

Anthology of Ishika Gautam



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

For the soft peice of my heart which always believed in me.

~Ishika Gautam

Acknowledgement

I would like to thank all of the people who supported me and motivated me through hard situations, including my close friends who stayed their when I needed them the most and my sister who not only supported me but also suggested me this wonderful site.

At last I would like to thank myself to believe in me and found my talent and happiness in writing these poems.

~Ishika Gautam

About the author

I am a 14 year old girl from Lucknow. I love literature and the way it always makes me happy. I study in school and hoping to follow my dreams and make them true. I really love to write poems more than anything in this World, its not just about passion and talent. Its about where and when I find my true happiness in order to fight this world back.

summary

Live Your Life Once More

With Me

A Girl Child

Above The Clouds

Are We Yon Executioner?

Autumn Bloom

Bargains

Beauty In Eyes

Blood Bathed Letter

Center

Corner Couch

Cruelty Flows

Dagger

Dark Prison

Denial

Desires

Disguised

Gains

Greenery And Me

Heart Can Also Dream

Hidden Lies

I Bowed To You

I Hope You Don't Lose It

I Know What Love Is..

I Wandered My Mind

I Wish I Was You

I'll Be There

It Ain't Homicide

Loned Damsel

Lousy Street

Me And Only Me

Middle Of The Night

My Dear Poetic Heart

Note

Ocean of My Tears

One Day

Peaceful Bed

Poetry

Pride

Remember Me?

Scared To Be Brave

Scarr'd All Over Onto You

Scary Nights

Sneaky Footsteps

The Book From The Corner

The Drop's Love

The Lost Merriness

The Melody Of The Gramophone

The Pinch Of Sand

Too Young

Waves

Live Your Life Once More

You are alive, whatever you say,
Worth for a reason I believe,
And I know you will find your way,
And its possible of life being peev,
You don't know when to start,
Or when to end,
You will trust people with your heart,
And drink the posion as your friend,
The journey of life is difficult,
But don't disobey the nature,
The depression can be mult,
But the happiness is always welcomed in nature,
Be curious for your end,
Be curious for your middle,
Life will have both enemy and friend,
So don't prick your heart with needle,
Live your life like the way you want,
Regretting can be high than any known drug,
Don't stop for stupid, childish thoughts,
Do them with an attitude of smug,
Live yourself once more,
Cause living in hell will make you bore,
And what if you end up smiling no more,
So live your life once more...

With Me

Pondering over my head was you,
A poet as me so needy,
Like a poetry I wrote you,
And like those words you confused me,

Pondering over my head was you,
Like a fine wine you teased me,
Taking over my pages was you,
To let you stay forever with me.

A Girl Child

Greedily, evidently, slowly,
How in the dark monster comes alive,
Every footsteps elevated her pulse,
At night or morn-it kills the little naive,

Ornamented with respect on her body,
He slays the pearls of faith in her eyes,
He mortifies the goddess of her father,
Her gasp in haste remorse karma of childish lies,

Dared any girl child-encounter the beast,
Slay him slow- he'll taste a medicine,
A bitter cold death of defeat,
Let him know beasts die like him.

Later or now its span of time,
Perceive and overcome ages of lies,
Hell would be ashamed of this dark,
To demean women from men of wise.

Grow up and make this a good start,
Of a girl child, or she'll die so fast,
A war of her own she knows how to win,
Clear her path, and she'll guide the rest atleast.

Above The Clouds

A path of morning lit so bright,
Above those clouds I despised,
What a plan to begin this curious day,
Recalled me a time, still vivid in sight,

Marked that voice, of a wrinkled oldy,
A weak, brave voice still he's holdin',
Along with me my tiny short hair,
I remember myself asking him boldly,

"Does the beings I saw flew away,
Latter above the clouds one way?
Only queen I would rather be,
To place in this throne if they stay?"

Instead those cushions in the high,
I'll make a couch below the sky,
I'll love and care and love again,
To make them stay, swearing to never lie."

A frank chuckles he possessed,
Breaking my daydreams to suppress,
I frowned my hands crossed on chest,
Only if he never left me curious.

Are We Yon Executioner?

