



**March 2018.g.**

**Rokiah Hashim**

**POETRY**

**1). THE STORIES OF WALLS**

**1989 – Stirling**

**Sitting around with talks in hushed voices**

**In Mac Robert Library**

**Pasha received call from Prague**

**I could still remember Vaclav's words**

**'Come here quickly we will go to Berlin**

**For the rest of your life you will never regret it**

**Watching love demolishing wall of hatred**

**Humanity had defeated tanks and missiles!**

**2013 – Kampala**

**Mira Nair spoke from her heart as usual**

**'Thank you for the invitation and the honour**

**But sorry I wont go to Haifa as long as that ugly wall stands'**

**Then I whispered to you how do I visit you in hospital?**

**There is a little sentence in my passport**

**That says I cant go to your country**

**Sometimes ago watching video clip on Al-Jazerra**

**Najwa the beautiful young bride was sobbing uncontrollably**

**Leaving Ramallah as she was following Tariq her husband to Gaza**

**My silent tears celebrated their marriage**

**Thinking about Najwa who cant go back to her village forever**

**The whole night I couldn't sleep**

**Remembering Najwa and Tariq's sweet- sad love union**

**Becoming close to me.**

**Kuala Lumpur Feb. 2 015.**

## **2). PEACE BE UPON YOU DAVOS**

**Peace be upon you Davos**

**Thank you**

**For wanting to make**

**This world**

**A better place**

**A happier place**

**But for whom?**

**Peace be upon you Davos**

**Yes! I know**

**American fighter jets need to be sold**

**Sophisticated Israeli drones need to be researched and produced**

**So that more could be killed**

**By pushing buttons**

**Arms factories in England have to operate**

**So that your people have jobs**

**And they could go for holidays**

**To Third World countries every year**

**Etc .....**

**Etc.....**

**Etc .....**

**Peace be upon you Davos**

**Don't forget**

**Osama from Baghdad did not choose to be refugee forever**

**Mohamed from Hebron didn't want to lose his identity**

**Dunya from Aleppo didn't want to live uncomfortably**

**because her neighbours are Syiah**

**Shaif wants to go back to his beloved Sanaa**

**Wounds on Ibrahim's soul are still there**

**traumatised by NATO bombs in Kosovo**

**Rahman doesn't want to have children and grand children in Cox's Bazaar**

**Peace be upon you Davos**

**All my friends**

**Also want this planet to be better**

**To be happier**

**To be peaceful**

**Forever .**

**Kuala Lumpur**

**Feb 2018**

### **3). NEWS FROM STRASBOURG**

**They said till now**

**More than 10,000 had perished**

**Washed to the shores**

**Greece, Italy, Libya and others**

**Also those**

**Had not been found**

**Their names not known**

**Little Aylan Kurdi from Syria**

**Amongst them**

**Yes, almost all of them**

**Were Muslims**

**Strasbourg**

**Wait. There are more!**

**What about these people?**

**Abd.Kareem, Fatimah and Hanafi**

**And more Rakhine people**

**Perished in the Andaman Sea?**

**They didn't run**

**From their ancestor's land of Arakan**

**But their homes burnt**

**Killed and chased from their own land**

**Apparently**

**They are not Myanmar**

**They are immigrants**

**Because they are Muslims**

**They are different**

**From Buddha our religion**

**That's why Rakhine has no right**

**On the soil of Myanmar**

**That's what**

**Those in power and holding guns said**

**But wasn't it**

**More than 400 years**

**Arakan was their home?**

**They had representatives in parliament**

**Community leaders**

**Also political parties**

**How could they say**

**Rakhine not Myanmar?**

**Strasbourg!