Poetry Series

Ayesha iSha

- poems -

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Ayesha iSha

I am new in the arena of poetry. Comments on my work are welcome.

Thank you!

A feeling

I am alone
Flustered
Helpless
Trapped in the box
Behind the walls
In the well
Under water
Suffocated
Dying second by second

Ayesha iSha

Cremation of memories

Today
I burnt
All the gifts
Love notes
Greeting cards
Everything
That smelt of him

Ayesha iSha

Don't wait for me

I am as far as the star in the sky
Don’t wait for me

Forget me like an unfinished story
That would have no happy ending

If you desire the peace of mind
Don’t enliven the world of
Your thoughts with my memory

Ayesha iSha

Emotional Avalanche

All the love for you
And every bit of trust in you
My friend…
Has been frozen in time
How can you expect me to be alive?
And well after that emotional avalanche
Don’t look at me with hopeful eyes
And don’t exhume the old memories
For I am not yours anymore…

Ayesha iSha

I am in love

I am in love
With life
Life - sometimes easy - sometimes rough

I am in love
With the idea of him and me
Together, bonded, close and happy

I am in love
With rain
Caressing my face with tender drops

I am in love
With spring and birds
Flowers and the subtle scents

I am in love
With myself and the moment
When he calls me narcissist

Ayesha iSha

Loneliness

The fire of loneliness
Burns my every single pore

Consumes my soul
Minute by minute

Ayesha iSha

Lost

That face has been faded
In the ebbs of time

That name has been lost
In the tides of life

But those words of passion
Would echo in my mind
Forever!

Ayesha iSha

Lyrical Journey

Dark circles under her eyes tells
The story of many sleepless nights

Anna takes her mama’s knife
She says she's sick of everything around

One wider cut
One more scar on her forearm…
She bleeds and seeks redemption from suffering

Angel of hope flutters
Oh look around… stars; moon and sun all are yours

She's unmoved and says,
Go, go, go away…
Because life is nothing but a lyrical journey
A long, bizarre and tiring journey

He was a sweetheart,
Someone she counted on
But he said he isn’t ready yet
The price of love is excruciating memories
Lingering, sticking, ashen memories

Anna takes her mama’s smokes
She says she's sick of everything around

One deeper drag
One more cigarette between her dry lips
She puffs and seeks redemption from suffering

Because life is nothing but a lyrical journey
A long, bizarre and tiring journey

She hears the ghosts
Dancing, tapping and teasing ghosts
She locks herself up in the closet
Tears falling, trembling…
Mama, mama… mama I wish I were you

Because life is nothing but a lyrical journey
A long, bizarre and tiring journey

Another afternoon, another lame beginning
In theater she watches her favorite hero
Romancing the beautiful… beautiful girls
The images dwindles in her mind
Like fog enwraps cities, pastures and jungles

Anna takes her mama’s keys and drives out of the town
She says she's sick of everything around

One longer drive
One more track on the stereo
She listens and seeks redemption from suffering

Because life is nothing but a lyrical journey
A long, bizarre and tiring journey

Ayesha iSha

Mirage

Walking in the desert
Barefooted on the
Sizzling sand

Eyes burn
Mind is hazy

I look but don’t see
And what I see
I don’t want

Heart says
Keep moving
Don’t stop…

Soon you’ll pass through the mirage
The destination is right across it…

Ayesha iSha

Mother

I can feel her in the warmth of the bed
In the creases of the sheets
I can feel her lips on my cheeks
Her hand enwrapped around me giving
Unexplainable strength and love
I can hear her elegant footsteps on the driveway
I can see her enjoying each morsel of her meal
Her feeling resides within me
I miss her…
It is Sunday again!

Ayesha iSha

Musing

Sitting on the rusty bench
In the solitary corner of the vast park

A quivering wish on my lips
In the late November afternoon

My soul drifted
In the memories
Totally drenching me
With your sweet thoughts…

Ayesha iSha

Nathiagali

Nathiagali’s cold

The drizzle

A long walk down the road

Your splendid company

And the hot coffee cup

We had lived

A thousand lives that day

Ayesha iSha

Pain

The pain of separation
Has frozen like an ice
On the mountain top

Only the tender
Feelings of love
Would melt it

Ayesha iSha

Porcelain Doll

Last evening Anna went out crying
She walked round and round
Talking to silhouettes
Looked up and said,
Oh Lord, I am sick n tired
Why I have to be so undesired?

