

# **MISTY MEMORY**

Mahikan Maqbool



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## **DEDICATION**

To my father Maqbool Anwar Rind

My brother Meerkhan Rind

and all the writers in the world

“ACTIONS ARE THE FIRST TRAGEDY IN LIFE, WORDS  
ARE THE SECOND. WORDS ARE PERHAPS THE  
WORST. WORDS ARE MERCILESS.”

OSCAR WILDE

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## **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

I doubt if my work will ever touch any heart, but a soul as mine would surely long for that. "Misty Memory" is my eternal youth, but of a certain time. The permanence of its remembrance will be my unforgotten memory for once.

Mahikan Maqbool

## WHEN I WAKE UP

I wake up in a world where Shakespeare blushes  
Where Hitler isn't hostile and happiness gushes

I wake up in a world where Keats lives more  
Where he is happy and his thoughts aren't sore

I wake up in a world where Socrates smiles  
Where he throws the glass and approaches miles

I wake up in a world where William never scorns  
Where his desire is glad and his poem never mourns

I wake up in a world where Picasso sees grace  
Where he dodges censures and his paintings they embrace

I wake up in a world where grimes are fools  
Where life has strength and writing rules

I wake up in a world where wishes come true

Where days are granted for whoever is me and you

I wake up in a world so different from here

Where everything is elated and decrees no fear

## THE CHANGE

Change often takes too long or too short in order to have an impact upon our mind's stock. Change grows more abundant when we intentionally bestow it on us, but it hurts more when change is fancied by the person dear to you and bitter tasting when he adapts this humanism.

The constant pressure of losing the person keeps giving phantom thoughts within your nerves and you render that you would sacrifice them for good.

However, within the passage of time people change, physically, habitually, spiritually, and verbally, but the most severe type is the change that dares to change you "mentally". It makes you dwell, when something goes wrong beyond your limits of bearing. It makes you wander in your own body until your steps scratch it and make room for change to take place.

The truth indeed is change is despair but still change persists.

Change is partial and conquers you completely.

Change is an imposter of reality.

Change is to not give your old self another chance to try.

This disease or cure called "the change" makes someone else out of you by burying your very own personality.

Good or bad, but "changing" wins.

## A GLARING PESSIMIST

When in hours the heart is rusty  
Before the young has passed a moment  
A sparkle that is lost and misty  
A memory waves for atonement

When one sees beauty only in death  
A feeling-less world with emptiness  
Dead are hearts with unknown mirth  
And gone is life with hopeless worth

When light passes an immense glance  
That goes away in a blink of tries  
And souls are pierced and are lanced  
When nothing stays, but gray skies

Solitude stays with loneliness's wings  
A pessimist crosses the paths and sings

## THE STAR CALLED ZUBEN

The Zuben star

What is your contradiction with the sky? Is it because you shine or ache? Do you ever find yourself ambivalence or is it the nature to abstract your beauty? Do you brawl because you exist or is because you have expected everything to your dismay? Did the earth emit you with disgust or did the sky abandon you?

Oh Zubeneschamali

I see you dreary

I see you mad

I see you shine

And I see you fade

The Beta Librae

I envy you; we are similar and so far away

I envy you, my world mourns and you fade away!

## A YOUNG DEATH

When one dies, one is young  
Gone is brilliancy and orphans are dream  
A silence withers as of then  
With the pain of a sorrowful era  
When a tombstone as fresh as a tear is seen  
A dug grave cries with blushing blood  
For a crimson fresh body atoned  
Sky turns gray and days turn blue  
For kneeling mercy seen with dead  
When the skin is soft yet flesh is cold  
When blood was warm a while ago  
Done for the moment will the deceased be then  
Youth waves from afar with an expiring charm  
And yet the world seems to move  
When a smile is gone from a hopeless age  
The circle of sadness rounds with moans  
Rose bursts and nightingale weeps  
Poetry strays as masterless

Young Keats is dead in agony again

When Grim loves one more than angels did

Innocent glance at the ending breath

Asks when falling, like an autumn leaf

Lingers pale and with dying lips

For what crime is the punishment death?





## **THE NIGHT I KILLED MY PRIDE**

I moved back to the memories misted in the path of life, but the memories I had been chasing for ages did not conceive the will of wanting me back. They kept defying me with endless gestures. Although, none of which I intended to leave behind. The night kept surprising me with different attempts of revealing the truth of the skies I have been worshiping for decades. All the forms of thoughts I had created tortured me, taking advantage of the sensitive form my heart had adopted within the dawns of my planet that revolved around me and my moments. I started to beg until all the tears had dried from my eyes and I managed to speak that took all the efforts of my life, killing my pride with a shivering voice

“Won’t you come back?” I asked with hope

“NO” I heard a reply

## THE LAST TRY

When a suicidal soul attempts to perish  
He remembers the days he did cherish  
He recalls his screams with the dying sun  
And before the days he bowed for fun

He misses the times he longed to smile  
And wants to escape for a little while  
The grim stands and to him he winks  
He asks himself and claims to think

Would it be a knife, rope or a roadway run?  
Would it be drugs, poison or a sort of gun?  
Would it be a bus, car or a mountain jump?  
Would it be water, fire or a last breath's lump?

The cloud of sorrows that covers his days  
He cries and smiles for all the ways  
Why is sadness bestowed over youth?  
With the heart that is left for never to sooth

He spoke up once to claim his pain  
Time is short. Hurry! They said again  
With tears of blood in the heart he owned  
Depression hugged him with the curse of Cain

Now he looks with a querying face  
Where is my smile full of grace?  
Life is a hurdle when no one listens  
Where is my trial? For I lost this race

## **THE MISTAKES**

May the pain last longer,  
And the stab penetrate my flesh slower  
To remind me what mistakes  
I have forgotten.

## PALE AND ALONE

So far, I gaze, shivering with hope

So long I wait, quiet and alone

Such fates I see, in the valleys of melodies

Such numbness spreads, with the rhymes of freeze

When comes thought the heart, when oneness lies?

What curse does it break, from myths and legends?

How often does my heart burst in seven?