**

**Don't forget the sufferings of Rakhine**

**Don't forget they are being exterminated**

**Genocide is happening there**

**Genocide is happening there**

**In many Muslim lands**

**Genocide happened in many ways**

**Many forms**

**Genocide is happening everywhere!**

**Genocide is happening everywhere!**

**Prague-Belgrade-Istanbul**

**August 2016**

**4). THANK YOU GOD.**

**God**

**Thank you**

**You made it easy for dad**

**My prayer is answered**

**Thank you**

**My dad goes in peace**

**That is another prayer answered**

**Thank you**

**I managed to ask**

**For his forgiveness**

**Before going away**

**That is another prayer of mine**

**Answered**

**Thank you**

**With this grief**

**The roads are right in front**

**For me to choose from**

**Al fatihah.....**

**Puerto Iguazu-Argentina**

**August 2016.**

**5). WE ARE RAKHINE**

**In Standing Rock**

**War veterans knelt down**

**Begged for forgiveness**

**Because their ancestors**

**Killed**

**Raped**

**Plundered the Sioux's land**

**They became refugees in their own land**

**This journey**

**Made us**



**Small**

**And big**

**At the same time**

**You are small when you killed and plunder**

**But you are a big person**

**When you accept your wrongdoings**

**And begged for forgiveness**

**Like the Sioux**

**We are also wronged**

**Our brothers killed**

**Our land stolen**

**Wives and daughters raped in front our eyes**

**We are chased from our ancestors land**

**We are Rakhine**

**Not Bengali**

**Not Bangladesh**

**Arakan was our original land**

**We are Rakhine**

**We are Rakhine**

**We are Rakhine.**

**Kuala Lumpur**

**December 2016.**

## **6). WHEN OMAR PRAYED OUTSIDE A CHURCH**

**Remembering story**

**When Omar Al Khattab**

**Prayed outside a church**

**After conquering Jerusalem**

**Warm drops**

**Trickled down uninvited**

**Said Omar again**

**I leave all these**

**To you Christian brothers**

**To be protected**

**Looked after as your properties**

**Including your crosses**

**Churches**

**Because**

**That's what Islam taught**

**Also in your religion**

**Today**

**We still talk in same language**

**As if as Omar's words**

**Were uttered yesterday**

**My man**

**Say your words**

**Like how I feel**

**Because**

**I am going to say**

**Like how you feel**

**Only then**

**All miseries**

**Will be over forever**

**Kuala Lumpur**

**February 2017**

**7). WHERE DOES HATE COME FROM?**

**Where does love come from?**

**They said at first sight it seeps into the heart**

**Where does hate come from?**

**From darkness of soul**

**It creeps into the minds and the emotions**

**When hates engulfed the soul**

**Considerations gone**

**Compassion thrown away**

**Humanity buried**

**And bloody monuments**

**Stands until now**

**Remembered and narrated**

**But happened again**

**And again!**

**Sabra, Shatila**

**Austwitch, Dachau**

**Siem Reap, My Lai**

**Bosnia, Herzegovina and Kosovo**

**Nagorno Karakbah**

**And now in Rakhine**

**Hatred is crime**

**Hatred destroys**

**Throw it away**

**Lets cultivate permanent peace**

**Lets nurture love forever**

**Lets spread love to the whole world**

**To the whole world!**

**8). A FATHER AND DAUGHTER ON NATURE'S TRAIL**

Watching the joy on your face

On the boat on Amazon

With your girl at the back

Suddenly I remembered

How I started falling in love

With unka, napoh and jungle durian

Actually

I never thought all those

But watching both of you

Is like a replay on memory screen

A father and his daughter

On nature's trail

Long ago

Maybe while on his back

Hugging his neck

Crossing on old tree trunk

Across a small stream

Dad taught me

Ungka is the white-faced monkey

Napoh is smaller than deer

But bigger than mouse deer

Jungle durian can be eaten

