



Playing with Words

VOICE of the Soul

Volume II

ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS



اُيُتِمُّوْا رِسَالَتِي رِجْوَا لِيْ وَفَارًا
UNIVERSITI
TEKNOLOGI
MARA

Compilation of Poems :
Universiti Teknologi MARA Kedah Branch

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soul

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**PLAYING WITH WORDS :
VOICE OF THE SOUL VOLUME II ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS**

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eISBN : 978-967-2948-50-6

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ISBN 978-967-2948-49-0

Published By : Universiti Teknologi MARA
Kedah Branch
Sungai Petani Campus
08400 Merbok
Kedah
Malaysia

Printed By : Perpustakaan Sultan Badlishah
Universiti Teknologi Mara Kedah Branch
Sungai Petani Campus
08400 Merbok
Kedah

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FORE WORD

Azlan Abdul Rahman
Head of Akademi Pengajian Bahasa
UiTM Kedah Branch



It has been my utmost pleasure to announce the second publication of a poetry book initiated and hosted by Akademi Pengajian Bahasa (APB), Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah Branch. I am proud to say that the second poetry webinar entitled Playing with words has resulted in the publication of Playing With Words: Voice of The Soul Volume II Anthology of Poems. As the head of department, I will always support initiatives like this one and will be looking forward to the coming editions of more creative writing books in the future.

The poetry in this anthology are original and well-crafted and I would recommend you to read the poems from various themes and genres the book offer. Poetry is the only form of writing that touches primarily on the emotional spectrum of human experience, rather than communicating via mental constructs. It enables the writer to share her emotional message directly with the reader, without having to rely on the intermediary form of an intellectual argument or a story.

💡 Thank you all of you who have contributed your poems in the second edition of this poetry book. 💡

This is the real art of sharing a book of poems from one creative mind to another.
Congratulations to the editorial team and to all contributors.



PRE FACE

Puan Sharila Birtti Saad
Chief Editor

It is our pleasure to announce the new edition of the poetry book called *Playing With Words: Voice of The Soul Volume II Anthology of Poems* which was originated from a webinar series entitled *Playing With Words: Voice of The Soul Volume II* organized and hosted by Academy of Language Studies and ILD Universiti Teknologi Mara, Kedah Branch early this year. The major purpose of the workshop is to guide writers to write creative poetry for publication. Poetry writing is an excellent practice for strengthening one's writing skills. Through poetry writing, we gain command of language, cultivate a robust vocabulary, master literary devices, and learn to work in imagery. And that's just a small sampling of how poetry improves basic writing skills. Moreover, poetry writing has long been hailed as a deeply therapeutic practice. It imparts a broad range of emotional and intellectual benefits that are useful to personal growth, whether we're working on self-improvement, emotional or psychological coping and healing, developing relationships, and even furthering our careers. Poetry writing and reading is indeed a therapeutic platform because it is both healing and transformative because it allows you to voice out your inner feelings.

Alhamdulillah, we received a tremendous response from the participants, and we extended the invitation to interested lecturers from various campuses all over Malaysia. I am proud to announce that in the anthology we managed to publish 203 poems which were contributed by 156 lecturers and academicians from UiTM and other higher learning institutions. This is in fact the largest collection of poems compiled in one anthology.

The themes include education, emotions, experience, family, life, values, love, nature, patriotism, hobby and religion all written in English language. We have also embarked into publishing 30 poems written in Bahasa Melayu. The poems reflect the poets' inner voices and their own perception on certain issues in life and their environment. It is hoped that readers of this book would benefit personally and professionally. As the chief editor, I observed improvements in the poems published in the anthology where poets have successfully put emphasis on symbolism, metaphor, and imagery.

Finally, this book could not have come into reality without a great deal of assistance and encouragement from many sources. We must acknowledge the great efforts of the contributors of the poems who have penned down their creative juices and diligently wrote their masterpieces. Our hope is that they will continue to write poems in the future because because poetry allows people to express concepts in unique and resonant ways that sometimes survive and continue to inspire readers for thousands of years.

Acknowledgement

Sharifa Bivtti Saad
Chief Editor

Inspired by the words from my favourite author Emily Dickinson,
If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me,
I know that is poetry. – **Emily Dickinson**

From the quote we know how powerful the diction in poetry is. Diction is important part of writing and understanding poetry because each story helps create the poem tone, mood, and all the poetic literary devices. Each word helps the poet to express her train of thoughts to create her story. Poetry writing has given us the opportunity to play with words innovatively and intelligently.

In Robert Frost's words - "Poetry is when emotion has found its thought, and thought has found words"

I would like to personally thank the Rector of UiTM, the Deputy Rector of Academic Affairs, Head of Academy of Language Studies, for the utmost support and to the diligent editorial team for the effort and dedication to the publication of the second edition of the poetry book. My heartfelt gratitude goes to each one of you who has contributed your poems. Keep up the good work and keep writing poems.

Playing With Words : Voice of The Soul Volume II Anthology of Poems is published today because of you. Congratulations and Thank You everyone.

💡 **When in grief, play with words,**
When in trouble play with words. 💡

Sharifa Bivtti Saad

A Poet in Me

*I had never been a poet
Until the day I needed to be
I'd kept my emotions trapped inside
They needed to be set free*

*So although I'd never written a poem
It all came spilling out
Fear, regret, frustration
Anger, depression and doubt*

*I wrote, I cried, I wrote, I smiled
And slowly began to heal
The process helped me realise
I shouldn't be scared to feel*

*And now I feel emotions
Like joy, amusement and pride
I'm grateful that writing poetry
Has changed what I feel inside.*

Education



To my Teachers

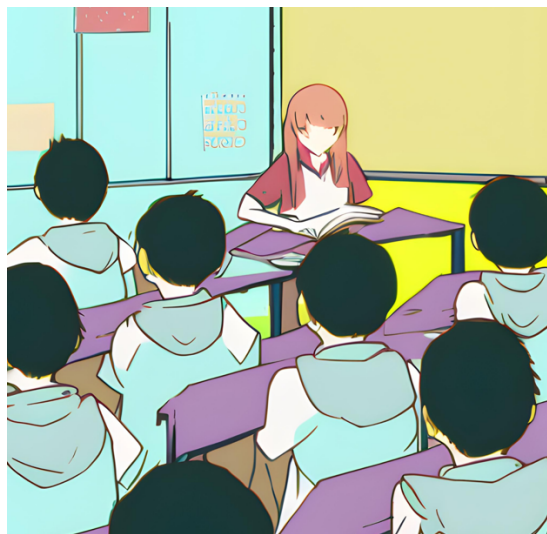
by Dr. Aimy Abdullah



From an acorn an oak stands
But what would an acorn be without..
The Sun's gentle encouragement?

From a single step journeys began
But what would journeys be without..
A destination, an achievement?

For in every naive mind lies great potential
To be bent, shaped and moulded into feature
From plain mediocrity to great intellectuals
Made possible by the grace of our noble Teachers



紫禁情深

Deep Affection in the Forbidden City

by Dr Goh Ying Soon

古色华章入梦来，
紫禁城内尽精华。
文创产品珍宝满，
喜得心中乐洋洋。

谢故宫馆藏精品，
感恩文化传不灭。
历经岁月沧桑换，
宝光熠熠永流传。

With ancient beauty in my dreams I'm blessed,
The Forbidden City, a treasury at its best.
Creativity and culture intertwined,
Joy fills my heart, my thoughts entwined.

Grateful for the Palace's treasured art,
A legacy of culture, never to depart.
Through the ages, enduring winds of change,
A timeless radiance, forever in range.

注：

一名艺术系博士生感恩我的指导，特别邮寄我中国故宫的文创产品，有感而写。

Note:

A doctoral student in the arts sent me a cultural and creative product from the Palace Museum in China as a token of appreciation for my guidance. This inspired me to write this poem.



In Love with Draft

by Dr Goh Ying Soon

这博士研究初稿 已经搞了两长年
天天泡在初稿中 感觉像个机器人
回看我的初稿 像是个水晶鞋
把它捧在我手里 就拥有全世界

可是没关系 我不是抱怨啊
毕竟也有乐趣 跟初稿调侃谈心
可是没关系 我不是抱怨啊
毕竟也有乐趣 跟初稿一起变成 黑眼圈

有时候失败了 还得重新开始
有时候做错了 只能再来一次
这时候就需要 大声唱起来

This doctorate research draft, I've been working on it for two long years

Every day immersed in the draft, feeling like a robot

Looking back at my draft, it's like a crystal shoe

Holding it in my hands, I feel like I own the world

But it's okay, I'm not complaining

After all, there's enjoyment in bantering with the draft

But it's okay, I'm not complaining

After all, there's enjoyment in turning from dark circles to brighter ones

Sometimes when we fail, we have to start over

Sometimes when we make mistakes, we can only try again

That's when we need to sing out loud



注：

一名博士生经两年开题答辩始终无法进行的复杂情绪，有感而写。

Note:

A doctoral student's complex emotions after two years of being unable to proceed with his thesis proposal defense. This inspired me to write this poem.



Breve poesia dedicata a due concetti: quello dell'istruzione e dell'educazione.

Scritta da: Piermauro Catarinella.

*Short poem dedicated to the two concepts of education
and politeness*

Written by: Piermauro Catarinella



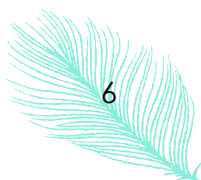
Istruzione e educazione dovrebbero sempre marciare all'unisono.
Education and politeness should always walk together.

Sovente abbiamo un'istruzione, ma manchiamo di educazione.
Sometimes we have good education but we lack politeness.

Sappiamo tante cose barbose, ma non sempre laboriose.
We might know many important things, but what we study is not always useful
in our lives.

Abbiam studiato, ma non sempre affascinato.
We might have a good education, but we are not always appreciated.

Risultati abbiām raggiunto, ma talvolta senza assunto.
Maybe we got high marks when we were studying, but our knowledge does not have a
high value.



L'istruito irrigidito, non è detto che sia applaudito. Studiare non vuol dire abbaiare.
Someone might have a good education but if he shows off, he is not appreciated as a person.

Se lo studio mi rende colto, ciò vuol dire che son coinvolto.
To study means not only to get proper knowledge, but also something more than that.

L'istruzione non è ambizione, ma mera alimentazione. E qui la mia non è concerìa.
To get a good education must not be an ambition but something we feel inside our souls.

La qualifica, seppur magnifica, non sempre gratifica. Una vita, ma mi sento un troglodita.
We might have fantastic professional qualifications but we cannot rely only on these.
After studying for many years, many humble people still feel they know nothing.

La cultura è annaffiatura, come la pianta ne vuole tanta. Se è mero sfoggio, allora son barbogio.
To get a proper education requires hard work day after day. If we just want to show off our education, then it is just a waste.

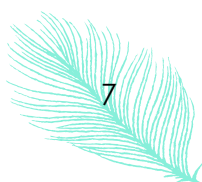
Va sentita e non seguita, un afflato naturale, men che mai un comandato collaterale.
The desire to study must be natural, not imposed by others.

Ma se il colto è pure incolto, allora lui è malaccolto.
There are some people with important qualifications but they do not know what politeness is.

Istruzione richiede educazione, un tutt'uno di aromatizzazione, armonizzazione e calcificazione.
The educated person is the one who also knows how to be polite towards other people.

La sola prima è mera moina: recitazione di sofisticazione e vuota boria attoria. Essa è anche crescita ma a volte decadenza, richiede diligenza e sofferenza, pazienza e deferenza, e a volte anche un pizzico di incoscienza.
Having a good education, but ignoring politeness is something that makes someone arrogant and snuffy. Getting a valuable education means not only to reach important goals, but also to accept failures; to be constantly hardworking, patient and sometimes a bit outrageous.

L'ignorante non è un birbante e neppure un dolorante. La sola educazione, senza istruzione, non fa di noi un anfitrione.
If someone could not get proper education, he must not feel like a loser. There are people who are not educated but know and use politeness, and this does not mean that these people have no value.



La persona educata è sempre acclamata e ammirata, rispettata e avvicinata.
The person with good manners is always welcome, appreciated, loved and respected.

L'essere istruito è facilmente sostituito perché oggi l'istruzione è in forte ascensione. Ma il soggetto educato è sempre accreditato, giammai appartato ed anche agevolato e in più addottrinato.

Nowadays there are more and more fellows with good education because the number of people who attend higher educational studies is increasing yearly. But the number of people who are sincerely polite is always decreasing.

E ciò perché le buone maniere son sempre filiere di confettiere.
To know and to practise politeness is also a form of education.

L'educazione è aggettivazione, una forma di autoimpollinazione e autodeterminazione, sempre apprezzata ed affamata e mai abusata.

Politeness is not a subject that can be simply studied through books. It is something that not only can be taught to us by our families, but also something we can search for and decide to practise in our lives. Unfortunately, it is becoming rarer and rarer.

Poem Title The Spirit of an Educator

by Farhana Fakhira Ismail



Educating, not to be glamorous,
Not to be someone with prosperity,

It demands patience,

It demands perseverance,

It demands resilience

It demands passion.

Educating, not to seek positions,

Not to demand rewards

It demands the purest intention,

It demands a sincere heart,

It demands a fighting soul.

Seeing the students' getting better,

Somehow makes us smile,

Seeing the students' getting smarter,

It fills the emptiness in our hearts.

Educator is not a mere educator,

He is a father,

She is a mother,

A brother,

A sister,

A friend,

A murobbi.

A person who is not merely teaching the topics in a syllabus,

But a person who preaches the lessons about life.

An educator, makes the students thirst for knowledge,



Makes them ponder,
About the beauty of knowledge,
An educator,
We do not wish to be rewarded,
We do not wish for material gain,
Not Even a thank- you note.
Seeing the students grow,
Making progress,
Day by day,
Month by month,
Year by year,
It provides us such an indescribable satisfaction.
This is the journey,
A journey with hope,
Shall bring us to Jannah.

The beaoning eyes of an educator

by Nor Elyzatul Akma Hamdan



Dear academician, when you look
At your students in a class,
Focusing with a studious eye
Inside, it's blossoming.

Never feels like hours of the preparation
Are worn-out,
Or lectures are boring to tears.
Their positive nods turn me into a luminescent lotus.
And light up my inner core.

In that big hall,
Lessons serve to be promulgated and enacted.
If in any hall or class,
you find academically struggling students.

or otherwise, impoverished students,
Be confident that you will play your role,
As an academician,
To be a mother,
To be a father,
In their order taking magnificent,
Then be very sure that they

Have a life of joy.

Have a shower of merriment.
Have a spray of laughter!
For all times to come.

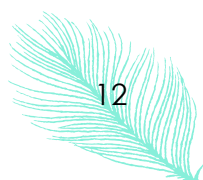


Dream Weaver: The Quest for a PhD

By Salwa Othman

There once was a lecturer so bright,
Whose students she taught with delight,
But a PhD loomed near,
And filled her with fear,
For she'd fallen into a research insight.
She searched high and low for a topic,
A subject that was fresh, not myopic,
But the more she looked,
The more she was hooked,
Into a research hole, how ironic!
Days turned into weeks, then into months,
Her search for a topic, it still haunts,
With other tasks in tow,
Her time was scarce, her progress slow.
Teaching, publishing, grants to pursue,
Management post, and a family of four too,
Her dream felt out of reach,
The reality, a difficult breach!
But then came a breakthrough, oh so divine,
She found her topic, and it shone like a sign,
Her PhD proposal was finally done,
Her hard work had paid off, it seemed.
Her committee approved,
And she was moved,
To tears, for all the obstacles she'd deemed.
As she went to bed that night,
The lecturer's dream took flight,
A world where research was grand,
And new insights were in demand.

In her dream, she wrote with glee,
A thesis that flowed free!
To realize it was all in her heart,
She had yet to start her PhD,
And still, it was just a fantasy.
But the dream was sweet, oh so sweet,
She vowed to make it her reality's treat,
To work hard and make it come true,
For dreams can be real, too.



Maths Is Our Friend

By Ting Su Ung



Maths is our friend, despite some not agreeing,
Its logical and structured nature aids, help us to see,
The innate patterns and aesthetic appeal, in the world around,
From the vastness of space above, to the bottom of earth's solid ground.
Numbers and equations, can seem intimidating at first,
But with practice and patience, we can satisfy our thirst,
For knowledge and understanding on the mysteries of how things work,
And discover the secrets, that often lurk.
Geometry, algebra, trigonometry too,
All have their own place, in the things that we do,
From constructing buildings, to launching a rocket,
Maths is the language, that makes it all fit.
So embrace your friend Math,, with open arms and mind,
For the more we learn, the more we will find,
Maths is not scary, but actually pretty fun,
And with it by our side, we can accomplish anything under the sun.

Diversity of lecturers

by Faizah Baharudin

Lecturers come in different shapes and sizes,
Some are strict and stern; you'll feel like having seizures,
Some are soft-spoken, while some need no speakers,
Some speak with love, while others treat you like soldiers.

Oh, yes! Lecturers do come in all shapes and sizes,
But most come with the hearts and souls of warriors,
Different methods, teaching styles, and gazes,
But most come with the same goals and missions.

Let's celebrate: lecturers who come in great shapes and sizes,
for the sake and faith of diversity of exposures.



Emotions



Wineglass, Sorrows, and You

by Aidan H.

If I were a wine glass
I'll never be stored in a row
for kisses from the lips of sorrow
on a bar counter full of mellow

I never had free time
for everyone seems happily sipping their sorrows
as they trade their numbness and tears away

I was happy for the kisses
But are you?

Raya Sounds No More

by Afni Anida Adnan

There was once the sounds of laughter
and merry glee of the children;
laughing and shouting as they ran after
the goat, the ducks and the chicken.

The whirring sound of the blender
processing the lemongrass and the ginger;
The puffing of the cushion with the new cover,
The swish swash swish of the feather duster.

The new curtains blown by the breeze
And mum cuts the chicken with much ease;
The month of submission is closing
and a day of celebration is dawning.

At night the children light the sparklers
and the house glows, oil lamps all around
The women cook amidst endless chatter
Oh! What beautiful, joyous sounds!

But a horrible wave of a virus came;
for two whole years there were no sounds
And the virus with the horrible name
knew not its limits- it had no bounds.

When the virus came and when it hit
It took much more than sounds with it



It took away the light that lit
the very essence; the one main spirit

of Raya- now gone not quite like before
for mum is gone she is no more-
and with her, our Raya eternally altered;
all wonderful sounds forever muted.



*Picture by: Afni Anida Adnan at
IG colourcrazycolours*

Sweet Memories

by: Arrominy binti Arabi



Remembering the days when they were still young,
So full of joy, laughter, and happiness,
Playing hide- and- seek over and over again,
Quarrelling and squabbling forever with one another,
Loving fondly and sharing everything together,
No secrets kept away from each other,

They would run around happily,
Taking turns pouring water around the house,
As if it was a garden full of blooming flowers in pots,
They laughed and shouted their hearts out,
Hugging one another joyfully that was who they were,
The wonderful happy three sisters,

If time could be turned back to where they were before,
They would make things much better and enjoy companionship greater,
Now all that is left are sweet and beautiful memories of the three sisters,
As sadly one has already passed on leaving the other two behind,

Till next time when they would meet again,
In shaa Allah in Jannah,
Will forever love and cherish the sweet memories till death comes.



Emancipated

by Dianna Suzieanna Mohamad Shah

Finally free, my soul released,
From the clutches of a friendship that ceased.

No longer trapped in a narcissist's grip,
My spirit now soars, with a weightless skip.

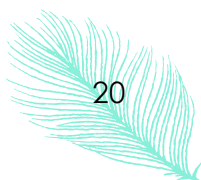
Once blinded by their self-centered ways,
Lost in the maze of their endless praise.
But now I see with clear, unclouded eyes,
The mask they wore, the hidden lies.

Their ego reigned, while I dimmed my light,
Suppressing my voice, staying out of sight.
Their needs came first, while mine were ignored,
A friendship toxic, deeply flawed.

But I broke free, from the chains that bound,
Myself to them, my voice not found.
With courage bold, I stepped away,
No longer willing to silently obey.

My self-worth reclaimed, my dignity restored,
I walked away, my heart no longer gored.
No longer suffocated by their vanity,
I found freedom in my newfound clarity.

A weight lifted, a burden shed,
A new beginning, with hope ahead.
No longer stifled, no longer small,
I stand tall, proud and strong, standing tall.



Emancipated, I now embrace,
A life authentic, with grace and space.
No more shadows, no more pretense,
I revel in my newfound sense.

For leaving behind a narcissist's snare,
Has set me free, beyond compare.
A new chapter, a fresh start,
With lessons learned, and a mended heart.

So, I celebrate this newfound release,
From a toxic friendship, a false peace.
With gratitude for the lessons learned,
And a future bright, no longer spurned.



Mia cara mamma, perché mi ha lasciato?

My dear mom, why did you leave me?

By Dr Catarinella Piermauro

Breve poesia dedicata alla mia amatissima ed insostituibile mamma, scomparsa lo scorso 3 agosto, 2022. Scritta da: Piermauro Catarinella.

Short poem dedicated to my beloved and irreplaceable mother, passed away on August 3, 2022. Written by: Piermauro Catarinella.



The mother is that person that can replace every one. But nobody can replace her.

Mia adorata mamma, ora che non ci sei alla mia vita rinuncerei. Dal giorno della tua scimunita dipartita, patita e sentita è la tristezza e questa è una certezza.
My lovely mom, now that you are not here anymore, my life is empty and I have been feeling sad since the day you passed away.

Mia cara mamma, mi hai dato tutto ma ora sono in lutto. É vero, la vita terrena ti ha sorriso ma non per questo son conquiso.
My dear mom, you gave me everything but now I am in mourning. Yes, I recognize that you had a nice life but it is hard to accept you have gone.

Mia prediletta mamma, mi hai insegnato tutto, dal rutto al costruito, però, al momento, son distrutto. Ti sono stato sempre grato, eppure ora son angosciato.
My beloved mother, you taught me everything, from simple to complex things, but I feel so down now. I have always been grateful to you for what you have done for me but now I am distressed.

Mia unica e grandissima mamma, sei sicuramente in un mondo migliore pieno di candore e di splendore; il tuo corpo è andato e ciò mi rende abbacchiato.

My great mother, for sure right now you are in a better world full of candor and splendor. You have gone and your departure makes me tearful.

Mia amatissima mamma, in me il tuo viso sempre vivo, affettivo e per nulla astrattivo, è davvero lenitivo. Mi rallegra pensare che tra non molto lo potrò di nuovo accarezzare.

E conto i dì per far sì.

My adored mother, your smiling face is always with me. I am happy to think that, sooner or later, I will be able to pet it again and I am looking forward to it.

Cara mamma, ricordo ogni istante emozionante insieme e ciò è per me carburante euforizzante, linfa sospinta per andare ante; ogni tuo gesto, in qualsiasi contesto, ogni tua parola come una viola, ogni tua espressione gesto di affezione.

My dear mom, I remember every single moment we spent together and this helps me to go on; your gesture in any context, your word like a flower, your expression of affection.

Mia beneamata mamma, l'amore che mi hai sempre dato non è mai stato adulterato; ed il tuo insegnamento ha permesso il mio camminamento.

My beloved mother, the love that you gave me has always been genuine, and what you taught me allowed me to walk in this world.

Mia dolcissima mamma, quando ti sogno, ti parlo, ti sento, ti censo, ti senso, ti detto, ti netto e ti desto. E la cosa tra noi è amorosa, briosa, festosa, coccolosa, luminosa e radiosa.

My sweetest mom, when I dream about you, I can feel you are still alive because I can talk to you, I can listen to you, I can adore you, I can share anything with you, I can see you, I can hug you; nothing has changed between us, despite your death. The relationship between you and me is lovely, sweet, cheerful, real, harmonious, bright and radiant.

Mia carissima mamma, sono stato oltremodo fortunato, agevolato, appagato, beato e blasonato per aver avuto te come genitrice allevatrice. Un dono del qual non son degno ma che mi dà sostegno.

My dearest mother, I was very lucky, fortunate, blessed and pleased to have had you as my parent. A gift from God I did not deserve, that gives me great support.

Mia affettuosissima mamma, lo so che nessuno è immortale ma per me tu sei diversa perchè astrale e la tua luminosa stella, dolce come una sfogliatella e necessaria come una fontanella, risplenderà sempre nel mio cuore apportandovi un immenso bagliore.

My loving mom, I know that no one is immortal but for me you are different and your bright star, sweet as a puff pastry and necessary as a fountain, will always shine in my heart bringing an immense glow.

Humanity over Rudeness ✂

by Hafizah Hajimia

Rudeness and humanity, two sides of the coin
One can uplift, the other can destroy
A smile or a sneer, which one will you employ?

Hurt and rudeness, a tragic pair,
Two forces that should never be,
They leave wounds that are hard to bear,
And tear apart our empathy.

In this world of chaos and strife
We all seek some kindness in our life
A gentle touch or a helping hand
Can make all the difference, you understand?

But sometimes we forget, and lose our way
We lash out, hurt others, without a second thought
Forgetting the golden rule, that we were taught

It's easy to choose the harsh word,
To speak without a thought or care,
But it's the kindness we've deferred,
That leaves our hearts in disrepair.

We must remember our shared humanity
And treat others with respect and dignity
For every soul is precious and unique
And in kindness, we will find the strength we seek



*So let us choose our words and actions with care
And show the world that we are aware
That rudeness may give temporary gain
But it is humanity that will forever remain*



Image source: https://medium.com/@Muhammad_Muneeb/kindness-is-the-best-humanity-36680229e319

Balancing Expectations, Responsibilities, and Capabilities

by Mohd Nadzri Bin Mohd Najib

Expectations, responsibilities, and capabilities,
A trio bound together in life's possibilities.
What we hope for, what we must do,
And what we're able to accomplish too.



Expectations can weigh heavy on our mind,
A future vision that we hold in kind,
But falling short can make us feel confined,
Disappointment leaves our aspirations behind.

Responsibilities come with the gift of life,
To care for ourselves, our family, and our strife.
But sometimes the weight is too much to bear,
And we need a helping hand to share.

Capabilities are what we bring to the table,
The skills and talents we're able to enable.
But if we don't push ourselves to explore,
We'll never know what we're truly capable of anymore.

So let us embrace these three intertwined,
And forge a path that is truly aligned.
With expectation, responsibility, and capability in tow,
We'll be unstoppable wherever we go.

Gone Too Soon

by Sharizan Sharkawi

You've gone too soon, that caught us by surprise

Your last goodbye, was a sign of demise

Wish I had known that it was our final meeting

The time God gave to us all was just fleeting

You've gone too soon, made us all despair

With feelings and thoughts of disrepair

Wish I had known your time was ending

Every second left would have been spent bonding

You've gone too soon, with so many things lingering

Your wishes and wants were left unfulfilled

Wish I had known your time was fading

Every wish and want would have been fulfilled unending

You've gone too soon, with unfulfilled dreams

Of many hopes and desires in streams

How I wish your time was prolonged

Appreciation and affection come in throngs

You've gone too soon, God knows best

Maybe for a better state for you to rest

Through all the trials and tribulations you have endured

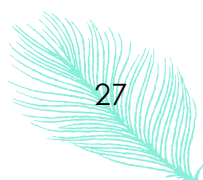
Maybe it's a sign you have tolerated enough

You've gone too soon, God is most forgiving and merciful

Taking your last breath in the most unexpected way

How I wish you were still around

Goodbye Sis, God loves you immensely



No One's Funeral

by Fairuz Binti Ramli

Something I never said out loud,
Just not to be in a bad cloud,
Somehow... it creates a thundercloud,
It seems to shake this agony thought.

And I thought...

But the truth is...
We're trying to live like a couple of saints,
But the truth is...
We're living in a ward of pain.

And you left me...

Standing in front of the gate,
The gate of unprecedented fate,
It is a fate of unruly hate,
The hate of walking through a funeral of no one.

what?

by Fatin Firman

What's up?

What's making me blue?

What's brewing, what's boggling,
what's niggling, what's new?

What's on my mind today?

What's making me worry,
keep my sleep at bay?

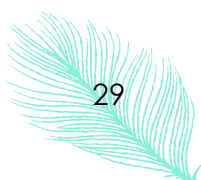
What's down?
Perhaps, me?

Problems I do,
and some I don't see.

Problems I need to put down in words.
Thoughts and things that injure and hurt.

What's that?
It's okay?

That's all I pray for,
Each and every day.



Charlie in the Age of Revolution

by Foo Yen Shan

Charlie was born in the Age of the Revolution,
Where their emotions and sense of equality became so important;
Father told Charlie to be imaginative if he want to strive for a revolution,
As individual imagination was the pathway to liberty and freedom.

Charlie was rebellious, bold and yearned to break free,
Endless nights writing on the voices of soul with his pens in black ink;
He sought a better future and society,
Hoping father was able to see a different story.

Charlie was only one of the ordinary,
But they stood firm in the faith of liberty and equality;
Fearless and not afraid of bearing the risks,
Oh, that was just so extraordinary!

It doesn't matter who Charlie is and where his poetry is,
It is enough to know all of them had gone through the blood, sweat and tears while fighting;
They enlightened us to be brave and free from chains,
"Tomorrow is another better day" if we keep imagining and fighting for our rights and ways.



Loneliness

by Emma Marini Abd Rahim

Alone, I sit in silence,
Among crowds of strange presence,
No one to talk to, no one to hear,
The rhyme of my own fear.