I think of her and toss and turn all night
Her mama broke my porcelain doll

Anna said acceptance comes with time
Oh, I say it comes from within
You are my heart's delight but I don't wanna rob the cradle… I really don't want to

I think of her and toss and turn all night
Her mama broke my porcelain doll

She said, I am leaving for Hilliard tomorrow,
I said can I come?
She said, No, but let's share one last cigarette,
Take me for a long ride
And sing our favorite song

I drove her around the town
She laughed like a child,
Pretending to be happy
Until tears came rolling down her eyes

But I knew
I knew she was pricked and wounded deep inside

I think of her and toss and turn all night
Her mama broke my porcelain doll

I shudder, my hand trembles
The nib of my new fountain pen breaks
I can't think
I can't write
I can't sleep
Her words echo in my mind
She said, we chase each other like day and night
That can never meet
And that's what mama says

I think of her and toss and turn all night
Her mama broke my porcelain doll

I wonder
Why?
Why?
Why?
Her mama broke my… porcelain doll

Ayesha iSha

Some Nights

Some nights are
Dry and empty
Like a desert
Deprived of refreshing rain

Some nights are
When you don’t see dreams
But keep counting stars

Some nights are such
When creativity is on its high
But it takes away
The much needed sleep!

Ayesha iSha

Stranger

I only have thoughts

That become words

Scattered like the countless coins on the floor of a shrine

The words that clink and make soul stirring sounds

The words when mingled together

Paint a picture that completes me

That’s the world inside me

That’s the identity I can relate to

Ayesha iSha

Sunday

When my eyes are heavy
And I can’t sleep
I know its Sunday

When my heart weeps
And eyes are dry
I know its Sunday

When my mind drifts in the past
And I struggle to stay in present
I know its Sunday

When only one image sways
No matter I open or shut my eyes
I know its Sunday

Ayesha iSha

The night

The night is
Still
So empty
So insecure

Yesterday I was mad…
Today suffering from
The missing pangs

Look up girl!
Look ahead!
Don’t dwell on the past

Move on…
This is life!

Ayesha iSha

The room

Remember the room

Where you would

Work endlessly

Watching us play outside

On the gravel

In the dust

Shouting

Running

Disturbing

That room is

Enliven with your memories and thoughts…

Ayesha iSha

The Writer

I was abandoned

Shattered

Clueless

Tormented

You held my hand

Revealed the truth

Liberated me from pain

I was stuck in the

Labyrinth of words

In the quagmire of thoughts

You gave me direction

Paving the way

For the writer within me

Ayesha iSha

When you are not around

When you are not around
I feel like a queen
Who has been forced to
Abdicate her throne

The day drags
The night becomes longer
My thoughts encircle your thoughts
I talk with you in my mind

I laugh empty laughs
I find reasons to cry
The food seems bland
The company of others bore

When you are not around
I am not me
Like I am left alone
In the wilderness
I burn and yearn
I simply miss ‘us’ – you and me
When you are not around

Ayesha iSha

Why?

Why did you come into my life?
Knocking
Begging
Requesting

Why did I allow you?
Knowing
Knowing
Knowing

This time there are
Fewer questions
But
More pain

Ayesha iSha

Writer's block

Mind is

Chained
Trapped
Confined

Out of focus
Like the lens of a broken camera

Thoughts
Run astray

Words elusive
Sentences are fragmented

I can’t think
I can’t see
I can’t write

Oh! The deluge of words
Come drown me
Sweep me away

Ayesha iSha

Your eyes

Your eyes are
Dazzling as sunlight
The light that defeats the darkness

Your eyes spread hope
The hope that eases off
The pain of the dying person

Your eyes bring joy
The joy that makes a
Lamenting person forget all worries

Your eyes are life
The life everyone yearns for

Your eyes… are pure and honest

Ayesha iSha

Your heart

Your heart is
An ocean of joy
That absorbs every pain…
And spread the light
Of life
Hope
And strength

Ayesha iSha

Your voice

Your voice is like a symphony
Like a cool whiff of air in the desert
It sounds as sweet as
The pattering of raindrops
On the tin roof at night

Ayesha iSha