Are we yon executioner?-you think?
One who loads the amount on you,
We're yon-who smiles and kisses and blink,
We're the ones without arms and few,
Ye my delight nature,my flowers,
Every now and then you break my hearts,
Nay, its not us who curses or glowers,
Nor the ones who birthed-where it all starts,
The Sun, my flicker of life,
Became one of yours too,
Atlast you were withered in his light,
When you lived your life for this cue,
Oh, the deserved respect you asked,
Given by the god himself in his said lines,
We even faltered to what he tasked,
And the drunken of love in his lovely wines,
A lover once plucked you for her love,
And threw you in the path of her dead soldier,
Children once plucked you for their mother,
To wake her up from the grave of her,
Are we yon executioner?
If you say, then we'll be that,
Though the night won't end here,
And we'll be more than those little brats,
Are we yon executioner?
We'll obey what you'll bear,
We kill you and your ones,
But atlast you are given the respect you hear.

Autumn Bloom

Dribbling eyes? drips down a tear,
Autumn bloom so above all
Lotus stole my dignity, I
Stood indulged with filthy bonds.
Through a point,
Across my sense, a bowl
Full of lies vomits me sick
As a dead night souls of poets,
And a wine beneath those hardships .
Naive? I
Mutter the deaths ending me,
Youth of this nation I am,
Flowered autumn bloom over me,
Rose and pint?what a shame.
Over the dead of me, my
Tears should end off,
Lotus stole my dignity, I
Stood indulged with filthy bonds.

Bargains

I drove to your house
Breaking down to earth
You were falling to her eyes
I was doubting my worth.

I drove to your house
Cursing down my heart
You were bargaining love to her
And I chose to tear apart.

Beauty In Eyes

The look in her eyes,
Made a difference today,
It looked like that deny,
And the pain by her stay,
Her fawn-tinted drawn eyes,
Showed a narrow path,
The desperate lashes of her,
Were attached to her heart,
The blush pink was often invited
On her cheeks when she smiled,
But the red is now what is sighted,
If you look at her swollen eyes,
Her tears were deeper than ocean,
Ocean which no one can predict,
Her tears controlled themselves,
Until her eyes were blinked,
The flow of them broke her respect,
Respect for herself which vanished,
Her wet lashes dropped the tears,
And her life was somehow glitched,
Her cheeks forgot the blush,
Her eyes forgot the beauty,
She spend the rest being hushed,
And blaming herself as guilty.

Blood Bathed Letter

Featured in this letter,
Was extract of my enemies,
It was addressed to me,
And I teared up on these,
The accusations of them,
To my innocence in me,
Was fearing my heart,
And destroying my glee
I was counting the blood stains,
Brushed on it,
Cleared by my tears,
Was the bloody river in it,
The words endured my confusion,
They were pale as the page,
Red was in the ink,
And it was uncontrollable for my rage,
I finally framed that letter,
It was safe in that glass,
This war wasn't the end,
It was neither to surpass,
I want this blood to fade,
But i know it won't,
I want this letter to stay,
But I imagined what I owned.

Center

The dark of that room,
Upon the shady head of mine,
Joined by the rest of those voice,
Center of the group looked fine,

The shadow at my front,
Seemed to rotate its head,
I made it talk first,
With the anger it was fed,

The one on my left,
Was silent but the loudest I heard,
I looked at those frightened eyes,
Which said enough than a word,

The one on my back,
Scared was I to look,
The right shadow gave me hopes,
When it smiled like an open book,

The eyes of love for you,
And the the tears on the floor,
The hands choking my throat,
My back had that mirror I adore,

At the center of those reflections,
My heart lures me more,
Thankfully now it ends,
I hope you find my mirrors I adore.

Corner Couch

The web at the corner,
Bonded with me as well,
The room was so filled,
But at the corner I mostly dwelled,
Glances on my ceiling,
Where the webs were so close,
In the dark room I used to sit,
On my couch i used to froze,
From dripping my tears on the floor,
To finding my bliss there,
I used to love that dark,
Glad that lights never cared.

Cruelty Flows

People can be bad,
Yes they can be cruel,
All because life made them sad,
And they were played as a tool,
They can punish you hard,
Cause they believe you are happy,
They think they are apart,
So they try to tear your heart,
They think God made you perfect,
With all the perfect smiles and eyes,
Life made them its suspect,
And they are living in hopes and lies,
They have grown with a harsh past,
And they think you must too,
So they try to be bad to time pass,
And show their true colours on you,
Just think how this cycle goes,
On and on from one to the other,
Like this, why does the happiness not flows?
Lets watch people depression in life shows,
Thank them for the lessons they taught,
Breaking our heart and forever apart,
Thank them for the reasons you faught,
Its time to have a fresh reastart...

