Poetry Series

joana bluementhal

- poems -

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A charred delight

The flame rips her way through dark,
brightening the sullen air with her spark.
All acclaim her dazzling light,
the fire an emblem of passion and might.

Onlookers conceive her as such a 'delight',
unmindful of her 'tearful' sight.
Oblivious to her discomfort,
so blind to her anguished state.

Awed and stunned by her elegant frame,
they call her by the finest name.
Slowly and silently the silhouette melts,
the thawing beauty remains undwelt.

She lights up the world and burns within,
she stifles and gulps under griefs unseen.
A joy she spreads, a hope she brings,
concealing her woes a candle blinks.

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Cursed I am..

Cursed I am,
into melancholy and gloom.
Cursed I am,
and I dont know whom to blame.
Cursed I am,
I try to reach out for help.
Cursed I am,
and even my fate has betrayed.
Cursed I am,
life is hell in disguise.
Cursed I am,
and my grief has thrived.
Cursed I am,
that even death is so far.
Cursed I am,
and now I know it for sure.

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Endless Night

Wasn't it just yesterday?
hands in hands we walked our way.
But today you are nowhere in sight,
to tell me that everything is just alright.

Your voice like music rings in my ear,
your face in my mind is still crystal clear.
Your memories make me smile in my dreams,
though soon they turn into sobs and screams.

Only little while ago we were so near,
with you by my side there was nothing to fear.
My heart is full of grief and shame,
Life itself is death it seems.

You left me and went so far away,
there was hardly anything that I could say.
Everything between us was a second's delight.
What remains behind is just endless nights....

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Farewell

Today I step into a new world,
old memories to you I bid farewell.
Today I come out of my shell,
hidden pain and dismal thoughts farewell.
Today a fresh hope I have felt,
to you unfulfilled dreams farewell.
Today I am born new you can tell,
my past to you I bid farewell.

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I dare to dream!

The agony deep inside me fumes,
as darkness around me looms.
My world is crumbled as it seems,
and yet I dare to dream.

I stand and gape, find no escape,
and soon despair eclipse.
Though dented is my self-esteem,
but still I dare to dream.

No friend approach and hold my hand,
forthcoming is my abyssmal end.
Desparately I gather my shattered hopes,
then why do dare to dream?

I weep and pray all through the night,
I call you Jesus with all my might.
My heart is swollen upto the brim,
Oh! still I dare to dream.

Ceaseless though my grief appears,
for me my God is always there.
One day I know I will cross the streams,
and so I dare to dream.

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I hope this life wasn't mine!

I am trying to push my tears aside,
praying to Him, for sorrows to divide.
Frantically I am searching for a shade,
though all I see is a razor blade.
Tortured, crippled, dragged into gloom,
life is no more than a shattered dream.
Papa's angel, Mama's darling,
now a broken verse which noone can sing.

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I live in the hope of death!

Death is my saviour,
and it will someday come to me.
It will lead away from grief,
and will set me free.

With death by my side,
there will be no tear.
No pain, no despair,
and nothing more to fear.

Death's cold hand,
will put off every fire.
No sorrows will await,
there will be joy forever.

Death like a mother,
will hold me in embrace.
It will come to my aid,
when there's nothing left to face.

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Me!

Many times I am in a bubbly mood,
daring and sportive as anyone could.
I sing and dance and somersault,
laugh and play at my own fault.
The whole world then seems to be mine,
oh! when I am on cloud 9.

But when I am immersed in gloom,
hopelessness and melancholy fill the the room.
Depressed and desolate I am in a crowd,
all kindness and love seems to be fraud.
I frantically search but find no clue,
oh! when I am in blues.

They say its tough to know me full,
though good I am, I can turn evil.
I say don't go by my mood swing,
Its only a phase which won't stay long.
I am your friend seeking love and care,
and hoping that you will always be there.

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One moment of a lifetime..

