silent and still,  
There's no light, and never will;  
All you can hear is, the cries of heart,  
That's so unreasonably torn apart.

But you see, I'm so happy to see you,  
As it's my dream that's come true;  
Let this smiling face never fade away,  
I wish it blossomed day after day.

My happiness lies in your happiness,  
I got drowned in your kindness;  
But your happiness is over my death,  
And I'm counting my last breath.

You must be happy as I'm no more, —  
There to upset you like before;  
But as long as I'm alive with all pain,  
Do come every now and again!

John Collins

# Shwe Eim Si

Shwe Eim Si...

Ngaputaw, Ayeyarwady, Myanmar

A name of three words I often recite,  
that comes from my heart to tongue;  
And with the ink made of tears I write,  
our ended story that didn't last long.

Times fly by recalling this sweet name,  
and rains of happiness drizzle on me;  
Seasons change; but I remain the same,  
revising this name — Shwe Eim Si.

With this name, my lovely days begin;  
my nights are sweet with dreams;  
The air of this name I often breathe in,  
quite sitting under the moonbeams.

And so I never feel lonely being alone;  
reciting the name that I cannot disown.

John Collins

## Sonnet 01

Were we unknown, or were we insane, —  
That madly we both contracted this pain;  
You couldn't keep me off that you know:  
Happiness in the sea of heart would flow.  
Gate of my heart was locked and secured,  
No harm inside, and no need to be cured;  
Maybe I invited you to make me fall apart,  
Or did you ever intend to stay in my heart;  
No love in heart, and no thoughts in mind,  
Suddenly, we fell for like the stormy wind;  
Whatever we did then, cannot be undone,  
And the path we have taken has no return;  
Will separation give us more than we had,  
Feelings are complicated — happy and sad.

John Collins

## Sonnet 02

What was my mistake in loving you,  
That you made my heart split in two;  
I gave you everything that I could give,  
But you made me hard to remain alive;  
Why did you share happiness with me,  
If all these broken parts, I'm sure to see;  
I never expected this fraud from you,  
Of disappearing like the morning dew.  
I relied on your words and promises,  
Came out to me with care and kisses;  
O' tell me what faults you found in me,  
That left me though we're meant to be;  
Had I known that you'd ever do that,  
I would have kept my heart tit for tat.

John Collins

## Sonnet 03

No word is enough to express —  
This longing that makes me restless.  
Off the coast, drown in the sea,  
Ah! Can't you hear my silent plea?  
Come to me in my dreams, and then,  
By day I shall be well again,  
For then the night will more than pay,  
The hopeless longing of the day.  
Come as if you come a thousand times  
A messenger from radiant climes.  
And smile on your new world, and be  
As sincerely kind to others as to me.  
My love, you never came in sooth,  
Come now, and let me dream it truth!

John Collins



## Sonnet 04

O dear, do not tell me not to cry,  
Tears trickle down, don't know why!  
In the world, who can ever smile,  
When happiness stays just for a while.  
For it is crying that lessens my pain,  
That you're with me my tears explain.  
In lonely silences, I feel you beside,  
As in my ripped heart, you ever reside.

I chose the road strewn with thorns,  
Not to be treated by mocks and scorns.  
To let you walk on the flowery roads,  
I diverted myself, and left the crowds.  
Without you, I can't be alive for years,  
Thus, let me cry and make much tears.

John Collins

## Sonnet 05

How to move on, separated from you,  
My breathes pause out of the blue;  
Missing you, I'm absolutely languished,  
The flame of love has extinguished.  
Your sudden change makes me harass,  
Were your promises made of glass?  
How would people go, rejecting dreams,  
Of the hearts that flow like streams.

Memories wake up with closing of eyes,  
The unending event that never dies.  
Fighting each day to meet my tomorrow,  
My heart has now drown in sorrow.  
I do not have another heart for breaking,  
What's about your thirst of tricking?

John Collins

## Sonnet 06

I was really longing for that clime,  
Surely it came, but like an accident;  
I had tried to hold it for my lifetime,  
But it didn't stay even for a moment.  
Having a glimpse of its rare beauty,  
My eyes were filled with all dreams;  
I extended my dreams in perpetuity,  
Unaware of those short-lived gleams.  
Darkness engulfs me growing deep,  
Even my shadow is lost, I'm all alone,  
My heart is aching, how can I sleep?  
A mass of tears in my eyes has flown.

Was it like trying to hold a flying bird,  
Or it's a song that no one ever heard.

