

Poetry Series

Mehdi Chith

- poems -

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Mehdi Chith(10.06.1993)

A Mistake

Bid my actions folly, if you may, and if it so happens that I am to be judged solely on my folly, are my actions so forth not liable to any degree? I acted rationally and ill-minded, I admit that, but allow me to confide in you on one matter. I am neither the first or last of my actions, for the heart blinds and fools the wisest of us all. Question my actions and so forth judge me, but do not dare question my intention. You were the pretty face.

Mehdi Chith

A Path Left Untravelled

A path less traveled leaves the wild flowers unscathed from the damage of being stepped on constantly and through the natural beauty, we experience an unprecedented phenomena of emotion and light. My gaze set upon that one flower, damaged and ignored by even the simplest bee, yet i have an urge to pick you for myself, but alas, if I do, I will kill something that radiates the pain experienced... The flawed beauty of imperfection!

Mehdi Chith

A Teenager's Affection

-No matter where you are, whomever your heart desires, I will stand by you. In a way, I'm only half a man without your love. I am not dependant on you, sadly enough, but like a baby is independent without love, look at the man he will become. Think to yourself, we are not dependant on each other, but I can assure you, our future will be brighter with you by my side, hand grasped in hand... Love without limits is the love I dream of, for you, no boundaries will be existent, I love you, I hope you know that.

Mehdi Chith

A Teenager's Affection #2

the sky does not bound me, my love is the ever luminescent moon, stars will watch in envy, as their life expires too soon.

As the sky is blue and clouds of white, my love is present, in front of you, yet despite, the sky is ever watchful, envious to this day, hold my hand and walk with me, listen to what I have to say:

The seas roar in terror, the winds blow in might, fires extinguish themselves in fright. No force on earth could remove me from your gaze, for not even a thousand men could erase this love stricken craze. With all my heart, I pledge to you, for every drop of water in the sea, for every cloud, big and small alike in the sky, our love will surpass them. My presence is only limited, bound by fate and thunder, I will carry our memories until the day I'm six feet under.

The eternal flame of love is real, correct me if I am wrong, but the feeling that burns inside, to the melody played in your head, played out in a song. I say what is true, in fact as real as me and you. So dance with me, and sing with me, in tune to this song of love, dance to its rhythm, it's tune if you like, and spark this night for me, for when the moon gives rise to the sun you see, my heart will still be yours, take a gamble, take a chance, spend another night beside me.

Drunk with love, yet sober as ever, realisation is at our grasp, believe what you want, but believe in me! For I will guide you through the dark, with our eyes blinded and our hearts alight! My heart is where you make your mark.

Mehdi Chith

A Woman's Touch

bid me goodbye to my breath, bid me farewell to my sight but if you may, allow me to keep my touch... For nothing is more beautiful as a women's touch.

Mehdi Chith

Addiction To Emotion

Like ashes of a cigarette, my sand castles fall to the rising tide of the shore which bows to the moons every wish, life experiences its ups and downs.

Once your life is in control, your castles will stand solid. Your cigarette still whole, yours sins forgotten in the shifting tides of the shored which whisper your name.

Mehdi Chith

Address Me Love

Love.. Do we only acknowledge the beauty of it? If that's the case, we are of such an ignorant race. Love is two faced. Love is allowing yourself to let go of your guard in expectation that they won't hurt you. No. stuff that. 19 years of age, and my hearts been broken too many times, I have let go of my guard too many times... I have loved another, my love surpassing the next. Love... I am addressing you directly, acknowledge what I long for, for a thousand individuals can read a tragic story upon my face and in my eyes. Love... I hate the fact that I gave you everything. Do me one last favour? Though she broke my heart, shattered it into a thousand pieces, send her someone who will treat her wonderfully... And love? For what it's worth, thank you for the experiences.. Though my heart is the reoccurring casualty.

Mehdi Chith

Amidst The Confusion

Amidst the confusion and array of laughter will the stubborn boy finally hear...
Amidst the chaotic inception of his dreams, will his intentions adhere. So laugh
as they laugh, and in turn, throw yourself into the confusion and violence of
adolescence.

Mehdi Chith

An Undecided Matter

Speaking in verse for the matter is undecided... alas it finally rained today, my sight was blurred, my spirit dampened, yet there is light beyond this grief... let me explore it.

