



VOICE of the Soul

A Compilation of Poems



Fore Word



It has been my utmost pleasure to announce the first publication of a poetry book initiated and hosted by Akademi Pengajian Bahasa (APB), Universiti Teknologi MARA (UiTM) Kedah Branch. The original idea of the book has been proposed by the speaker of a webinar entitled Voice of the soul: Collection of Short Poems, Puan Hajjah Sharina Saad and later she set up an editorial team to realize the mission. As the head of department, I will always support initiative like this one and will be looking forward for the coming editions of more creative writing books in the future.

While we may live and work in different campuses and in different fields, we all share the same core giving philosophy. This book captures that philosophy and shows that it is more than a fable or a pipe dream. It is real, it is original words from all of you who have contributed your poems in the first edition of this poetry book. This is the real art of giving. A book of poems from academicians to academicians.

Congratulations to the editorial team and to all contributors.

Azlan Abdul Rahman



Pre Face

It is our pleasure to introduce this first edition of the poetry book called Voice of The Soul: Collection of poems which originated from a webinar series entitled Voice of the Soul: Collection of Short Poems organized and hosted by Academy of Language Studies and ILD Universiti Teknologi Mara Kedah Branch. The major purpose of the workshop is to learn how language expresses feelings and emotions and to encourage lecturers to write creatively as a hobby or perhaps a therapy from stress at work. During the webinar, participants were introduced to poetry writing and were encouraged to submit their written poems to be published as a creative work. Alhamdulillah, we received a remarkable response from the participants, and we extended the invitation to interested lecturers from various campuses all over Malaysia. Within a month period, 150 poems have been successfully compiled from interested 118 lecturers and academicians from UiTM and other higher learning institutions.

The aim of the poetry book is to provide in one edition, a compilation of unpublished poems from academicians to unleash the potential in them to become better writers. To encourage the beginners to write their poems, the selections in the edition are free verse and the writers are given freedom to choose their own themes. The themes include love and life, family, happiness, experiences, positivity, hopes, spiritual, education and life during the pandemic. 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.

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 Poetry has a power to inspire change like no other art form.

Editor- in - Chief
Hajjah Sharina Saad

Acknowledgement

Inspired by the words from Friedrich Nietzsche,

“One must still have chaos in oneself to be able to give birth to a dancing star.”

I have always like to encourage others to write poems because I believe there is a little poet in you waiting to come to light. All you need to do is dig into yourself for deep answers to all your doubts and worries and let them be expressed into words that you have been keeping in your head for a long time. I suppose you must have felt relief and pleased after letting go your inner voices. You have just produced your masterpiece! I am delighted that you have finally poured your heart out and let your voices from the soul to come out to create wonderful poetries in this book.

Please be proud that now you can call yourself a poet.

I would like to personally thank the head of Akademi Pengajian Bahasa Encik Azlan Bin Rahman for the utmost support and to the diligent editorial team for the effort and dedication to the publication of the first 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.

Voice of The Soul: A compilation of Poems is published today because of you. Congratulations and Thank You everyone.

Chief Editor
Sharina Saad

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**VOICE OF THE SOUL: COLLECTION OF POEMS
A COMPILATION OF FREE VERSE POEMS FROM ACADEMICIANS TO
ACADEMICIANS**

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VOICE
of the
soul
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Education

Serenade to Mon Coeur

By Stefanie Natasha Rich Anak Joseph

Prologue

It was hypnotic
Almost surreal
Like Bach composing the Brandenburg Concertos
Like Leonardo painted Mona Lisa
The sound of death and sorrow
Meekly I wished the morrow
To be better than the time that I borrow

*Is this it, love?
When I do not go gentle into the night*

Part 1

The sunrays hit the curtains
Emitting reflections that mimics your vigour
Showing my morning with pure bliss
You are, love, a soul in gardens of blossoming

You radiate the scent of summer
You have the heart of a shieldmaiden
Protecting me in your garden of Eden

Our conversation, love, sure to liquefy our brain
The endless topic like no end
Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
Knowing and loving you, love
Ends my days of hunger
For you hold the affection of a bewilder
Despite all, love,
Here you and I lie wreathed in flames
Fashioned our armours of empathy's malaise
The years, uncountable waking, sleeping
Sleepless nights, fights, ordinary mornings

Even so, love,
I want you to know I still love you
Even though we've been dancing on broken glass
All the hurt that we poisoned the ground
Know that I will always be back around

Part 2

*The stream was swift and so cold
Death, on the door, grudging to fold*

Palpably I remember it was in the sombre December
The fight we had, my lover, I wish it was over
For I remember
Of what has been said, not what had been utter

I stormed out
I lashed out
Hear me sing my songs until you agree
Buying the needs to be discreet
When the time comes, the tragedy
Death stood by waiting patiently
Clear path in the world's false subtleties
My hands were tied, this is my destiny
I was pursued by God's agent
Without a chance

I dance in tune with what I fear
To do adrenaline
Completely rapt with what I hear

*The stream was swift and so cold
To that, Death greeted me at the door*

Part 3

Back in my chamber, I find it daunting
Am I alive, my love, or have I died, regretting

Each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor
While I tried to picture my life before
The Raven of Death at the nightly shore
Whispering "Rest assure, your life now had come to a close"

*Is this it, love?
When I do not go gentle into the night*

I saw you, love
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
At my funeral, I scour
I smell the fragrance in the wind blowing my way
And ever further I run to find her
She keeps on gliding far away

I saw you, love
Mourning
As you write my name
With your kisses
I look beyond the light
To hope that I can fight
To hold you tight, for one more night

The illusion of death and dream
I bounce in requiem
Sadness and loneliness
Without you to bail as my witness

Time, my love, has been cruel to me
For I roam around looking at you closely
From the time of mourning
To the time of healing
You did well, love, considering

In the rain, I hold my head and ease my pain
In my world that has gone insane
Even more so, love
When I saw you hugging him without mundane

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
You have found him in the midst of rapid time-changing
Replacing presence with reality
I am now becoming your distant memory

End

I died again
Only this time there was no blood
No anguish
No physical pain
Yet the pain felt the same



She lost me
And somehow
She found herself

True love's wreath is of mountain flowers
We stand the storm and brave the blowers
Our time ended as it had come
My presence, love, should have been the past for tomorrow's come

Until then, *mon Coeur*
You were mine
Till death did us part



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