

Poetry Series

Hafza Ali
- poems -

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Hafza Ali(15/05/1998)

I am a student who is terribly fascinated with words and story writing. I am a beginner, it would be great if you read my poems, you could leave a bit of constructive comments. One day maybe I could have my own collection of poem but at the moment this is just a stepping stone.

17 year old female student, currently in college.

I have not done anything exceptional to write a biography yet but I am honest, caring and respectful.

My Darkest Hour

How hard it must to be pick all her damaged pieces without telling anyone how she felt.

Every night you flash across me, with that greasy, unforgiving smile that I would never forget. I remember your disgusting hands touching me, leaving trials I would never forgive on my body as I would be forever scraping till my body is six feet deep. I could never forgive. I was so hopeful. I was daisy you tarnished me and turned me into something I could never look at ever in my life. But everyone expects me to move on smile and forget everything what you did since they did not feel the torture, they do not want to hear about it every time. I could see it in their eyes what they are thinking 'darling it was your own fault' but there mouth are saying how sad and tragic it is. Yes! It is tragic. Tragically beautiful, if broken was an art, I would be a masterpiece, but it is not and no one wants something broken in case it destroys their perfect little life. But what do I do? I can't end this, I have to live through it every day and night, smiling through the pain that is destroying me inside. I can never look at my own family the same away ever again, because you destroyed their little daughter and took away their love for her, greedily without considering the aftermath.

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The Light That Shone Through

I think I spent a lifetime thinking about what happened, contemplating what to do next, how to 'get over it'. But that is the thing with pain, you cannot possibly get over it, it stays with you, sometimes you feel as if you should give up and live a mediocre life but darling you were destined for greatness, you can't and won't give up, you have to use your pain as a fuel so when all the motivation speeches don't work, when you don't think you could live another day, remember when you were down and out what you wished for and only then would you truly do anything you set your mind to. My pain which made me feel all alone, sad and suicidal is what is keeping me alive today and making me write these words, because every night has a day and every storm has a rainbow. You will see the line shine through the most extraordinary places my darling.

Hafza Ali