Mehdi Chith

Bittersweet Memories

Bittersweet memories, a crude reminder of what once was, to love was to rise, and to be loved was the cause, of such an experience our minds found it hard to comprehend, yet our heart, the casualty, far beyond mend. We find ourselves recollecting the past of misfortune, every waking hour a reminder of how we fell from light, to see their faces when we tire, and to sleep painfully at night. This pain is now beyond our rational, beyond the capabilities of any word, for a wordsmith cannot create love... so I've heard. So let us remember our similarities and to acknowledge our disparities, to remember our liberties and to fall to our inefficiencies, yet render us to the hostilities and to allow us the pleasantries of our bittersweet memories.

Mehdi Chith

Broken Family Tie

A broken tie to which once was, blood now thinner than water... A cousin's voice, so distant to my ears, the distance never getting shorter.

I hear the echo of which is now lost, a family broken by irrelevancy, to see those who were once close, to be close is now heresy.

Mehdi Chith

Classroom

As the rain falls below the window sill, the set image entrenched in my mind. The rain drops fall as if knowledge on the white board, useless, like the raindrops falling on a dead tree...a lost cause.

Mehdi Chith

Do Blind Men Dream?

So tell me father, do blind men dream?

Often I have wounded myself with falsified hope in an attempt to justify our connect, but you cannot see that. Seldom are the times you remember that I was just a child, seldom are the times you took pride in me, instead you chose to see me as an enemy with love for his mother... so father, do blind men dream? They say our dreams are but a manifestation of what we see, so the content of the dream is chained to the perspective or lens we choose to use, but alas, how can I be in your dreams if you refuse to see me, not to view me physically, no, but to see me for who I am... so father, do blind men dream?

Mehdi Chith

Essence Of The Innocence

The essence of innocence is not its ability to be pure that people cherish, it is the state of being oblivious to the truth that surrounds our world, our society. Look at the young ones, expose them to the atrocities of society and they'll long to conform to the wrong path.

Mehdi Chith

Evil Side Of Friendship

The bond of friendship is as fragile as a whisper lost in the wind. Their arbitrary smiles hide their devious thoughts. To what extent shall I attempt to comprehend this predicament which tries to prevail over my fortitude?

Mehdi Chith

Experience

I would rather experience the pain of loving another who threw away my love,
then to not of experienced it at all... It's these experiences that enrich the soul...
strengthen our spirits.

Mehdi Chith

For My Beautiful Friend, Jaylan.

At first you were merely but a pretty face,
someone who could fill my hours with laughter and smiles,
someone who would always find the time to shelter me with their words.
But alas, time, the cruel separation that divided us, had me on my knees in
despair. I damn the moment, the day, that this silence between us grew, I damn
the day I lost my best friend, that pretty face, that girl... you know Jaylan, that
was you. So the tides have turned, fate smiles upon us both, that pretty face will
allow me to laugh so forth on. At last you are still that pretty face, someone who
will shatter this silence, and fill her ears and heart with the warmth of her best
friends smile and laugh. I adore you Jaylan.

Mehdi Chith

Her Memories

Does she truly love me or does she hold onto the memories that once made her whole? I will pierce through this wall of hers to see the truth behind it.

Mehdi Chith

Hill Crested Clouds

Upon hill crested clouds, of orange in texture, thy beauty remains untouched by the setting sun. And, upon the setting of true worth, will the sun's rays disappear. Thy beauty to the eye, of which I adore, thy beauty to my lips, of love I cannot ignore.

Mehdi Chith

I Am Who I Am

I am strength to my mother... I am disappointment to my father, I am a sentinel to my sister... and a guardian to my brother. I am but a reflection of what I perceive, but to what extent will they truly believe. I am the casualty of love... I am the casualty of hate... I am the reformer of my actions and I am guided from above. I am who I am.

Mehdi Chith

I Will Follow You

if heaven denies you entry, I'll follow you into the dark, with hopes of a better tomorrow; in hell we will make our mark. Maybe one day we will rise, until that day comes, I will stand by your side.

Mehdi Chith

Immortality

It is in your eyes that I peer into the realm of love, to witness such beauty... it is immortality in your eyes, and mortality in our touch.

Mehdi Chith

Is It True?

is it true?

That love inevitably burns out, through our desperate attempts to keep the flame burning, time is either the key or the destroyer... is that true?

If it is, so be it, let me fight this internal conflict that swallows my soul as I try harder... over my dead body I will surrender.

