

Poetry Series

Aeysha Shaukat

- 5 poems -

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Aeysha Shaukat (04-09-1998)

Please bear with me, cause I don't write that good.
But do believe that every single word comes from the deepest core of the heart and is entirely real.

None of my work is fictional, believe it or not.

Hope you read with the same tender, love and passion as put into writing them... and comprehend! Unlike the unfortunate for whom I wrote all this.

Note: (It's about the last line)

This happened about two days ago. My beloved actually claimed that she didn't understand my latest poem, 'Pain, If I Could Forget Again' when I showed it to her. However, to keep my heart she did say that it was amazing and all.

And, I still can't believe it. She said that all of them are really difficult and she normally didn't understand poems at all until they were explained to her because they are deep.

Of all the years of holding on to her, I finally broke down that day. It would definitely have hurt a lot less if she literally stabbed my heart with knives, then to kill me with her words.

Later on, she asked me to describe the main idea to her. I couldn't! Because I already died expressing my thoughts into the poems, and now I had to explain them to her too? So I simply denied doing that, and told her maybe some other day.

After some time of her whining and my denying, although I hated to argue with her, we agreed on letting me give my poem to her once more and then she'll read it carefully and tell me the main idea. For her assistance, I wrote all the meanings and some explanation on the poem also and gave it to her and told her that you don't have to return the poem, you may as well keep it, after all, it was for you...

Well, if you are reading this, (cause I wrote the website on the poem I gave you) although I know that you don't have the time to, You can consider all of this true if you want, at least because it is, or at least say something about my poem. But please don't say anything to me, or anyone about all of this, cause I might deny it.

A Lovers Journal

In the dark night; the stars, they shine
Oh I wished that you were mine
The moon is blooming in the dark
Now my love-history, at last
The sky is masked with dark clouds
I shouldn't write my thoughts out loud
You were the one who made my day
For you my heart I had to slay
But now the ardor-turned to hate
Now I don't know what to say
The deep and earnest feelings inside
Are put to rest, or left to die
Our car broke down in the middle of the street
I hope your here for me to meet
The hope you gave me every time I met you,
Isn't there anymore in me for you
You still haunt my dreams on nights
Making fairytales before my own sight
You taught me the basis of life and enjoying it
Thanks are not enough for what you did
I loved you like the children and the rain
I loved you my love, loved you the same
It isn't right to feel this way
But now my emotions will make my way
Even when they lead to inferences of sorrow
Oh I just don't feel the same
I don't get what's in your game
Every time I see your sparkling eyes
My heart starts to melt like ice
With a stare, oh a skill you have
I feel my soul pouring out
My heart aches, I'm lost in your world
You don't belong with her I shout
I love you, my beloved
I wished you'd love me too
I'm afraid is that too much to ask?
But this dream won't come true
Unrequited love, enough to send
To an ideal, an angel, a mentor, a friend
And all the refusals are left to mend
Our love, before a start, has come to an end.

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Epiphanal Paradigm Shifts

Now and then I think, adhere
This rancorous world forever, here
All and sundry enters, parts
Pleasure is their goal, Alas!
Approach, perceive the lore of sole
Diminutive yearning, as a whole
Craved for something, never done
All the solidest wrangles, won
Then and there she was a mess
She learned to jerk off as the rest
She had a stature, very small
Not so scraggy, not so tall
Many peeved at her age
Couldn't they see their flawless gaffe?
Let's hear the lassies' melancholy strain;

Once a dream, fantasy indeed!
We sat beneath a merry tree
I handed my book of life to her
She withdrew something from her purse
With a pen, "Intent of I! " she wrote
I want you to keep me ever near
To you my life, I bestow
To me than soul, you are dear
"Please tell? I want to know."
Why so lifeless, you appear?
Thy always seem betrothed in you
Is something skewed? Do you hear?
Fantasy drained, all in vain
On my couch, I had lain
Ah! Said I, seeing it no more
I stroke my eyes, being sore

Once, waiting by my college gate
For van to come, like any other day
I heard a voice, calling out
A familiar sound! Who must be around?
"Get aside! Or shall I shout? "
O my love! Pleased to meet
A poem I wrote! A poem to thee
Please get back, I have to leave
My birthday's coming, Tuesday next week!
I opened, finally, my lips to speak
She left my heart, while I hoped
Words escaped, as I spoke
That she would keep me ever near

Our behavior may seem like they're strange
But that's just how, my friends have changed
Now we seem to rarely meet
Just a flash, cause you're never free
Strangers once more, strangers are we!