My own thought is the only company,
Like kindred spirit whispers in symphony,
Am I a ghost, a mere shadow?
An empty soul with a hollow?

I might as well be just a tiny boat,
Lost in its vastness, feeling so remote,
And the emptiness around me,
Is like a never-ending sea.

Everybody, everyone seems to be away,
Neither wants to stay,
Days pass like a slow-motion movie,
And nights feel like an eternity.



No One's Funeral

by Fairuz Binti Ramli

Something I never said out loud,
Just not to be in a bad cloud,
Somehow... it creates a thundercloud,
It seems to shake this agony thought.

And I thought...

But the truth is...
We're trying to live like a couple of saints,
But the truth is...
We're living in a ward of pain.

And you left me...

Standing in front of the gate,
The gate of unprecedented fate,
It is a fate of unruly hate,
The hate of walking through a funeral of no one.

Qui dit

by Norliza Che Mustafa

Qui dit que,
Tu ne m'aimes pas

Qui dit que,
Tu me détestes

Qui dit que,
Tu me hais

Tu sais qui le dit ?
C'est mon cœur

C'est mon cœur qui le dit

Translation

Who says that,
You do not love me

Who says that,
You hate me

Who says that,
You despise me

Do you know who says that?
It's my heart

My heart says it



Perservation Of Sensitive Girl

by Ros Athirah

I am emotional and sensitive.

I wonder how birds span the earth and sky with the light upon feathered wings.

I hear beautiful creatures flying free with weaving happily.

I see you skimming the surface of the sea, your wings just tip the waves.

I want to fly happily with you.

I am emotional and sensitive.

I pretend that's everything's okay.

I've learned to soar on exultant waves of wounds.

I touch my own feelings with the scars that you did.

I worry about everything.

And I cry, cry and cry.

I am emotional and sensitive.

I don't understand why this world is cruel to me. But

There is only one thing that I wish.

I hope my sadness will be vanished.



She, the woman of Grace

by Rosfatihah Che Mat

She,

The woman of strength, a woman of grace,
Struggles in life but then keeps up the pace,
Her burdens are heavy, and her road is long,
But her spirit is fierce, and her desire is strong.

She,

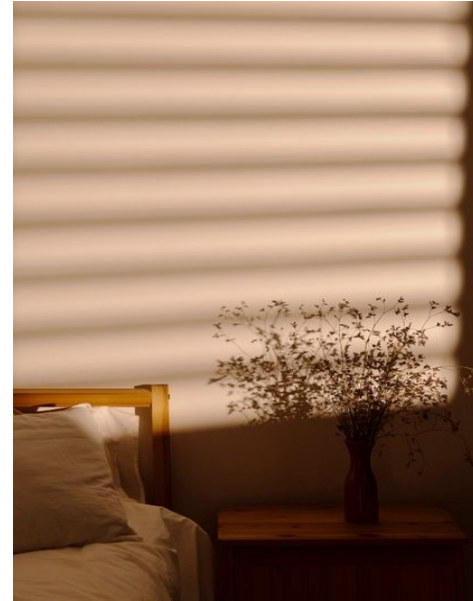
Faces each challenge with head held high,
Never giving up, even tears never ask why,
Her heart is pure, her soul is eternal,
With Allah The Most Merciful she constantly call.

She,

Keeps on moving, with a steady stride,
Her courage and resilience, she can't hide,
Her eyes sparkle with determination,
As she sets her sights on her destination.

She,

Makes the hard work look so easy,
Overcoming obstacles with elegance and breezy,
Love to inspire those around her,
Her voice makes us lay down to hear,
As we are grateful for her grace and beauty.



Remember Me

By Sharina Saad

Tell me how will you remember me?

As a cute girl in your class?

As a strict head girl in your school?

As an aspiring debater in the team?

As your sweet dormmate in the hostel?

Those days when were young...younger.

Tell me how will you remember me?

As a helpful co-worker at your school?

As a party organizer for every celebration?

As an innovative teacher who would go the extra mile?

Those days when I was an educator and educating.

Tell me how will you remember me?

As a dedicated mommy to three brilliant aspiring offspring?

As a loyal wife to a diligent banker?

As the youngest sister to my siblings?

As a favourite aunty to nieces and nephews?

Those days when I was a mommy, a wife, a sibling and a relative.

Today I am an older woman you see

Those glory days have gone.

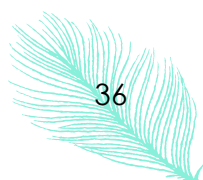
And I surpassed my prime

Today.... As I sit facing the blue sea

Breathing the fresh cool air

I try... oh I do try to make peace with my past.

Reminiscing the old good and bad days



Some days that I regretted.

Some days that I felt proud

I wish if you do remember me...

Please only remember the days

When I was crowned in gold.



Emotion

By Tina Stephen Enggong

Emotion makes us yearn for love and life
And all the wonders we can feel
Yet it can bring us down to the depths of despair
And struggles that are all too real

Emotion is like a bowl
A bowl that is hidden deep within our soul
And that bowl is what keeps us whole

Being happy is contagious
Being sad is expected
In the end, all feelings must be well respected

Untitled & Flawed

by Zaamah MN

(a poem written on World Poetry Day, 21 March 2023)

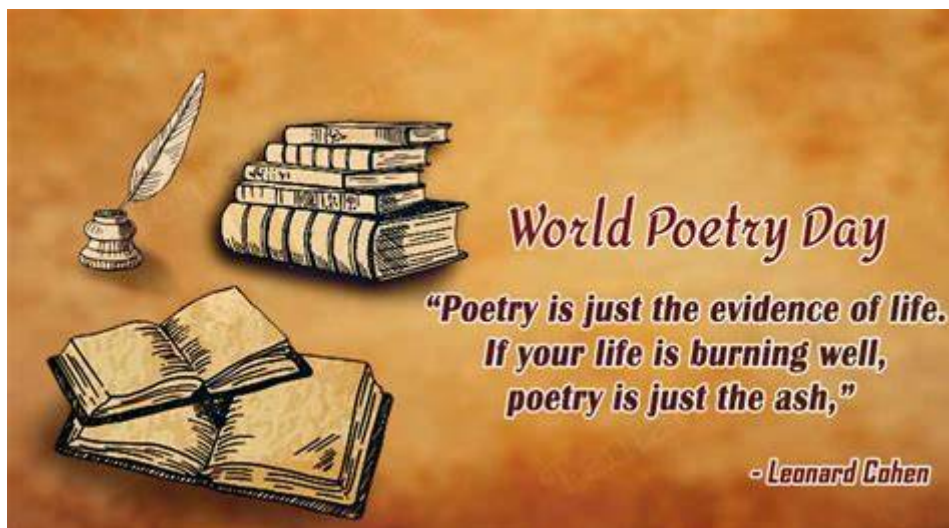
It's World Poetry Day
Ironically, I have nothing to say
Staring blankly, but not in total dismay
For I have learned the hard way
That there's always a price to pay
For each and everything set in your array

Life has made me realise
You may strive and strategise
You can plan and roll the dice
You ought to say yes or otherwise
But never let yourself be broken, twice.

Wisdom is not engrained
It is acquired and gained
Relying not solely on your brain
But a heart filled with joy and pain
Having gone through sunshine and the rain

I am far from them poets
My words at times refuse to surface
Buried deeply in mere thoughts
Untitled and flawed, perhaps gone without a trace

But since morning until night
Never would I want to miss this day cherished by many
Hence against all odds I have chosen to write
And hopefully you'd choose...to "see".



Experience



"See Me" Ch. 1 – Colin's perspective

by Aidan H.

Bruise on his ribs
deepen to a dark purple
he knew
that the pain would be overridden
and it would hurt to breathe in the morning

stare wide, frightened eyes and whisper
any of them would ask what had happened
none of them knew what to make of him
nor had any tried to speak to him
that it bothered him

frankly, it wasn't worth worrying about

Life As A Doll

By Afifah Fadlullah

If I were a doll,
I would want my owner to dress me up in trendy clothes,
I want her to take good care of me with tender loving care,
To cuddle me at night when she sleeps,
And hug me tight when she weeps.

If I were a doll,
I want her to flaunt me with pride,
Her eyes sparkling with delight,
Her heart bursting with joy,
Whenever her friends are in sight.

If I were a doll,
I want to be loved,
And treated well. Although time have passed
I might not be as pretty as I used to be,
But I am still worthy of attention and care.
I don't want to be left in a dark corner,
Forgotten and blanketed with dust.

Being a doll,
I know that I will eventually be replaced.
But here's my unspoken wish to my young owner:
Appreciate the smallest things in life,
Don't easily discard things if they have lost its value to you,
Sometimes keeping them can bring sentimental value,
And bring back nostalgic memories attached to it.

Being a doll,
There will be a time that you will need to let me go,
Growing up is what you must do.
So I hope the beautiful moments we've forged,
Will forever etch a lasting imprint in your life.



A Leader

by Azlan Abdul Rahman

A leader should teach
A leader should preach
A leader should reach
A leader should speak
A leader should create
A leader should develop
A leader should guide
A leader should achieve
A leader should motivate
A leader should inspire
A leader should build
We are a leader and we should LEAD!!!



Image from <https://www.inc.com/marcel-schwantes/how-can-you-tell-a-great-leader-when-you-see-one-look-for-this-1-uncommon-sign.html>

Lockdown Memoir

by Amizura Hanadi Mohd Radzi

Two weeks was the initial deal
But two weeks extended to four weeks
Fearmongering grew by the minute
and one month just flew by

The second month was more entertaining
A new coffee recipe became a hit
Not forgetting a latest favourite, *baju kelawar*
The rebirth of Webinar enthusiasts
Remote learning and online meetings
Endless fights with the family cat for the comfiest spot on the sofa
Gardening became a sudden hobby
So, three months just flew by...

The end of the third month promised some hope
10km radius was finally lifted
Time to roam free but SOPs were still a must
Alas, just a short-lived restricted 'freedom'

MCO was reintroduced
2.0 was added to it
Yet another homebound episodes
and WFH starts to reveal its dark side
Really, nothing much had changed
Just another waiting game...

But not that long that time around
and WFO for most of us
Business as usual but still with SOPs
Alas, those breaches were undeterred
Some were reprimanded
Others unscathed
Strange times, and so that was...

Lockdown made another unwelcome revisit
Back to square one, so it seemed
Another MCO, another lockdown?
But for how long would that go on?
Would that be the last one?
Just another waiting game, so it seemed...



My Ph.D. Journey

by Dr Su'aida binti Dato' Safei

My poem is about my Ph.D. journey, which lasted for nine years, nine months, and six days and the lessons I learned from such a journey. This poem may inspire those who wish to further their postgraduate study.

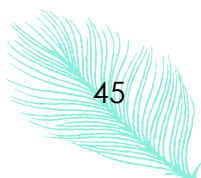
My Ph.D. journey started on 11th August 2012
The final complete thesis was submitted for Viva on 14th September 2021
The long-awaited Viva was on 29th November 2021
The Ph.D. journey finally ended on 17th May 2022
It took me nine years, nine months, and six days to obtain the precious Senate letter

I was a full-time Ph.D. student for three years and six months
I was sick for two years during my full-time period of study
I continued to become a part-time Ph.D. student for six years and three months
I learned a lot of lessons that made me who I am today

As a Muslim, I learned that Allah has better plans when my plans do not turn out as planned
As a daughter, I learned to face all challenges to make my late parents proud of me
As a wife, I learned to ask my husband's blessing to do my Ph.D. work and put aside our quality time together as well
As a mother, I learned to be a flexible and a supportive mother
As a lecturer, I learned to empathise with the struggles of my students and always offer my helping hands

For those planning to pursue their postgraduate study, these are my advice;
You should have a balanced life; academic, personal, spiritual
You should maintain a good relationship with your supervisor
You should create networking with the experts in your area of research
You should have a positive and supportive circle group for your postgraduate study
You should have a mentor that may not necessarily be your supervisor
You should inform your family about your challenges and ask for their moral support and prayers
You should celebrate your academic achievements, no matter how small they may appear to be
You should learn not only from technical classes but also those classes related to thesis management
You should have all the positive attitudes; perseverance, and persistence to name a few
You should choose progression over perfection
You should avoid comparing yourself with others
You should acknowledge that everybody has a different Ph.D. journey, yet with the same goal of finishing it
You should have faith in Allah and accept whatever happens with an open heart

Always believe that there will be a light at the end of the tunnel
Never think of quitting, but finish what you have started
Remember that everything happens for a reason
Change negative words for Ph.D. to more positive words
Ph.D. is not a "Permanent Head Damage" but is "Possible Happy Days/Dreams"



The wonderful world of windy welly(wellington)

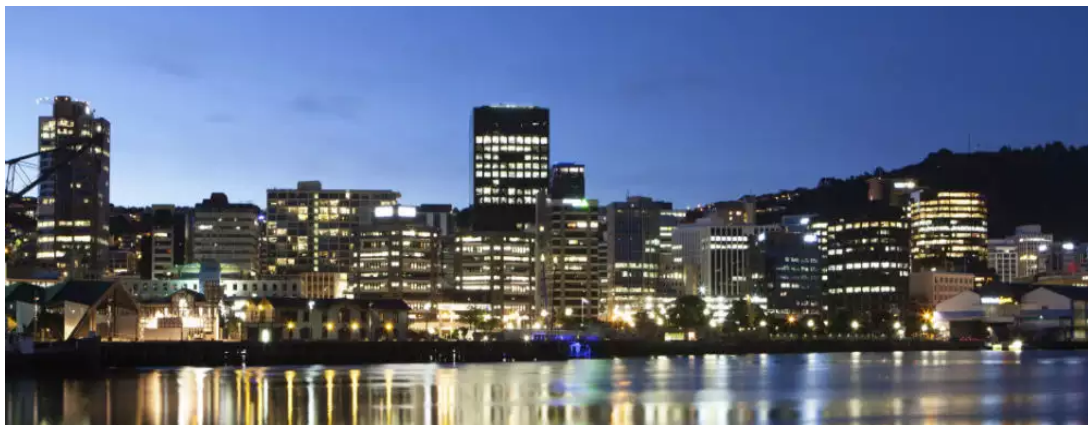
by Dr Wan Norbani Wan Noordin

From the window I can see rustic canvases of aligned buildings, scattered
Some grounded parallel with each other
Some marked proudly
Some tiptoeing along the hillside
Psychedelic colors on bricks
Hilly picturesque dream, describes this city with temperament and stories
There's a sense of calm and brewing drama
Restlessly eccentric and unresolved

Cuba Street is where you go to find yourself
Express your inner being
This is where dreadlock, poets and buskers sing the familiar anthem- Live free or die
With definitive colorfully tuned cafés
Thickens the plot to the already in-character street
The cafes stood proudly distinctively from one another
humming beautiful narratives from all corners of the world
That can whet your appetite from afar
The quintessential pull is overwhelming
For those who seek themselves
And those who are willing to open their minds to any possibilities

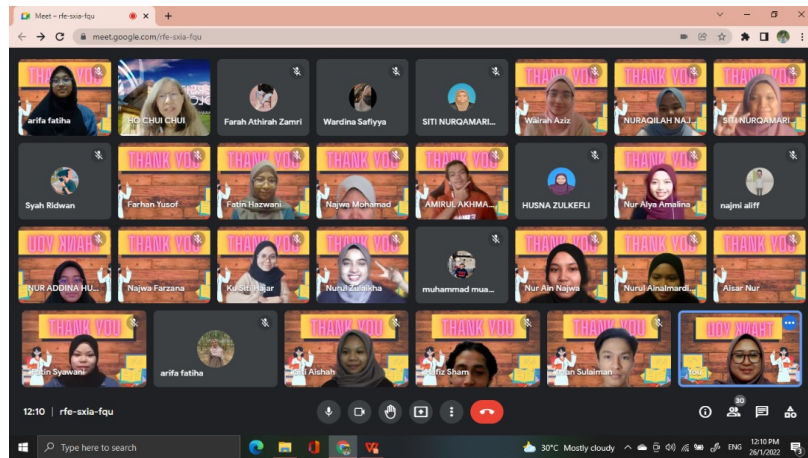
Courtenay Place only comes to life when the sun resigned to the west
Live music and the night crawlers flock to their social nest
Creating community that dances to the rhythm and fire in their hearts
New and locals unite to the music of the street
Bright lights and lipsticks, splashed bright hues on the lively street
Superficial colors and lights become the stars and moon of this new story

Lampton Quay provides a drug to those who seek of therapy- Retail therapy!
Modern brands are housed in historical structures
It is a wonderful marriage of times of yore and the modern world
Sightseers and native congregate eagerly to vibrant swaying signages
They exhaust their hearts and minds to conclude between Veronika Maine and Trelise
Cooper
These contrast yells, sings and paints colors to the wet and windy city
Tempting and charming to a wonderer like me.



From Chalkboards to Computers: A Lifelong Journey Teaching ESL

by ChatGPT and Ho Chui Chui



For over thirty years, I've taught with pride,
With marker in hand and a heart full of care,
Standing at the board, patiently guiding students inside,
Helping them learn to communicate and be heard.

My students come from Malaysia's diverse lands,
With varied cultures, tongues, and backgrounds in hand,
Yet I strive to make each one feel their worth,
And see their confidence grow as their fluency becomes.

Chalkboards and textbooks once ruled my class,
But now whiteboards and computers take the lead,
My teaching methods may have had to adapt,
But my passion for language still burns like a fiery seed.

With each passing year, my passion has grown,
As I've watched my students flourish and bloom,
Taking pride in the progress that they've shown,
And feeling fulfilled that I've helped them to consume.

Retirement may be on the horizon,
But I look forward to what's yet to come,
A chance to relax and explore,
And cherish the memories of all I've done.

My students may be gone, but the memories remain,
A legacy of learning, growth, and inspiration,
And as I look back on my time in the game,
I'll know that I've made a lasting contribution.

For teaching is more than a job,
It's a calling, a passion, a way of life,
And as I prepare to take leave and depart,
I know that I'll miss it more than I can describe.

But in the end, I'm left with one thing to hold,
The memories of the students I've taught and the stories they've told,
And the knowledge that I've made a difference in their lives,
A legacy that will last long after I retire.

With retirement on the horizon, I cannot deny,
A sense of excitement and eagerness inside,
To travel, explore, and savour life's joys,
And take a break from the classroom noise.

But as I prepare to bid my students adieu,
I'll cherish the memories of the work we've done,
And feel grateful for the chance to pursue,
A career that's been rewarding and second to none.

Oh My PhD!

by Leviana Andrew

Oh, doing a PhD, must be a hell of a ride,
It made you feel the opposite of pride.
It starts with one topic, but you ended somewhere else,
To a web of endless knowledge far less explored than everyone else.

Into the unknown, Queen Elsa said,
High curiosity, new discoveries will be made.
Endless theories and books out of the shelf,
Trying to impress your advisors or just trying to prove yourself?

The literature review, maintain your poise,
But you read and review until your blood boils,
You take notes and try to stay sane,
But you know it drains your brain.

There are these things they called "methodologies",
Oh boy, parameters and assumptions should be your besties.
Do not ignore the sampling techniques,
If you're wrong at these, then boom there goes your PhD thesis.

Findings and analysis are the hardest of them all,
Analyzing your data makes your hair fall.
Trying to make sense of the R square,
Thinking how Pearson came up with such "flare".

And then comes the writing, the longest part,
You type and write, add tables and charts.
You draft and you revise, until it's just right,
And then you submit and wait through the night.

Doing a PhD maybe tough but it's also pure bliss,
You'll learn so much, you'll reminisce.
You'll grow in ways you never thought,
You'll be proud of the battles you fought.



Echoes of the Unseen War

by Zulfadhli Saifuddin

In hallowed halls of academics, a battle waged within,
A soul cloaked in learner's garb, amidst a ceaseless din.
Each lecture spoke, each word conveyed, a strain upon the mind,
A heart of gold and dreams untold, to hardship cruelly twined.

The midnight oil, the whispers soft, of self-doubt's constant thrall,
An aching soul, a restless heart, a weight too much to haul.
In quiet room, the echoes of battles fought unseen,
A drowning mind, consumed by waves, a life caught in-between.

Each step, a struggle to maintain, a fragile, fleeting grace,
A weathered, battered soul amidst life's hectic pace.
For when the shadows gather round, the world a foggy blur,
No solace found in friendships new, no comfort to confer.

But strength within, he finds a spark that flickers bright,
A hope to guide through darkness, to the dawn's redeeming light.
A journey long and arduous, with moments filled with strife,
Yet every step, a testament, to the resilience of life.

So let us sing the praises of he who is brave and strong,
Who faces fear and wrestles doubt, though the journey may be long.
Through hardship faced and battles won, a truth forever clear,
The heart that fights for sanity will triumph over its fear.



I Was Once Told

by Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan

I was one of school's top students
Because I had a firm, unshakeable ambition
I wanted nothing less than to pursue the highest education
At the finest most prestigious institution
But then I was told "You're very clever, but you have to control your anger"
Embarrassed and completely broken
I brought myself into isolation, forsaking my ambition
My oh my, what were your intentions?

The words lingered on my brain and got the best of me
Managed to define me, my personality and my ability
So, I shut everyone out as I felt they hated me equally
And it became difficult to understand Physics and Biology
I couldn't make out Add Maths and Chemistry
So, I was again told "You're stupid, so you will not make it"
But didn't you see my other achievements
From quiz to writing to public speaking competitions
Not to mention, as netball representation
Why oh why, did you hurt me like uncivilized barbarian?

The next time you have something to say
Remember how I was then a growing teen
Trying to find my ways in a thick forest
If only you knew what I needed most was guidance
If only you were a little bit more empathetic with your words
If only you knew I was truly hurt and deeply wounded
The next time you have something to say
Remember this

Your words can only be forgiven but not forgotten
Because with words, a soul can be completely broken.



Image from
<https://mapendesigns.wordpress.com/2018/08/15/words-hurt/>

Twice of Four Seasons

by Norhusniyati Husin

Winter

I sit wonder.

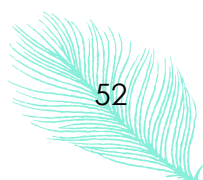
For the grandeur of your soul,
Which has embraces me in my cold,
The resemblance of many seasons,
Forgive me for leaving the looming shadow,
Which you brought,
With the story,
Far and left untold.

Spring

I walk sorrows,
In the rhythm of your tale,
When the river of spring echoed,
Of journeys taken and paths yet to unveil
And there,
I kept the artifacts,
Within your sparkling surface,
As I contemplate the future,
I am content with your springtime river.

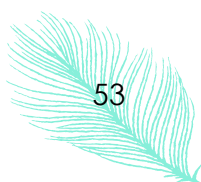
Summer,

I run longing.
For the soothing balms of your pristine rainbow
Though in the midst of simmering summer horizon,
I kept my pace,
Yet my voice fades,



Autumn

And in the autumn wind,
I run again, with each breath,
Towards the promise of your autumn hue,
Forever in sight,
And when twice of the seasons end,
I'm closer to you.



Bookstores

by Nur Anis Pauzi



Bookstores

Walking by the aisles

Wandering back and forth

Small taps on the book covers

Sinking in the vibe

Smiling at the books you have read

Flipping the pages of those you haven't

Stealing a glance of them you already owned

Sitting proudly on the shelves at home

Though at times collecting dust

Lips forming a little grin

Staring at the gems neatly arranged

Kinda waving in silence to them

Like hey, I know you there

Passing by people

Subtlety keeping in mind

Them, who share similar enthusiasm, joy and excitement

of being in a place that you know and they knew

Heartwarming, gratifying

Drinking in the moment

Bookstores

Oh, what a feeling!

Five Senses

by Ong Elly

Did you see what I saw?

I can hear chatter.

I can taste the sour rumours.

The vile odour of slander is in the air.

May I pet your cat? So fluffy like cotton candy



Heal, Hush, and Be Calm

by Razanawati Nordin

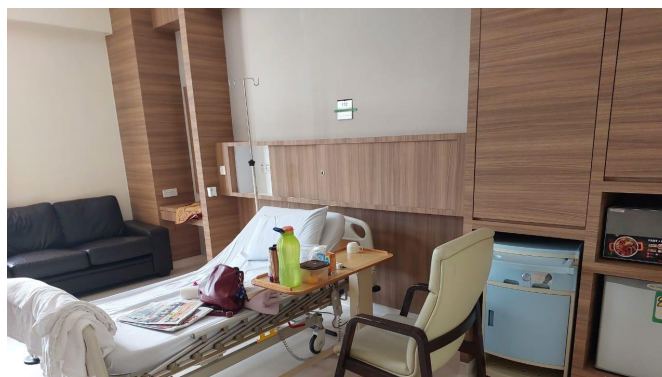
Rest well dear, rest well,
Your body needs to heal,
Your mind needs to hush,
Your heart needs to be calm,
Rest well dear, rest well.

I am, I am, God knows I try.
In agony, in fatigue, in my fiery thoughts, I know rest is my only mantra.

Little fingers said, play with me, Mama,
Brown brittle leaves in the front yard said, sweep me.
Dirty clothes in the basket said, wash me.
Greasy plates said, clean me.
Clean garments said, fold me.
Grimy bathroom said, scrub me,
The filthy floor said, dust me,
Messy table said I need to breathe.

Deep inside, I yearn not to let things go undone,
I shove my poor body,
Thinking it had the strength of Hercules,
I moved my legs,
Telling it had the force of Usain Bolt,
I told my tired mind,
Believing it had the spirit of Marie Kondo,
But my body, my mind, and my heart hummed madly,

Rest well dear, rest well,
Heal, hush, and be calm,
Rest well dear, rest well.
The universe can wait.



Journey

By Rebekah Chee

Flickering beams of the glowing sun
Blinding the stagnant souls of the enlightened
Illuminating the ephemeral passion
For a vision of rebellion

Might of the crashing waves
Rough lunge and piercing strikes
To silence a society
That pursued a different journey

Like an endless walk through night
My screams for freedom amplifies
Deserted roads and lonely thoughts
My fragment of hope remains strong willed

Like sparkles of light across the horizon
My imagination runs with no direction
Where distance means no value
My feet took off with one goal in mind

With vivid imagination and a voice so powerful
I step up to face a battle so cruel
With courage so strong and a passion so pure
I fought endlessly, for a future of liberty

To purify a world of oppression and unjust
My effort deemed small but will not be futile
To end the conveyance of hoax truth
My stance for change forever stand strong

My dreams united with thousands of others
Shall one day unveil a new world for all

Not A Poet

By Suria Ibrahim

It fills up to the brink
I don't have to even think
Roaming and floating
Looking for matching sense
Energy flows and tingles every nerve
Its deeper meaning
Its deeper feeling
The universe unite
Swirling inside my being
Longer and stronger
Only birthing will it calm
As it exist in 3D realm
For everyone to read
Understand and interpret
If they live inside
as my insight....

what I love about going places

By Syazliiyati Ibrahim

It's breathing in
The foreign air
And getting lost
In different crowds.
Trying to read the city maps
And signboards.
To see if you have checked
The must-see places.



It's the awkward hellos you said to strangers
The glorious buildings of old museums,
the colourful, vibrant markets,
the red and yellow maple leaves lining the roadsides -
that often beckon you to touch their crispness.

It's finding the most affordable souvenir shops
The scenic spots which capture eternal memories
And the hunt for halal eateries
Or at the very least
The coveted Indian restaurants
Where you can eat curry & basmathi rice
That can ease a bit of the yearning for home.

It's the absolute beauty
of the earth
from the window seat.
And the alien sunset.
And the pristine snow.
Also, the majestic Alps.
And the magnificent fiords.
And the fathomless lakes -
where you can feel
like you're drowning
In their blue-green depths.



But most of all
It's for the racing pulse.
And the heady sensation of being just a tiny speck of nothingness
in this huge universe.
And the whisper-
how insignificant the self is,
how wondrous His creations are.

A Jaunt to a Ramadan Bazaar

By Wan Faridatul Akma Wan Mohd Rashdi

Welcome
An assortment of colourful desserts and delicacies greets you
From green to yellow,
yellow to orange
Red jelly
The golden, crispy curry puffs
The delicious Popiah
and many others
Welcome
I am for you
You are for me
My husband loves keria
My favourite is roti jala
My daughters love onde-onde
Not forgetting
The array of colourful mouthwatering containers
Of green tea, mangoes, lychee lemon, watermelon
Welcome
I am for you
You are for me
The delicious tempting aroma from the bazar
Kuey Tiow, Nasi Dagang, Beriani,
Chicken rice, Nasi Kerabu, and Spaghetti
From the East to the West
I would buy everything to my heart's desire
Yet as it is time for Iftar
One sweet date, a glass of plain water
A small plate of fried noodles
A piece of red rose sago
are
sufficient for me

A Sip of Memory

By Shafilla Subri

The hustle bustle of the city with its noise and sound,
Heartbeats blend in with the ground,
But in the countryside, life is serene,
The sounds of the universe can be seen.

It's not a time warp but a feeling of the heart,
A whiff of the past, a nostalgic start,
Inhaling the classical coffee, a taste typically old,
Reminds me of golden memories - pure and bold.

My mother's cooking, a taste so divine,
Her hand-watered dishes, a fine dine,
Sipping a cup of heavenly coffee, the taste so strong,
Creating fond memories which forever belong.