Mehdi Chith

Love And Its' Endeavors

Through my difficult endeavor I have learnt one valuable lesson... it is beautiful to love, but your heart is your own, not others; to play with it as they wish.

Mehdi Chith

Love Is Not Honorable

) Love is not honourable. Love is neither fair nor just. Love, without our consent, puts us in such a beautiful state... Our hearts slowly turn to glass. And when it sees fit, it will snatch that one thing that put you in such a beautiful state and shatter it into a thousand pieces until the pieces are unrecoverable. This is not virtuous nor is it fair.

Mehdi Chith

Messy Breakup #1

-This anger, suppressed and hidden but surely present, lingers like the stench of your perfume.

You made me this way, tired and exhausted, you made me this way.

Mehdi Chith

My Guard Is Down

My guard is down, my heart left unprotected...I invite you into it. Love me like I love you. Kiss me equivalently to the extent my heart yearns for you. Hate me when I yell at you...so I can make you fall for me all over again as I softly caress your neck while kissing you ever so softly. Show your inner fire, and I will show you my inner element. Be the fire like I am wind, grow large so my presence enhances your capabilities, do not diminish or my presence will extinguish you...express the fire your heart yearns to release.

Mehdi Chith

My Self-Conscious

as I dive into my self-conscious, two things in particular emerge; I am a hopeless romantic and my words on paper are my means of self reflection.

Mehdi Chith

New World Ethics - Resistance

Isis, a propagandized crises and black flag, this world is in a spiritual lag, instead of loving your brother, we're unloading mag by mag on each other. Sun Tzu said 'to know thy self and know thy enemy and you will have a thousand victories, ' but this society is shrouded in mysteries, an empty page on the timeline of our histories, our liberties taken away by a domestic enemy. So tell me what is the remedy for a heart which no longer opens for another, open sesame, be the architect that transforms this life passed the point of Southern Confederacy, a fundamental resistance to fight White supremacy and let these words flow through you rather than sipping on that Hennessy, fading away until the pain is now a comedy in your eyes. But will you realize before they constitutionalise the oppression of your fellow brother wit pages of the overall agenda prophesied pages filled with white lies. So will you, brother, be the blood that pumps through these veins of mine, our hearts the same, their beats already written by the sublime, our fate is just a matter of time.

Mehdi Chith

New World Ethics #1

When will you realize that they institutionalize the genocide of infants,
infanticide, arm them, give them a cause and intellectually disarm them. Media
propaganda, their morals torn asunder, listen to the thunder... their muffled
screams of those now 6ft under.

Mehdi Chith

New World Ethics #2

relay my thoughts like pen to paper, illustrate the perspective through my mind's eye. Hope is in a little seed, young martyrs take heed, coalition absent, you pay to make them bleed. The innocence of age, whether you're a mother or a father, a child or a soldier, you're still on the same page. They drop bombs as if the civilians were the real threat in the zone, to the longevity of the illegal settlements placed upon destroyed homes, indiscriminate in their actions, this is not warfare, genocide, you decide if homicide of the innocent, check points, blockades, starvation, indiscriminate. They oppress the people yet they cannot suppress the idea, of a land once shared, and the rights once adhered. The resistance will continue for we are the same by blood and to wither away in front of our oppressors is against our nature despite the CNN or BBC dub, of their devilish pro-Israeli bias, attempting to justify the infanticide unraveling before our eyes, this is not a war on Hamas, this is an ethnic cleansing in disguise. So hear me now and justify in your defense, how hypocritical is it to receive reparations committed against your people, only to turn around to do the same exact same thing.

Mehdi Chith

New World Ethics #3

Isis, a propagandized crises and black flag, this world is in a spiritual lag, instead of loving your brother, we're unloading mag by mag on each other. Sun Tzu said 'to know thy self and know thy enemy and you will have a thousand victories, ' but this society is shrouded in mysteries, an empty page on the timeline of our histories, our liberties taken away by a domestic enemy. So tell me what is the remedy for a heart which no longer opens for another, open sesame, be the architect that transforms this life passed the point of Southern Confederacy, a fundamental resistance to fight White supremacy and let these words flow through you rather than sipping on that Hennessy, fading away until the pain is now a comedy in your eyes. But will you realize before they constitutionalise the oppression of your fellow brother wit pages of the overall agenda prophesied pages filled with white lies. So will you, brother, be the blood that pumps through these veins of mine, our hearts the same, their beats already written by the sublime, our fate is just a matter of time.

