



Ode to the Forgotten Flames

Dr. A. Arun Daves

O Wind that stirs the sleeping dust of time,
And lifts the veils that hide the burning truth,
Bring forth the names that silence tried to bind,
And scatter them to every ear and youth.
The South-born stars, whose light the years forgot,
Lie deep in shadow where their deeds were wrought.
Bharathi—storm that split the iron sky;
Sezhabhagaram, steadfast in defiant flame;
And young Kuyili, hardly grown to die,
Who made her body fire in Freedom's name.
Maruthu brothers, iron-willed and free;
VOC, who challenged empires on the sea;
Kattabomman, thunder against the throne;
Pooli Devan, whisper steel and bone;
Velunachiyar, queen of silent fire,
Who shaped revolt with grief and fierce desire.
And now, O Wind, bear Senbagaraman Pillai's cry—
A shadowed tale the textbooks never claim:
A Tamil son who walked too far to die,
Whose body slept beside Hitler's name—
A bitter irony the world won't speak,
A truth too sharp for timid lips to seek.
O what a world! Where history bends its knee
To crowns that glitter, not to hearts that bleed;
Where conquerors are carved in memory,
And patriots erased like scattered seed.
Alexander, "Great," in gilded lore...
While others, flames as bright, are praised no more.
O Wind, lift from the dust their buried pride,
Shake loose the silence layered through the years;
Let every valley echo far and wide
The courage forged in blood and unshed tears.
Let every hill and river bend again
To honor those who fought beyond their pain.
O sons and daughters of forgotten lands,
Rise! Let your voices break the veils of night.
Remember Velunachiyar—raise your hands
For Kattabomman, VOC, and every fight.
Let not their names lie cold in fading dust,
But bloom like petals riding in your gust.
O Wind, carry their courage through our streets,
Let every child be lifted by their fire.
Teach them that freedom's pulse forever beats
Because of hearts that burned with wild desire.
No more ignored—let South's lost heroes shine,
Bright as the stars that shape our mortal line.



O Wind, awaken every heart and mind,
And teach the world to honor those who bled.
The southern flames, though silent, shaped mankind,
Their courage burned where tyrants' shadows spread.
Blow through the ages, let no deed decay,
And crown the South with dawn of endless day.

Spread Hope Where Shadows Fall

Kind light once filled the days you used to bless,
I wake to dreams that hum your tender tone;
Soft laughter lingers, easing my distress,
Half-heard, yet healing still, though I'm alone.
Once fevered nights felt endless, dark, and deep,
Remembrance now becomes my only cure;
Even the air seems gentler while I sleep,
For hope returns — uncertain, yet so pure.
Without a clue, I sense your steps draw near,
The wind itself begins to hum your name;
Though distance weaves its web of doubt and fear,
Your unseen grace rekindles life's faint flame.
And when you come, though fragile I may lie,
You'll spread hope still — where all the shadows die.

Bio—Note:



Dr. A. Arun Daves is a highly accomplished 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, where he was honoured with a Gold Medal. Additionally, he holds an M.A. degree in Linguistics from Annamalai University.

Since 2013, he has held the position of Assistant Professor of English at Jawahar Science College, Neyveli. Dr. A. Arun Daves is a prolific writer and researcher, with over 31 articles published in esteemed international journals and having reviewed over 25 articles and book chapters. His literary talents encompass poetry, short stories, and book reviews, demonstrating his multifaceted expertise in the field of English language and literature.