

Poetry Series

hurma eht
- poems -

Publication Date:

2018

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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A Beautiful Day

I looked around and thought
seeing all the places my eyes could spot.

The lake, the park even the ice cream stand
everything looked so in place and so planned

Maybe there is someone organizing all of this
that thought makes me feel so bliss

How a tiny seed turns into a majestic flower
and that same seed can turn into a tree as tall as a tower.

How the sun rises every day without delay
while I sit here watching the sun as I pray

The birds are chirping above me in the tree
as one flies away looking so careless and free

The scent of the fresh water I inhale
it calms me every time without a fail

I stand up as I see the suns' last ray
walking home with a painting of such a beautiful day.

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A Handful Of Diamonds

She had everything an ordinary could wish for
But she also had something within her, there was a hole

Wanting just a little more than the perfection in everything
Wanting just a little more of the sparkle and bling

A cozy bed she slept in, But didn't feel full
She wanted that something to make her feel as a whole

It wasn't money or even her private beach
It was something more precious, more out of reach

Something she couldn't get, something far away
She would sit there thinking about it, all day

Nothing would compare to achieving 'that'
No dress or shoes or even a fancy hat

No strolls, no walks and no morning runs
Not even a handful of diamonds

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A Mother's Lullaby

Like the persistent stars above
showering us with their love.
I hope my love keeps glowing within you
and may all your fantasies and aspirations come true
As all the lights turn off and everyone's of to bed
as you lie down, on my lap, and rest your head
Let your worries melt in the soft moonlights glow
just close your eyes and dream of a blossoming rose
I'll hold you here throughout the night
till the sun fuse with the moonlight
Then our room shall be filled with the suns golden ray
announcing the beginning of a brand new day.

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A Star And A Girl

Standing in this balcony looking into the jet black sky.
Looking through this tiny window, seeing diamonds glistening by.

Staring far and long, my body itching to fly.
Sitting here in this room, my throat feeling dry.

Inhaling the fresh breeze feeling so blessed.
This room suffocating me and so is this dress

A knock on the front door that must be the guests.
Random people greeting me. "Her name is Emily" I guess

Smiling faces, greetings and gifts.
Looking down at four more greeting lists.

Wishing this day would never reach the cliffs
I never knew so many fans could even exist

As I wave my last goodbye. "That's the last of today's plans"
thank god this day has come to its ends

Yet again I stand in my balcony looking at the star sitting in her Mercedes Benz
I look through my car window at a girl smiling at me like we were friends.

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An Unfinished Picture

Those days are gone
when we used to hold on

When there was joy
even when our eyes were filled with tears waiting to cry

For all I can remember
we even enjoyed the chilly nights of December

Smiling while we sipped our tea
when I held the lock and you held the key

We were two jigsaw pieces
waiting to be clicked into our places

But now I've gone missing
and, for awhile now, I've been drifting.

Into this deep dark sky far away into the distance
and now I've started questioning my existence

"waiting for you to come" I'm just an ambiguous wisher
cause without you I'm just an unfinished picture.

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Believe In Yourself

People will talk so let them
because only a few can discover the gem.

People will say things to hurt you
but feel sorry for them because if they only knew.

The amazing person inside waiting to get noticed by someone,
because no one is amongst the common.

You are incredible and so unique
so let them call you a nerd or a freak

Because they haven't been in your shoes to know
how it feels when you get thrown

So they can sit back and talk there heart out
but never let them make you doubt

The talents and magic that you contain
and how on the outside you look so plain.

So stop thinking you're too tall or look like an elf
just smile to the mirror today and believe in yourself.

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Blink Of An Eye

To see a world in a grain of sand
and heavens in a wild flower

To hold infinity in the palm of your hand
and eternity in an hour

Tell time to stop moving
and winds to halt

Tell someone they are amusing
that beauty is at fault

To love is to hate, to breath is to die
where destiny meets faith, in the blink of an eye.

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Still Alive

The feeling of not belonging surrounds me
this eats me slowly, inside and out

Why do people have to be so rough?
Why so blunt and rude?

Can't they see the change in my expressions
or are they trying to be blind

Can't they change their tone for me
or are they just not kind

No one knows what it feels like to be a complete worthless
no one knows how unwanted it feels when someone says "you can't"

But how do I change the perspective of all these innumerable people
they think I can't they think I won't they think I wouldn't be able to

I hate the feeling of being weak
but that all who I am

My insides are so bleak
my outsides just lame

My feelings are unnoticed
or maybe that's just my thinking

Maybe people do see them but just don't focus
on this "thing" that's just living

Trying to find an Escape from here
but where will it lead I do not know

Getting lost is my fear
but this fear I won't show

Because no one would notice it anyways
this world is too perfect for me

I wish those lights would also shower me with its rays
so I could be send to another world, so I could flee

But running away won't change me or my feelings
they might just increase them and intensify them

So ill just act like I'm perfectly fine, ill just keep cheating
no one will ever see the gem

Perfection will be my cover, to the bruised insides
so they can think that I'm still alive.

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