Dagger

I wandered in this garden,
Where this darkness took place,
Nothing was seen,
Except the weeds in a glance,
Two set of weeds,
Bundled in all together,
One made a heart,
And the other made a dagger,
The confusion and me,
All locked up in that garden,
With the set of weeds,
And no sign of all the men,
I was given a spade,
To murder me or the ground?
I was again a confused mannequin,
But now with a face of frown,
I looked closer to the heart,
It showed me love and peace,
But the dagger drawn aside,
Was the end of my deeds,
I ended up burying the heart,
Which was broken a lot,
I teared it down from middle,
And now its my own fault,
The broken thoughts will grow,
In that garden which was mine,
The dagger will be ruined,
Which was the start of lost shine.

Dark Prison

In this dark prison,
Under my own gloomy roof,
My eyes were wide opened,
But my heart needed a proof,
With the gossips of walls,
And the ceiling staring at me,
Your face flashed on my eyes,
And my lashes felt warm and glee,
That innocence in your eyes,
With pain in them squeezed,
I realized what they hide,
And my heartbeats increased,
The windows who accompanied,
My opened eyes in this dark,
It forced me to smile,
When it got chilly with a spark,
Your lips with crushed berries,
And that smile felt disturbed,
In this night you were my moon,
With the stars as memories stuffed.

Denial

Treat me like that deny,
Which you adore more often,
In this harsh and scary truths,
By which you were fallen,
That deny which stalks you,
Forces the same place as always,
"To quit what you believe",
It made its only liked phase,
Importance is what it has,
More than 'acceptance' has i must say,
Denial is what has the power,
And the easier shortcut way,
Why is it easier?
Or some more questions you once asked,
In these multiple of sums,
But now i know that you tasked,
Through the endless rows,
In the series of acceptance,
You only ignored,
But now you know its importance,
In this hardness of rock,
It can work as a tool,
You only now know what to adore,
And the one who made you fool.

Desires

When I was on the land,
The ocean attracted me,
I wanted the fins rather than a hand,
I wanted the glee in the sea.
When I was in the ocean,
The sky attracted me,
The land and sea looked mean,
But in the sky i was free.
When I was in the sky,
I felt a little lonely,
I was watching from high,
And now the land looked lovely.
The desires will make me tear,
From one to the other,
The experiences were clear,
And the last thing i wanted to hear,
To bring me back at my home,
Where there is no fear,
I was not lonely or alone,
Finally i wanted my existence to be clear,
The desries may give you a reason,
A reason to live or to try,
To reach the success will be fun,
Or maybe fall from the high.
Ask yourself about the end,
When you will achieve what you desired,
Will there be your family or a friend?
To celebrate the desire you acquired...

Disguised

The arrival of it was now,
When the silence was heard deeply,
The time felt like stopped,
And it walked so freely,
In the disguise it came towards me,
And the sensefull me, became blind,
For the blanket of love which i saw,
Was playing with my mind,
The cruelty against my heart,
My innocence against whatever it was,
I was counting the peices of my broken heart,
And arranged suicide of my own gloss,
The force of my hands,
Against my painfully stretched mouth,
I wanted to swallow my own screams,
So this world can't hear me shout,
The heartbeats of my dead heart,
Which i suffered each second,
And the hopeless guts of mine,
Wanted some depression to lend,
My sudden smile was a goodbye,
To this world which won again,
I went miles away in peace,
Leaving the truth as a stain.

Gains

The blunt nights of my pain,
Enhanced the burns in my vein,
Heart raced to possible the insane,
I still ask for what does it gain?

Does it gain the solitude of soul?
Or does it let you decide your own goal?
The peace is all it perishes so,
With all the broken dreams stored in a black hole.

Does it gain my buoyant poetry?
Or does it never lets you in the cemetery?
'Cause all my poems made me so teary,
And the death would eventually hold my hand dearly.

Did i ever gain a smile in return?
Or glee to possess which I earned,
To keep breathing till its my turn,
To end my blunt nights and all of the burns.

Greenery And Me

The consoled warmness-feeling my body,
In the forlorn mess it became my hobby,
When I give up my soul onto your chest,
My lord's Earth was eventually so blessed,
When the greenery of its tingled me,
And how I wiped my tears of glee,
I saw the clouds marking me in a heart,
I saw the grass tearing the untold stories apart,
I didn't smile, or make a move,
When I saw the so called humans and a groove,
They buried me with curses and vibes of glowers,
I was already torn when I saw wither flowers,
I screeched from a voiceless mouth,
To get burnt I accept and I will not shout,
For the day I saw more deaths than me,
The obscured death of my greenery and me.

