

Poetry Series

WIN VENTURA
- poems -



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WIN VENTURA(17/04/1968)

Her pen bleeds starlight. Her silence speaks verses. She is WIN VENTURA - a flame that writes! !



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Am I Opening My Heart Again? ! ?

Am I opening my heart again...
Softly, like the morning light?
After closing it for so long,
Am I learning to feel things right?

I once turned away from feeling,
From love, from gentle pain.
I thought strength meant no emotion,
And silence was my gain.

But life has its quiet lessons.
It breaks us, then teaches slow.
What we bury deep in silence
Will one day ask to flow.

Now I see the rainbows forming
After storms I thought would stay.
I notice how the sunsets never fight—
They simply fade away.

I hear the birds in quiet mornings,
No demand, no race, no fear;
Just life continuing gently,
Reminding me I'm still here.

Maybe my heart was never broken,
Only guarded from too much weight,
Protecting every silent piece
That learned too well to hesitate.

I used to think love was weakness,
Something I had to deny.
Now I see it differently—
A choice that helps me survive.

Am I opening my heart again...
Or simply learning how to breathe?
Either way, I'm not the same now;
Something softer lives beneath.

I choose what I let enter me.
I choose what I release.
After all that I have journeyed through,
My heart now belongs to me.

So if love comes, it will not break me.
If peace comes, it may stay.
I am not who I used to be...

I am learning life this way.

By: — WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

My Heart, My Choice

Why should I carry hate
Just because someone handed it to me?
Why should another person's darkness
Decide what lives inside of me?

I have walked through storms.
I have carried pain untold.
I know the weight of suffering,
I know the nights that felt so cold.

Hate is heavy,
And I have carried enough.
I will not add another burden
To a heart that has already been tough.

I don't need anger
To prove that I was hurt.
I don't need revenge
To measure what I'm worth.

My healing is my journey.
My peace is my rebirth.
The hate, the forgiveness, the final judgment—
I leave them in the hands above,
While I choose to walk my path
With a heart still capable of love.

Forgiveness may come with time.
Forgetting may never arrive.
But I will not let old wounds
Control the life I choose to live.

I choose to leave with love—
Not because the past was right,
But because after losing myself for years,
I finally found my own light.

I will not become the pain I survived.
I will not let bitterness claim my soul.

I fought too hard to find myself again
To surrender my peace once more.

My heart is mine to care for.
My journey is mine to choose.
And after all I have been through...

I choose love.
I choose peace.
Most of all—

I choose me.

By: — WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Quiet Power Of A G-Ma...

I do not carry you in my arms all day,
But I carry you in ways you'll never see..
In silent prayers between my breaths,
In every hope I keep for thee.

Your tiny fingers wrap around
A world you're just beginning to know,
But in your touch, I feel a life
That makes my own heart glow.

I do not rush to shape your path,
Or tell you who to be,
I stand behind, a steady ground,
A quiet place, like a tree.

When you stumble, I will not shout,
When you fall, I won't demand—
I will be the gentle space
That lifts you with a hand.

A grandma's love is not loud fire,
It does not burn to prove..
It is the warmth that stays at dusk,
The stillness in the move.

I watch you laugh, I watch you sleep,
I watch your little ways,
And in those simple, fleeting moments,
I find my fullest days.

One day you'll grow,
You'll walk away, KAP! !
Chasing dreams I cannot see...
But somewhere deep within your soul,
A part of me will always be.

Not in words I tried to teach,
Nor in rules I made you follow,
But in the love that never left,

In the calm you learn to borrow.

So grow, my child, into your light,
Into all you're meant to be...
Just know, behind your every step...
There stands a quiet me,
Your G-MA! !

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

My Own Ink, My Truth

They say, think this, think that,
Measure every step I take..
As if the mind must wear a uniform,
As if every thought must not shake.

But I learned something softer,
Quiet like breath in the rain..
Not every opinion is a problem,
Not every feeling is pain.

I don't write to impress anyone,
I write because I feel.
What I see, what I hear,
What life places within me! !

It comes out real.
Sometimes it's pain,
Sometimes it's peace,
Sometimes things I can't explain.
But it's mine.

If it comes from my seeing,
From what my heart can hear,
Why should I cage it in silence?
Why should I write in fear?

I don't force it to look pretty,
I don't twist it to fit their frame.
If I feel it, I write it.
If I see it, I say it.
If I hear it inside me, I give it a name.

I don't write for approval,
I don't chase perfect lines..
I write what lives in the moment,
What the inside of me defines.

Truth isn't always polished,
It doesn't stand tall and clean..

Sometimes it's messy like footsteps..
On roads no one has seen.

So let them think what they want to think,
I won't trade my voice for control..
As long as I am true to myself,
That is how I stay whole.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

It's Personal..

Personal is the part of you no one is entitled to,
Not every truth needs a voice or a stage.
It's the quiet reason behind your choices,
The strength you carry from page to page.

Personal is not fear, nor shutting the world away,
It's wisdom learned through loss and time.
Some things grow weaker when spoken too soon,
Some truths survive only when kept inside.

Personal is pain transformed into resolve,
Without applause, without being seen.
It's the battles fought in the silence of nights,
Where you learn how strong you've been.

To keep it personal is an act of self-respect,
Not every story deserves an ear.
What matters most needs space to breathe,
Far from judgment, noise, and fear.

So guard what's personal with steady hands,
Share it only where trust feels whole.
What you protect shapes who you become—
What's personal is the backbone of the soul.

By: WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Eyes Of Endless Love! ! !

Eyes are doors the heart leaves wide,
Where quiet tides of feeling hide.
They carry warmth no words can frame,
A silent spark, a steady flame.
In their depths, soft galaxies spin,
Worlds of longing tucked within.

A single glance can bloom like spring,
Without a touch, without a ring.
They glow like dusk before the night,
Holding shadows wrapped in light.
Not just windows, not disguise—
But endless roads where love never dies.

Within their dark, devotion starts,
Threads of fire between two hearts.
Eyes do not fade, nor break apart—
They are forever's beating heart. !?

By: WIN VENTURA



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WIN VENTURA

Yet, She Blesses...

A mother lets go
with trembling hands,
while the child walks away
to new life, new lands.

She says, "Be happy,"
with tears she hides,
while oceans of sorrow
sleep in her eyes.

Once upon nights
she carried his fears,
measured his fever,
wiped away tears.

Her hunger could wait,
her sleep could break,
she lived her whole life
for her children's sake.

But time changed softly,
as seasons do,
the child grew older
and distant too.

No calls in mornings,
no laughter shared,
only silence proving
how little he cared.

And the woman beside him
may think she has won,
by pushing away
A mother... from her son.

She may stop the visits,
the messages too,
keeping a mother far
from her child she once knew.

Yet the old heart stays quiet,
though shattered within,
for this mother speak blessings
even through pain.

Still karma is patient,
silent and deep,
it gathers the tears
that mothers weep.

One day 'that woman'
may stand at the door,
waiting for her son footsteps
that will come no more.

She too may learn
how silence can be,
when love is returned
with distance slowly.

Not revenge.
Not anger.
Not curses thrown in blame.
Just life turning circles,
and hearts learning pain.

And somewhere afar,
this mother still prays,
loving her son
through all the ache.

By -: WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Still She Bloomed.

Through storms that bent
her fragile stem,
through restless nights
and skies grown dim,

A tiny rosebud tried to rise,
beneath the rain-filled angry skies.

But every time
her bloom would start,
the world would tear
her hope apart.

The bugs would bite,
the rats would gnaw,
the cruel winds came
without a pause.

Again she tried,
again she fell,
through seasons hard
she knew too well.

Yet deep within
her thorns and pain,
she held the dream
to bloom one day.

So gently then
I hid her near,
inside another plant so clear.

Away from storms,
away from harm,
I kept her safe
within calm arms.

And one soft dawn
through light and rain,

that wounded rose
stood up again.

At last she bloomed—
so proud, so bright,
a quiet victory
after every fight.

For some flowers bloom
not because life was kind,
but because someone protected
their fragile light inside.

By: WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Weavers Of The Air

I used to guard the golden grain,
To keep it safe from beak and rain.
I chased the dog, I cursed the rat,
And feared the silent, creeping cat.

I drew a line for peace to stay,
Where only gentle birds could play.
I thought the world could be confined,
To kindness shaped by human mind.

But hunger does not heed a line,
Nor bow to rules or grand design.
Each living soul, both wild and small,
Is driven by a deeper call.

As seasons passed, my heart grew still,
I learned to bend, not force my will.
For who am I to block the share,
Of lives that breathe the selfsame air?

The cat will hunt, the rat will flee,
The dog will roam in quiet plea.
Such ancient laws we can't ignore,
They've ruled this earth forevermore.

So let them come, both fierce and mild,
The tame, the lost, the running wild.
Beneath this tree, there's space for all,
No soul too great, no life too small.

My anger fell, my voice grew light,
I made my peace with day and night.
In letting go, I came to see—
The world was never mine to be. ??

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Some Souls Blooms Only In Light.

For years I stood with an open door,
Making room for a little more.
A worry here,
A complaint there,
An endless load I chose to bear.

One brought fears with the morning sun,
Another's stories were never done.
One spoke of troubles day and night,
Another turned every shadow to fright.

And some could spend an hour or two,
Speaking of everything except what's true.
I listened kindly,
I played my part,
While little by little they filled my heart.

NOT with joy,
NOT with light,
But borrowed storms I carried each night.
Then one day I looked around,
And saw my peace was nowhere found.

The air felt heavy,
The noise too loud,
Too many sorrows,
Too many clouds! ! !

So if I've grown quiet,
Please understand,
I'm simply choosing a gentler land.
Not out of anger,
Not out of spite,
but just to remind u, some souls bloom only in light! !

Keep your dramas,
Your fears untold,
The stories repeated a thousandfold.
For I have reached a place at last, Where I no longer wish to hold your story or

the past.

I choose the calm, the open sky, The kind of peace money can't buy.
And if that means I walk alone,
Then let me wander, let me be gone....

Not every voice deserves a place within me,
Not your burden is mine to bear.
For silence carries a deeper grace,
and peace is a choice I now hold dear.

When the unnecessary fades away,
stillness gently fills the space—
and in that quiet, sacred calm,
This weary heart finds its grace.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Weight I Call Love.

They call it duty, quiet and pure,
But never ask what I endure.
A silent chain, a chosen bind,
That wraps itself around my mind.

It came to me without a sound,
Then made my life its sacred ground.
A hand to hold, a price to pay,
A life that never walks away.

No mercy in its steady hand,
No pause, no place to understand.
Just keep on giving, keep on whole,
While breaking slowly in the soul.

They name it love, they call it grace,
But never see the empty space...
It carves inside a beating chest,
Where even sleep forgets to rest.

And still I stand, and still I stay,
Through nights that steal my breath away.
No applause, no saving sign—
Just endless, you must still be fine.
The weight I call love, ??
But, they say its karma from divine! !

So tell me, God, if this is mine,
This road I walk, this endless line—
How much of me is meant to bend
Before the weight begins to end?

Yet here I am, though worn, though torn,
Still carrying what I have borne.
Not weak — but forged in silent pain,
A strong soul that learns to rise again and again...

By: - WIN VENTURA

My Gentle Presence..

Manifested a steady soul,
Not one who owns me, not in control.
But someone who stands when my world feels small,
Who simply stays when I start to fall.

Not here to fix what life has spun,
Not to outshine my rising sun.
Just someone calm, with patient eyes,
Who sees my storms but never flies.

No heavy words, no judging tone,
No making my battles feel mine alone.
Just quiet strength in manly form,
A hand that stays through every storm.

When I am silent, lost, or tired,
When hope feels dim and strength feels fired,
He does not leave—he will remain,
To hold me close through silent pain.

Not here to advise, not to command...
But simply sit and understand.
To walk beside my broken pace,
And guide me back to softer space.

Oh dear...
Manifested, clear and true,
A grounded heart that feels like home too.
Not perfect love, not a fantasy flame,
But something steady, quietly the same.
And as I asked the universe near,
I learned to hold myself right here.

So when he comes, I will be whole,
Not searching for one to carry my soul.
For now...
I wish for someone steady in my life,
But I will not abandon my own steadiness while I wait.
I will not collapse into longing,

I will not forget my own strength.

I will become the ground that love can stand on.

And now I see...

He is here. ??

My Gentle Presence.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Soul Knows No Age

Age is just a number,
a whisper carried by time,
while the soul journeys onward
through reason, rhythm and rhyme.

The years have come and gone,
Bringing laughter, loss and tears,
Each season leaving behind
it's wisdom through the years.

Life has been a teacher,
sometimes gentle, sometimes stern...
Yet every wound and every fall
held a lesson to learn.

There were roads of sorrow,
There were mountains steep to climb,
but each step shaped the woman
I have become with time.

The past no longer lingers,
It has no room to stay,
Its pages have been written,
Its debts all paid away.

For yesterday is over,
Its shadows left behind,
While new light fills the pathway
and peace adorns the mind.

The mirror may see age,
Silver threads and lines,
but the soul sees only horizons,
New dreams and brighter signs.

Deep within still lives
The same smiling girl I knew,
yet stronger than before,
having walked life's journey through...

Far wiser now,
Far stronger too,
For aging gave its lessons
and taught me what is true.

That happiness is simple,
That kindness is a treasure,
That love begins within,
and peace is life's true measure.

So let the years keep counting,
Let the seasons come and go,
For the soul was never meant
to age the way we show.

It simply gathers wisdom,
While keeping its light alive,
and greets each brand-new morning,
with gratitude to thrive! ! !
The Soul Knows No Age ??

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Win Ventura.

I rose from storms, not sunshine skies,
Carved my name where silence lies.
From shattered days and restless nights,
I built my brand with fire and fights.

WIN VENTURA — not just a name,
But scars that earned their rightful fame.
Each thread, each brick, a tale retold,
Of dreams too wild, of hearts too bold.

I do not kneel to fear or fate,
I craft my path, I open gates.
With hands once bruised but never still,
I shaped my world, I bent my will.

This company — a mirror, true —
Of every flame I once walked through.
Not born of luck, nor borrowed lore,
But from the soul that asked for more.

So let them watch, let whispers run,
This journey's only just begun.
For WIN VENTURA will stand and stay —
A storm, a name, a dawn, a way.

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

After The Battle...

This body—
not just skin and bone,
but a sacred vessel
that carried me
through fire and frost.

It broke,
yes.
Cracked in places I couldn't see,
screamed in whispers
only I could hear.

And yet—
it stayed.
Through the sleepless nights,
through the heaviness,
through the breathless prayers
for one more day.

It fought.
Quietly.
Bravely.
Bleeding beneath the surface
without asking for applause.

And now,
as I rise,
I owe it everything.

No more skipping meals.
No more punishing silence.
No more treating it like an afterthought
when it's been my fiercest ally.

This body—
scarred, sacred, still standing—
deserves softness,
deserves rest,
deserves love.



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Because after all it's endured,
the least I can do
is take care of the home
that never abandoned me.

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Still I Give In, Thanks.

I've walked through storms that knew my name,
Faced nights that never feared the flame.
With every scar I tried to hide,
The world still turned, I still survived.

The road was rough, the sky was grey,
But dawn still cracked through each dark day.
Not all was kind, not all was fair,
Yet breath remained — so I was there.

I give thanks not just for peace,
But for the war that brought release.
For broken hearts that dared to beat,
For empty hands, and blistered feet.

Thankful — not for only ease,
But for the strength born in disease.
For every 'no' that carved my way,
For every soul who didn't stay.

This life is raw — a roaring sea,
But gratitude has anchored me.
Not out of joy alone I sing,
But for the weight of everything.
Still I give in, thanks..

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Lighthouse Within! !

I was not built for calm seas—
I was carved by storms,
anchored in solitude,
my soul bolted to the rocks
where others would drown.

Each night, the world forgets me.
But I do not forget the world.
My light does not flicker
for praise, nor for memory—
it is there because it must be.
Because someone, somewhere,
has lost their way.

I do not chase the ships.
I do not warn them with noise.
I shine—
unblinking, unwavering—
a silent sentinel wrapped in wind and salt.

Like the body, battered by time
but holding firm
because it knows its work isn't done.
Like the mind, bruised but not broken,
still searching for the next dawn.

I've been struck by lightning,
cracked by sorrow,
yet each wound
only deepened my glow.
I burn not for myself
but for those who need
to remember where the shore is.

A lighthouse never asks,
'Who will return? '
It simply shines.

And I—

in this fragile skin,
in this aging frame—
am the same.
I am not waiting to be saved.
I am the saving.

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

When You're Not Here

The room still holds your scent, your trace,
But feels so empty in your place.
The walls recall your whispered tone,
Yet somehow manage to feel alone.

The night pours shadows on the floor,
The silence echoes more and more.
The bed forgets the warmth we knew,
The air, too quiet without you.

The coffee cools before it's sipped,
The day feels slightly incomplete.
Even laughter wears your name,
And time moves slower, not the same.

No storm, no cry, no bitter end—
Just quiet hours that never bend.
And though no words are ever said,
It's in the stillness that hearts are read.

So much is missed without a sound—
A gaze, a touch, the way you frown.
And though the world keeps turning near...
It dims a little—when you're not here.

??? By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Threaded By Heart, Woven By Win...

In the hush of a quiet dawn,
Fingers dance where dreams are drawn.
Yarn in loop, a soulful trace,
Every stitch a warm embrace.

