

Poem 1

Longing/Days go by

Morning you wake -
An ache in your heart.
By noon the day is over,
By night the noise lulls.

Your thoughts fall silent,
Your heart aches once more.
But by tomorrow,
What will be today?

And someday far away,
Will today still exist,
Or be consigned to oblivion?

If today is for nothing,
Will tomorrow ever be for something?
Will your heart still ache?

Poem 2

Fireworks

Bursts of red catch my sight
Explosions ripple through the sky
A Gentle gust sweep through the night
As the radiant embers falter
The roar subsides and the air grows still
Amid the horde you stand
Not by yourself but alone

Cheers spread like wildfire
Followed by laughter and chatter
Hands intertwined together
As everyone huddles close
I find myself wrapped in cold
Left with no one to hold

Yet still they bloom in glorious hues
For every pair below,

A sky of fleeting, shared delight -
A joy you'll never know
The final embers drift and die
As all bright things must do
And just like them, you fade,
Unseen, unheard by all but the stars above

Poem 3

Firework Bloom

A flash of red engulfs my view
A crack tears through the sky
The breeze blows light
The red sparks fizzle out
The crack subsides and the night settles
Amid the horde I stand
Not by myself but alone

As people flock to the street
The shadows in the park bleed
The street lights flicker
Until only moonlight shines
Illuminating a lone shadow -
Mine

They say fireworks finds their voice
In the chorus of a crowd
In laughter shared, in fingers laced
In cheers both bright and loud
But mine are just a muted hum,
A dying flame,
A whisper in the smoke.

Because a firework needs someone's eyes,
To become beautiful.
Without them it may burn just as bright,
Roar just as loud
But like all fireworks,
It fades
Leaving no scar upon the night sky
As though it never bloomed at all

Poem 4

Within Reach but out of Grasp

Amid the trees, we strolled high and free,
As the rain failed to pierce the canopy.
Though the dim, bleak nights grew cold,
We'd always have each other to hold.

But the world upended its gentle pace -
Cracks bled deep into our roots.
Day by day, we lost our face,
And time soured our ripening fruits.

Storms rolled in - you fought - I cried -
The tide dragged our shoreline out to grey
Fraying our tether to the last thin fibre
Waves crashed. Winds stormed. Yet stay we did

But love clips its own wings -
Voiceless, love crashes.
With no sound, just a scar
Gouged across the sky

We stumble along paths we once knew by heart
But our vows have unraveled, torn apart-
And what we once held so near, so dear
Now is silent to the music we used to hear

Poem 5

Home

As the wind gusted and the grass swayed
As the sun shone and the waves crashed
My heart found a steady rhythm -
My restless mind was quick to follow

But the sun's smile could never match your own
A smile I could never forget
The sea's relentless crash
Could never calm me like your gentle rocking

The wind's constant whisper isn't half as soft as your lullabies
Singing me to sleep when my brain has betrayed me
And the grass silken touch- held no warmth like your embrace
Even when bitter winter wrestled to hold me

A threadbare top has never felt so comfortable
Even after all those years, it still feels snug
Knowing the hands who carefully crafted it

A cottage engulfed by greens
Has never looked so warmly lit
Not by candlelight
But by the brightness of those inside

I still remember those bowls of fruit
You'd cut for me to say sorry
But it wasn't just fruit,
A bowl of soup,
When I was under the weather.
Do you remember?
You'd hold me to sleep
If an exam was the next day

A heart is not woven in a day
Yet I find mine fully woven
Each stitch carefully curated
It may not be made with the best thread
Each stitch may not be the same size
They may not even be the same colour
But its all i could ever ask for

If ever truly I had a home
It lies not under a timber roof
But there within your arms

Poem 6

Exams

I caught the twinkle in your eyes,
Not for the first time though,
Each passing week should dull that sparkle
Yet seem to make it glow even brighter

An exam looms ahead of us,
Not more than weeks away
But still my calendar finds time
As if time lay in wait for you

As we study for the exams,
Each page of the text book fades,
Leaving only your silhouette

A light breeze catches your hair,
Blowing it into my view.
I steal a look up
But your elegant braids
Have stolen my gaze,
Refusing to let go

As my eyes finally wandered,
The desk's grain seemed dull,
My book drained of all its colour
Yet your presence alone,
Was like a brush-
Painting colour where it was lost

Through your caring embrace
My heart sighs with joy
And when our fingers interlace
The test can wait,
This moment cannot.

Poem 7

Natures' beauty

The rain splashes,
Not even.
But constant.
Each drop. Different.

A sunflower blooms-
Its petals uneven,
colour that abides no laws.

Each tree twists and turns,
Bent into unruly shapes.
Vines scrambling the bark.

But the rain doesn't wander
why is it not a wave.
It simply - falls.

A sunflower never grieves
that it is not the sun.
It grows-
wherever it pleases,
however it lands.

So why do we?

When the rain tries
To be a snowflake,
It hardens-
Becomes hail.

Losing itself.

Poem 8

A day of excitement

The queue stretched forevermore
Tick-tock tick-tock
Minutes ticked wearily on
Toward the clack clack clack
Of the rising lift hill

Excitement could hide itself no longer
The car was back in the station
My heart jumped
Click
Locked in
Blink
Clack clack
Uh-oh
Stomach dro-
Fwoosh!!

Screech.
Fssshhh-
Restraints off.
Back to the queueing

The cafe music pumped,
As the reservoir shimmered.
Crunch, crunch,
Queue some more.
Slosh-
The river.
Click, click.
Up we went
Splash-
Drenched.

Eventually,
The sun grew dim,
The stars peeked out,
The last coaster blew out the station
and the rest grew quiet.
A glimpse,
The lights illuminated:
A towering rollercoaster,
A glimmering reservoir,
Music thumping.

We followed the crowds, out the park-
Onto the grey platform of another station.
Packed into a train up against the door-
Its slow, metallic rhythm pulling us away.

The lights dulled
The music faded
One by one, we left onto those plain platforms,
The flat white light of the streets looking down,
Restraining us into the bleak cycle.

The clack of the coasters
The shining lights
The blasting music

Until next time.