John Collins

## Sonnet 07

The more I try, the less I forget,  
The less I cry, the more I wet —  
Alas! no pain is seen, not its flame,  
It burns me down, who's to blame.  
Once you belonged this poor heart,  
And threw it away, you did depart.  
Those times of past, so many years,  
Plunge into heart, like edged spears.  
If you've a heart, give me a reason,  
How did you make me out of action.  
Before you made my world fall apart,  
Should have told me from the start.

O queen of beauty; my loved one —  
Tell me once what wrong was done.

John Collins

## Sonnet 08

One shouldn't come in anybody's life,  
And if comes, should never go away;  
For the footprints go on until afterlife,  
Depicted on the heart in a single day.  
If somebody wanna give us tears later  
Then, should not make us smile first.  
Than this accident, ignorance is better,  
Life, at least, wouldn't be at the worst.  
The desires of heart remain in heart,  
We love somebody, and drift in tears,  
What a distraction is this, we fall apart,  
For the one who suddenly disappears.  
Years pass by, but it never grows old;  
And throughout life, this story is told.

John Collins

## Sonnet 09

Love is like holding a burning candle,  
At first, it illuminates around us;  
But it gets smaller, oh what a swindle!  
That it melts and hurts so much.  
The darkness dispelled falls once again,  
Growing deeper than ever before,  
Having held it, we're ready to complain,  
When it shines around us no more.

That matters most is we get into despairs,  
Trying to shine with other's light;  
If we kindle our own hearts like solitaires,  
Life will undoubtedly glow bright.  
What is living, if life is slaved and snared,  
In lieu of these conditions, death is cared!

John Collins

## Sonnet 10

What's living without you, oh companion,  
It envenoms me more than a scorpion;  
I soothe myself in different ways everyday,  
Yet I haven't overcome this dismay.  
In flowers, in buds, in the streets of love,  
On the earth, and in the heaven above;  
Without you there is nothing everywhere!  
In crowds of solitude, my life is bare.

Nights are ascetics, and days are vagabonds,  
Life is robbed that my soul responds;  
In every heartbeat is thirst for your presence,  
And in my breathes, is your fragrance.  
In the madness of this crazed heart, I've lost,  
My own warmth, and am covered with frost.

John Collins

## Sonnet 11

In the paths of life, so twisted and rough,  
I've come across various multitudes;  
Doom abounds in there, bitter and tough;  
Life is ashore the sea of vicissitudes.  
Bridges are building of torments and sins,  
To cross the eternally burning ocean;  
In avarices of wealth, even kiths and kins,  
Are cruelly being shoved with passion.

To be happy and smiling, is a mere dream,  
Frown, sadness and depression deface;  
In the dreaming eyes, beads of tears gleam,  
Of those who have fallen from grace.  
Fading are virtues, and raising are vices,  
By the hands of rascals and accomplices.

John Collins



## Sonnet 12

The flowing time has drained into a year,  
But our vague future is still unclear;  
In the course of life are there just lessons,  
Who knows when and what happens.  
But one is sure that I can never be happy,  
My heart is in turmoil, it isn't easy.  
Where have your promise and swear gone?  
Strung those words, love was done!

In dead of night, strange tones so drear,  
Wake me up from dreams of fear;  
The unceasing memories drag me down,  
In my small house above the town.  
That wreck my frame with burning cold,  
And I always rise with shivers manifold.

John Collins

## Sonnet 13

Let this naive heart be a deep, calm ocean,  
That eternally flows in every season;  
On lips of waves are love and compassion,  
In its heart is settled great satisfaction.  
It never measures the standards of living,  
Of those who come here, but believing.  
No question is asked, there's no displeasure,  
Of being soiled or unpurified by mixture.

This heart, so-called an ocean of pleasure,  
It runs deep where there's no seizure.  
The surging waves arouse hopes in mind,  
To resume life that's been left behind.  
People may come here, and people may go;  
But my ocean like heart, will endlessly flow.

John Collins

## Sonnet 14

O stranger! How you could be so cruel,  
How selfish really you are, my love!  
You've now bore me down in this duel,  
And am so damaged that I can't move.  
O my stranger! Don't go and leave me,  
My beloved one, keep your promise!  
I offered you everything I have, you see,  
And I became an ascetic in lovelitis.

Remember me, don't somehow forget,  
I desired you, and I fell in love with you,  
I speak the truth, love; you will it regret,  
You'll also miss me, just like now I do.  
The memory will make you toss and turn.  
Every time, for my love you did spurn.

John Collins

## Sonnet 15

The pain of love had I never known,  
And I contracted an illness of the heart;  
How terrible it is that let me down,  
In the midway, who chose for us to part.  
Destination remained ahead of us,  
Before the sun set, and darkness grew,  
My eyes got stuck where did I focus,  
But tears lidded my eyes, lost that view.