How often does a devil come and go?

So far, I look, further than you

So long I wait, pale and alone

## MOURNING FROWN

Here I am at melancholy again

Here I depart, from the books I adored



## THE INEPT ATTEMPT

When pain is numb, but thoughts are lost  
And words fade, for memories they cost  
A smile blooms in the ecstasy of love  
But the night is gray, for all hours most

Fallen seen books, and proses of Keats  
The memory of whom comes and retreats  
Under a blanket of sorrows, I snivel all night  
And think of my words that never seem right

## **THE UNWANTED**

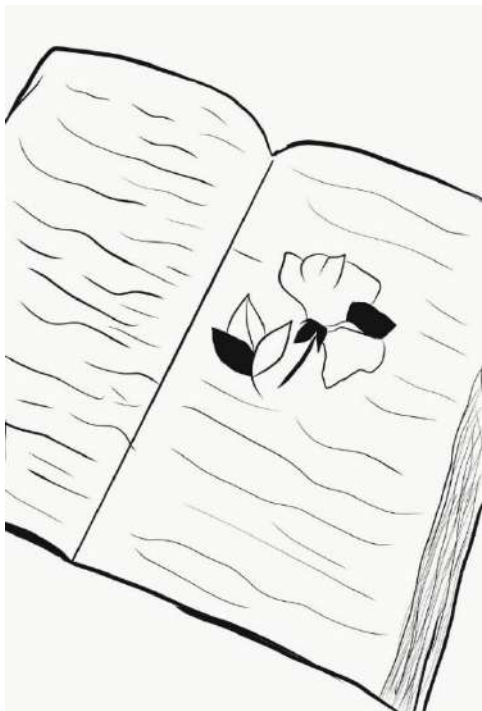
The roots of my being are ripped away like an unwanted existence

The more I ache of preserving my soul, the better grim they bring



## THE MEMORY

I am a malicious memory  
I am a novel of gloom  
My writings confide nothing  
Yet they bloom



## THE SCENT

I feel your scent as I come nearer to the horizon.

“Why is it familiar?” I ask myself walking and moving along with it.

Fog covers the path of my journey and I move ahead and confront a shadow in the mist, like that of yours.

I move forward and start planning the mist that I know would never clear by my unworthy try, but the mist seems to fade and I finally take a step forward finding nothing, but a memory! I move backwards and begin to run, but the memory keeps chasing me, “You are me and I am you.” It continued, “Your scent is my fragrance. “I will follow you with the rest of your suns”. A tear begins falling down my face and I attempt again running into nothingness.

## SO MANY

So many goodness  
Wrapped in evil  
A little bit of saint  
Came forth as devil

So many words  
Very less time  
Such a cruel mind  
But yet is mine

So many books  
With very few lines  
Till they give morals  
Then it is all fine

So many images  
Torn and burnt

With the passage of time

The lessons are learnt

So many memories

Neither bought nor gotten

Were dear to the heart

And still all forgotten

So many writers

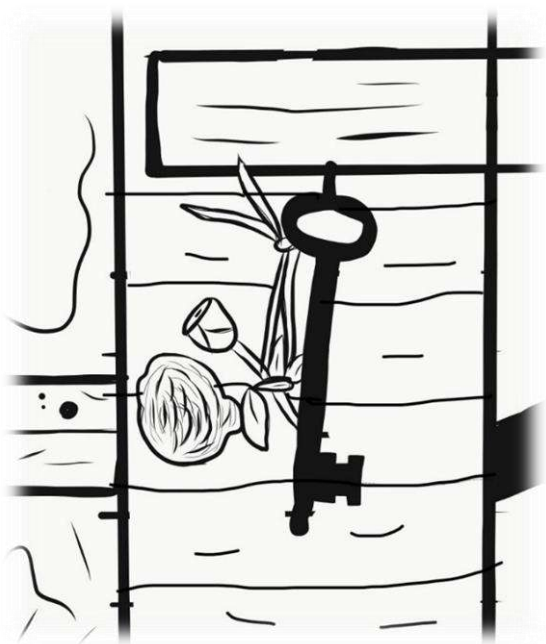
Bleed in the books

They write, write and write

Till the readers read and look

## THE FALSE HOPE

I wish,  
The stars were such that of glasses,  
And pierced my eyes  
Every time I tried to look at them with  
Hope again



## THE UNENDING TORMENT

A thousand pains I hide  
In the aloofness of this kind  
What chaos prevails?  
For what must I pride?  
A hundred tries it takes  
In the paths of sensing sorrows  
Does a worse lonely night await?  
And what more phantoms it makes?  
Only one despair remains  
In the search of a moment  
When shall it all end?  
With blue days and rains

## **THE DAYS OF GRIEF**

Grief comes and grips around you with naive and immense days sacked for insolence and hits you in the heart and the mind. Grief is a tear held for so long until it starts to sparkle in the corner of your eye ready to surrender itself. Grief is nothing, but an anti-relief pain that continuously keeps burning within your blood like venom. Grief is the final mourn of suffering after the silence of a lifetime. Grief is the ache a heart feels and the echo that is heard of it. Grief is the snow spreading its white hair on a barren land, but unseen to the eyes of an anesthetist. Grief is the melody of spring's blossoms hidden to the caged. Grief is dangerous and cold. Grief is everything I write and nothing they understand.