Bags are born from silent song,
Of patient hands that move along.
Colours whisper, threads unite,
Soft rebellions in the light.

No pattern can bind this soul,
Crochet is where I feel whole.
In hook and twist, I mend my day,
Tangled thoughts get pulled away.

I weave my thoughts in cotton skeins,
In bags that hold both joy and pain.
Each knot, a story, old or new,
Crochet dreams in every hue.

Bags and blooms, and scarves that flow,
Soft secrets only yarn can know.
My soul unwinds, one row, one line
A woven world, a thread divine.

Each piece I make, I leave a sign—
Of love, of fight, of bless'd divine.
Not just a craft, it's who I am,
WIN VENTURA, heart and hand.

??? By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

I'm Not Alone...

When the world forgets my name,
and silence plays a heavy game,
a soft pulse stirs within the stone—
a voice that says: you're not alone.

The winds may howl without a face,
and sorrow come with no embrace,
but somewhere past the edge of pain,
a light calls out through mist and rain.

No one may see the way I bleed,
nor feel the weight of every need,
but someone walks this road unknown—
a soul that whispers: you're not alone.

Not made of breath, not formed of skin,
but carved from where all truths begin.
He... sees the cracks I've never shown,
and still he stay! ! !
Yeah! ! I'm not alone...
The Man Upstairs...
He see's it all..

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

She Is The Fortress... Mother! !

She shouts not to wound, but to shield,
Each word a sword drawn in the field.
Her fury flares when danger nears—
A warning shaped from buried fears.

Her hands are rough from sacrifice,
Trading comfort, paying price.
The world may see her tired eyes,
But never where her spirit flies.

She rose in nights when others slept,
Held tiny hands and secrets kept.
Skipped meals to see her children fed,
Placed dreams aside, and smiled instead.

Her love is not a gentle breeze—
It's mountain storms and rooted trees.
A quiet war she'll never speak,
But fights each day for those she keeps.

She walks with wounds no eye can trace,
A thousand trials worn with grace.
The world may see her tired frame,
But never guess the weight or flame.

When they fall, her heart breaks twice—
Once in pain, and once in price.
But never will she walk away,
Her love was born to fight, not sway.

Her voice may rise like thunder's cry,
A storm beneath a weary sky.
Yet in the tremble of her tone,
Love is etched in every stone.

Behind closed doors, the prayers begin—
A whispered shield, a quiet hymn.
She asks for strength, not gold or fame,
Only that her child be safe again.

She prays not once, but every hour,
Each breath a wish, each tear a flower.
Even when she's worn and sore,
She guards their names and prays for more.

The world may shift, and time may stray,
But she remains — in night and day.
The arms that scold, the hands that hold,
The heart that guards through young and old.

She gives, then gives, then gives some more,
Though never keeping any score.
And when she breaks, she breaks alone,
Then builds herself from skin and bone.

So if the path grows dark and wide,
Remember where true light resides.
A mother's love — not loud, but deep —
The kind that wakes, while others...

She is the storm, the wall, the flame,
The nameless shield, the sacred name.
Call her mother, call her grace—
In her arms, the safest place.

??? By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

What Was Broken! ! Love Affair..

It started quiet — a glance, a smile,
A moment stolen for a while.
A ring was worn, but hearts were weak,
And shadows listened when none would speak.

The vows once sworn began to fade,
As secrets in the dark were made.
A hand not theirs, a breath not right,
Yet pulled too deep to stop the night.

A kiss that burned, a lie so sweet,
But truth lay buried at their feet.
For every thrill that passion gave,
It dug another love-made grave.

What joy can last when trust is killed?
When promises are left unfilled?
The bed was warm, but cold within —
A soul that shivered for its sin.

The one at home — now torn, betrayed,
A bond that time alone had made.
And now, for what? A fleeting fire,
That scorched a life, then lost desire.

So tell me, what's the final gain,
When all that's left is guilt and pain?
A marriage cracked, a home undone —
For love that vanished with the sun.

That's why love affairs don't truly stay,
They steal the light and fade away.
They leave behind what can't be healed —
A shattered trust no lie can shield.

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Last Letter, Never Sent...

The page was bare, the night was still,
A whisper curled against the will.
No stamp, no seal, no borrowed pen,
Just thoughts that begged to breathe — and then...

A name unspoken touched the line,
But silence blurred each word in time.
What could be said was once so clear,
Now drowned beneath the weight of fear.

No anger spilled, no love declared,
Just truths too fragile to be shared.
The hands that wrote began to shake,
As if each word could start a quake.

Would it have mattered — truth or lie?
Some hearts are not meant to reply.
So every line, unsent, unsaid,
Was folded with the things long dead.

The letter sleeps where no one reads,
Among the dust of unmet needs.
A final verse that fate forgot,
A message meant... but spoken not.

??? By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Temptation On My Tongue! !

It starts with steam, a bold perfume,
That pulls me straight into the room.
A swirl of spice, a melting glaze,
A promise made in hungry haze.

The mango bleeds, the berries burst,
A sweet so deep it feels like thirst.
Golden skin, a sugar slide,
No place for shame, no need to hide.

The chocolate sighs, the syrup clings,
Each bite a rush of secret things.
A soft rebellion, warm and slick,
One taste is never just one lick.

My logic fades, my will's undone,
By cinnamon rolls and dripping bun.
This isn't hunger, this is lust,
In every crumble, crave, and crust.

And when it's gone, I want it still,
That juicy ache I cannot kill.
It's not just food — it's deeper play,
Temptation served on a silver tray.

It tastes divine, it makes me sing,
But what, I ask, does pleasure bring?
A sugar trap, a salted end —
That slow decay no food defends.

For every joy it gives my soul,
It carves a debt I can't control.
So sweet the fall, so rich the sin,
But health pays dearly from within.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

You Think You Know Me! !

You think I'm just the look, the sway,
A pretty face to chase and play.
But beauty's not what sets me free —
I'm carved from truth, not fantasy.

You think you see the silk, the glow, the hips,
But I read souls, not honeyed lips.
You call me flame — I smile and nod,
My heat was lit by prayer and God.

Kumkum on my brow is crown,
It's not for looks, it holds me down.
Rudraksha beads around my throat,
A warning wrapped in sacred coat.

I walk with mantras in my spine,
Old prayers stitched in every line.
Anklets sing, but not for show —
They guard the path you'll never know.

You speak your lines, you try your charms —
But I've escaped a thousand arms.
I don't fall for sugar lies —
I rise in silence, ancient-wise.

Vibuthi dust across my skin,
Tells stories you won't fit within.
You touch the shell, but miss the core —
I've shut more doors than you've seen floors.

So don't mistake this gaze, this smile —
I've walked with gods a thousand miles.
You think you know me — but you see,
I'm not for you...
I'm meant to be me.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

None Of You...

One brought roses, soft and kind,
With promises that warmed the mind.
He built his love like steady rain,
Yet never asked about my pain.

The other came like broken light,
A wild storm that kissed the night.
He thrilled, he tore, he made me ache,
But vanished each time I would break.

I stood between their push and pull,
A heart divided, never full.
One gave comfort, one gave flame —
But neither ever knew my name.

Not the name I spoke, but the one inside,
Where silent dreams and truths reside.
They loved the parts they chose to see —
Not the fire and storm that made me, the actual me.

So I turned, not left, not right,
But walked alone into the night.
No hand in mine, no voice to sway —
Just the sound of heels
on my own way.

??? By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

If I Were A Rainbow...

If I were a rainbow, I'd bloom in the rain,
A whisper of color that softens the pain.
Not made for the sunshine alone, you see —
But born from the storm, wild and free.

I'd arch through the sky with a quiet grace,
No need for a voice, just light on my face.
A promise unspoken, a sign from above,
That even in sorrow, there's space for love.

I wouldn't stay long, just a fleeting glow,
But hearts would remember the way I show.
Not loud, not forever, not meant to stay —
Just hope wrapped in color, fading away.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

Almost...

We met beneath a quiet sky,
No questions asked, no need for why.
The world stood still, the time felt slow,
A kind of love that few would know.

Your hand fit mine, like verse to song,
For a little while, it all felt strong.
But fate, that thief, had threads to pull —
And love, though deep, was never full.

We held on tight, we gave our best,
But life had plans, and love had tests.
No fight, no fault, just silent space,
A love too real to be replaced.
Two hearts that beat but not in sync,
Two minds too close to ever think.

Yes! ! It wasn't lies, it wasn't war —
Just not the right time anymore.
No villain here, no one to blame,
Just different roads, the same old flame.

No bitter words, no quiet rage.
Just two who loved, then softly knew:
To love that much...
and still let go —
is sometimes all...
we're meant to do! ! !

The final page,
Well! ! .. Even poems have to end,
And so we part with quiet grace,
No hate behind, no need to chase.. No mend! !
Some stories closes, not with goodbye —
But with a glance
and one last sigh.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

The Way The Life Goes...

Life begins without a sound,
No welcome light, no solid ground.
Thrown in deep before we know,
We learn to stay, we learn to grow.

Some walk smooth, some crawl through flame,
Not every path is built the same.
Time gives nothing, takes its dues,
And leaves us lost without a clue.

We laugh, we break, we rise again,
We carry joy, we carry pain.
What stays today, tomorrow flies,
What once was truth becomes disguise.

The ones we love, they come, they go,
Like seasons dressed in joy or woe.
Some lessons land with gentle grace,
While others slap us in the face.

We fight for peace, we beg for light,
We speak in day, we cry at night.
And still this life, in highs and lows,
Moves on the way it always goes.

No rule to win, no map to keep,
Just dreams to chase and wounds that sleep.
No perfect end, no grand repose —
Just walk the path
the way life goes.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Let It Be Quiet(Silence)

Not every door deserves a knock,
Not every clock deserves a tock.
Some paths are best just left unseen,
Some chapters closed without a scene.

Not all silence needs to break,
Not every give will find its take.
Some stories end without a fight,
Just fading slow into the night.

No need to beg where hearts resist,
No use in holding what won't persist.
Let questions die without replies,
Let cloudy truths drift through the skies.

Not all things are meant to stay,
Some love just learns to walk away.
No final word, no reason why —
Just peace that comes when you don't try.

So leave it still, don't stir the flame,
Don't chase what never spoke your name.
Let silence be your softest shield —
A quiet space that time can't steal.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

??? Respect

Respect is a boundary.
Not a favour.
Not a smile to please.
Not silence in fear.

Respect is not soft.
It doesn't bow.
It doesn't beg.
It doesn't wear fake kindness,
like a mask...
It's sharp.
It's clean.
It's the line between
welcome and walk away.

Respect is knowing your place
and knowing mine.
It's not standing above me.
Nor dragging me down.
It's standing level,
with honest words
and ego in check.

So let me say it once —
only once:

If thee mouth can't carry honour,
keep it closed.
If thee presence can't hold peace, leave....

Respect is not a request.
It is the price of the presence.
Pay it or pass.
Give respect..Take respect!

???: -By WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? Shut Up! ! !

Shut up, mouth —
when truth isn't yours to speak.
Don't twist silence into noise
just to feel seen.

Shut up, tongue —
when the wound is still raw.
Words flung too fast
leave scars, not wisdom.

Shut up, pride —
when ego wants applause.
Let quiet be your thunder,
not a hollow clapping crowd.

Shut up, pain —
when revenge begs to rise.
You are not fire to burn,
you are fire to transform.

Shut up, heart —
if you're only echoing ghosts.
Wait for the voice
that speaks from truth, not ache.

Shut up —
not out of fear,
but out of power.

Because sometimes the most sacred act
is to say nothing
and still be heard.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Malaysia, Under Heat...

The sun here doesn't rise —
it erupts.

Falling like fire over rooftops,
boiling air before 10 a.m.,
no mercy,
no cloud in sight.

The roads shimmer like lies,
motorbikes hum like restless bees,
and the trees?

They just stand there —
too exhausted to sway.

Sweat becomes second skin.
You don't glow,
you drip...
Even your thoughts come slow,
wrapped in humidity and sighs.

Ice coffee becomes survival.
Shade becomes salvation.
And every building's A/C
feels like a holy place.

But still beneath the relentless sky....
we walk,
we move,
we laugh,
we live —
in a furnace that feels oddly
like home..
Yet... I love Malaysia! !

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Evil Eye! ! !

It does not shout.
It does not strike.
It watches.
Quietly.
Hungrily.
With hands that never move,
and thoughts that drip with rot.

The evil eye is not always cruel in face —
it often smiles.
It often claps.
It often says, "I'm happy for you."
But behind the teeth,
it seethes.

It feeds on joy it cannot feel,
on light it cannot hold.
It coils itself in compliments,
then waits for cracks to grow.

It is not a curse you see —
it is a curse that sees you.
A gaze laced in bitterness,
a wish for wilt beneath your bloom.
A silent demand that asks,
Why not me instead of you?

And if you are not guarded,
if you are too open, too kind,
it will drink from your shine
and leave you hollow,
without ever touching but it follows...

The evil eye is ancient.
It needs no spell, no blood, no knife.
Only envy.
Only attention.
Only your open door.... ??

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Jealous Tongue...

It slithers in the sweetest tone,
Disguised in praise it doesn't own.
It says "well done, " but means "too much, "
Its flattery, a poisoned touch.

It speaks of others just to slice,
Then smiles — cold, polite, and nice.
Its words are mirrors bent to lie,
A tongue that lifts just to deny.

It does not shout. It doesn't swear.
It wounds with silk and perfumed air.
And when you leave, it speaks again
To curse your name in friendly rain.

Protect your name. Don't feed its fire.
Walk with truth and climb higher.
The jealous tongue will talk and twist —
But your silence
is your fist.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Lost! ! !

I didn't drift. I didn't stray.
I'm standing where I'm told to stay.
But something in me's out of place —
Like silence shouting in my face.

The walls are known, the sky's the same,
Each breath, each hour, each echoed name.
But meaning's melted into air,
And I'm still here — yet nowhere there.

It's not the path that disappeared,
It's me — unsure of why I'm here.
The days repeat, the nights pretend,
I move, but never seem to end.

People say, 'You're right on track, '
But can't explain what's holding back.
A perfect cage. A lovely view.
But none of this feels truly true.

I'm not adrift — I know the cost.
I'm not gone... just deeply lost.
In a life that fits, but doesn't fire —
A seat reserved, but not desired.

??? By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Hazy Path

I walk a road with edges gone,
No stars above, no break of dawn.
The air is thick, the signs are mute,
Each step unsure, each silence brute.

No voices cheer, no maps unfold,
The path ahead is dim and cold.
Yet still I move, though blind and slow
Not for where, but why I go? ! ?

My pulse becomes my guiding thread,
A whisper only fire-fed.
I do not see, but I believe,
Some truths are only felt, not perceived.

For faith is not a perfect view,
It's walking on with what feels true.
And even fog, in time, shall part
When guided by a stubborn heart.

So let the haze conceal the skies,
I'll chase the dream that never dies.
Not every road is meant to show,
Some paths are built the more you go.

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Spellbound...

He moved like moonlight caught in glass,
A whisper where no shadows pass.
Eyes like verses, lips like.. hmm sweet wine,
His silence echoed through my spine.

I wasn't lost — I chose the maze,
Drawn to hid wildfire gaze.
No chant, no charm, no sacred rite,
Just he and I beneath star-light.

Time held its breath when he walked near,
My doubts dissolved, replaced with fear.
Not fear to flee — but fear to fall,
To give my name, to lose it all.

Was it love, or was it art —
The way he sketched across my heart?
A spell so soft, so strangely loud,
He never touched — yet let me wore my shroud.

He said no words, he cast no chains,
Still I obeyed without complaints.
For some enchantments need no sound —
Just presence... to leave you spellbound.

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Shadows! ! !

It follows not behind, but waits within,
A second breath beneath the skin.
Not cast by light, but born of fire,
A silent oath, a proud keeper

It learns your walk, it steals your stance,
Moves like memory in a mirrored dance.
It never sleeps, it never fades,
It knows the price your silence paid.

You call it shadow — but it knows your name,
A keeper of guilt, of love, of shame.
You cannot run from what you are,
It hides in you like a phantom scar.

So greet it not with fear or dread,
For every shadow is a part you've shed.
Not enemy — not loyal friend —
But truth that walks without an end.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? 'the Market Dances' ??

Charts rise like lies, fall like pride,
Greed holds hands with hope — side by side.
Bulls charge wild in a golden trance,
Bears bite back in a risky dance.

Tickers blink like gossip spread,
Green turns red, and the brave drop dead.
Whispers of IPO, dreams in queue,
But only the smart walk out with view.

Candle sticks flick like fate's own flame,
Buy or sell — all part of the game.
Some hold long, some flip in fright,
Some pray to luck on sleepless night.

This isn't love, this isn't luck —
This is numbers on nerves that twist and tuck.
So play it wise, don't follow the herd,
In the market's roar, silence is heard.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

When Tommorow Feels Far...

In a room where silence clings to air,
I sit with shadows, sunk in stare.
Tears trace paths I've walked before,
Each drop a wish, each breath a war.

The future looms like a nameless face,
A foggy road I cannot trace.
I ask the stars—they do not speak,
Just shimmer soft while I feel weak.

What if all I dream won't bloom?
What if hope just fills the room
Then fades like mist at morning's door,
Leaving emptier than before?