Of the one who was with me earlier,  
The shadow was moving back from me;  
My heart was stricken, and heavier,  
I couldn't follow it, but I stopped to see.  
What to put blames on those thistles.  
When the memory of past still prickles.

John Collins

## Sonnet 16

O two-timer! Or the murderer of joys!  
Be merciful and change your game;  
Replace some puppets instead of boys,  
For if you cannot remain the same.  
How long will you torture the hearts?  
Of those who credibly feel for you;  
Give no pain, hope, and tricks of arts,  
For that's not endurable to you, too.

The sweet words and the fake smiles,  
Come from brain, but not heart;  
Don't let it be your habits and styles,  
Of making someone fall apart.  
At least, consider about their feelings,  
How they'd suffer the rage of cravings.

John Collins

# Sonnet 17

Sonnet 17

© John

I've sent you a flower with the letter,  
It's not a flower, but my heart;  
Write me back in reply for it's better,  
How does it look pretty smart?  
In that letter, my pure love is hidden,  
As much as pearls in the ocean;  
Every word from my heart is written,  
Thinking of you, my companion!

When you unclose the letter to read,  
I wish my love deserved to you,  
Let not break this pure white thread,  
Before it's painted in lovely hue.  
Hope this letter finds you dreaming,  
Lied in waiting with eyes gleaming.

John Collins

# Tazaungmon Full Moon Night

Perhaps this moonlit night comes again,  
but its memories will always remain,  
This night, moonlight may not last long,  
Come listen to my soul's song.

On twigs of trees sleeps moonlight,  
From your urges sprays moonlight  
They'll return tired soon, the twain,  
The night of romance won't come again  
A moment or two this clime may last long  
Come listen to my soul's song.

On lips of waves are quite slow strains  
In moist airs are shivery cool flames  
Try blazing yourself in these lovely flames  
Of life's tune you try changing its scales.  
Let open up now heartbeat's tongue  
Come listen to my soul's song

Fading are milieus raising are cravings  
In shades of stars fables are blooming  
Once if it goes away after beckoning  
Shall not return caravan of surroundings  
Come now, for life is now young  
Come listen to my soul's song.

©John & Shwe / November 3,2017

John Collins

# The Glory Of Thingyan

Being far away from our homes,  
Count the days for this festival;  
And every year, in April, it comes,  
Then we all get a short interval.

We forget all our pains and worries,  
When we get to hearts of parents;  
We've to bear the separate agonies,  
As we lead our lives of servants.

Received their blessings and love,  
Found Heaven in their hearts;  
Without their love in Heaven above,  
Everywhere we feel as deserts.

John Collins



# The Last Wish

I always try to pacify my heart,  
But all my efforts go in vain;  
Took the path that led me to hurt,  
And received the constant pain.

Living with the swollen wound,  
Bleeding at my every breath;  
Find no jollies upon the ground,  
Just calling the Lord of Death.

Sometimes dawn never descends,  
And days seem to double;  
Sometimes the night never ends,  
That get me into trouble.

I have no desire to live anymore,  
And so I wish I am gone;  
As one has spoiled my life's core,  
Left nothing to be done.

John Collins

# The Spring

&quot;The Spring&quot;

Entered my life like the spring,  
Perfuming my day and night;  
You've bond me without a string,  
I'm hereby filled with might.

Everywhere I see, you're all around,  
As you're always on my mind;  
As an Angel, yet upon the ground,  
Full of mercy and socially kind.

Being with you, my world is green,  
And my life is worth of living;  
There is no one I have ever seen,  
Who could make me feel loving.

Love is a paper or may be a sheet,  
Nothing can ever lead us ashtray;  
Thanks to God that made us meet,  
Through the distance far away.

John Collins

# The Wilted Rose

Mysteriously bloomed in a fair clime,  
Lied in waiting for none to pluck;  
Hiding its dignity and beauty in prime,  
Always prays for its best of luck.

He who plucked it, didn't keep it well,  
Used it in the exchange of hearts;  
Loyalty was its honor, it rung the bell,  
Of their hearts, two detached parts.

United their hearts and made them love,  
It felt worthy to see them smiling;  
For its untimely death, the heaven above,  
It thought, would never be crying.

The broken rose, crushed and withered,  
Had desired this good thing to do;  
Of sacrificing its life, yet not be dithered,  
Making others' dreams come true.

John Collins

# Thoughts Of You

I'm not a poet, and I'm not an author,  
But your thoughts make me write,  
Engrossed in thoughts, like a labour,  
I write all about you day and night.

Your thoughts grow strong in mind,  
And stronger before sound sleep;  
On behalf of you, for you're so kind,  
That Angels round me vigil keep.

