Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Don’t do this to me it hurts

Dedicated to Rahul

'Don’t do this to me
It hurts…
It really hurts! ”

He never seemed to listen
empty words, empty promises
love unrequited says it all…

He says, he understands
what I go through
I doubt, he does
insensitive, indifferent
callous, sadistic –
descriptions of him
I wish, I knew
“love is blind”
they say, it is true!

More than a year
of being in love…
make me 'God'
get over him
enough of pain,
longing, loneliness...
give me a life
without him,
make me forgive
and forget him!

shreyoushi patel

Is it pleasure or sin?

Dedicated to Rahul

The Touch of my Bosom
On your Chest,
I'll wait for the day
When East meets West.

The Feel of my Fingers
On your Face,
Making Love
In a lilting pace…

My Lips on your Mouth
Suckling Slow,
As if they have
Nowhere to go…!

My Hands on your Arms
Sliding through
Panting to glide
All over you…

My Smell and your Sweat
Mingling in…
For us to feel
The passion within

Your Body, A Paper
My Passion, A Poetry
With Love I Write,
How You Fulfill Me…

You spurt out
And I give in
Tell Me, My Love
Is it pleasure or sin?

shreyoushi patel

Life

Have you ever wondered
Why life's dealt you such a difficult hand?
In those dark nights, lying alone in your bed,
With no one to comfort you, no one to listen...

You wake up to a dank rainy morning,
The very sky condemns you.
Will the sun ever break through the clouds?
Will that storm in your heart ever lessen?

But then you realize that everyone else
Walks through that same storm.
And those storm clouds above you don't look
so threatening anymore.

Will you wake up and breathe,
Let the rainfall pour down onto your face.
And wait for the day
When you feel the sun's warm golden embrace.

So just wait and live.
So just wait and learn.
So just wait and see the love of those around you.

So just wait and stand.
So just wait and be.
So just wait...for me...to find you.

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What do i call this?

What do I call this?
How do I rename this thing that never had a name
I don't know why but anytime I find you near me
I feel you love me
What do I call this?
Anytime I listen a word from your mouth
I feel I was always waiting to hear those words
And I always interpret them as you are saying to me
That you love me
What do I call this?
Anytime I look in to your eyes
I try to search gleam of love for me
I think sometimes I find that gleam
And sometimes I don't know what's that gleam is
What do I call this?
Anytime anyone says that you love anybody else
I don't give him a hearing
What do I call this?
Anytime I find you in trouble
I myself feel crippled
What do I call this?
Do I love you or do you love me (question marks)
What do I call this?
And after writing all these things i feel you don't love me
But it's me that love you
What do I call this?
I hope you give a name to this unknown thing
Before I find my steps too fast towards a mirage

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You will find a way

You'll find a way,
When there's no other means to explore,
Except but your hopes,
And some faith in yourself,
That you can reach your goal.
You'll find a way,
Even after the dead end,
But for the crowd following you,
You'd carve a Pathway.
Don't ever feel you are alone,
You'll always find,
Someone beside you,
Caressing with the words,
'You'll find a way..! '

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