

# Anthology of Aias

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



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## Losing Sight

Your eyes were once my anchor  
a gem so fragile  
a prison of my soul  
once full of love and admiration .

It hurts  
whenever your gaze sets upon me  
I find myself tearing up  
masking a sheet of bravery.

Asking myself why?  
why? Can someone tell me why?  
What did I do wrong?  
Don't know if I can take this for long.

selflessly trying  
desperately fixing  
selfishly praying  
exhaustedly waiting.

Maybe this is the end  
the door's closing  
a window's opening  
A new chapter unfolds.

but first  
Let me see that eye once more  
Eyes that once were mine shed a single tear as I say goodbye.

## I know

I know you're beyond broken  
tremendously crushed yet still standing  
You keep stitching your soul  
With a thread adorned in thorns.

I know your selflessness comes with a cost  
without regret you've come across  
You always make time  
Even when they don't.

I know you love too much  
hands so caring yet keeps bleeding  
You mask everything with a smile  
With tears hiding behind them.

So smile when you feel like it  
Cry when you need it  
be angry but don't turn to hatred  
And shout when silence bombarded.

I want you to truly smile  
a gist of pleasure that comes in a while  
be proud of yourself  
You've come this far knowing this is not the end.

## Dawn

### DAWN

Waiting for the break of dawn  
a life's yet to born  
He sat at the top of the hill  
as the wind comfort his will  
Dark thoughts fading  
as the sun caries his sunken eyes  
The war he endlessly fought  
The constant battle for his soul  
There he was  
patiently waiting  
and he will rise  
I know he will.

## The moon and I

### *The moon and I*

Do you often stare at the moon?  
bask in her ethereal light?  
enchanted isn't?  
let me tell you a story.  
A story engraved in my bones  
a bright silent therapist  
and a broken lonely soul  
one's talking, the other's listening.  
Her silence speaks light  
a light that brightens my night.  
fueled by the sun so bright  
sometimes cloth in clouds in a stormy night.  
if only she could speak  
if only she could hug  
if only she was here  
caressing my messy hair.  
I wonder if she's already tired of my stories  
tales of love, despair, joy and suffering  
yes I know it's tiring  
and I'm tired, I'm so fucking tired.  
how can this world be so cruel?  
perhaps I am cursed?  
why does everyone leaves like I am nothing  
a burden and so easily forgotten.  
but I'm glad the moon was there  
she was always there  
all night  
comforting till I lost her sight.  
but you know what?  
if only

if only I had someone to talk to  
I wouldn't look like a fool talking to you.

## FRIENDS

### ***FRIENDS***

Gems I found  
in countless rivers full of stones  
two souls bounded  
as two strings knotted.  
You made my life a lot easier  
easier to bear and conquer  
walking side by side  
till we part on each tides.  
You know I listened to many people  
but only talk to few  
unfortunately, bitch you're one  
that I'm comfortable to.  
You're always there for me  
at times when silence is loud  
telling me that I'm always loved  
that I'm worthy and sent from above.  
These things I promised you  
promises I've sworn to grave  
when everything's feels heavy  
call me and I'll be on my way.  
I'll put your demons at bay  
if things won't go on your way.  
I'll build you up  
higher than you ever think you could.  
Our precious memories was kept in a diary we shared  
I love you! words I rarely speak.  
Our shared secret's sealed in a golden chest  
moments cherished in this life to the next.



## WHITE ROOM

### **WHITE ROOM**

A room so pure and white  
walls that hold secrets and lies  
a place where sleep is deprive  
agony present in their eyes.  
I went there  
a place you wouldn't want to be near  
hallways filled with unpleasant memories  
covered with lost souls bounded by stories.  
I met a stranger dress in white  
smiling with a face so bright  
sit and tell me your story, he mutter  
well take a look in my head, I whisper.  
Weekly, he became a habit  
stranger become friends  
walls crumbling, ice melting  
emotions surfacing.  
We talked about anything  
anything turns to something  
he told me to write  
a pieces of poem every night.  
Got three readers whom I trust  
soul filled words of my past  
he read my words the first time  
and said, you're an art with poetry inside.  
Today, I'll meet him again  
the white room's waiting  
a friend in white's waving  
he said, hey! want some coffee?

## Whispers

### *Whispers*

Different shades of black  
different shades of darkness  
slowly consuming my soul  
like a melting candle with a flickering fire  
eyelids slowly closing  
hoping to drift in a dreamless night but  
did you hear that?

The voices  
speaking incoherent mumbles  
then my heart started to tremble  
There here again, visiting,  
every single night.

Demons I cant seem to shake  
my voice began to break  
hearing a laugh that seem so fake  
A laugh that insults my existence  
A laugh for their victory  
A laugh for my soul.

Should I ask for help?  
well I did, once  
they gave me a dangerous pill  
bottling it up against my will  
then it exploded empty  
humanity leaves my body.

And I fought, I did  
and still do  
hoping it would stop  
leaving me in peace.  
that's all I ever wanted  
but never granted.