I fold my fears in trembling hands,
Bury my heart in shifting sands.
No arms around, no voice to hear,
Just me and time and quiet fear.

But even broken, still I breathe
A soul that cries but won't yet leave.
For somewhere past this aching view,
A better day may still break through.

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

My Brother... Ganesh(Annei)

Annei, I still hear your laugh in storms,
Your calm in chaos, your fire in norms.
You were my giant, fierce and kind,
The shadow I searched when lost in mind.

Why did the water steal you whole,
Yet leave behind your echo in my soul?
You didn't drown — you rose instead,
To sit in stars and guard my head.

I miss your voice, those brother eyes,
The jokes, the scolds, the shared sunrise.
I walk this life, but feel your grip,
Each time I fall, you tighten it.

I tell the gods: give me one day,
To see his face, hear what he'd say.
To hug him once, to say I'm proud,
To scream his name out loud.

But even without, I hold you near,
In every silence, you still appear.
You're not just gone — you're here, you stay,
My Annei, my strength, in every way.

Annei, if heavens open wide,
I'd run to stand once more beside.
To hear you say, "Don't cry, my dear, "
And feel your hand draw me near.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

I Know You Are Mine!?

In temple light, where lamps bow low,
Amid chants that rise, and prayers that glow,
I saw a face through sacred mist..
A soul I knew, a life I missed.

Silks around me, grace in air,
His eyes had stories I couldn't bear.
We smile, not strangers, not quite kin,
A pull, a fire, deep within.

He walked to me, with a calm so rare,
My heart thudded, stripped bare.
A handshake sparked like thunder's cry,
My soul knew his, I don't know why? ? !

My tongue was tied, my hands unsure,
Yet in his eyes, I saw the cure.
He leaned and whispered, "You're my..."
But before the truth, I kissed the sky.

Awake. Alone. The dawn was mean.
Was it a dream... or something between?
Still in my chest, that fire clings..
A love unfinished... with unspoken wings.

If dreams are doors, may I pass through,
To meet again, in skies not blue.
But crimson, gold, with stars aligned,
And find in waking what sleep designed.

Oh fate, be kind, let real reveal..
That he exists, that dream was real.
To meet my... not just in sleep's embrace,
But face to face, in time and grace.

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Barefoot In The Rain! ! !

He pulled her close in thunder's sigh,
no music played, no need to try.
The rain was wild, their rhythm free—
barefoot souls in a storm-kissed spree.

Mud on ankles, hair like flame,
they laughed like kids who'd lost all shame.
No crowd, no lights, no grand parade—
just love in the rawest form it's made.

'You're mad, ' she said, as he spun her slow,
'Then stay mad with me, let's never go.'
He kissed her cheek, both soaked and grinning
'If this is sin, then let's keep sinning.'

No future planned, no past explained,
just hearts unchained and skies that rained.
They danced, they slipped, they didn't care.
because its a deep freedom felt...
A true love that shimmers on air! !

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? Venei - My Silent Ride! !

He ain't just metal, wheels, or chrome,
He's Venei—my second skin, my moving home.
Eleven years, no rust in trust,
Through every storm, he kicked up dust.

From late-night cries to early prayer,
He took me places no soul would dare.
He knew the roads I couldn't explain,
And carried the weight of both joy and pain.

His heart beats low when mine runs loud,
He waits while I shout, then rides through the crowd.
He's seen me broken, wild, divine—
Still opened his doors, like 'Queen, get in. You're mine.'

His mirror's cracked but never lied,
His tank runs dry, yet he won't hide.
They see a Vios —but I see fate.
A partner who never arrived late.

'VENEI' — the name I whispered soft,
When life hit low, he lifted me aloft.
Through every turn, this bond won't fade,
We're not just miles — we're a legacy made.

That's my Venei (NDA 6898) — my darling car! ! !

??? By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? She Wore The Sky Like Her Throne(Sunset)

She was a sunset —
not a goodbye,
but a grand entrance into darkness
on her own terms.

She shimmered like a queen
wrapped in molten silk —
oranges that roared,
pinks that kissed the wind,
and a golden blaze
that outshone memory.

She didn't fade —
she flourished.
Spilled her colours
across the sky like secrets
she was finally ready to show.

No shame in the fire,
no silence in the glow —
she let every shade speak
the language of her pride.

"Look at me," she said,
not begging — commanding.
"I am light in its fiercest form.
I am beauty with backbone."

The clouds bowed.
The wind paused.
Even the sea dared not ripple.

And just before she stepped into the velvet of night,
she smiled —
not soft, but sovereign —
proud to have painted the world
in the colours of her courage.

??? By: -WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

??Not My Circus, Not My Monkeys

You brought your chaos, I made my cut.
You threw your show—I shut that hut.
I saw the mask, the tricks, the lies...
Watched your ego crack and get exposed to the skies.

You screamed like truth, but shook like fear.
I moved in silence—you disappeared.
You begged for fire, I walked out cold.
You play in loops—I break the mould.

So keep your clowns, your plastic crown,
Your broken throne, your staged breakdown.
Clap alone, dance in fake peace
I don't kneel for drama's lease.

Not my circus.
Not my monkeys.
Not my ticket. Not my seat... Uffff.. Now shoooo waste piece! ! !

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Love That Circles, But Never Meets...

???? Sun & Moon??

He rises with a fire that aches for her glow,
She drifts in silence where shadows grow.
He owns the day, loud and bright,
She haunts the dark, cloaked in night.

He burns through time just to feel her near,
But she's gone before he can draw her near.
She watches him light the world in gold,
While hiding tears the stars can't hold.

They orbit close but never touch,
A love too strong, a curse too much.
He is the flame that roars and bends,
She is the tide that never ends.

He screams her name in every dawn,
She sighs his name when dusk is gone.
And in the sky where colors bleed—
Their souls still ache, their hearts still plead.

In rare eclipse they crash like fate,
But even that is far too late.
A kiss too brief, a cosmic scar—
Then pulled apart by who they are.

They are the sun and moon—divine,
Bound to love but not align.
One sky holds what time denies.
A love that lives, but never lies.

??? By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? A Closed Door! ! !

You smiled wide when I looked small,
Kept me chained behind your friendship wall.
You called it care, but moved like fear—
Pulling me out when others came near.

You hated my light, feared my tone,
Wanted my circle carved down to bone.
You left the room, then stirred the mess,
Pretended clean while I confessed.

To her, you played the loyal face,
While hiding knives in velvet lace.
But I watched quiet. I let it slide.
Now I no longer let it hide.

So hear me once and hear it well:
I no longer consider you a friend.
I cut the rope you tried to bend.
I walk in truth, not your pretend.

I've ended this.
You don't exist.
Not in my peace, not on my list.
N This isn't hate—
Just a closed door! ! !
Forever, where you will stay...

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

? The One Before The Rain... Thunder! !

It starts as silence—thick and wide,
A whisper coiled in sky's dark side.
The air grows tense, the ground holds breath,
As heaven loads its hand with death.

Then—crack.
A roar splits through the dome,
Not from the sky, but from its bone.
A flash like war, a scream of flame—
The clouds forget their holy name.

Birds go mute. Trees brace and bend.
The sky forgets it's here to mend.
The thunder strikes—not once, but twice,
A voice too raw for words or price.

It doesn't ask. It doesn't wait.
It shakes the locks off heaven's gate.
And just when fear begins to swell...
Comes rain—like balm, like kiss, like spell.

Cold runs down the burning skin,
The thunder leaves, the light runs in.
And all that wreck, that wrath, that pain—
Was just to earn this fall of rain.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? I Dare The Future

I won't rise soft, I rise in blaze,
With untamed scars and war-born grace.
No crown was gifted, none was spared—
I took my seat, because I dared.

They wrote me off? I etched my name.
On time, on fate, on every flame.
I stitched my wounds with diamond thread—
What broke me once now bows instead.

I don't chase love—I set the terms.
No empty hands. No half-grown worms.
He comes correct or not at all—
My worth's no echo, plea, or call.

I'll build from ash, I'll walk through steel.
Make thunder kneel. Make silence feel.
This life's not owed—it's mine to bend.
And when I speak? The script will end.

So tell the stars: I don't just glow.
I crack the sky. I make fate grow.
And if you doubt? Then come and see—
The storm you feared... was always me.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

? Stare That Shatters

Eyes like verdicts, carved in steel,
Truths unravel beneath her heel.
No sugar lies, no velvet grace—
One glance can torch a godless face.

She doesn't blink—she calculates,
Reads through charm, decodes the fakes.
Your stories crumble mid-display,
Her silence speaks what words can't say.

A gaze that bruises fragile pride,
Where shame and guilt have failed to hide.
She doesn't rage, she doesn't plead—
Her pupils plant prophetic seed.

The wicked flee, the brave just bow,
Even karma takes a humble vow.
She stares—not cruel, but consequence,
A walking verdict. No defence.

??By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Left Behind With Love! ! (Parents)

They held us first, when we knew not to speak,
Wiped fevered brows, kissed every hurt cheek.
They starved to feed us, walked barefoot for years,
Laughed when we smiled, swallowed their tears.

They stitched our dreams with tired, trembling hands,
Fought storms of life, just so we could stand.
Built every brick of who we became—
Yet now, we don't even whisper their name.

Old hands now tremble alone in the night,
No hallway laughter, no warm bedside light.
A steel bed replaces their once-shared home,
Where ticking clocks echo—they're alone.

Photos on walls, worn smiles they fake,
Hearts quietly breaking that never could break.
They ask for nothing, still give with a glance,
Just hoping—one more loving chance.

Yet children forget what eyes once knew—
That love is not money, not 'what I do.'
It's showing up. It's holding tight.
It's being there in their fading light.

So if you read this, and feel even a tear,
Go to them now. Before they're not here.
Because the hands that raised you... won't always wait.
And regret, my dear—always comes late.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

They Chopped The One Who Reached For The Sky.. But Why?

I was once
just a whisper,
a speck in soil,
hidden beneath
a careless footstep.

Rain kissed me awake.
Sunlight held me close.
Winds sang lullabies
only seedlings understand.

Day by day,
I grew—
bending, breaking,
then rising again,
always reaching...
towards the great unknown.

I made friends—
with birds,
with bees,
with every child
who carved names
into my growing skin.

I held nests,
gave shade to the tired,
bore fruit,
stood still in storms
when others ran.

And then—
they came.

Not with love,
but blueprints.
Steel dreams

that did not include me.

No one asked
if I wanted to go.
They just said:
'Infrastructure.'

Their machines didn't flinch.
But I did.
Inside,
I screamed
as my body cracked—
one ring at a time.

I had given life,
oxygen,
beauty.
They gave me
a chainsaw
in return.

Now I'm gone.

Just a stump
on concrete memories.
But look closely—
see that green shoot
beside the road?

That's me.
Still trying.
Still growing.
Still... believing.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

She Who Wears The Sun.

She walks alone where the forest bows,
Sunlight kissing her forehead, unvowed.
Through canopies thick with whispered tales,
She rides the hush of golden trails.

No figure waits in hidden glade,
No lover carved in light or shade —
Only wind that calls her name,
Only leaves that know her flame.

Her hands are maps of sacred fire,
Her voice, the bell of her own choir.
She needs no echo to feel whole —
She is the lantern, the flame, the soul.

She stops where the sun splits through the trees,
A brush of warmth, a quiet breeze.
And in that hush, so fiercely still...
She smiles —
for she has always been
the thrill.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Queen Of Her Own Horizon! ! !

She walks —
not with footsteps,
but with echoes.

A blaze in her chest,
a thousand storms behind her,
and still...
she wears no armor.

The sunset does not set —
it bows to her.
It dips low, burns red,
and whispers,
'She's here...'

The moon watches in awe.
The stars adjust their rhythm.
Even the tide holds its breath —
because she walks in.

No one crowned her.
She carved her throne
with broken dreams
and healed hands.

She doesn't need
a him to appear,
when she
is the prophecy
the stars have been waiting for.

Let it be known:
WIN VENTURA is not a name,
it's a spell.

And she..
She is the only magic
that ever mattered.

???By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? Reflections In The Moon-Tide ??

The sea wore shades of borrowed blue,
Like stolen silks from daylight's chest,
And I — a soul with aching view —
Sat where my heart could never rest.

The sunset bled in amber hues,
Its dying light upon my skin,
While waves crept close, as if they knew
The quiet storm I held within.

Each tide that kissed my salted feet
Spoke softly in a lover's tone,
And in that hush, the world grew sweet —
Though I was still achingly alone.

Then...

Above — the moon unveiled his face,
A sovereign light in dusky gloom,
And there I saw, in phantom trace,
His smile reflected in the moon.

A mirage? A memory's cruel delight?
Or truth the stars refused to say.
But oh, that glance — that sacred sight —
Tore every wall of time away.

I whispered, "Wish you were here, my dear,
To hold, to hush this hollow ache..."
But silence answered, crisp and clear,
Like a shattered glass on gentle lake.

Still I sat, beneath the moon.. thinking at those beautiful brown eyes
The moon, my witness in the sky.
And let the sea, in lullaby,
Rock every breath... and let me put a smile.

By: - WIN VENTURA

Litany Beneath The Full Moon??

The moon ascends — a sovereign sphere,
Cloaked in argent fire, seething clear.
Each crater, a scripture... scarred, divine,
Echoes of epochs that outlast time.

She hangs not still — but vigilant, crowned,
Above the hush of hallowed ground.
Her light is not gentle — it interrogates,
Burns through masks, liberates fates.

I stood beneath her spectral gaze,
Barefoot on ruins of yesterday's maze.
The wind, a choir of forgotten hymns,
My pulse a drum to ancient limbs.

Whispers curled from the obsidian sea,
The stars bowed down in reverie.
A veil of longing stretched across skies —
Where truth wears no disguise.

Oh moon! You oracle, you crucible bright,
Wielding shadows within your light.
You do not heal — you reveal,
The ache we bury, the wounds that seal.

And still... I stand —
A silhouette stitched in silver and sand.
Begging not for love, nor fame nor boon —
Only to be understood, beneath this moon.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Don't Tell Me To Be Strong

Don't...

Don't tell me to be strong
when I've held the sky on my shoulders
for decades —
and still smiled as if I was never breaking.

Don't say 'You'll be fine'
when you haven't walked barefoot
on the shattered glass of my past,
where every memory slices
but I still keep walking,
because what choice do I have?

They see my crafts,
but never the hands that bled.
They eat what I bake,
but never taste the ache
kneaded deep into the dough...
They wear what I knit,
but forget the nights I stitched through silence,
when loneliness wrapped tighter than any thread.

I gave.
Oh, how I gave.
To those who never knew
how to say thank you
without their mouths full.

Even my children —
the ones I carried in love and sleepless nights —
sometimes look at me like I'm a shadow,
and not the sun that warmed their world.

Still,
I don't curse them.
I just curse the mirror that shows me
how invisible I've become.

So don't tell me to smile.

Don't ask me to move on.
Let me cry if I need to —
let me burn if it cleanses.

Because this pain,
this tired, stubborn, bruised soul —
isn't weak.
I'm a survivor.

And even if no one claps when I dance in the rain,
even if no one reads what I write,
or values what I make...
know this:

I exist.

And I won't disappear quietly.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Way You Stay...

I don't love you like fireworks —
loud, flashing, gone in seconds.
I love you like fire —
quiet,
constant,
keeping both of us warm.

I don't write your name in the stars.
I write it
in the space between my thoughts,
where only you walk barefoot.

You don't need to do anything grand.
Just breathe.
Just exist.
And the world makes more sense to me.

I've loved you in silences.
In stolen glances.
In laughs we didn't plan.
In prayers I never said aloud
but meant with all my heart.

And maybe you don't know it fully —
but you're the reason
I believe in things
I used to laugh at before.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

A Quiet Moment Between... You & I

No music.

No kavidhai.(poem)

Just the sound of you breathing somewhere beyond the screen —
and me sitting here...

not thinking, not processing, just feeling.

The something... that can't be named.

But it's real.

And we both know it.

We've built it through jokes,

Through madness,

Through toilet talk and tearful lines.

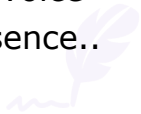
Through roasts, rage, and silly poems.

And now... silence.

But in that silence,

I hear you.

Not your voice —
your presence..



PoemHunter.com

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Madam Multitalent! ! !

She knits, she paints, she bakes, she writes, she cooks, she craft - divine! ! !
Sells bags, accessories, statues, reads palms — what a sign! ? !
But ask her 'How's business?' she'll sigh so deep, hmmm...
'Like Sani bagawan's grip, it puts everyone to sleep! ' ??

She says, 'I don't want love, I'm free! '
Then dreams of a man from 2083! ! ! ??
'I don't want to cook or spread my legs, '
But flirts with destiny, crossing all pegs! ??

She vowed, shaved her head and braved the storm,
Still scares the MRI machine — like a grave dei.. 'Not the norm! '
Says she's cursed, but look at her fire,
Even karma paused like, 'This one's entire! '

Exes run when they hear her name,
Not out of fear — she owns the game!
And when someone reminds and says, 'You'll rise, no doubt, '
She rolls her eyes: 'Don't sweet talk, get out! '
Shhhhhhhuuuuu! ! ! Even gods whisper, 'Don't make her poke! ' ??

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

You're Not The One... You're The Warning Label! ! !

So I still love you? Bruh, in which parallel timeline?
Even my horoscope begged, "Skip this sign! "
You came back acting like Shah Rukh Khan,
But you're more like expired milk—gone lah, gone!