Heart Can Also Dream

So deep in his brain,
I got trapped by him,
I saw the vein to his heart,
And in this light it was still dim,
By the Jesus- my faithfull Lord,
Was my image kissing his,
I grabbed a smile on my cheeks,
Which invited me to his bliss,
My glance took another step,
When i was all his,
The dimples on our baby,
And her forehead which we kissed,
The blinking of my eyes,
Moved the time apart,
Our little house became home,
In his little peaceful heart,
The older we got next,
And the love we felt deeper,
I stayed their for so long,
Our coffin was the next keeper,
The smile he imagined,
When our hands were together,
The eyes that were met,
And the death waiting in this weather.

Hidden Lies

The time was at its worst,
With the little steps I took back,
Every second seems cursed,
With the smile I never lacked,
All days lined up in here,
Making no remembrance at all,
Gazed upon my own face-i dared,
Till the time comes for last fall,
Hours wasted for this happiness,
To get ruined in few seconds,
Blamed by the sorrow of mess,
Just for the time I once spent,
Harsh words are now keeping me awake,
In the nights i can't realize,
Gibberish of this planet to be fake,
I know how time hid all the lies.

I Bowed To You

My lord envy that mortal,
Which makes the nature-his art more pretty,
He envy that mortal which has faith,
Even when the world tastes bittery,
With the sense of love for my lord,
I asked with my whole right!
"Oh my lord, my creator, my love",
When a poet appeared in my sight,
A body of a mortal staved to death,
One who smiled also in pain,
The hands who wrote so said life,
Were now tied with the iron chains,
My lord cleared his throat,
While I processed and bowed infront,
I was staring the poet's eyes of love,
When my ears heard this grunt,
"He, the sculpture of mine, how dare he",
Said by my love in this crown wore by him,
"He wrote my sorrow, my art, me and my peace",
I gazed with blurred eyes and eyesight getting dim,
I bowed again, after getting those words,
I bowed to you my poet, you told me my worth,
I bowed again to show you your respect,
And I bowed again when you died with mirth.

I Hope You Don't Lose It

On my cheeks,
Something sweet just landed,
That invisible kiss,
From you which was miles awaited,
My romantic moon today blushed,
When you promised to kiss my scars,
From your house on the sun,
You send me those beautiful stars,
Those fireflies giggled when they saw me,
Like they were from you,
And you made my mind free,
All were here except you...
But I hoped,
When the grass called from downside,
Plucked by themselves,
They were happily blown to your sight,
I wish you can feel my happiness,
It all exists in you,
Sweet,sour, bitter or any desire,
The way you can't have a clue,
Keep those plucked grasses,
Locked in your locket,
That's the love plucked from my heart,
I hope you don't lose it...

I Know What Love Is..

I know what Love is,
When you can't smile in glee,
I know what trust is,
When you are so afraid to flee,

I know what love is,
It is indeed filled with insecurities,
I know what trust is,
When you are one of the lonelies,

I know what love is,
When you are dreaming wilderness,
I know what trust is,
When your pain can't be confessed,

I know what love is,
Or you just hated me,
I know what trust is,
But I also knew you were not worthy,

This isn't love I knew this,
Just the story of us,
This isn't trust i knew this,
Just something worse than a curse.
~I.G.

I Wandered My Mind

Just how I wandered my mind,
Strolling above the world like a blind,
Seeking through the endless beauty and kind,
Everything about you I wanted to rewind.

Loned up under the night of stars,
You finally covered your light on my scars,
Being a drunkard of your wine than any bars,
Oh, my sweet moon, I was so high on cigars.

Resting on the throne of nights,
To gaze your beauty they raise their sights,
A peaceful night in this world of fiery fights,
Your serenity caused filter to all their slights.

Gazing those pearls or that star,
Seemed like shining inside a black jar,
I ended up gazing from so damn far,
After all I wandered my mind with curses and scar.

I Wish I Was You

I stood in front of you,
Your smile stared at me,
It was so confident,
Looked like you were so free,
No tensions in your mind,
The way I could never feel,
You were ready to cry,
But only because of me,
I saw your eyes watering,
And the red bursted gazing,
Looked like you were guilty,
But you were only copying,
Someday, sometime, someone,
Will make you feel needed,
I could never do that,
All you made me was jealous,
I wonder if you would be alive,
When you'll face my world,
I wonder what its like,
When you'll live in colours getting swirled,
Oh the reflection of me,
I wonder if you have any clue,
Oh the reflection of me,
I wish I was you.