But I know someday it will  
cause I know I've earned it

and I deserve it.  
but for now, I'll take a rest  
knowing a sun will rise  
and light this darkness.

## Letter to myself

### **Letter to myself**

I'm sorry  
I've let you down  
abuse and broken  
lost and forgotten.  
You always set them first  
take a punch that wasn't even yours.  
You give so much of yourself  
with yours is little to no left.  
You prioritize their well being  
whilst you left yourself beaten.  
You always give excuses  
when they don't explain themselves.  
Now it's time for you to let go  
sail the sea with no cargos.  
One day they'll realize your worth  
eyes shed in regret and grave loss.  
Sail your boat in the sky  
soar through the darkest cloud with light.  
Make friends with an angel  
sing a song that left unsung.

Till then  
you'll loved yourself again  
as it supposed to be  
as you deserve to be.

## Barefoot

### **Barefoot**

Connected, that's what it feels  
barefoot in the wilderness, you'll heal.  
Leaves fluttering, tress whispering  
Feel the chilling breeze  
smell the earthy musk.  
Walk barefoot  
let the dirt cling on your toes  
Admire the beauty of flowers  
as fairies dancing in meadows.  
Write your sorrows in the ground  
search for the lost wounds  
let your injured soul dance with the dancing leaves  
let your senses tunes as the wind sings  
find a beautiful place and get lost  
lost yet feels home.

## Lost in lust

### *Lost in lust*

It was just lust, I know  
sweat and madness,  
a heat of moment  
a primal needs,  
a humanly creed.  
But can you blame me?  
asking for something that's seems impossible.  
Hoping for lust to become trust, passion and love.  
To see me not an object but a a body with soul  
disregarded in shame and nastiness.  
Maybe I should stop  
Maybe I should end it soon  
Maybe I'm just a fool  
waiting for a change or perhaps a miracle.  
Yet I cant and I don't want  
cause I love him and I'll wait, for a while  
and I think a part of me will always wait for him  
for him to start to feel  
till I know it's real.

## The boy on the roof

### *The boy on the roof*

When the moon is on it's peak  
there's a boy with a wandering soul  
often seen sitting on the roof  
staring blankly at the sky.  
He's a day dreamer  
but at night, he's an overthinker  
He spend his night thinking  
when he should be sleeping.  
He's a boy seeking for a place  
a place where silence is still  
a place where there's no battle for his soul  
a place where he could calm his storm.  
A raging storm stirring his peace  
a storm brewing present in his eyes  
with a whirlpool of unshed tears  
blurring his sight in the clear night sky.  
He constantly pitying, blaming  
beating himself  
for things he can't control  
and never could.

I just want him to know  
that the storm he constantly fighting  
won't calm  
not till he calm himself.

## Earthly Vessel

### *Earthly Vessel*

Emotions is what makes us human  
a vessel with a soul  
a soul with two faces battling in dominance  
one is light and other is dark.  
One is good  
filled with passion, kindness and love  
The other is evil  
full of hatred, jealousy, and lies.  
A primal battle between light and darkness  
a war that started long ago  
if you wonder, which face will win?  
it's the one you trained.



## Miracle

### *Miracle*

My art teacher once told me  
when you feel the world abandoned you  
go to the sea  
as it will give you miracles.  
I was probably abandoned by this world  
all my life I keep sinking  
an unwanted child born to replace what lost  
a lost I could never be found.  
If this sea would give me a miracle  
I want a big one,  
to be gone with the waves  
swallowed by the rising tide.  
Sink beneath the ocean bed  
let my soul swim across the seven seas  
discover what's hidden and forgotten  
until its time to surface and be born again.

## Then nothing

### *Then nothing*

It keeps coming back  
surrounds me like a dust in the air  
waiting for every opportunity  
to pounce the wall I had built for so long.  
An invisible wall  
guarding the core of my existence  
a sanctuary  
a safe place for my soul  
Resides my will to live,  
my reasons to fight, my sanity  
and memories that binds me in this world.  
Yet the wall I had built  
is slowly turning to ash, crumbling,  
fading into thin air.  
Then the darkness creeps onto  
embracing me as if it owns me  
then I'm falling  
then nothing.

## Have you?

### *Have you?*

Have you ever feel empty?

void from all emotions.

Have you ever stare at the ceiling?

with nothingness.

Have you ever cry

without any reasons?

Have you ever feel happy

yet still want to die?

Before, I was scared of death

but now I'm terrified on how much I wished for it.

Perhaps death is not actually one to fear

but the fear of your soul dying while still living.

## If only

### *If only*

If I could go back in time  
even for a minute

I'm sure it would make my future self  
much more stronger  
and maybe a little happier.

If I could go back in time

I would meet the 15 years old me

I'll tell him; be sad but don't be sad for too long

being lonely is ok,

being alone is ok too.

Remember that those feelings

are part of what makes up happiness.

So, no matter what people think or say

find your own path

and each day, happiness will find you.