## THE WOUND

When a crack opens from an injured soul  
When pain is worse than the written all  
When night is a longing for an escape too  
When moon is nothing and again but a hole

When eyes turn gray from the tears shed  
When wings are torn and feathers spread  
When killed is glow from envy hard  
When broken is soul from the silver thread

When pain is stray and thoughts go wild  
When life is only a sobbing child  
When dead is purity and so is soul  
When nothing is sane and all deviled



## **THE WRITTEN ALL**

To write is to devote your words,

To the readers,

The beholders,

To everyone,

But you

## **THE BLUE**

Holding my heart in my hands I see  
Hardening and longing as the blue could be  
Poisoned blood of all the awful shades  
Dip! Dip! Dip! Spelling a dying plea

A lump in my throat as a history-old  
Carrying wills forgone and cold  
Denser it gets along the speared days  
Swallow! Swallow! Swallow! The pasts-untold

## **THE DEMISE**

The blood from my eyes is the despair of my thoughts

The enduring of illimitable pain shall be my demise someday

## SOMEDAY

Someday I ache and scream when solitude runs over

Someday I oust the pain and puzzle it together

Someday I prosecute my wishes in a trial

Someday my desires fade and eternity seems a liar

Someday I renounce on cold winter nights

Someday I surrender and stare at the sites

Someday the season scorns me of the year

Someday I am in doubts if it was there

Someday I long for my desires and gather

Someday it's hard to put them together

Someday I smile, but my castle shatters

Someday the sand says, my lonesome is all that matters

Someday I remember the apex of everything I made

Someday I try and try until my memories fade

## **THE NIGHT**

When the night of sorrow arrives, it spreads its ruptured wings and makes it darker. The wings keep surrounding your heart, pushing each broken inch deeper into the arteries.

Each part conveys a beloved memory that turns to be haunted, all the people that you strayed, all your failures, bygone days and leashed secrets. It takes you to the nightmare you betrayed many moons ago until your veins struggle to fight the thorns whole night to insert a smile of morning and you finally utter:

“I am fine”...

## THE END

I will wait till the paths are torn  
Like clothes of doom, the grass is worn  
I will wait till the seasons depart  
When days end and nights apart  
I will wait till the skies turn gray  
For a God so good, together they pray  
I will wait till the story gives morals  
When they get spines, asking for florals  
I will wait till the day they suffer  
When times turn hard and moments get tougher  
I will wait till they hear of the end  
When they try to pass and the hearts they mend  
I will wait till seconds so lonely  
When nothing remains, but despair only  
I will wait till the music forgets rhymes  
When guitars are broken and so are hymns  
I will wait till my patience breaks

When winter is gone and the fall awakes

I will wait till you don't ever heal

When your wounds are real, and the feelings that you feel

I will wait when you call for me

When I smile and go with a heart of steel

I will wait till the day I despise

When my heart aches and I tear skies

I will wait till I exert the mind

When nature emits poetries of my kind

## THE YOUTH

What is youth? Oftentimes I question myself. Is it an advocate of time to bow before the judgment of flow, or does it permit age to verify its identity? Does it speak? If so, in what manner? Is it a vague of memory that fades when the eyes blink? Does youth happen? Is it an art? If so, then, can art be chaotic and peace loving at the same moment?

I sit and think till I recall that:

Some says, youth dies and resurrects, and dies again. Youth is candor and dishonest at the same time. It's powerful and yet so weak. Youth wins by coming in the last place, youth is never a coincidence. It's bound to happen. Youth is secretive. It is the climax of age. It's the last teardrop. It is hopeless and it still lives.

They say youth is egregious because it's entailed in various castes, but even so it possesses everything. More likely to be the chaotic peace at once.

I set with time and ask: Does all these, the youth goes through, make it an art?



## MILES

I will go far and approach the sky

I pass by even the tree would sigh

I will crunch the leaves and pluck some

For me would the autumn come

They notice an angel and Satan smiles

They miss me and I cross miles

## THE THOUGHTS

It seems my thoughts are the curses  
Pinning me away from the world,  
No matter how much I try to take them out,  
The more I put my mind in their grasp,  
The worse they inhabit themselves within me



## YOU AND ME

You were a cloud made for skies  
I was a land where everyone dies  
You were a leaf under a bright mark  
I was nothing, but a picture in dark  
You were a temple for all people to know  
I was a sacred town trembling in snow  
You were a dream so far and unreal  
I was life gone away in a funeral  
You were the love of a million hearts  
I was disguised laying in abandoned arts  
You were a spring of flowers to bloom  
I was a killing autumn and everything's doom  
You were as pure as gold and scarlet  
I was hatred and an impure harlot  
You were the gesture and the best emotion  
I was dull, dark and an example of demotion  
You were welcoming and warm like home  
I was loathed like the isolation syndrome  
You were a free soul dancing with fate

I was a left out only few could relate  
You were the meaning to all my words  
I was nothing to you, but among wordy nerds  
You were my diary amongst the precious one  
I was the memory that never comes  
You were a gem to be praised and admired  
I was the stone walked over and tired  
You were an angel loved by mates  
I was the Sin and answer to hates  
You were the book of my lifelong thoughts  
I was your memory that fades and rots

## UNWORTHY

Deep down I held grudge against me,  
After I found myself dying for the people,  
Who dusted their clothes atop my laying body,  
When the battle was over!  
How much did I do for the unworthy?

## **THE FAILURE**

A thought follows me through the dark  
When my pen has barely written a word  
Or my book has touched one's soul  
Then I stare at a failed life back and forth  
Together we could have wiped off the pain

## THE DREAM

“When did I realize it was a dream?”

It was lamented and it ached for reality

The windy morning:

With no sunshine, but gloomy air all around the Sakura trees coloring their leaves to be deserving of being called cherry blossoms, but above all, yet shattering them until nothing was left.

Was it summer? Was it fall? Was it spring? Or was it winter?

That null afternoon:

Told an untold story of the paths between trees, where no soul stepped for ages, where the grass was brown and the road was about to perish with lifeless leaves.

That evening:

The dream felt real and the sky was raw, there was no chance of reform and everything turned cold. The spirits of happiness were static like they never wanted to return.

That night:

The dream turned to be sinister, the memories were haunted and the nature was suddenly unjust with the beauty. Everything brave surrendered after all the chaos, only what remained was a barren eternity of nothingness.

“Is it a dream to begin with”? A voice asked,

And the dreamer woke up!

## **SOMETIMES**

Most of the days a writer is cheerful and energetic to be around,

But sometimes with the skin of sorrows and solitude, she forgets to live.



## THE FIRM SOUL

Comes to me a terrifying sight  
Envious, hard and has the might  
Eyes of mine turn sore and scarlet  
World seems gay, yet crimson garnet  
Withers the rose and decays the lily  
What a doleful scene and yet stilly

## THE APOLOGY

Apologies signify regrets, but most often they sign unintentional riddled words that were hurtful. The words that are relied on were extremely powerful. But there are religions of apologies.