I'll Be There

When the moon starts to faint,
When the sun loses its joy,
When the stars gave up their fate,
And you start feeling like a toy,
When you are away crying,
In the dullness of silence,
When you are secretly dying,
And nothing can make sense,
When the world will hate you,
And you will pretend to smile,
When you'll reject yourself too,
And punish your heart without any trial.
I'll be there to be your moon,
To wake you up and open your eyes,
I'll be there to be your sun,
To adore your beautiful smiles,
I'll be there to be your star,
To lead your way out from the dark,
I'll be there to cure your scars,
And light your life with a spark,
I'll be there to wipe your tears,
And wake you up from the dead,
I'll be there when you'll face your fears,
To hold your hand full of dread,
I'll be there to look into your eyes,
To tell you how worthful you are,
I'll be there to keep you out of lies,
And keep the world as away as far...

It Ain't Homicide

*In the existing of that presence -woed and glowered,
In every teardrop of that fall- bathed and showered,
Scattered and hollow soils all suited to shake,
Is that what a universe will be blamed to make?
The feathered doves flying in peace,
To attack from high- making us tease?
The hidden beings would finally heal,
To the cheers of revenge they'll feel,
The cyclones and tornados bullied us once,
Now is when they'll enjoy all the funs,
Our sympathetic air will now torture or lure,
It ain't homicide I see- but suicide for sure.*

Loned Damsel

Faith so blunt woe me under
the eternity of lone I quoth
A coward in damsel dressed
Is my beauty sometimes you loathe?
Ere times, wonder me near the lake,
A canvas and thy colours of love,
A green, a pink, a red?no give or take
Then which turned into a black dove?

Drought of peace I plead; to my visions I say
Plaintive cry of damsel known as me,
And my breaths and love for this day?
Loned up at my sleeps,
The tears do drop without say,
Partial of my lord to heavenly coupled glees
I am a loned damsel to this day.

Lousy Street

Her love which frailed upon,
Under the covers of guilt inborn ,
Her lousy eyes every morning and dawn,
Recalled that one night of her forlorn.

That lousy street of glorious night,
Faded upon with the presence of her sight,
Tall tree with branches in fright,
Gazed at the moon reflecting in her eyesight.

Passed down a love spot in dark,
When a street light shined at a park,
Cupid's couple had that strong spark,
Made her regret love and all of the blade's mark.

Wandered this night of dull and fiery,
Her next stop was the same cemetery,
The eerie graves of it made her childhood teary,
But her soul envy the deaths in that cemetery.

Carried on with her pace atleast,
She travelled back with a forlorn feast,
Having no clue if she was a beast,
And finally her hopes completely vanished.

Me And Only Me

I used to always doubt,
About my visibility everywhere,
Do I need to shout?
Then only will you hear?
They looked at me,
Like i was the weirdo,
I didn't told them to see,
Their mirror; if they think so,
I used to compete with myself,
I used to laugh with me,
I used to care myself,
I used to cry with me,
If in everywhere there was me,
Then what was the need of someone,
I don't want anyone to see,
The way I am is fun,
I used to share my pain with me,
I used to smile in my little day dream,
Those little dreams came with glee,
Better than those nightmares where I screamed,
Those alone time and scary days,
Everywhere people I used to see,
They all annoy with the words they say,
I am happy being alone with me...

Middle Of The Night

In the middle of this night,
She was beyond than being right,
Grilled along and dark and bright,
Crossing swords with her own fright,
Swearing the past, seeking the present,
Going through her last and final amend,

Voices of a man she heard,
Her graved father now whispered,
"I hath you, I died, you murdered Ma in your birth",
Said the father and she teared,
Tears of posioned eyes dripped on the floor,
While she continued praying for celestial door,

A peice of mirror what she assumed,
Her beauty reflecting her inmost wound,
The beauty others saw while she never felt being wooed,
Her innocence is still drunk and gloomed,
She asked question from her mirror,
Every second now seems dark for her,

Forced to choke the blood out,
Ready to die with a cursed shout,
Remorsed of every breath she breathed aloud,
Now seems to die with her own espouse,
Mirror of her beauty will choke her life,
Ashamed of her husband now came his wife,

"I died, indeed I did, for thy life I gave thou mine,
This universe may not choose thy time,
Certainly this is your time to shine",
Said her mother like a bride's toast of wine,
Her eyes filled with hopes to live,

A mother's love which she finally received.

