

Poetry Series

Aneena Elza Binod
- poems -



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Aneena Elza Binod()

Aneena Elza Binod is a twenty-one-year-old writer who is on insane writing streaks sometimes and suffers from writer's block for long periods of time at other times. In her spare time, she plays chess or tries new recipes. She has a love for unconventional fashion. She lives in Kerala, India.

<https://www.writerscafe.org/writing/aneenaelzabinod/2773054/><https://www.wattpad.com/story/245532022-%27faye%27rytale>

<https://www.wattpad.com/story/245532022-%27faye%27rytale>

<https://aneenaelzabinod.blogspot.com/>

<https://www.yourquote.in/aneena-elza-binod-cqhfp/quotes>

<http://fiftywordstories.com/2021/03/23/aneena-elza-binod-a-fortunate-death/>



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Yesterday.

Wasn't it yesterday that she was in their garden
watering the roses, looking every bit golden ...?
Wasn't it yesterday that she made him his favorite soup
as it rained cats and dogs in an unending loop ...?
Wasn't it yesterday that she walked hand in hand
with him in their couple mittens, all unplanned ...?
Wasn't it yesterday that she wore the tangerine dress,
that he disliked, yet loved for it was her in it nonetheless ...?
Wasn't it yesterday ...?

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The Future.

To the weird kid who felt no sadness
on the last day of school, "It's madness",
they said with a pinch of resent.
But did they know of the dent
in his heart that would never heal fully,
of the pain inflicted by the evil bully,
of the snide remarks that left him feeble,
of the broken self-esteem that's unreconstructible,
of the betrayal of his own loved ones that broke him,
of the ache in his heart that turned his smile dim ...?
The future, he awaited, in anticipation,
trying to avoid a fixed predisposition
to hate everyone and everything.

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The Hope Drop

Like a caterpillar hoping to turn into a butterfly someday,
Like a snowflake hoping to land on a happy child's palm,
Like a ray of sunshine hoping to brighten up someone's day,
Like a rose flower hoping to be the reason someone smiles,
Like a morning dewdrop hoping to cling onto a blade of grass,
She keeps hoping for something you'll never know.

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Existential Crisis.

Quite a happening person he was
on social media and free of a pause.
Fit almost every aesthetic in full regalia.
Yet, he lacked the required paraphernalia
to deal with the confusing panoply of questions
in his head in spite of the plethora of suggestions
from people he liked and people he despised,
who thought their unsolicited opinions were prized.
"Is free will an illusion like the effect of caffeine?
Perhaps we're simply cogs in a greater machine.
Who decided what's right and what's wrong?
What is the purpose of a life so long?
Am I just jobless and bored that I'm in this crisis?
A crisis as difficult as the word pneumoconiosis.
Or is it the outcome of an instigating event?
But do I really have to be so discontent?
Isn't happiness a right to every living human being?
Or is it a privilege, reserved only for the succeeding? "
The endless ramblings of your mind ceaselessly continue.
Sometimes intrinsic, sometimes extrinsic, but within you
lies the answers to it all.

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Veiled

Been waiting ages for her bubble to get bigger,
Eagerly, she hopes as she sees a smile flicker,
Magic in those pair of eyes she saw,
Yearned for more of it as she melted in awe,
Benign was his demeanor,
Unerring were the instincts of the dreamer,
Behold, sparks fly like electricity,
Belief, unwavering, in its divinity,
Led the lost soul to euphoria,
Embraced at last the beauty of her dysphoria.

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Slumberless.

Seeped into her system like malice,
Making it hard for her to dismiss,
Entwined in each other's arms
Lay coffee and cigar,
Plotting to tear her apart
From the love of her life.

The blues and the booze,
Joined forces,
And stabbed from the back.
Soaked in stress and mess,
No longer did she look
The ravishing lady she was.

Didn't take sleep a minute
To desert her like he never knew her.
Tossed and turned all night,
Trying to fall asleep with all her might.
Through her veins, she felt the pain,
And all efforts went down the drain.

Forever was he gone,
Or so she thought.
The minute she ditched the snakes,
In disguise of coffee, cigar, blues and booze
Running back, he came
With open arms to embrace her.

