

Mirror of my Existence

MHS



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

MD-32

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MD-32

Buckle up if you want to step in.
MD-32 for the chaos and fun that lies within.
But of course, that's what the professors say.
Come rejoice with us and spend a day!

Of course, it's noisy and gruesome here.
Laughs and insults, we all share.
We even make cross teachers show their teeth.
And make them put their swords in their sheath.

The class has its own stars.
With their company, you won't be able to hold them behind bars.
Some are brown and some are white.
But I wonder, aren't stars supposed to shine at night?

Let's start with **Alan**, who has the loveliest smile of all.
Although, he silently complains about not being tall.
But that doesn't matter, for he scores the best by bounds and heaps.
With facial hair to match, and a good heart he keeps.

Then comes **Hammerson**, the dictator of English.
Although, his orientation's not everyone's dish.
And if you hear a shriek in the class.
That's him! The freak with his buddies to harass.

Studying Physics isn't much when it comes to **Boris**.
But be warned, he has utter confusion, totally enormous.
Changing the laws for the professor to cry.
Altering the universe for poor Newton to shy.

"Oh **Fallon**, my love!", one professor says.
Exchanging looks, for him the professor's heart lays.

Getting along like an ever-lasting pair.
You want to be the third wheel? Oh, ho! I dare!

Let's move on to **Adrian**, the white snowflake.
With him beside you, chips are the thing that you can take.
Yup, that's our "Wavy", but don't be fooled by his naïve face.
For he can excel you and fill you with disgrace.

We don't play hide and seek here. But, if you do.
We've got **Hunter's** thick beard ready just for you.
Though, we love to call him "Soofy" as that's what he is.
But never talk about politics, that gig is only his.
Have you ever seen a boulder?
Meet **Mason**, the heavyweight championship holder.
His gait can wreck the Earth's crust to tremble.
But don't be under him unless you want to crumble.

Henry is the fellow who once had long hair.
Not until when the professors gave him a long stare.
Came a new face, a new stranger with his look.
The infamous "Hoffman", who's always in his poetry book.

We always respect our seniors, don't we?
Sits **Usher**, the "Baawa" we call right next to me.
Repeating his books and coarse to improve.
To ace the best grades for the BOARD to approve.

Need a tip about shaving? **Madison's** your guy.
We share some interests that we blabber about. He and I.
A pal like no other who can match to no one.
Sticks to Alan like glue, hiding their secret fun.

Every day comes a chap with a pristine moustache.
For your information, he's also a Hoffman who adores cash.
Hayden is his name, the jokester that anyone can befriend.
Never ask him for money, as that's not what Hoffmans lend.

Of course! Every group needs someone who can lead.
Well, not for **Isaac** as he has destroyed a leader's creed.
He can take your attendance, it doesn't matter if you're far.
With the class to amuse and shout "C.R! C.R!"

Let's not forget about our professors as.
They are the driving force that our class has.
Making us something that we will be someday.
Bringing out the fools in us in front of the class for display.

We all have had our ups and downs.
We have everything, from intellect geniuses to silly clowns.
Never missing out a chance to amuse.
Escaping from our professors' wrath with the best excuse.

And so, that's our class, the one and only.
A seat that you'll occupy, you won't be lonely.
With our fellowship forever accompanying you.
With you joining the infamous MD-32.

Oblation of Souls

The evil is born.

The humanity, waiting to be torn.

All goodness and hope, forever gone.

The worst is yet to arrive, a minacious storm.

Humanity is suffering, dying and praying.

Their hope is slowly decaying, crying.

Despair, darkness, chaos, mayhem, all are allying.

The demons, the evil, the devils, they are undying.

These humans think that they can fight.

They think that they can still make things right.

They think that they can still grab the light.

They think they can forget their fright.

Alone

Isolation is mine to own.

My passion sucked, stolen, blown.

Sadness is embedded in my heart, overgrown.

My failure and sorrow in this world are certainly shown.

I think about my actions in this dark zone.

Darkness chats to me on my useless phone.

Depression is planted in my heart and in my every bone.

Dejection and misery have taken their throne.

All the time, I groan.

My joy is dead, rotating in a violent cyclone.

All the instruments broken, including my mute trombone.

My unhappiness makes me cry with a deep sad moan.

In my life, there's no pleasure, my abilities unknown.

The river of music flowing out of my piano has no tone.

Is this my destiny? To be despondent? A pianist whose lone?

Am I to be forever...alone?

Dead

Why can't these rainclouds escape my head?
Why have the people left me? What wrong have I said?
To where has my fate led?
To where has my happiness fled?

My heart, filled with dread.
Why is joy, being shed?
But sadness and grief, being born instead.
All the depressing life incidents, being hung on a long thread.

Now my body is numb like decaying bread.
From head to toe, depression has spread.
My eyes see a world drowned in blood, crimson red.
The rate of sorrow in my soul, sped up and my soul, overfed.

