

Anthology of Nightly Bard

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

Threads of Moirai

A Castaway's Parable

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Threads of Moirai

The night sky draped with velvety silk
Dotted with radiant specks of shine
The full moon looked as white as milk.
Sharing company on a lonesome night.

As I watched the lively sky
With twinkling stars and inching clouds,
The cool breeze blew some clouds above
To cloak the moonlight from the cove.

And once again, I was left alone
In the darkness with no one to hold.
I longed for the moon to show her face
Once more, so tender, yet, so bold.

When the moon came out from her brief hideout,
She looked brighter than ever in her halo's glow.
She beamed at me with such brilliance,
That I was left spellbound forevermore.

The gentle sea reflected the moon,
Its water splashing on the shore.
Taking with it, while retreating,
In the high tide, what was left ashore.

Watching this, I recalled how
My destiny had brought me here,
To this island of doom many a year ago,
When I was just another common soul.

For hitherto, not a ship had sailed
Anywhere near this fateful land.
Now years have passed and the ship has sailed

And at last, I've settled for the sisters' plan.

A Castaway's Parable

There I stood on that deserted beach,
Watching the turbulent ocean rage.
Staring into the endless sea,
A glimpse of something I could not, but see.

A light was approaching me from afar.
And as it drew closer, a vision brightened me.
My heart filled with hope, with joy and with colour.
For I will be rescued and known for my valour.

Stranded on this island for years and years,
I finally can once again taste freedom.
A possibility of hope and a window of opportunities,
open in my near future, free from obscurity.

But as the boat neared, the sea turned rough.
It flung the poor thing towards the shore.
But under the water, surrounding the coast,
Were barbarous rocks, and the boat was toast.

At that very moment, freedom flashed before my eyes.
And there I was left with no more than I had.
All of that episode was for nothing but to tempt.
Fate's sly attempt at torment was destined to be my end.

Or so I thought, with a broken heart.
But after all, not all hope was lost.
A little far off, amidst the rocks,
There bloomed a raft, and I was shocked.

A whole year hence, now I still live.
To tell the tale of my whole ordeal.
Had I lost hope and succumbed to my fears,

My life would surely have ended in tears.

Eve of Death

Last placid nighttime
A silent starry sky charms
betrayed by the breeze

The dawn awaits death
In war for inane motives
Of quenching ego

Yet the pure nature
Unfazed by what's in store next
Shuns catastrophe

To A True Friend

In times of glee
In times of grief,
You laughed with me.
You cried with me.

When I delved deep
Into tearful thoughts,
You dived right in
And helped me win.

When I fell fast
From the crest of woe,
You heard my call.
You slowed my fall.

When I had none
In troubled nights,
You took my palm.
You kept me calm.

You nurtured me.
You fostered me.
You gave me hope.
You helped me cope.

You're a much needed
One in my life.
Let sweet friendship
Last evermore.

Have Conviction in You

Run, run, run away,
From all those who pull you down.
They've got nothing else to do,
Therefore, they've come after you.

Avert all those people who,
Keep trying to dispirit you.
Pay no heed to such people,
Who try to get the better of you.

I've had many a person try
to willfully discourage me.
But I've never let myself down,
Or given their envy company.

Always stand up for yourself.
And don't change your perspective.
Have faith in your own judgement.
You'll be right when time's reflective.

That doesn't mean you close your mind.
Always welcome others' stance.
Only then can you expect them
In return, to observe your plans.

Trust and Treachery

Ten dimwits in an exam hall
Each one, willing to cheat.
But none had faith in one another
So all on themselves' feet.

When asked, each of them told among
Themselves, that they don't cheat.
While in reality, they said so
Only so their thoughts meet.

All of them were opportunists,
Who didn't mind treachery.
And sadists, who discreetly
Loved others' misery.

So if they could, they'd take some help
But when their own turn comes,
They cared not of friendship, so
They would do nought to help.

Or worse still, they would take some help,
But the cue to reciprocate,
They'd mislead their own helping hand
Into writing the inaccurate.

But as they all had the same mindset
None did really to help.
And all of them wrote whatever
The little they had felt.

At last because of lack of trust
Their grades plummeted down.
Only if they had faith amongst,

Marks wouldn't have let them down.