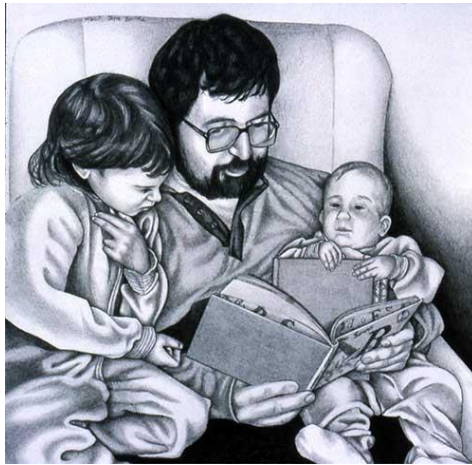
I remember a place where memories are made,
The aroma of the coffee, a feeling so great,
Walking down the memory lane, the old feeling lingers in my mind,
A cup of happiness, forever to find.
At Kopikuih a flavour which forever blend

Family



说故事的人 *(The storyteller)*

by 李献华 Lee Seng Hua



说故事的人

“你有没有听说过。。。 ”
你总是以这样的开头
开始你的故事
直到我们睡去

你告诉我森林里的故事
你告诉我天空中的故事
有时
你会重复相同的故事
我不知道你是忘了
还是你特别喜欢那个故事
喜欢到就算重新说一遍
也一样新奇可爱

下次，
我想听你们邂逅的故事。
下次，
轮到我来说我的故事给你听。
下次，
大概没有了下次。

说故事的人，
沉睡在
曾经相拥入睡的床边，
留下了一堆未完的故事。

Translation:

The storyteller

"Have you ever heard of..."
You always use this beginning line
to start your story
until we fall asleep

You told me about the stories in the forest
You told me about the stories in the sky
Sometimes,
you will repeat the same story
I don't know if you forgot
or you really like that story
So much so that even you tell it once again
the story is still novel and adorable

Next time,
I want to hear the story of your encounter with mom.
Next time,
maybe It's my turn to tell you a story.
Next time,
but probably no next time.

The storyteller,
lying fast asleep
at the bedside where we used to hug each other and fall asleep
left behind a bunch of unfinished stories

Twins of my heart

by Fatimah Norazami Binti Abdullah

Two little girls born together,
Sharing a birthday forever and ever.
Twins they are, a special pair,
Both with bright eyes and straight shiny hair.

Born on a December day so fine,
The day was blessed with love divine.
Two sweet souls were brought into the world,
Two little girls, with hair unfurled.

Now five years old, they skip and play,
Side by side, each and every day.
Laughing and giggling, having fun,
Two little angels under the sun.

May their lives be filled with love,
From heaven's grace, blessings above.
May their bond grow strong and true,
As they journey through life, two by two.

Happy birthday to these twin girls,
May their lives be filled with precious pearls.
May their dreams come true, big and small,
And may they always stand tall.

Daughter: A Miracle of Life

By Hafizuddin Bin Dato' Md Dali

A miracle...
When hope is fading away
Suddenly you came in a miracle way that I did not expect
You came in my life when my career improved
You are the biggest happiness
A gift as a married couple

I remembered when mummy mentioned
You wanted to come out at midnight BUT
a FALSE ALARM.
You wanted to stay longer in mummy's tummy, right?
You made me tremble so bad
I waited until nearly noon
Then, you decided to see the world
Welcome to the world my little sweet bunny

Even though daddy is not always beside you
You are always in my heart
Whenever daddy has the chance to be with you
I will always give my full attention to you, my sweet little bunny

INARA, my daughter
You will always be my sweet little bunny forever
Thank you for making mummy's and daddy's life complete.

I love you.
My daughter



Source: <https://www.leadershipplatform.com/we-need-a-miracle/>

WHY CAN'T YOU LOVE ME TOO

By Harmeeet

Stuck in this village I was,
No where to go and nothing to do,
Yeah, I went to school but only to break the rules,
Only to unleash the beast within loose,
My class teacher called, then the discipline teacher followed by the principal
But NOT a single response from you
All I wanted was some attention, affection, appreciation and happy conversation
Which I have never gotten from you
All I wanted to know was why can't you LOVE me too
Just like the way you loved the other two
You're long gone but here I am still stuck in this village..
Wondering

**WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST LOVE ME TOO
LIKE YOU LOVED THE OTHER TWO**

VEERJI

By Harmmeet

Like a wild horse I was,
Many fights in the family there was,
Hatred for each other at the peak it was,
No guidance and doing all the wrong things I was,
Yet accepted and praised by the hypocrite community, friends and family I was,
Seeing their true colours how disappointed I truly was,
BUT BUT BUT....my life changed when you came..
my my what a magnificent moment that was

so bold so gutsy and so Vibrant you were
sharp like an Eagle your mind and action was
full with laughter and Entertainment you were
you Respected me though knowing how shitty a person I was
you never Judged me for whoever I was
for that truly Inspired by you I was

regretting not being able to thank you enough from the bottom of my heart I always was...
how I wish time could just pause
so I can let go of this remorse..



This poem is a special dedication to my uncle who is known as VEERJI

Parents our lifelong gems for eternal life

By Imran Danial Krish Bin Abdullah

Parents, our lifelong gems for eternal life

Never let them worry or sigh

at our flurry of hue and cry

But cherish them in their living years

by lending them your attention

for their precious admonition

with utmost respect and proper decorum

For, they brought us up through thick and thin

inspiring our careers, no matter where they begin

to the pride of who we are today

that someday for their glorious deeds, will we repay

Lo and behold, before



Little Conversation

by Jacqueline Susan Rijeng

Don't work too hard, Mommy!
You work too hard.
For the hopes and dreams
That you will one day achieve to believe.

Look at this, Mommy!
Please help me.
For the attention you seek
That you will one day learn to appreciate.

Let's play together, Mommy!
This is fun.
For the serene happiness
That you will one day embrace to conquer .

Why, Mommy?
I miss you.
For the emotional comfort
That you will one day cherish to remember.

Carry me, Mommy!
I love this place.
For the trust and faith
That you will one day discover to k

Thank you, Mommy.
I love you.
For my every thought is for you
That this unceasing love will forever remain.



Friends

By Nor Azira binti Mohd Radzi

Friends are like flowers,
who will make your day,
they will make you smile,
And everything will be okay...

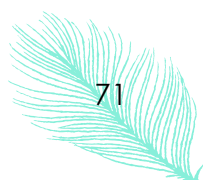
Having friends is a blessing,
taking care of them is a privileged.
Treat them with care,
and they will do the same.

Friends can be your saviors,
they will save you from troubles.
They tend your hopes and dreams,
They stand by you in your journeys.

When they are with you,
appreciate them as they do you.
You will miss them...
When they are no longer, with you.

Some friends are real gems,
They inspire and do you good.
Stay friends with those.
Everybody will flourish!

May all friendships bloom!



A Photo of You, My Beloved Ibu

by Norhidayah Md Yusof

A photo of you
Forever I keep
Reminisce the memories
When the longing hits
The seasons change, true, they do
My love blossoms eternally especially for you Ibu

A photo of you
Forever will be cherished
Till we meet again, I'll keep praying
I love you, Ibu, I whisper softly
While holding tightly a photo of you
Oh my beloved Ibu

Al-Fatihah to Allahyarhamah Habsah Abd Hamid
1965-2016



My Down Syndrome Darling

by Nur Dalila Adenan

Your eyes are so bright
Your smile fills my heart with pure enchantment
You may be unique, but that's okay
You bring daily joy into our lives

Your laughter is infectious, and your spirit is pure
In a harsh world, you are our remedy
You remind us to love freely, to appreciate every moment
To never complain

You taught us perseverance, patience, and grace
We accept the obstacles we face
You are the light in the darkness, a beacon of hope
A constant reminder that love is supreme

With you by my side
I will face any challenge, and I will not hide
Because you have taught me what is truly essential
To love unconditionally and without regret

You may have Down Syndrome
That is only a small part of the beautiful individual you are
Even though Leukemia is a part of your story
It does not define you

Your spirit is radiant
You are courageous and strong
I am in awe of your resilience in the face of adversity
I appreciate you for being who you are

For your spirit, your heart, and your brilliant star
You are my child, my love, and my joy
I will always stand by your side
Together we will face anything that comes our way
For in our mutual love, we will find our way

Precious

by Nurulakma binti Abdul Wahab

PRECIOUS

I've been waiting for so many years
without me realizing you were in my womb
you came and changed my whole life
an experience that I will never forget

PRECIOUS

Your presence is the world's sweetest miracle
Cure my sadness all this while
Every side of me seems to be filled now
Every eye is a witness

PRECIOUS

I can't take my eyes off you
Every second is precious to me
Watching you grow up everyday
Like a day dream to me

PRECIOUS

I can't say anything more
There are no words that can describe
How grateful I am to have you
Like a rainbow appears after the rain

PRECIOUS

Will always remember you in every step I take
Every breath I make
May you become someone useful
My prayer will always be with you

PRECIOUS

No one knows what will happen tomorrow
May the skies continue to smile at you
But I want you to know
You are more precious than diamond and gold



My Mother

By Sharina Saad

My mother kept a garden
A garden of the heart
She planted all the good things
That gave my life its start
She turned me to the sunshine
And encouraged me to dream
Fostering and nurturing
The seeds of self-esteem
And when the winds and rain came
She protected me enough
But not too much because she knew
I'd need to stand up strong and tough
Her constant good example
Always taught me right from wrong
Markers for my pathway
That will last a lifetime long
I am my mother's garden
I am her legacy
And I hope today she feels the love
Reflected back from me.



Ayah

By Siti Aishah Binti Che Kar

When we were so little
We did not understand
What happened around us
Why were you so hard on us?
Have you prayed your Zuhur prayer?
Now change your clothes to a proper one
Eat your medicine
Turn off the TV during Maghrib's time
To us
You were too hard to handle Ayah

Now
We are not longer your silly kids
Now we know
How hard it was to raise us
How big your responsibilities were
May Allah bless you for all your hardships
And reward Ayah with the highest place in Jannah
Thank you Ayah
We love you so so much



Siti Aishah Che Kar

To my daughter, this I promise you

By Syakirah Mohammed

My eyesight is failing my vision blurry,
Often I ask you to read the fine writings of those recipes
to thread the needle time and again,
and stitch the tattered seams of my caftans,
I hope you don't hate me for that!

My fingers are losing strength and can no longer grip,
Heavy groceries bags on our shopping trip,
Often I seek your help to twist the bottle caps,
The jar lids, the door handle, all sort of craps,
I hope you don't hate me for that!

My legs are shaking my knees hurting,
Walking a short distance is akin to climbing a hill
Often you stop walking to see me just standing still
Waiting for you to turn around, your hands stretched, aids in offering
I hope you don't hate me for that!

I am losing control of my bladder as I grow older
Sometimes I dashed to the washroom with all my might
Only to pee all over the floor
That you have just mopped and cleaned bright
I hope you don't hate me for that

One day in future, just like grandma I may lose
My mind faculty and the ability to remember
Please don't burden yourself with the duty of care
Send me somewhere nice and get on with life
I promise I won't hate you for that

Enjoy good food and travel to places
It is alright to put your happiness first
Live a life free of heartache and pain
But keep the memories of us alive till we meet again
I promise I won't hate you for that

父亲的背影

郑远量

他高大挺拔的背影，
如山峰般耸立在我前。

承载着家庭的重担，
劳碌了数十个春秋。

他的背影虽然沉默，
却是我心最里温暖的家，
无论天色晴朗与否，
都会给予我力量和勇气。

岁月匆匆岁月老，
时间匆匆已逝去。
如今我已经长大了，
他却已七十余岁，
人生已过了大半。

然而，
那令人生怖的“癌”，
更让他如同风中之烛渐渐凋零。
望着他的背影，
我只有一个愿望，
愿他能好好度过余下的日子。

父亲的背影，
将永远是我心中的精神支柱，

Image from:

<https://616pic.com/sucaiz09inpgpz.h>



即使我已长大成人,
他的背影仍然如昨。

Translation:

"My Father's Back"

By Tay Yang Lian

His towering back,
Stands before me like a mountain peak.
Bearing the burden of the family,
He toiled for decades.

Though his back remains silent,
It is the warmest home in my heart,
Granting me strength and courage,
Regardless of the weather outside.
The fleeting years have passed,
Time has flown by.

Now I have grown up,
But he is over seventy,
Having lived more than half his life.

However,
The terrifying "cancer"
Has caused him to fade away like a candle in the wind.
Looking at his back,
I have only one wish,
May he live the rest of his days in peace.

My father's back,
Will always be the spiritual pillar in my heart,
Even though I have grown up,
His back remains the same as yesterday.

Our lovely baby girl, Beverlyn

By Ting Su Ung

Beverlyn, sweet and cute little one,
Your round eyes sparkle like the sun,
Your black hair, soft as silk,
A beauty that makes our hearts fill.

Your fair skin, puffy cheeks so cute,
A lovely little angel, absolute,
Playing with your brothers two,
Our family complete with you.

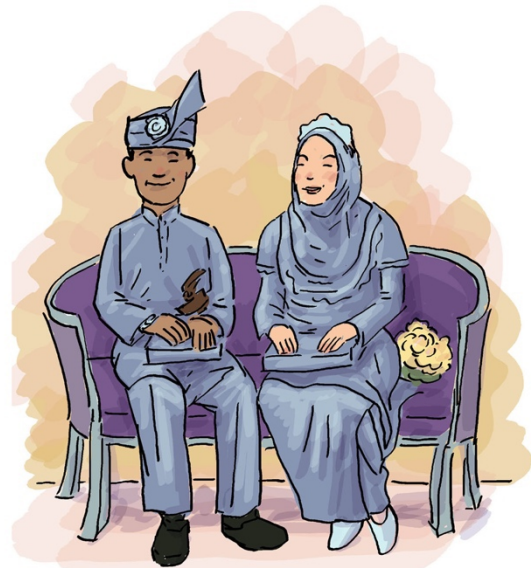
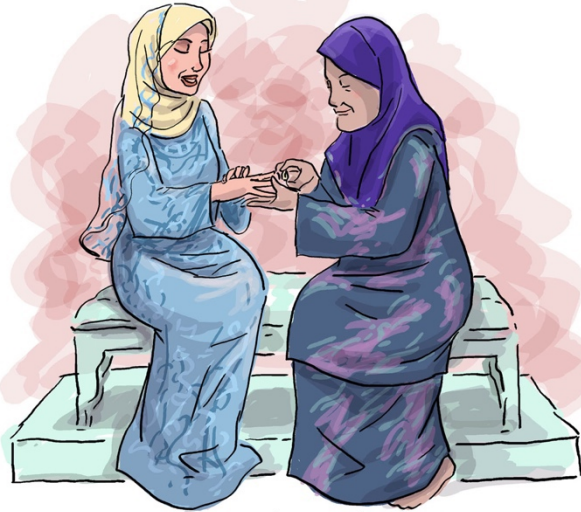
Sixteen months, a tender age,
But already you light up the stage,
A shining star in our hearts,
A precious gem that never departs.

Beverlyn, our lovely little pie,
We thank the stars for you up high,
May your life be filled with love and light,
Guided by stars that shine so bright.

May your life be filled with joy and grace,
May you always feel loved in this special place,
My precious daughter, my heart's delight,
I love you more than words can write.

A NEW WONDERFUL

Every season comes with
the beginning of
a new promise
a new life



Every beginning comes with
the stories of
a new magic
a new enchantment

Every promise comes with
the potrait of
a new face
a new smile



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Every life comes with
a new path
a journey
and a new wonderful

Several stylized leaves in shades of grey and brown with white geometric patterns (triangles, dots, lines) are arranged in the top-left corner.

Life

A single, large, stylized leaf in shades of orange and yellow, positioned below the word 'Life'.

For the light that was never meant for you to embrace

by Aidan H.

When the world crashed around you
and life's meaning has disappeared
When the people you cherish the most deserted you
and loneliness is what you feared

Memories and emotions surround you
and the darkness is closing in
Then your past, your pain, they console you
as you search through the doors for your sin

You tried to cast the darkness away
with its hallways and doorways unseen
There's light at the end of the hallway
to show you the places you've been

maybe
just maybe
the light was never for you to embrace
for the darkness has saved you too

How many times do you have to die to feel loved?

Netflix & chill?

by Adzura Elier

What I need is not what I want,
I know this and it is true indeed,
What I want may not be what I need,
But dang it! What feels good, the heart wants!

I need to work harder, eat cleaner, and sleep better,
And ignore how my knee aches and my breath sputters.
But what I want is Netflix, chocolate, and coffee,
So what if they keep my eyes wide and my thighs heavy?

How do you flip the switch and make that change,
Would you still be human or a saintly sage?
Where you want what you need,
but what you wanted, you no longer needed?

The struggle is real and the journey hard,
But everything taken has a price that's due,
Resisting temptation is not ever easy to do,
And your effort in life commensurate in its reward.

At least that's what I tell myself everyday,
and I will definitely, maybe, probably do,
...Monday,
a decade from today.

The Moon and The Earth

By Alia Nabella

The silver moon glides over the earth
Heaven started crying
Machines started whirring
One roll, two rolls of bandages
Rolled over the earth
Covering up the land of sorrow
Is there any other way?
The passageway where we came from,
Other than this train of death?
“Stop wasting bandages” are what the blue scrubs told me
Though I can't help it
The silver moon glides over the sky,
The sky started to cry with the now red moon,
Together they created a sea of red
With a smile of sorrow
A boy looks upon his reflection on the red river
Breaking into the night
And hated by life itself

Little Things

by Amirah Athirah Amir Yazid

Little things,
Somehow it matters,
Some actions touched hearts,
Some changed lives.
As children they met,
In an instant they connect,
Watching comet,
Chasing cricket,
It was happiness they felt.
For years has passed,
Happiness was all they had,
Never alone and were never sad,
Till one calls the other one bad.
Little did they know,
When God let them meet the angel,
Who wiped all fears and sorrow,
Was only for there before one bail.
As years goes by,
As love fades away,
As distance grew bigger,
They're no longer walking under the umbrella together.
Now they're older,
Looking at a shiny bright star,
They're both reminded of they held each other,
How silly they were dancing in bad weather.
Somehow they wonder,
What actually matters?
As an adult we ponder,
If life has its own magical powers?
Little things they said to each other,
Had so much power,
To connect and to destroy,
The friendship that they enjoy.
It was the little things,
That keeps the memories alive,
As much as it stings,
The little things,
Is making them grateful that they're in each other's live

In Our Memories, You Remain

By Aries Henry Joseph



This poem is a tribute to a good friend (colleague) who left us in February 2023 after being in a coma for several months.

Dear friend,

It was a difficult day filled with farewells,
We parted ways on earthly ground,
Indeed, you are gone too soon,
No more chats and laughter to continue,
Your work here is done,
We will carry you in our hearts,
Your loved ones and friends will remember you,
You were warm, decisive, and admirable,
Not to forget your caring heart,
It is time for your peaceful rest,
With Him, whom you now belong.

Say hello to the rest up above,
All are remembered fondly,
Until we convene again.
Goodbye for now, my friend and friends.

Father's words of wisdom

By: Arnida Jahya

A baby bird
Unable to fly
Unable to walk
No wings to soar
If it tries, it will surely fall
Oh, young one
Just wait a bit
Chase after experience
Seek knowledge
May you not stumble and fall

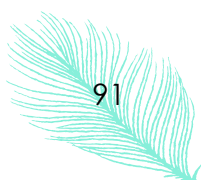
Life as I see it

by Bawani Selvaraj

As the sun shines
As the moon wanes
As the river flows
As the clouds gather
Life as I see it

Will I drown?
Will I stay afloat?
Will I reach the shores?
Life as I see it

As I looked at the horizon
As I prayed for forgiveness
As I saw the bright white light
As I transcended into another realm
Life as I see it



Revolution of Life

By Jane Chan

I am a child born in a little village,
A brown-skinned child of mixed descent,
A child proud of my culture enriched by some cultural elements of other tribes,
Yet I have wonderful reminiscence of my poor old good days.

I am a child born in the midst of economic development and advancement,
A maid at home is my best friend during my growing years,
A grown-up today who hardly has any living skills,
Yet I am happy when I have lots of material things and a career.

I am a child born into the world of modern technologies,
A life revolving around hi-tech gadgets,
A life that yearns for instant gratification,
Yet, will I ever understand the true meaning of life?

Still

by Cindy Anak Robert

I wander in a foreign land,
And wonder if I can stand,
Unruffled even when I'm unmoored,
Unbothered even when I'm marooned.

I dip my toes into the ocean,
And shadows dive into the untold,
Whirling with grace without no caution,
Devouring fear for light to unfold.

I merge as one with the roaring waves,
And there I sight a lighthouse on the hill,
Letting the tides trail me with thrill,
Anchoring me to stay and stand still.



Inhale and Exhale

by Afzan Adilah Ayoub

Inhale and Exhale
Take a deep breath in
Inhale and Exhale
Exhale long out the blockage of emotion
Breathing, the one thing we take for granted.

When we were born into the world,
We are forced to cry out loud.
Just to ensure that we are breathing.
Inhaling all the good things in the world.

Without consciousness, breathing has been autonomous to us.
Without realizing that by inhaling and exhaling.
We as human, have the power to heal either physically and emotionally.

We can choose to inhale LOVE.
We can choose to exhale HATE.

We can choose to inhale PEACE.
We can choose to exhale HATRED.

The choices are always within our power.

Choose it well while we are still breathing.

Once, we EXHALE out at the end.
May God protect us in the ever after.



The Journey

Dr Amalia Qistina Castañeda Abdullah

I once read that life is weird with its twist and turns
But it is the twist and turns that give life fruitful returns

I once was rebellious, with no care about whom I toppled
But spirituality and maturity set in and found me cobbled

I once was so restless, hasty, and demanding
But age made me tolerant, patient, and enduring

I once was short-tempered, impatient, and grouchy
But I learned to cool down, be pleasant and happy

Indeed, life is a journey with its twist and turns
A journey that we take and achieve its fruitful returns

A journey to attain a better me
As every waking time is another chance for me

A journey that has not ended yet
Because I still have a passion for living, you bet!



Life

By Dr Andrean B Husin

When you look for adorations in life,
You will find fake meaningless praise and adulations,
And think you have achieved,
Have you?

When you focus on just your looks in life,
You forgot that beauty would fade and wither,
And think you are the best (looking),
You sure??

When you look for recognition in life,
You worked hard to be seen and to be heard,
And think you are renowned,
Are you???

When finally, you take your final breath in life,
You should feel thankful and blessed,
And know that you have tried your best,
Allah is Merciful and Fair...

Amin.

Cosmic Fabric

By Dr Kanendra Naidu A-L Vijyakumar

I flow endless, unbounded, unbothered.
I am shoreless, ever moving to an infinite horizon.
You try to pace me, measure me, delay my motion.
Regardless still, I am unfazed, unaffected by your rules.
They say, I reveal the truth as I pass by,
I simply show what was already known, to your clouded eyes,
Your pride, your creation, your attainment, your ego is what I diminish.
In front of me, you are vulnerable, like a morning dew on a leave.
Fear me not, I am not here to defeat your living will.
I am a guide, holding your hand, around this cosmic wheel.
Seek solace in your metronome,
My presence is eminent in every moment.
Remove your infatuation with my past or fascination of future.
Bask in the glory of every instance, in this timeless motion.

今天 *Today*

by 李献华 Lee Seng Hua



今天，
我在家里醒来
家乡的蓝天依旧蔚蓝清澈

今天，
我狠狠的吸了一口气
熟悉的洗衣液清香萦绕身旁

今天，
妈妈为我准备了美味菜肴
可是味道似乎比平时咸了些

今天，
我在偷听邻里间的私语
才惊觉少了几道熟悉的声音

今天，
我参加了一个葬礼
我妈说这将会成为常态

今天以前，
我以为一切都会似从前一样
可是一切都不会像从前一样

今天，
我的新一天如约而至
可有些人却永远停留在昨天

今天，
我许了个愿
愿时光善待我所在意的人
愿明天一切如昨

Translation:

Today,
I woke up at home
The blue sky of my hometown is still blue and crystal clear

Today,
I took a deep breath
The familiar fragrance of laundry detergent lingers around

Today,
Mom prepared delicious dishes for me
But the taste seems to be saltier than usual

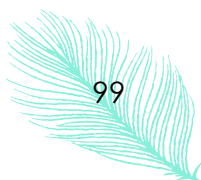
Today,
I have been eavesdropping on the pleasantries in the neighbourhood
I was surprised that there were few familiar voices missing

Today,
I went to a funeral
My mom said it's going to be the norm

Before today,
I thought everything would be the same
But nothing will be the same

Today,
My brand new day comes as usual
But some people stay in yesterday forever

Today,
I made a wish
May time be kind to those I care about
May tomorrow be just like yesterday



We are the Mask Wearer

by Nur Wahida Zulkifli

We are not our true selves,
Sometimes we are wives and mothers, sometimes we are cooks,
Sometimes we are a husband and father, sometimes we are a leader in our workplace,
Often our character in life changes according to the situation,

True!! Sometimes the adaptation of this character is also synonymous with two-faced people,
That is not a sin because we try to adapt for the sake of mutual sustainability,
Sustainability in the relationship between husband and wife,
Sustainability in friendship and family relationships,

As an educator, we need to always adapt ourselves wisely according to the situation,
This is because, it is not easy to teach different generations,
Different in terms of mentality, different in terms of personality, different in terms of sociology,
Sometimes educators need to wear different masks,
The mask of a friend, the mask of a counselor, the mask of a religious person and many
more....
It is not easy to be an educator.
A great responsibility must be borne in order to teach the children of the nation,
Therefore, we are all, The Mask Wearer!!!

Sunset

by Tunku Intan Mainura Tunku Makmar Nizamuddin

Sunset

As I gaze upon a setting sun
I think of things I like to do
I think of places I love to see
I think of people I long to meet

Things are materials as what they may be
Places so wonderful the creations of Almighty
People are those that touch our hearts
Some make us whole some tear us apart

The sun will soon be settling in
To make way for the moon to shine its beam
Ever so bright when the time is right
To brighten the night for all to see

As the trees get ready to retire for the day
I think of the journey I had today
I don't quite know what tomorrow will bring
But for now, to home I shall go where love shall sing

Hello New Me

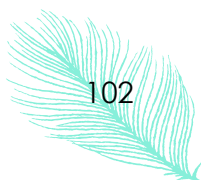
by Emma Marini Abd Rahim

Hello new me, how do you do?
After all I've been through,
I'm ready to embrace you,
Without further ado.

Hello new me, I now find my voice,
Amid the noise,
In every choice,
A chance to rejoice.

Hello new me, I'm here to stay,
It's a brand new day,
Let the past now fade away,
Together we'll seize the boundless fray.

So here's to the new me, bright and bold,
A fearless warrior, wise and old,
With heart and soul,
We'll enjoy life as a whole.



The Stranger Within

by Evelyn Sharminnie

News of the conception
Is herald with joy and excitement
A pinch of mixed reactions peek
But quickly settles in contentment
With much expectation

Days, weeks and months go by
Challenging the body, the mind and soul
Restlessness, exhaustion belie
The bizarre emotional twists and turns
Much to the chagrin of spouse and kin

Emotions stabilize, joy and anxiety reigns
As the full term inches the awaited arrival.
All hell, breaks lose, the pangs, the contortions
The pain, cruelly excruciating, gasping for air
Gripped in fear and uncertainty, her very being collapses

The reach for help, all in vain, nobody could
A long lone battle with the one within
Wanting to explode but no, it wouldn't happen
Dying, but lives on, gasping but forlorn
Never again, she vows, no, no more, I'm done!

Her eyelids part, vaguely on a familiar stranger
Recognize she could, but place it, she couldn't
Now, now, it's a he, has his father's nose
How amazing, how cute, tiny fingers, tiny toes
A heave, a sigh..,well, maybe, maybe just one more.

Her eyelids tiredly meet, peacefully
A deep heave, sketches a thin smile on her face
To another dimension she transcends
Called to mother
Called to raise another.

The poem denotes the thrills and pain that a woman goes through on the path leading to childbirth.



A Perfect Gown

by Fairuz Binti Ramli

I found a boy in my hometown,
We fell in loved and he gave me a perfect gown,
Lived our life with a perfect smile,
But who knew... It didn't last.

All these thoughts running wild,
Am I not pretty enough?
Am I asked more than enough?
Am I not enough?

But,

All I want is a love to last,
All I want is a nice guy,
All I want is a perfect life,
Yet, all I have is myself.

And,

All I need is to love myself.



Life as an educator

by Fatimah Norazami Binti Abdullah

As an educator, life's a wonder,
A journey full of joys and thunder,
A path where knowledge is the light,
And wisdom is the beacon bright.

With passion for the learning quest,
And care for each and every guest,
The classroom hums with curious minds,
And skills that each new day refines.

The young and old, the bright, the shy,
All learn and grow as time goes by,
With every lesson, every thought,
And every question duly sought.

For as an educator, you impart,
The treasures of your beating heart,
To guide, inspire and teach the way,
And shape a brighter, hopeful day.

So let your voice ring out with pride,
And let your spirit never hide,
For in your hands, a world of change,
And endless possibilities to arrange.

Shackles and Cycles: The revolution

by Kisyeyin Kumar

Young Alfred is at it again, all for a measly gain,
Tugging at the gears, the heat giving him strain,
The cotton machine cares not, and its owner the same,
Even if he's hurt, he'll be replaced by another name.

Alfred is now at home, a pen and ink beside him,
His text fuelled by past and present, his ink is at his whim,
Of freedom, of green, of family and of dreams,
His poems will tear the machine by its seams.

