

Odd Deliberations

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

I hope you'll find my views interesting.

With some of my emotions filled in.

About the author

Author is a 13-year-old student,
who is willing to write poems to express his
emotions

summary

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Games with my Heart ?

So,
How was it?
Playing with my heart.
Did it from the start,
Suffering was thee,
ignored from the start.

Love you the way I could embrace a bird,
Was never mine,
Only this was earned.

Laughing at myself,
what I just did,
Waste of the time,
Complications earned it.

Wondering if I was shining in meadows,
Was actually, darkness of your cat holes.

Never have I ever loved a *Shitty*,
Devoured my innocence and calamity.

Now I am sitting on the shrug,
Laughing at myself,
I told you exactly what made me feel sad,
And you exactly did it right to make my heart feel bad.

Always there for you

Always there for you,
Even if its Darce,
Even everything is crumbled,
Even its apart.

With you, From melancholy
till the end erotically.

My wits with you,
Even if its gone,
I'll be with you from,
Sundown till the rise.

I don't know, why my all thought is thee,
Thronged with inevitable desires and supremacy.

I want to flatter mesmerizing
thought of thee,
But can't,
True love is an unfortunate secrecy.

I wish to be the rose on your hair, I can't
But remember I'm always there.

Seventh heaven of Solitude

Seventh heaven of Solitude,
Fills the heart with pleasurable gratitude.

Loving is thy word in place,
Even if you've not mastered the suffering phase.

Interesting are thy thoughts that amaze,
Even at loneliness, its a heart touching gaze.

Clustering the symbols of pleasure
in positive attitude,
Loving the significance of positive gratitude

Ending the forces of pessimism,
Touching the blisses of optimism.

Wonderful were the moments,
Wonderful were the thoughts,
Exactly proportional to the enhancements.

Self love and self interests foremost indeed,
With a tint of Seclusional greet.

"Self-time" a concept necessary to know,
Thronged with Beautiful hopes and true senses,
such a glad thing to know.

Spend the cadence on your own,
than the cursed dunce waiting for your dawn.

Special Talks

Oh' thy talk we remember
with the special person untold,
Amazed were we with their talkative famlicose.

True expressions were out indeed,
enhancing the love in thoughtful greet.

Interesting were the topic you stated,
A game of words with never-ending stages.

O' Wonder, your nerves were mine and mine were yours,
Would've been the perfect combination of endless thoughts.

Thee is persuading, I must say,
Answer of the curiosity in an interesting amaze.

Thee is perfect definition of interest,
I'd say,
Never-boring and Unbeatable pursuits.

I imagine to be like you,
Loving the bliss of solitude,
Even alone, Enjoyable much,
I'd say,
Being a subject of hundreds of gaze.

Thee is a story untold,
The person preserving all my special talks.

Charming Affinity

O' filly, O' my filly
can't stop thinking of you,
even if its silly.

Adorable you are,
Gloom in tin,
Belle is your thing.
Let's bling!

Heart is surprised not-to-mention,
can feel it in every dimension.

My body? My senses?
Myself lost,
Charming is inevitable
At all cost.

I am virtuoso, not obsession
When I am with you,
Thee is all the attention with loving intentions.

Feel of you, hit the bliss of hesitancy
Wits are crumbled at your latency.

Tend for you even at misapprehension,
Forever with you even if its detention.

Thee is a rose for me
Thy love is meant to be,
Charming Affinity.

Stiff Wretched

Snitch catch,
Nothing had

An inactive lad on the bad,
Thinking of sorrowful dreads.

Doesn't know,
Thou is one in decile
Utterly more than versatile.

O' wonder If there was someone,
there waiting for thee.
Would've focused more on major dewes,
than minor truce.

Sadness into anger,
Stiff wretched,
No one cares, even it's too bad.

Goof off with Infatuation

Goof off with infatuation,
Go, hustle with your brain's misconceptions.

Merely a truth on the face,
Filled with fake desires and
Dreadful Solace.

'Attraction' a context meant to be ruined,
Faded loyalty and never asked pursuits.

'Are you the really one?'
A riddle unsolved.
Keep in mind,
even roses have thorns.

Calamity of heart,
is thy rapture.
If thou hath even a little sense,
would've focused more on venture.

Cloaked Heart

Thou shall not trust,
Thou shall not hurt.

In thy two vivacities,
happens to have a grateful curse of all

Love is what they say,
'Can't live without each other' is what they pray.

Is it really worthwhile to fall in love?
Accepting this fake world,
being with someone who is not even sure of the curve.

Sometimes, I imagine to suffer the non - accessible fate
But,
I assume its more fake than this handwritten phrase.

Love has its consequences,
so
do you have condolences?

I am not a normie talking about fate,
Take me as a result of all the hate.

Thee should say yourself a *Cloaked Heart*,
If you've been through enough Darce.

Bad Chapters

Life is a book,
Every new chapter with new intentions,
Endless full stops and inevitable misconnections.

Everyday a new chapter,
With charming progress and sorrowful factors.

Some signifies success,
Some signifies a desperate cold,
Some a dreadful threshold.

We can't change what is written, neither see.
Thus, this is a reason why life is entirely called a 'Beauty'.

Each of the lives have different authors
as they say,
Only truth knows what lies beyond that neverendingly highly grace.

Full stops and recaps hurts a lot,
A conclusion is in upper thoughts.

Clear the mind with peaceful thoughts,
So the apex would not be far beyond.

Being successor of the story is must,
Your spark can only light a room,
filled with dark dusk.