As a fish lives and swims in water,  
Lack of water is fatal for sure;  
I live the way in your thoughts ever,  
Planting the tree of love so pure.

John Collins

# Tomorrow

Every today has its tomorrow,  
and tomorrow is a new day;  
But I won't be in your morrow,  
as I've made a pledge today.

Tonight has started to descend,  
after the sun set over the hill;  
Our memories in mind will end,  
during tonight, dark and still.

Tomorrow will start without me,  
and you won't see me again;  
From now, you are entirely free,  
I don't wanna cause you pain.

If you ever remember my love,  
bear in mind that it's gone;  
In a gorge, you gave it a shove,  
thence it can never return.

John Collins

# Under The Moonlight

I miss you so badly before the dawn,  
and go on till we share good night;  
As the moon is lonely without the sun,  
I feel lonely under the moonlight.  
I miss your smile, and miss your voice,  
If I got to see you now, I would rejoice.

But the moon is friendly with the stars,  
will ever feel the same as the sun,  
I think of them and compare my scars,  
when the moon suffers the wane.  
I've realized their feelings are the same,  
being afar, they recite each other's name.

If you are the moon, dear, I'm the sun,  
only two of us in this vast space;  
Don't be sad at night, when I'm gone,  
my light will shine on your face.  
Above all, we've right to meet one day,  
getting through this distance far away.

John Collins

# Vengeance

Vengeance

© John

A never-endingly burning ember,  
That arises from actions, unfairly done;  
Time passes by, but it burns forever,  
Inside the heart, until the one has gone.

:

Vengeance, a very dreadful disaster,  
Is unpredictable and unseen to the other;  
But when it falls like a shooting star,  
It can't be stopped or changed to another.

Flames of retaliation grow stronger,  
When the other one is drown in pleasures;  
The poisoned arrow crafted of anger,  
Then robs him of happiness and treasures.

John Collins

# Walking Along

The road of love we both had chosen,  
And together we both had taken,  
I'm in love, and you are aslo in love;  
Then why did all these blames come up?  
Neither you nor I am ever unfaithful,  
And never tried making each other fool.

If the worlds ask me, what do I say  
That you have walked separate way!  
I thought we'd both reach one destination,  
One day, we would end this separation;  
We did nothing wrong, and felt no doubt,  
Then how did this distance come about?

I have turned to ash without burning,  
Since you got lost at the first turning;  
Season changed; all the roads are rotten,  
Some words in the heart are left spoken.  
The point to which I'm left is awesome,  
Who knows where we both have come.

John Collins



# What Else Can I Say

I don't have complaints with you,  
I've got what was in my fate;  
A loving heart you broke in two,  
you did what you appreciate.

I poured out my feelings to you,  
we'd an exchange of heart;  
Despite we're passionate and true,  
you ever chose for us to part.

What else can I say, my love —  
I know this language well,  
Was it the words of love I spoke,  
or was it that I didn't tell?

For if that's the very way I failed,  
you chose to leave that day —  
I'm sorry, my love! I've bewailed,  
For you, what else can I say?

John Collins

# Without You

What to say how I am going on,  
With this life without you;  
Crying over the eternal bond,  
Dried as the morning dew.

Every split of second is gone by,  
With the broken memory;  
The past is flickering in my eyes,  
Being an immortal story.

Days are long; nights are endless,  
Even dreams are horrible;  
I want to get rid of being restless,  
But it seems impossible.

Everything is obliterated in love,  
Only the memories remain;  
Was it written for me from above,  
To be alive with all this pain.

John Collins

# You Should Know

I wrote this poem to let you know,  
about my love laid on you;  
I don't care whether you stay or go,  
as I love, I can leave you too.

You're not the only one who I love,  
and end my life for you one;  
Who gave me birth, brought me up,  
away from them, I can't run.

I've to serve my country and race,  
so from now, I will not grieve.  
The earth, the sky, and vast space,  
are enough for me to be alive.

Relatives, companions and friends,  
are just the snares of illusions;  
We have to follow our own trends,  
to complete our lives' missions.

My life's not game for you to play,  
I'm so sorry, if you're a player;  
Even my heart is not made of clay,  
you'll be tired to break a layer.

John Collins

# You'll Never Know

As far as I know, it's quite different,  
From some days, I had ago;  
How much do I suffer at the present,  
Really you won't ever know.

I did fall in love with you as you did,  
Nurtured it as garden seeds;  
For me, you are as innocent as a kid,  
And tried to fulfill your needs.

How pleasant those days were then,  
When we cared each other;  
You robbed me of happiness when,  
You left me to burn as ember.

I'm not so happy as you think, baby,  
No matter however hard I try;  
With aching pain, my heart's heavy,  
I think my eyes will never dry.

John Collins