Albert had seen the end of tyranny,
The machine, broken down and sputtering blasphemy,
Be it Keats, Byron or by Alfred's own words,
He cared not, there was change in the world.

Old Alfred is at it again, all for a bountiful gain,
Teaching the young, his words giving them strain,
The poet cared not, his muses the same,
When he is gone, the youth shall carry his name.



lessons of life and a journey within

by Mia Emily Abdul Rahim

he has loved and lost, and laughed and cried
thus far always stayed true, to his heart inside
he's seen the world, with open eyes
and found beauty, in unexpected skies

he knows his journey's far from done
and there'll be times, when he comes undone
he won't falter, or lose his stride
for he knows, he'll make it through, with his own pride

he's lived a life full of highs and lows
the ups and downs, the twists and turns, the ebbs and flows
he's had his share of wins, and also tasted defeat
though on his knees, tall he stands, wearing his scars, making him complete

he's done it all and he's learned
he's walked the path, that many before him have turned
he's made mistakes, henceforth he's grown wiser each day
he'll keep trying, and thus he'll find his way

he's been a dreamer, with his head in the clouds
he's chased his passions, through the noise and the crowds
he's felt the burn, of a heart that many times has been broken
but he stood up, back on his feet, with every word spoken

he's tasted life, in all its glory
he's felt the sun and tasted the rain
he's held the hands of those he loved
he certainly has felt the joy, and needless to say, has felt the pain.



The New Beginning
by Mirrah Diyana binti Maznun

I remember when I made the decision
Without knowing what lies ahead
I had doubts whether I could survive
Or I could just barely make it through
Or I would fail miserably.

I remember when I was younger
I thought this would be the closure
The closure of a life's greatest chapter
Without realizing that
This is a new beginning.

Just like the water flowing in a river
I thought following the flow would be smooth sailing
I thought if everyone succeeds, I could make it too
But, little did I know
Waves and thunderstorms lie ahead.

I fell, I almost gave in
I thought there was no fighter left in me
Then, I remembered the "Biggest Why"
And faith too, has kept me standing still.

At this moment, where I am standing
Who I have become
Everything that I am blessed with
Even if I were given a chance to go back in time
I would still choose this path.



By her side

by Mohd Izani Othman

A son stands by his mother's bed
Heart heavy with regret and dread
She lies there weak, her breath shallow
His love for her he cannot swallow

Days and weeks had swiftly passed
He worked and toiled, his duties amassed
But in his rush, he had forgotten
The one who gave him life, begotten

Her face, once vibrant, now pallid and frail
He could see the pain in her eyes, unveiled
Regret and guilt filled his being
For not being there, not seeing

He holds her hand, warm but weak
His tears fall down, his voice unable to speak
"I'm sorry, Mom," he whispers low
"I should've been here, to care and to show"

"Son, do not worry," she said with a smile,
"Your presence here with me, even for a while,
Is all I ever wanted, my dear,
To hold your hand and feel you near.

"You've always been a source of pride,
My love for you, I cannot hide.
Don't blame yourself for what's to come,
Our time together, will never be undone.

And so he stayed, by her side
A son's love, a mother's pride
Together they faced the end
As her journey to eternity did begin.



ALL ABOUT YOU

By Muhamad Ikhwan Bin Mohd Zain

Knowing you has filled me with happiness and elation.
having a good appearance and personality.
Everyone enjoys your presence.
Thanks to you, my world is happier.

Your advice is often on my mind.
Remember when you said,
Keep up the good deeds and charity.
Always trust Qadha and Qadr.
Maintain sabr during testing.
Achieve goals with integrity and persistence.
Make Allah Ta'ala your priority.

Once you said,
Zikrullah always comforts.
Tawakal improves with effort.
Expect nothing, appreciate everything
Do everything with great fervor.
Don't be afraid; instead, be bold and strong.
to always have God's love

But for now, no more advice
I'm just recycling some of what you said.
I wish you continued happiness.
With His mercy and love

Everything here revolves around you.
You are truly my inspiration.
Now and forever.



0204: Identity

By Natasha Zuhaimi

What are you afraid of?
Are you afraid of yourself?
Or are you afraid of the judging eyes?
People talk,
they always do.
We want them to talk good—
To the length we live in hypocrisy.
To the length we live in falsity.
To the length we live in despair.
Despair...falsity...hypocrisy...
What do they want?
What do the society want?
What do I want?
Who...am I?

Of Finishing Line

By Dr Noor Azura Noor Mohamad

It's near yet far at the opposite pole
One's got to give a shot, and not to miss the goal
But sometimes bumps show up and cause hurdle

The feet got tired, they stumble
The heart heavy, alone, and cold
Oh, finishing line, do you need to take a toll?

For a soul to be fearless and soar
And lights up despite whirls of fear
I clinch on to any step, albeit tiny
The race must end, time is money
Oh, finishing line, the sight of you I cherish
For once the journey done, all doubts vanish
So come you monsters, one or all
For I will be here, and stand tall.



Illustration: Picture from Google by unsplash.com



Be like the Sun, they say

by Noorfarida Filzah bt. Mohd Sobri Paridaluddin

In the midst of hustle bustle of life,
There is still one thing that shines.
In the midst of arguments among men,
There is still one thing that glows all it can.

During the high tide,
There is still one thing that is bright,
And even during the ferocious storm,
The light that beams always bring people home.

And men always wonder,
How is it so difficult to stay good?
With so much pain and how they injure,
They will always go back to the nature of crude.

Is it all worth it – to keep on smiling in so much agony?
To try and experience life like tasting honey,
Be like the sun, some say –
Despite any weather, it is there to stay.

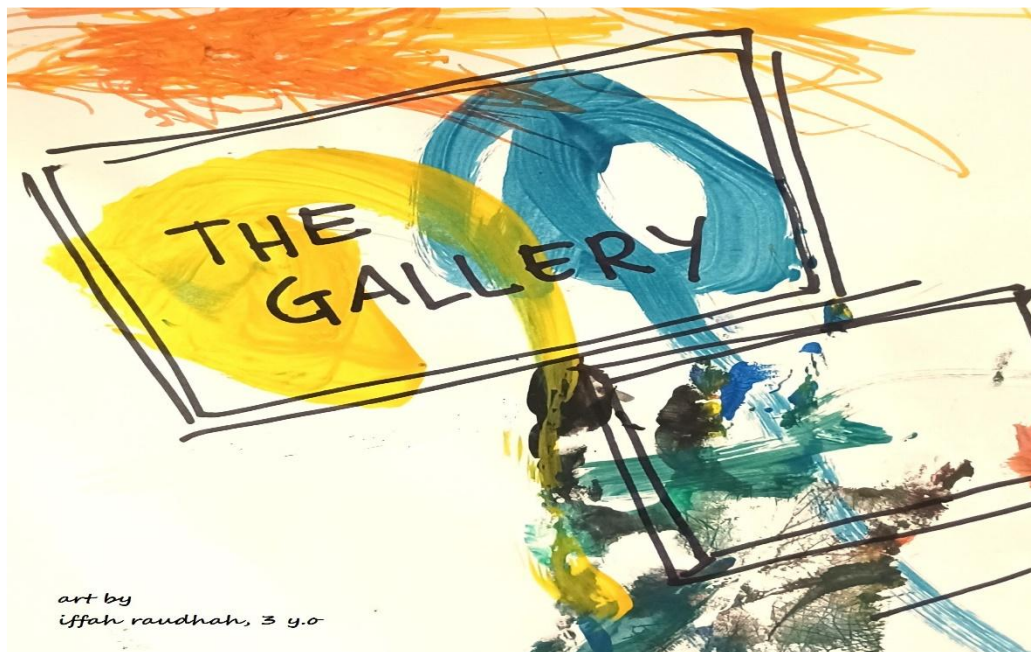
Be like the sun, they say,
When people do bad, you pray,
Be like the sun, they say,
To always give your time of the day.



The Gallery

By Anayeleron

People say our days are numbered,
Our pages are written, our canvas is painted
We colour our lives with memories,
From a single dot to strokes of line and shape.
We authored our stories for the falls and the glories
From one chapter to another, till' a chronicle is made.
And so we anticipate,
All for the final piece display, on the judgement day.



Boom

By Norsyazrah Zulkifli

Fill in colours
Blue to the wall
Brown to the door
White to the fence
Brings good smells into surrounding

Breath in
Breath out
It is a shining day
To listen to melodious sound
Feel content
When happiness arrives

Short Rest

by Nur Amalina Zaharudin

Tonight
Lay your weary head to rest
With your arms on your chest
Shut your eyes
Empty your mind
And whisper your prayers.

You crawl, you fall
You walk so proud
It's taking too much toll
Now it's time to elapse
And starts anew
Tomorrow.



Through Thick and Thin: A Tribute to My Best Friend

By Nur Azwani Mohamad Azmin

My best friend, my soulmate,
In your company, I feel great.
Your laughter, your smile,
Makes everything worthwhile.

We've shared so much over the years,
From our hopes and dreams to our fears.
Our conversations never end,
You're my confidant, my best friend.

When life gets tough, you're by my side,
In your embrace, I can confide.
Your support and love have no end,
You're my rock, my best friend.

With you, I can be myself,
No pretense or need for wealth.
Your acceptance and kindness mend,
You're my soulmate, my best friend.

Through the ups and downs of life,
Through happiness and strife,
Our bond will never bend,
You're my forever, my best friend.

Through the years, the memories will grow,
And the love between us will always show.
For in our hearts, they'll forever stay,
A true friend never fades away.



Tick Tock Tick

by Nur Hazirah Mohd Fuat

The world is too noisy
Every day is such a hurdle
I've been too busy
To just enjoy a good, warm bowl of noodle

I find peace in a quiet place
As I listen to the stillness
I let my mind wander free
Ah! This is a sense of tranquility I vouch for
As I always feel out of place

Being alone is never lonely
Staying connected with your inner being
Is such a bliss
A desperate need to put my mind at ease

Tick tock tick
The sound of the old grandfather clock ticking
Staying still in a fast-moving world
Wishing I could stop time with a single flick
To find peace between me and the world



You are in everything and every place I go

By Nur Syafiqah Abdul Kadar

Sometimes I think of you
when the skies are getting darker
and the clouds fill up with rain
like how my chest swells up with pain

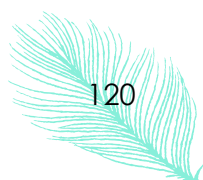
Sometimes I miss you
When I'm drinking my tea
and the mug is getting colder
but the day isn't even half over

Sometimes I hear you
when your silence gets too loud
and my insides sadly groan
as I sit here all alone

Sometimes I can't help but feel
that you are everywhere but here
and though I know you're always with me
I still wish that you were near

But in the moments when I feel numb
and the world seems dark and grey
I close my eyes and feel you near
and I know you're not far away

For you are in the radiant morning sun
and in the stars that illuminate the night
no matter how life may ebb and flow
you are here in everything, and every place I go



ACT- ME

By Nurfarisya Hafiz

Nimble in her movements,
Understated and gentle in her guise,
Revealing only what's needed to be seen to those eyes,
Fierce and unrelenting in her gaze,
A mystery to those around her, always.
Resilient like a badger in the wilderness.
Inspired to face what the world has in store.
She stands tall, refusing to fall,
Yet in those eyes, a fragility at her core.
A faint echo in her mind, whispering reflection of people around her.

Bubbles Blew a Blissful Soul

By Nuruladilah Mohamed



Credit: Pinterest

Blissful souls, oh how they play,
Full of life and full of joy,
Dancing, running, all the day,
Laughing like they have no choice.

Their faces shine like rays of sun,
With innocence and pure delight,
Their energy is never done,
As they play from morning till night.

They find fun in simplest things,
In bubbles blown or kites that soar,
With every game, adventure springs,
As they learn and they explore.



Their smiles, like sunbeams on our face,
In their hearts, a purity so rare,
Their laughter, a symphony of grace,
A beauty that is beyond compare.

Oh! Blissful souls, you are so blessed,
In your world of wonder and play,
May your joy always manifest,
And fill our hearts with light each day.

Beautiful Campus

by Ibtisam Abdul Wahab

What a nice ride around here
When I see your sparkling rosy red petals
Dancing by the lake
Swaying when the wind blows
On a sunny morning
You make me smile all the way.
One day, I will visit you.
Wearing my pinky hat
Greet you and ready to be amazed.
But just before that, let me find out.
That you are the crepe myrtle.
Should I ask a friend? No
Should I refer to a volume? May be.
Just scratch my head a little
And there I can recognise you.
Lagerstroemia indica,
You beautify the campus.



Lagerstroemia indica or the crepe myrtle

Car Sticker

by Mohamad Rashidi Pakri

A Car Sticker or a ticket to Heaven
The hustle and bustle of a city, another university
The life that never seems to stop...
A traffic jam or another day
of performing my current task
-an obligation or
another day to survive
In this world of mine,
deformed by the thirst
of power, and changed of
goalposts,
what is driven by others
becomes the yardstick of success,
that can never be replicated
My car sticker
my only licence to enter
this ivory of knowledge
somehow becomes yet another
opportunity for me to progress
in life
or just another day
of suffering



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Thinking of you

By Profesor Madya TPR Dr Siti Mazwin Kamaruddin

Today you left us
And went to another place
A place that has been described
As a special space
Alam Barzakh, a space between this world and the hereafter
A wall between two matters,
A duration of time between death and the day of resurrection

Of course you left following the Creator's command
Or rather you returned to His Mercy, Rahmatullah
Either way we cannot fight Qadha and Qadar
Both are complementary and inseparable, the will of Allah

But what can we learn from being your friend?
Your patience in facing tribulations?
Your perseverance in enduring the pain?
Or your belief that everything happens for a reason..

I will miss you and that is for sure
I may feel regret for not having spent more time..
But I pray to Allah swt that one day we will meet
In a better place where there is no pain
And everything is fine
But until then, you will be in my prayers,
in my thoughts and in my mind..

*In memory of my friend Allahyarham Muna
Shah Alam | 10.11.2022*



Essential Rules

by Razifa Mohd Razlan

Here are some essential rules

For you and me

See how crucial they can be

Always be punctual

Always be humble

Always be independent

Always be kind and fair

Always be patient

Always be responsible

Always be good

Always be loyal

Always be selflessness

Always be generous

Always be sympathetic

Always be tough

Always be honest

Always be creative

Always be positive

These are the rules we should know

We adhere the rules whenever we go

We do not pay for the rules

Rules are meant to be obeyed

Rules can open our minds

Rules create better life



Chains of Freedom

by Shalisha Jaelyn

The rattle of shackles

The rumble of starvation

Battered bodies

Consumed by the earth

The soil of strife

The circle of life

Of majestic lust and gluttony

The greatest heist in history

The tiger wounded by the lion

Paraded as prized possession

Worker bees on british colonies

Wealth built on barbaric comedy

Family I will never know

Yet were courageous

Passionate and determined

They took on the shackles

In hopes that I will one day

Be free to dream

My Knight in shining Armor

By Sharina Saad

This world is full of tragedies
This world is full of hurt and pain
You found me in the pathetic slums
You rescued me from the cruelty of the dumbs.

When I needed someone who would help me to brave the storm

You appeared with your magic sword
You fought for me ohh you did

When I needed a brave knight
You were there to shed my tears away
You told me not to be afraid.
You told me to overcome my fears.

You are the knight who loves me for I am inside
With you I will no longer have to hide
Standing with you I feel so strong
Oh god nothing could have gone wrong.

Oh my dear knight in shining armor
You are here you are real my me amor
Tell me you are not my deadly illusion
For I truly feel safe even in my imagination.

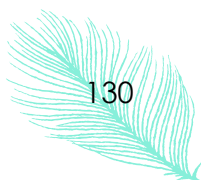


The window

By Sharina Saad



As I sit here thinking
If I could reach the cloud
If I could touch the sky
If I could ride a rainbow
Or keep a sunshine in a jar...
But you know how it feels.
To keep staring out in despair
Not knowing what will happen next.
What will you do Dr?
To my what?
These painful thoughts
Paralyzes my whole system.
I try to avoid looking out.
But the window is the only entertainment.
Though it gives uninteresting views
Of sombre grey skies.
And trees without flowers
Sometimes there is a little bird.
Stopping by the window
Asking mam how are you?
How I wish
Today when I am able to come near.
I will say I am fine Thank You.



waiting

by Shazila Abdullah

9 months and 10 days

Waiting to be born into this uncanny world full of promises.

6 to 7 years

Waiting to go to school
to learn all the knick-knacks of growing up and have loads of fun.

11 to 12 years

Waiting to leave school and home,
to have a great adventure of your own and call yourself an adult, though little that you know
huge responsibilities await.

5 to 6 years

Waiting to leave the stress that caused you to burn the midnight oil,
for just a scroll of paper that would change your entire life.

25 to 30 years

Waiting for the monthly pay-check to pay the never-ending inevitable bills,
and once in a blue moon maybe to splurge on your good self.
Waiting excitedly for the yearly bonus,
so that you can go on a deserving holiday with your loved ones.
Waiting anxiously for a promotion to come by,
so that you can buy the house of your dreams .
Waiting, maybe impatiently, to finally retire and say goodbye to your wholesome career.

But the waiting never ends,
and you will continue to wait until you breathe your last breath.





Image from google

Being Ethical

By Surina Nayan

Are you ethical?

Talking about ethics

Pong pang pong pang here and there

Sometimes it makes me laugh

What is preached goes nowhere

The fact is that it eats itself

Only those who experience it will laugh

And smile to themselves

It seems unethical

Those who talk about ethics

Legitimate means for self-interest

So let's not follow in their footsteps
What the almighty shows us
Is a lesson served to educate
Educate our heart
Even though it is bitter, rough to go through the challenges to be successful
Work for it but Not through unethical shortcuts

Etika

By Surina Nayan

Beretika kah anda
Bercakap mengenai etika
Pong pang pong pang sana sini
Kadang membuat ku ketawa
Apa yang dijaja tidak ke mana
Hakikatnya ianya memakan diri
Hanya yang merasai pengalamannya akan tertawa
Dan senyum sendiri
Tak beretika rupanya
Mereka yang bercakap tentang etika
Menghalalkan cara demi kepentingan diri

Jadi kita janganlah mengikuti jejak mereka
Apa yang maha kuasa hidangkan kepada kita
Adalah hidangan pelajaran yang disajikan untuk mendidik
Didiklah hati
Walaupun pahit melalui jalan cabaran untuk Berjaya
Bukan melalui jalan singkat yang tidak BERETIKA

"The Choice"

by Zaamah MN

(a poem dedicated to single ladies who are yet to find true love)

They may question, they may argue
I wouldn't wish to criticise
For God knows what she's been through
For God knows what she's been through

What she has experienced might have taught her
That love is something she can live without
Why would they have to bother
When it is HER future this is all about?

They say she's difficult, they say she's picky
I wouldn't say otherwise
For her love is worth the infinity
For her love is worth the infinity

The infinite worth of faith, loyalty and respect
Reserved for the beauty of heart and soul
For she is far from perfect
And his purity shall make her whole

Some things are hard to comprehend
Whilst others are not easy to admit
The choice is yours my friend
If it takes a hundred years, then be it!



Love



Sunset with my Sunshine

by Afni Anida Adnan

And there we were,
The two of us,
bound by a love
of 44 years

In silence we sat
and watched the sun;
In silence she set-
for everyone

And in my heart
a stabbing sorrow-
For set she must
bring tomorrow

But sadder still
is I know that,
just like the sun,
our lives will set

I glance at her, so frail, so dear
My heart then breaks- I almost cry
I sigh and think in painful wonder:
Who first, will say the last good-bye?

Note: This is a poem the writer wrote when watching the sun set with her beloved mother at Chenang Beach, Langkawi Island on the 21st of February, 2019.



True Friends in Life

by Aini Adnina Binti Mohd Zuhairi

In the darkest of the night
They carry you to the light
Bringing you to the news of pleasure and contentment
Erasing a way your scars and resentment

Reaching out to our dying soul
Feeding it with the nutrients, stole
By the desires for material and gold
To the love for the One who created The Scrolls

When the time comes where your emotions are in piles
They'll try to change them into laughter and smiles

This is a blessed meeting.
Where we yearn for that one day
Where we will be holding hands
Walking on the pathway
To the pleasure, of gardens of grand

A friendship of mercy and love
Although sometimes bitter and tough
They make sure you won't stay a diamond in the rough
Assuring you with truth and not just bluff

Ya Rabb
Preserve our bond and friendship.
Build it with the strongest leadership
Don't let us lose our grip
By the facade of this dunia that will soon disappear and rip

Ya Rabb
Strengthen our faith and ties
For your sake, we will be relieved and rise
To continue the legacy where the truth lies

Ya Rabb
Fill our hearts with love and tranquility.
Like the one poured out by our prophet SAW mercy
Who cried for our sake to Allah SWT
Asking for this ummah, the best destiny
Which is our final destination, the Jannatul A' la

Oh wayfaring souls,
Be that friend
Indeed, you'll come to the best of ends

The One and Only

by Azlan Abd Rahman

She is spelt with an M for her magnificent matriarch
An O then follows, a description of her outrageous ombudsman
A T comes after because she is a tenacious teammate
She requires an H because she is a magically hilarious healer
An E is a must because she is an exclusive elite like no other
An R completes her as a robust regulator.

In case you still are unable to see
She is M.O.T.H.E.R
And do you notice how there is no repetitive letter
Because like no other living beings
She is one and only!

Al-Fatihah to the one and only,
Allahyarhammah Rahmah Osman.



Mc Aw's Adventures Galore!

by Dianna Suzieanna Mohamad Shah

Oh Mc Aw, my feline mate,
A comical journey, we could relate.
Through my studies, you brought me cheer,
And as I embarked on a new life, you were always near.

You'd knock over my textbooks with a swat,
Or nap on my laptop, a cozy spot.
You'd distract me with your playful ways,
Bringing laughter and joy, throughout my days.

One time, you stole my Pilot pen,
And hid it in your secret den.
Or chased your tail, in endless delight,
A furry comedian, a comical sight!

But then, cancer came, an unwelcome guest,
A formidable challenge, putting us to the test.
You fought with courage, till the end,
A fighter spirit, my loyal friend.

Despite the pain, you'd still purr and play,
Brightening up my every day.
Your presence brought comfort, amidst the strife,
A source of love, in my new life.

Though you're gone now, your memory remains,
Of your comical antics, and loving reigns.
As I embark on a new journey, with memories rife,
You'll forever hold a special place in my heart, dear Mc Aw, my feline life.

Lonely Heart

by Hafizah Hajimia

A lonely heart, it beats alone,
In search of love, a place called home,
Its rhythm slow, its tempo low,
As it dreams of warmth, it longs to glow.

A heart that once was full of joy,
Now yearns for someone to enjoy,
To share its love, to feel alive,
And find the peace it needs to thrive.

But all around, it sees the crowd,
And yet, it stands alone, uncrowded,
For in this sea of faces bright,
It struggles still, to find its light.

The tears that fall, the pain it bears,
Are known to none, for no one cares,
And so it wanders, lost and cold,
Its story never to be told.

But listen close, and you will hear,
The lonely heart's silent tears,
For though it's broken, it still beats,
And in its rhythm, hope still meets....

Harmony in Duty and Love: The Journey of a Mother and Healer

by Hazdalila Yais Razali

This is the tale of a mother and a healer in one,
Whose love and dedication knew no bounds,
Juggling a doctor's life with maternal duties,
Her heart was often split in two by her duties.

As a doctor, she held the power to heal,
A gift bestowed upon her by divine will,
But as a mother, her heart was weighed with care,
Leaving her child, her love, and her solace bare.

Yet she persevered, her spirit strong and true,
With a fervent hope and a love that grew,
For every life she saved, she felt a joy untold,
But leaving her child behind, her heart did withhold.

Still, she became her child's advocate, her guiding light,
Fighting for her every day and every night,
Against a world that couldn't see her beauty and light,
She showed her child that she was always there in sight.

And though the road was hard, her heart oftentimes wrenched,
With every choice she made and regret that clenched,
She found contentment in the love of her child,
And vowed to keep her safe, protected, and beguiled.

For in her child's eyes, she saw the beauty of life's mysteries,
A boundless love that transcends all histories,
So she gave her all, without a price or a fee,
To keep her child from harm, safe, and happy as can be.

Even if her interest, work, and life were in jeopardy,
Her child was her priority, her moon, and her stars,
And in that love, she found peace and tranquility,
Content with her child at heart and her work at hand, free from disparities



Friday

by F. Musfirah

Waiting for Friday

Is like waiting for Maghrib in Ramadan
It requires patience but full of excitement
A glimpse of your smile over the window
Laughter that replaces the sorrow
A warm bed sheet in a cold night
Snuggly arms wrapping me tight
And then come Monday
Suddenly everything becomes gray
Left me waiting for another Friday



The Love Weather

by Hazrati Zaini

Sometimes love is like a rainbow
Making an appearance right after the rain
Sometimes love is such a lonely journey
Holding tightly onto the umbrella waiting for a miracle
Sometimes love is filled with continuous raincheck
Learning to accept the fate of having prioritize issues

No matter what times
Love should always be bright and colorful
No matter what times
Love should always be a lifetime learning journey together
No matter what times
Love should always be there to make one's a priority

When the rain is heavily pouring
Keep in mind that the gloomy feelings is only staying temporarily at present
When the sun is brightly shining
Reminisce all the sweating moments of head over heels in the past
And when the moon is beautifully sparkling
Remember that love can be the reason to show the light towards the future



Love

By Lim jing rou

Silence night,
Lonely night,
Stars shining bright,
Hearts turn to you.

My love,
Your face like roses bloom,
Your smell still in the room,
My love just beats for you.

Streetlight I see your eyes,
My love heartbeat through,
Just like firework shine bright new,
You'll always stay in my heart just like new.

The journey you and me,
Together we rise through,
Both of our heart, just like rose,
You, my love.



Rivers in December

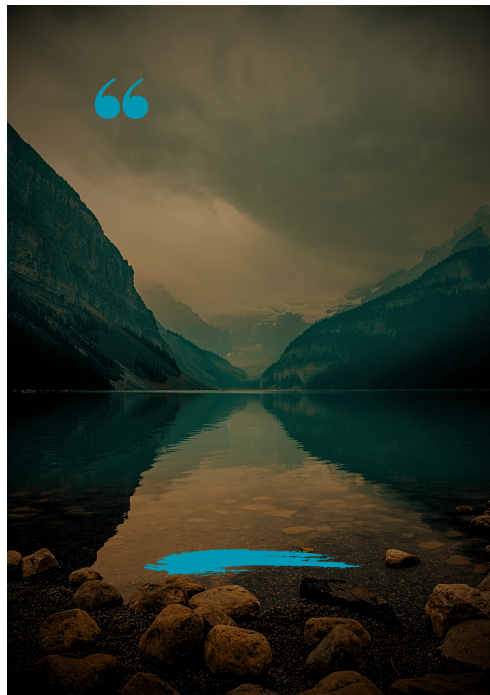
by Mahathir Ahamad @ Day'z A'Koso

Sitting in the dark all alone
I feel so empty like a stone
The reels in my head keep on rolling
A picture of you, I couldn't stop thinking

When I'm with you
My thousand miseries disappear
I stand tall without a fear
You are my eyes, and my ear
You are my strength; you make me stronger

Just when you're gone
A king just lost his throne
I cry out loud till dawn
My tears flow river till December
The world shattered, it turns bitter

How can I erase
Thou memory I can't embrace
Yet the truth does make me brave
To guide me along the way, come what may



The Beaming Brightness of Bliss

by Naim Azizi

The sky dances in joy and laughter
Showing off her silky shades of blue and hues of pink
Oh what joy it is to dance and laugh every day every second Hoping for it to always be
constant

The clouds chimed and joined in the celebration Swaying away in awe and sensation
At times twirling in white, other times swirling in black
Creating art on the canvas of the sky sometimes mistaken for a wreck

Life is a precious gift, always full of surprises and mysteries The cloud comes to you in all
shapes and sizes
Bearing pleasure and sometimes sadness
But even amidst the darkest clouds, a silver lining in the sky can be found

You are to me like the sky
Always perpetual and ever beaming as it passes by Comes glee nor darkness
You will always be my happiness



Image by Ultra Dynamic Sky in Blueprint-UE Marketplace

This Must Be The Place

by Noor Fazzrienee Binti JZ Nun Ramlan

This must be the place where dreams come true,
Where skies are painted in shades of blue,
Where flowers bloom in endless hue,
And everything seems pure and new.

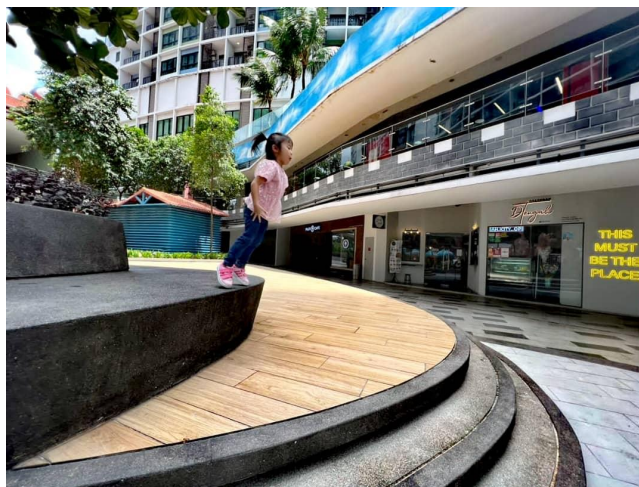
This must be the place where the magic resides,
Where dragons soar and phoenixes glide,
Where unicorns run free and wild,
And fairy tales come to life, undefiled.