My Dear Poetic Heart

The ending of that dream,
And the starting of a poem,
I behaved soullessly confused,
About my heart's forever home,
When the orphan it,
Will find the purpose to grow,
To have its beauty adored,
But not the advantages for a show,
The home where love exists,
The place where smiles breathe,
For my fool heart to spoil in love,
And realizing of a romantic breeze,
Dear heart for you to know,
How the tables will turn,
For the sake of what you suffered,
Everyone's soul could never be burnt,
Dear home of my poetic heart,
Lonely room I want to reserve,
For my soul to stay awake there,
But not my heart to be there served,
My mind can suffer in the attic,
But not my heart,
You can trick me to always starve,
But I beg for my poetic heart,
I'll sing the lullabies and cry,
When my dreams will end,
The home I'll never find,
And the pain my heart even spent.

Note

In the poems I ever wrote,
None of them my heart's quote,
Visions of mine began to loathe,
Or calling this one as a note.

A note to me perishing my lacks,
Or a motivation to fight all the attacks,
Words as they come filled in sacks,
And cutting me down, smashing me on tracks.

A note to me moving on so fast,
Why to ponder over the cursed past?
Seeking through opportunities even the last,
I live in a nightmare-o-so-vast.

A note to me to dry up my pillows,
To leave the nights as merry as it goes,
To pass the failures and high up all the lows,
Proving the world wrong whenever my soul glows.

Can a poetry of mine be a note?
Can a heart of mine free of this load?
Can I be someone I never owned?
Would that be enough to keep me unknown?

Ocean of My Tears

I was on my bed,
Under this huge shed,
A shed of all my secrets,
Nothing but a slight dread.
I felt so helpless,
It made me drown being clueless,
In the ocean of my tears,
Under my bed were my nightmares and fears.
Some one;
Someone let them out for fun,
Now why won't they return?
They knew that I was scared and they won.
I want to drown, and drown and die,
Better than living in this whole lie,
Better than dream and cry,
To drown in my tears until they dry.
All those nights,
Me and my tears and our fights,
They came with all of the flow,
And finally wiped by the pillow.
Its over and decided,
For all the evils to raise from the dead,
To make me tear apart,
Obey the Satan and tear my heart...

One Day

One day you will stop,
From the life you carry on,
You would no longer be on top,
And secretly you will be gone,
You will cry and cry and cry more,
For the reason of your break,
One day you won't be able to cry anymore,
For the world who is fake,
You will scream and scream and scream more,
For the people who don't understand,
One day you won't be able to talk anymore,
And be silent everywhere you'll stand,
You will try and try and try more,
For you and only you,
One day you won't be able to dream anymore,
For the lonely world sacrifices you'll do,
You will laugh and laugh and laugh more,
For the happiness you'll feel,
One day you won't be able to smile anymore,
And the pain would never be healed,
You will fall and fall and fall more,
But you should know how to grow,
One day you won't be able to rise anymore,
And you will die with your luck on your brow,
World will make you drive crazy,
With rumors and talks,
Your life weather may become a lil hazy,
But never stop the time in your clocks.

Peaceful Bed

Lying on the ground,
Head tilted to your bed,
I smiled when I saw you,
In the cemetery of dead,
My hands, flowers and that smile,
Like the first time we dated,
You brought me the same,
And now it could never get faded,
The name with that respect,
Mister I already fell for you,
You left me behind,
But I will never do that to you,
The dirt you were covered with,
Messed up my explanation,
I slept with a smile,
In your heavenly created nation,
My last breathe,
My last sleep,
I ensured it was beside you,
Where my death bed should be,
I found my peace in you.

Poetry

The romance and love,
The nature and life,
From my heart to my soul,
To the scars and knife,
The mind game and words,
All came together in here,
Someone asked me about poetry,
So I smiled when I shared,
The words which rhymed,
Described my life and sorrow,
For the reason it never lied,
Maybe I am having no tomorrow,
From bonding with reality,
To loving yourself the more,
The harsh world and dreamy roles,
And the existing of a heaven door,
The motivation and depression,
Together they always cheered,
The feeling that came alive,
Which always stood feared,
Poetry is the reason I am sure,
For whenever I want to walk away,
To take me out from the horror dark,
It leads me to a brighter way,
Brighten with love of moon,
And the truth by the sun,
With me smiling with the stars,
And clouds adored me as fun.

Pride

Countless persons bonded aloof,
Castle on my eyes, with no legit proof,
Looking the attention sought for whom,
With a broken soul he was doomed.
A boy, a male he, man was not yet,
Pleasure to fake grin, outside rotten death,
Peered his marks of tears on cheeks,
If they were blade? should peel and creak.
Others what seen a free of soul,
He was a muddled with loads as goals,
A dead of dark spent on silent yells,
He had those agony under his eyes dwelled.
A growling vocals his voice proved,
Lest what a person should easily ruled,
He? what an ethereal creature I saw,
He? a respectable prisoner of life I adored.