One moment consumed leisurely in vain,
one moment of misery and of pain.
One moment of caress, one moment of assault,
one moment to perceive and amend my fault.

One moment that stands an era above,
one moment that made us fall in love.
One moment of wreck, one moment forlorn,
one moment of parting left me all alone.

One moment of kinship that held us close,
one moment of severance that i loathe.
One moment of warmth and boundless love,
one moment that shattered all bonds of trust.

One moment of dreams and unborn hopes,
one moment of fancied visions to cope.
One moment of despair and solitude,
one moment that shook my life from roots.

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Platonic Love.

I still remember the evening we first met,
my heart missed a beat as he began to speak.
By his charm and radiance I was truely enchanted,
my heart wanted to confess but I was too meek.

We became friends and shared our views,
and nearer to him I seemed to drew.
'Crush' said many and forgot it in laughs,
'True Love it was' believed only a few.

Everything was perfect but gray clouds soon gathered,
when on the 'doomsday' I found he loved this girl.
He asked for my opinion as I stood there shattered,
I tried my best but my heart began to swell.

I loved him, I loved him
but I had to let him go.
I renounced my happiness, my world for him,
'True Love it was' let the world now know.

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Poverty

One noon when others were taking a nap,
Litttle Susan lay on her mother's lap.
The toddler held her rag doll near.
as her mummy sat brushing her hair.

Hesitatingly she asked -' Oh! mumma dear,
why do you think God made us poor? '
The mother stared at her for a while,
and then replied with a warm smile-

'God made us poor 'cause he loved us most,
He made us poor and kept us close.
He deprived us of food and clothings even,
but blessed us and gave us the kingdom of heaven.'

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Song of Life!

Books and wisdom to a scholar
Paints and canvas to a painter
Money and wealth to a miser
Kindness and alms to a beggar
The joy of her child to a mother
The country and the battle to a soldier
Blind faith and duty to follower
Dreams and reveries to a dreamer
The vast sky above to a wanderer
Or tears and verses of a writer
Life is simply the best teacher
To feel the grace of a creator!

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The joy of small things.

With the bloom of flowers,
the happiness showers.
The babble of kids,
Oh! what joy it brings.

Twinkly stars at night,
make my day more bright.
Merrier seems my mood,
with echo of the wind.

As we move our way,
life entangles everyday.
We toil and toil,
yet tougher days seem.

But through snag and haste,
I have found a way.
To smile and sing,
and see beauty in small things.

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the search for GOD

I searched for you in every holy place,
looked for you in every holy text.
The power that has always been there,
but failed to find you anywhere.

I closed my eyes and listened to my heart,
asked myself as to where is god?
'You love me, why are you away then?
an 'inner voice' soon replied-

'I am there you see, i have always been,
I am the support on which you always lean.'
'Where GOD, where', I asked, growing insane,
'Who do you think are your parents then? '

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untitled

Everything around me seemed so dull and grey,
the reason for my being seemed out of way.
There are times when u simply can't bear it anymore,
and then even the most beautiful creation seems to be in despair.

I reposed to my crouch in a spirit that was low,
and tried to see hope but everything seemed hollow.
I cried and cried till i could cry nomore,
for my heart was to heavy to carry it anymore.

Before I knew, I fell into a deep slumber,
I was soon standing in a world full of wonder.
The people around seemed so expressionless and pale,
It seemed to me that they were devoid of any life.

And soon I was disgusted as I couldn't stand it any further,
To everyone else, I should have been the happiest rather.
Everything was perfect but was so bizzare,
I was so suffocated that I woke up with a startle.

I soon saw a realization sink in me,
that without distress, happiness was so incomplete.
In the absence of evil, good couldnot be worshipped,
there could be no spark of hope, unless one had been truly despaired.

We have got to live inspite of all odds,
we have got to fight back when things go wrong.
And when the world around seems to have come to an end,
that is when the game has truly begun.

Joana Bluememthal.

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