This must be the place where time stands still,
Where sorrows fade and hearts refill,
Where laughter echoes through the hills,
And every moment is a thrill.

This must be the place where the mountains rise high,
Where the air is thin and the view is nigh,
Where the rocks stand strong and the eagles fly,
And we feel like we can touch the sky.

This must be the place where hope takes flight,
Where love shines bright like stars at night,
Where the world is filled with endless light,
And everything feels just right.

Yes, this must be the place where dreams come true,
Where anything is possible and all is new,
Where imagination has no bounds and pulls us through,
And wonder and beauty surrounds us.
With open hearts and minds, we pursue,
The boundless opportunities that this place imbues.



A Story of You and Me

by Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan

We met at the age of eighteen
Inescapably in love, nothing could stand in between
We were so naïve, thinking to live and love was so easy
But it was indeed a teenage dream
It wasn't until 7 years later
When we were united and finally had each other
Who knew we were really destined to be together?
And now 11 years later
We have five of you and me
They call you Abi and me Mummy
Together, we make our own happy family
But if you are asking for number six, we'll say maybe.

I am all this and you are all that
But our paths crossed inevitably
Married, we needed to adapt and accept
To one another's life we never actually had
So, on good days we smiled and laughed
But there too were days when we had our fights
But we did what we have to do
Because we knew
To demand for perfection is an unwise perception.

We don't drive fancy, nor do we live lavishly
But I am already gratefully happy
We aren't all lovey-dovey
Forever romantic, I love you and you love me
Like in movies, like Edward and Bella or Rahul and Anjali
Or other fairy tales or love stories
Like Snow White, Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty
But by far, I'd still choose a story of you and me.



Image from <https://www.pngwing.com/en/free-png-zoebc>

Turn to dust

by Norliza Che Mustafa

Love,
that warms the heart

Love,
that feeds the soul

Love,
that slowly grows

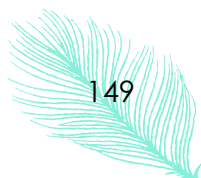
Now ends with rain of tears

Love,
that I've dreamed of

Love,
that I've hoped for

Love,
that I've found

Now turn to dust



A Spring of winter

By Nurhafizah Ali

My memories of a lifetime springs
Turned into a thousand winters
When you're gone

I found myself standing
In a profound silence
Guarded by the giants of dawn

With dreams
An innate strength for life
Is born

It lingers as hope
That enlightens my path
To walk me through the darkest nights

Those memories of a lifetime springs
Burst into songs - that hover like birds
In a sphere of life - called love

And love
Wrought as miracles in my heart
That is forever yours



Golden Encounter

by Nurshahirah Azman

A soft murmur on the dancing golden waves,
And there you stay stunned and delighted,
The calm fascination that glows in your eyes,
Shoots right through me and it makes me excited.

Tiny steps on the soft grass brought me closer to you,
The gentle blades bending under my weight,
And as I moved closer, I felt the breeze that blew,
Unknowingly, you moved to meet me, fate.

Like the daffodils I stood tall and proud,
With petals like wings ready to take flight
And I knew in that moment, I vowed,
As I drew near, my soul took delight,

Amidst the swaying daffodils, I saw your face,
Upon small shy talks, I sensed a deeper need,
And in that moment, I felt my heart race.
A longing in your eyes, an unspoken creed.

Like interwoven threads in a tapestry,
Of shared experiences and secrets,
Our conversations wove a bond so tightly,
With our hearts open, our souls free from regrets.

The sparkle in your eyes whispers gratitude,
The void within you now swells with gleams,
To the tune of warm air I'll dance, ending your solitude,
So, bring me with you in your wake and your dreams.



Image by wirestock on Freepik

waiting

by Angeline Ranjethamoney Vijayarajoo

She was afraid,
The explosions during the festival,
Drove her to flee.
I tried to stop her, but failed.

She was too fast.
She fled by the time I parked the car.
I rushed out, looking and looking,
in vain.

I walked through the night
Then the next day...
And the following night...
And the next day.

To no avail.
Where could she be?
Is she safe?
Did someone kidnap her?

Is she well cared for?
Is she being abused?
Is she afraid and cold?
Is she alive?

It was 2014..
That fateful evening...
As I drove in,
She fled out the gate.

Not knowing hurts
Like a blur.
Is she or is she not?
Frustrating as I do not know.

How would families and friends from MH370 feel?

A blur.

Non-closure

All the questions, again and again

It hurts and it hurts.

Not knowing...

Wondering, weeping

And waiting.

There is not much else

left to do.

Just to pray, hope and to keep

Waiting.....



My Precious Love

by Razifa Mohd Razlan

My precious love
My life is so dull and empty before
I don't know the meaning of love until I meet you
I have been waiting for so long just to have you
I have sacrificed myself just to have you
I have gone through so much pain just to have you

My precious love
I believe you were born in this world for reasons
You have taught me many positive values
I have learnt many things in life just because of you
You complete me and make me a better person

My precious love
You have grown so fast
I believe one day you are going to leave me for good
No matter how far you go
Do not let our memories fade away
One thing for sure
You are always my babies
You are always in my prayers
I love you so much with all my heart and all my soul



Treats from Heaven

by Sharifah Syakila Syed Shaharuddin

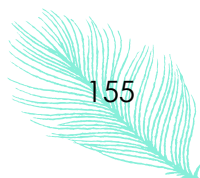
Two sweet treats, from heaven above,
My two sweet treats, my delights, wrapped in love.
Like kaya on toast, they spread joy and cheer,
Their laughter and smiles, a delight to hear.

One is like cupcake, all sugar and spice,
With a heart so warm, and a smile worth a price.
The other is like pie, with layers so deep,
A complex blend of flavors, but delightful indeed.

One is like a juicy peach, soft and sweet,
With an expressful face, hard to beat.
The other is like a gourmet meal, so fine,
A taste for the finer things, in her own design.

Together they are like a feast, so rich and grand,
A symphony of flavors, on demand.
Each one unique, with their own special flair,
A delight to savor, a moment to share.

My daughters, my delights, my heart and soul,
With them, life is a banquet, a treasure to behold.
May they always be nourished, with love and care,
And their spirits soar, beyond compare.



When Love is Gone

by Siti Rohimi binti Mohamed Apandi

My heart hurts like it's being ripped apart
My chest is constricted
It was heartbreaking, and I burst into tears
Without the ability to leave

I want to chase you down
Please come to me
I'd like to say something
That has been bothering my heart for a long time
I'd like to speak with you
I'd like to express myself
I'd like to be completely honest
I'd like to explain
But my mouth remained silent

It was a hopeless situation.
My heart is filled with love
My soul is filled with longing
There is also a desire for you
This is my heart for you

A solitary fight; certainly not

by Siti Zarikh Sofiah Abu Bakar

The cold dawn was ready
For the belief the time is the key
Expecting the extraordinary
Walking path to glory

Though the eyes were not locked
The hearts were running in shock
Upon seeing the connecting dots
The souls were put on halt

Picking from the smallest attention
Validating the lines was the mission
The new future was about to begin
The starter was as tiny as a bean

The carbon copy is not in existence
As the one to carry is the presence
Be prepared for all lessons
For sitting on rattans before cushions

Let sincerity be felt and kindness be seen,
Since day one and has always been,



My Never Ending Loves

by Name: Suzana Yusof (Darkfairy)

My dear mother,
I miss your warm embrace,
My lovely mother,
I miss your soft kisses on my face.

My soulmate,
Where are you?
My blood mate,
How do you do?

I miss your sincere smiles,
I miss the ringing of your call,
I miss when you ask me, how many miles,
That I will arrive at all.

Still ringing in my ear,
You asked me how am I,
I can't hold my tear,
And then I asked Allah why?

I am waiting for your advice,
Like you always did for all this while,
When I think twice,
You're not here, and I became fragile.

Still remember the taste of the food you cook,
Recall how I miss your voice to wake me up,
I can't imagine how much time I took,
To be on my feet, for me to stand up.

Countless moments and memories together,
The last time I held you was the last day before you have gone,
You are my number one, for me to remember,
Without you, how I am going to walk alone.

The pain in my deepest side became sore,
Nothing that I can do to make it better,
But I know that Allah loves you more,
So I left him to look after you, mother.

Rest mother, may you be in the greatest palace peacefully,
Your tiredness and your pain were really over,
I pray for you all the time daily,
May we meet at the Jannah, hereafter.

My mom's picture



Unspoken

by Ts. Nurul Aishah Ab Raman

If there's a word I always knew
That grows deeper and holds value
Always hover
Not spoken enough
The magic phrase
I love you so much

There you lay
Your eyes shut close
No grip, no movement
The monitor does the talking
Beeping and blinking
On oxygen support
Your life depending

I don't understand it
You were fine yesterday
Why you're giving up?
Where's your smile?
Quit playing this charade
It's not your style

The doctors came to check
Not much longer, they expect
Fight it, I whisper
Don't listen to them
Wake up from your slumber
I say that in my prayer

This is surreal
Shattered dreams
Everything we ever believed
There was no cure
Radiotherapy just a scam
You can't play
They decide you should scam

It made no sense
All this pain
You were going through so much
With nothing gained
I stroke your hair
Drowning in ocean of inhales
Of mischance and regrets
Unspoken words
Don't leave me Mama
I am not prepared, not yet



Image by : Wallpaper.com

He... The Unsung Guardian

by Wan-Norafikah O.

He... The unsung guardian
Who shared all my sorrows
When I lost my beloved mother

He... The unsung guardian
Who inspired me to remain motivated
When I was stumped in my own world

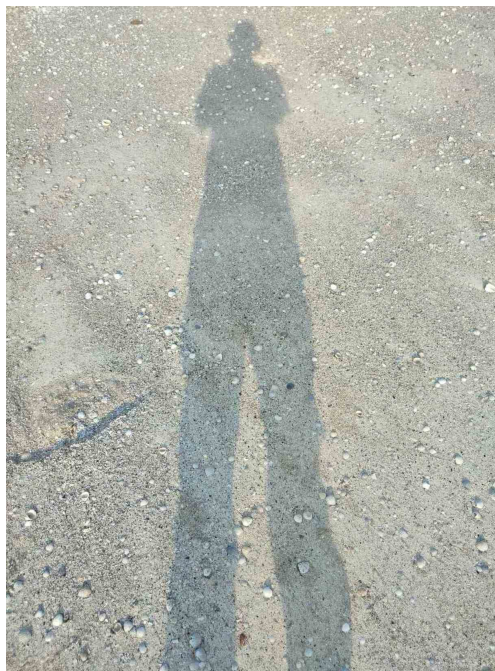
He... The unsung guardian
Who followed me in and out the bushes
When my mosquito samples were needed

He... The unsung guardian
Who opened my eyes to see this life at different perspectives
When everything was distressing

He... The unsung guardian
Who witnessed my victory
When I finally finished my study

He... The unsung guardian
Who keeps reminding me of staying humble
When I started to become pretentious

He... The unsung guardian
Who still walks beside me
To spend the precious time together
Until the death separates us away



Nature



Tap Tap Tap

by Ahmad Najmie Rusli

Tap tap tap
Water falls from the sky

Tap tap tap
Raindrops splatter on the windshield

Tap tap tap
The weather is gloomy, dull, and dark

Tap tap tap
Flashes of lights strike in the sky

Tap tap tap
Grumbles and growls reach the ears

Tap tap tap
The view is hazy and unclear

Tap tap tap
Heavy rain slowly turns to a drizzle

Tap tap tap
The sun shyly appears



One Sad Night

by Name : Dr Wan Norbani Wan Noordin

Just one sad night

The clock is ticking
Creating a very annoying rhythm
It is snowing outside
Everything just sparkles under the moon lite night
It is beautiful and magical
But it is quiet, very quiet.
No sound
Not even a cricket cricking
Not even a whisper of the wind
It has a melancholy feel to it
It is almost sad
The trees have lost all its leaves
The stalks are all bare
No birds hanging on branches
All the birds flew away
Taking refuge somewhere warm, away from this cold night
It is nature I guess
Some things work in a mysterious way
There is no explanation
No reason why
It is just the way it is
No matter how much your heart cries out
Rebel!
There's nothing that you can do about it
It is just the way it goes
It is life
And life goes on.



Where Else Can You Find A Place Like This?

By Mia Emily Abdul Rahim

rhythm of life beats steady and true
as the sun rises and sets each day
and the world turns, as it always will do
but then here, in this place, serenity will ever stay

seamen casting their nets on the bed of the sea
children building castles along the sandy shore
content in a life that's modest and free
where joy is found in the moments we adore

the mosques stand tall, in graceful repose
as prayers rise up to the heavens above
and the call to prayer, a soothing prose
fills the hearts of those who seek His love

in east coast's islands, life slows down
a haven for those who seek solace from the mundane
the gentle rustle of coconut trees, a soothing sound
and of waves, as they break on the shore, again and again

hi-tea is often enjoyed by the beach along its tranquil lands
where garments sway in the gentle breeze
a memorable afternoon awaits with open hands
to a home where time ticks unhurriedly, with restful ease

for those who seek a life, simple and sweet
Terengganu offers a humble retreat.



Beach

by Nurul Nadiyah Rasdi

The smell of the salty sea hit the nose.
The windy breeze softly caresses the face
Blue, green, turquoise blue-green, or aquamarine
The picturesque colours soothe the eyes
The tidal wave is gently rolling
Accompanied by the whispering and rustling
Soft grains of sand stick between the toes
Leaving sets of footprints behind
Washed by the white foamy wave
And the bubbles sweep over the feet
Wide grin plasters on the face
Feeling of tranquillity and serenity within



Summer

by Pauline Georgina Priya Hebert Sundram

The last leaf fell
Giving way to the sun
Summer is here
Walking in breezing the ocean air
Waving and painting smiles
Helming a new hope a new rhythm

Hearing birds chirping a mellow song
Jazzing by memories
Rekindling old flame
Delineating the beauty of life
Accentuating the chronicles of life path

Summer...
Reminisces the smell of sea kissing the shore
Giving the solitude I long
Watching the glorious sun sinking in horizon
Spreading its orange rays colouring the ocean
Reveals the beauty of summer

Standing on the canyon
Enjoying the season in the sun
Wishing this summer never ends
The pure bliss I long.



The cat in me

by Ibtisam Abdul Wahab

I am perfect, I looked perfect.
Not like Yom, the amputee
Despite having lost a leg, she climbs the staircase faster than me.
You want my lappy? Yom blinked once. Okay, then.
I provide my lap and she climbed on me.
She folds her two front legs and sits quietly.
But not long, here comes Ola, the beauty queen.
and Yom does not favour on sharing me.
Hence, Yom quits and goes off.
Now, Ola wins. For the time being.
While the cat in me is still figuring out
that plants are cats' attractants.
Pokok kucing galak hails from *Nepeta* genus
While *Actinidia* species can be the kiwi trees
These plants possess natural molecules.
The nepetalactone and matatabilactone
are the active principles
that would very much
excite the cats,
influence their response,
and stimulate Yom, Ola and Ariel,
as they are my lifetime comrades.

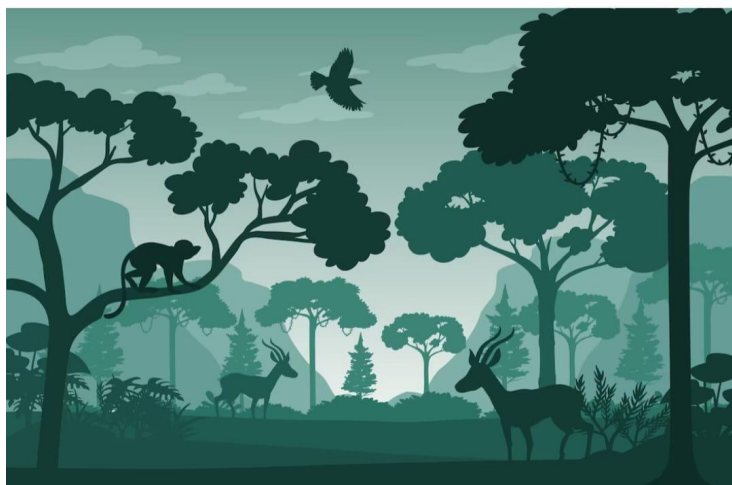


Ariel (left), Ola (middle) and Yom (right)

The Demise

by Noriah Ismail

You were once a forest, lively and majestic,
With thousands of enchanting floras and faunas,
So rare and yet to be discovered,
For your full depth and mysteries still unknown,
The miracles of your healing properties,
Could salvage the human race,
From the many illnesses and vicious new viruses,
Yet you are so thoughtlessly destroyed,
By the hands, of those greedy humans,
Who cares not for the future generations,
Blades cutting and chopping down recklessly,
Hundreds of years old trees gone within minutes,
Thousands of acres burned intentionally,
In blazing fires, killing all living things within sight,
Until what's left are just charred and blacken woods,
So, your once glorious kingdom, millions of years old,
Are maimed and left to suffer, in the fate of death,
This tragic tale will haunt, for generations to come,
For your horrific destruction will eventually be,
The demise of us all.



Hometown

By Siti Aishah Che Kar

I still remembered
When I first met you
You were so lovely
Breathtaking beautiful
Bring calm and peace.
Just looking at you
Every sunrise
Shows us mesmerised painting
No word can describe
Other than
Subhanallah
Every sunset
Your breath is so breezy and smells salty
We laugh and capture the moments in our hearts
But once in a while every year
You are moody and gloomy
But yet strong and powerful
I was in love with you
But
My heart was not here
Belong to other
Now
You are still who are you
Full of blessings and beautiful
Calm and peaceful
And now
I know I cannot hold anymore
Fall in love more
That you've captured my heart
You are my new love



The Pink and white Tecoma Flowers

By Syazliiyati Ibrahim

The pink and white tecoma flowers
They thrive
In the scorching heat
Even when colourful birds seek sanctuary in their leafy bosom
And when small insects find a home in their sturdy trunks.

The pink and white tecoma flowers
They stand loyal welcoming the passing humans
Who drive past them in much haste to go to work
Or those who ride motorcycles and bicycles
Really fast
To escape the unforgiving sun.

The pink and white tecoma flowers
They become witnesses to all kinds of stories
Of mirth and pain
Of strength and resilience
Happening around them
Days and nights.

Even though these pink and white tecoma flowers
Only bloom when the sun is at its height of anger
They still lend the world their magnificent beauty
Despite the fragility of the petals
And the short-lived blossoming time.

The pink and white tecoma flowers
Are nature's gifts that can bring a smile to a tired soul
And be a balm to a wounded heart.

Patriotisms



Pride and Hope

by Amir Lukman Abd Rahman

Red, white, blue, and yellow,
A picturesque amidst a background of soft white and blue,
All four colours twirling with a motion that is slow,
Nonetheless, it is still in beautiful hue.

The eighth month of the year is always so exciting,
These four colours that make up the Malaysian flag is seen everywhere,
At every corner you turn you will see,
Every nook and cranny decorated with our Malaysian pride.

Although something rather odd happened last year,
A year that contains triples of two,
Where was our national pride in the eighth month of the year?
Why am I only seeing only one or two?

Had we lost our pride for the flag that symbolizes us?
Funny, it was everywhere when we were confined in our houses.
Why was it that the Jalur Gemilang is rarely seen?
Funny, seeing how we are slowly losing interest in celebrating it.

Is this the start of the end?
Is this when we start falling apart?
I hope this is not the case,
For you are what symbolizes us, Negaraku Malaysia.

The Age of Revolution

by Evelyn Koay

The world was in chaos, the people in strife,
As the Age of Revolution came to life,
With thunderous footsteps, the rebels marched on,
And the shackles of oppression were finally gone.

The poets of the time were inspired anew,
By the ideals of freedom, equality, and truth,
Their pens wielded as weapons against the old ways,
As they sought to create a better world in their days.

Wordsworth wrote of wandering lonely as a cloud,
And Shelley of the power of the wind aloud,
Coleridge of Kubla Khan, a vision divine,
And Keats of the beauty of nature so fine.

The themes of individualism, nature, and imagination,
Echoed through their works with a fierce determination,
To break free from the chains of the past,
And create a future that would forever last.

The Age of Revolution was a time of great change,
Of hearts that were restless, unafraid to exchange,
The old for the new, the tired for the bold,
As the world was remade, and new stories were told.

Today, we stand on the shoulders of those who came before,
Who dreamed of a world that was free from war,
And as we face new struggles, new battles to fight,
We remember their words, their passion, and their might.

For in the Age of Revolution, they showed us the way,
To be brave, to be bold, to fight for a better day,
And though their time has passed, their legacy remains,
As we continue to fight, to dream, to create change.



Malaysia, My Blessed Country

by Nur Ain Abdul Malek

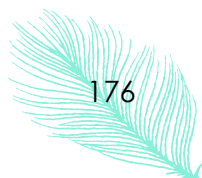
Malaysia, my blessed country
Where diversity thrives and unity blooms
From the bustling cities to the tranquil countryside
Every corner filled with wonders and surprises

Lucky I am to call this place home
Where cultures blend and traditions thrive
A land of opportunity and growth
Where dreams are made and realized

Beneath the tropical sun and starry skies
Our hearts beat as one, with pride and joy
For we are Malaysians, united and strong
In this blessed land we call our own

From the highlands to the coastlines
Our beauty knows no bounds
With ancient rainforests and pristine beaches
A paradise on earth, truly renowned

Let us cherish and protect
This land we call our own
For Malaysia, our blessed country
Is where our hearts and souls belong



Patience with Hope

By Suria Ibrahim

The storm has ended
No more blowing winds nor rain
But, it is still unsettled
The path needs to be cleared
Damage needs to be fixed
It will take some time,
for the ground to dry up
for the seeds to sprout
for the flowers to bloom
Just wait and be patient
Endure with perseverance
With love and diligence
We will become stronger
In our blessed nation
Malaysia.

Note: This poem depicts the aftermath of COVID19 pandemic.



Personal Likings/Hobbies



Numbers

by Chen Chee Khium

By the age of 3, I was exposed to numbers
Count 1, 2, 3,
Add numbers to grow, deduct numbers will decrease
Wah...numbers are fun.

By the age of 11, I was exposed to numbers
Seeing numbers increased, $4+5=9$, multiplication, $3 \times 2=9$
Observing number reduced $12-3=9$, divide objects equally, $18/2=9$
Wah...numbers are playful and interesting.

By age of 17, I was exposed to numbers
Besides four basic operators, learnt more about numbers
meeting unknown, unknown can tell a lot, unknown flying in my mind
Wah...numbers are beautiful and amazing.

By the age of 23, I was exposed to numbers
Moreover variables, alpha, beta, gamma, theta and Greek symbols
Moving fast with mass with momentum, area and volume with integral
Wah ... numbers are wonderful and imposing.

By the age of 47, I was exposed to numbers
Moving forward to infinity
Number can any
Wah ... numbers are extraordinary and astonishing.



I Daydream More Than I Dream... Yikes!

by Mia Emily Abdul Rahim

[doing the fake cough to clear my throat]

in the stillness of my mind
I often find myself inclined
to wander off and leave behind
the world that's real, and undefined
I wander through the mind's uncharted terrain
with no restrictions or boundaries to constrain
and weave a reality of my own
roam, unbeknownst.

in my daydreams, realities freeze
to be the person whom I want, as I please
to explore those new worlds and galaxies
to live a life without any maladies
and so my thoughts drift away like a gentle breeze
and I go places that bring me ease
a world where there's no reason to appease
is this somewhere I can be myself with no unease?

[a knock on the door]
"are we ready... we need groceries, remember?"

sometimes somehow, reality calls me back
to face the world that's sharp and black
though my daydreams may seem to have been hijacked
I pull the strength to get back on track.

"oh don't you worry, I'll be done in no time"
[me going back to daydreaming]

no limits or fears or doubts to lack
just pure joy and peace, in fact
ain't nothing here that I do lack
'cause only in here I have a special knack
where worries fade and wonders stack

[alarm clock shouts] [sighs]

well nonetheless, as the day comes to an end
I know that my daydreams must suspend
but I relish the minutes I spent in my mind
ever I see, and still be blind
come on self, now time to run some errands!
smiling as I await the next time, so I can leave reality behind.

"Mia!"

[run clumsily to get ready]

....to be continued.



Those were the Days

By Robekhah Harun

Those were the days,
When we were still young and green
Full of spirits and sparks
Eager to tackle the world heads on.

Those were the days,
When the feet were still light and bouncy
Full of passion and grits
Eager to travel the world and discover its wonders.

Those were the days,
When the bones were still strong and sturdy
Full of energy and might
Eager to explore the world and the unknown.

Those were the days,
That I longed for today
Those cherished bittersweet memories.

Those were the days,
I wish to revisit and reenact,
With my travel buddies
So put your shoes on and get your passport ready,
Let's travel again for old times' sake.

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

by Shazila Abdullah

Twinkle, twinkle little star
Shining brightly though afar
How I wish I could twinkle like the little star
That could brighten the whole entire sky
A wishful thinking it is but who cares
As it is better to have a wish than to have none.

Have you ever wished that you could write
A beautiful story that could become the best-selling novel of all time
Especially when you have just read a book
that leaves you enchanted for days to come.

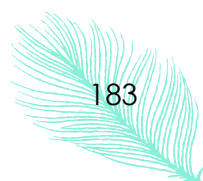
Have you ever wished that you could draw
A breath-taking scenery that you just saw
On a beach where you witnessed an amazing sunset
And you imagine yourself an artist
with magical brushes that turn a canvas into a priceless painting
that is worth a place at the prestigious art gallery.

Have you ever wished you could sew
The wedding dress that you have been eyeing for
Not only would it save you perhaps a thousand bucks
But you would also sew the dress with a heart full of love
Every stitch and every hem would be a testimony
A testimony that you would be ready for the next chapter of your life.

Have you ever wished you could cook
Like a chef that could concoct a delicious dish in just a blink
To feed your loved ones who always crave for home-cooked meals
Who would eat your meals heartily without even batting an eye
But who would be fully satisfied and never stop asking for more
To fill their ever-growling stomach as they grow up.

Have you ever wished you had a green thumb
To grow colourful roses and bougainvillea in the flower boxes
That would line up the fence of your cute little house
Blooming plentiful throughout the years
To the envy of your neighbours and friends alike.
Or to grow your own green produce in the planter boxes
That would end up as an organic vegetable dish in your kitchen
Giving support to the much-needed healthy eating.

So, twinkle, twinkle little star
Make a wish or two cause you may never know
When a wish might come true.



Poem in Malay Language



Diam Si Pendeta

Oleh: Dr Ahmad Muhyiddin B Yusof

Si Pendeta tenang, membuka mata,
Melangkah renung, melangkah keluar Sang Gua,
Berhasrat senang berjumpa Sang Pertapa,
Sang Pertapa tenung cinta, melihat melulu Si Pendeta.

Diucapkan salam, disambut Sang Pertapa,
Sang Pertapa diam, Si Pendeta mula berpetah,
Ilmu langit dicurah, tapak kalam menadah,
Supaya Sang Pertapa penuh ilmu didada.

Sergah Si pendeta! "Jadilah padi yang tunduk berat isi dan airnya!"
Menoleh Si Pendeta seraya "Bulan meyimpan, matahari menyuluh"
Maka kepulanganlah Si Pendeta ke kegelapan Sang Gua.

Sergah Kembali Si pendeta dari kegelapan Sang Gua,
Menuju berhasrat tagih kehadiran Sang Pertapa,
Petah bertanya Si Pendeta tuju Sang Pertapa,
Bisu Sang Pertapa, terpinga Si Pendeta,

Si Pendeta seraya terpaku didalam benaknya, senyum dan tunduk.



Translation:

A Scholar's Silence

The calm Scholar opens his eyes,
Walking, stalling, storming out from the old cave,
Joyfully wishing to meet the Hermit,
The Hermit's passion starred, storming of love towards the Scholar.

Greets were given, accepted by the Hermit,
The Hermit quiets, the scholar voices,
The knowledge of the sky pours, the pages consent,
To make the Hermit wise.

Sermons the Scholar! "Be a paddy that bows for its pulp and water!"
Turned the Scholar and spoke "The moon conceals, the sun reveals."
Returned the Scholar to the Old Cave's darkness.

Returned and stormed towards the Hermit from the Old Cave's darkness,
Towards wishing to seek an audience with the Hermit,
Utterances of questions by the Scholar to the Hermit,
The hermit Silence, the Scholar wanders,

The Scholar stills, in his thoughts, smiles and bows.

Jurnal Persis 'Jantung' Ahli Akademik

oleh - Dr Farhah Abdullah

Publish or perish!

Ini mantra yang ahli akademik akur dengan penerbitan jurnal

KPI KPI KPI! Pensyarah dan jurnal berpisah tiada!

Penulisan jurnal bukan semata-mata KPI dan amanah

Jurnal adalah jantung dalam nadi ahli akademik

Cabaran mencuri masa usai pengajaran dan penyelidikan

Termenung mencari ilham penulisan

Kerap terhenti dengan *whatsapp* pelajar-pelajar 24/7

Tak dilayan segera, efek markah SUFO, pensyarah ini sukar didekati, sukar dihubungi!

Wahai sahabat seperjuanganku, jom menulis dan cari isu masyarakat yang dekat di hati.

