

Melodies from Mind

Laya Pens

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

For My Mother and Father

With love and admiration

Acknowledgement

I must be grateful to my father from whom I inherited the poetic language.

About the author

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summary

Ode To My Mother

MUSES OF FOOTPRINTS

UNHEARD MELODIES

EMOTIONS CURTAILED IN DYSTOPIA

MELODIES RINGING

Ode To My Mother

Soft belly affords an entrance
She is leaning on the bed
Mulling over the 'Heard Maladies',
Lips widened when
Thinking about the future!

Gloomy world:
The little one is curling,
Hitting the wall against it,
It must be a symptom!

Exhausted body,
Writhing with pain,
A state of chaos,
Her heart weeps,
Longing to attain,
The worldly state of a woman.

Calabash burst out,
The blood is oozing,
Blushy cheeks
Reveals the attainment!

The mustard eyes opening,
Puppetish,
With an alarming voice,
She recognises her Identity!
Hands yearning to
Touch the new comer!

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MUSES OF FOOTPRINTS

Holding you in
My frame - and
Walking along the
Crystal water is an
Ultimate bliss,
When the pure expanse
Meets during
Morning bliss!
Locking you in
My heart - and
Letting you feel
My heart is the
Moment's bliss
We are aiming for!
Just turn back and
See our footprints
Imprinted
On the shore
Could tell our story!
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UNHEARD MELODIES

A turquoise delight,
In the evening sun light,
Curls cascaded on the chest,
Stones sparkle on the waist,
Red sparkles embedded on the robe,
Heart filled with romance,
Mind filled with thoughts,
Lips are musing the love and
The eyes are awaiting
To behold the moment
They are going to capture now!

Under polished wooden roofs,
On the embellished wooden floors,
Moon light scatters on moon's face,
Which reflected in groom's veins,
Wearing the royal garments,
Spirits powered up,
Eyes coloured up,
with love and happiness,
Standing erect
In front of the portraits
King and Queen;
Yes here they are!

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EMOTIONS CURTAILED IN DYSTOPIA

Hypocrites welcome here!
Because this is dystopia - where
All female emotions
Are being lost.
A woman must lock her emotions
On her room,
She should be a hypocrite- or otherwise
She will be tagged "...."!
History acknowledges
Those emotions:
Those histories must be
Buried- or
Dystopia will bury those women.

She needs to turn in the swing state,
She has to walk away from dystopia,
To lead a peaceful life.
Contemplation subsides!
She cannot share- either
Hide it,
She can only write it.
It is the only solace,
She is aiming for.
Laya pens

MELODIES RINGING

Flowers are sleeping,
Birds are resting,
Leaves are dancing,
Wind is blowing,
Stallion is waiting,
To grab her into his bosom!

Grass muses when
Ladylove blushes,
Moon and stars on their side,
At the gloomy tide,
Foreheads touched,
Hands clutched,
Standing beside you,
Leaning on you,
Hands embrace you,
Lips are pursing you,
Under the classic roof,
Melodies ringing!