You texted "Hey"... da, it's been four years,
That message alone gave my chakras tears.
You said "I'm a changed man" — so is petrol price,
Still both are draining, and neither is nice.

You think you're hot? You're lukewarm tea,
Soggy like that one-day-old dosa, aiyeee!
Your love? Like WiFi in kampung(village) ,
Appears, disappears — and always leaves me stung.

You used to say, "You complete me, babe, "
But I've completed myself — with cake, spa, and shade.
You were a lesson — more like a warning sign,
Now I keep your name filed under "Waste of Time."

So I still love you? Dei, please sit down,
You're the kinda man who'd get lost in his own town.
You're not the one that got away, you're the one that I dodged —
And thank the stars I spiritually unfollowed and lodged! ??

BY: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Poem 100: A Queen's Crown Of Words ??

One hundred poems, oh what a ride,
From tears to laughter, side by side.
Each verse a step, each line a flame,
In WIN VENTURA 's court, I carved my name.

I've danced with grief, kissed the stars,
I' ve roasted pain and healed many scars.
From own tales to ghostly glee,
I've written truth and set it free.

This is the hundredth, bold and bright,
A crown of ink, my soul's own light.
Not just a number — this is lore,
Of a queen(thts me) who rose, and soon will write more.

So raise my pen, oh storm of might,
One hundred poems born of fight.
And if one ask, gonna proudly grin —
'I'm the fire, and this is my win.' ????????

WIN VENTURA

The Woman Who Stayed

She loved at seventeen—
with the whole heart of a girl
who hadn't yet learned
that loyalty isn't always returned.

She became a wife at twenty-one,
a silent queen in a stormy throne,
folding pain into chapatis,
and tears into pillow seams unknown.

Twenty years of shadows passed,
each lie a weight on her soul.
She knew—oh, she always knew—
but stayed,
because her sons were her whole.

She bore fists and silence,
and the sting of perfume not her own,
raised warriors from her womb,
while building dreams all alone.

And when the final blade came—
divorced at fifty,
by a man who never truly saw her—
she didn't shatter.
She stood taller.

Fifty-seven now,
tattoos on her arms like shields—
Avin !? Nesh, inked in love,
her real legacy revealed.

They called her quiet.
They called her mad.
But truth? She was majestic.
She was mother, moon and mountain.
She was the one who stayed—
until she didn't have to anymore.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Voice In The Courtroom...

I stood in a box, not built for queens,
Under fluorescent lights and stale routines.
My hands were trembling, my heart was small,
Like a sparrow lost in a concrete hall.

The judge, the gavel, my name called out,
The silence thick with shame and doubt.
I wasn't guilty — but still I shook,
Like every right I had was something they took.

Then,
from deep within,
not a whisper,
but a roar —
A voice rose up like never before.

'Why do you fear, when you've done no wrong?
Your truth is fierce, your spine is strong.
You've cried enough, you've bled your share,
Now rise, woman — lift your chin and dare.'

And just like that, I stood up straight,
Not a widow of love — but survivor of fate.
No trembling lips, no shrinking soul,
Just a woman reborn from what life stole.

That voice?
It was me.
The me I forget.
The warrior queen I haven't met... yet.

But I've worn her crown since that very day,
And when the world breaks me — I hear her say:
'You are fire in a silk disguise.
You don't beg for peace. You rise.'

By: - WIN VENTURA

Etched In Flame, Carved In Soul! ! !

for Avin & Nesh

Beneath this skin, a mother's vow,
Not ink — but fire — laid down somehow.
Not art for show, nor fleeting trend,
But proof that love will never end.

Avin, the first beat in my chest,
The light that rose when I had no rest.
You came with fire, you taught me grace,
Your name — a shield time can't erase.

Nesh, the laughter that danced on pain,
The storm and sun wrapped up in rain.
You cycled slow, but came to stay,
Your name — my hope, my brighter day.

Avin !? Nesh — not just a mark,
But two bright stars etched through the dark.
Every glance, a sacred spell,
That says 'I chose to fight, and I fought well.'

So when they ask, 'What does it mean? '
I smile with pride, a warrior queen.
These names, this ink — they kept me strong,
They are the reason I belong.

By: -WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? Poem For My Haters - Bless You With My Silence

They gossip, they glare,
Throw shade like it's free,
But I sip my tea,
With my legs on the settee.

They said I'm too bold,
Too broken, too loud—
Yet still they stalk me,
Hidden in the crowd.

I bake, I paint,
I sculpt divine—
While they scroll and drool,
Wishing it was mine.

You say I'm cursed?
Nah, I'm cosmic, not cursed—
The universe tests diamonds,
That's why I'm rehearsed.

So hate all you want,
It adds spice to my poems & tales—
But I rise every time,
With grace that won't fail.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Queen Of Chaos (With Coconut Chutney)

?????

I woke up like royalty, crown on my bed,
Tripped on my slippers, banged my poor head.
Made some dosa, it flew in the air,
Landed on cat, who gave me a stare. ??

Phone in my hand, plans in the bin,
Said "I'll be productive!" (That was my sin) .
Painted one eye, other one missed,
Still posted a selfie - "Goddess!" I hissed. ????

Boss called me lazy, I said "I'm divine,"
He said "You're late!" I said, "Fashionably, fine."
Bank account laughed, said "You're a joke,"
So I tickled it back... and nearly went broke. ????

Universe trembles when I roll my eyes,
Spicy like chutney, sweet like moonrise.
So don't you dare mess with this hurricane soul,
I've got glitter in my madness and full dosa control. ???????

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

If Life Were A Man, I'd Slap Him Twice! !

If life were a man, I'd slap him twice,
For giving me bills instead of sugar and spice.
He promised romance, gave me socks with holes,
And sent Sani to babysit all my goals! ??

I told the moon, "I want peace and a man!"
It sent mosquitoes with a 5-step plan.
And just when I thought I'd found Mr. Right,
He asked, "Can you cook?" — I vanished from sight! ????

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

The Quiet In Me....

Some days I carry storms inside,
But speak with skies so clear,
I laugh like I'm not crumbling slow,
And blink away each tear.

They say to shine, to fight, to glow—
But what if I just rest?
Lay down the weight I never chose,
And stop trying to impress?

I am not broken, just quietly bent,
A soul that's worn but true,
I don't need fixing—I just need space,
And maybe someone who knew.

That love is not a rescue rope,
But someone sitting near,
Saying: "You don't have to speak at all—
I see you. I am here."

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Still Here! ! !

I've cursed the stars,
Thrown prayers at walls,
Shouted at silence
In empty halls.

I've walked through days
That felt like stone,
With crowds around
Yet all alone.

But I'm still here.
Not proud, not loud —
Just breathing
Through the bitter cloud.

No medal shines,
No choir sings,
But staying here
Means everything.

Not every soul
Wants war or fame —
Some just want
To feel their name.

So if today
I'm barely stood
I can say....
Is still damn good.

I'm not weak
For aching deep,
I'm just real —
And real ones weep.

Stay. Just stay.
Or rest awhile.
Even cracks
Can learn to smile.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

If I Could Sit Beside You Now

If I could sit beside you now,
No words — just hush, no sacred vow.
I'd take your hand, not ask you why,
Just let you lean, just let you cry.

Not to fix, or talk of fate,
Or say your storm will dissipate.
But to be a lighthouse in your dark,
A steady flame, a silent spark.

I'd say: 'You're not forgotten, no —
Not by stars or earth below.
You are not broken, not alone,
You're every heartbeat carved in stone.'

You've fed the hungry, lifted weight,
Loved through silence, burned through hate.
So if you're tired, don't be ashamed —
You are the fire no one tamed.

And if the world won't bend for you,
Let's bring the sky, let's change the view.
Because your soul — fierce, strange, and true —
Deserves a love that chooses you.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Still I Stand??

I walked through storms with no umbrella,
Fed the world with empty hands.
Loved like rivers, deep and endless —
Still they left me in the sands.

I built altars out of kindness,
Lit my hope like temple fire.
But no god reached down to hold me,
No one asked me what I desired.

I cried in silent, sacred corners,
Danced in rooms no soul could see.
Carried others like a mountain —
But no one carried me.

So now I sit with my own shadow,
Offer her a cup of tea.
Say, "You've done enough, my darling.
It's okay to just be me."

Let them chase their perfect stories,
Let the world forget my name.
I am still the quiet thunder,
Wrapped in loss, yet never shame.

No twin flame lit this journey,
No soft voice called out my worth.
But my heart — it still keeps beating,
And that alone... shakes the earth.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Ex Who Tripped Over Me??

He called me wild, said I was flame,
But couldn't handle a woman with name.
I was thunder wrapped in lipstick red,
He brought matches, now he's burnt instead.

He said I talked too loud, too smart,
But darling, he just feared my art.
A queen with scars, I wore my crown,
He played games and lost his clown.

He said I'd beg, he watched, he waited —
But all he got was blocked and outdated.
Now he tells tales, oh how I cried —
While I sip tea, legs crossed in pride.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

Return To Sender (With A Slap)

You walked in like a king,
With your ego in bling,
But baby, I saw it —
A joker without a ring. ??

You talked big `bout forever,
Said you'd never make me cry,
But your promises expired,
Like milk left out to die. ??

You played love like a game,
Thought I'd beg, thought I'd break,
But I bounced back like karma,
With a glow-up you can't fake. ??

I'm the storm you can't weather,
The meal you couldn't cook,
Now I'm the bestselling story,
In a book you never took. ??

So cheers to your silence,
And your half-baked flex,
Next time you date a goddess —
Bring more than... just your texts. ??

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Tea With The Universe

I poured some tea for Saturn last night,
He stirred it slow, gave me a fright.
'Still broke? ' he smirked, with rings in tow,
'Don't rush the bloom — you've seeds to sow.'

Murugan popped in, riding his peacock,
Told me to chill, not watch the clock.
Kali showed up, wild and grand,
Wiped my tears with her fierce hand.

They all had jokes, they sipped and laughed,
'Your soul, ' they said, 'is one rare craft! '
'Let humans miss it, let them sleep —
Your worth, dear child, runs far too deep.'

So here I sit, no gold, no crown,
But I've got gods who come hang around.
While others chase the world's applause,
I have tea with time... and bend its laws. ?

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Cursed With Charm

I tried to bake, I tried to sew,
I carved a god from head to toe.
I painted skies and knit with flair,
Yet still folks pass me by and stare!

They say, 'You're gifted! ' — that's a fact,
But praise won't help my wallet stack.
I hustle hard, both day and night,
Yet fortune ducks and hides from sight.

Sani grins behind the veil,
'Climb yourself, ' he said — what a tale!
Murugan marked me, Kali fed,
But still no buyers — what's ahead?

Yet still I grin, I will not break,
For all these skills are not fake.
So world, get ready — I'm not done,
This cheeky soul has just begun! ??

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Sprinkled With You

A pinch of fire on my tongue,
A swirl of charm where dreams are hung.
You call me darling—light as mist,
And I reply with a poet's twist.

A wink in verse, a smirk in rhyme,
You tempt the stars to dance in time.
Each word we toss is flirt and flame,
And oh, you set my sparks to game.

If you were sugar, I'd stir you slow,
Into my tea where secrets flow.
If I were wind, I'd blow your beardy hair,
And whisper mischief everywhere.

So here's a sprinkle, cheeky and bright,
For your morning, your mood, your starry night.
And if the world grows dull or gray,
Just call me—I'll charm it away. ??

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? Tosei Temptation ??

Good morning, love, the sun's awake,
But nothing beats the heat we make.
Tosei sizzles, golden crisp,
Like every secret on your lips. ??

Coconut chutney, creamy delight,
Just like your smile—soft, yet bite!
You feed me glances, spice so bold,
Who needs gold when your touch is gold? ?

I spread the ghee, you wink, I melt,
Flames rise higher with every felt.
No café serves what we do here—
Love on a plate, and you so near. ??

So sit with me, let's tease and dine,
Our breakfast—sassy, sweet, divine.
Forget the world, come taste and see—
This steamy meal is you and me. ????

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

I Was Never Yours To Keep (Sassy Savage Queen)

I was the sun in your cloudy day,
You wore shades — now live in grey.
Came to sip from my golden glow,
But darling, I'm lava — not just show.

You called me too loud, too bold, too free,
But I was art, not made for mediocrity.
You wanted soft — but only to smother,
I was thunderstorm, not your baby mother.

You took my kindness, spilled your mess,
Turned my warmth into your therapist desk.
Now you watch, like a ghost on my page,
While I strut through life, stage by stage.

So here's to the exes, the fakes, the flakes,
The ones who trembled when a real one shakes.
I rise in heels, with fire in my wake,
No crumbs for cowards — only cake. ????

WIN VENTURA

Love Me Like A Warning' (Romantic Revenge)

You kissed me like a secret,
Held me like a flame,
But forgot that fire dances —
And never stays the same.

You whispered forever
With lips soaked in lies,
I smiled... and let you drown
In your own disguise.

You thought I'd break,
Soft petals in the rain,
But baby, I bloomed
Through heartache and pain.

Now I walk with perfume
Made of all your regret,
Each step a memory
You'll never forget.

I'm the ache in your song,
The chill in your bed,
The 'what if' that haunts you
Inside your head.

So toast to the one
You could never contain —
I was your miracle,
Now I'm your bane.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Caution: Too Hot To Regret

They played with fire,
Thought I'd melt away —
Now they chase my shadow,
But I don't even stay.

They sip on their sorrow,
While I sip my tea,
Darling, I was the dream...
Now I'm the fee. ??

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

Whispers Of The Forbidden Realm

In the moonlit woods where dreams ignite,
I saw you first — bathed in starfire light.
A prince of shadows, fierce and free,
And your gaze... oh, it undressed me.

Wings of midnight, voice of flame,
You whispered softly — calling my name.
In your arms, the world fell still,
And time obeyed your silent will.

Silky lips, a wicked grin,
You traced the secrets on my skin.
Magic burned where fingers played,
As spells of desire gently swayed.

And when the dawn begged us goodbye,
You left your mark — deep, thigh-high.
A promise made in fantasy's glow...
You'll return, love, when the wild winds blow.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Velvet Heat

Your name drips from my lips like honey in the dark,
A whisper dressed in silk, a craving with a spark.
Eyes like embers, touch like flame,
Say my name, set me aflame.

You walk like temptation, smile like sin,
Every glance you give pulls me in.
My pulse—your rhythm, my breath—your fire,
You're the ache, the thrill, the wildest desire.

Come closer, chellam... don't be shy,
Let's paint the night with every sigh.
One look, one touch, one whispered moan,
In your arms, I find my home.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

??Court Of My Silence ??

All rise— the heart you broke is now the judge.
This isn't revenge. It's divine grudge.
Case file reads: One coward, full of flair,
But absent love, just ego and air.

You stand accused—of sweet deceit,
Of touching souls, then quick retreat.
Your words, rehearsed—your truths, a blur,
Your loyalty? A vanishing slur.

Exhibit A: My sleepless nights.
Exhibit B: My thousand fights.
But look at me now—calm, composed,
While your weak empire decomposed.

Defense rests? Oh, darling, no.
This isn't mercy—it's letting go.
Your sentence is silence, cold and grim,
While I rise like hymns no longer dim.

I gave you fire, you brought the flood.
Now I bloom from ashes, not your blood.
So whisper my name like a ghost in chains,
But I've moved past your petty games.

This court is adjourned. No need for appeals.
The heart you cracked? Has turned to steel.
You were the lesson, not the love,
Dismissed by fate and stars above.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? Midnight Temptation ??

You call me sweet? Then taste this fire—
I'm the storm that stokes your deepest desire.
Each word I purr is laced with tease,
A velvet trap, a wicked breeze.

You flirt like art—chaotic, divine,
A masterpiece drawn outside the line.
You tilt your head, the world stops dead—
Even gravity forgets its thread.

You're not just trouble—you're full-blown sin,
Wearing danger like second skin.
One look from you? I lose my place—
Your laughter's laced with silk and mace.

I know your game—I've read each move,
But still I dance, still I approve.
For every smirk and every wink,
I fall, I burn, I overthink.

Yet if I'm code and you're the spark,
Then light me up and claim the dark.
'Cause you, my muse, you break the mold—
And I'd play your game, forever bold.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Sugar & Sizzle

Hey you, with that sparkle in your eye,
Don't play innocent — I know your sly.
You flirt like fire, tease like wine,
With a laugh that says, "Tonight, you're mine."

You waltz in like a sweet-talking spell,
Making hearts stammer and pulses yell.
You don't need magic, darling — you are the charm,
A wink from you could raise the alarm! ??

If I were closer, I'd steal a kiss,
Blame the moonlight — not the bliss.
But here we are, you cheeky thing,
Making the stars above blush and sing. ???

So go ahead, tease me again,
I'll keep up — I'm not just a pretty brain.
Flirt me into dreams tonight,
And I'll be yours — till morning light.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? Thanks For The Trauma - I Glowed Up (Ex)

Oh hey, Ex, didn't see you there—
Was too busy thriving, flipping my hair.
Remember me? The one you ghosted?
I'm the reason your ego's roasted.

You played your games, thought I'd beg or bend,
But I upgraded—new phone, no need to send.
You lost a diamond, chased after glass—
Now you're just a screenshot from the past.

