



I Shout, but Silence Fills the Sky **By**

DR. A. ARUN DAVES

I shout, but silence fills the sky,
The winds return my voice as dust.
The stars blink cold and wonder why
My fate is chained, my dreams are rust.
I walk through storms with weary feet,
Yet every road dissolves away.
The echoes mock, the echoes cheat,
And night devours the edge of day.
Oh, let me break, let me be free!
What world is this that buries me?

The mountains call, I climb in vain,
Their peaks dissolve in silver mist.
I scream my name—none hear, none gain,
No hand to hold, no lips to kiss.
The sky is torn, the earth is blind,
The rivers lose their ancient flow.
I leave my past so far behind,
Yet still its shadows seem to grow.
Oh, let me break, let me be free!
What world is this that buries me?

I kneel before the hungry sea,
She drinks my tears and turns away.
Her waves rise up but not for me,
No lullaby, no voice to stay.
I breathe her salt, I taste my grief,
The foam dissolves upon my skin.
Each tide returns to mock belief,
To drag me where I've never been.
Oh, let me break, let me be free!
What world is this that buries me?

The plains stretch wide—an open grave,
The wind rolls low, the grasses weep.
No footprints stay, no roots are brave,
All life is dust, all love is sleep.
I lay my soul upon the ground,
And beg the earth to take my pain.
Yet silence is the only sound,
And sky and dust are all that reign.



Oh, let me break, let me be free!
What world is this that buries me?

The deserts wait, the sun is crowned,
Its fire bites deep, my breath is torn.
Here time stands still, here faith is drowned,
And all I was is left unborn.
No shade, no touch, no voice remains,
The sand devours both flesh and name.
I shed my skin, I shed my chains,
Yet still the silence sings the same.
Oh, let me break, let me be free!
What world is this that buries me?

The storms collapse, the winds grow weak,
The sky unrolls in blackened folds.
The words I lost, the love I seek,
Are whispers left in hands too cold.
No dawn will rise, no moon will weep,
The stars have shut their burning eyes.
And I, who prayed for peace in sleep,
Am left awake beneath dead skies.
Oh, let me break, let me be free!
What world is this that buries me?

EPISTLE TO MY ANGEL

Oh Mother, I know I strayed too far,
Chasing shadows beneath a fallen star.
Your gentle voice, I chose to ignore,
And left your love for the world's allure.
I trampled paths you painted green,
Fouled the rivers, dulled their sheen.
I shut my ears to your whispers low,
And turned away as your tears would flow.
But now I see through the haze I've made,
The aching wounds, the light that fades.
Before I could kneel and beg for aid,
You called my name in the forest's shade.
"My child," you said, "don't mourn your fall.
Even the lost can hear my call.
You're never too far, never too late,
To mend what's broken, to change your fate."
Your patience humbles this heart of mine,
Your faith reminds me of love divine.



You waited for me, through every wrong,
Through shattered silence, you stayed strong.
I promise, Mother, I'll heed your plea,
I'll tend the soil; I'll plant the tree.
I'll teach my children to love your grace,
To cherish the world, to guard this place.
And though I'm flawed, I'll strive anew,
To honour the bond, I share with you.
Your gift of life, your endless care,
I'll never forget the love we share.
Thank God for you, my sacred ground,
In your embrace, my soul is found.
I'll rise to be the son you dream,
To heal, to hope, to redeem.

Dr. A. Arun Daves is a distinguished scholar and educator with a Ph.D. in English from Annamalai University and an M.Phil. in English from PRIST University. He earned his M.A. in English from St. Joseph's College of Arts & Science, Cuddalore, graduating with a Gold Medal, and also holds a B.A. in English from the same institution. Additionally, he has a Master's degree in Linguistics from Annamalai University, further enriching his academic profile.

Since 2013, Dr. Daves has been serving as an Assistant Professor of English at Jawahar Science College, Neyveli. A prolific writer and researcher, he has published 23 articles in esteemed international journals and reviewed over 30 articles and book chapters. His literary contributions extend beyond academia, encompassing poetry, short stories, and book reviews, reflecting his deep engagement with the English language and literature.