Poetry Series

Ghayas Sayyed

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Publication Date:

September 2013

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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The Faded Dreams

The dreams The dreams The dreams

How natural I were sight, before You.
Catching days from nights, before you
Mercy thyself from fights, before You.
Peace in stones-tights, before you.

The dreams The dreams The dreams

Nightingale often smile□, before you.
Grannny tell tale-long file, before you.
To me the thorn never vile, before you.
Never asked walls for stile, before you.

The dreams The dreams The dreams

Never though I slow, I ride, before you.
Risk fell to face, though I never aside, before you.
Dauntless though I in dark none beside, before you.
Dazzle my thoughts ever taken sun's pride, before you.
The dreams The dreams The dreams

Break Break Break
So mimic I site, off you.
To dawn I sinking nights, off you.
Foe to thyself crumble heights, off you.
Fidget in bed though flowers lights, off you.

Break Break Break
Fie nightingale ever guile of smile, off you.
Pain of granny's tale file now compile, off you.
Present though feather hurting awhile, off you.
Pedestrian I, often puzzled no left agile, off you.

Break Break Break
No swiftness found, ever though I ride, off you.
Destitution survive for me no longer abide, off you.
Awful also to now shadow my reside, off you.
Dull my views no dawn pride, off you.
Break Break Break

Ghyas Sayyed 'Rawzner' 14th may 2013

Ghayas Sayyed