Feel the power of every component around you,
so,
Even *Bad Chapters* can accept your gratitude.

What do you really want?

Since childhood we are stamped off record,
What they expect from us and what they want.

Our interests?
They mean nothing.
Think for real,
Is this really called affectionating.

Hard truth?
It hurts the most.
Your feelings?
They are off coast.

Remember the moments?
When you laughed like a giggling goose?
Many were behind that emotional truce.

Our overlearning life is not easy as it says,
Behind the fake smile, you can spot the sorrowful face.

"What you really want?"
A question never asked.
Beyond the societies' desires,
lives a never-ending Darce

Bliss of Intimacy

Love, As the word it says,
I think I found its definition on your charming face.

Feeling is inevitable,
I can't explain.
It is not meant to be sentenced in one phrase.

Pleasurable reactions in mind are invited,
Just imagining about you makes me feel delighted.

I am unfortunately obsessed with someone,
I hope this isn't a troll,
Are there any emotions I can control?

Unforgettable is love,
Unforgettable is faith,
Unforgettable are your spoken phrase,
But, at last,
You are someone my mind can never erase.

Mind is confused,
Heart is controlled,
Thoughts are invincible,
My peace is yours.

I always thought of my life as a secrecy.
Until I found you, who resembled *bliss of intimacy*.

Starvation of Power

Blessing of knowledge,
Blessing of power.
Both are commodities.
We want to devour!

Sometimes it's a must,
Sometimes its faith,
Sometimes a real waste.

Can't reach the destination?
Stop throwing stones at every barking dog.
You are someone,
Who's going to win at any cost.

Obstacles are meant to be,
Success is unreachable,
if you are dead to thee.

Fortune to success?
Highly Misconceptional!
Fortune is something incredibly exceptional.

Not always goes as planned,
Not always as u want.
Its beyond you,
You have to break the record!

Exceeding your limits?
A pleasurable case.
Making it a habit?
A charming grace.

At the culmination,

I would like to proceed.

Starvation of power,

Is meant to be "keen on" indeed.

Fragmentary Silence

"It's a poem based on history of "Black gang" also known as fire stokers who used to put coal in furnaces of old ships during Steam age, they worked under unhealthy circumstances this poem signifies their risky work under low wages and low profile, and how it's unfair"

"Silence" thy word it says
Peace of mind is its case.

"Exceptional" O' thy blunder
Is it really pleasure or a sham
It's what truth says
not a lad.

Before I continue,
I mean no Hate,
Let's start the year just with a convenient debate.

Ship with hundreds of vilipenders,
commanding the thousands of poor.
Filling Incinerators with fuel dusk,
Attaining problems of lifetime rust.

Tackling low wages with heavy pains,
Was the silence never something for their gain?

Lucky one's above with high acquaintance,
Was the friendly environment only for their presence?

Being called luxury and silence is a bad one,
Partial Silence is a better term.

In this cruel world,
"Peace" is termed "eternal silence"
No matter cruel transfix.

Stronger hurts weaker for hedonism,
and they call it pacificism.

This world is cruel and charged with unacceptance,
Being partial cruel is the only way of subsistence.

Master of thoughts

Beyond the desire of this broken world,
Lived a boy who was never told

"He could do but only if he thought to,
Could achieve anything, if he wants to"

Always thought "I am not gonna make it, not good enough"
"There's millions at the pinnacle"

I don't know but everybody knows,
"how's it done and how its not"

Petrifying nightmares haunts me a lot,
Is there no one I can trust the most?

Soon, Is the culmination of my life
Soon, I am gonna be lost

And soon enough an elder approached,
Said the wisest he could think the most

O 'son O 'my child
Don't think a lot,
This hidden world is full of lies and odds

You are not bad, you are
just too good for this world,
Filled with fake desires and cursed dunces

Apex is far beyond the doors,
Just be the master of your thoughts

Angels and Devils of mind

In thy souls lies the suppositional world,
Observing the bicker of two vital vivacities

Grufeling are the remains of their knowledge,
Famelicose for the imperishable demands

Severance of their notions leads to infuriation,
Exasperation of minds leads to ramshackle

Divergent outlooks are glee in curse indeed
Upskill the ventures in a charming greet

Innards become virtuoso not - to - mention,
One enlightens the pathway to triumph,
Other instructs the negligence of Inattention

Despite, Transcending the forces of pessimism
They both teach a thing
"How to take and how to give"

In the culmination I would like to postulate
"Both are irrevocable, Liberation is their immutable fate"

Far from you

Midst of sadness cannot feel my sorrow,
Is there any wisdom I can borrow?

Flatters hit me with the shining thought of thee,

Thou remind me of The Eternal tree

Astoundingly standing without any care,
Admiring sheep thinking of shepherd's gear

Yah, I know I am far from you
Still, when I am lonely, I think of you

Voice of yours, hit the temple
Metting with the pleasure off record
Establishes the peace of mind which couldn't even a broken record

Yeah, desperation occurs when I even imagine we are apart,
Beside the boundaries, it unlovingly touches the heart

Parallel to our daily natter and chuckling thee,
I really don't want to envisage that *I am far from you*

Why happy, Aren't You

The Sky is blue,
This might not be true

But still, if it is a little true
Then, why Happy, Aren't you?

Midst so much,
That sunlight can't reach the negligible rule

I wander as a true finder,
But, can't even find the roots

"Problems are so much"
Yeah, unfortunately its true

Still, Journey is forever
Why happy, aren't you ?