



RAIN

Malobi S Sinha

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REVIEWS

'Rain' is a third Book of Poetry by author Malobi Sinha – poems to comfort, soothe...excite and satisfy the soul.

"Thank you Malobi, for your candor and honesty. I think you have a gift that you share in your writing which is both beautifully constructed and is rich in imagery and feeling of nature and spirit. I am enjoying your newest book, Rain, very much."

Frank Esposito, Author, Editor – PoetryPasta

"There is a freshness and vibrancy in Malobi Sinha's poems that I for one have rarely encountered in the otherwise Byzantine mazes of much contemporary poetry. The complex layers of meaning in her poems, beneath their often apparent simplicity, rewards the reader at every turn."

Graham Pitts, Screenwriter

"Malobi Sinha writes poems of suppleness and emotional candour... Although Australia is rich in poetic talent like Ms Sinha...the rewards of her poetry are many, and her poems encourage repeated readings, growing richer and more complex each time."

Phillip A. Ellis, Author, Editor Melaleuca

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Long Ago

There is no Time
To waste; Hurry
Is in order
To get things
Done. Notwithstanding
The obstacles in
Our paths, the
Mountains and the
Valleys that be in our
Way; We must cross
Over to the Land
That awaits us
That we have always dreamt
About; We must cross
Over to the
Promised Land that cries
To us in our dreams
Amongst the sins and the
Drudgery that we have endured
In the midst of our
Daily grind, in order to
Earn our daily
Bread. Speed is in
Order and we must
Make haste to see
That which has been
Ordained from a Time
Long Ago

Awaited

It is over
Now; That which began
Many Moons ago
With the onset
Of the Night. Long
Ages have passed
And long tortuous
Days have dawned
And set on this Earth;
The Time is
Now to Move on
With that which
Now means the
World to us; Our
Life, once a labyrinth
Of lies and deceit
Is now bound for
Glory, much
Deserved, wanted
And much
Awaited

Heaven

As the Day dawns
On this, an Earth beset
By the Triumphs of
That which by its
Very Name is Good
We shall rejoice in
The Overcoming
Of every obstacle
On this the Road
To Heaven

Afore

On the Road
There were those
Who faltered; Join
Them I wanted
To; Lay back and
Die...And then
The Sun rose again
And beckoned me
With becomingness
Which I had not
Seen afore; And
I stood up
Stood Tall
Stood Proud
And Straight
As you wished
So that you
Might Love me
Much more than
I had seen
Afore

Apples

Once a land
Of the apples that
Bloomed and fell
Upon the grasslands;
The music that
Matilda played upon
The lawns that were
Evergreen like
A page from the
Souls of Europe.
Now we are blessed
As the houses
That appear in the township
Seem to dwarf the feeling
That we are somehow different
From the many;
There are now many
From afar who
Sing here on the
Footsteps of Matilda
On the polished
Lawns that are now
In bloom; The only
Sadness being
That of the houses
Looking to overpower
And over-grow
The polished lawns
Where the apples
Once grew

Heaven Itself

A Cry in the Night
At the beginning of
Existence itself; A
Hungry jackal on the
Prowl – the bane of
Life being the Thud
Thud of the tractor
That digs up the soil
Building castles
In the sky in the stead
Of the rainbow skies
Overlooking the
Green pastures
In the vale
Of Heaven
Itself

Everlasting Peace

There was no Way
And then It appeared
Out of Nowhere
It seemed; A winding
Road, leading ahead
To the pastures
Of the Promised Land
It seemed;
I was wary, before
But having it
Appear ahead
Vanquished all the
Demons for
Good, and I took
A step forward
Towards
Everlasting
Peace

Rain

The bell, it was
Tolling loudly as
Though possessed of
Ghosts of its
Own; Toll it did
Loud and strong
Pure and True
Until I woke from
Slumber to realise
That it was
Wind chimes from
The Outside coming
Through the window;
The wind pulling it
To and fro
And a storm Was
Arising as it
Must as it had
Needed to all those
Days that the Hot
Sun beat down
On the Ground
Accursed at its own
Existence. Would
It rain

Journey

Like a Journey
Through the hells and the
Tombstones of
The dead and the disappeared
Like the path
Of an angel to
God; how much
More must I have
To live; How
Much longer must
I walk down this
Path, this
Journey, as it were
Will it be to
Enlightenment