Tulis tanpa tapi, tanpa henti dan tanpa nanti,

Abaikan kesempurnaan.

Teruskan usaha membaca dan pupuk minat menulis dari sepatah perkataan.

Berkembang menjadi ayat, selembat dan berbilang muka surat.

Kenyataan masalah, persoalan dan objektif kajian, metodologi serta dapatan kajian.

Anggaplah kita di lautan ilmu yang luas, kemudikan perahu atau kapal kita ke destinasi.

Ini baru permulaan pada misi berterusan menulis jurnal dan pastikan diterbitkan!

Quilbot, Grammarly, Academic Phrasebank, Mendelay, ChatGPT dan laptop menjadi
sahabat akrab

Selain secangkir kopi menemani keheningan dinihari dan hujung minggu.

Itu sahaja waktu yang damai untuk menulis. Tersenguk depan laptop itu normal!

Niat menulis kerana mencari redha Tuhan dan sebagai bekalan ilmu bermanfaat

Proses penulisan jurnal memakan masa yang lama. Bertabah duhai hati.

Korbankan masa jadikan pelaburan masa, tenaga, kerahan minda dan hati

Karya akademik ada nilai di sisi masyarakat dan di sisi Tuhan

Iqro', Bacalah dengan nama Tuhanmu yang menciptakan.

Pohon ketabahan hati dan bantuan dari Tuhan yang Maha Esa.

Belajarlah Anakku.

Penulis: Nurul Najihah binti Mad Rosni

Anakku,
Belajarlah kamu,
Walau perlu selam ke laut biru,
Walau perlu meredah hutan batu,
Kerana ilmu itu adalah guru,
Dimasa depan yang penuh tipu.

Anakku,
Belajarlah kamu,
Dengan ikhlas menuntut ilmu,
Dengan tekun memberi tumpu,
Kerana ilmu itu adalah perlu,
Dimasa depan yang kadang kelabu.

Anakku,
Belajarlah kamu,
Jika ingin memberi bantu,
Jika ingin menyebarkan ilmu,
Kerana ilmu itu adalah hartamu,
Dimasa depan yang penuh liku.

Anakku,
Belajarlah kamu,
Kerana ilmu menjadi bekal hidupmu
Kerana ilmu menerangi gelapmu
Kerana dunia tidak selalu biru,
Di masa depan yang sedang menunggu.



Aku dan Kabus

Penulis: Noraziah Mohd Amin

Selama nafas masih menghembus
Selagi jasad belum dikambus
Aku dan kabus
Sepi dan halus
Merindu terus
Jiwa yang tulus...

Kabus halus yang datang
penatnya menunggu hilang
lamanya menanti suria pulang.

Di balik kabus itu tak terbayang
kepastian yang terhalang
oleh kekaburan yang panjang
selagi mana angin terus bertandang
selagi mana dingin terus menggigit tulang.

Rindu makin sirna dikucup angin terbang
dalam kabus yang mengisi ruang
fikiran yang melayang-layang...

Perluakah terus menunggu kebisuan?
Perluakah terus mata dibutakan?
Atau berhenti menanti dan pergi meninggalkan?
Sebuah kekaburan fikiran?
Kerana jiwa telah rimas dan lemas
Dalam pelukan kabus yang tidak pernah ingin lepas
Dan hakikat yang tidak pernah diperjelas
Selagi bibir terus tertutup kemas...

Kabus sejuk yang menyelubungi
Hanya akan pergi
Bila muncul panas mentari
Maka, hatiku tekad untuk berlari
Berlari mengejar mentari
Cerah dan pasti...

Translation:

Me and the Mist

Author: Noraziah Mohd Amin

As long as I am still breathing
As long as my body has not been buried
Me and the mist
Quiet and subtle
I keep missing
A sincere soul...

A thin mist that comes
I'm tired of waiting for it to leave
And I'm tired of waiting for the sun to appear...

Behind the fog is unimaginable
Shrouding certainty
With thick obscurity
As long as the wind keeps blowing
As long as the cold continues to bite my bones.

Longing fades away with the kiss of the wind
With the mist that's filling the space
My thoughts are wandering...

Should I keep waiting for the silence to break?
Should I keep being blind?
Or should I stop waiting and leave?
A hazy mind?
Because the soul has drained and drowned
In the embrace of the fog that never wants to let go
And the fact that has never been explained
As long as the lips remain tightly sealed...

The cold mist that is shrouding me
Will only leave
When the sun has started to disseminate its heat
By then, my heart is determined to run
And chase after the sun
Bright and clear...

Hati Mati

oleh- Nurul Liya Saffura

Kosong,
Bukan tidak berpenghuni,
Cuma sepi, tanpa bunyi.

Kosong,
Bukan tidak boleh diisi,
Cuma sudah tidak mampu menampung lagi.

Lelah,
Menghitung hari saling berganti,
Menanti yang tidak pasti, akhirnya terbiar sendiri.

Lelah,
Bertepuk sebelah, tidak berbunyi,
Tetapi masih, menyimpan di hati.

Sudah,
Jangan mengangankan dia, yang tak kunjung tiba,
Arang habis binasa, tukang hembus penat sahaja.

Sudah,
Jangan menjadi lesung mencari antan,
Lekas kau bangun, bina kehidupan.

Semoga,
Satu hari nanti,
Jiwa yang sepi, akan terisi,
Hati yang tersakiti, akan diubati.

Semoga,
Satu hari nanti,
Bertaut kasih dari yang lebih sudi,
Mengikat janji sehidup semati.

Translation:

Death Heart

oleh- Nurul Liya Saffura

Empty,
Not devoid of presence,
Only quiet, without sound.

Empty,
Not incapable of being filled,
Only no longer able to contain any longer.

Weary,
Counting the days as they take turns,
Awaiting the uncertain, eventually forsaken alone.

Weary,
Clapping a solitary hand, it's echo unheard,
Yet lingering, enshrined in the heart's depths.

Enough,
Stop yearning for one who never arrives,
Charcoal spent and ruined, only the weary bellows remain.

Enough,
Be not like a mortar seeking for its pestle,
Stand up, build a life of fulfilling existence.

May it come to pass,
One distant day ahead,
The forlorn soul shall find fulfilment,
The wounded heart, balm to mend.

May it come to pass,
One distant day ahead,
Love shall bind two willing hearts,
Bound by a pledge to live and die as one.

Atasi Murung

by Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

Mengumpan jerung dalam pukot,
pukot ditambah tepi dermaga;
atasi murung dengan mendekat,
mendekat teman bersama keluarga.

Terbang burung selari enam,
berenam menghuni rumah petani;
atasi murung dengan bersenam,
bersenam jasmani menjaga rohani.

Kain sarung bercorak motif,
bermotif garuda di atas sampan;
atasi murung dengan positif,
positif minda menguntum harapan.

Anak bengkarung mencari makanan,
makan kumbang tepian pandan;
atasi murung dengan pemakanan,
pemakanan seimbang menjaga badan.

Berlari binturung di atas jalan,
jalan kedepan menghala rimbunan;
atasi murung dengan penampilan,
penampilan tampan menimbulkan keyakinan.

Bubur asyura ada di warung,
warung terbina sebelah taman;
begitulah cara menjauh murung,
nasihat berguna jadi pedoman.

Translation:

Overcome Depression

by Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

Baiting sharks in nets,
nets moored by the wharf;
overcome depression by getting closer,
get closer to friends and family.

Flying six parallel birds,
six occupants of the farmer's house;
overcome depression by exercising,
physical exercise takes care of the soul.

Sarong fabric with motifs,
with an eagle motif on a canoe;
overcome depression with positivity,
positive mind swallows hope.

Baby skinks looking for food,
eating beetles next to pandan leaves;
overcome depression with nutrition,
a balanced diet takes care of the body.

Running bearcat on the road,
the road ahead leads to the grove;
overcome depression with appearance,
good looks inspire confidence.

Ashura porridge is in the stall,
the stall builds next to the park;
that's how to get away from depression,
useful advice as a guide.

Kerasmu Abah

by Dr Wan Nurhayati

kerasmu abah
lelah memikul tanggungjawab
kerasmu abah
lelah mencari rezeki
kerasmu abah
lelah mendidik kami
kerasmu abah
kerana ingin kami berdikari
kerasmu abah
kerana dalam diam menyayangi kami
kerasmu abah
kerana tak mampu melihat kami susah sendiri
kerasmu abah
kerana tak mampu tengok luka dibadan kami
kerasmu abah
kerana mahu kami dihormati
kerasmu abah
kerana amat mencintai



Kenapa Aku?

oleh Nurul Munirah Azamri

Hari itu kelam dan sunyi,
Sedang aku berjalan,
Ada mata yang memerhati,
Ada telinga yang mencuri dengar,
Menanti masa menarikku ke tepi,
Morobek baju,
Merobek hati,
Melukakan tubuh pantas tanah menyambutku jatuh,

Dalam hujan tangisku mengaduh,
Namun terlihatku riak gembira,
Gempita dengan tawa,
Kau rasa kau punya kuasa,
Kau angkuh bak raja,
Namun kau manusia yang alpa,
Ada yang Mendengar doa hambaNya.

Bila dikhabarkan tiada siapa yang dengar,
Dituduh manja dan tak gagah tegar,
Maka,
Hanya tinta jadi peneman,
Tertanya-tanya jika hakikatnya punya kesilapan,
Kenapa aku?
Berulang kali dicoretkan.

Mungkinkah aku kan lelah,
Mungkinkah nanti aku mengalah,
Namun kutahu,
Pasti kan ada sinar di hujung lorong berliku,
Untuk aku keluar meraih mimpi yang dulunya kelam,
Jadi bekal melihat warna warni dunia yang kuanggap hitam.



Translation:

why Me?

by Nurul Munirah Azamri

That day was dark and quiet,
As I walked,
There were watching eyes,
There were listening ears,
Waiting for time to grab me aside,
Tearing clothes,
Tearing hearts,
Hurting my body to the ground I fell,
In the rain I dropped my tears,
Yet I saw satisfied faces,
Excite with laughter,
With the feeling of having power,
Acting arrogantly like a king,
But you are a forgetful human being,
There is Someone listening prayers of His servants.

Still shared when no one listens,
Said to being fragile spoiled human,
Thus,
Ink my only companion,
Wondering if there are mistakes,
Why me?
Repeatedly scribbled.

Could it be that I'm tired?
Or could it be that I'll give in later,
But I know,
There's light at the end of the winding alley,
For me to go out and grab the dreams that used to be dark,
To see the colorful world that seemed black.

Puisi Rindu

Oleh Ani Juaini Bahrin

Jika dia masih ada
Pasti dia bangga
Melihat sosok amanahnya
Jadi manusia berguna

Jika dia masih ada
Akan kuturuti kemahuannya
Wang ringgit apa saja
Semua usaha sampai jaya

Jika dia masih ada
Akan kubawa keliling dunia
Bawa dan simpan semua
Jadi kenangan sampai surga

Jika dia masih ada
Peluk cium sampai senja
Gurau tawa sampai lena
Agar celik esok, masih ada dia.



Pukul Tiga Pagi

oleh Nurul Munirah Azamri

Pukul tiga pagi,
Aku terjaga dari lenaku lagi,
Urat tubuhku terus menegang,
Duduk tak kan tenang,
Berbaring pula tak lena,
Namun kusabar demi kau yang tercinta.

Pukul tiga pagi,
Hadirmu ke dunia memecah sunyi,
Masihku ingat tangis itu,
Tangis tandanya aku kini sang ibu.

Pukul tiga pagi,
Setiap malam kau kan jaga dari lena,
Minta didekati dibelai manja,
Masih kurasa hangat tubuhmu,
Lelahku hilang bak angin lalu.

Hari ini,
Masih pukul tiga pagi,
Kau yang telah dewasa bertahajud meminta dari Pencipta,
Minta berkah buat orang tuamu,
Minta sihat mudah ibadahku.

Doamu anak,
Bekal buatku nanti
Kerana tak mungkin selamanya aku di sini,
Menemanimu mengharung pancaroba duniawi,
Moga kau jadi cahaya hati yang menyeri,
Hari hariku yang semakin meninggalkanmu kini.



Translation:

3.00 a.m

by Nurul Munirah Azamri

At 3.00 a.m,
I woke up from my slumber again,
My veins continued to tense,
Neither sitting calm me down,
Nor lying down made me restless,
But I was patient for you, my beloved.

At 3.00 a.m,
Your presence in the world broke the silence,
I still remember that cry,
Crying signed 'I am now a mother'.

At 3.00 a.m,
Every night you woke me up from sleep,
Ask to be approached and pampered,
I still remember your warm body,
As soon my tiredness disappeared like the wind.

Today,
You are still at three in the morning,
You, who have grown up, praying and asking from the Creator,
Ask for blessings for your parents,
Ask for our good health and easy worship.

Your prayer, child,
Supplies for me later,
As it's not possible for me to be here forever,
Being with you through worldly trials,
May you be the light of a shining heart,
For my days leaving you in no time.

Ibu Misali

by Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

Beridam keli sampai meminta,
mendapat patin tidak peduli;
ibu misali memartabat wanita,
wanita prihatin ummah ungguli.

Peduli keli berasam jawa,
jadi santapan bersama ulam;
ibu misali peribadi takwa,
takwa mendepan nilai islam.

Berulam keli bersambal hijau,
berteman bintang makan bertiga;
ibu misali berdatang ranjau,
ranjau ditentang demi keluarga.

Tiga keli dihidang pengasuh,
isinya enak makan berulang;
ibu misali cemerlang mengasuh,
mengasuh anak sampai cemerlang.

Berulang keli memujuk rasa,
jadi pesona sultan dan sultanah;
ibu misali wanita perkasa,
perkasa membina keluarga *Sakinah*.

Translation:

Exemplary Mother

by Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

Longing catfish until asking,
got an iridescent shark that does not care;
exemplary mother dignifies women,
concerned women of the superior community.

Care about tamarind catfish,
so eat with side dishes;
exemplary mother's personal piety,
piety in the face of Islamic values.

Stewed catfish with green sambal,
star friends eat three;
an exemplary mother came to obstacles,
obstacles are resisted for the sake of family.

Three catfishes were served by the nanny,
the flesh is good to eat repeatedly;
exemplary mother excels at nurturing,
bringing up children until they excel.

Repeatedly persuading,
so, the charm of sultans and sultanas;
exemplary mother mighty woman,
mighty to build the *Sakinah* family.

Fasa

By Afee - (03032023)

Saat tangan terjabat
Lafaz akad terucap
Terbina sebuah mahligai
Diaminkan malaikat sejagat
Bagai ada kelahiran baru
Seorang lagi permata hati
Riangnya hati

Tapi

Ceria tak berpanjangan
Bilamana langkah disusun pergi
Membina kehidupan sendiri
Tinggallah, tinggallah.

26 tahun dalam jagaan
Kini putaran hidup beralih
Menyaksikan fasa berbeza
Yang terlihat
Yang terzahir
Hanyalah duka
Hanyalah kesedihan
Bagaikan sebuah kehilangan

Translation:

Phase

By Afee - (03032023)

When hands shake
The wording of the contract is spoken
Built a palace
Amen universal angels
Like a new birth
Another gem of a heart
Happy heart

But
Happiness does not last
Whenever the steps are arranged to go
Build your own life
Stay, stay.

26 years in care
Now the cycle of life turns
Witness the different phases
The visible
The manifest
Just sadness
It's just sadness
Like a loss

Tiada Yang Tahu

By Afee - (03032023)

Silau
Benarkah
Atau cuma bayangan
Sesusuk tubuh
Menjengah pintu
Seolah melambai
Mulut terkumat kamit
Tapi tak kedengaran
Suara maupun bunyi
Siapakah
Adakah cuma ziarah
Atau gurauan
Mungkinkah mimpi
Khayalan di siang hari
Tiba-tiba
Bulu roma tegak berdiri
Sudah tibakah waktunya
Adakah dia
Malaikat maut
Yang bakal menjemput??
Tak siapa pun ada jawapnya

Translation:

Nobody Knows

By Afee - (03032023)

Glare
Really?
Or just a shadow
A figure
Reaching the door
As if waving
Mouth clenched
But not heard
Voice and sound
Who is
Is it just a pilgrimage?
Or a joke
Could it be a dream?
Daydreaming
Out of the blue
The bristles stand upright
Has the time come?
is it her
Angel of Death
Who will invite??
No one has the answer

Kita Semua Si Pemakai Topeng

Penulis: Nur Wahida Zulkifli

Kita bukanlah diri kita yang sebenar,
Kadang kala kita seorang isteri dan ibu,
Kadang kala kita seorang tukang masak,
Kadang kala kita seorang suami dan bapa,
Kadang kala jua...
Kita seorang ketua di tempat kerja kita,

Seringkali watak diri dalam kehidupan kita berubah-ubah mengikut situasi,
Benar!! Kadangkala adaptasi watak ini juga sinonim dengan talam dua muka,
Itu bukanlah satu dosa kerana kita cuba menadaptasikan demi kelestarian bersama,
Kelestarian dalam hubungan suami isteri,
Kelestarian dalam hubungan persahabatan dan keluarga,

Sebagai seorang pendidik,
Kita perlu sentiasa bijak menadaptasikan diri mengikut situasi,
Ini kerana, bukan mudah untuk mengajar generasi yang berbeza,
Berbeza dari segi mentaliti, berbeza dari segi sahsiah diri, berbeza dari segi sosiologi,

Kadangkala pendidik perlu memakai topeng yang berbeza-beza,
Topeng seorang sahabat, topeng seorang kaunselor, topeng seorang agamawan dan
banyak lagi

Bukan mudah menjadi seorang pendidik....
Tanggungjawab yang besar perlu digalas demi mengajar anak bangsa,
Oleh itu, kita semua adalah...

Si Pemakai Topeng!!!

Cahaya Senja

by Mahathir Ahamad @ Day'z A'Koso

Bersandar di waktu senja
Omongan kias bahasa seribu
Berkarya kisah dua waktu

Aku takjub dalam hilai tawa
Sonsangan jiwa terlerai berjela
Si tua tertanya dimana cahaya
Yang ku cari tika siang menjelma

Gelapkah kita kala malam menghitam
Ataukah hati kita yang semakin hitam
Sedangkan si buta tidak berwaktu
Dalam kelim dia memandang
Dalam gelap dia melihat
Terang mentari dia berkawan
Terang rembulan dia berjalan
Tiada keluh tiada rawan

Merah senja kian berlabuh
Menelan suria kian menjauh
Indahnya maya menusuk qalbu
Maha sifatMu aku terpaku



Ini Aku

by Nur Nafishah Azmi

Hilang segalanya, hanya dalam sekelip mata,
Luar kawalan aku saat itu,
Hancur dan luluh rasa ini,
Sesaat sebelum itu aku melihat kelibat awan,
Tersenyum kelat dan bermonolog sendirian;
2 Oktober 2022, 7:25 pagi
"Eh! Tengok awan itu,
Cantik!
Tetapi, sayang hanya berarak membawa kesedihan"

Tidak sedar aku,
Kesedihan yang diraikan kepada aku,
Perginya Dia yang terlalu aku cintai,
Ya, selamat kembali kepada-Nya.

Aku masih berpegang kuat dengan pesannya,
"Saat semua orang cintakan dunia,
Hakikatnya dunia ini adalah penjara bagi orang-orang yang beriman."

Aku akui kerna aku merasainya,
Ramai yang mendambakan syurga,
Walhal itu sementara.
Aku dambakan untuk kembali kepada-Nya
Bukan dengan paksaan, bukan dengan pilihan,
Tetapi dengan selamat, ketika ini.

Hidup aku kini,
Ibarat awan berarak diiringi betapa kerdilnya alam yang kekal mati,
Terima kasih untuk kekal,
Terima kasih untuk berubah,
Kerna semua ini aku hilang derit aku sambut bahagia.
Namun, untuk kali keduanya,
Belum tentu ada.
Terkadang aku takut melangkah kerana tergantung rasa,
Menderita jiwa.
Ini AKU!

Sebuah Lakaran Pengalaman

Nukilan : Nurbaya Mohamad Aris

Kehidupan adalah sebuah perjalanan
Yang penuh dengan ujian
Tawa tangis menghiasi hari
Menguatkan jiwa memantapkan diri.

Lakaran hidup berbeza-beza
Mengajar kamu erti dewasa
Semuanya perlu ditempuh
Jangan rapuh, sentiasa utuh.

Belum kamu tahu erti sedih yang sebenar
Selagi belum kamu
Terbaring, merintih di atas marmar.

Belum kamu tahu erti sebuah derita
Selagi belum kamu
Rasa berjauhan dari keluarga.

Dan belum kamu mengerti erti kecewa
Selagi belum
Hatimu remuk dek kata kata.

Namun pilihan apa yang kamu ada
Selain bangun dan hadap semuanya
Kekebalan mu dari bantuan yang Esa
Kekuatan mu dari doa ayah bonda
Kecekalan mu dari didikan yang diterima
Yang tidak mungkin dapat disambar, dirobek walau sejuta usaha dibina.

Ambillah semua rasa sebagai hikmah
Yang menjadikan kamu kuat, bukan lemah
Akan datangnya senang, setelah susah
Kemudilah bahtera walaupun payah
Janji Allah itu pasti
Pentas dunia tempat diuji
Usah mengeluh usah ditangisi
Di hujung perjalanan kemenangan pasti menanti.

Suatu malam tenang di Danau Toba

oleh Mohamad Rashidi Pakri

Seekor rerama di Danau Toba

Mengisi ruang di sebuah dinding usang Entah berapa lama akan terus bertahan

Menunggu peluang untuk pulang, tatkala menanti gerimis hujan berhenti...

Di seberang sana, ada sang kucing hitam,

Masih mencari secebis makanan, mungkin tersisa, Tetapi diusahakan jua,

Sementara keringat masih ada,

Walaupun hibanya tiada siapa yang merasa

Dingin danau ini,

Bersama si rerama yang malu untuk terbang, Serta si kucing yang tidak mahu berputus asa,
Ku merasa ada sesuatu di pinggiran toba,

Yang mahu mengajar ku, apa erti sebuah jeritan dan apa erti sebuah kesabaran,
Tatkala desir airnya tidak lagi menyapa tebing,

Dan semuanya menyahut sebuah ketenangan yang abadi...



Redha

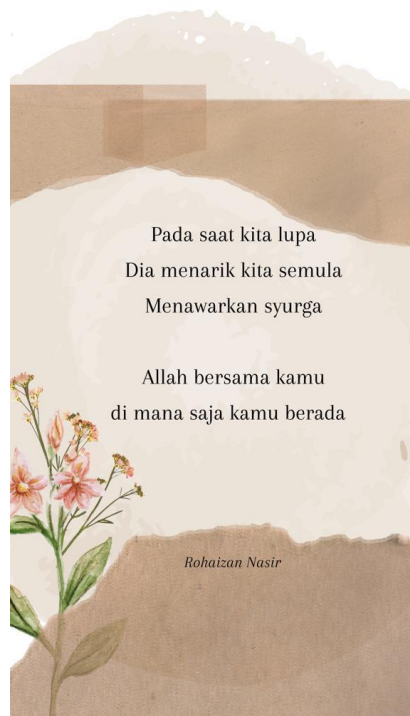
By Rohaizan Nasir

Ketika waktu ujian diterima
Terduduk dan hilang kata-kata
Mencari kekuatan yang sudah pergi bersama
Saat itu Allah mahu kamu berhenti seketika,
Alihkan segala alpa
khabarnya duka tetapi bukan selamanya ,
itu janji Dia
Allah kan ada

Cari kekuatan tapi bagaimana
Air mata tetap gugur jua
Tak mengapa
Sakit dan derita ini menghapus dosa
Resah gelisah ruangnya tetap ada
Memendam perasaan yang luka
Tak mengapa
Nanti Allah mahu kamu tersenyum bahagia,

Bangkit di pagi yang ceria,
Sudah hilang awan mendung di kepala,
Mula mengukir senyum dan gembira,
menyambut peluang kedua,
menunggu sabar segala berita,
semua itu baik takdirnya,
walau rasa pernah jatuh tak mampu lulus melaluinya
pujuklah hati jangan lagi kecewa,
Dia pasti gantikan kamu Rahmat seluasnya,
dengan sesuatu yang sudah sempurna.
Kerana kamu bukan insan teraniaya

Tersedar dan terucap syukur semahunya,
Allah tidak pernah meninggalkan hambaNya,
Hadiah ujian tersedia indah untuk kamu buka,
sambutlah dengan redha,
Tadahlah tanganmu keduanya,
Bersama syukur linangan air mata
Kerana Allah sentiasa menunggu kamu datang kepadaNya
Destinasinya untuk sedar dari leka
Pada saat kita lupa
Dia menarik kita semula
Menawarkan syurga



Kidung Wali Agung

Nukilan : Shahriza Ilyana Ramli

Anak itu..

Lama berteleku di tepi pagar
Tubuh kecilnya terlihat menggeletar
Di kanannya Yasin di kirinya takar
Kantung matanya jelas tak segar
Wajahnya kusam dan pucat pudar
Seperti layunya bunga mawar

Anak itu..

Longlai langkahnya pincang
Badannya kurus kecil semacam nak tumbang
Riak wajahnya risau dan bimbang
Perlahan lahan dicurahkan air mawar yang di pegang
Supaya membasahi tanah kuburan yang sekanggang

Anak itu..

Jiwanya merengkam
Kelu lidahnya bungkam
Di kuis kuis kakinya ke tanah hitam
Seraya dia menghamburkan air mata rindu dan dendam
Tiada suara bahkan diam

Anak itu..

Khabarnya baru kehilangan ibu
Ibu yang melahirkan dan yang memberi susu
Ibu yang membesarkan dan yang mendidik dengan ilmu
Ibu yang menjadi tempat bercerita lelah dan sendu
Ibu yang berlimpah ruah kasih sayang dan pujuk rayu
Kasihannya kau hai anak, ibu itu telah pergi meninggalkanmu

Anak itu..

Sejenak diam, kemudian kembali teresak esak
Tak tahu apa yang difikirkan dibenak
Setelah itu dia menarik nafas dalam dalam dengan penuh sesak
Aku yang melihat sedari tadi turut merasa sebak
Aku pasti hatinya berlebih lebih lagi berteriak

Teriaklah kau hai anak

Aku pasti kau berhak,

Tetapi jangan sampai meratap dan membentak bentak

Walaupun bukan kemahuan dan kehendak

Ia ujian Tuhan yang tak dapat dielak



Anak itu..
Jauh kulihat dia termenung
Memikirkan kemungkinan yang bakal ditanggung
Hilang ibu, hilanglah nikmat beruntung
Hilanglah juga doa Sang Wali Agung
Lalu hidup menjadi keras kejug
Dan sentiasa diliputi rawan dan bingung

Wali Agung Wali Keramat
Hilang dia, hilanglah berkat
Ku pasti anak itu berasa sangat berat
Hendak ditelan tersekat sekat
Lalu dia terpaksa menguyah sehingga lumat
Semoga kau tabah hai anak dalam menerima hakikat



Hati-hati

Oleh: Wan Ainaa Atiqah Mohd Ismadi

Hati-hati,
Si pemerhati sedang meneliti,
Kau ke kanan atau ke kiri,
Kau berjalan atau berlari,
Kau diam atau menari,

Hati-hati,
Dari yang diamati,
Bukan semua disukai,
Banyak yang membenci,
Membanding dan mengangkat diri.

Hati-hati,
Setiap hari,
Setiap inci,
Setiap gerak-geri,
Ada yang sedang sakit hati.

Translation:

Look Out

By: Wan Ainaa Atiqah Mohd Ismadi

Look out,
For those who watch your every move,
Whether you're walking or dancing with a groove,
An observer's eye is always in view.

Look out,
Not everyone will like what they see,
Some may hate and disagree,
Compare and feel better than thee.

Look out,
For every day and every inch,
Every move and every flinch,
Someone's hurting, feeling the pinch.

Angin dan Puan

by Norzie Diana Baharum

Antara Angin dan Puan, terdengar satu bualan:

Angin: Puan, saya kepingin berterbangan.
Mahu sampaikan pesan?

Puan: Angin,
Sampaikan saja salamku, pada

Pemilik senyum itu
Bisikkan padanya, Aku

rindu...

Sungguh!

Terlalu rindu...

Kalau Bukan Kita, Siapa Lagi?

by Hafizulizwan Ngahtemin, Nor Elyzatul Akma Hamdan

Kalau bukan kita yang menjaga tanah air ini,
Kalau bukan kita yang mempertahankan kedaulatan ini,
Kalau bukan kita yang mengekal identiti ini,
Siapa lagi?

Kalau bukan kita yang membentuk jati diri,
Kalau bukan kita yang menerap nilai murni,
Kalau bukan kita yang mencorak anak muda kini,
Siapa lagi?

Jitukan pegangan, rapatkan barisan,
Tegapkan perpaduan, padukan keharmonian
Demi secebis tanah yang diberi nama Malaysia



Translation

If Not Us, Who Else?

by Hafizulizwan Ngahtemin, Nor Elyzatul Akma Hamdan

If we are not the ones who take care of this country,

If it is not us who defend this sovereignty,

If it is not us who maintain this identity,

Who else?

If it is not us who form our identity,

If we are not the ones who apply pure values,

If it wasn't us who shaped the youth today,

Who else?

Tighten the handle, close the line,

Establish unity, combine harmony.

For the sake of a piece of land named Malaysia

Madanikah Kita?

oleh Sis Melor - Norafiza Mohd Hardi

Sana sini menyebut Madani.
Dari anak kecil hingga yang dewasa
Meniti di bibir madani..madani...
Madani itu apa?