Mehdi Chith

Of Hearts And Men

Of hearts and men I reside, the very laws of in which I abide, governed and proclaimed for those whom portray me in vain. Of hearts and men I reside only to endorse the many of emotions, yet I am as one with them as I to the everlasting eye. Yet I stress, of hearts and men I reside, to fill them from side to side, my very foundation which many emotions before me have tried. Of hearts and men, I reside, to you, I abide, to encapsulate your smile with every glimpse, of hearts and men...

Mehdi Chith

Our Sanctuary

Is there not a single place I can leave her behind? Even in the sanctuary of my dreams she torments me. It is not the end of the world, just the end of a world.

Mehdi Chith

Period Of Late, The Moment Of My Surrender

Period of late, the moment of my surrender.

Tis the moment of late that I give in to this theoretical love of mine, theoretical in structure but methodological in intention. May I seek what is necessary to give me hope? Or shall I increase the longevity of my theoretical desire.

To what extent shall I elaborate on my deepest intention? So that it may be fathomable in your eyes...

Oh' strange fate, oh' what is already written, I thank thou. Not for the chance to make thy smile, nay, but to allow thyself, to make this beautiful girl smile.

Mehdi Chith

Pleasure And Honour Of Love

To what do I owe the pleasure, to gaze upon your beauty may I inquire, when a thousand eyes have seen you pass by, yet your eyes gaze upon my own.
To what do I owe the honour, having you stand beside me, your shadow interlocked with my own, our hands clasped together.

Mehdi Chith

Sanctuary Of Our Dreams

Why is it that we love like there is no day after? We grasp realisation firmly, satisfied on what or who we have in our arms. Yet when we lose the person or thing we love, we cannot accept realisation. The same realisation that kept us happy and sane now torments us.

Why do we dream of love yet to be experienced? We cannot deny our dreams, like we cannot deny a sunrise. So as we deal with the tormenting realisation, our pain is subsided in the sanctuary of our dreams. So when my sanctuary is tainted with the image of you, I am trapped. Trapped between twisted dreams that were once our sanctuary and realisation.

So when I lay my head down at night, I fear that I will see your beautiful image when I close my eyes. So I open my eyes wide, absorbing the darkness around me. As I stare into the darkness around me, I realise the sanctuary of my own mind's making...envying the beauty of death.

Mehdi Chith

Secret Love

Secret love

So tempted I am to run away with you

To leave this misery behind, but when a new love begins, misery is soon to follow. So unravel the uncertainty in my voice, and give rise to assurance... But you cannot, can you? Love is a twisted game, and our hearts, being the casualty, are the tokens in this game for two. Always a winner and a loser.

Mehdi Chith

Seeking The Unobtainable

I merely sought the unobtainable... grasped onto the idea with my mind, body and soul... was that such a crime? So why have I been imprisoned?

Mehdi Chith

Setting Sun

By the setting sun, the trees come alive, and upon the dusk that surrounds us,
will our glow start to shine, to hold a true love close, oh what a dream of mine.

Mehdi Chith

Silent Beauty

Oh silent beauty, your face paints a thousand words, but to hear them, I am at a loss.

Mehdi Chith

Subtleties

The subtleties and small things stay the same while the rain will come and go in a heartbeat. Look into the mirror and see the kiddo, shatter the glass like the heart of a widow. I'm left outspoken, the pieces that make me are broken, my words but a token, an addict to her body like an addict with his coke again.

Mehdi Chith

Summer And Winter

Like a summer's breeze, you made your presence known with the warm touch upon my face as you slide your fingers down my neck. So it shall be that I shall feel winter's cold dead breeze hit my face as you walk away with my heart.

Mehdi Chith

Sweetest Nights, Sweetest Days

sweetest nights. Sweetest days. I once told you that I loved you, and it shall always stay that way.

Mehdi Chith

Sweetest Tendencies

The sweetest tendencies of yours, which I was a witness to, elaborated the meaning of beauty. Disconnected from the real world, I had become a dreamer of dreams, appreciating your beauty in its most potent form, a smile was all but required.

