

# Anthology of Aneena Elza Binod

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 



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## Curves

They tell you curves are in, then out, then back again,  
Magazines preach it, a beauty migraine,  
But bodies, my love, they ain't clothes on a rack,  
Not something you swap for the latest fad,  
The pressure to look "perfect" can cut real deep,  
Making you think your body's something to keep  
Under wraps or hidden, something to change,  
Like going under a knife and rearranging your range,  
But honey, beyond "perfection", there's so much more to you,  
Strong and resilient, you're beautiful and true,  
Don't squeeze in a mold that ain't meant to be,  
Your body's a masterpiece, wild and free.

## Dear Soulmate

You are the Milky Way,  
And, I'm Andromeda,  
They say in a few billion years, we'll finally meet,  
a cosmic crash, a messy, starry feat.

I honestly hate the wait,  
But, I'm sure in the end, we'll unite,  
But, this feels like a slow burn romance novel,  
When you finally find me, you better grovel.

Maybe the wait is long for a reason yet unseen,  
The universe probably has a grand, galactic scheme,  
So, for now, let's thrive in our own little worlds,  
When the time's right, it'll all be unfurled.

## Inky Delulu

Fictional characters, darling, fictional characters,  
They feed my delusion,  
If I could I'd give the world to those narrators  
for they get my obsession  
with fairytale romances,  
The kind where you exchange glances  
in a room full of people,  
And somehow they all disappear,  
Leaving just the two of you, not subtle  
in the least bit, my dear,  
But little do those storytellers know  
that they're unknowingly hurting, not helping,  
for it feels like a blow  
when you realize that it only exists in writing.

## Made-up

"Wailing Wretch, tell me a story", said the little girl,  
She was the *traze* old witch that makes the villagers' toes curl,  
But she loved little children,  
And the children loved her,  
Wailing Wretch took a sip of her tea and sighed,  
"Alright, kiddo. Here we go."  
She sat by the *glage* fireside,  
*Breapt* and cozy, and thus began the show,  
"Long long ago, in a big old city, there lived a beautiful woman,  
She was smart and kind and everything she was supposed to be,  
If you needed something, you go to her for she was superhuman,  
Each knock on the door, a plea for her time,  
Slowly chipped away at her *blessey* spirit so sublime,  
One day with a snuffle, a tear, and a pout,  
She left all the noise, with a silent shout,  
Deep in the woods, where shadows play hide,  
She found a new *cottilon* home, a place deep inside,  
No more fixing problems and doing everyone's chore,  
She built a new life, happy to the core,  
The villagers whispered, with fear in their eyes,  
A crazy wild woman, beneath *pretta* moonlit skies,  
They called her a witch, with magic and fright,  
But she knew, everything's alright,  
Now she laughs with the *semirion* breeze, and dances with trees,  
The happiest witch, living wild and at ease,  
Listen, little one, to the lesson I bring,  
Sometimes saying no, lets your own spirit sing,  
For kindness unchecked, can leave you astray,  
But finding your peace, lights the brightest of days."

## Rose Petals

I bought myself roses the other day,  
If you ask me why, I could say, "just because",  
But, the truth is, it was my birthday,  
I wished someone would buy me flowers before I took a pause,  
And thought to myself, "hey, why don't I get them for myself?"

This act, seemingly insignificant, was a milestone,  
I realized, my happiness is mine to create,  
Something I should have known,  
Long before I gave the world the power to dictate  
How I feel.

The beautiful orange roses sat on my bedside table,  
Dying a slow but beautiful death, as the days passed,  
In my head, I knew it was inevitable,  
But in my heart, I wanted it to last,  
So, I saved the dried petals in a jar.

They're like words on paper,  
The skeleton of what was once a beautiful moment in time,  
And, there's no love greater  
Than a poet's love for rhyme,  
Aargh, I'm rambling again.

**3.0**

I'm just a cat in a dress and glasses,  
And my love, the first time I saw you, you had a kitty on your shoulder,  
I dreamt of running wild in palaces  
with my hand in yours, as the night gets colder.  
I'm just a cat in a dress and glasses,  
And my love, you told me you'd wait the rest of my nine lives  
if that's what it takes to have this madness  
of a person to write you letters you'd tear open with paper-knives.



