

Poetry Series

bala .mv
- poems -

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Hollow Whisper

At an arms length, shimmeringly rests,
A taled famed Jewel, carved in blue ice.
Well cased in its depth, shivering she bests,
Its growing void; feeding off its spice.

Nails screeching on its surface,
She digs, reaching, crawling out!
Denying its gravity, defying polarity,
Wordlessly fumes a feeble shout!

Sharp edges sketch the walls,
Red runes of hope lay splattered,
Consumed in strange visions she falls,
Seated on a throne in the abyss of light,
Molded within time, strangled by its might!

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Lost Hope

Sometimes, I sit, hit
in a candle lit room.
I wish, I can fly, high
into the sky and never return.

I think, I blink,
and sink into the shadows.
I have fear, tears
and no one hears me cry.

Its hard, not to hark
back to my thoughts.
Its tight, to keep the fight
out of sight, it makes me numb.

I hang, bang, as
the fangs sink in deep.
The beast, feeds
beats me to my death.

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Me Alone

I stand at the bridge,
And in my silence, I reside.
I have walked to the edge,
I wish I had you beside.

I still hear your words sing in my ear,
Don't tell me your leaving, I cannot bear.
I'm peeled down to my bones,
A carcass, that's all I've left alone.

I pleaded to then, to not let you go,
They hated you-and-me, was that so?
Even if the world goes against you and me,
I don't care, I'll rip them, you will see.

Even to hell we ride, hand in hand
I'll announce our arrival with a marching band.
Only together we shall live, whether
It's Earth, Heaven or the bloody Hell.

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Mercy, To Blades Unknown

Gather our arms and let's march afar,
Sharp spears, swords, shields and all.
Flood their lands with all their blood,
Streams, rivers and all we could else.

Mercy is a word we should not know,
Kill, slaughter and murder you foe.
Keep your blood cold, behold
There is here, we have come.

Look at them, ha, them dogs,
Farmers with knives, sticks and logs.
My brothers, show them your sons of men,
Draw your swords and we'll speak then.

Burn, burn their houses to the ground,
Farm houses to ashes, life to dust.
Burn, burn until you pollute their air.
Taken what you need, all they have.

But, alas, while we were away,
Wives, children and elders stayed,
Another thirsty, ruthless, army like us,
Thrust their swords and killed them thus!

Tears flow, our people, the sight,
What now is left for us to fight?
With blind faith we left our homes,
To home we go to find us alone.

I had a sister, though she's no more,
Sweet was she, made friends with all the birds.
How many sisters, I killed, by others adored!
Oh no, mindless madness in me, was three thirds,

Forget nor forgive, those monsters I was.
Destroy myself unto me, I must,
A finger may I not lay on any more souls,
To my death, alone I must go...

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Since, I Love You

With a thorn in my heart,
All these year I have fought,
Restless, eternal peace, I have sought.

Oceans and mountains have past,
And even after all these years I have lost,
I hold no fruit or sweet memories that last.

And now, the thorn has grew,
Into a rose touched by the dew,
And I know it's since, I love you.

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The Name

Beyond the shallow waters of my thought,
Across the deep oceans of my heart,
A name has long been engraved!

The Name long forgotten,
After desperate measures sought,
In a dream of a drunken night,
Last night! It has come again!

She's here; every inch the same.
After much toils of her own.
No devised hurt of mine,
Every bit of what she's sown.

But being a fool that I am,
Without a thought, took her in.
But it's not love anymore,
Hearts hunger; and no more.

We sat and talked,
Hours and hours passed.
She is smiling, always smiling!

She was the only thing I could see,
Not the past or what's to be.
Happily ended my hearts long fast.
Forever the moment is meant to last.

In my sleep so I thought!
Ere the night must come to an end,
I should have another drink!
To regain what's lost and pretend,
To my dreams again I must attend!

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Until The Very End

When an hour is a day,
A day is a year,
And a season is like the passing of a lifetime.

When the springs fade,
And the winter lasts long,
The rivers run dry and the hours last even longer.

When the days are old,
And the nights are cold,
The wind howls and the moon shines to cast a shadow.

When the clocks dead stop,
And the strength fails my arms,
Good memories are only categorised under history.

But Until the very End,
I will fight till the rocks turn to dust,
But too well do I know, "What goes up,
"Must also fall..."

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