

Poems

Her journey

summer, smiles, sunshine

It was a beautiful day indeed

she looked up above

And saw the crystal blue skies

The skyscrapers, with floor to ceiling windows

high, touching the surface of the clouds

Their glass gleaming upon the touch of the spring sunshine

In front of her, bustling streets,

pedestrian traffic walking alongside the flowing river

The river with golden streams and dancing waters,

her little brother beside her,

in awe of the number of double decker buses he could spot

She was indeed in the city teeming with life,

The concrete jungle

Peppered with lush green parks

and ancient buildings echoing history's finest legends

It wasn't just a city, it was a world

A world where everyone knew what to do

Except her

A world where everyone saw sunshine

But she saw shadows

A world where they belonged

But she didn't

Because a part of her dwelled within another city,

another world

a place she called home,

where love resided and memories flourished ,

where she rested in her fur lined nest of belonging

into the fumed traffic, along the crowded streets

In the midst of the hustle of the city,

She felt peace, she felt happiness

thousands of faces just like hers

Blushing at the warm touch of the sun

the soft breeze flirting with their hair

Lustrous rainbow colours came *alive* in that market

A rotating cast of street food vendors

An explosion of flavours tingling inside her mouth

Poems

The vibrant array of clothes, the bright yellow rickshaws
the thick air infused with the zingy smell of lemons

the magnificent sandstone temple
its pillars shining in the setting sun
Behind it the grand colonial buildings
Together forming an amalgamation of history, old and new

But suddenly, like turbulent, monstrous waves
A torrent of emotions swept over her
The memories begin to fade, slowly, painfully
Surrounded by people, she still felt alone
like a black orchid in a field of daisies
she fantasised about the what ifs
but chose to embrace reality

she looked up above
And saw the cloudy grey skies
The skyscrapers, with windows hiding secrets
high, concealed by the tenebrous veil of fog
Their weathered rocks, dull, monochrome

It was a cold day indeed
Mist, melancholy, memories

Under the city-lights

Diagnosed with madness
Rebellion running through my veins
A tornado, churning inside me
I find comfort in my chaos
Sitting besides the cold window pane
My mind resides in another world
I want to disconnect, to breathe
To feel, to touch
To overdose on love
I want to scream, to shout
Stop fighting to control myself
It's too late now
my emotions are buried alive
My body stoic, like a weathered rock
Darkness unnerved me

Poems

So I became a shadow
power I desire
Failure I detest
I hate this world
But its all I have
lying is my craft
And deception my talent
with a reputation for impropriety
They point fingers at me,
Call me bad, the devil incarnate
But little do they know
Im a mirror, which reflects reality
I see what lies under their masks
I hear what happens behind shut doors
I feel what they hide, what they conceal
I smell the burnt whispers of the dark
Im alone, unloved,
But so are they

But why care for them
They who confined themselves
In this shiny yet bleak world of glass ceilings, shallow, specious
They who inherited a world built on the big broad iron bars of trust
But let that rust and wither away

This hell, this chaos, these glass ceilings
This is my home, my heaven, my paradise
Here the white knights rule
And the black pawns suffer and survive
Their outspoken soliloquies, shushed by the sound of gunshots
Here boys will be boys
and women are just tools and toys
To be used and abused
And left alone, stranded, sinking, suffering
Here price tags strangle the poor's necks
As the elite evaluate their stocks and shares
Here the weak try and shatter the glass ceiling
Only to see it reemerge

Poems

In this world
Happiness is an illusion, honesty a myth
fragile promises are broken
dreams exist, but so do nightmares
we're drugged by lies
then sobered by reality
were intoxicated by our thoughts,
Our feelings
We play twisted games, only to
break our own hearts
expectations are contagious
friendship is sporadic
Ours souls are mist and ours minds lost
Oblivious to the treats and thrills of life
We live rough days, rough nights
Like the gentle moonlight,
A part of us secreted, hidden
lying in the shadows

hope drifts away like a cloud of smoke
tonight, *I'm* drowning
You're drowning
We are drowning, in our own reality
where we're enslaved by our jobs
Imprisoned by our fears
plagued by our insecurities
Stained by our past mistakes
Where hope is just a prescription
And loneliness an addiction
where we're living while dying
Dying while living,
who can tell the difference
These are our lives and
This is our big bad world

Villanelle - Kiss of Death

You can persevere, you can survive (lies they tell me)
I couldn't, I wouldn't, I chose not to listen
the kiss of death, irresistible indeed, lures me, entraps me

Poems

I welcomed the moon speckled darkness, a luminous blue canopy
it embraced me as I rested in its arms of slumber and seclusion
the kiss of death, irresistible indeed, lures me, entraps me

I was drowning in potent pills, medication bills swarming rapidly
But I found a permanent remedy to this state of confusion
you can persevere, you can survive (lies they tell me)

the light exhausted me, I needed to escape, to feel free
to plunge into a pit of peaceful murk, like heaven's reflection,
the kiss of death, irresistible indeed, lures me, entraps me

The soft throbbing of my heart, it's going away slowly, steadily
forgetting time, forgiving life, a beautiful collision
you can persevere, you can survive (lies they tell me)

My mind sinking into silent fear, I'm sleeping, forever, finally
as I step outside the gates of hell, away my shadows run
you can persevere, you can survive (lies they tell me)
the kiss of death, irresistible indeed, lures me, entraps me