The darkness is now my only friend.
My body is senseless, what can I now intend?
The tyrants of unhappiness made my pleasure expelled.
Is this it? Is this the end?

Nothing can make me warm, even my warm cosy bed.
Was my passion a mistake? Was I misled?
Everything is stagnant, nothing's going on ahead!
Is it the end? Am I ... dead?

Just You

My love was born when I ran into you.
Your sight just pierced my heart through.
I kept on asking,
"Who was she? Just who?"
"Who was that girl that I ran into?"

You have the most beautiful pair of hazel brown eyes,
That enlighten me from every grieving demise.
The strong power of love is embedded in your blushing smiles,
That never fail to penetrate my heart like sharp piercing knives.

Your sight can cast a charm on guys.
I just wish immortality to our love lives,
By cuddling together under the mesmerizing skies,
By holding hands together and watch the sunrise.

It's you who I only miss,
In this dark, lonely abyss.
Free me by your warm wet kiss,
That would reborn me as divine bliss.

Oh, my love for you is massive, if only you knew.
Over the years my love for you grew and grew.
It's you who my love is only dedicated to.
My love will always be there for one and only you.

Kiss on your Cheek

Ever since I met you, I pondered what you look like?
I thought to myself, "Is this what I truly seek?"
Talking for weeks and months, we thought alike.
My heart, infatuated by the way you speak.
I felt like reaching you on my flying bike,
And giving you a kiss on your cheek!

Getting along like an everlasting pair.
I soon perceived that your heart was purely unique.
Don't ever become sad, for your heart is keenly rare.
My love is always here, let it not make your heart weak!
And if you feel scared over there,
I will come and offer you a kiss on your cheek!

Your blushing red face makes you endearing more than any cat.
For my senses, you are more than a Goddess of Greek!
My love grows stronger and merrier as we chat.
Will your tenderness and affection ever break my love streak?
No, never ever! Your warmth and devotion are more than that!
For it drives me to grant you a kiss on your cheek!

Never compare yourself to anyone, never let anyone get you.
Don't give up on yourself to any vulgar critique!
I will give you my shoulder, never allowing you to feel blue.
If someone hurts you, leave it to me, I will see that freak!
If you were not here for me, what on earth would I do?
For if you weep, my lips will bestow you a kiss on your cheek!

My eyes feel healed when they see your caramel skin.
Every time you show me, I take a quick peek.
Your beguiling voice, more than a mellow, melancholic violin,
Can wreak my love to reach its peak.
Your skin, hair, eyes, and your blushing grin,
Compels me to give you a kiss on your shying cheek!

My dear loving delicate Karla,
How can I ever ignore you when you are truly chic?
If someone forgets you, whether Ari or Lara,
I will always love you and my love will never reek!
For I will always love you my Darla,
By giving you a kiss on your tender cheek!

Your Care

I don't know where you might be.
But all I know for a fact is that you are certainly there.
Living by yourself and with your family.
Living the best of your life, with the air you and I share.

Keep me close, like a tree does to a tiny leaf.
Stay bonded with me, like the unified pair.
That never surrenders to any nerve-wracking grief.
And never falls to the dark pits of despair.

My dear affectionate coral moonstone.
Be loving and always be brave.
Don't let yourself feel scared and alone.
By the dangers that lie ahead, by any scoundrel or a knave.

I and Ari will protect you from every danger.
Let our care be forever fair and square.
Don't let yourself fall prey to the lust of any stranger.
Let your senses be utterly and solemnly aware!

You are the nicest and the most humble girl that I can ever get.
Don't you leave me behind, don't you ever dare!
If you do, then I'd be lost and I'd cry myself wet.
For I will be your best support and care!

In the end, I have one final request.
Be there for your loved ones, always be there.
Whether you go East or West,
Stay blessed and I will give you the best care!

On A Stroll I Went

On a stroll I went, near a frosty frontier.
Like a silver doe in the darkest hour of the year.

Alone in the vicinity, no nightingale or a deer.
Just a horizon of snow, looking somberly sincere.

On a stroll I went, a voice I could hear.
Of a girl, stranded in the middle of nowhere.

She glanced at me, shedding a crystal glass tear.
Dressed in cold, hungry, lustful fear.

On a stroll I went, under the fleecy clouds like a chandelier.
With stars falling above them, like a lightning spear.

Enquired my heart, "Why do you wail? What is it, my dear?"
But silently she came weeping towards me, with a dark sneer.

On a stroll I went, her pale skin started to appear.
Oh, how she sinisterly smiled from ear to ear!

She went through my living vessel, like a rapier of a musketeer.
I turned around just to see her figure disappear.

On a stroll I went, near a frosty frontier.
With no person or a shed near.

That girl...ghost, was I not to interfere?
Was I not supposed to pester her and make her my biggest fear?

On a stroll I went, near a frosty frontier.
Like a silver doe in the darkest hour of the year.

