

Perspectives and Personalities

Fatimah Batool Raza



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

I dedicate this anthology to my late maternal grandfather who was fond of poetry.

Acknowledgement

I acknowledge my 8th grade English teacher who taught us poetry and that's where my love for poetry started. I also acknowledge my mother who always recites poetry to me in every aspect of life.

About the author

Fatimah Batool Raza, also known as F.B.R, is a young Pakistani poet who was born and raised in Taif, Saudi Arabia. Growing up, Fatimah was fond of reading books and poetry. Fatimah considers her family and friends to be her utmost priorities. If she isn't spending time with her family and friends, you can always find her snuggled up in her room with a good book.

summary

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As She Spun

I watched her as she spun
In a garden full of daisies
With a few thorny roses
And a ribbon running loose in her hair

I watched her as she spun
In her navy blue dress
With golden locks, dancing
And a ribbon running loose in her hair

I watched her as she spun
In euphoria she was
With relaxation on her face
And a ribbon running loose in her hair

I watched her as she spun
Knowing well I couldn't be with her
As my darkness would erase her light
And a ribbon running loose in her hair

Come Back To Me

I felt so lonely after you left me
You are the only one who made me sad
We spent so much good time together here
You have been away from me for some time

I want to be together with you now
I want to revive those moments again
Why did you leave me alone by myself
I have no one to have good moments with

I want you to come back to me
I want to see your faces again
Please, for the sake of me, come back to me
You don't have to live far away from me

You're the only one I share my thoughts with
Please, for the sake of me, come back to me

Seasons as Personalities

Her hardships were so bitter, Which shattered that weak heart of her Her manner so evil, But inside she's feeble Her name so magical, But her cruelty so brutal She is called "Winter". Her aura so uplifting Her smile so dazzling Her spirit so encouraging Her gratitude so overwhelming She is called "Spring". What makes her presence so divine Is her mind that is so alive She makes the world see How her soul is so free She is called "Summer". Her nature so calming, Yet her appearance so intimidating Her words so gentle, Yet her mood so unpredictable She is called "Autumn".

They Say... But I Am Me

"Why don't you speak?" they say...

"Don't you have a tongue?" they say...

"Look at them, they're so much better than you", they say...

Do I have a say? No

How could I have a say?

How could I cry when they'll say I have a weak heart?

How could I put up a smile on my face when there's nothing left in me?

But all those words that I silently cried for

Do not define my worth

Because I am unique

I am me

A Sole Blossom Tree

A sole blossom tree
Growing only in bushes
With pretty flowers

Nature

The natural vibes
A person gets in his mind
Is just the best thing

A door open wide
Lets in the beautiful breeze
Of the cold autumn

Just Imagine

Just imagine a perfect world
Where people only love
What is hate? What is crime?
What is injustice? What is evil?
Mankind would not know
Just imagine a perfect world
Where people don't assume things
Where people don't live to impress, but rather express their thoughts
But here I am
Looking through a locked window
With tears staining my scarred cheeks
And the midnight sky engulfing me in its eerie darkness
Telling me that there is nothing like a perfect world
And that the only place that can be perfect,
Is the one inside your head

I Cannot, But I Can

A forest around me
Evergreen, lush, mighty
It is pathless
Where shall I go?
It is overwhelming me,
An eerie jungle
A sparkling, enormous waterfall
I see in the distant
Its waters calling out to me
But I cannot,
I cannot advance
Suddenly, birds chirp
Then squirrels squeak
The forest turned into a magical realm
A golden butterfly flies towards me
It lands on my hand and whispers to me,
"You can do it"
It leads and I follow
I can hear the twigs crushing beneath me
I can hear the birds, squirrels, and deers encouraging me
The waterfall is becoming nearer and nearer
Finally, I'm here
The waters are gushing
It appears powerful
I touch them and they pull me in
I shower in the vast waters
And come out as a being that has flourished
The forest praises me
I look back and the discomfort seems long ago
I advance towards the high mountain with ease
And enjoy the breath-taking view below

A Conversation between the Heart and the Mind

The heart and mind never agree
Heart says he's the one
Mind says there'll be better
Heart says he looks at you alone
Mind says he's trapping you in his gaze
Heart says he'll ask about your test
Mind says it's been the whole day
Heart says he'll fall in love
Mind says it never takes too long
The heart and mind will never agree

Ego

Maybe it was for the better
Somewhere in between now and then
The calls became brief
The texts became uninteresting
The meetups became delayed
What happened, I know nothing
The hearts couldn't let go
But the minds became egoistic
So egoistic that even a proper goodbye was not needed
Maybe it really was for the better