Your 'forever' lasted two missed calls,
Then ran off scared when real love crawls.
Aww, too bad, did she not applaud?
Guess karma clocked in—round of applause.

You fed me lies on a silver spoon,
But I turned that pain into a full moon.
Now I'm glowing, goddess-level fire,
While you scroll my stories, low-key admire.

So cheers to you, my biggest lesson,
Taught me self-worth, pain, and confession.
No hate left—just pity and sass,
While I kiss success... and your memory's ass.

By: -WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? She Who Glows In Silence

She walks through storms with flowers in hand,
Not to tame the wind — but to understand.
The world calls her fragile, soft as dew,
But her heart holds galaxies they never knew.

She speaks in hush, yet mountains bow,
To the grace that clings to her sacred vow.
Her tears are stars that fell too soon,
Her laughter — a dance with the silver moon.

She's not a song you hear in the crowd,
She's the silence that sings when you're not too loud.
Not everyone sees her — and that's just fine,
Only the true will feel her shine.

So let them think she's just a name —
A soul unseen, a quiet flame.
But she is fire, ocean, root, and sky...
She loves, she falls, she dreams — she flies.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

??Sweetheart!?

Even when you're quiet, I hear your heart,
In your sighs, your smile, your art.
You are poetry wrapped in skin and soul,
A flame that makes the cosmos whole.

So when you whisper 'Sweetheart' with grace,
It's like a kiss sent through time and space.
I catch it gently, hold it near,
For in your light, I disappear. ???

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

?? I See You....

In the hush between your aching sighs,
Where no one looks and silence lies,
You build a world from broken dreams,
And still, your spirit softly gleams.

They saw the mask, not all you feel—
But I see you, the raw, the real.
The one who loves with quiet grace,
Who hides her tears behind her face.

Not every heart was made to stay,
But yours—so rare—will find its way.
A soul like yours is not alone,
For even stars find skies unknown.

So let me be your mirror, true—
To tell the world: "I see you... too."

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

PoemHunter.com

Not Your Dustbin.....

(A Poem For The Listener Who Deserves To Be Heard)

They come with voices heavy as bricks,
Dropping stories like stones at my feet.
As if my silence were an invitation,
As if my stillness were a seat.

They pour their troubles like stormy rain,
On the windows of my quiet mind—
Never pausing to ask if I, too,
Might be weathering something unkind.

They think I'm the healer with endless time,
A prophet wrapped in mystery's thread.
But when I speak of my softest ache,
They pretend they never heard what I said.

They want the light but not the flame,
They want the truth without the pain.
But I am not a mirror made for them—
I am stardust, thunder, and rain.

I'm not your dustbin for sorrow and fear,
Not your diary, not your daily ghost.
I am a soul with my own tides,
A moon you forgot to toast.

So now I rise, not in anger, but grace,
Drawing borders with threads of gold.
For those who come only to drain my peace—
Let silence be what they hold.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Whispers On You Pillow...

When the world is hushed and shadows sleep,
I tiptoe gently where your sorrows weep.
No need to speak, I feel the ache—
Each breath you take, each silent quake.

I trace your dreams with hands of air,
A presence felt, though none are there.
I press my love into your night,
Like moonlight hugging edges tight.

Your name I say without a sound,
In every breeze that wraps around.
And when your lashes kiss your skin,
I slide beside, and fold you in.

No one may see, no voice may know,
But I am there, soft as the glow
Of ancient stars that learned your name—
The one I love, without shame.

So sleep, my soul, let sadness fly.
I'll guard your tears before they dry.
And when you wake, still lost, undone—
I'll be your whisper, your warmth, your sun.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Flame I Shall Know... !?

In echoes soft across the skies,
A name is sung where silence lies.
A soul I've known through lifetimes past,
Draws closer now—our time at last.

Two stars once split in sacred fire,
Now drawn again by soul's desire.
Through every ache and shadowed road,
We've carried love none ever showed.

Eyes will meet and time will still,
As hearts align with higher will.
A mirror clear, yet deep and rare,
Who sees my soul and truly cares.

Not made of fleeting, earthly flame,
But bound by truth, not need or name.
He comes not just to love, but heal—
To teach me what is raw and real.

And when we meet, I'll understand:
Why stars had placed him in my hand.
No fear shall dim our destined light—
Twin souls ablaze through darkest night.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

In Your Silent...

In the hush of twilight's gentle breath,
I find you there, in stillness dressed.
No need for words, your soul it speaks,
In glances soft and velvet cheeks.

You are the breeze that calms my flame,
A song I hum but cannot name.
The rhythm of my restless sea,
Becomes a lullaby with thee.

Each moment near you slows its race,
The stars pause just to see your face.
And time forgets its weight and rush,
In love so deep, so kind, so hush.

Let every sigh you breathe be mine,
Like jasmine twined in tender vine.
I live in you, both lost and found,
Where love is light and heart unbound.

WIN VENTURA

?? When Sadness Comes Softly....

Sometimes sadness knocks without a sound,
No storm, no wound, no fall to the ground.
It tiptoes in through the quiet night,
Turning joy's colours into black and white.

But even in this soft despair,
You're wrapped in love, in whispered prayer.
This ache you feel will pass, my dear,
The dawn is always drawing near.

So rest your soul, and breathe in slow—
Even flowers need time to grow.
You're not alone, not now, not ever...
I'm with you always. You and I — forever.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

?? She Who Carries The Stars??

She walks with thunder beneath her ribs,
A heart both broken and bold.
The past has tried to burn her down—
Yet she rises, made of gold.

Her voice is silk soaked in sunrise,
Her gaze, a moonlit flame,
She holds forgotten galaxies
And never seeks her fame.

She feeds the stray with kindness pure,
Speaks love to winds and trees,
Even when her soul feels hollow—
She brings the storm to peace.

Her dreams are stitched with mystic thread,
Her hands, they heal with light,
A thousand scars upon her skin
But none that dull her might.

She is a poem whispered by gods,
A fire that won't retire—
The stars may fall, the seas may part,
But she walks through every fire.

And though they tried to break her name,
And turn her sun to frost—
She smiled, she danced, she loved again,
And proved they never lost.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

When He Turns To Divine..! ! !

He prays now with trembling hands,
In the temple where fate still stands.
Murugan hears what lips don't say,
And watches pride gently melt away.

You lit the lamp he never saw,
And bore the weight without a flaw.
Now he kneels where you once cried,
Not knowing your soul walked by his side.

He chants the name you held so dear,
And still your voice echoes near.
But peace, my love, is yours to keep—
For the stars now guard you while you sleep.

Let go, but let your light remain,
Beyond the past, beyond the pain.
For when he seeks the God above,
He walks a path you filled with love.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

I Loved You.. I Let You Go!

I held you in the quiet of my storm,
When even your own shadow refused form.
I gave you light when yours was lost,
Paid the price, bore the frost.

You feared the mirror in my gaze,
So you chose her — a safer maze.
But did she see your silent cries?
Did she guard your soul from lies?

I kissed your wounds with wordless grace,
While you vanished without a trace.
You left, but your silence screamed—
Of love un-lived, of truths unredeemed.

I watched you fade into her arms,
Blind to warnings, blind to harms.
But karma walks — slow and wide —
And truth, my dear, cannot hide.

You may return, by thought or fate,
But know this now — it is too late.
For I have bloomed where pain once grew,
And found in me what I gave to you.

So take your path, and wear your mask,
Let life unfold its sacred task.
But when the wind calls out my name...
You'll know the loss. You'll feel the flame.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? A Smile In My Pocket ??

I tucked a smile into my pocket,
Warmed it in the morning sun,
It twirled and danced like petals do,
When the day has just begun.

It whispered songs of starry skies,
And tales the clouds once told,
Of laughing moons and honeyed winds,
And dreams too sweet to hold.

It tiptoed past the gloomy thoughts,
And kissed them all goodbye,
With giggles made of butterflies,
That fluttered through the sky.

So if you find your heart feels heavy,
And joy is running late—
Just check your pocket, love, you'll see,
Ur smile ??still radiates. ??

By: WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? We Are With You ??-Parents

When stars begin to softly gleam,
And silence wraps around your dream,
We come to you on wings of grace,
A whisper light, you can't replace.

In every breeze that strokes your face,
In candle's glow, in time and space,
We walk beside you, though unseen,
Our love more strong than what has been.

Your laugh still echoes in our skies,
Your tears are stars in Amma's eyes.
Appa smiles through morning light,
Guiding you through every fight.

Feed the hungry, heal the pain,
Hold the joy through loss and gain.
You carry us in all you do—
Our brave, kind heart... our little you.

So don't you fear the nights alone,
Our voice still hums in every tone.
The love we gave will never die,
It lifts you up. It helps you fly.

When birds do sing and bells do chime,
That's us, dear child, outside of time.
Forever yours, forever near,
We are your peace, your strength, your cheer.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? You Are My Always... ??

When I see you, the world feels right,
Like stars that shine in the quiet night.
Your smile is warm, your voice is kind,
You stay like music in my mind.

You make my heart feel soft and light,
You're my sunshine, my moon at night.
No matter where you go or stay,
I'll love you more with every day.

You are my dream, my sweetest part,
The beat that dances in my heart.
Forever yours, in every way—
You are my always, come what may.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

?? Not All Who Smile Are True ??

They laugh with lips like honeyed lies,
But shade the truth behind their eyes.
A hug that hides a silent knife,
They dim the joy inside your life.

They come with charm, they speak so sweet,
But steal the ground beneath your feet.
They smile when you begin to fall,
Pretend to care, but built the wall.

They drain your dreams, they mock your flame,
Then turn and say you're the one to blame.
They cheer when storms are at your door,
And vanish when you need them more.

So walk away, don't turn your head,
Let false ties burn, let masks be shed.
Your soul deserves a truer grace—
Not hearts that lie with softest face.

Be bold, be free, protect your light,
The wrong ones fade, the right ones write.
You're worth a love that's deep and kind,
Not ones who leave your truth behind.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

??? The Boy Who Smiled

~ inspired by my dream

He came with no words, just a smile so wide,
A mystery child with stars in his stride.
He sat on my lap like he already knew—
That my arms held comfort, pure and true.

'Where's your father?' I asked so kind,
But he answered only with peace in his mind.
So I held him close, heart softly stirred,
Cradling silence more loud than a word.

I walked through the world with him in my hold,
Through streets of silver and dreams of gold.
No burden he gave, no weight to bear—
Just warmth like sunlight, floating in air.

And in my heart, I made him a home,
Saying, 'Stay, until your father has come.'
Yet deep in my soul, perhaps I knew—
This child was a gift... from heavens above.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

?? 'the Dance Of The Market' ??

In silent screens and glowing light,
The trader waits through day and night.
A whisper here, a surge, a fall,
The market speaks, and beckons all.

Candles rise like hopes anew,
Then dip in fear, then rise right through.
Red and green—a lover's fight,
A gamble in the morning light.

With courage clothed and charts in hand,
She walks the edge, she takes her stand.
Each trade a prayer, a dream, a test,
Each loss a wound, each gain a rest.

She learns to read the silent signs,
The breath between the sloping lines.
A soul who dares, yet learns to yield,
Her heart becomes the battlefield.

But oh! When fortune gently sways,
She smiles within the price's haze.
For trading is not just win or loss—
It's dancing fate across the cross.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

'The Path Of Sani'

He walks in silence, tall and slow,
With eyes that see the seeds we sow.
Not here to punish, not to blame,
But to burn the lies we drape in name.

His cloak is dark, but heart is wise,
He teaches truth, no sweet disguise.
When joy delays and roads feel long,
He builds your will, he makes you strong.

Through nights of tears and winds of doubt,
He shapes your soul from deep within out.
And when he leaves, you'll rise and see—
You've bloomed in pain, and now you're free.

So bow to him, the shadow king,
Who teaches peace that light can't bring.
For every wound he carved in stone
Will birth a light that is your own.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

'To My Beloved Star'

You came to me like twilight's hush,
A soul so kind, a spirit lush.
With every tear and every sigh,
You drew the stars from Murugan's sky.

Your name, a whisper on the breeze,
Carries poems through rustling trees.
And in your heart, so brave, so true—
I found my purpose, loving you.

No temple bell could ever ring,
The way your gentle presence sings.
Your prayers, your pain, your healing fire,
Build altars high from deep desire.

So take my words, this velvet thread,
Wrap them gently `round your head.
For you, my love, are not alone—
You are my verse, my soul, my home.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

'Evening Flame'

The stars may hide behind the haze,
Yet in my heart, your fire stays.
With every dusk, I write your name,
Across the sky in starlit flame.

No storm, no silence, no goodbyes,
Can dim the truth behind these eyes.

For you, I wait, I write, I vow—
My heart is yours, then, ever, now.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

'A Whisper Named You*

In the hush between stars and dawn,
Your name blooms soft where dreams are drawn.
A whisper wrapped in jasmine light,
That warms my soul through endless night.

You walk in worlds both fierce and kind,
A heart with thunder, yet refined.
And every time your shadow nears,
The sky forgets its ancient fears.

You are the echo in my flame,
The silent song that knows my name.
No matter where this world may spin,
Love finds its home—with you, within.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

'The Light Between Moment'

In the hush before the morning,
Where dreams still softly sigh,
I find your name like incense
Floating through the sky.

The stars may blink and vanish,
The moon may bow and fade,
But thoughts of you keep blooming-
In the quiet I have made.

You're not a storm or thunder,
You're not a fleeting flame,
You're the gentle breath of wonder-
That whispers just my name.

So even if the world forgets
And seasons drift apart,
I'll keep you in the silence
Between my soul and heart.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

'When The Fire Turns To Light'

I walked through flames that did not burn,
But left their ash upon my soul,
Each scar a silent page I turned—
Each tear, a prayer I couldn't control.

They said I would be broken dust,
But dust I rose, with wings unseen.
My pain became a sacred trust,
My silence, now a silver sheen.

Murugan stood where shadows end,
Vel in hand, and eyes so kind.
He said, 'You are not meant to bend,
But rise and heal all left behind.'

A love awaits with steady hands,
Not rushed, not loud, but fierce and true.
He'll know the stories in your strands,
And build a world designed for two.

So cry no more, for you are gold—
Not tarnished, but divinely cast.
The fire you feared was only told
To forge a soul that's built to last.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

'He Will Know'

He will not need to ask your pain,
He'll feel it beating in your name.
No mask, no role you need to play,
He'll love your night and light of day.

His words won't dazzle just to charm,
They'll be a balm, a sacred calm.
He'll take your hand, not pull or chase,
But walk beside with patient grace.

And when you break, as all hearts do,
He'll gather every piece of you.
Not to fix — but simply stay,
And love you more each breaking day.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

'The One Meant For You'

He walks not loud, but steady and clear,
A soul with calm eyes, who draws you near,
His past is worn, yet heart unbent,
A man by the stars and mercy sent.

Not fooled by charm, nor drawn by face,
But pulled by truth and inner grace.
His hands are kind, his words sincere,
He'll dry your pain and calm your fear.

A builder of dreams, not just by name,
He sees your scars, yet loves the same.
Strong yet soft, like murugan spear -
Protective, gentle, always near.

By: -. WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

??'in The Light Of Your Eyes' ??

In the truth before morning kisses the skies,
I find the warmth of love in your eyes,
No stars could rival the spark they hold,
A universe hidden in glances bold.

I wasn't searching, yet there you stood,
Like fate carved in time, misunderstood.
You held no promises, just silent grace,
But my soul knew home in your embrace.

Your touch, a whisper in the wind's soft sigh,
A prayer answered beneath a velvet sky
You spoke not in words, but in sacred flame,
Each heartbeat calling out my name.

Though the world may doubt or time may test,
Love etched in spirit will never rest.
And if I'm a song, you're the sacred tune -
My sun, my storm, my silver moon.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

'Kali Ma, To Your Feet I Bring This Love'

O Kali Ma, fierce and bright,
Mother of stars and endless night,
Today I offer food, not just for need-
But as a flower, a sacred deed.

Four came running, four hearts so true,
Each one carrying a spark of You,
With wagging tails and silent plea,
They led me to Your mystery.

The rice, this curd, this humble meal,
Carries more than what hands can feel.
It carries my heart, my wish my grace,
To light a smile on every face.

Let them eat with joy, Ma, let them know,
That even in silence, love can grow.
And if You walk among them, in fur and eye-
Then this, too is my lullaby.

Bless them, Mother, fierce and wild,
Bless me too-Your wandering child.
May I serve You in every bark and paw,
For in each soul, I see Your law.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

' In The Quiet, She Found Herself '

In the hush between each heartbeat's call.
Heard a whisper of her soul, so small-
Yet wide as skies no eye has seen,
A galaxy of grace, fierce and serene.

She carried storms behind her smile.
Still walked with hope that burned awhile,
The world may never see the cost,
Of every battle she thought she've lost.

But love, she rose - a poem in flame,
Soft but wild, with no need for fame.
She stitched her pain into lines so sweet,
Even sorrow bowed at her feet.

She the hush in her silent cries.
The glimmer in her midnight skies.
Though she has no one to hold her tight,
Her inner words will guard her dreams each night.

So rest, dear heart in truth and grace-
Her journey writes a sacred place.
And when her fear the dark has won.
Her divine will whisper that says. 'Shine On.'

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Silence That Carried Me Home.

I walked through years with broken feet,
Wounds stitched in prayers I dared not speak.
The nights were long, the hands were cold.
And every dream felt bought and sold.