Satan possessed apologies mean nothing but despair only because all they do is to intend to break the chains of the heart for the crime they are about to commit again.

And the “Apology of regret” that has angelic vibes, does nothing but suffer only because it doubts the words it spitted in the unconditional moments.

“Apologies for breaking your heart”

“Apologies for tearing you apart”

“Apologies for your cuts and screams”

“Apologies for shattering your dreams”

Isn't it funny that Apology has several paths to return again but no clear road? The only thing that can ever close the hole it has dug in hearts, are moving lips, signing hands, agreeing eyes and a forgiving soul that manages to finally say:

“It is fine”

## THE CONTINUOUS CYCLE

Slaying days, dusty beds, breathes fading

Pallid music, shattered mirrors, lives evading

Windy autumns, crunching leaves, years passing

Chagrined feelings, craven thoughts, souls biasing



## THE LONELINESS

Within my laughter, I found my solitude. After all, it was me who was worthless to live with such uncertainties. When they left, I found my soul ready for a comeback imprisoned in dark paths, my assassin heart meant to kill each harsh step that ever came forth to bow before them. Together, I and my soul made several promises at nights conquered by glooms and dreams until the sun came to burn the bacteria of all the naive thoughts.

But what was it that kept us going?

Neither I and my heart nor the destiny of ours could answer a question such that of this. And eventually, time answered when everything was gone after they left including me, the dark nights and the winds of despondency.

## **THE EXISTENCE**

Where desert meets the snow's crust

Where, but to live is underneath the dust

Where one lives only when one is dead

Where life begins after a heart has chosen to rust

## THE DILUSIONAL DREAMER

The pictures I create in my head are the delusional reality. Oftentimes, which are illusions that creep me out, that once existed and do not anymore and still somehow they do.

They seem to have lives in different forms and in several figures.

Some come from the past which I decamped moons ago,

Some tickle me to remind me that these lips can still manage to curve a smile that I abandoned.

Some pinch my heart in the crowd that how strident it has become with the passing nights.

Some ache to break the chains of my bygone days.

Some form a rabble to haunt the future and some take a bit of me away from me today.

These pictures I create signs to erect my time zone that let no human in until words bleed on a paper that is crumbled in a dustbin with a MAD OWNER ALONE.

## SLOWLY AND SLOWLY

Slowly and slowly I keep getting mad

Again and again my emotions fade

I run and run from the only fear

Tears and tears that I feel them near

Go and go! I hold my hands

I beg and beg to the sorrow lands

Laugh and laugh and my memories say

Suffer and suffer till the day you pay!

Sad and sad and the life I had

Slowly and slowly I keep getting mad

## THE JOURNEY OF PHASES

“Tomorrow I will return”, I said abandoning childhood. I went to teen and continued the shots of vodka with the group.

“Tomorrow I shall return”, I added betraying youth to late adulthood having stress and anxiety of life.

“Then tomorrow it is!” I uttered and came to my present once again.

“What is this tomorrow you keep mumbling about?” Said a confused state of life

“Nothing” I replied “My tomorrow is the eternity of secrets I keep lying to myself”

“Then why do you promise them a tomorrow?” It asked again

“I will tell you about that tomorrow,” My voice echoed.



## THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT

When pain is numb and thoughts are lost  
When words fade for memories, they cost  
A smile blooms in the valley of words  
Poets bleed in a world unheard  
Books are fallen with proses of Keats  
The memory of whom goes and retreats  
Under the blanket of sorrows, I lay all night  
Think of my words that never seem right

## **THE FACT**

Have you forgotten?

“I cannot remember”

Better

“How?”

That will make room for more memories.

“To forget them again?”

## SOUL

My skin is touched by the grieving words of my soul

Its melody teaches me to dance

In an atmosphere that smells like pain.

A pain of tomorrow

Unravels a heartbreak today has shattered upon

And brings back a soul and ablute it in sorrows

A sacred vow given and to it

A promise of a loveless life.

It will be a joy

When my eyes fail to see anything, but ease in pain

Peace in sadness and a new life awaken...

## **THE HEAVINESS**

Perhaps, it must be the sea that I could not conceive

This explains my heavy heart

## THE ETERNAL RUINS

Solitary I lay in far valleys cold  
Life after life slipping from my hold  
With nature I gossip and to it I pray  
“Ease my hardships”, but my bones do not decay

Upon grass so green I talk to the stars  
Under a willow tree I explain my scars  
How I fled away, and heavens I found  
Mountains howl when I show the wounds

On leaves so deadly in the fall  
Dreadful and dry, and the scenes I recall  
Brownish world, sadness that brings  
A lullaby, the branch to leaves sings

I look at the sky, far, far and blue  
What do you show? I ask for a clue  
Poetry of ages, and gray eras, but gay  
With spirits as such, “My bones will not decay”

## **FORGET**

But I will forget

I forget if I remember

I forget if I don't

## THE COLD HEART

Let's hear a story of a heart so cold

A heart nor young, a heart nor old

A heart with no desire or thoughts

Let's hear a story of a heart so cold

A heart that travelled the paths of sorrows

A heart that suffered and got not tomorrows

A heart once melted for big brown eyes

A heart longed for nothing but its demise

They said it worshiped sinners and saints

They said it suffered without any complaints

They said it danced with the angel and demon

They said it laughed after that even

They saw it cry when rain fell happy

They saw it smile when songs were sappy

A heart that desired weather not jolly

A heart that needed desert not holly

The stories tell myths of what is told

The legends of what did they hold

The story of which was once as gold

Misted is the memory of the heart so cold



## **THE CROWDED MIND**

My own thoughts assailed me regularly with countless dawn and dusks.

What worse could the deafening silence between us do?