Least

The wolves howl
In the dead of
The night; to whom
Should you talk
When the world
Itself is a closed door;
Shutting out the symptoms
Of a crazed longing
For both independence
And freedom, yet
Seeking the warmth
Of close companions
Who seek to ostracise
That which is pure
And innocent; the
Wolves would
Make the better
Companions, greedily
Munching were it to
Be, on the earth, for
It is they who are
The truer of companions
Being true to
Themselves in the
Least

Paradise

After all it
Is the night; The
Stars come out
To view the
Tragedy that is
A life; Here
Today, gone tomorrow;
What is
The meaning
If our short hours
On this Earth
Cannot be lived
As an eagle
Swooping in the sky
Gliding all the
Way to Paradise

Suffering

Where to now
My Love; That
Home we searched for
We have it
Now; The palm tree
The beautiful sunset;
But the people
Still drop bombs
On each other
Others are tortured
As a matter of
Routine, and women
In many places
Have nothing that
Relates to
Equality; We laugh
Play, work; What
Is the meaning of
Life if there
Are others
Suffering?

Lover

Oh my Love
My Darling
How I have
Thirsted for the
Nectar that
You are; like
A hummingbird
I swoop to taste
The honey
Of your love;
Long have I dreamt
Of being in
Your arms alone
To taste the
Nectar of your
Kiss my Lover

Truest

I am blessed to have
You, a bird, a song,
The brightest star
In the sky, as a
Lover, my Love,
My friend and sweetheart
The truest soul
Of all

Myself

When the world makes you King
For a day, what will you do with it;
Lessons learnt will stand
In your stead, and unto others
You will rightfully do what you
Would like for yourself; For in you
I have the greatest faith, the faith
I indeed have in myself

Love

A many-fangled thing is this;
Ah, how blue the sky today
How bright the stars and Sun;
What wonder in the world
When there is Love
In the world today
My Love

Salvation

When the world is dark
And Salvation seems
A Lifetime away; then will
I find you, in the dead of the darkness
Eternal light
In my soul

Truest Love

The paths to right and wrong
Merge intertwined like a
Labyrinth, beckoning like
A lover from the bush;
And this I do know
That I am in love
With you, my truest Love

Bear

What is the
Meaning of the
Words we say
To each other
To the man
On the street
What the meaning
Of life
If we cannot
Show what
Is in our
Hearts to
All those around
Us; Cannot show
To others
The Love
That we bear

Stay

Hey, you, with
The brown eyes
The dark hair, are
You the one
Who is meant for
Me alone;
Will you not
Vanish into the ether
As did the others;
Are you here to stay
For good, my love.

The Sea

All I am
Is a river
Ebbing and
Flowing towards
The sea; The
Light in my
Life the people
Who sit by
My banks
And talk to me;
The children who
Play in my
Blue waters
The birds and animals
That drink
Of me; The Sun
That sets knows
My sorrows and
The Moon lends
Her hallowed light
To the darkness
That encompasses
My night; The
River I am
Will dissolve
All your trials
And tribulations
A river is all
I am
Flowing to
The
Endless sea

Harmony

May the rain wash away
All your tears, my dear
As it has mine; and may this day
That we live be full
Of love, peace and
Harmony

Stay

Where are you when
I need you so; an
Angel in my heart's depths
Crystal clear tears
On a babe's cheeks; In
My heart you will always
Stay

Sunshine

Happiness is a miracle
In the dawn of time
Sheathing me in
A suit like a ray
Of sunshine

Sunshine

Like a ray of sunshine
On my life
You fill me with hope the start of dawn
It is not for me to judge
Whether we will be together once more
But this I know
I love you

Arrived

Well, the end
Is here at last;
Nigh it arrives
On a loaded
Boat full of
Bodies that were
Turned due West
From the Isle
Not allowed
The humanity
They deserve;
The end arrives
On a cargo ship
Full of the oil
That it floated
At sea; The
End, my Dear
See you not
The crossbones
Of Death
Has arrived

Longing

Longing for the
Sea to wash Away
the Wrongs that were
Afloat many Lifetimes Ago
Like a Veil of
Mist through the Darkness