On a stroll I went, met an entity striking curiosity and fear.
Who was she? What was it, with its blood-chilling sneer?

The Night

The footsteps were calm, and so was the night.
The chirping of the crickets was restful, and the wind was quiet.
The lake was peaceful, statue-still and the moon was snow white.
The weeping willow was serene and so was the moonlight.

The peace and the pensiveness, a perfect pair to unite.
My heart, full of delight.
The whisper of the wind in my ears, so polite.
My soul, free of every fright.

I walk around the lake, the shining moonlight in my sight.
Only me to savour this silence, with no one to invite.
I stare at the pitch-black sky, my soul to alight.
Only me to relish this alluring site.

A soul-soothing place like this, free of world's any fight.
With the willow on my left and the crystal black lake on my right.
I lie down between them, with the grass and the earth hugging me tight
A perfect place, time, world to enjoy this mesmerizing night.

The Rose of Fire

When he first laid his eyes on her.
He could swear that she had full grace.
For her love and care can never retire.
With the piety and beauty, she had hidden in her face.
For their love is like a burning desire.
Like the shining mellow flame of the rose of fire!

Whenever he sees her, his heart races.
The world spins and spins, every time he sees her there.
Just a glance of her makes him go high and see strange places.
His heart explodes when his eyes see her seductive stare.
For his care and support will always stand by her.
Like the unrelenting dance of the rose of fire!

Her amber-brown eyes.
Looked like an attractive chocolatey flame.
That can arouse the sombre fireflies.
For her eyes are wild, that no man can tame.
In front of those murky eyes, how can he be a liar?
For their love is immortal, like the spirit of the rose of fire!

Her short copper brown hair.
Fluffy and persistent, like a soft dark fudge.
Her essence of the aromatic pose, Oh! How it wrecks him to stare!
And if you try to make her impure, it wouldn't budge.
For her orientation makes his love go higher.
Like the ascending brightness of the rose of fire!

Their hearts beat together.
Yet, their realities are not the same.
They wish to be knotted together and forever.
But no, for it is their fates think that this is a mere game.
He loves her, and it's a fact that his love can never tire.
Like the unflagging life of the rose of fire!

This obsolete chasm between them.
No doubt it makes them far.
But their love will always stay strong like a gem.
Growing more and more than any gargantuan star.
For their love cuts through any sky of thorny briar.
Because love can thaw anything, like the rose of fire!

Silver Curiosity and Ginger Purity

I met a girl with the most mysterious eyes.
Striking peculiarity and curiosity in my heart.
Those very eyes of silver and grey.
Just waiting for a new friendship to start.
I met a girl with sheeny ginger hair.
Like a lake of unrelenting motion and refulgence.
Teeming with life and purity.
Just waiting for a new harmony to commence.
I met a girl with rosy red cheeks with almond skin.
Flamboyant with peach and coconut white.
Complementing her figure as a whole.
Making her frame beaming in the middle of the night.
I met a girl with no love for school.
But a heart for riding on her horse's back.
Rides with might and pride as she does.
Leaving behind me her presence and her track.
I met a girl with no fire of talking to me.
Is it her nervousness? Or anger? Or just mind?
But when she does, it just doesn't prolong much.
Or perhaps I can't see her reason. Maybe I'm just blind.
I meet that girl whenever I can.
And when I do, I don't get much of her chat.
What more else can I do to make her at ease?
Or I can just wait for her here with my purring cat.
I meet that girl with a down-to-Earth nature.
Having a smile that erases all of my misconceptions.
Just like her hair and eyes.
It all removes my ill mental perceptions.
I think of that girl whenever I go out.
Contemplating the reason for her vexing routine.
Maybe I might be mad or just too drowned.
About that extraordinary girl of fourteen.

I still meet that girl of queer reality.
Still talking and making her understand my trust.
Of throwing the light of warmth and affinity to all.
Until my bones and body turn to dust.

Rhythm in Space

Here I lay pondering under the crystal black sky.
Glittered with tiny flickering silver orbs high.
Thousands of secrets being created and secretly destroyed.
Yet, here I lay unknown of the miracles up in that void.

Like endless black holes devouring space and time.
And the murky nebulae making the hollow abyss sublime.
Like the hasty meteorites racing to infinity in space.
And rings of satellites orbiting the planets like a colossal lace.

Stars with fluttering fires and inaudible sounds.
I lay on Earth spooked from those unholy hounds.
Solar eclipses with the moon's shadow creeping towards me.
Till I am swallowed by the dusk with nothing to see.

I wonder if there's a person up waving "Hi!"
Is he on some planet or a falling star passing by?
Am I really alone in this astronomical universe?
Is this a divine blessing or an eerie curse?

Here I lay on Earth in this vast ocean of pitch-black.
A very peculiar reality of the time and its track.
Staggered with this mystery up there with no human race.
But unknowingly know the untold rhythm in space.