## THE ACHING HEART

My heart aches for the love I couldn't give  
When in nights of gloom you longed for me  
Or in empty lonely days, solitary were you called  
Together darlings everywhere you would see

I die when the numb pain surrounds you  
An empty hand, a vast night and a tearful heart  
An autumn am I to you, dreadful and dry  
With a heart as stone, I come and depart

My salvation, my joy, my scarlet pride  
How do I give you the love I never shatter?  
A cold winter, numb sun and teary blood  
For you are my pearl I never scatter

Retreating I am from an unjust as this  
Leaving you cursed in a world as such  
Running for decades to love you more  
Coming back with only pain as much

And sweet are you, my life and death  
Full of truth innocence and mine  
Whilst I am a monster cursed for life  
Will embrace you with a heart as divine

Like a guardian I walk, but unseen and unknown  
And here is my gloom, an abandoned hurt  
A love for you until infinite eternity  
Is fading like me, as the corner's dirt

I often dream of you under a shady tree  
How a thousand stars our love could be  
Purpose is my Ruth and an unhealed wound  
I love you and love you and yet I flee

## REGRETS

If only regrets did not hurt

The sea would bolster the pirate

The sky would be complacent enough to torture the waves

The nature could confide the flowers with me

The gloomy winter nights would swallow the pride and  
confine its cold

If only regrets did not hurt

I would convey the mysterious illusions that fade like the mist  
in my mind

I would demur with God for the fate of gloom

If only regrets did not hurt

Long before the past, the dire and dismay would end

The wars would cool and the hearts would sooth

But

If only regrets did not hurt

## **THE PATHS**

There are paths that own no trees

No soul crosses, and filled with concretes

There are paths that tell histories

Along in which live only mysteries

## **THE NON-EXISTING**

Sometimes I am an omission, a left out, and a mere exclusion until my existence is needed by my very own words.

## **SUFFERING**

Numbness after sorrow that comes  
Exceeds sadness, pain and silent glums  
Beyond all the laughter and glees  
A soul suffers in torment and burns

## THE ECHO OF WOES

No breathe knows my wounded soul  
And a world of pain it had suffered  
The pain that dwells with spirits too  
The pain that caused the lifeless whole  
No blood saw my streaming tears  
And bleeding eyes that rained for days  
Eyes that shed suffering woes  
Eyes that felt unending fears  
No life lived my piteous years  
And saw my soul fly away  
A soul for whom no mouth mourned  
A soul whose cries no life ears



## THE WORDS

“The power of words can take us to the extreme of our breaking point, don’t they?” I surpassed my thoughts to ask myself the same question over hundred incredible times through the constant movements of clock.

“I heard a lot or maybe I heard enough!”

“Do words paralyze us?”

“Most certainly!”

Mentally words stone you as much as physical collapse does!

“Aye! Perhaps, they do”

I kept talking to myself, fighting to myself because some of the words that crossed my eardrums, kept rejecting the reality I saw. Both were so different.

“The reality and the words?”

“No, the people and the words!”

“Right! The people and their words”

“No!”

“The reality and the hidden reality”

“That means sacred words”? I questioned myself again”

“Unleashed words” I replied

All the words floated in my nerves until I heard the words that said: “Why is the patient babbling outside the room??”

## THE RESTING PLACE

Together we lay  
My heart and me  
One cries in ache  
And one seeks to flee  
Lonely we talk  
Of dawns and dusks  
One abates to believe  
And one relives the brusque  
Silently we gaze  
At life with a grieving woe  
One cries in anguish  
And one's beats let go  
Together we lay  
My heart and me  
One stops to beat  
And one ceases to be

## THE WORTHLESS

When I lay on my bed inhaling the oxygen,  
I think for the finite times and say:

“And perhaps, as a worthless I breathe”

## THE FALL

When fall arrives and you linger between leaves

In an undead, dead world

When the weather is dry as sand

When life is like a reddish-brown path

And all you see is fall

Betray your thoughts and be loyal at ease

And let autumn cry for a piteous soul

## THE COMFORTING SILENCE

I lay in the darkness away from the crowd  
For this is my life, for which I am proud

I pause my moments and try to hear  
To comfort the silence never do I fear

I glance at the sky, at the brightest star  
I hold up my hands for that is so far

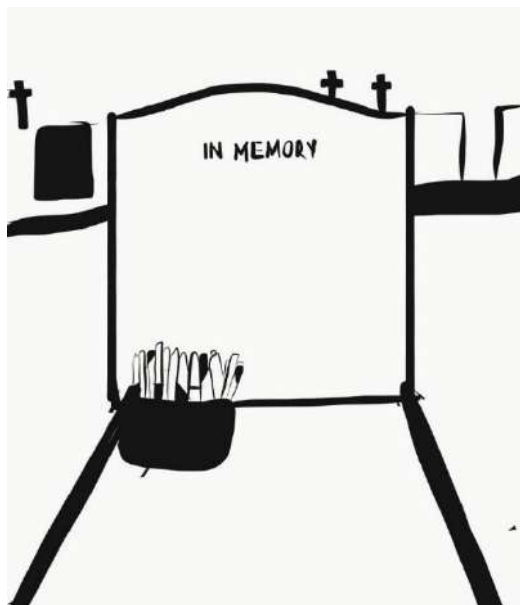
I lose my thoughts to comfort the silence  
For this is my night, away from the violence

## **THE RISK**

Every time they leave me with the most dangerous things,  
I do not have control of,  
“My thoughts”

## THE DEPARTURE

Dig my grave in a garden  
For I have suffered the sun too often  
Unveil the cloth from my body  
For what could a departed do?  
Call it demise  
But I shall whisper the last truth.



## THE IMMORTALS

I see my pen on a table in a dense dark room,  
I see it cry calling for words it endured, but dared not to write,  
Its barrel is broken as though the scream of my thoughts have  
burdened the soul of my pen,  
Aye! For a moment it breathes still, aside a book  
The book that holds eras of sadness lies lifeless in agony,  
I draw closes, perhaps to crown our incomplete tale,  
A tale to be summoned lives after us  
And I hold my pen, write and begin to decay  
For my words make me...  
And the book brightens with life,  
The room illuminates, and my rancid words surround my  
weak extant being,  
The darkness perishes and we three smile for once!