Magic

The most revered tales
Are those
Fables told with
The magic of
The four winds in tow
The magic of days
In the Sun and Rain
The magic of Life

Wretched Soul

It is here
The ball of
Fire that would
Save the day
The flame that
Fills the hearts
Of all those
That it meets;
It comes
From the sky
A ball of
Flame as bright
As a thousand
Suns; It wounds
All it touches
With the word
Of Love; The Ball
Of Flame, the
Destiny of Man
The Death of Evil
And the dawn
Of a bright
New Day
Of Peace for
The wretched soul

Eagles

Where the Eagles fly
In the sky at night
And the Lions feed
The Vultures at whom
Impalas graze serenely
That is where
I will be

Righteous

When the World was
Young and in Love
With God, then did
The Wolves howl
In the middle of
The night; Ghouls
Came and wreaked
Mutilation, and ravage
Across us all;
Now we are older
Wiser and though
Still in love
With that God
Still in love
With his Fairness
And Might
And Love;
We are wiser
And know now
To tread the Righteous
Road

Whole

Nothing but you fills the emptiness
A never ending ache in
My Soul...Pray
Grant me the Peace
Only You can give me
Make me whole once more

One

When the Dark Clouds gather
And there seems no way
Out; then You are
Here, to take my Hand
And we will be
As One

Beloved

When We Met,
Then Time began
Now it ebbs and
Flows with the
Tides until You
Cherish Me As
Beloved

I Like

I like most about you,
Your smiling eyes,
And your heart of molten gold –
Like a flow of lava from a volcano –
And I love you so

Search

When we came
Together, so many
Eons ago, you
Said you would
Never leave my
Side; From strength
To strength we
Have reached, and
Yet I search for
You still at
My side

At Home

And when the
Cool Winter's wind
Blows, then
Will you be
Nigh on the road
On the way
To greet me
At Home; where
The flowers
Bloom ever so
Beautifully as
Though at show
In the market

Peace

And while the
World mourns
The Death of
War, I rejoice in the
Voice of the
Courageous beloved
Newly at
Peace

Days

Days follow one another
The nights chase each
Other through the
Dusk all I know
Is that I am
One step closer
To You

Home

A Thousand Candles in the Sky,
I fell into your Ocean from Above,
Swimming in your Pure Waters,
I feel that now I am Home

Walk

Sunshine on my Face
As I tread the ground
Along the daily routine
Of my lovely morning
Walk

Loved Me

The magic in the
Wind today sings
Of your eyes; 'twere
But a dream that
I dreamt in that
Which you had said
Once more
That you
Loved me

Today

When there was
Love like the
Leaves scattered
From a Tree in the wind; Then
There was hope
Alive and well
As it is still
Today

Closer

When the world
Turns in circles
As it does now
Then my heart stops
To hear your
Footsteps afar; then
Do you come closer
As the world turns

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY



Malobi S Sinha was born in India, and then spent the early years of her childhood in the freedom and vastness of Kenya, in East Africa; her family then migrated to Australia when she was in Primary School. Her collections of poetry, and literary work (articles and poetry) have been published in various magazines and e-zines such as AEHS (Blog), Our Day of Passing (Anthology), The Writer's Drawer, Liphar Magazine, Poetry Pasta, 10 Day Book Club, Melaleuca, Words With JAM, Beyond India Monthly, The Compulsive Reader, Le Nouveau Monde Vert, The Australian Reader, Kaj-Mahkah, Sankalan, Bangla Sahitya Sansad and Thylazine. Her first collection of YA Sci-Fi/Fantasy short stories, The Castle and Other Stories, was published by Cresco Books in October 2014. Her book of Poetry, Savannah, was published by Poseidon Books in 2010. Malobi is also a Social Media Consultant. She completed a Bachelors of Engineering from Monash University and a Graduate Certificate in Accounting from Deakin University, as well as a Certificate in Technical Writing from the UWA. Malobi's website can be found at: www.malobisinha.com. She lives in Victoria with her husband.

Books by Malobi S Sinha

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Our Day of Passing (Anthology), Ingrid Hall, 2016, ISBN: 9781523471683
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The Writer's Drawer (2014, Israel)
Poetry Pasta (2014, USA)
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