

Anthology of TaliJamir

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

*I dedicate this piece to my beloved. She is the inspiration to all my writings. Thank you, Cd, for being so lovable, caring,
and memorable.*

Acknowledgement

For providing the basis and the platform to the author, he offers his grateful thanks to the following:

Poems&Quotes(site), Poem-and-Poetry(site).

About the author

A BA (Pol.Sc. hons) student of Kohima College Kohima, Nagaland, India, who aspires to become a well-known writer/poet and strives for the same. Started writing poems since he was 16. So far, he has written about 9 poems, though not-so-well-known. He, as a novice, struggles to come up to the level where he would enjoy the prestige of being known to the poetry world, in particular and to the world in general. He uses simple language and possesses his own unique style of writing.

summary

Without Me Having To Utter It

Still He Stands

Without Me Having To Utter It

Memories of you and I are but a happy-ache, I think of when, ask my tears! I just wish I could send you A drop of those tears, That I'm shedding for you, And, through that tear drop, Let you see my love for you. Without me having to utter it! And now, I just wish I were but standing Beside you, holding your hands, And, your's at me with feelings. Me gazing into your eyes. Let you know the firm-grip of our band, For you hold the best part of me, You'll know, I value our soul-ties, Without me having to utter it! Without me having to utter it... You already have it, my Soul! And if ever a day comes to you, To doubt my love for you, Just close your eyes, And, open your heart, think of me, Good and bad, everything about me, As to you my image clear-appear, Think of us together, Then, ask yourself, "Do I love him?" Yes, our separation is but for a while apart. When again, I think together of us, Starts lonely melody in heart, Yet, Hope convince, us Together forever, before too long! This is but a forlorn song, To you I sing, "I miss you, Love!" And I know, likewise, you, too, do. Without me having to utter it! Without me having to utter it!

Still He Stands

Do me a favour, Always be my forever. The Sun burns no more, The wind flies no more. And now the Oceans, And now the seas, But soaked with the Arabian sands! And still, here he stands, Firm as though he were buried In the cold of Alaska, for he trembles. And like a kid, he cried! To hold the other end of the rope, Is what all he hopes. His yearning ear, It says, call my name, I want to hear. Life's never the same, Without your melody, No longer can he bear. Lonely world, Oh! So cloudy!