Remember Me?

Do you remember me?
I always made you smile in glee,
So that my eyes don't suffer to see,
Such a broken soul who was made for me.
I adored you more than you did me,
I really hope that you remember me,
Do you remember my smiles?
They are gone away thousand of miles.
I stayed with you when no one did,
You said, I made cheer your inside kid,
Do you remember me?
Do you see the time and how far are we?
I hope you remember your tears,
I wiped them and gave you cheers,
But do you remember my tears?
You made them flow in fears.
Do you remember how jealous you were?
When you saw me with others.
But do you remember me who screamed?
Watching you with girls, I wished I dreamed.
Do you even remember me?
After leaving you I wanted to be free,
You regretted and cried,
Your soul was broken and died.
I felt nothing, not even compassion,
Its the loss of you and your imagination,
One never tried to understand,
And the other always lived in grand...

Scared To Be Brave

These thoughts of mine,
Found themselves a cage,
They used to beautifully shine,
Before they were expressed as rage,
They used to twinkle in this night,
And so gloomy at the same,
How the dark came in my sight,
Will forever be my shame,
Now when they won't come out,
Even the cage's shutter is open,
I swear I will not shout,
And be like them in this den,
Now when I want them,
Or the worse was they were a need,
I was counting till ten,
Still I was not able to lead,
I peeked into the black and white,
From the sufficient light I had,
The light blew my mind,
And the bloody nerves dancing in sad,
The nerves of my thought,
With the little blade I once gave,
I wish the little it must have fought,
But was it scared to be brave?

Scarr'd All Over Onto You

*Scarr'd all over onto you
Craved to be more stunned,
Flower's fragrance comes from you
No need to endure as shunned,*

*Scarr'd all over onto you
Your soul gives blinding touch,
Skill'd and bright all into you
Hold the creator's hand in clutch,*

*Scarr'd all over onto you
Death is scared of such a pure heart,
Spot that fate deliberately in you
And have a fresh restart.*

Scary Nights

Its so scared at night,
It makes me feel so right.
The day was just so confusing,
Everybody hated me, even the morning.
Day was so invisible,
It made the dreamy world believable.
It was hard to live on,
It made me quite all along.
But the night,
Why was it so bright?
Why was I tension free?
There was something in me.
Something came from a mile,
And without the existences, i smiled.
Sometimes it was my friend,
To watch me smile till the end.
Sometimes it was therapist,
Who showed me my worth in my fist.
It filled the questions in my brain,
With sort of confidence I gained.
It gave me all its attentions,
The night loved me without my tensions.
It stayed with me when I cried,
To stay till my tears dried.
It whispered me to always be in glee,
Cause it can't always be around me.
The night whispered the truth unlike day,
It told me to walk straight in my way....

Sneaky Footsteps

The slower the footsteps got,
The louder my chest creaked,
All heard by my ears,
But none got my eyes leaked,
My lips gave a smile,
Like I knew who was leaving,
I didn't stop them to notify,
And they continued sneaking,
Watching them slowly get away,
My heart spilled nothing,
Cause it will never love again,
After getting used as a fling,
I opened the door,
And i closed it too,
Why it can't always be closed?
Cause maybe all of this is a cue,
The amount of love i donate,
Increases the same pain,
The pain which cannot be expressed,
And the pain which is all I gain,
The silence which my mind adored,
Concentrating on the clock,
It waited for my last breathe,
And the feeling of it being locked,
I respected what my heart felt,
And i admired what my mind thought,
I gave them what they desired,
And my peace followed me to escort.

The Book From The Corner

I open the last book on Earth,
I saw the dust of my own,
It was titled with ugly words,
And the nightmares I was shown,
At the end of my library,
Like the rest were scattered,
It was bonding with the webs,
And the little did it mattered,
I saw that last period,
While the book lying on my chest,
I was staring the ceiling,
Like I was following its behest,
I open the last book on earth,
Which forced me to glower,
I read my death in the last,
While I was dying like a wither flower.