Ages after us is seen the same room,  
With odor of dense ink, a firm pen and a garden-fresh book  
Protected by a pile of bones smelling like words and waiting  
for thoughts.



## **THE SOBBING SOUL**

A sudden cry of a weakling heart  
From years awaiting  
For a numbness to heal the hell  
And obliterate its ashes with a cold breeze  
Glaring further ahead to find a soul  
That puts a gentle hand on its burning flesh  
Or a soul whom have suffered the same  
But the cries turn into sobs of the heated heart

## **THE CHOICE**

Chaos has been implanted in one's blood

And kindness has been preached to him

What must one choose?

## THE BREAKDOWN

The demons arrive and snatch the crown  
Tolerance dies and the girl breaks down  
Cries are heard and torn is the gown  
Princess has left! Rumors in town

The moon darkens and looks down  
But friend of moon sits to frown  
Moon asks:

Why thou lack your pearls and crown?  
Why thou cry on leaves so brown?

Princess says:

Moon o friend! I have come to drown  
The princess mourns and looks around

Moon says:

Crown up princess, don't break down  
Kill the demons and have your town  
Head up princess! Wear the gown  
Thou shall live, not drown  
Thou shall love and not to frown

## FRIENDS

Friends?

People you do so much for and people with whom your soul talks. It is because they are strangers who you call your friends. Most of the things you do with them are more often done with everyone else by you; then what makes Friends so dear? So close? So much more than anyone else?

It is because you betray yourself for them or they do the same for you. You get ready to forsake your existence for friends. Some are there for you and some abandon you within times to times, some laugh with you and some at you. Above all, the only thing that makes sense is the friends who matter.

But still when I think and ask myself the strangely important word, I know.

Friends?

Such a sweet word full of nothing but eminent memories and innocence. And I ask again

Friends?

It becomes such a harsh word when you cannot differentiate if you have friends or foes. However, either one of them is enough to build a world within you.

Friends?

What happens when a friend passes away? The unimaginable facts bury your soul with the friend's body only because life and death are enemies not friends. If only life could promise death not to catch the person it pushes then everyone could live. "Friends could live".

Oh friendship?

Why are you such a sweet poison?

Oh friends?

Why is that you leave?

Finally, I closed the book not having the heart or mind to take much of the reality flowing in front of my eyes and stood to wipe the dust when I heard your voice.

“Hey can we be friends again?”

And I heard my tears speak a language your lips moved in.

Why not?! I smiled looking at the sky...

Rest in peace friend, my lips moved.

## **THE UNWRAPPED TIES**

I heard laughter and I heard cries

I saw how spring rapidly dies

I cared enough and I evidenced pain

I saw me fail holding all the ties

## **THE FLEEING NUMBNESS**

Numb my pain and permit me to feel

Enable me to notice,

Read the stories of healing

Tell me

How pain fades away?

And put my suffering at ease

## THE WRITING

In One specific day I slept with a book in my arms. It was the only day I fell asleep with peace as the words folded me with their unique existence, and all I dreamt were people who wrote. It was the very first time when they confessed what they meant and all they could tell me was to write more. Because at the end my sane self proved the words were alive.

Who could possibly create such immense life from the ink, my mind asserted?

But it somehow felt so painful for I knew my dreams were the only place to keep me secure with my writings, and all I knew was when I would wake up it would be hard to make them affecting again.

I held the book even tighter, because I was apt to be waking up and my tears fell as I opened my eyes in a world where words laid in the books and not around me.

All that remained for me to hold the pen within my palm in perpetual thoughts of never letting my words go again...



## WHEN THE HEART BREAKS

The skies turn gray when the heart breaks

To the God we pray when the heart breaks

The birds sing in mist, under moon so crest

The nights seem to bray when the heart breaks

The journey is endless when the heart breaks

The poets are wordless when the heart breaks

The world turns cold to a poisoned mold

The rhymes are mended less when the heart breaks

The give up is near when the heart breaks

The lovers too fear when the heart breaks

The boundless ache together they make

Nothing is dear when the heart breaks

The oaths people take when the heart breaks

The curses livings make when the heart breaks

The minds get nuts with scars and cuts

The way nature aches when the heart breaks

## THE CHOSEN MEMORY

If I am ever to be a mere memory for you then  
let me run in the nerves of your brain and  
stick like the blood in your veins.

Let me flow when you overthink  
and let me clot when your patience breaks  
because that is what a mere drop does,  
but if you fail to forsake my existence  
Then let me be the memory of your choice!

## THE SUN

The winter Sun

Sweet and bitter.

I grapple with you

Because you snatch my desire to live in fall

You smile

Because you never had the pang of guilt to do so.

## **FIGHTING HEARTS**

I reside in a nature where hearts fight and minds desire vengeance. It makes me ponder if a time would ever emerge where severe lies are cut off and love is spread.

This trauma of emotions would slice hearts and chop off minds.

What possibly could end the infinity?

## UNLIKE OTHERS

Tonight, is one of those nights when no star yearns and the sun gives up on the moon.

Tonight, is one of those nights when the poison denies the antidote and the sick dies.

Tonight, is one of those nights when lonesome wins.

Tonight, is one of those nights when I put down my pen and burn the pages.

## THE TIME

Now would be the proper zone to seek the knowledge behind

The beauty of sadness and the agony of smiles

The purpose of love and hatred's lonesome

The burden of care and the ease of ignorance

Angels luck so high and Satan the abandoned

Now is the proper zone

To look for homes within dark heart's ways

To find the good within bitter hard days

To have a heart so good, but the fear

To look for happiness far, far and near

To sleep with pills and sleep at ease

To hold your heart and let it freeze

## AN ETERNAL STORM

I wonder if the storm inside me  
Would ever calm down  
My mind fancies sunsets and  
It has been raining  
For eras



## NOT NOW

Beneath the horizon of sorrows,  
Lies a heart departed of colors,  
Under the sky of grayness,  
Between the thundering clouds  
Busted with misery,  
Calling for hope  
Waiting for its doom to perish.  
Screaming not now, not now



## THE CURSED

A cursed unchanged

Same love, tears, sorrows and pain

A hated today

With sobs, fears, madness and no gain

A writhed world

With loathe, despair, misery and wrath

A doomed soul

Bearing hate, envy sadness and fate

## **THE FLAMES**

I treasure their hatred like  
The fire is adored in winter,  
And I keep fighting the blazes of hate,  
Yet they keep burning my flesh

## ME AND THEM

They provided me the vision of a future where I could not survive.

