Poetry Series

Alima Iskakova

- 4 poems -

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Beautiful And Strong Woman

Strong woman is about to loose a hope
She doesn't want to go by the slope
She needs a straight direction
Having that life protection

She is happy of having sweetheart
He is growing up very smart
Everyone loves him
Baby's mind is creative art

Her house is full of music art
However she doesn't want her soul to fall apart
She needs a strength, support
In few days
She has to go to the airport

Her soul is about to break
Hey, my sister
Please awake

I want to see your happy face
I know that you go through the staircase
I will ask an angel to pray
Inchallah we will be there
On that beautiful and nice bay

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Souls tears

The face is smiling
The soul is crying
I feel like
I'm dying
To die is better
Nothing is matter
No pain
During this rain

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The Distance

I'm here
You're there
There are miles
It's not fair
There is hope
I can see
There is trust
You and me, to me.
Somebody told me there are rules,
But there are not
If you follow your heart
And keep your mind there
In that piece of paper,
Square, of three or four,
Who knows maybe more?

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To be Me or not to be

I wake up in a morning
Do the same job
My life is a warning
Stay away from the bridge

The nights are now longer
And the days are shorter
As it used to be
Or is it seems just for me?

The Sky is my home
Which I don't have
Is it syndrome
I don't wanna fall

I'm no longer strong
I can no longer fight
It takes so long
I'm falling apart

The girl stands by the mirror
Who is she? Me or She?
I don't know her
Who is going she to be?

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