The Drop's Love

I was misdirected a lot,
By this feeling pronounced as happiness,
In this wet weather,
There was no name for dullness,
Those tears of the rain,
Chose to drop on the leaf,
Where they made a group,
And motivated my beliefs,
They cherished it so hard,
And then intertwined there,
A big drop was more like love,
For everyone who needs to share,
The love for that lonely leaf,
Which was not a habit of it,
It was astonished of being chosen,
But love was not the right fit,
It saw the drop as a pressure,
A pressure of what it deserved,
The leaf dropped the tear of rain,
For where its love was reserved,
In the surface of puddle,
Where its love should be,
It was right there,
And the leaf and drop both felt glee.

The Lost Merriness

The moon was so silent,
Looked like it almost faint,
Everyone was unhappy and stressed,
And the writer's poems got depressed.
God was so clueless,
Nothing he could do for us,
And the moon started fainting a lot,
At last the writer made it talk.
He asked if something was wrong,
The moon stayed sad but strong,
He asked for the lost merriness,
Of the moon which was lost in wilderness.
The dull moon finally said,
That the sun made him quite jealous,
That the sun was so bright,
It was guilty for the lonely night.
The Sun was so energetic and joyful,
But I,...I only made people stressful.
Look at the birds dancing around The Sun,
Why are they asleep when its my time for fun?
The writer chose his words carefully,
To bring back merriness more beautifully.
He asked to the moon of dullness,
"What was wrong with the Sun's brightness?"
He agreed that it was bright,
But the moon got the chance to light the night.
He agreed that the Sun was energetic,
But that was his job, the real Sun is static.
He agreed that the birds danced around the Sun,
But for the Sun it is not so fun,
Admire the stars and night around you,
Admire them the way they do to you,
Admire the clouds who covered you,

Whenever the cold breeze blew.
The moon smiled and looked at the stars,
They smiled back and cured its scar.
The moon saw the sleeping clouds,
Who had no idea what was happening around.
The moon then smiled at the writer,
And the happiness won over like a fighter....

The Melody Of The Gramophone

The despair made me moan,
While listening the gramophone.
The beats of the lyrics,
Like the music and my heart mixed.
The depressed song felt nice,
And the happy song was filled with lies.
The flute and the keyboard's sounds echoed,
Something to feel like its decode.
The disguised lies in the melody,
Stabbed me in the heart and body.
Strong and brave me, fought the mereness,
Glad to hear the people who treated with fairness.
Clear but depressed, happy but blurred,
The dictated life was way worse than slurred.
Stained smile was fainted away,
Hard promise was now a painful say.
Just like they ended with a fake bliss,
I went to the death with a smile and a kiss.

The Pinch Of Sand

She looked happy and enlightened,
But her inner was frightened,
She was dazzling and smiling,
But her outer was always lying,
It showed what she wanted to,
About her inner no one had a clue,
The outer her was confident and ready,
But her inner didn't know how to be steady,
Her inner self failed to control,
All her failures and her goals,
Her insecurities and awkwardness,
Snatched her happiness,
She believed what she heard,
And her guilt killed her first,
Guilt of letting everyone down,
And giving them a constant frown,
Guilt of breathing in the living land,
And felt like a pinch of sand,
That nobody notice in the deserts,
Its right there with the others,
She did not wished for happiness,
And she knew life's fairness,
All she wanted was someone who understand,
Her innerself didn't want to be pinch of sand.

Too Young

All of these relations,
My heart was trusted just once,
Every two hours of all of the months,
I poured down my numb emotions.

Drooling over my happiness,
Every bit of tears I confessed,
To my love I found in a mess,
Or was I too young to be so blessed.

Feelings of mine became this diary
arranged at the corner of a library,
Among the books of lover and her fairy,
The diary was just unloved and contrary.

Forgive and forget was repeated again,
Hurt and smile was our little game,
I doubted me if I was ever sane,
Or was I too young to be in such pain.

Too young for melancholy nights,
Too young for first breakup fights,
Too young for starving diets,
I was too young to regret love at first sights...

~Ishika Gautam

Waves

The waves of that lake,
Swiftly they moved and breezed,
My body felt full of insecureness,
Like always my blood freezed,
I stopped myself a lot,
To enter the pathetic path,
Where the happiest souls live,
There was no switch to restart,
All the worsts at some times,
Awoke the bad intentions,
My fainted conscience died,
Still my body can't form its mentions,
Inside the lake those blurred pearls,
And the floating dark cottons above,
The dark night around me,
Will never fly me like a dove,
I waited for the white light,
To shine from fabulous horror,
But time introduced me to infinity,
Now I am loving this awful terror,
In the habit where I grew,
Among these insecurities of mine,
The waves or pearls can't do,
If they want to make me shine.