

Poetry Series

Giacobbe Hwansa

- poems -



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Giacobbe Hwansa()

Giacobbe Hwansa is an Indian poet and author based in Itanagar, Arunachal Pradesh. Through his distinctive poetic voice, Hwansa has established himself not only as an author but also as a recognized co-author, contributing to multiple collaborative literary works across diverse platforms.



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Impermanence

My feelings, whether has been said and tacit,
Whether hasn't been unlamented,
I always curved and tend it with love and patience,
I don't matter whether it is that vital to spread throughout,
Neither wants anyone to replica about,
I know about the mortality and impermanence
Deeper than the individuals I used to grow up with.

I don't want to lose the precious breath of life,
Just for the sake of a momentary love.
I don't want to write the story about,
Which I know wouldn't be in the history
Thereafter the closing of the chapter.
Since we never know about the hell and heaven,
Whether this love truly gonna be in or not I know about mortality and
impermanence.

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Encircled With The Lost Memoir

A guy wailing in silence, hiding his pains,
He himself acts so nice not letting
someone grasps his pains,
He's afraid of the world, to let them know
how he felt-
Indeed, even though he holds these pains
inside his own,
But his eyes and words tell these all.

His pain lies in the depth of his words,
His eyes - his eyes encircled with the
wounds of an unheard of cry

He wanted himself not to perish,
But-but deep inside-he knows,
One day he will be missed.

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Is It Illicit

I once was loved, I used to be mattered,
I once used to be cared for-
And yes, I put my trust in, solely,
truly and honestly,
Which now has become like the ashes.

I don't want that ardor back,
Which may later become dark as night.
I don't want! I don't!
I don't want you to retrace the steps either
The promises that you made.

Is it illicit to live an idyllic life?
Or you want to lay waste-obliterate!
I can't help with this now,
I can't let my own annihilate again.

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Whilom Persona

Whilom should've said it- herald,
Before we begin, only if i ever knew,
It was meant to be 'to end' out of the blue.
It might be a delicacy for you,
You'd never know how-
laborious it was though,
To get with this all through.

Sorry, it wasn't leaning, so I'd tilt.
I slant the way of how I feel,
Through thick and thin.
Til, I live with the ink of
My thinking- I truly deserve to win.

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The Unlamented Tears

I may not be sure,
If you love me or not.
I can't speak that through words.
I tried to find the words within,
Do I really matter to them-
Or you're too scared to speak that through!

I heard the whispers of calling upon my
name in your heart,
Should I call this a *deja vu*?
Or was it, you were truly whispering
through?

Oh my love,
Will we ever make amends of it?
I can't call your name before
this boisterous world,
I can't even write a letter of it.

Oh my love,
I want us to let our souls walk through
And lay together.

Oh my love,
You can't be divided nor can't be estranged,
Don't go to pluck the other roses,
Don't let the other moons shine on you.

Oh my love,
I wrote you these words through
the thread of my unlamented tears.

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Immature

I don't know!
To deal with the flows
over the things,
That I scared of to lose it all
Or perhaps—
I'm not enough for,
Not at all.

I don't know!
Will I be able to make it
As before.
Sometimes—shadows stuck through my mind,
'I should take a break for a while,'
But what if things go way worse than now
Or shall we wait until we grow,

As they said—
I'm immature as of now.
It's fine,
I don't mind,
I'll take it as
To shine more than now.

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