Mehdi Chith

Tears Of The Homeless

Look at the eyes that cry out blood, the desperate, the lonely and the unloved. Their homes of cardboard, as fragile as their smile, we love amongst them, yet we are in denial. Giving generously to the rich, their materialistic products of new, yet does it ever satisfy you? The cold nights arrive, bins lit on fire, freezing and alone...their condition dire. Barefoot and hungry, they wonder the streets aimlessly, cracked pathway, wet and in pain, their cries muffled out, their tears lost in the rain. The dream of a better day, where daily meals are a basic affair. They smile at people that pass; do you think that's fair? Hands out in desperation, we hand them change in hesitation. Broken, demoralised and alone. The nights of silence broken by a moan.

Mehdi Chith

The Denial Of A Teenager's Love

deny me the right to love and I will fight for it. Deny me the communication and I will run to her. Deny me the sight of her beauty and my life will be rendered useless.

Mehdi Chith

The Ill Fate Of Young Love

alas, has this door, that has shut me in a room of ill-fate, opened? To allow a different perspective on what was unseen prior?

Mehdi Chith

The Words He Never Said

my scars which felt no wound are far more painful than a mortal blow to the flesh. You once stood as a hero in my eyes, now a towering old man forgetting his obligations to his eldest son. Instead of love, I heard but only silence. Instead of hearing the words 'I am proud of you' I hear only disappointment in your voice.

Instead of quality time fishing, eldest son and father, I felt the cold touch of the belt as it made its mark upon my skin.

I do not want your apology, that's if you ever swallow your pride, I just want you to realise that until the day of my last, I will never forgive you.

Mehdi Chith

To Analyse Love

One simply cannot say 'I love you' without repercussions following it. Powerful words. Three words between two people with one significant meaning. Yet do we love for the sake of loving? Or is it human nature to show affection to someone, believed by the individual, whom has stolen their heart.

Mehdi Chith

Tragedy Of Love

To the one I love... I made you a promise and I shall uphold it with my dying breathe... but its taking its toll on me...these negative thoughts envelope my mind, showing me images which I fear... Love is but a cold and broken tragedy for those who love truly.

Mehdi Chith

Transcendent Beauty

Transcendent beauty, of brown eyes and long black hair, black as night, with such a glare, her eyes had immobilised me, from which a single tear could drown me in sadness.

Mehdi Chith

Two Brothers

Perceive not our actions, more than we sincerely deserve. Perceive not our faith, for it was handed down to us to follow. Perceive not our skin, for we are descendants from respected cultures. Perceive not our differences but acknowledge our similarities, for my brother, I am you, and you are as one with me. We both experience fear and love, joy and grief... for why do we fight for such a cause dictated by tyrants?

Mehdi Chith

Unconscious Love

Unconsciously we love. Unconsciously we hate. Unconsciously we fear that what we might say, the other might hate. Unconsciously we laugh. Unconsciously we cry. Unconsciously we fell in love when we saw eye to eye.

Mehdi Chith

Warm Blood Turned Cold

Warm blood turned cold makes the world turn, surrounded by the materialistic,
yet I still yearn, for a life so calm and serene I learn, how life coincides with
death and in turn, beauty follows destruction, to bloom and to burn.

Mehdi Chith

We Are But Blind Fools

through the frustration that blinds me, your smile that persuades me and your lips that whisper my name, through the months that have seen passing moons, to even experiencing the feeling of inadequacy...I remain faithful to this cause.

Mehdi Chith

We Are But Dreams

We are the manifestation of our dreams, bearing down on the mantles of every person's shoulders.

Mehdi Chith

Why Wont It Burn..

Through the fire we fought, through the fire we loved, through the fire we feared of what was yet to be thought. Through the blaze we were set alight but never harmed, through the blaze you were consistently armed, with my heart given to you on the basis of love, some concept I thought was real and blessed from above. So through the fire I will inevitably learn... Why can't I just let it burn...

Mehdi Chith

Wind To Fire

As dark as I had gotten, you illuminated me, as hot and destructive as I once was, you could always extinguish me. So as I lay a path of destruction with every step I take, with you by my side, beauty soon followed every footstep.

Mehdi Chith

Words To Ears As Lips To Neck

words to your ears, as lips to your neck. Your heart to my chest as my heart calls upon your own. Words are only words, as dust to dust. My actions stand alone. I met you in September, you gave me hope, and in the dark and cold December...you kept me warm. So now I surrender my heart, and if you allow me, swap it for yours.

Mehdi Chith