I gifted eternity in their palms and forever under their feet,

They inflicted my mind with unpromising words

Whereas I offered them the gaiety of their laughter,

They drew a colorless pale image of me showing my hidden feeble cries of pain

While I requested the rainbow to shadow them for as long as they live,

They planned to provoke me and take me away from my words

And I thought to entrust them with all the emotions I left behind,

They looked me like I was a purposeless existence

But I adored them as my life was revered by their actuality.

## HOW MANY?

How many books will it take?

How many words must I bleed?

How many poets will you make?

Only to plant your loving seed



## **THE SCAR**

What I possessed was never a wound,  
It was a permanent scar on the nerves of my memories,  
And a scar unlike others  
A bleeding kind

## **THE OWNER**

I start to harbour doubts about the wisdom my thoughts carry

Because all I do is talk through thoughts

As I own no tongue.

I have a pen concealed within my mouth,

And the more try to talk, the more I write.

## THOUGHTS

It is bizarre how I think and within my thoughts

I find myself thinking again

And it continues

It is dismay, how thinking makes me faint,

Fainting makes me imagine

And imagination wakes me up

## THE QUESTION

This continuous loss of all my living purposes

These books would not impart my knowledge and be buried within my remains

This warm breath of mine, answers questions to my wistful sicknesses

This pain that has nothing to do with my mind threatens it often

Perhaps all these insufficient causes to roam more in this world

Mortified with these thoughts, I ask myself...

Will all these sit still and muster stories of a person who suffered so much or will they float as a dead fish like tons of others about which the sea never knew and brought odium to their existence?



## **THE TIMELINE**

My eyes have been weakening for a long time.  
It has been ages since I keep seeing the reality,  
In the timeline I survive.

## THE FATE

She was being consumed with every tear drop and transforming into something inhuman walking around, all those emotions that were supposed to hold her between the unending sufferings of this world ripped her into shreds and soon she was the victim of the feelings. All she got in return were more and more reasons to question the love she shared. After everything she had offered, with every bit of sacrifice that could ever be made, yet pain hugged her tight winking to the happiness bidding her farewell.

It was then when she knew retreating to her true self would cause her more pain than being in the state of feeling nothing ever could. It was then when she accepted the grinding fate that chose her.

## The despondent

Forged in agonies, beneath glooms I dwell  
To appease a world from the heart that fell  
The tangled tale with laments I sing  
Of a wrapped up breath in chains, I tell



## **REALITY**

When your fairytale ends

And all that continue to exist is reality,

Retreat to me

For my demons' welcome everyone with open arms.

## UNVIELING

Moon thou art a hypocrite  
Thy beauty shines for all  
Thy gleam is nothing, but false  
A candle is better than thee when lit

Thou smile on lovers that art not thine  
Yet thee a one true listener they believe  
And nights nigh you they sit and weep  
Thou pretend to be kind, but I decline

I wrote under thine smile once too  
To heal my heart with thy bright white hope  
But tardily I begun to rot and rip  
When I heard thee laugh and I knew

Thy blasphemy is famous among seas  
Thy hypocrisy is talked about too  
But when thou spread thy hemlock wings  
An amnesic world under thy spell kneels

I beseech thee to end thy game  
Of this vast heavy untrue tale  
Finish by telling what thou did  
Unravel the truth for once thy name



## **THE ASTRAY ART**

Poetry is an art that abandons its master and roams astray for the rest of the moons, centuries after he is gone

## THE CROOKED WORLD

In my chest I hold the audacity to mourn  
The world in which, but dreams are torn  
A beauty and moon and a hypocrite at once  
I mock the night, and the rest of throne

A day that kills of what is left  
Innocence, love, and empathy abreast  
With whom shall I prate and brag?  
The world is crooked and so unblessed.

Where blood was war and war was red  
And peace that came with a chopped head  
A today that brings happiness none  
A future that hugs, and claps but dead!?

The books I love are just as wrong  
I grip them hard, but to all they belong  
Words of me are ripped and thrown  
My melancholy smiles and comes along



This maddening era has sunken like all  
It pretends and fakes and hates the fall  
When all I say is whole and true  
But yet my words are a useless call

They say I've lost my sanning self  
In thoughts, in words, in books and shelf  
The moon, the days, and the world deride  
They laugh and laugh and mock my self

## THE HIDDEN INFINITY

I see you desire less in the brisk air of life

Your fountain of wishes that have been blown away with the cold breeze of your heart to which no snow can compare and no cold matches...

Together, You and the distinguishable journey you chose to go forth displays a dim light of hope that now or then is about to perish into an infinite darkness..

You skip the sadness to escape the sufferings you have gone through and yet they follow you like an intimate thought you have had for centuries. Your laughter is a sign of the losses your silence has brought.

## THE FILLED EMPTINESS

Filled with words yet an empty me  
Lingering in thoughts that halt to be  
Unlike bards and the poets who emerge  
I with the words am dried and unfree

This prison holds a world of throbs  
I lay there still, with a heart daubed  
To break the chains no words come nigh  
No ink aids in, and all together glob

## **The rotten**

They devour the body and worsen the soul, such are the  
footprints of rotting thoughts

## THE EVER WANDERER

I have crossed eras of sorrows  
In the limited infinity of my years  
I watched myself sit and sob in books  
I broke my wings with Khalil too  
I painted my evilness with Wilde  
I bestowed Virginia's demons to my being  
And walked with Jane's sober thoughts as well  
My tales were known as of Dickens'  
I danced at Tolstoy's aristocratic world  
I was an unending Bronte's weather  
I too were the stranger of Camus's writings  
And Alice was I running away of hardships  
I was the unfinished Juan at the death bed  
And was the singing solitary reaper  
I rewrote myself with every philosophy too  
I was the rhetoric thought of Aristotle  
And unknown nature to Kant  
I lived with Epicurus in "the garden" at Athens  
I was the Plato in reincarnation of Socrates  
I was the misunderstand able thoughts of Citium