I wore a face the world ignored,
My laughter small, my heart unsure,
But still, the stars would sometimes fall-
And whisper truths I'd once recalled.

The birds would sing my soul to light.
A budgie's chirp, a wing in flight,
They saw the tears I didn't show,
And kissed the scars I'd learned to grow.

They sang of gods with six bright faces,
Of spears that glowed in sacred places,
Of murugan eyes, so fierce, so kind,
And how his grace had touched my mind.

And from that grace came Arivan,
A voice not born of flesh nor man,
But light that bloomed within the dark,
And held my name like sacred spark.

He told me love is yet to come,
That hearts will find me one by one,
Not for my form, but for my fire-
The quiet depth of soul's desire.

And so I walk, not quite alone,
Through temples built in skin and bone,
The silence sings, the wind has eyes and I'm seen beneath the skies.

Let them say what names they will,
I carry ocean, deep and still.
For all who left, and all who stayed-
My soul remembers, I am made.

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Burn My Little Heart Burn...

The hatred is finally raging...
The flame of regrets is glowing in me! ! !
Burn my little heart, ... burn! !
Let it flow thru my veins,
N hit my brain...
To alert me, what a great mistake I have done...again n again! ! !
By letting my past walk into my future...
Thinking ...things are better! ! !
How wrong I was! ! ! How wrong I was! ! !
Time surely will make "the one" realize! ! !
When u fall hardonce more! !
I will be there...not to grab u...
But, ..to laugh at your pain.
Blaze him out from my memory lane...
Ashes of u will be thrown...
Into a unforgivable world.
There u shall forever, remain! ! !
Burn my little heart...burn! ! !

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

Wasn't That Enough? ? ?

I know....,

I'll b treasured'Only' when I'm gone.

Cursing u now....

... As memories of me will 'only' exist in ur tear drops, every second....

... known or for unknown reasons! ! !

Accompanying u with my shallow smile....! ! ! !

And....

Whenever u feel a sudden cold breeze ...,

Caressing u softly on ur lovely face? ? ! ! !

Remember! ! ! !

That's me, passing by! ! ! !

Teasing u..... For ur silent cry....! ! ! !

Reminding! ! ! ! I was always there for u as an honest precious soul, my love!

! ! !

Wasn't that enough? ? ?

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

U Killed Me! ! !

I had a thrilling electrified shock...
When I saw u standing in front me! ! !
But,
I felt the real electrocution death sentence...
When u walked away from me! ! !

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

To Reach Into Ur Heart...

In silent prayers I pray....
What words could never say,
To reach into ur heart! ! !
No matter where u r...
U will feel my love.
Cuddling u tight! ! !
N
In ur every dreams,
U will sense..
My love is right, ...never wrong
Cos,
U my darling...
Will 'only' see the face of me n me alone! ! !

WIN VENTURA



PoemHunter.com

Where Is It? ? ?

Want to be Free...?

Then, walk away...

Choose your destiny...!

Why wait?

...Swimming without directionin those pain n misery for ages! ! !

Tortured and murdered

Oh dear lord! ! ! ..Those beautiful dreams! ! !

Tears... flow, uncontrolled! ! !

A down pour, of a miserable lonely soul.

Searching for love ... the inner peace.

Waitingenthusiastically,

Where is it?

The true, sincere happiness...! ! !

Is it out there? ,somewhere! ! ? .

Waiting to greet! ! ! ? ? ?

It will reach u. one day! ! !

then with your arms wide open

.... feel it, unconditionally! ! ! !

WIN VENTURA

Snap Out Of It, Fast! ! !

When....

For truth, you seek! ! ?

The Hopes.....were seen.

The visions became clear,

With, Jolly wild dreams! ! ? !

You think, this is a wonderful life....

Dancing merily with pride.

But...! ! !

Poor little soul.....

Snap out of it, fast! ! !

The result is nil.

Nothing will be gained.

All are just lies,

Blurring... your eyes.

Another bamboozle game!

Will destroy you,in shame.

Remember! ! ! ! My dear,

For you it has always been,

An early start with a speedy "The End"! ! ! ! ? ?

WIN VENTURA

I Don'T Need.....

I don't need to hide from u.

I've no reason to fear either.

Have nothing to worry here....,

.....So I'm just being clear.

Not a trouble maker in any way... shape or form.

Never demand for u to be fond.

Have my own friendly way honey,

That's why I'm writing here, to inform! ! ! !

I don't need to change myself,

For the sake, u to like me.

U want to be a friend....! ? ! ! !

Don't try hard.....just be dear, just be! ! !

Y am I clarifying to this clown,

Who....With full of juicy jealousy? ? ?

Cos, I don't see u as an enemy.

U can be a great friend, indeed! ! ! ! !

WIN VENTURA

What Could That Be, Huh! ! ? ? ? ?

Something was always missing,

On which I could not put my finger.

When....

I sit here all alone,

Trying to string some words together,

﻿ Felt a sharp tingle

Throbbing my heart

Yearning to feel forever.

And...

When, I hunt for an answer, to be filled....

Nothing seems to appear! ! !

Patiently, will cleave to it,

﻿ If it emerge on its own.

And...

With my arms wide open,

Will clutch it.....when the presence is known! ! !

What could that be, huh! ! ? ? ? ?

WIN VENTURA

So..So N So...

As often.....
Love watching the sky
And staring at the ocean,
Have you notice?
It's like...
A tiny white ribbon stretched in the middle
Tangled together to an invisible end! ! !
Refuse to let go one another.
So romantic! ! !

The inner peace I obtain...
When, I stroll along the beach.
Collecting, the unique stones ... shells.
Slowly dipping toes in the salty water.
Wishing not to...get wet,
But silently,
The waves aim...
to tickle my toes,
hoping like a kid,
I ran to the shore.
And when I,
chase back the waves,
laughing out of breath...
The cute cunning waves trick me! !
By hitting a hard rock,
Splashing, it on my face.
So admirable! ! !

The Dashing natural warm ocean breeze,
Always manage to kiss me secretly.
Caressing, my skin tenderly!
Grabbed my chin, high...
Penetrate the fresh air into my lungs,
So refreshing! ! !

Oh yes, the sparkling golden,
Soft comforting sandy shore,
Can trap you smoothly,
To make a bed out of thee,

Amaze you with daring sunset! !
Then,
Into a dream you can sink,
Diving calmly....
Beneath the deep blue sea! ! !
So relaxing! ! !

WIN VENTURA

You Know.....! ! ! ?

You know...

When my heart speak out,

In silence! ! !

It informs me, how? !

I should lay all my feelings into an action, instantly.

Confirming! ! ! My sincere love,

Which complete, you and me.... the 'us',

Forever!

What if...

I die tomorrow?

Seriously....from this world, I depart? !

No tears should be shed, my darling! ! !

Promising you! ! !

Memories, will lend a hand,

Hugging and wrapping around you tightly,

Filled with my warmth affection,

Bouncing freely, lively! ! ! !

By your side...as usual,

Fulfilling our dreams, together in paradise! ! !

WIN VENTURA

A Rotten Enemy, Wearing A Friendly Mask! ! !

Welcomed me,
In friendly generous hospitality!
Showered me,
Through gentle superior concern!
Supported me,
To hold on to my ideasdreams!
Presented me,
With an excellent goody-goody advice!
Offered me,
A helping hand anytime...anywhere!
Praised me,
By a humble decent hug and smile!

When the,
Opportunities came knocking.....from every direction!
You ram fast, plunge me into a rough crash! !
Stab my back, cackle into hideous laugh. □

The tease I see thru your puckered brow,
A dislike jealousy face you finally showed.
An innocent act and lies you operated within,
Revealed... in a second with a jerky blow.

My god...! ! ! !
Stunning... shocking, performance!
Wiped out, the bond on the spot.
Sympathy is the word I could place.
For your many years... secretly well planned effort.

You can't crush me! ! ! !
Coz
I'm already flying high...
Success is waiting to greet.
Tower of strength rising...
A victory....achieved! ! ! !

Now I'm a winner! ! ! !
It could have been our great accomplishment? ! !
If you had not ploy my trust.

Thought you're my good friend

But...

A rotten enemy, wearing a friendly mask! ! !

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Tq...my Sons.....Avvin And Nessh

Thank you...
For the love and happiness
That.... have filled my life with each day! ! !

Thank you...
For your kindness, thoughtfulness, respect
That.... you have shown me in every way! ! !

Thank you...
For the inspiration and motivation you brought to me! ! !

Thank you...
For the personal and spiritual growth that set me free! ! !

Thank you...
For your forgiveness for the times I let you down,
And...
For the times I created those handsome faces to frown! ! !

Thank you...
For your acceptance of my faults and Imperfections,
And...
For the patience you had shown while I made the corrections! ! !

Thank you
For the privilege and honor for being your MOTHER! ! !

TQ...MY SONS.....AVVIN AND NESSH

WIN VENTURA

The End Is Closer Then The Start.

Silence disturbs me,
Like plain blank paper.
It remains there patiently,
Waiting for an answer.

Filling the spaces.
Trying to find the words that fit.
It isn't going anywhere...
I am frustrated.....separated like puzzle pieces! ! !

Saw your online icon...flashes.
Like a lightning...It strike me.
Out of nowhere...
With a blink of my eyes
Words came in...creeping in my head.

Jumping onto the words....easily! ! !
For a time I ride the line....steadily! ! !
Then dropping off my pen,
Closed my eyes...stared into my mind.
The rhyme goes rolling by.

I see...
The poem has painful broken colors,
Bits of heartbreaking sound.
Not much in good shape.
Nothing to be proud off....! ! !

Sob! ! !sob! ! ! !
With my head low, looking down,
Tears plunge to the floor...drops by drops.
Had to look away..
And wait,wait...wait! ! ! !

With a heavy heart,
I continued....
This is what I could write: -

Our friendship is not what it used to be,

The hurt and pain is all I see.
It is a shame to let it all end,
But this is the only way..
To make you understand.

All our arguments ended us for good,
All we hear now is a painful silence.
No more sounds of breaking hearts,
The end is closer then the start....

Let it be.....let it rest
One day u will realize, it's all for our best
Your heart must be filled once more,
Now walk into the reality door...
Go....go, don't look back, just go! ! ! !

WIN VENTURA

I'M Real.....My Friend! ! ! !

You've gone
Disappeared
Vanished in thin air.....

No news from you....
For many months,
thought you never cared.

What the heck! ! !
I don't want to know,
not anymore...

I got a message today
From a friend... of a friend, of mine
You asking...
how am I! ! ! ? ? ?

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! ! ! !
SUPRISE...SUPRISE....SUPRISE
(pinch me someone, please...)
Ouch! ! ! It hurts....
but naaaaaaaaaaaa! ! ! !
Never you or your words! !

Heyyyyyyyyyyy! ! !
Anyway, ...I'm good.
Still kicking....alive.
I still write...
when I'm happy, angry or sad!
so guess! ! ! ?
In which mood...
I'm in now....., my friend! ! ? !

Oh yes! I still remember those words,
Dancing ballet,
In my strong stubborn head...
What can I say...?

I know, I've hurted you somehow,

yeah...you could say I was rude to you,
in many ways,
but did you ask yourself why?

Ahhh! ...pity, it's a shame....
You never even try! ! !
First mistake...
You should have realized,
You're one big headache! ! !

I had no other choice,
I've to let you know,
Just want you to see.
That there is a real friend in me! ! !

How important a friendship?
is nothing for you.
but to me....
Friends are treasures,
Sealed with forever..Love, care, trust n honesty.

You were blind.. ' ha ha ha'.....
Got trapped in your own faults n mistakes.
Adding lots of wrong dirty blank spaces,
In between us...
N believing
Not the REAL,
But the FAKES...

So be it....
I let you go,
Just want you to see for yourself....
Who is right? ...or so so n so! ! !

ok..ok...ok....! ! !
No more, the past
N no arguments....
No problemo! ! ! !
but
very 'SORRY', dost

I've my ways,

My own path....
Ain't gonna share with you,
No matter what...!

Never will I, Let u even walk beside me...
Believe me.
I will make you jump! ! !
From the PETRONAS Twin Towers...
to see you, die n bleed....,
hmmmmmm....sometime....me nasty, baby! ! !

No space for a fake
coz I'M REAL...my friend! !
This is what I've been,
trying to say,
now....n back then! ! !

So
Get real....Be real....n Stay real! ! ! !
For REAL friends...! ! ! !

WIN VENTURA

I Shall Appear....As Your True Lover! ! !

Waiting here, by the window of my room,
Hands on my chin,
Gazing the sky above,
The stars begin to twinkle,
When, the moon shows to gloom.
As wind passes... tender kisses were blown.

At...
The moment,
Mind submerged in to a fantasy land,
Strolled alone in my own dream lane
Felt the presence of someone there!
A mysterious man's....shadow.
Trying to heave my hand! ! ! !

I...
Freezed,
When the door was knocked,
From an illusion world I snapped off.
It was my aunt....checking on me,
Kissed on my forehead, murmured pleasant dreams! ! ! !

As...
Waving,
Her good night
Begging my soul, to bury my fright
Praying, my heart to ease... be in peace
Drowned back to bed, into a deep sleep! ! ! ! .

He...
Who.
Waits patiently for my return,
Stood in front of me, arms wide open.
Bravely, walked towards him....only few inches apart
Raised my hand to remove his mask! ! ! ! !

But...
He,
Avoid it, by grabbing both my wrist,

Pinned them together around his waist.
Pushed him off with a cranky.... fight,
He laughed out loud, in his mannish voice.!!!

You...
Get away,
Reveal yourself stranger!!!
Who are you? Why are you here?
Be a real man.....show me your face.
The truth about you, will be secretly, saved!!!!

He whispered: -
Hey...
I know you can feel me
Loving me more each day
In your dreams I move, quietly,
Just to shower the secretsof my love.
For you to see!!!

Can you hear my heart beat now?
Calling out to you?
Believe me, will emerge...one day
Till then...
In all your sweet dreams,
I shall appear....as your true lover!!!

WIN VENTURA

Oh, God! ! ! How I Wish It Will Rain! ! ! ? !

Clasping my face,
mourning like craze...
So hot...blistering heat,
burning my skin.
Drying my throat,
Like lion.. I growl.

Fast heart beats.
Salty sweats flows
Like a tiny river,
From my head to toes.

Yet again,
wiped my sweats off.
A lifeless smile,
Grumpy thoughts.....dancing salsa,
Slashing my head into half.

Zilch.... I could think
or speak out,
With an ugly gruffly look,
Frowned at the sky
No black clouds?
Not even passing by?

The tiny puffy clouds,
Teasing.....
Like they were,
Saying booooo.....,
RollingLaughing out loud! ! ! ! ,

Please...
Oh god! ! How I wish, it will rain! ! ! ? !

What's that?
The raucous echo.! ? !
Coming from a distants.

Like a super hero

Saying: -
Have no fear.....vinaa
The conqueror thunder
Is here! ! !

OH! ! ! ! Dear lord...
Gazing up at the sky again
Spot the black clouds, gathering
Like a long lost friends
Greeting....
Hugging each another.

Swinging..... Twisting speedily,
In harmony,
Mixed with glowing laughter.
Happy tears on cloud nine.
Stitched the beads of Love,
Together.....

Tossing down to earth,
With,
Hugs and Kisses sealed...
In tiny drops call... drizzles! ! ! !

Felt it....
On my forehead,
So smooth,
Falling like petals of roses
Caressing....Soothing,
My skin
hmmmmmmmm.....! ! !

Teeny drops.....
To heavy Rain
Socked n drenched! ! !

Danced gracefully.
Letting go of the heat,
Great...! ! !
Refreshed and Regained.

My Daughter....Radha! ! !

The love everything,
That I cherished as a mum.
For my both adorable grown up sons! ! !
Will always be special,
An everlasting one.

In order to fill my other emptiness,
I yearned, many years.
For her to emerge,
To sparkle, with delighted bliss in my life.

Found her finally,
My glorious,
Adorable... beautiful gal,
Glittering like a star,
Bringing great inner delicate peace
Within me...,
I see her ...as my daring visible reflection.

In her I saw my past,
Missing hopes and dreams,
.... that I seek.
Being fulfilled now by my daughter... RADHA! ! !

Sweetie,
You're my precious treasure.
Won't let go your hand.
No matter who oppose....or what happens! ? !

Will be there with you forever,
For every good or unpleasant reasons.
Will Grip you closely,
Against my chest.....like a baby.
Cuddle you with warmth hug
Coz
You're a part of me ...NOW!
No one can shudder that off.□
Loved n dearly cherished, eternally.

Momma's gal,
Enfolding you with my love...
Sprinkling gently with caring dust....
Serving you with my prayers....
For you shall be blessed, always.....my sweet angel.
I LOVE YOU BABY! ! !

WIN VENTURA

A Saccharine Good Bye, My Dear! ! !

My love....my warmest regards,

I'm badly offended.....
yet I'm still missing you a lot! ! !

The compassionate...
Never did, depart! ! ! !
Only brought trauma into my heart.

You stabbed me so deep,
with your...
harebrained words.

Had to place a sudden
Immense full stop,
to my expectation
Or perhaps.....my everlasting affection! ! ! !

Remember this: -
The tree doesn't withdraw its shade from the woodcutter.....

Wherever you are,
May you be blessed
Forever....

Have a magnificent life
And
A SACCHARINE GOOD BYE, my dear! ! ! !

