

Preface

Harmony of Head and Heart, published in 1999, was my first poetry work in English. Never before, have I dreamed to come out with a poetry book. Only after reading "Voices from the Heart" composed by Sujiva, a meditation instructor in Malaysia did I get the inspiration to do likewise. In fact, the Venerable's book awakened me to left flow my thoughts and feelings long stored in me. Finally, they found expression as they trickled down the nib day by day.

Looking back on my first work, I am quite satisfied. Two poems, Head and Heart and A Plea to Head and Heart later appeared in the Anthologies published by the National Library of Poetry, Maryland U.S.A. in 1998/99 respectively. The former was among the eleven best poems read by a professional reader and recorded on tape with background music. I also received much encouragement from readers within and abroad. All in all, the 43 poems in Harmony of Head and Heart found their way, the least to say so.

Now, "Midnight Rainbow", my second book of poetry is some thing different. It has its source from a considerable number of pictures, photographs and illustrations on which the poems are based. U Myint Oo, the proprietor and editor of "The International" and "The Light of English" magazines, wanted to embark on a literary venture. For this purpose, he suggested me to compose poems about the materials he would provide or those I myself could choose to my liking. They would appear on the cover. Formerly, there was a heading, proverb, quotation or motto on the magazine's cover. Henceforth, it would be poetry. A good idea, I thought. Pioneer work?

Month after month, poems appeared on the covers. Shall we say 'Cover Poetry'? Anything that caught my attention and captivated me became poetry. Postcard, calendar, drawing, photo, whatever it be served as food for thought and fuel for feelings so long as I was enchanted by it. There was a challenge. Space, of course. Within a limited space, I had to compose. So most of the poems were rather short in consideration of the space reserved for

the picture and magazine's heading. Anyhow, it was worth attempting. In some cases, U Myint Oo asked me to paraphrase the poem in an inside page. He asked so for the benefit of the readers. I did. Naturally, his cetana (good will) won the appreciation of the readers as they could doubly enjoy the work. The credit goes to him.

Soon, poetry followed the river and found the sea. I started writing poems on the covers of some novels and journals. The subject demanded me to do so. As said, within the allowable space, I wove the words and lines trying to impregnate art with art-piece into poetry form.

Unexpectedly, writing "Cover poetry" was something exciting as well as challenging. There were things that did not appeal me and I could not make a line out of it. Only what touched my heart and stirred my head became poetry. Putting life into images is truly a work of art. The poet's pride is his creation. What else could it be?

I hope the reader will enjoy the poems. Some were done easily, but for some it was not. I had to content myself with second-choice words because of the 'Scrutiny' which all literary works have to pass through. When second-choice words were not available, I forsook it. Sad enough, thoughts and feelings could not give birth to poetry as one fully desires.

Anyhow, a 'Midnight Rainbow' has come out. That itself is compensatory. We may be miles apart, but close in head and heart when you enter the venue of these verses. If you find them as I have found them, it would be more than a reward for me.

*Moe Hein (Son of Journal Kyaw)
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Contents

Poetry my Love	Moe Hein (Son of Journal Kyaw)	5
Preface	Moe Hein (Son of Journal Kyaw)	6
Introduction	Myint Oo	8
The night of the fall of a pen or the night of tears in the heart, not on the checks	Hein Hein Myat (Daughter of U Moe Hein)	9
Remembrance to Saya Moe	Devi Thant Cin	17

Chapter - (1) Living and Wishing

Live And Die	20
Who The Better?	21
Conceit	22
Live Again	23
Farewell	24
Unfading	25
Go Come	26
In Turns	27
Flow	28
Upwards	29
Who?	30
You will see	31
Rain Drop	32
Needed	33
The Two 'Ls'	34
My Sole Wish	35
Myeik	36
Rhapsody	37
They	38

Chapter - (2) Serve and Sacrifice

Padauk	40
All	41
As One	42
An Ode To A Parachutist	43
Oh, Plus-men!	44
Midnight Rainbow	45
International	46
A Humane Heart	48
Jigsaw	49
Oh Let Me	50
Burning Pits	51
A Mission	52
Unless	53
Bridge	54

Chapter - (3) War and Peace

Yes - No	56
War	57
Before You Press The Button	58
Their Prayer	59
No Poetry Today	60
Another Inferno	61
In One Day	62
Aftermath	63
Chosen Fate	64
Accursed	65
Footprints	66
Two Wells	67
A benign Winter	68
The Lights	69
A Life	70
Fifty Nine	71
Sweetly Sixty	72
The Last Memory of U Moe Hein	73
Visiting Faces	74

Chapter - (4) Honouring the Pen

Mother of Mandalay	76
Died But Not Dead	78
Awesome	79
The Pen	80
The Last Words of a Dying Poet	81
The Pen Warrior	82
The Juggler	83
Jasmine	84
Oh, Wizard-artist!	85
Doulos	86
The Nib	87
Tribute	88

Chapter - (5) To the Young

Hi ... Kids!	90
Word Star	91
Youth	92
A Lesson	93
An Ode To Poe Poe	94
Chan Myait Htoo	95
Be ... But	96
A Silent University	97
Get Through	98
The Key	99
As A Gem	100
What Else?	101
Learn And Live	102
Mirage	103

Remembrance to Sayar Moe

• Oneday, on the phone
You told me with soft tone
All my English poems, would you like to publish them
For you! why not ?
I do my best, so promises you get.

• You are suffering from cancer
No time to wait forever
Swiftly! Hurry! what we measure
With our team work pressure
So love ones gather
Now your book becomes treasure!

But

• The last days of your mind and soul
The publication of poems doesn't come in whole
Please forgive us Saya Moe
Only to say sorry so.

• High high above from blue sky where
You could still share the power there
Just wait and see your book done well
Like your own words you really care
"What I see"
"How I feel"
At last we all want Peace and Free!