



2 Poems by Dr. A. Arun Daves

Epistle to Dear Lucian

Dear Lucian, hear beneath these quiet skies,
A mourning song where countless silence lies.
No single name I raise, nor one alone,
But all the sons the fields of war have sown.
The shepherd pipes are stilled, the flocks astray,
For youth is gathered, torn from bloom of day.

The valleys echo still with martial sound,
Yet where they marched, the grasses cloak the ground.
No shepherd's reed can drown the thunder's breath,
Nor laurel hide the naked wound of death.
They said that peace was purchased through the flame,
That nations thrive where ashes bear no name.
But oaks remember, rivers will not part—
They keep the blood that breaks a mother's heart.

O Lucian, see, the morning star turns pale,
The lark is hushed, the mourners chant their tale.
No song can rouse the fallen from the clay,
No hymn restore the light they gave away.
The generals speak, the suited lords debate,
But none lie sleepless at the soldier's fate.
The furrows reap the harvest of their pride,
And hope lies buried where the young men died.

Yet still, amid the waste, a flame may live—
The only war worth waging is to give.
To heal the wound with mercy, not with scorn,
To build where ancient empires left forlorn.
If ever dawn should break on bloodless ground,
Let peace be sung where silent graves are found.
And may the children walk 'neath skies unscarred,
Where memory guards what steel could not guard.
So take this elegy, Lucian, as a vow—
The fallen speak through silence even now.
The world may burn, yet still the dawn is theirs:
A greener earth, unbroken by our wars.

Where The River Begins

Where mountain keeps its ancient watch,
Above the clouds and pines,
A voice was formed from silent stone,
Enduring through all time.



And where the restless sea begins,
With thunder in its chest,
A tide rose up with boundless song,
And carved a path from rest.
The river moves because of them,
The river moves because of them.

From rock and wave and waiting sky,
A current learned to bend,
To weave through root and broken path,
And never meet an end.
No crown was raised, no vow was sworn,
Yet still the river knows—
Its course is shaped by forces old,
By steady strength and flows.
The river moves because of them,
The river moves because of them.

The mountain gave unmoving grace,
A stillness deep and true;
The sea bestowed a hunger vast,
A call to something new.
The river carries both within—
Its story runs between,
A living thread of earth and sea,
Forever felt, unseen.
The river moves because of them,
The river moves because of them.

It cuts through stone with patient will,
And sings beneath the sun,
A journey born of ancient strength,
A path that's never done.
Where river starts, the story lives—
Of roots that hold and sea that frees,
Of every current's endless flow,
And all that makes it be.
The river moves because of them,
The river moves because of them.

Bio–Note:

Dr. A. Arun Daves is an accomplished scholar and educator holding 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, where he received a Gold Medal, and also holds an M.A. in Linguistics from Annamalai University. Serving as an Assistant Professor of English at Jawahar Science College, Neyveli since 2013, Dr. Daves is a prolific researcher and writer, with over 25 articles published in prestigious international journals and more than 25 articles and book chapters reviewed. His literary contributions include poetry, short stories, and book reviews, showcasing his versatile expertise in English language and literature.