Madani itu maksudnya maju
Majukah kita dari segi fikirannya?
Majukah kita dari sudut rohaninya?
Majukah kita dalam membina masyarakat sejahtera?

Maju negara kita
Jangan sampai kehilangan...
Nilai murni kekeluargaan
Tatasusila dan adab sopan
Sikap hormat dan belas ihsan

Madani bukan sekadar laungan
Perlu seiring dengan pemikiran
Harus sehaluan dengan tindakan
Biar beda bicara namun maksudnya sama
Harmonis dalam masyarakat
Sepakat dalam tindakan
Tatasusila didukung
Adab sopan dijunjung
Satu Malaysia bergabung
Bersatu hati sama membina
Masyarakat Madani Malaysia.

Translation

Madani

Madani is echoed everywhere
From small children to adults
It becomes music to our ears
What is Madani?

Madani means advanced
How advanced are we, logically?
How advanced are we, spiritually?
Are we progressing in building a prosperous society?

Though the nation moves forward
Never should we lose...
Pure family values
Etiquette and manners
Respect and compassion

Madani is more than just a word
It goes along with thinking
It moves in tandem with actions
Different perceptions,
yet the same meaning.
Harmony in society
Consensus in action
Etiquette prioritized
Manners harmonized
One Malaysia unites
Falling in as we build
The Malaysian Madani society.

Perwira Sejati

by Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

Gagah cemara merendang lalang,
lalang harmoni bersama cempaka;
kibar bendera Jalur Gemilang,
gemilang madani jiwa merdeka.

Cempaka bukan merampas bintang,
bintang angkasa atas cemara;
lagu kebangsaan bernyanyi lantang,
melantang rasa cinta negara.

Cemara berduka akan ditebas,
tidak berwajah seperti cempaka;
laung Merdeka simbolik bebas,
bebas dijajah insan derhaka.

Cempaka merah meliputi cemara,
cemara mati di pentas duniawi;
mengingat sejarah rebahnya perwira,
perwira sejati pertahan pertiwi.

Duniawi hanya bersifat sementara,
jatuhnya cemara diganti cempaka;
jangan terpedaya wahai perwira,
ayuh! MARA pertahan pusaka.

Translation

A True Warrior

by Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

The gallant cypress overshadows the weeds,
harmonious weed with *Magnolia champaca*;
fly the flag of the *Jalur Gemilang*,
civil glory of the independent soul.

Magnolia champaca does not steal the stars,
celestial star above fir;
sing the national anthem loudly,
express the love of the country.

The mourning fir will be cut down,
faceless like *Magnolia champaca*;
scream *Merdeka* symbolic of freedom,
free from the colonization of rebellious people.

Red *Champaca magnolia* covers the spruce,
cypress dies on the earthly stage;
remembering the history of the fall of the warrior,
true heroes of national defense.

Worldliness is only temporary,
the fall of fir replaced *Magnolia champaca*;
do not be deceived, O warrior,
let's advance to protect the inheritance.

“Di Saat Kita”

Nukilan Zaamah MN

(puisi ditujukan buat Angkatan Tentera Malaysia dalam misi mempertahankan negara)

Di saat kita berehat bermalas-malasan
Mereka bertaruh nyawa di perbatasan

Di saat kita mengeluh meredah kesesakan
Mereka mengharung ceruk dihujani tembakan

Di saat kita menyeranah saman perangkap
Mereka diperdaya musuh diserang hendap

Di saat kita lega merakam waktu pulang
Mereka tiada batas masa dalam berjuang

Di saat kita berbalas mesej cinta yang terzahir
Mereka mengutus pesan yang mungkin terakhir

Dan di saat kita leka menuding serta menuduh
Mereka membina benteng memerangi musuh

Untuk siapa mereka gempur?
Untuk kita
Untuk apa pantang berundur?
Untuk agama, bangsa dan negara

Justeru ayuhlah kita bersama
Berganding bahu lupakan sengketa
Agar titisan darah mereka tidak tersia
Merdekakan mindamu bukalah mata
Tuhan, lindungilah mereka satria nusa!



Massa Lelap Mata

by Mahathir Ahamad @ Day'z A'Koso

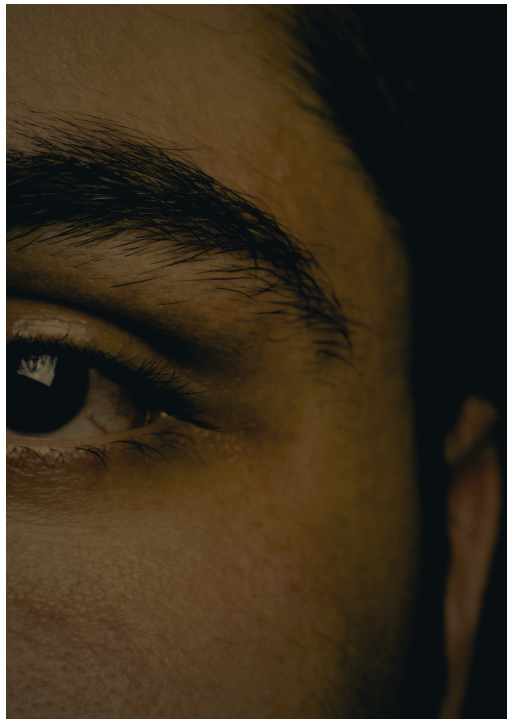
Duhai masa
Hentikan langkahmu
Ambil detik itu
Yang menghukum massa

Duhai massa
Ambil langkahmu
Hentikan dosa itu
Yang membuang masa

Andaikan mata telah lelap
Tiada lagi masa berucap
Sayang hari belum gelap
Tapi masa telah tersingkap

Jika karunia Al-Kahfi menjadi jubah
Waktu kan menjadi sahabat
Awal akhir bukan sesaat, kian lewat

Dalam kerugian
Massa lelap mata
Saling beriringan
Dalam masa nyata



Syurga Idaman

by Mahdalela Rahim

Ya Rahman,
Izinkanlah bagi ku,
Rimbunan subur kehijauan,
Pepohon rendang sebagai teduhan,
Mata air yang mengalir berterusan,
Buah-buahan tercapai tangan,
Kurma dan delima sebagai santapan,
Hamparan sutera indah tebal bersulam,
Bidadari seindah permata dan marjan,
Kekal disisi sebagai teman,
Di dalam syurga idaman...

Translation

Dream Paradise

Oo The Most Merciful,
Bless me with,
Lush greenery,
Spreading branches and shading trees,
Never ending flowing streams,
Hands reachable fruits,
Dates and pomegranates,
Beautiful thick embroidered silk spread,
And charming angles by the side,
In the dream paradise...



Syukur PadaMU

Hasil Nukilan: Noraini Rahim

Tuhanku

Pabila diri dihambat kekesalan

Hati sentiasa terdetik dan terpanggil

Saban hari, tiap masa dan ketika aku tidak pernah jemu memohon dariMu

Kabulkanlah doaku

Moga suatu hari nanti aku dipilih untuk menjadi tetamuMU

Hati sentiasa dibelenggu, gelisah dan bersalah

Masih adakah lagi peluang untukku memohon maaf, menebus dosa yang lalu

Kau Maha Pengasih, Maha Penyayang dan Maha Pengampun

Kau bisa mendengar rintihan dari hambaMu.

Tuhanku,

Saat aku dikhabarkan kepastian untuk ke tanah suci

Aku tidak akan menoleh lagi walau apa sahaja halangan yang menjelma

Niatku yang satu, untuk menjadi tetamuMu

Kau lebih mengetahui apa yang tersirat di hatiku

Hari yang dinantikan semakin hampir

Kegusaran melanda, hati mula berbolak balik

Apakah ujianMu, apakan balasanMu kepadaku

Debaranku makin terasa, namun aku tak pasti

Adakan aku layak untuk berpijak di tanah suci

Aku berserah diri padaMu.

Hatiku sayu, penuh sendu mampukah aku

Ya Allah, permudahkanlah urusanku

Berikanlah peluang untuk aku kembali lagi bersama-sama keluargaku

Tuhanku

Jika itu sudah takdirnya tidak dapat aku ubah lagi
KetentuanMu pasti dan kuberserah segala-galanya kepadaMU
Saat menjejakkan kaki di tanah suci
Tiada dapat aku gambarkan kebesaran Illahi, Maha suci Allah
Betapa kerdilnya aku...daifnya aku...siapalah aku disisiMU
Kumenangis, kuratapi dengan penuh kekesalan.
Tiada perkataan yang mampu aku gambarkan
Air mata berjurai di pipi dan segala yang terbuku dihati terlerai

Tuhanku

Kusyukuri nikmatmu, maafkanlah aku, ampunilah dosa-dosaku
Terbit keinsafan dan menyesali dengan segala kesilapan
Tiada yang lebih baik selain bertaubat dan memohon keampunan dariMu
Hapuskanlah segala dosaku, jernih dan sucikan diriku, moga diberi rahmatMu
Terima kasih di atas segala nikmatMU
Selawat dan Salam ke Atas Junjungan Besar Nabi Muhammad SAW

Translation

My God

My God,
When self is inhibited by regret,
The heart is always ticking and calling,
Every day, every time and when I never get tired of begging from You,
Accept my prayer,
May one day I be chosen to be YOUR guest,
The heart is always shackled, restless and guilty,
Is there still another chance for me to apologize, to atone for my past sins?
You are Merciful, Merciful and Forgiving,
You can hear the moaning of Your servant.

My God,
When I was told that it was certain for me to go to the holy land,
I don't give up even if there are obstacles that appear,
My only intention is to be your guest,
You know better what is hidden in my heart,
The long-awaited day is approaching,
Annoyance hit, heart tossed back and forth,
What is Your test, what is Your answer to me,
My heartbeat is getting stronger, I'm not sure,
Make me worthy to set foot on the holy ground,
I surrender to You,
My heart is sad, full of longing, can I do it?
Oh God, make things easier for me,
Give me a chance to come back with my family.



My God

If it's destiny, I can't change it,
Your provisions are certain, and I leave everything to YOU,
When stepping on the holy ground,
I cannot describe the greatness of God, God is holy.
How small I am... how weak I am... who am I in YOUR sight
I cried, I lamented with regret,
There are no words that I can describe,
My tears and my everything that was locked in my heart was dissolved,

My God

I am grateful for your favor, forgive me, forgive my sins,
The emergence of repentance and regret for all mistakes,
There is nothing better than repenting and asking for Your forgiveness,
Erase all my sins, clear and purify me, may I be given Your grace,
Thank you for your favor,
Salutations and greetings to the Prophet Muhammad SAW.

Senja Itu

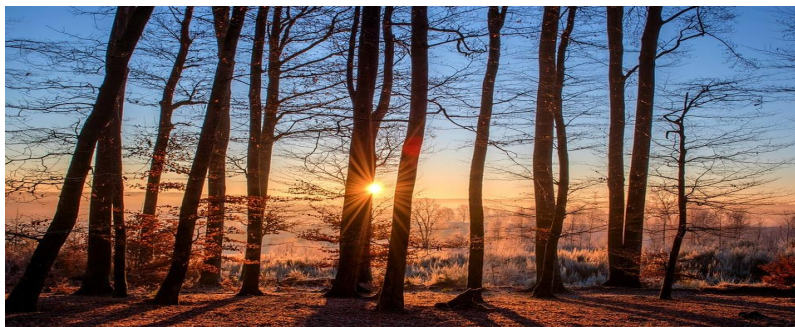
by Norliza Che Mustafa

Senja dihati,
aku amati
aku perhati
aku terokai

Hadirnya senja,
tanpa disedari
tanpa dicari
tanpa dirai

Perginya senja,
bersama sepi
bersama mimpi
bersama deraian di pipi

Senja itu tanpa ku pinta
telah meresap ke hati
mengusik nurani
menggegar sanubari



Religion/ Spirituality



Truth

By Bawani Selvaraj

The chains that bind us
The ropes that tie us
The strings that attach us
The truth is out there

The moment we break free
The moment we are enlightened
The moment we are unconsciously conscious
The truth is out there

The final freedom
The final justice
The final revelation
The truth is out there

"The light after darkness"

by Nazimah Ab Mumin

Coldness seeping through the pores
Penetrating the skin 'til the trembling resonates
The night darkness unfolds

Then come the sun smiling
Scattering the warmth of the day
Enveloping every being with its light

Until the time of no relief
Squeezed tight, frightened and alone
Save those who took heed in the short time that was loaned

The paradoxical mind-body in the Age of Revolution

by Khaw Hui Xian

The world is occupied with two separated me,
One is longing for personal pleasure and freedom,
One is pursuing economic interest and advancement,
And the weighing between id and ego.

The world is occupied with two separated me,
One is advocating the self-consciousness without the interference of any institution,
One is remaining the obedience of the nobility with divine right,
And deciding between the imaginative and actual community.

The world is occupied with two separated me,
One is indulging in the beauty of the supernatural experiential world,
One is surviving in the aesthetic community and mechanisms
And the weighing between fascination and realism.

The world is occupied with two separated me,
One is provoking for personal and national dignity,
One is accepting the realism of influential aristocracy,
And deciding between libertarian democracy and monarchical dictatorship.

As the time had passed,
Human liberty and right had been presided,
And hence the end suffers from poverty and inequality,
Yet the dreams of constant reformation and revolution had never ceased.



The Greatest

by Hanna Akmal

Allah is the greatest.
After all hurdles and hustles
Walking and climbing the ladders
Tying laces wrapping pieces
At the end of the day
Silver linings
Beautiful rainbows
Serving on platters
For us to enjoy
Allah is the greatest.

Hasbunallah Wa Ni'mal-Wakil.
Sufficient for us is Allah, and He is the best Disposer of affairs.

The Last Curtain Call

by Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan

Look around you and understand what's happening
Unless you aren't truly seeing and feeling
What others are facing
People are hurting, children are dying
There's so much blood and killings
How can our heart not break when they are helplessly crying?
I remember watching a video of an innocent young boy, dying
He said, "I'm going to see God and tell Him everything"
Because he was upset, we weren't helping
Because he knew, we weren't really trying
To ease his sufferings.

In the name of humanity
We must shoulder on the responsibility
To help and protect other living beings
When their rights are being demean
By heartless, despicable oppressors
Whose eyes are set on fulfilling worldly desires
Forgetting we are all but humble servants
And going to the same final destination.

Soon will come a day when no one gets away
We will be called and adjudicated
When all actions are evaluated
And there's no bribing the ONE Judge
As there's no lying or escaping HIM
For our ignorance of the boy's sufferings
"Why didn't you help", a simple question will be inquired
Has our answer been scripted?



Image from
<https://www.facebook.com/QudsNen/photos/a.169016829885574/1772567586197149/>

Heart for Haramain

by Nur Idawati Md Enzai

This feeling used to be subtle
As time passes by, it becomes stronger
The longing grows
To walk on the paths paved by Habibullah
In his painful journey and struggle for spreading Your Message
Continuing the loyalty and sacrifice of Khalilullah

Verily You are the Greatest the Almighty
For bestowing my yearning
Blissful arrival moments
Touching the lands of Your beloved
Facing the symbol of unity, Baitullah

But my soul is agonizing
I thought loving You is painless
My concept of being closer to you requires little effort
Apparently, it is not that easy
Strong faith is what I need
Have mercy on me Ya Allah
As moments passed before sincerity comes to light

For now, farewell ya Haramain
My heart ached
Sense of loss crept into my mind
I'm craving to return ya Allah
Please do not cast this emotion
Let this longing becomes stronger than ever
Aiming for Haramain
Reaching for You

Notes:

Habibullah: Prophet Muhammad S.A.W

Khalilullah: Prophet Ibrahim A.S

Haramain: Makkah and Madinah



Chaos

by PM Dr Sharaniza Ab Rahim

The world is in chaos,
It was in chaos before,
It will be in chaos tomorrow,
As it always been in chaos in our eyes,
Keeping us busy day in and day out,
Feeling every second that passed is against us.
We put on a mask every day,
Often feel we are being oppressed,
Often seek what is not ours,
Giving excuse for our action,
Blaming others for our weakness.
Forgetting the beauty in the order of nature.
Sun rises elegantly in the East,
Birds roaming freely up high in the blue sky,
Hierarchy in the food chain to human complexity,
Beautifully design unimaginable,
Not even with our superior three-pound brain.
Yet, we forget,
The Almighty is Al-Adl
As-Samad,
Al-Alim.....

My Lord

by Siti Aishah Che Kar

Oh, My Lord
Al-Rahmah, Al-Rahim
Most Gracious, the Most Merciful
Have a mercy on us

Oh, My Lord
Al- Ghafūr
Most Forgiving
Forgive us

Oh, My Lord
Guide us to straight path
Grant us with Jannah

Oh, My Lord
I am your servant
Only to You
My worship



The Gifts of the Ramadhan Kareem

By: Zuriani Hj Yaacob

Ramadhan Kareem...

The most blessed month

The gates of mercy were opened

The month that witnessed miracles

The month to honour the sacrifices

Ramadhan Kareem...

17th of Ramadhan, the night of al-Qadar

The Holy Quran was revealed

a living miracle that teaches humans to love

but not to hate

Ramadhan Kareem...

17th Ramadhan 2nd Hijrah

Major victory in the Battle of Badr

Islam has come to stay

and thus, it's the Decisive Day

Ramadhan Kareem...

10th Ramadhan 8th Hijrah

Fathul Makkah or the conquest of Mecca

no bloodshed, no idols

The land became spotless with the light of Tawhid

Ramadhan Kareem...

15th of Ramadan 658 AH

Battle of Ain Jalut, the first ever defeat of the Mongols

Equality, tolerance, peace and compassion

These be the symbols of harmony and make us one

Ramadhan Kareem...

The glorious month

Teach us the meaning of repentance

Teach us the meaning of love and piety



Value



I will Survive

by Associate Professor Dr Angeline Ranjethamoney Vijayarajoo

He spoke gently,
Almost sweetly.
He asked for Everything,
I gave All.

Before I knew it,
He was Gone.
He took Everything,
Leaving me Nothing.

I was left Alone,
Almost depressed.
I stayed away from people,
Kept to myself.

I could not even pray,
A sense of numbness,
Enveloped my Being.
I felt Dead.

The Heartless
And the Heartful.
There is no match.
It is Dead.

But, I will Rise,
Like the Sun,
Each and Every day.
I will face the Sun.

In my eyes,
Squinting with the rays.
Rays of Hope,
Smiling.

My God,
Will rebuild me,
My family and friends



Support me.

The Scammer can find no happiness.
The Sun never Rises for such.
The Scammer faces much Darkness,
If not now, Soon.

The Scammer must face His God.
The Scammer must face Karma,
If he thinks he has no God.
He will face the consequences.

I Will Survive.



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《孤岛》/刘雅琳

那是一座孤岛

人们惊讶

她被遗忘了

几个世纪

无数的岛

已被开发成

光鲜亮丽的城

怎么会遗漏了这一个？

或许她的地理位置

偏离中心

或许她身上少了

兽吼鸟鸣

或许她一直默默无闻

不为自己发声

尽管不是谁的错

他们仍然觉得内疚

内疚那早期的错过

只是

当船只从四面八方

划向孤岛

她流泪了

孤岛不仅仅是她的名姓

而是她的生命

Translation

Isolated island

By Lew Ya Ling

It's an isolated island,
People were surprised
she was forgotten
for several centuries

Countless islands
have been developed into
glamorous cities
How could they have missed this?

Maybe her geographical
off-center
Maybe she lacks
the roar of beasts and chirp of birds
Maybe she has been unknown.
She never speaks up for herself.

Although it's not their fault
A little guilty still linger
If only they had seen her sooner.

As ships approach
from every shore,
Rowing towards her,
Tears fall,
The isolated island is not just her name,
but her life



What If

by Emma Marini Abd Rahim

What if the sky were painted green,
And rivers flowed with tangerine?
Would the world be a better screen,
To get everyone out of their routine?

What if the stars in twilight gleamed,
In hues of pink and purple, beamed?
Would we be able to smell colours,
And paint shades of odours?

What if the wind whispered sweet rhymes,
And stories passed through trees and vines?
Would you plant the seed of song,
Just to listen all season long?

What if our hearts could truly see,
The magic in you and in me?
Would that set us free,
To enjoy our living spree?



Beauty

By Fathiyah

What's in a name?
That which we call a rose by other name would smell as sweet
Once said Shakespeare

So, I wonder, what's a semblance of beauty?

Fair complexion, heart-shaped pursed small lips,
Sharp nose that could dent one's cheek
Big almond-eyes like Barbie

Those are the standards of beauty, by which, other than these are ugly or beastly.
I would rather define one's beauty on one's heart than that of unclinically-proven beauty.

The Power of words

By Mimi Sofiah Ahmad Mustafa

To write or not to write?
What messy stuffs to incite
Or just to display one's insight
Some dissatisfactions to backbite
Even wonderful adventures to excite
Captions of images as sweet as the Turkish Delight
Rules and regulations to go on the satellite
Recipes and healthy food to be shared in the speed of light
Anything under the sun could be written at night or in broad daylight.

But a word of caution
Instead of wonderful vision
Words could be deadly poison
Crushing one's hopes and ambition
Slaughtering positive minds and causing frustration
Humiliating
Devastating
Massacring

So, let us all do our part
Make a restart
Only write something smart
That comes from the bottom of the heart
Motivating and inspiring
Innovating and educating
Captivating and fascinating
Appealing and exciting
So, are we sharing?

A Pair Of Glasses

by Muhamad Ikhwan Mohd Zain

If I was a spectacle,

I exist in your eyes.

When you cry, I'll eat them.

I'll help you appreciate your beauty.

Introduce you to the world.

Gain self-assurance.

Laughing with your sparkling eyes.

Together, we will explore your unique qualities and celebrate them.

Explanation

Be confident with your pretty eyes. Remember that confidence comes from within and that your eyes are a beautiful and unique feature that make you who you are. Embrace them and let them shine!

Seeking of Justice

By Nikki Lee Yu Jin

Standing firm in the thoughts of justice,
Where darkness never will overbear,
Who will we be fighting for?

With the belief in the arrival of justice,
We fight for those who are innocent,
We fight against those who defiance the law,
The spirit to fight will never be quench.

And though justice may be late,
And though we get loss,
The blindfold Lady Justice,
The scale and the sword,
Guides our way.

From the poor to the rich,
From the young to the old,
The voice of equality, authority is highly raised,
Where justice never fails.

Holding the faith in justice,
Seeking the right path,
Will you stand still till the end?



A Cinderella's Story

By Sharina Saad

Step sister 1:

Cinderella! Cinderella!

Have you seen my Blackberry?

Prince Charming is having a grand party

Texted everybody in this country

Step sister 2 :

Cinderella! Cinderella!

Don't tell sis, I received a message too

Iron my dress, polish my shoes

Will not let her dance and step on my shoes

Prince Charming is mine, I am not gonna lose

Cinderella :

My sister 1 , my sister 2

Please do whatever you told yourselves

after cooking, I'd be busy myself

fairy godmother will come at my side

to offer a dress and a carriage to ride.

Prince Charming didn't text or call me

I do not own a Blackberry

but he had come here in person yesterday

Funny, He didn't ask me to try on a shoe

instead he had asked me to recite a poetry

He said he was head over heels in love with poetry

and found Cinderella a poet he wanted to marry

While the stepsisters were getting mad
A golden carriage came for rescue
Cinderella stepped in a carriage
Held her poetry books tightly in her hands
And off she went to marry her Prince.



Wake up!

by Shazila Abdullah

Wake up my boy!
Wake up to the harsh reality of adulthood
No more a carefree child, no more a nonchalant teenager
It's time to realize that the world is cruel
That the world out there is waiting to swallow you dauntlessly
If and only if
You fail to realize
That time waits for no man
That laziness is a word that should only stay in the dictionary
That love is never actually blind
That respect needs to be honourably earned
That happiness is the ultimate aim of every soul
But that money can't buy you all the happiness in the world.

Wake up and smell the grass, the roses, the sea and even the air surrounding you
Wake up and say thank you
For another day, you could wake up and smell the world.



Voyager

by Stefanie Natasha Rich Joseph

In this voyage of life, so rife with uncertainty,
Three virtues shine bright, with unwavering constancy.

Loyalty, friendship, and trust,
A triad of treasures, a bond that's a must.

Loyalty, a resolute flame that burns with fervour,
A commitment so deep, it will never waver.
Through trials and tribulations, thick and thin,
A loyal heart stands strong, from faith within.

Friendship, a priceless treasure,
A bond that brings bliss, no takers of pressure.
A companion to share laughter and tears,
A confidante to calm all your fears.

Trust, a cornerstone of loyalty,
A pillar of strength based on honesty.
Earned via deeds and honest speech,
A precious gem, one should always beseech.

Composed, they form a bond so divine,
A bond that we cherish, through the sands of time.
They weave a tapestry, an affix so strong,
A fixture that can never go wrong.

Cherish these virtues, with all your heart and soul,
For they steer your voyage towards your goal,
Amidst the tempests of life, and the hardships we bear,
Loyalty, friendship, and trust, a bond beyond compare.

Freedom

by Tan Yun Han

For every cage,
A free spirit was born.

For every chain,
A free soul was unleashed.

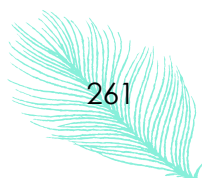
For every life lost,
Another life fought back – no matter the cost.

And yet,
Freedom is hard to find.

In a world that has gone blind,
To ones who got left behind.

The only way to deal with and unfree world is
To become so absolute free that your very existence is an act of rebellion.

There is a freedom that comes with abandonment.



Home sweet home

By Tina Stephen Enggong

Home sweet home

The place where I wish to be at the end of my journey

The place where I can find peace and tranquility

The place where I find joy and happiness for a lifelong

Home sweet home

How much do I yearn for such a place?

The perfect place where I belong

The perfect place where I can dwell in eternity



Home Sweet Home by ladysilver2267 on deviantART



Nuruladilah Mohamed

She is a passionate English educator who loves to empower her students to communicate confidently and effectively in English and encourage everyone to travel and immerse themselves in new cultures where she thinks it is the best way to truly appreciate the beauty of language and communication.



Muhamad Ikhwan Mohd Zain

An academician at UiTM Perak Branch, Tapah Campus and a PhD candidate at Faculty of Law, UiTM Shah Alam. Kindness and self-improvement are vital to him.



Arnida Jahya

Born on April 29, 1984, she has always had passion for teaching since childhood. She also has a fondness for traditional music such as Sundanese Gamelan Degung and jazz songs, as well as Baroque pop.



Nor Asni Syahriza Abu Hassan

She is currently a lecturer at UiTM Kedah. She began writing at Standard 6 after a teacher told her she had talents (Thank you Allahyarham Cikgu Bob). Since then, she started to write poems and short stories, and (surprisingly) managed to finish a Malay novel, but she is too scared to get it published.



Tina Stephen Enggong

She is an Accounting lecturer at Faculty of Accountancy, UiTM Sarawak.



Dr Afzan Adilah Ayoub

She is passionate about self-love. She discovered it only at the age of 39 years old. It was never too late to find the new meaning and definition of self love every single day.



Dr Goh Ying Soon

A senior lecturer and he is currently teaching Mandarin as the third language to non-native learners at MARA University of Technology, Malaysia.



Norzie Diana Baharum

She is an English lecturer at APB UiTM Pahang. A literature student through and through, she has been writing poems since her school days, stopped playing with things poetic for a few years, and now re-cultivating the creative writing passion. In this, she believes - you can take me out of the literary field, but you can never take literature out of me!



Dr Piermauro Catarinella

He was born in Rome, Italy on June 6, 1964. He got his PhD in 1991 at the University of Rome "La Sapienza". He was a lawyer and honorary judge at the Magistrate Court of Rome (Italy). Since 2001 he has been a lecturer of the Italian language at the Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA, Shah Alam campus. He wrote many articles for "Giurisprudenza di Merito" (a well-known law review in Italy) and also for "The Journal of Language Studies", published by the University Teknologi Mara. His last publication was: "Is Italian a Sexist Language? "Nomina Agentis" and the So-called Overextended Masculine" (<http://dx.doi.org/10.6007/IJARBS/v13-i2/16379>).



Dr Tunku Intan Mainura Tunku Makmar Nizamuddin

She likes to write poems as a hobby because it gives her the freedom to write just about anything according to her emotion at that point of time.



Leviana Andrew

She is currently in her 1st semester of her PhD journey, constantly having writer's block syndrome but this poem, she wrote in 1 hour, in which she was proud of herself.



Norsyazrah Zulkifli

A law Senior Lecturer who teaches legal learning skills, intellectual property law and cyber law. Enjoy reading and listening to music and love to explore new information and skills.



Nor Elyzatul Akma Hamdan

A registered pharmacist and pharmacy lecturer in the Department of Clinical Pharmacy at Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM), Malaysia. She obtained her Bachelor's in Pharmacy (Hons.) and Master's in Pharmacy Practice from Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM), Malaysia. Previously, she worked in Hospital Sultan Haji Ahmad Shah (HOSHAS), Temerloh, Pahang in 2017 and served in Hutan Melintang Health Clinic under Hilir Perak district until 2020. Her research interest focuses on tele-pharmacy, geriatric,



pharmacy education and plans to work on studies regarding cannabis and e-cigarette.