## Dear Soulmate 2.0 (More of a Love Letter than a Poem)

I've always dreamt of seeing the Northern Lights with you for the first time. I get that it may not be your first time witnessing that spectacle. But that's okay.

The other day, everyone and their dog watched the Northern Lights from their backyard. My friends called me to come see them. I said I was too lazy to drag myself out of bed. Truth is, though, something inside me held me back because you weren't here. Darling, you're running terribly late. Where the hell are you?

Anyway, the second night rolls around, and everyone's talking about another chance to see the lights. Part of me was mad you weren't there to experience it with me, but another part just wasn't sure you'd ever show up at all. So, I decided to go see it by myself.

I sat on the hilltop waiting for the sky to burst into colors. I waited and waited and waited. Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Just darkness.

Maybe the universe is giving me a sign, telling me to be patient and wait for you. Maybe the lights won't appear until you're here. Maybe it's a sign you'll come eventually, and then we can see them together.

Oooorrr ...

Maybe, just maybe, it's some cruel metaphor, and I'm just destined to wait for you in vain, just like I waited for those darn lights.

Aaaargghh!

I must stay positive. I know you're on your way. Who else would I be writing all this lovey-dovey stuff for?

Until we meet again,

Sky.

## Drift

I used to have a very dear friend who hated with a staggering intensity  
that I couldn't keep my earphones untangled,  
They would go out of their way to detangle it for me with a certain passion,  
In return, I would help fix their tangled mess of anxieties to avert a calamity,  
And in this process, somehow our thoughts got entangled,  
Over time, it went from being a cute exchange to simply a transaction,  
I learned not to tangle my earphones when I moved away to the big city,  
And my friend, from whom I've grown apart, probably learned how to not get tangled  
in their thoughts in the very same fashion.

## Ocean

"Do you still love me?"

The old man asked his wife, staring into the horizon.

The years, etched like maps upon their faces, melted away in that moment.

"More than ever," she whispered.

"But then," he pressed, "did you love me less before?"

She chuckled. "You're wiser now."

"Should I go back and tell my younger self," he rumbled, a playful glint in his eyes, "that you loved me less then?"

"No, my love. It's not that I loved you less. You see, my love for you isn't a finite well that runs dry. It's a boundless ocean, vast and ever-growing."

## Feminine Rage

Feminine rage isn't always violent,

Feminine rage is understated defiance,

Remember how you rebelled a little and colored your hair bright purple in high school?

Feminine rage is writing emails,

Remember how you composed that strongly worded email which you never meant to send, as a form of catharsis?

Feminine rage is focused determination,

Remember how you channeled your anger into that little creative project?

Feminine rage is silent resignation,

Remember how you quietly quit that job because of persistent sexism?

Feminine rage is avoidance,

Remember how you didn't go to that family dinner because you knew they'd stress you out?

Feminine rage is purposeful ignorance,

Remember how you ignored them to make a point about unfair expectations?

Feminine rage isn't always violent.

## To My Childhood Best Friend

I'm sorry you didn't get the nicest version of me,  
But I know I was always your cup of tea,  
And you know all my tea,  
I wish you got the version of me that's happier,  
Funnier, cheesier and crazier,  
But I still wish we'd met earlier,  
Even if we both weren't our better selves yet,  
You were always there when I fret,  
And I'm sure you'll be there as we stare at the moonset.

## Porcelain Doll

The porcelain doll sat on the shelf,  
Delicate and perfectly made, she was never herself,  
But what the toymakers wanted her to be,  
Deep in her heart, she longed to be free,  
The porcelain doll watched as the children played with their toys,  
But always confined to the shelf, she missed out on joys,  
While they laughed and they ran, her fixed smile was a mask,  
Trapped in her silence, afraid to unmask,  
While they danced and they sang, she stayed still as a stone,  
A beautiful doll, but so very alone,  
Then one day she whispered, "It's time to break free,  
I'm tired of waiting, it's time to be me."  
With a leap and a twirl, she hopped off the shelf,  
No longer a toy, she began to find herself,  
She spun through the room, with a giggle and grin,  
Each step full of joy, letting the fun in,  
The toymakers stared, their plans in dismay,  
As the porcelain doll danced her own way,  
Now she twirls freely, in the light of the day,  
With hope and strength, she's found her own way,  
No longer just perfect, she's living a poem,  
The porcelain doll is finally free to be whole.