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Golden Zucchini.

Amber and hazel swirled into each other
Like a tornado of blinding iridescence
To forge a gaze as tranquil as the setting sun
In the unfathomable sea, facing her kitchen.
Fluttered her lashes to mimic the darkening sky
That was as dark as the unfeeling souls
Of the ones who forsook her in desperate times.
Breathed in the aroma of the brewing coffee
That was stronger than her unbendable will.

Savored the zephyr like a gourmet,
For the ocean air was as good a painkiller
As any pill her doc prescribed.
Basked in the glory of the magic hour
Before her last rays of hope dipped
Beneath the horizon to turn her
Into a mere silhouette in the sundown.
Bounced her raven tresses that mirrored
The waves, as she ran barefoot on the sand.

Raced the north wind like a pro athlete
Only to stumble, gasping for breath.
Heart-wrenching were her circs,
Agonizing was her past, yet, she rose
Like a phoenix from the ashes,
As time stood still for a nanosecond.
Back into her kitchen she went to sauté
Golden zucchini of the shade her eyes turned
As sorrow crept in like an unwelcome guest.

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Into The Wild Blue Yonder.

Hardly a clue was revealed,
On how blue she felt,
Until they stumbled upon
Her lifeless grotesque body.
The girl who embodied life,
In ways beyond your fancies,
Lay as dead as a dodo.

Tears were shed
By kith and kin,
Fears were fed
To girls her age.
While her mom bled,
Her sib consoled
Privy to the fact she's dead.

Little did she ponder,
Before wending her way,
Into the wild blue yonder,
So as to mending her gray,
Dreary query.
Why am I alive?
Only to survive?

Perfect was her life,
Wrecked was her strife
With her own inner voice,
Had no reason to rejoice,
'cause it was her own choice
To stay melancholy,
Though things were jolly.

Sparring to come to terms
With the stupefying truth
That she no longer
Was stronger than the bitter words
Of her bullies,
The warrior gave up the battle
Only to let evil triumph.

Thus, came the end of the fairytale,
Way before the princess wanted it to,
A millisecond of idiocy,
Shattered her kingdom
Into a gazillion tiny pieces.
And there came no dark-haired prince
To save the damsel in distress.

As her soul hovered over the body,
Regret brimmed the air,
And exploded in a bolt of lightning,
If only I could turn back time...
As realization struck others like her,
The soul was at peace for it was a lear,
And it pelted down.

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Two, Seven Or Even A Thousand.

Theme: As the dark-haired prince dived into the depths of the ocean to save the drowning young maiden, he was hit by the emotional charge of a déjà vu. He stopped for a second underwater as a series of images flashed across his mind, only to snap out of it immediately and make his way towards the damsel in distress. As he grabbed her long, luscious locks and wrapped his arm around her neck to pull her to the surface, their eyes interlocked. The magnetic force of attraction between them in that instant was intense. A gazillion thoughts condensed into a moment and time stood still. His strong arms pulled her up to the surface and into his boat. She coughed and spluttered and laid there in exhaustion.

Azure skies of the oceanside

Tinted with hues of iron oxide

Hypnotized the damsel in distress,

Obscured by her emotional fortress.

Uneasy was her aura.

Still, she said no sayonara.

As she sat on the boat by her savior's side,

Nonchalant despite the dangerous tide,

Defying every unbreakable rule of hers,

Yearned to be another one of his amours.

Earned his adoration in a snap,

And hoped he'd be enamored mayhap.

Right from the bosom of her heart,

She felt a craving to make art,

Almost an innate desire to create

Not to say, her longing to mate.

Dawned on her, harsh truths, slowly,

All the voices in her head echoed hollowly.

The man will never be hers for

He was already sworn to another.

Oh, but she wished to the core.

Unloving was hard but her mother

So saddened would be, at her daughter's
Appalling exploration of dangerous waters.
Not a soul got her like he did.
Directly, to her heart he slid.

Methinks the universe would make it happen
Or else, the entirety of her being would darken,
Reassuring her forbidden love, the girl
Embellished their bond with a pearl -

'For you, I would wait even a thousand lifetimes.'

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