Dr Nur Wahida Zulkifli

A Pharmacist Lecturer. Mother of five children. Alhamdulillah. I enjoy writing poetry, making videos, and making infographics, but creativity is where my heart truly lies.



Sharifah Syakila Syed Shahrudin

An English lecturer from UiTM Kedah who enjoys writing her heart out when she's not teaching.



Dr Nazimah Ab Mumin

A medical lecturer and clinical radiologist in UiTM. I am blessed with inspiring children, a soulmate spouse, a family that supports me, friends who understand, and God's mercy and love.



Emma Marini Abd Rahim

An occasional writer and not a keen reader. Not here to bother, just to linger, rather.



Dr Sharizan Sharkawi

A senior lecturer teaching in a graduate business school in the area of management who also loves the creative side of things like arts, music, cooking and travelling.



Mahathir Ahamad

a.k.a Day'z A'Koso, a guy who loves to write about anything, hoping that it could change someone's mind to dig deeper about the meaning of life.



PM Dr Noriah Ismail

A senior lecturer at UiTM Johor Branch, Segamat Campus. She writes and publishes several creative writing works including contemporary poems and readers' theater scripts and books.



Wan Nurhayati Wan Hanafi

Merupakan seorang pensyarah di UiTM Shah Alam, seorang yang positif dalam setiap aspek kehidupan.



Nur Ain Abdul Malek

As an avid reader and dedicated teacher, I am passionate about education and committed to inspiring my students through the power of literature.



Dr Mohd Nazri Mohd Najib

Joined UiTM in 2010. 13th year in service. Currently the Program Coordinator for Pharmacy in UiTM Cawangan Pulau Pinang Kampus Bertam. Enjoys puzzles, golf, and occasional reading.



Dr Mohd Izani Othman

A senior lecturer in pharmacy with a flair for storytelling and a love for language, adept at crafting engaging short stories alongside academic writing.



Adzura Elier Ahmad

Currently vacillating between dreaming up crazier assignments for my students or struggling with my own. Or desserts.



Tay Yang Lian

A Mandarin Lecturer at UiTM Seri Iskandar, loves life, enjoys every moment of it, and likes to travel around to explore the meaning of life.



Wan Faridatul Akma Wan Mohd Rashdi

I love writing poems. My hobby is gardening. I like listening to the sound of the sea and the rain. I enjoy nature and cooking.



Rosfatihah Che Mat

I love to write something to do with women and what they do in life.



Nurul Munirah Azamri

I am a lecturer in Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Perak Branch. Creative writing is my passion, so more to come!



Dr Lee Seng Hua

I am a senior lecturer at the School of Wood Industry, UiTM Pahang and I like to read literature.



Mia Emily Abd Rahim

Born at a very young age, Mia Emily is a self-proclaimed creative genius who can write poems in italic cursives.



Dr Hafizah Hajimia

Hafizah Hajimia has Ph.D in Applied Linguistics, Senior Lecturer of the Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA, Perlis, Malaysia. She is the author, co-author and editor of several books or book chapters on corpus linguistics. Research interests focus on the study of corpus linguistics, English for specific purposes (ESP), genre and written discourse studies, TESL, Sociolinguistics and Psycholinguistics.



Ani Juaini Bahrin

Penulis berasal dari W.P Labuan dan meminati puisi sejak dari bangku sekolah lagi. Sewaktu zaman persekolahan, setiap hari bapa penulis akan membeli akhbar harian dan penulis biasanya akan menggunting dan mengumpul keratan-keratan puisi yang telah diterbitkan di dalam akhbar tersebut sebagai koleksi yang kekal diingati sehingga ke hari ini.



Nor Azira Mohd Radzi

I am a wannabe poet, trying to have fun and enjoy life!



Shalisha Jaelyn A/P S.Kunaratnam

I'm a Malaysian born, an Indian currently residing in New Zealand. I'm a doctor by profession. Poetry writing helps with my bouts of intense emotions I have and experience about my origins.



Nurbaya Mohd Aris

Seorang pendidik yang gemar menjadikan coretan pengalaman-pengalaman kehidupan sebagai hobi.



Afni Anida Adnan

My kindergarten scroll read 'Bachelor of Rhymes'. I have written a few poems, the last one being 'The Hopeful and Resilient' for 2021's Arau International Poetry Festival organized by UiTM Perlis. Most other times, I Netflix.



Dr Ahmad Muhyiddin b Yusof

Merupakan seorang Pensyarah Kanan di Pusat Asasi UiTM Dengkil. Sejarah pendidikan beliau didalam bidang kesusasteraan Inggeris bermula di peringkat Sarjana sehingga ke peringkat Doktor Falsafah. Kepakaran beliau adalah Gothik, hantu dan pengajian seram.



TS Nurul Aishah Ab Raman

Professional work juggler, multitasking between being an academic staff and social media coordinator whilst trying not to fail as a wife, mother and Ph.D student. Dabbling some freelance work on creative content, writing, and translation whenever possible. Finding solace in poetry and food.



Nurul Najihah Mad Rosni

Dilahirkan di salah sebuah negeri di utara semenanjung Malaysia. telah berkhidmat di UiTM Sarawak hampir 7 tahun. Saya sangat gemar berkongsi ilmu dan merasakan pendidikan sangat penting untuk bekalan di masa hadapan.



Nurul Nadiyah Rasdi

English Lecturer at the Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Johor, Kampus Pasir Gudang. Love teaching, nature, and the feeling of peacefulness.



Noraini Rahim

I'm Noraini Rahim from UiTM Permatang Pauh. I worked at UiTM Penang Branch for nearly 19 years and currently I am with Department of Hotel Management, Faculty of Hotel & Tourism Management. I was born in Penang and have been living in Penang Island for all my life except for 5 years in Langkawi and 2 years in Kuala Lumpur, working in the hotel industry before I joined UiTM. I love traveling and cooking.



Imran Danial Krish bin Abdullah

I am a senior lecturer from Akademi Pengajian Bahasa of 20 over years in service and this is my second time in rendering my poem, dedicated to my late and loving parents.



Muhammad Zulfadhli Saifudin

I am an English lecturer with experience in writing fantasy-themed short stories before and am now exploring the world of poetry.



Dr Andrean Husin

Teacher in medical education, student of life.



Fatihah Norazami binti Abdullah

Has been teaching since 2003 and is currently a senior lecturer in the Department of Business Management at the Faculty of Business and Management, Universiti Teknologi MARA in Kedah, Malaysia.



Sharina Saad

A lecturer of English who loves poetry writing. She has been giving workshops on poetry writing and she loves to encourage people to pen down their thoughts on paper. She has published many poems on poetry websites and has also published her own poetry book called The Colors of Love.



Razanawati Nordin

A senior lecturer at Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Cawangan Kedah. She has been teaching the English language for 27 fabulous years. This is her second poem for publication with VOS.



Dr Lew Ya Ling

A senior lecturer in UiTM Perlis. A committee member of Malaysia Children Literature Association and a member of The Writers Association of Chinese Medium. She has published two poetry collections which are Xinxian (Leisurely Mind) and Tanxin (Heart to heart talk).



Ahmad Najmie Rusli

Lecturer at the College of Engineering (Mechanical), UiTM Cawangan Johor, Kampus Pasir Gudang. Love fishing, handiwork, and nature



Ong Elly

Ong Elly is a teaching lecturer in Tapah. She had previously been in Arau.



Ros Athirah Mohd Ros Suhaimi

I'm Ros Athirah but people call me Tira. I grew up in the heart of Kuala Lumpur and lived there most of my life before moving to the Perlis. Tomyam is my go-to comfort food.



Norliza Che Mustafa

Norliza Che Mustafa is a French Language lecturer at Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam. She has taught French since 2005.



Wan Ainaa Atiqah Mohd Ismadi

Wan Ainaa Atiqah Mohd Ismadi is a writer. She likes to read, write and spend her days daydreaming.



Siti Zariikh Sofiah Abu Bakar

Siti Zariikh Sofiah Abu Bakar joined UiTM in May 2011 as an English Lecturer in the Academy of Language Studies. Effortlessly captivated by the studies and findings in the field of English Language Teaching and Literature



Mohamad Rashidi Pakri

Mohamad Rashidi Pakri is an Associate Professor of English at the School of Humanities, Universiti Sains Malaysia. He earned his Ph.D. from the University of Malaya, Malaysia. His research interests include colonial literature and history, postcolonial criticism, biographical writing, and Malaysian Literature in English.



Nurshahirah Azman

A lecturer at the Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Perak Branch. In her free time, she enjoys painting and writing drabbles or poems whenever inspired.



Hafizuddin Bin Dato Md Dali

Lecturer at UiTM Johor Branch Segamat campus.



Fatin Hanisah Binti Firman

I am a doctor and a mother of three going on four. I love the disparity between my penchant for words and my passion as an eye surgeon.



Syakirah Mohammed

Syakirah Mohammed has reached a new milestone in her life - stepping into 50 series. Nowadays she showers her love on her family, feline children and rose plants. Her love for travel is put on back-burner (for now)



Nur Idawati Md Enzai

An engineering lecturer who loves literature and believes that science and art should not be separated.



Mahdalela Rahim

A passionate mother, teacher, reader, and traveller. A nature lover who is doing her best to understand and embrace the gift of life as amanah.



Siti Rohimi Mohamed Apandi

A hard worker on the job. Being tolerant and open-minded in all situations. Also, someone who is patient and enjoys trying new things. Involved in education for eighteen years in the field of culinary and pastry arts.



Alia Nabella Fateha Zolkifli

My name is Alia Nabella, currently a final year student in UiTM Shah Alam. I love cats, and my love for poems are tremendous. One of my favourite poets is Chuuya Nakahara with his poem "For The Tainted Sorrow".



Nur Hazirah Mohd Fuat

Nur Hazirah Mohd Fuat is an English lecturer at UiTM Seri Iskandar, Perak. She is a bubbly introvert that seeks peace in her seemingly hectic life.





Salwa Othman

Salwa Othman, a linguistics lass from Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UITM Shah Alam, loves all things white, peony flowers, spicy food & Harry Potter. Passionate about 21st-century skills and digital literacy.



Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin

Sharir Aizat Kamaruddin was born in Georgetown, Pulau Pinang on September 26, 1987. He is very interested in the production of modern and traditional poetry.



Evelyn Sharminnie S Vasuthavan

Evelyn Sharminnie S Vasuthavan has taught in schools and universities since 1989 and is currently a senior lecturer at Academy of Language Studies, UiTM CNS Seremban campus. Her interest includes teaching English and Literature in ESL.



Noorfarida Filzah Mohd Sobri Paridaluddin

An English lecturer who is passionate about the beauty of language, and a person who appreciate lyrics before loving any song.



Hafizulizwan Ngahtemin

Hafizulizwan Ngahtemin is a primary teacher who has been working in the Ministry of Education for more than seven years in Perak and Selangor. Currently, he teaches Malay language in SJK Ladang Braunston in Jeram, Kuala Selangor. He also won a second prize in National Innovation Competition In 2022. He believes that a soul of patriotism as a Malaysian should be nurtured from an early of education to ensure the value of love towards Malaysia will be preserved.



PM Khas Dr Angeline Ranjethamoney Vijayarajoo

Im Angie from the Academy of Language Studies, an Associate Professor who loves literature and writing in various literary genres. I enjoy travel and being adventurous, interacting with people and I just love being with my students and colleagues. Im every ready to take on projects with a young team..... to mentor and motivate others always.





Razifa Binti Mohd Razlan

Love your family, work super hard and live your passion.



Ibtisam Abdul Wahab

Ibtisam Abdul Wahab teaches chemistry to pharmacy students. The research interests include studies in traditional herbal medicines and analysis of natural products from plants.



Suzana Yusof

I am a nursing lecturer. I am passionate with creative writing. I love music and art. My not so commercial name is Darkfairy. Nice to meet you.



Noor Fazzriene Binti JZ Nun Ramlan

Noor Fazzriene Binti JZ Nun Ramlan is a lecturer at the Academy of Language Studies in Universiti Teknologi MARA, Perak branch. She holds a Master's degree in Teaching English as a Second Language from Universiti Kebangsaan Malaysia.



Siti Aishah Che Kar

I'm Siti Aishah Che Kar from UiTM Terengganu. Currently, I'm teaching engineering subjects in the School of Electrical Engineering. I'm the mother of six beautiful children. I'm in love with poems and children's literature.



Abdul Azim Bin Mahda@Muhammad Muhaimin

Also known as Aidan H.

A junior lecturer of the Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Kota Samarahan

A boy who was (still) lost in his search for home (not) a linguist, drowned in literary works and pieces





Farhana Fakhira Ismail

I am Farhana Fakhira Ismail, an educator from Faculty of Pharmacy, UiTM, Puncak Alam Campus. I am very passionate about teaching the students. As a young academician, I am still struggling to seek and implement the best method to deliver the best to these Z generation of students.



Naim Azizi

Naim Azizi is a law lecturer who has always enjoyed writing for her own eyes only. She has a deep appreciation for the arts and feels very intrigued behind every poem ever written. Despite being a bit nervous about her first attempt at publishing poetry, Naim is excited to try something new and hopes that her poem will touch the heart of her loved ones.



Firus Musfirah

Firus Musfirah was born and raised in Kuching, Sarawak. She is a chemistry lecturer who loves to travel and enjoys expressing her thoughts in words.



Norafiza Binti Mohd Hardi

"By learning you will teach; by teaching you will learn"



Ting Su Ung

I am Ting Su Ung. A senior lecturer at the Department of Mathematical Sciences under the College of Computer, Informative, and Multimedia, UiTM Sarawak, Campus Samarahan 2. I have always had a passion for math. During my classes, I'm going to do my best to get my students excited about mathematics. This is a goal of mine each academic year.



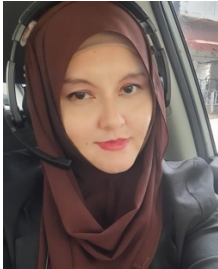
Fairuz Ramli

Fairuz Ramli is an academician by profession, a passion poet, and a writer. She is a lover of cats, naps, and foods.



Shahriza Ilyana

Puan Shahriza Ilyana is a senior lecturer from the Faculty of Administrative Science and Policy Studies, UiTM Kedah. She finds her developed interest in creating and reciting poems since her schooling days. She is an attentive and mindful observer and yet a critical thinker. She loves to express her thought using words and has won a few awards in National and International poem competitions.



Zaamah Mohd Nor

Zaamah Mohd Nor (pen-name Zaamah MN) writes poetry in both Malay and English. Her poem "Hujan Turun Lagi" has been published in Antologi Puisi KALAM INSAN Memanusiakan Manusia (UiTM Press, 2020). She has also contributed a poem and an anecdote for Projek Penulisan Suara Kreatif Madani organised by UiTM Perlis and published by UiTM Press (2022). Her poem "Jiwa Raga Merdeka" has won the first prize in Sayembara Puisi Kemerdekaan UiTM 2021. She has actively participated in online poetry recitation events at the national and international levels during the pandemic. As a member of Komuniti Menulis Malaysia (KISMy) and Persatuan Penyair Malaysia (PENYAIR), a few of her poems were published by KisMy and PENYAIR (2020-2021).



Nur Anis Pauzi

Obtained her Master degree in Finance from International Islamic University Malaysia (IIUM) in 2015. Loved English literature.



Dr. Sharaniza Ab. Rahim

Dr. Sharaniza Ab. Rahim is an associate professor in Biochemistry and Molecular of Medicine in Faculty of Medicine UiTM. She writes poems and do creative writing to de-stress herself when she hits hard wall or faces disappointment in her life.



Rohaizan Mohd Nasir

Penulis merupakan Pensyarah Kanan Kolej Pengajian Seni Kreatif, UiTM Cawangan Kelantan. Bidang kepakaran beliau adalah dalam senireka Fesyen dan Tekstil. Beliau meminati pelbagai cabang seni khususnya karya penulisan kreatif.



Wan Norafikah Othman

Wan Norafikah Othman (PhD) is a Senior Lecturer at the Faculty of Medicine, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM), Malaysia. Apart from her passion in mosquito-related research work, she also loves literature.



Dr Wan Norbani Wan Noordin

I have been working with UiTM for almost 20 years. In the last few years I have been with ICEPS, UiTM managing a department called the Transnational Education(TNE). I am blessed to be able to practice and teach at the same time. I love what I do and I love writing. I have been writing poems since my teenage years but I haven't been writing lately. This one is one of the poems I have written almost a decade ago. I write mainly because I want to remember the feeling, the scenery, the ambiance of a place, the memories with those I love as well as to vent what I feel in my heart and my mind. I also write to make peace with myself.



Amirah Athirah

Amirah Athirah is an educator who aims in telling life experiences through stories as she wanders for new adventure in her own perspective on how she sees the world.



Arrominy Binti Arabi

A lecturer from the Faculty of Business and Management, UiTM Sarawak. I love poems as some really touched my heart and emotion. I will continue learning and writing better ones.



Azhar Abdullah

Azhar Abdullah is a Senior Lecturer with the Animation Department at the College of Creative Arts, UiTM Puncak Perdana. He is also an active comic creator. / Hafizah Rosli is a Senior Lecturer with the Animation Department at the College of Creative Arts, UiTM Puncak Perdana.



Natasha Zuhaimi

Natasha Zuhaimi is an English lecturer based in UiTM Raub, Pahang. She was born and raised in Kuala Pilah, Negeri Sembilan. Personally, she views poem as her gateway to express her indescribable feelings. Most of her poems revolve around her personal life; the depths of her emotions and observation.



Mirrah Diyana binti Maznun

I am Mirrah Diyana binti Maznun from Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Seri Iskandar, Perak. I am an educator, a daughter, a wife and a mother. I was born in Klang, Selangor and I grew up in Seri Iskandar, Perak.



Nur Azwani Mohamad Azmin

I am an Economic lecturer in UiTM Cawangan Terengganu, Dungun campus who have the strong characteristics such as empathy, positivity, and a drive to help others.



Norhusniyati Husin

Norhusniyati Husin is a lecturer at the Faculty of Business Management with a passion for travel and writing. She is currently based in Melaka and enjoys exploring new places and cultures.



Faizah Baharudin

Faizah Baharudin is lecturer in UiTM Foundation Studies, Selangor branch, Dengkil campus. Minor in literature, she has a passion for writing poems and short stories. Among others, her poems are about her sentiments towards teaching and educating people.



Amir Lukman

Amir Lukman is an English lecturer in Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Dengkil. A language lover and a poetry enthusiast who is still learning and writing. Enjoy my piece!



Nur Syafiqah Abdul Kadar

Syafiqah has been teaching English for more than 10 years and enjoys creative writing in her free time. She dreams of publishing books for children one day.



Dr Aimy Abdullah

Aimy is a medical doctor who is constantly enamoured by the beauty that lies in the intricacies of the written word.



Jacqueline Susan Anak Rijeng

Jacqueline is a senior lecturer at the Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Sarawak. During her free time, she enjoys spending time with her two loving children in magical adventures.



Evelyn Koay Yu Xua

Hello, my name is Evelyn, and I'm a third-year psychology student at Segi College in Penang.



Nur Dalila Adenan

I, Nur Dalila Adenan, born in Terengganu. Earning a living as a lecturer, juggling marital responsibilities, and caring for a child with Down syndrome since birth. A positive and receptive individual.



Afidah Bidin

I enjoy hiking, reading, and traveling to new places. I am also an avid fan of classic literature and enjoy literary events.



Chen Chee Khium

Chen Chee Khium is a Senior Lecturer (Mathematics) in the College of Computing, Informatics and Media, Universiti Teknologi MARA Cawangan Sarawak. His research area include mathematics, Geomatic Engineering and statistik.



Khaw Hui Xian

I am a student from SEGi College Penang, majoring in psychology and minoring in communication.



Mafarhanatul Akmal Ahmad Kamal

Mafarhanatul Akmal Ahmad Kamal received her Master of Arts in Applied Linguistics with TESOL from The University of Sheffield. Apart from linguistics, she is also passionate about literature, particularly creative writing.



Norhidayah Md Yusof

Norhidayah Md Yusof, an English lecturer at UiTM who loves poems, and she is still learning to come up with one.



Farhah Binti Abdullah

Farhah Binti Abdullah, PhD, pensyarah kanan dalam bidang Undang-undang di Pusat Asasi, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Selangor, Kampus Dengkil. Beliau merupakan peguam syari'e Selangor & Terengganu serta perancang harta pusaka Islam



Hazrati Zaini

Hazrati Zaini is a struggling human being juggling life as a working mother. She is always thankful for all the episodes in her past, present and future drama directed by Allah.



Nikki Lee

My name is Nikki Lee and I'm turning 21 this year. I'm currently a psychology student studying in Penang.



Kisyein Kumar Kunasegaran

I'm just a Malaysian Indian who likes writing stories, not as proficient with poetry though, and I love stories that explore dark themes while still holding on to hope and humanity



Dr Amalia Qistina Castaneda Abdullah

The author has a master's in English Literature and a PhD in trauma literature and manipulation of identity. Her love for literature paved the way to her hobby on poetry.



Aries Henry Joseph

Aries Henry Joseph is a senior lecturer. She formerly attended UPM and UMS, respectively. In her spare time, she enjoys gardening and reading modern British literature, in addition to her newfound hobby of writing poetry. Her primary and most recent interests are teaching and learning innovation, learning styles, communication strategies, and English literature.



Nurulakma Abdul Wahab

Nurulakma graduated in Bachelor of Art & Design (Hons) Graphic Design from the Faculty of Art and Design, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) in 2005. She has several years of experience in teaching at local IPTA and IPTS. She also worked at local design agencies before embarking on Master of Arts (Communications) in 2008. Upon graduation, she joined UiTM as a lecturer in Graphic Department, Faculty of Art and Design, Shah Alam. She specialized in Advertising and Communication Design. After 15 years of teaching experience, she is currently pursuing her interest in Islamic Advertising, Women and Gender studies.



Foo Yen Shan

Currently a final year student who majoring in psychology course.

Lim Jing Rou

I am a family prioritized person however I hope I'm not, because of this I lost my time with my friends.

Rebekeh Chee

I am from Segi College Penang taking World Literature after 1660. I am 22 and currently in my final year. I chose to write a poem about one's experience in the romanticism era and how and their journey against the age of enlighten.



Dr. Su'aida Dato' Safei

Dr. Su'aida Dato' Safei joined Institut Teknologi MARA (ITM) Shah Alam in January 1998 and became a senior lecturer at the Faculty of Law, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Shah Alam, on 29 March 2011.



Yun Han Tan

Hi my name is Yun Han and currently majoring in psychology.



Nur Amalina Zaharudin

Nur Amalina Zaharudin is an English lecturer at Centre of Foundation Studies, UiTM Dengkil. She believes that creative writing helps her to process and walk through her emotions. ~Turn your feelings into stories and make the world understands you.



Dr Kanendra Naidu A-L Vijaykumar

Kanendra Naidu is a senior lecturer in the School of Electrical Engineering. He specializes in AI for power systems and champions SDG as a researcher and academician.



Hazdalila Yais Haji Razali

A mother of four curious kids married to an anesthesiologist. Though trained in medicine, I lecture and study in the medico-legal field. I enjoy writing, though not a writer myself.



Nur Nafishah Azmi

Seorang wanita yang mempunyai perjalanan hidup berliku dalam mengharungi kehidupan yang penuh dengan persepsi. Berharap agar realiti menjadi jambatan dalam menghubungkan diri sanubari.



Nurfarisya Hafiz

Nurfarisya is a student at Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, UiTM Shah Alam. She is an introvert who rather observe than participate, and content to be at home with her cats. She does have a vivacious side to her, but often seen only by close friends and family members. At present she is still exploring what to do next upon completion of her studies.



Robekkah Harun

Robekkah is a senior lecturer at the Department of Language Studies, UiTM Kedah. She is a novice writer hoping to increase her creativity in language.



Shazila Abdullah

A passionate English lecturer who loves creative writing and travelling.



Mimi Sofiah Ahmad Mustafa

Lecturer in Law who loves reading novels by Judi Piccoult and Sydney Sheldon especially. Hails from Ipoh but teaching in Melaka. Love both places unconditionally.



Dianna Suzieanna Mohamad Shah

As a young lecturer at UiTM, I'm passionate about new technologies like bots and e-assessment. I'm a Collaborative Group 360 Video Learning Fellow, researching language and identity, and eager to advance knowledge and engage students in emerging technologies.



Azlan Abdul Rahman

He is a devoted husband and father and is currently a senior lecturer at APB, UiTM Kedah. He believes writing as another way to express not just feelings, but creativity and sky-limit imagination.



Nor Eleyana Abdullah

Loves her family, the performing arts, rhythm, and poetry.



Syazliiyati Ibrahim

Someone who likes travelling, books and arts. Often muses about existentialism but just let the questions be.





Fathiyah Ahmad @ Ahmad Jali

She is Senior Lecturer at the Academy of Language Studies, Universiti Teknologi MARA, Kedah Branch. She obtained her Bachelor of English Language and Literature from the International Islamic University Malaysia and completed her Master of Applied Linguistics from Universiti Utara Malaysia. Among her areas of interest are Critical Thinking and Reading, Literature and Reading. She can be contacted via email at fathiyah@uitm.edu.my.



Harmeet Singh

Hello! I am Harmeet Singh, a lecturer in the Faculty of Education, Puncak Alam Campus. I've loved writing poems as it sparks the creativity within and enables me to express my feelings in a unique way.



Noraziah Mohd Amin

Noraziah Mohd Amin has a Bachelor's degree in English Language and Literature and a Master's degree in Applied Linguistics. She is an active writer who frequently contributes her creative and academic writings to local magazines and journals.



Stefanie Natasha Rich Anak Joseph

Stefanie Natasha Rich Anak Joseph is an English lecturer of Institute of Language Studies, UiTM Mukah Campus.



Surina binti Nayan

A senior lecturer who likes writing and travelling.



PM TPR DR Siti Mazwin Kamaruddin

As an urban planner we plan to the best of our knowledge, expertise and capabilities, and hope things will turn out fine.. but in the end Allah is the best planner and He decides what is best.



Aini Adnina Mohd Zuhairi

I am 16 years old. I am a student of Kuala Lumpur Islamic School. I tend to write poems a lot as a hobby. I got this entry form from my mother who is a lecturer from UiTM Shah Alam.



Ho Chui Chui

Ho Chui Chui is a senior lecturer at Universiti Teknologi MARA Kedah branch. She obtained her MSc (TESOL) from the University of Stirling, Scotland. Her areas of interest include grammar, academic writing and plagiarism.



Bawani Selvaraj

Bawani Selvaraj is convinced that Booker Prize is within reach. Also, she believes that if you cannot convince people, confuse them.



Nurul Liya Saffura Rostam

"Meet Liya Saffura, a small-town girl from Batu Gajah, Perak. She's a seasoned English lecturer at UiTM Shah Alam by day, but by night, she's putting pen to paper (or fingers to keyboard) to explore her creative side. She may not be an experienced poet yet, but don't let that stop you from reading her work-after all, everyone has to start somewhere, right?"



Zuriani Yaacob

I'm a senior lecturer in the Akademi Pengajian Bahasa, Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Pahang Branch, Raub Campus with 19 years of teaching experience. As an UiTM graduate in Bachelor of English Language and Literature (BENL) and a Master's Degree in Education (TESL) from UiTM, poetry has been a passion of mine since then to get out my feelings and thoughts on any subject.



Dr Noor Azura Noor Mohamad

A clinical lecturer in Department of Obstetrics & Gynaecology, Faculty of Medicine since January 2018. A subspecialty trainee in Gynaecologic Oncology since 2020 until present.



Cindy Robert

I am not a literature person, and I will never be one. But, hey! I wrote this poem to express my feelings.



Pauline Georgina Priya Hebert

Hi, I am Pauline Georgina (APB Raub Campus). I love appreciating simple things in life. I write to express my gratitude towards life. Still a beginner in poetry writing.



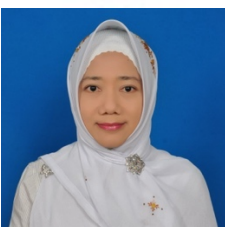
Suria Ibrahim

A self proclaimed philologos with biomedical science and science in counselling background. Currently working as a paramedic educator. A novice writer. Writting as a form of self expression and soul therapy.



Nurhafizah Ali

I am a novice writer who loves to tell and write stories just about anything. I hold a master degree in English Language Studies and I truly adore the works of literary giants and poets like Rumi, Gibran, and Kafka.



Dr. Amizura Hanadi Mohd Radzi

Amizura Hanadi Mohd Radzi is a gardening enthusiast. She co-authored several books namely Foundation English, Innovations in Language Pedagogy for the Net Generation, and Two Strangers & Other Poems.

**Chan Ai Nyet**

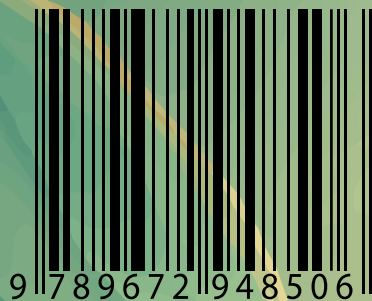
As an English lecturer, this is my first time attempting to write a poem.
Thank you for this opportunity.

**Afifah Fadhlullah**

An English lecturer from Academy of Language Studies, UiTM Melaka, Malaysia. English Literature has been a part of her since her undergraduate days and is highly passionate about Creative Writing, Postcolonial Literature and Women's Writing. She has been venturing into poetry writing recently and is still developing her poetry skills



e ISBN 978-967-2948-50-6



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