But the smell is nauseating

Dad always tell me

While in the jungle

Don't kill animals

If its not bothering you

If a snake crosses your path

Let it go first

This jungle is its home

We are just passers by

That's the story

How I fell in love

With piercing coldness of water in the stream

And rafflesia

That rarely seen blooming

#### **9). BALLADS OF A LITTLE ROHINGYA GIRL**

**Said Fatimah to her mother**

**Who is very much traumatised and confused**

**I am hungry mum**

**When do we reach the new country?**

**With grieving face**

**Unsparkled eyes**

**She stroked her daughter's hair**

**Patient my child**

**We will reach the new land**

**There are kind people who will help**

**Imagine we are fasting now**

**The mother is still in nightmares**

**Rough hands pulling her**

**Tearing her clothes**

**In front of helpless husband**

**Who closed his eyes**

**Hearing her piercing screams**

**Being raped**

**The ordeal of that night was not enough**

**Under the dark starless**

**Sky of rohingya**

**The father was shot in the head**

**Together with other male siblings**

**The next day**

**The remaining whole village**

**Braved dense jungle**

**Boarded a packed boat**

**Gambling their worthless lives**

**Very dignified people**

**Reduced to be refugees**

**Depending on mercy**

**Of Andaman Sea rough waves**

**Heading to a new country**

**They never knew before**

**Her name is Malaysia**

**My Rohingya brothers**

**We are not big power**

**But Islam taught us**

**To be merciful**

**And love**

**Accepting and defending your rights**

**Since many years ago!**

**10). PRAGA**

Your chill is prickling

Its too cold for me

Watching acts of clowns

Old Rama and Sita holding hands affectionately

And those who watched



Nauseated

**Drunk**

**Without having to guzzle beer**

Prague

September 2016

11). **EVERYTIME DAD GOES TO WAR.**

**According to mum's stories**

**When I was small**

**I always cry**

**Everytime dad left us to go to war**

**I was the one**

**Who like to sit on his lap**

**Clinging his neck till I fell asleep**

**Everytime he came back from the war fronts**

**According to mum again**

**Everyday I will wait for him at the door**

**When he returned to the jungle**

**'Daddy shot bandits. Bang! Bang! Bang!'**

**That's his answers**

**Everytime I asked where did he go**

**Leaving me so often**

**Because I didn't like him to go**

**I love him too much**

**Maybe that's why I hate wars!**

**My dad is still alive**

**Such long live he has**

**But war made him a stranger to us**

**Always having difficulty in trusting people**

**Manipulating circumstances and people**

**He wants to win all the times**

**And sometimes**

**Testing everybody's patience**

**Ah!**

**My dad is a very wounded man actually**

**Due to war**

**Fighting a man named Chin Peng**

**Note: Chin Peng was the leader of revolutionary Bintang Tiga, a wing of Communist Party of**

**Malaya during the armed struggle of Emergency 1948-1960.**

12). **BETWEEN THE TALIBANS ETC.....**

When Buddha statues in Bamiyan Valley were demolished

Many heritage warriors

Screamed to the whole world

Condemning the Mullah and Taliban

But nobody says anything

When drones destroyed museums

Babylon Heritage Sites

The Hanging Garden

and all left by King Darius

Priceless to history and world heritage

I am not an ardent fan

Of those who demolished Buddha statues in Bamiyan

Probably had been shot like Malala

For writing poems

And talking about Samira, Hana Makhbalbaf and Mira Nair's films

But aren't they all

World civilization and heritage destroyers?

So why didn't The History Channel

Say something about it?