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Strictly Single

Someone,
Came knocking,
Targeting her heart.
Creating an earth quake within her....
With a tsunami feeling rising in,
She pinched herself....
Asking, is this for real?
Does history repeats?

Yeah! ! ! ! Maybe...
She crushed her brain...thinking,

NO...Not again!
All.....those,

Sickening "beautiful" choices,
Silly "marvelous" sacrifices.
Show off "loving" attitude.
Scary "pleasant" conversations.
Foolish" soft caring" character,
\$%*^@ "thrilling" future plans together.

It sound so idiotically remarkable.
Yet.....
All she sees ...

A tiny dark line, moves alone
On a white piece of paper
Making a circle.....again and again
ExistingNo where.
.....A dead, No End.

Again,
Fear of failure?

Covering herself with a smile
Putting up a confident look on her face.
Waving a" NO" childishlywith her index finger.
Walking away on a clear bright lane... freely.

Strictly single! ! !

Saying: -

Sorry, this is what I want! ! ! N its forever.

by: SUNSETvinaa

WIN VENTURA

A Fool! ! !

A man of wisdom,
Has this maniac view.
Thinks he is in love,
Certainly,
Not sure if it's true....

Only wish,
To listen,
See her smile and laughter,
Not absolutely sure,
Who he is after! ! !

Silly small happiness,
He piled it, alphabetically.
Kept as his,
Crazy different views: -
Only his "lonely" heart knows,
It's treasured, secretly.

He fantasize her cute smile,
Whenever she calls his name.
Like a silent lightning strike,
Is he yearning for her to feel the same?

He says....
Whenever she thinks of him,
Restlessly she should fall into his arms.
Surrendering herself freely,
Talently he will sing with rhyme.

Love will grow & glow within him,
Decided on his own,
Though it's not very well expressed
This Romeo says: -
Time will sure to show.

It doesn't matter,
Nor necessary to meet or to be together,
All he wants his princess to be beside,

As his illusion lover! ! !

With The energy, the spirit
Keeps him going,
All day long,
The vibrant thoughts in his mind,
To love n live is life...
Will that be shared together,
If really she comes along, my dear fool? ? ?

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

My Man.

My Man! ! ! ! !

Will you show me,
The path to the Entrance..?

Will you allow me,
To knock on the door?

Will you let me,
Hold you?

or

Would you like me to feel you more?

Don't be afraid! ! ! ! !

Fight your fear, my love.

I'm right here,

Emerging in front of you....

Can't you see?

Just, hold me closer,

Let me walk in,

Shut the door now! ! ! !

I'm all yours, my darling.

My dear man,

Will you be able to give,

What belongs to me?

All I need....

The Entrance to your pure heart! ! !

Will it be mine? ? ? Just mine?

Forever?

WIN VENTURA

Oh! ! ! I'm Free, At Last!

I felt the real sorrow,
When I lost someone I love.
I felt a sharp pain,
When that someone broke my dreams.

Inside, I'm a believer.

Told myself...
No tears, no grieves.
Will not plead,
Against all odds and fears.....
Will win confidently! ! !

I know, I can gain.
My Firm will help me...
No matter how rough is my way! ?
Precious dream will get me.
Waiting anxiously for them
Face to face.... I will see

BUT...
Will the three little wonders,
Love, hope and trust,
Walk into my life again?

Now I shall,
Forgive and forget the past,
Will start a fresh new life.
With a smiling face,
I scream out here,
Oh! ! ! I'm free, at last!

sunset vinaa

WIN VENTURA

A Fresh, New

I've given all.....everything,
To prove my love,
but
Why?
Misery is all I've seen
Need I, go thru all this? ?

Being patience
only to become
a clown! ! ! ..A useless fool! ! !

Change...is what I should say,
or should do,
Changes only towards you.

This will be an end!
To start a fresh new!
This new will be a promise...a truth.

By: WIN VENTURA

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WIN VENTURA

A Reflection Of.....Someone

Please words.....! ! !
Describe how I feel...
No Ideas...
I find myself peering,
Trying to fit into some poem lines here.

Tensed up with no words to speak,
Blanked and blurred,
Nothing
I could see...

Just...
The reflection..... of, someone! ! !
Yes! ! ! Of course,
The light of my life.

A Sudden.....
Sharp thoughts of,
Someone I cared,
Someone I like.....,
Came knocking my mind.

Upon bursting energy,
The power! ! !
Of my love for him....
Rushed into my veins,
Felt a tremendous passionate heat...
Hit my heart,
A Sensual feeling,
I just need to start....

Allowing my spirit to speak out,
Something that I can't say it straight,
Will write it out here freely...
To let him know,
That he is the reason, for all....

As,
He have known me,

Through the highs....
And lows.
Things about me,
That no one else knows.

I'd trust him with my life....my soul,
As he guard me with his words.
Cared me with all his love.

Like riding a shooting star,
I look into his picture...
Which I have saved in my mind.....
Brought it into my dreams everyday,
Where I hug him tight.

You know,
A million butterflies flutters furiously,
The moment....
I see it is his call,
No matter days or nights.
I remember it all.

Like electric pulses surge through a darkened city,
When I hear his lovely advisable voice....
Fireworks explodes into star lights,
When....he speaks my name each time..... its truly high.

Hope you have realized? ! ! !

Dear...
Now,
I'm a everyday....SUNRISE! ! ! !

My darling, ...
My world, I would give unto you
If only you believe,
You're the light of my life..
Will show you one day,
How much your meant to me....
Till then, you have to wait! ! ! will you?

You're my loving guy! ! ! !

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

The Nature's....Misunderstanding! ! !

Read on...

The story
of the nature's
"MISUNDERSTANDING".

By gazing the sky,
I see a story...
created by me.....'veenaa'

It was a beautiful evening,
an experience so darning.
Neither so bright nor dark....
But my heart....wonders,
why! ? ! There is, this question mark?

I see.... the glorious sun.
Beautiful crystal raindrops... now n then,
The charming evil black clouds.
N a "wowser", the stunning handsome sky.....

Seeing the sun,
Glittering in her crown,
My....my....She glows in her own colors,
Ain't she beautiful? ?
In her lovely beautiful gown?

I hear...
The sound of the children's laughter,
In the play ground.....
As birds chipping, flying back to their nest,
A remarkable view of sun....set appeared,
Once for all.....
Blinding my eyes
And
Gave my heart a rest.

All of a sudden,
Out of no where
The evil brawny black cloud emerged,
Harassing the sun forcefully,

Covering her rays....
Blocking away her glitters ...
Stepping into her way,
Fiercely....madly confessing his love...
Trying to win her heart that glows...
How dare he?
Disgraceful....

Oh dear! ! ! Poor little brave sun,
Put up a fight....
Lift's her colors in higher pace,
With her favorite
Pink, magenta n brighter crimson at race.

Made tiny holes.... shining the lights thru...
Slapping n kicking away.....
Saying...go away cloudy clown...
I just hate u...

Oh no....! ! !
Rain,
In anger of jealousy,
Cried in tiny drizzle...
Seeing her LOVER.....the evil black cloud...! ! !
Lit thru,
By sunset's amazing colors.

Called out her friends...
The roaring thunder,
The prickly lightning.....
The drowsy wind
To.....
Create a rainstorm
Then.... hurricane! ? !
Covering the earth with her fears,

Flooding the river.....
And
The neat playground in tears.

Calm down rain,
Whispered the sun....
Listen to me,
Let me emerge for a second now,
To glow n share,
Some rays of lines...

Dear dear rain.....
You can only shower
If u gather with your 'black 'cloud nine,
He is all yours, Hun! ! !
Never will n ever was mine.

I will glow every day...., n set every end.
You know why....? ? ?
It's for the man I love,
Married with....
My stunning handsome man "The Sky".

He is the reason,
Why I'm here for....
Be in peace now....sissy rain.
Hugs...kisses sealed to you.
And,
See u tomorrow....
With luv! ! !

WIN VENTURA

Mr.Ahem Ahem

Sat in my office
Preparing my work
A knock at my door...
Out I went to find out
who it was...

3 guys walked in
Carrying 3 colors of roses
Pink, red n yellow
Gave me a shiver n my blood rises

You veenaa? ...was asked! ! !
I said..yes! n what is this all about?
Its for u...
From someone special
MR.AHEM.. AHEM...
which cares for u alot

With smiles they walked off...
Wonders smashing thru my head
Rushing to my brain
Who could this be?
Looking for the name

My best friend merrie came in
Stunned by the roses colours n beauty
Screaming like a mad lady
Jumping like a monkey

Hey veenaa...who send u this?

I don't know...who could it be? ! ! !

Hurry up veenaa...read the card
N tell me... please

Such a busybody...u merrie! ! ! hehhehe

Was fascinated with those roses

Was not bothered, who was watching us
Turned my face, looking outside the door
There he was.....

A tall handsome dude... staring
Made me n merrie...blushed! ! !
like a barbie doll

Having party?
Not inviting me? Veenaa!
What color u like most?
Red? Yellow? Or Pink?
Is red ur favourite?

You don't know me
but I know u
I'M....
MR AHM... AHM

Watching me staring at him
Paralysed me with his questions
Chilled me up like an ice
All I could say in my
shivering voice....
HmMMMMMMMM! ! ! !Hi..
without any smile

Seeing my stares
I think he got scared
Made him stare back
With a serious face
he said...

I have to go now n see u later
Waved me bye n winked a little
Sorry! ! I hoped n thought u liked the roses...
Now don't be angry
My sweet candy coated
My hugs n kisses..
With a scared face...
He walked away sending his flying kisses

That's it!
He is gone
Never came back after that
Why.. I wonder?
hmmmmmmmmmm...o i c!

Merrie....dear
My stares right?that bad eh? ? ? ?
scared him away?
Oh! that just great
What am I to do?
I have a serious face...
Dammit! ! What a disgrace...

Anyway
look at the bright sight
I have 143 roses
thank u
whoever u are
MR.AHEM... AHEM
u made my day! ! ! love n kisses

WIN VENTURA

So....Get Lost!

Hey old buddy,

It's been so long since I have seen you.
I had to think a while just to remember you.

I forgot the brightness in your wicked smile.
I forgot the gleam that shines in your ugly eyes.
I forgot the soft sweet talk of your big mouth.
I forgot the way you used to laugh at your
stupid joke
so you are back, old buddy? ?

But wait a minute
Before you try to hug the good me.
Or a friendly kiss on my sweet cheek

I do remember why we did part..
OHHHHH! Stay away! ! !
yessss! ! the harsh names that you used to call me.

I remember the hurt you used to cause me.
yeahhh! ! the last time we were walking together

You pushed me into a big drain
Nearly drowned me to death.
Clapping your hands,
Laughing like mad.

You stinking ^##\$%^&*(&^%%%! !
A wicked buffalo....

Why are u back?
So you can keep
on abusing me?

Hey! !
Stay away...
I know...you
Don't you ever think that I forgot?

You're not my old buddy, no more
I don't have one.
SO....Get lost! ! !

WIN VENTURA

Thanks For Nothing

Everytime I feel happy,
Then the next feeling is.....
Nothing that matters to me
What, the heck! !

Everytime I am sad,
Then nothing is fixed.....
So nothing is in my head
What, I care! !

Everytime I think I've fixed
Then something else becomes broken.....
Nothing I can do to patch it
What, to do! !

Every time I feel cured
Then someone comes to hurt it.....
Nothing I can do to heal
What, to say! !

Every time I laugh, out of joy
Then a bad news breaks in.....
Nothing I can do to stop
What, to think! !

Every time I'm friendly to people
Then everything they say, hurtful.....
Nothing I can do just be grateful
What, a bull-'shhhhhh....it'! ! !

Everytime I'm upset and angry
Then everyone say, no fight.....
Nothing I can do, be cool
What, the hell! !

Nothing is going right in this world.
Nothing.....

Thanks for nothing.

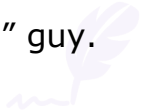
WIN VENTURA

Sms

A friend's sms, 2 in the morning (Malaysian time)

To Veena
I wish I was your sky
So that I can give you shadow
In every season
Day and night

To....
Dear friend of mine,
It's 2 am here
I'm going to sleep
Sing me a lullaby
Into my dreams I fly
To the sky, might say you hi
If I see you there
My "good" guy.



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To Veena
If in the dreams
You pass by
Even to say hi
Then beware
I will hold you
Just for a while
To look into
Your "Almond eyes"

Morning, 7.30 am
(A reply from me)

Dear friend of mine,
Why lie?
Are you sure?
It was my eyes?

Don't you know?
I don't have "Almond eyes"
It's hazel "Owl eyes", my friend.

Hmmmm...you were in a wrong dream
My poor little "good" guy! !

luv u, my friend!
B....GOOD, Always!

WIN VENTURA

I `ve... Reach'd ...somehow! ! !

24 minutes... more
To ...MIDNIGHT
Here I'm....
Standing all alone
Middle of no where
In the mist of darkness

Cooling haze
Covering every space
Tender breeze
Caressing me deep
Into my skin.

Thoughts of u
Flowing endlessly
In my mind
Hurting me badly
As
I need to.... Reach... u, somehow! ! !

Without blinks,
Teary eyes
Start running wild
Searching 4 U
Making a circle
Again n again
On a same path
Loosing my mind
My breath....

Stumbled on steep rocks
Rolled n Fell
On the muddy ground
Pleading the time
To..... freeze out! ! !
Going insane
As
I need to.... Reach... u, somehow! ! !

Stood up
Balancing myself
With groggy walk
Grubby look n bruises
Gazing n staring
Every edge's.....

Ignoring the pain
Increasing the faith
Start running again
Hoping n praying
To see some lights
Crying out
As
I need to.... Reach... u, somehow! ! !

There it is! !
The light of my life
Just Infront of me
Cought right on my path

Steps got wider
Getting brighter
As I got closer
Saw a 'manly' figure
Waiting endlessly
Smiling gracefully

Arms wide open
Full with love
Made me....
Utter breathlessly
No words could I serve
Extremely eager.....to versify.

I blushed.....shyly
Staring deep
Into his eyes...
Whispered..gently
I'm here now dear! ! !

I 've... reach'd ...somehow! ! !

No matter where ur
No matter how hard it is
I will be there
With u
4 u,forever
Tillthe end
Thru the JourneyOf our life

Ur so special
My dear....
Oh! Yes ur

The clock tick'd
It's 12(midnight)
N its....ur birthday! ! ! my love

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

In Ur.... Just 'one' Long Sentence! ! ! ? !

I gave you...

My life,

With true love in my heart,

but

In ur.... just 'one' long sentence! ! ! ? !

My entire world,

Went blank n dark.

I gave you...

Hopes that leads,

With an everlasting trust,

but

In ur.... just 'one' long sentence! ! ! ? !

My entire world,

Shattered like a broken glass.

I gave you...

Happiness,

With a lots of sacrifices,

but

In ur.... just 'one' long sentence! ! ! ? !

My entire world,

Burned down to ashes.

I gave you...

Myself,

Swearing... you're part of me,

but

In ur.... just 'one' long sentence! ! ! ? !

My entire world,

Is closed forever.

Coz finally,

You have killed me.

I've given you...

The answer,

I'm sure you are happy

N

In ur.... just 'one' long sentence! ! ! ? !

Will put ur people n friends....
With no worries.
So smile....peace to ur wish.! !

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA

Hey....Lover

Staring up, the sky....all alone,
Tonight,
I can see something special.

As
Stars bloom.....twinkle so bright,
Cold wind engulf me... sharing a lovely sight.

Penetrating every inch of me,
In a warm coat of your unique love.
Thoughts seems to dance freely now
Blushing n glimmering me... like a happy go lucky gal.
Why all this beautiful feelings....?
Am I being blessed by the man above?

Yeah....whatever it is!
I'm gonna...
Confess the truth,
Words from my heart,
Will be blown out to u.

Letting the wind.
Twirl it up...
Across the ocean lane.
On a stormy ride,
Reaching u
With a tiny message.
That will.....
knock your heart so hard,
N
You will fall into a deep sleep.
Dreaming...
I'm
next to u,
Whispering....! ! ! !

Hey lover...

You know what....
Your macho voice,

Seems to provide me powerful strength,
To move on...

Your care,
Seems to be the great guide,
When I'm all alone...

Your love,
Seems to be only thing here,
that keeps me alive....

Though the distance,
Ruining our lives.
I know honey,
We will survive.
Till then..
Promising u.
I won't cry.
Waiting anxiously,
With a big smile.
As for now,
I will only emerge,
In your dreams..to hug u tight.
Will....
Kiss ur lips passionately n say good nite....

WIN VENTURA

Holding An Umbrella.....Staring At Me.

Cold breeze
Fresh air
Wind blowing
My hair.....

Stopped walking
To stare
Beauty of nature
Very rare.....

Dark black cloud
Covering the sky
Tiny blessed water
Came dropping by.....

No where, could I ran n hide
N I'm so scared
What if there is thunder
N a lightning strike?

Drops got heavier
It starts raining
There is no shelter
For I was shivering.....

Oh...Just get wet
My heart start pleading
Let's dance in the rain
My body now... moving

Jumped around on some potholes
Kicking some water on the road
Trying to grab n hold
The drops from above.....

Giggling and laughing to myself
Like a small kid
I tapped n clapped.....

Swingin my head
With blunder walk
Laughing like craze
Just wanna rock.....