Every moment we spent, every second of glee
Those scars you left those marks so deep
Those words, you said, those tales you told
Those ambitions in our eyes, those fires in our souls
Now, by fate, we shall never meet
So all those memories are mine to keep

People may call me insane
But I am not the one to blame
A perfect start, a rainy end
How would ever my agonies mend?
The decision of mine is last, indeed!
A crush too, must have some needs
She's your fellow, who am I?
For all you care, you wish I'd die
The war of truth, insanity lies
The two of us, in a hall
May these memories break, or fall
All your pleas killed me, abhor
A former love, a love, no more
Perchance she deserved more to start
When all my wails, regarded, not
Say hello, wave goodbye
To the love that left you to die!

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Old Ideal

Hey! You were an ideal of mine
When you were smart, sincere and kind
But when you joined, the crowd of jerks
I thought I joined, a street circus
I'm glad to learn a lot from you
But sad that you became, so cool
It didn't change a thing, which already, you had
I just think what you did, was bad
You joined them, and gave up those
Who could've been yours, and fun, and all
You entered line of coolers list
And left my old 'Ideal List'
I'd just say, the thing you did
Cost you your title, 'Ideal Miss'
To someone who yet, valued none
Was a friend, or a rejected pun
You never know, the cause of those
Who change their colors, they come and go
Hey! You were an ideal of mine
When were you smart, sincere and kind?
Now, you are valued as someone in me
like an old ideal, or a fragment, maybe

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Pain, If I Could Forget Again

Now I'm writing on this page again
Completing the tale my heart began
I try my best not to cry
Letting it all go with a sigh
A part of me says; we're done, Alas!
A part of me says don't sweat relax
The love I received by that pain
Pain, if I could forget again
I was a cage, a Gnome in your lawn
Nothing but a blockage in your path
Now you can go as you have won
I'll allow you and your love to pass
You're tugging at my heart, please stop
Haven't I done everything I can?
You're always busy, we never talk
Don't continue the story, which never ends
Three years, I've had a crush, since then
Last year was when the curse had fell
When I talk to you, I don't feel the ground
If anyone disturbs it, I can't help but frown
When you smile at me, I can always say
You're absent-mindedly making my day
And guess what, you got me
I wish in person I could say
For once might aching leave my soul
Without my feelings gone astray
'Sorry for the late reply'
Did I make you cry?
No more does it matter
You were just sly
Cause you already did
The care and love, someday you'd need
You never knew, you never did
What's more than this, left in me
Pain, as if I'd forget again

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Without Words

You in my life, with or without, is the same
Exhilarating the past, the future with fame

We met and you said you were fine
I was as fortunate as a peasant with a dime

The peasants' dime, it did not last
Instead it took the peasant, Aghast!

Turns out the dime had worn a curse
Writhing the touch which held her purse

Matchmakers were there in the town
To crush the cursed into the ground

There were two scarecrows in the field
There was one weapon, there were no shields

The last war for my heart to fight
Of hanging on without a right

The fight began, with full uphold
Results decided, but left untold

No one won! My heart began,
Unrequited love-too much to lend

We'll always see our love behind
Glistening ends and wearing declines

At her last gasp, she spoke to me
My love for all.. Your love for me?

An alliance without a friend
A wisp without a bid
A teardrop without a tear
An end without a shear

The crack fabricated in my heart
It wasn't made to mend
But now it's whole with the ignorance of
Misconceptions which lead to end

In fact it wasn't profanity
It was love after all,
A kind that's been unknown to me
Without words, it was a realm. Applause!

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