



## *Afflatus Creations*

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### **ODE TO STORM CLOUDS AND JASMINE BLOOMS**

Dr. A. Arun Daves

O storm-wracked clouds that tear the sky,  
With shadows deep and shapes that sear,  
You bring forth beasts with jaws awry,  
Their gaping maws, my deepest fear.  
A dragon roars with fierce embrace,  
Its hunger dark, its wrath untamed,  
Reflects the turmoil in my face,  
As past regrets are framed.

A phantom love, a cruel deceit,  
A whisper in the winds of night,  
Her promises a bitter feat,  
A heartless snare, a shattered light.  
She sought the wealth, not soul, not grace,  
Her love, a hollow, empty shell,  
Left me to drown in tears that trace,  
A sorrow no words can quell.

The void of loss, the soul's cruel test,  
Her voice a ghostly echo's call,  
A darkness deep within my chest,  
A love betrayed, a heart that falls.  
Yet from this storm, a fragile bloom,  
A jasmine flower, pure and rare,  
Emerges from the midnight gloom,  
A balm for wounds laid bare.

Her presence soft, a light so faint,  
A gift from heaven's tender hand,  
To mend the heart, to ease the pain,  
To guide me through the shifting sand.  
With patience like a gentle tide,  
She soothes the scars, the wounds of old,  
In jasmine's grace, I now confide,  
A new strength to behold.

So let the tempest rage and roar,  
Their shadows deep, their forms unkind,  
For in the jasmine's scent, I find  
A peace the storm could never bind.  
From storm to calm, from anguish to bloom,  
In every breath, a healing tune,  
I rise from sorrow's darkest gloom,  
And greet the dawn's new moon.

### **A FATHER'S HEARTFELT SIGH**

Dr. A. A. Arun Daves

This morning, Ezra, as I saw your face,  
A change so slight, yet deep within, it stirred.  
The boy I held so close now stretching tall,  
With every step, you grow beyond my reach.  
I felt a pang, a bittersweet embrace,  
A joy that mingled with a soft lament.  
You're growing up, my son, with every breath,  
Each day a step away from boyhood's door.  
Your eyes, they shine with knowledge newly found,  
Your hands, once small, now seek to grasp the world.  
I see the man you're destined to become,  
And in my heart, I celebrate your path.  
Yet still, a part of me clings to the past,  
The days when laughter filled our simple games,  
When every moment was a treasure shared,  
A time when you were small, and I, your guide.  
Now you pursue your studies with a fire,  
Your art, a canvas where your soul takes flight.  
I'm proud, my son, of all you strive to be,  
Your mind so sharp, your spirit full of grace.  
But in the quiet corners of my heart,  
I miss the little boy who held my hand,  
Who looked to me with wide, untainted eyes,  
And trusted I could shield him from all harm.  
I know the world will call you to its stage,  
Demanding strength, maturity, and more.  
And while I bless your journey as you grow,  
I mourn the loss of moments now behind.  
For in my heart, you'll always be that child,  
My Ezra, full of wonder, joy, and light.

I cherish all you've yet to do and see,  
But long for days when you were just my boy.  
So as you venture forth to find your way,  
Know that my love will follow where you go.  
And though you grow, becoming who you are,  
My heart still holds the boy you used to be.  
In every step you take, I'm with you still,  
A father's love, a bond that time can't break.  
I watch you soar, with pride and tender ache,  
My Ezra, you're my joy, my son, my heart.

**Dr. A. Arun Daves** is a highly accomplished scholar and educator, holding a Ph.D. in English from Annamalai University and an M.Phil. in English from PRIST University. His academic journey also includes an M.A. in English from St. Joseph's College of Arts & Science College, Cuddalore, where he was awarded a Gold Medal, and a B.A. in English from the same institution. Since 2013, he has been serving as an Assistant Professor of English at Jawahar Science College, Neyveli. Dr. A. Arun Daves is a prolific writer and researcher, having published 23 articles in esteemed international journals and reviewed more than 30 articles and book chapters. His literary talents extend to poetry, short stories, and book reviews, showcasing his multifaceted expertise in the world of English language and literature.