### 13). POEM TO A LITTLE BROTHER

Son

In your anger

Towards you big brother

Don't forget

When you fell from the staircase

And mum was not around at that time

It was on your big brother's lap

You were laid on

And he called you non stop

Making you conscious all the time

On the way to hospital

**That saved your life**

**Son**

**That's the only sibling you have**

**So be patient with him**

**When your mum is no longer around**

**Son**

**Life**

**Had not been easy for us unlike other's**

**Due to games played by dirty hands**

**Wanting to be gods**

**We had gone through them**

**With patience, perseverance**

**And plenty of deep wounds till now**

**So don't forget that in his rage**

**your big brother**

**Loves you very much**

**Because you are all he has**

**14). MISSING YOU**

I traced

Roads and lanes we travelled

The spots we sit down

The walks by the lake side

Also by the boulevard

I recalled your laughters and the jokes

And the dimple rarely seen on a man's face

And the brooding in your eyes

Thank you

For being my son

For calling me your mum

And always stood by me till you are a man

My son

I am missing you

15). **GAZA OH GAZA!**

**I don't know how many times they asked**

**Can poems fight phosphorus and tanks?**

**Can it crush arrogance?**

**and I don't know how many times to tell them**

**that spark starts from feelings**

**turned into raging fiery words**

**just like us**

**sitting here reading poems**

**throwing voices to the entire corners**

**not because that's all we can do**

**but thats how it started and ended**

**Gaza and Gaza again**

**stories of your pain during the last season**

**introduced me to a traveler**

**whom I think is searching for himself**

**or he could be running away from his pains**

**and the redness of blood spilled on your streets**

**unite us**

**today**

**without realizing it**

**your pain and wounds**

**retained us here**

**Gaza oh Gaza!**

**Your blood and tears**

**make me forgot my own pain**

**this journey in my own homeland**

**is still so painful**

**though its been many years**

**hey they said**

**that's Diana Spencer Syndrome**

**focusing on others pain**

**and slowly it erases your own!**

**Oh I don't care about it**

**pain is pain**

**doesn't matter if its an old mother**

**lost her young man on the bloody street of Gaza**

**or that woman**

**who talks about peace**

**but scarred for life**

**under siege by proxy of a power**

**and she lives just at the outskirt of Kuala Lumpur**

**Gaza oh Gaza!**

**your pain and mine**

**are united now**

**and it demands understanding ,submission and acceptance**

**of fate and His decisions**

**at this point**

**suddenly I realized again**

**that road is never easy**

**as difficult as trying to understand**



**why babies cry at birth**

**whom the Sufis say**

**its because they are thrown into this world**

**and suddenly realizing life is very much**

**His moves and games**

**and who are we to refute**

**what had been decided**

**In the Almighty Kingdom all along?**

**God!**

**Thank you**

#### **16). THE ALLEYS OF PARADISE 2**

**At this point**

**We chose our lanes**

**Ah!! Blessing from God**

**Our meeting**

**Exposed mysteries of pains**

**For a while**

**Dark clouds stayed away**

**I accompanied you on that lane**

**I thought**

**It will reach an end**

**But we came to a forked road**

**So I closed our chapter**

**Because while walking**

**In the Alleys of Paradise 2**

**I found myself again**

**In gibberish of a man**

**Who was not dreaming**

**Sorry, if you are disappointed.....**

**CASABLANCA**

**December 2017**

**17). BIRCH LEAVES**

**The birch leaves**

**green in the beginning**

**becomes yellowish**

**dried and then fell to the ground**

**next season**

**young fresh shoots grow**

**that's how life is**

**barren unproductive phase**

**ended with death**

**but eventually we are reborn**

**and started stepping forward**

**not bothering and remembering**

**all the heartaches and dissapointments**

**carrying with us**

**a piece of seed called faith**

**Its true what Fowles said**

**and we keep walking**

**and we keep walking**

**and we keep walking**

**Cheerio!**

Stirling-Scotland

1990

Note: John Fowles was the English Novelist who wrote The French Lieutenant's Woman.

**18). PORT DICKSON AND SUNSET.**

**very soon we might not be able to watch sunset at the skyline**

**and hearing chirping of sea gulls**

**in this golden territory because**

**all the beaches become private properties**

**due to aggressive developments**

**of condominiums rest houses four and five star international hotels**

**with barbed wire on top of eight feet high walls; with olive skinned security guards**

**standing loyally by the red signboard with words;**

**INTRUDERS WILL BE PROSECUTED;**

**so where else children of fishermens, farmers and town hall labourers can run around**

**flying kites made from old newspapers**

**or where else children of urban dwellers can build sand castles**

**everytime they come to this wounded territory?**

Port Dickson-Malaysia

1987

**19). REMEMBERING THAT PARTING**

Did you ever know  
how I swallowed  
the embers you left behind  
till now?

Did you ever asked  
how I keep walking

with all the pains and wounds  
that scarred me  
till now?

Did you ever realized  
half of me died  
when you walked off  
not because of missing you  
but the mess you had thrown me into  
out of your own doing

So much chaos  
that I kept on asking  
whats wrong with me  
we become like this?

you kept torturing me till now  
not because of revenge  
but its the confusion in yourself

and you can't afford  
to admit your mistakes

Its not that I cant cast that sadness  
but love to both of them  
made me swallow the embers you left behind  
years after you had gone

I chose to say it out now  
because nothing stopping me  
they both had grown up  
and we both always knew

that time will arrive  
and its my turn to speak

You had done a lot  
to kill me  
but I did not die

actually  
who is more tortured  
between the two of us?

Malmö- Sweden

Dec 2014

20). **THIS CHAPTER**

**The pages  
on this chapter  
documented ironies in our life  
though  
in the beginning  
it was not so**

**I could still hear  
your voices  
uttering syhadah on the Inca soil**

**Stunned in confusion**

**I said things I didn't understand**

**till now!**

**Ulan Bataar**

**August 2017**

**NOTE: SYAHADAH IS UTTERINGS IN ISLAMIC FAITH OF ADMITTING THERE IS NO GOD BUT ALLAH AND  
PROPHET MUHAMMAD IS HIS MESSENGER.**

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