

Infinite (Poem 1)

She's brave - an epitome of grace
On days you'd expect much less.
She's joy, she's gentle
On days when you needed a friend.
She's a listener, a healer for all your distress.
She's the locked canister with keys thrown away.
She's mighty, she's finesse,
Shrouding rubbles and waves
Within her warm embrace.

Well, that's her on most of the days.
The times you had nothing to confess,
The times you chose to look away -
Did you ever wonder?
That even she might shudder
At the thought of an unbridled rain.
As the dark clouds rumble overhead,
And the waves suddenly turn violent,
Even she tosses and turns,
Shaking right unto her last breath.

The roaring winds beckon,
The shadows behind the mountains call her name.
And all those iridescent rocks -
The ones she collected along the way? -
Now feel insurmountable as they quietly lug her away.
Is this how her might will be put to rest?
The strength within - forever locked away?

She's the ocean,
She's the sound of nature
In her shallows, and
All her bewildering depths.
The storm is fierce, but

Hasn't she weathered worse before anyways?
As the winds gather pace,
And the ships rock and sway,
She slowly comes undone.
With every fabric of her being,
She emerges, she evolves into one -
One that was meant for her,
One that she was meant to be,
Unkempt yet comfortable in her own skin.
She was vast as vast could ever be.
She was infinite for those who dared to dream.

Night of Fury (Poem 2)

Do I write a sonnet or a prayer
In these moments of utter despair?
I - a blessed recluse - as the storm rages outside
Spewing wrath and quandary with every single stride.
What began as a mere whisper, a disbelief,
Now destroying the very essence of life.

Do you hear the sirens wailing
Amidst the turbulent seas and winds of time?
Once placid and welcoming, now
Stranding lovers across the cavernous divide.
Do you see the candles flickering? Whimpering?
Yet, never succumbing to the squall in all its might.
Even as the agony wipes the healthy, wealthy and wise,
Pure grit and hope now shine bright under their light.

"It'll be over soon" - the mother appeases the child.
Maybe that's what it is - a dreadful nightmare,
A fable to pass down the line.
Maybe, just maybe, when we wake up tomorrow
Dazed and awash under the musty sunlight,
All that remains is the sweet petrichor from the night.

Pieces (Poem 3)

I wake up with an emptiness
A hollow limitless
Hollow from my past mistakes
Hollow from believing what they say
"Is this who I am?"
"Is this who I've become?"
And deeper I dig my grave.
But alas, they forget -
Life isn't a lost board game.
I pick up my pieces
And count them again
Cause I know that the healing comes in waves,
So, I gotta be patient with myself.
Yes, I missed the signs, I lost my way
But that doesn't mean there's no coming back again.
It's a part of me, my journey
And there's definitely a way to be good again.
Today, I hold up a candle
For when the darkness comes clawing back again,
For I know when it strikes,
I'll crumble, I'll fall
But for today, I still hold my ground.

Masquerade (Poem 4)

I've always wondered what it'd be like
To know you for you,
Minus all the charades
That our circumstances put us through.

I've often pondered what it'd be like
To be with you, brave
Yet vulnerable enough to bare our souls
Amidst this world of masquerades.

Why is it that I speak of greys,
Yet when it comes to you,
The dichotomy prevails?
Do good things really come to those who wait?

Maybe our paths will cross again someday
In a more meaningful way.
Maybe that's when you'll lend me a tune.
Maybe that's when we'll share a story,
A laugh over these very unacquainted days.

Till then, I'll cherish you as one of the many paradoxes in life.
Till then, I'll appreciate you as my reason to write.

Despite (Poem 5)

Do you ever wonder
if it all amounts to something?
The stolen glances, the skipped heartbeats
Or the anticipation of what tomorrow might bring?

Do you ever bemoan
the fetters built by society?
The feigned good-byes, the unspoken yearnings
Lest they question the very cradles of our piety.

Do you ever muse
over the what-ifs and the despites?
The coquettish smiles, the passionate embrace
Caused when two aching souls unite.

Or is it all just a mirage?
A baroque castle in the air?
Made of ornate beliefs and dreams,
that I concoct with much flair.

If not, isn't it better
to just take the leap? To know?
Than to wallow in eternal grief
Cause we know not what the clouds might bring
Perhaps some rain and thunder
Or a breezy sunrise when the clouds draw asunder.