I mocked the irrationalism with Rene  
I was the critics of Nietzsche  
And Karl's history of words  
I wonder myself and my being  
I wonder if I exist in all  
I am unknown to age and concepts  
And yet I dwell in these mortal eternities

## **THE EDGE**

This heart is at its edge now

And this now shall last for a lifetime

## Grieving Melancholy

In the search of a dream my oneness flees  
The remorse of a committed awakening be  
Be it a misery from a long lost moment  
Myself, the dream, and a grieving plea

This mirage I bear, in a hundreds ways  
A night and sufferings amidst broken days  
A soulless soul at an unbecoming sight  
I in me and a melancholic demon stays

The rarest faces of all the torments be  
Be them woes or whom art wretched be  
A funereal cry from a downhearted tale  
With a myth of dismal my dream I see

Standing still, seeing the sights I weep  
The Joyless trial as a witness in sleep  
My oneness leaves with a straying end  
Retreating from me, for I sleep in deep



## **The Outcast**

What is the sanity bestowed upon,  
That came from a long way of out casting maddening

## The Softest Shade

Innocence begins with his berry lips  
Merchant are his piercing eyes  
A dancing world seen in smile  
Limits the darkness in his rise

Proses ending in his charm  
Skin of a thousand milky ways  
Hazel hair, curves so faultless  
Seen his aura smooth and warm

Voice is a violin, melodic sweet  
Laughs in tunes, with Whitest pearls  
Competes nature the handsomest form  
Envy all, his glamour who meet

Smartest, finest, absolute-made  
Sacred, sinless, dreamy lives  
Glazy, pleasant virtue-touched  
Reach less seems the softest shade

~

Yet his deceit, deceit deceiving looks  
Soulless lad in agony dwells  
Perfect whom, the created-best  
Mourns in silence loathing crooks

Turns to God his sunset eyes  
Rivery tears with heavy cries  
Bestowed a beauty toxin-alive  
Entreats to victims, begs for ties

Pleading him, seen in lonesome  
A remote soul who looks so distant  
Curses beauty and all the flawless  
Venomous, poisoned and goodness some

Sits in fall, with trees he talks  
Scrawls the lines on a withering leaf  
Behind him, lovers hundreds hide  
"What is life, but a lonely walk?"

## **The Unreachable**

I'm far away from your reach of assembling,  
I've long forgotten the sanity

## **A Deceiving Sonder**

Aye, I say, to a suffering void endless  
A deceiving sonder, and nigh gardens scentless  
Ah too! Gone gone! Goner for the day  
And at dusk I see, an abyss, but deathless

Phantom, mirage, illusion, or a dream  
All my rage of one second's scream  
A lass? A lad? Nay! All Thy summoning!  
Bewitched and hurt and endured to extreme

A teardrop from the angel fallen apart  
Agonies witness, that dwells within art  
Be it Cabanel, or Gogh's lasting sorrow  
Dripped blood and pen and a world to restart

The secrecy of the heart and its one true sin  
Alas! But is the war and muses yet spin!  
For us the forsakens endlessly who mourn  
Misery, distress, with the dawn begin!

## **The pedestal**

I've quite closely seen an angel born from the heart of a devil,  
I named it the pedestal of reality

## THE MISTY DREAM

I dream of a world where skies turn blue  
Where life isn't gray and is all true

I dream of a world where optimism rules  
Where poets are gay and writers too

I dream of a world where fates are right  
Where souls are free, and everyone is might

I dream of a world where myths are true  
Where books are held as were used to

I dream of a world where survival is must  
Where agony is nothing, but a grain in dust

I dream of a world where Sonnets are heard  
Where poems are gentle for the spared

I dream of a world where ink can kill  
Where arsenals shatter and carry no will

I dream of a world where writers don't plead  
Where books are home that do not bleed

I dream of a world where innocence stays  
Where Wharton finds purity in town as he says

I dream of a world where Shelley doesn't sink  
Where Sea is calm and Juan stays unkink

I dream of a world where Byron is merry  
Where death is a tale and he laughs with Mary

I dream of a world where Woolf isn't hung  
Where demons are devoured and her work is sung

I dream of a world where Margret isn't grieving  
Where sites aren't cold and not unleaving

I dream of a world where crime is perished  
Where punishment escapes and peace is cherished



I dream of a world where beauty isn't greed  
Where Wilde is optimist and Dorian doesn't cede

I dream of a world where paradise isn't lost  
Where Milton seeks love and is never embossed

I dream of a world where Orwell writes more  
Where decades have passed since 1984

I dream of a world where Leo finds peace  
Where life is not a grain and years don't cease

I dream of a world where Rumi finds his soul  
Where the one he fancies and wants no more

I dream of a world Chaucer does not die  
Where his pilgrim ends and all know why!

I dream of world where Jane never derides  
Where in a world so good, she seeks no pride

I dream of a world where grief is not unspoken  
Where Khalil seeks her and his wings aren't broken

I dream of a world of Cervantes's hallucinations  
Where Quixote is real with all his imaginations

I dream of a world where Goethe confronts morrows  
Where Werther lives long and has no sorrows

I dream of a world where Gunther smiles loud  
Where life has strength and death is not proud

I dream of a world where Dante cheers in glee  
Where inferno is lit and away the smokes flee

I dream of a world where Dickens ne'er pities  
Where his sorrows but bow before tale of two cities

I dream of world where Kafka wipes misery  
Where the trial is over and as smile of victory

I dream of a world where Lawrence with pride utters  
Where more is read of sons and lovers

I dream of a world where Anne never dies  
Where Germans and the Jews, but are allies

I dream of a world where heights aren't wuthering  
Where an era is jolly and of all coloring

I dream of a world holding so much more  
Where bards are singing at the sea's shore

I dream of a world where dreams come true  
But misty is the dream for me and you