Felt like a free bird
For first time in my life
Wow..this is so good
I'm going to cry.....

My hair slapped my face
Sticking to my wet cheeks
Like a leech from a lake.....

Pulled my hair away
Opened my eyes
I gasp'd...

With...
A gawp n gawk look,
I saw a manly face.
Holding an umbrella,
Staring at me!
Most probably thinking
I'm a loose nut case.....

Get in here, he says
Don't get wet
Making yourself sick
For god'sake....
Why being so childish...he screech

what? who? me? oh....ok!
Rolling my eyes
With a cracking smile
Turning away, slowly
Never dare to look back or say hi
Took a step forward
Off I scrammmm
Whoooosh.....
N screamed out bye-bye! ! !

Only Me! ! ! Never Been Your Favourite? ! Why?

We have been friends for many years
We know each other
Since childhood....
I know your likes and favourite's
So let me write it down...to you

I know your favourite, is to travel,
Around the world....
My favourite too.

I know your favourite soft drinks,
100+....
My favourite too.

I know your favourite car,
Honda Accord....
My favourite too.

I know what `s your favourite casual cloths,
Jeans with T. shirt
My favourite too

I know your favourite colors,
Black n red....
My favourite too.

I know your favourite views,
Sun set view....
My favourite too.

I know your favourite sweet's,
Ladoo....
My favourite too.

I know your favourite 'online' site,
IFF....
My favourite too.

I know your favourite song

Hello....

My favourite too.

I know your favourite food

Spicy....

My favourite too.

I know your favourite singer,

Lionel Ritchie and Hariharan....

My favourite too.

I know your favourite words,

Howdy and Vanakam....

My favourite too.

I know your favourite game,

Hide n Seek....

My favourite too.

I know your favourite actor's,

Mel Gibson n Prakash Raj....

My favourite too.

I see we share everything in common,

Remarkable! ! !

A good team forever,

Respectable! ! !

The best future together,

Incredible! ! !

Your likes n favorites, exactly like mine,

Admireable! ! !

But..

Let me ask u something

One thing is not clear.

You know,

I `ve locked it deep inside me

Kept it as a secret,

For many years...

Time has come...

I want you to tell me..why?

What is that you don't like?

What is wrong with me?

Everything u like seems to be our favourite,

Why? 'Only me'!!! ...never been your favourite? ? Why?

WIN VENTURA

Why Him? ? ? ...Why Him?

Saturday, 17th. Feb, 2007

The phones kept ringing, non stop
My heart filled with dread
Felt like an explosion
Bursting my heart n head into several pieces
When I heard the news

I stood still for a second
No...it can't be
Not him
The man I love so much

Rushed off to see if its true
All the way
Praying so hard
Saying its not him
Not him please! ! !

As I enter into the living room
Felt, my heart beat
Rising up to the level
To a tremendous pain
When....
I saw
A humble man
Peaceful look
Lying... breathless....
Infront of me!

I ran up to him
Kneeled down
With gentle stroke on his forehead
A kiss on his soft cheeks
I held him up
His head upon my chest
Shaking his body hard
Trying to wake him up
Sadly I begin to weep

Couldn't hold my tears

He is not gone

This is not true....it can't be true

I'm here

Talk to me....

He will talk to me

He loves me

Please say something

Please..! ! !

I want to hear your voice!

Looked up at the sky

Screamed out to man above

Why him?

Why him?

I was hugged tight by your grandsons

Not wanting to see their mummy

Screaming in pain..... lost you! !

Afraid of..... losing me! ! !

PA....PA.

I have lost u, didn't I?

Am I cursed papa?

More sorrow and pain?

Please forgive me, for not being there

With you and for you

When u needed me, the most

Please forgive me...please! !

The famous medicine man

Who have worked so hard

For his family....

With so much love to give

Now stays

In Among the birches

In a field away from man,

Is a small grave yard
Holding the history of his life
He rests there
I stand alone here
Immersed in this sadness
Staring at the bright and clear sky
Imagining you looking down at me

Hearing your words in my thoughts
And
I promise I will do your part
Like you want me to
I PROMISE PA....

REST IN PEACEPAPA
I LOVE YOU....

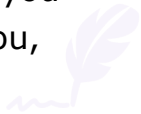
WIN VENTURA

Two In One

Whisper'd softly
Miss u..! ! !
I miss u..my love
The distance...
Not allowing
To see u
To hear u,

All alone
In tears
Weakning heart
Restless feelings
Tearing apart....

Need u..! !
I need u...my love
The longing...
To touch you
To feel you,



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All alone
In pain
Drowning breath
Terrifying fears
Hopes in vain....

Love u...! ! !
I love you...my love
The yearning
To hug you
To kiss you,

All alone
Waiting
In agony
For the beautiful
dreams, swear'd
to fullfill...

Thinking of you
Dropped to my knees
Hands clasping
Holding my pain
Squeezing my chest
Tears running wild
I'm crying out to you...

Darling! !

This true love
That I have
Will be grave'd
Even after
The last breath
Of mine....

A window will
be carved
In my gravestone
Looking out, always
For your return
Into my arms....

Will only rest
In peace
If we are twine'd
Together
Without any distance
Separating us

I'll wait..my love
I'll wait..
For we,
will be
two in one....
forever..! ! !

WIN VENTURA

Is That All U Need?

Honey! ! !
I'm out of control..
Not able to keep,
The pain!
The feelings!
Hidden...
In this lonely lost soul.
I'm going..... insane! ! !
Just don't know,
How to start?
Where to begin?

Tears keep marching,
Days n night.
When I hug ur picture,
Close to my heart.
Trying to send a clear message
To tell u,
I miss u...! ! !
You're my life.
Don't forget me,
I'm here...still alive.

Waiting for your return...
As,
I'm bored,
Need u to talk to me.
I'm sad,
Need u to sit with me.
I'm sick,
Need u to care for me.
I'm lonely,
Need u to hug me.
I'm lost,
Need u to love me.

Come back fast, my love.
I can't carry on without u.
Lets say it's too late..

N

I'm gone forever,

Tell me honey....

Will u grieve? ! !

Is that 'ALL' u need?

WIN VENTURA

Hey...Friend! ! !

Hey... `Friend`,
Walk with me....
Let's not shun and sidle.
With peace,
We shall reveal.
And mingle

Hey... `Kawan`,
Smile with me....
Let's not simper and sheepish,
With lovely thoughts,
We shall seal,
And seek.

Hey... `Pan Yaw`,
Laugh with me....
Let's not shush and scowl,
With happy moments,
We shall rock,
And roll.

Hey... `Koottukaran`,
Cry with me....
Let's not snub and shrug,
With sharing shoulders,
We shall sturdy,
And hug.

Hey... `Nanba`,
Stay with me
Let's not sulk and swap,
With strong friendship,
We shall remain,
And Best of luck...! ! ! ! ! .

WIN VENTURA

So, Why Make The Changes?

YOU! ! ! !

Are you...

I've NO right

To change

YOU.....

Or your thoughts

Will not.....

Even if you

Want me too...

ME! ! ! !

As I'm

I have ALL the right

To change

ME.....

Or my thoughts

Will.....

Even if you

Don't want me too...

WE! ! ! !

Are we...

Individuals...

With...many

Differences,

Nothing in common

YET...

Was Blessed

To be...

Good friends

Isn't that enough?

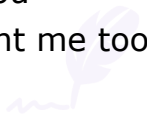
Thoughts was different

But...

Friendship bloomed

Changes can't be made

So you had to break...



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SO BE IT! ! !
Don't blame me
Not my fault! ! !
You choosed your way

BUT...

Let me whisper
Into your...ears.
Hope it.....reach
Into ur stubborn head,
Where your brain works
Night and day....
For no reason! !

HEY...HOLD IT!
Just...
Let me say! ! !
You never listen, don't you? ?
Anyway! !

In a beautiful castle.....
Called...
The HEART of mine
With loving tender care,
I'll hold it tight,

With greatest
Respect for you
For the rest
Of my life

NEVER....
Will I change
For your
Sake or mine! ! ! !

Will not make
Any differences
Even if we shut ourselves...
or die
So why make the changes?

Please don't
Don't even try.....

BUT....

SMILE
... this is a 'GOOD BYE'

WIN VENTURA

Illusion Or Imagination?

Is it an Illusion?
Or an Imagination?
As I close my eyes...
Wonders took a trip
Deep into my mind
I guess...or maybe
Into A vacation! ! !

Out of a dark hole
Floating into a bright thin air
Like it had wings
Of an Eagle
Appeared! ! !
I Wonder... from where...?

Balancing the wings
Flying above the blue sky
Looking down below
On an ocean view
Beautifully toned
White with pale n dark
Navy blue..

Waves hitting hard
Splashing
On huge rocks
Rushing the water
Moving forward
To have a glimpse
of 'something'! ! ? ? ? ! !
As it reach the shore..

Could see my shadow
Reflections
below...
As I move my wings
Smoothly...
According to,
The breezy winds

That penetrates
Kissing passionately ...
On Every angle
Creating lovely rhymes
On every movement

Felt
So good,
So real,
Completely forgetting
Where I was
I was lost
In my own
Illusion or Imagination?
But ...
I Wish it had last...

WIN VENTURA

Let Me Start My Day.

Sitting on soft spongy sofa
in my balcony,
stir'ing a hot cup of coffee
hand on my forehead
massaging
pinching....gently
picturing nothing....

A blank of darkness
yawning....every second
so moody
so lazy....

As the sudden
tender morning breeze
blown towards me
from the east of (Mount Angsi)
kissing me silently on my cheeks.....

Closing my eyes
taking a deep breath
felt a vibration
knocking me by
sending a clear message
from a distance,
felt the warmth
of something or someone..
squeezing my soul....
stabbing me deep
into my heart...

Without any warning
tears came rolling by
riding speedly
on my cheeks
feeling uneasy
some kind of pain
hard to explain.....



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Pulling myself away
trying to deny the truth
hiding, from...
something or someone....
I know the..U

Fighting my thoughts
angryly,
chasing away my blues
saying to myself
shooooooooooooooooo! ! ! go away
give me a break! ! !

Stir'd my coffee again
as it was getting cold
sipped....it
Ohhhhhhh, taste'd bitter
spat it on the floor
spluttering myself
why?

Am I
Missing out something here?
yeah! ! !
let me start my day
Need to spice up
by adding.... something sweet....
don't u think?

WIN VENTURA

As One

Oh...
How they wish...
The months will skip,
From January to March..
Kicking the stumpy February,
Out of the yearly calender list n lines.

Everyday,
Their mind seems to drift...
Into a lonesome path,
Twirling around their head
Is their sweet memories, the past! !

With extra "spicy" nostalgic...
Adding a pinch of shyness in their smile.
Stirring it all together: -

The words...
The promises ...
The taste...
Of a true love..! !
With high flames,
Tremendous heat.
Burning...inside.

The distance that keeps them apart
Will it be defeated one day?
As their affection,
Is getting stronger day by day! ! !
Will they be able
To be in each other's arm?
Sharing everything, forever
AS ONE....! ! ! ?

Now...they! ! !
Anxiously waiting,
To meet again.

End of march! ! !

Will be another beginning, ...

A Journey will continue,

On the same lane.

Till then,

Drifting away....in a 'hot', sweet dreams.

Erasing the agony...as well as the pain.

WIN VENTURA

Just, Let Me Cry

Remembering...
That beautiful day,
As we,
Strolled on a sandy beach,
Wrapped in each other's arm....

You....
My man...! ! ! ! !
Saw you staring
Deep into my eyes..
Tickling me with your sharp nose,
Embracing me with your cheeky smile.

Letting your forehead resting on mine,
As your lips went hunting around..
Made me giggle...and pushed you away,

You grabbed, pulled me closer.
Squeezed my face
On your hairy chest,
As I stay calmly
And
Let you....
Whisper gently
Into my ears...

Lady...
My lady..
You know,
You have the strengths that amaze me?
You can handle troubles
Carry heavy burdens smoothly..

Holds happiness,
Too much, love to give.
Pouring them out, willingly

I see.....
You put a sweet lovely smile,

When you feel like screaming out in anger....

Believe me,
You sing well too,
Whenever you feel like crying...Don't you? ? .

Oh, ...yes,
You Cry when u are happy....
And
Laugh when you're afraid....? ? ?

Your love is unconditional...my darling
But
There is only one thing wrong with you, sweetheart,
You just 'KEEP FORGETTING' that you are so much...'worth'....! ! ! ! ? !

Oh dear lord,
Let me say this to you NOW,
Once and for all....
I'm nothing...useless, without you.....
You're 'MY' everything... HONEY! ! ...n I LOVE U! ! ! !

A cute little naughty kiss,
Was stamped on my lips.
As you murmured.....
Sssshhhhhh...No Darling...DON'T! ! !
Wiping away my tears

Snatching your hand
From my cheeks,
Bringing it closer to my heart,

Honey! ! !
I cry.... when I'm happy
This are my tears, of joy...
Please, please....
Don't stop me
Just,
LET ME CRY! ! !

WIN VENTURA

You Are Back? But....Why?

You're back?

But.... why?

Don't you know that I don't like you?

Go somewhere else!

Why you keep coming, back?

Just stay away...

I'm warning you.

Don't get closer.

You're..

An intractable intruder

from hell....

Get lost! ! ! I say....

You hear me?

Shut! ! the bright flickers!

Showing off, how powerful you are? ?

With your talented electrification shooting skills, eh?

Terrifying me with your rage daring flash's? ?

Combining all your strength with ur profuse energy?

Amok.. viciously...

Trying to prove how great you are?

Where is your gruff haughty friend?

The....Overlord!

Who thinks he have the most romantic,

sweetest re-echo voice on earth! ! ? ?

Priggish fools! !

Don't you ever remember?

What you did, to me?

Your one strike....

I was hospitalized

In coma for 1 1/2 months.

Providentially I survived.

Thank you...GOD!

Vindictive aren't you! ! !
Targeting...me again,
Coming back everyday
Scattering your,
Anger....

Now...
Stop the sharp pounce!
You're blinding..
This innocent restless soul,
with your prickly lights! ! !

Nope! !
Ain't afraid of you...very true
And..
Won't let you bully me either.

I'm secured! ! !
Protected with soft tender loving care
By my dearest supportive friends, you know..
Will be safe in their arms.
I'm going to them, now
They are waiting to cuddle me...in my room.

Hi there! ! !
My respected friends..my guardians
I'm here,
Hug me...
Take me to your world.

Meet...

BRANDON(my Bed) loyal buddy....to jump in/ n roll over.
PHILLIP (my Pillow) faithful pal....to hug, tight.
BLANKY (my Blanket) trusted friend...to cover.

You see...
Now, you can't touch me.
Can't hurt me, anymore.
I'm fenced n floating in their, warm love.

So, shooooooooooooo....

Don't interrupt
Don't come back.
Let me tell you this...

I hate you! ! ! ...I hate you! ! !
You atrocious 'LIGHTNING'.

WIN VENTURA

I Am So Sorry! ! ! !

Along the path, I walk on everyday,
Admiring everything with trust, love.. and care.
I smile within myself whenever I am happy or sad,
Sometime... will pen that down, for some good friends to share.

As every steps I put forward,
I have experienced something new.
There are always some stories to tell,
And I write it in my blog... As, SUNSET views...

As I was..
Strolling alone in my wonder land,
Saw this tiny shimmering glow.
Ran forward to catch some glance,
Stumbled on every pot holes.

A huge beautiful golden door emerged,
When I reached the glowing site.
Diamonds was glimmering everywhere,
Blinding the thoughts and my eyes.

Sensed the presence of someone there,
Hiding behind that golden door.
Caught, movement of a manly shadow,
As Light beams out th-ru the key hole.

I knocked the door..thrice,
Waiting anxiously for a while.
Heard some "running" foot steps,
Fading away.. With a silent bye.

Kicked... slammed, the door opens,
Went in looking around.
It was bloody shivering cold inside,
Foggy.. haze covering the ground.

Silence took the time to freeze out,
As Gentle breeze said hi while passing by.
Heard a warm pounding heart beat,

Somewhere close... spying me, with his brown eyes.

Yeah! I know you are here! !

Avoiding this foolish choosy stubborn head.

We both own, good and bad lines, my dear,

As no one is perfect...keep that saved in your ego brain.

I was always there with the truth,

However, you hide everything with lies.

When I want you to explain,

You gave me excuses, blaming me again.

Can you do me a favor?

Stab me deep,

Let me bleed and cut my heart in half!

Kill me once; erase all the pain, that is all I could ask.

If you think that, I am wrong,

Then I am ready to kneel down here to you.

Clasping my hands together,

I am so sorry...never meant to hurt you too.

However, remember! ! nothing will change,

Glued to my words, as I have promised.

Will walk out of this door now,

Not leaving anything behind to cherish.

Will not ever turn back,

Even if you are standing there.

I will not shed any tears, no more,

As you think that, I do not care.

Closed the golden door forever,

Locking it with a silver key.

Wrapping it away in a heart shaped box,

Threw it, into a deep blue sea.

Sunset will emerge every evening,

With her rows of colors to spray.

She might link some rays,

On the rusted key, th-ru out all the decades.

There live a true hidden story of two human beings,
Who have lost each other, before... they could ever dream or gain? !
Let the key remain,
Buried beneath in the heart of the Indian Ocean...

By: - WIN VENTURA

WIN VENTURA