

Anthology of vatsal



Presented by

My poetic Side 

About the author

An engineering student who finds writing poems a way to describe how he feels.

summary

Castle of sorrow

Sandcastles don't last

My regular hellhole

Chasm of misery

Eclipse of light

Master of none

Castle of sorrow

Once roamed a king
Saddened by a thought
from an old battle he lost
Was deep in exhaust
Cause a line someone crossed
Though now he is very great
Can't let go of this weight
Therefore developed self hate
Felt so small
Despite winning it all
Then passaed by an old man
So joyous
Misery never visited his den
Begged the king if his joy he can borrow
But said the man
Space is too narrow
In your castle of sorrow

Sandcastles don't last

On the beach, a girl played with sand
Made a whole castle, just using her hand
And a boy for that castle
Boy of her dreams
Saw the boy, got dazzled
perfect for her as it seems
She called her mother, come here fast
But then she asked
What's his caste
But little did she know that
sandcastles don't last

My regular hellhole

Lying on a placid sea
Lying to myself
That I have become a better sailor
Without any help
On my own but are the odds in my favor?
As I realize, it's not water on what I sail
'Twas thin ice, waiting for a crack
And there it was, I fail
Into the cold waters
The more I swim for the surface
Deeper I dive into that maze
What is this illusion, how do I escape
But wait, has it happened before
Yes, I've been through it all
This is my regular hellhole.

Chasm of misery

A boy on his balcony, fixed in his chair
At the bottom of a mountain
Looked at the sky
clear, yet so grey
For a little rain, he did pray
As the clouds can't bear this weight
Empathetic with the clouds he once hated
And the thunder that the clouds created
In a flash, As it rips their sky
Strikes so deep sometimes
Leaving nothing but, terror and screams
But that constant wind, pushing the rain
Like the one in him
but the tempest within
outweighs the weight in that cloud
With a peal of thunder, falls a tear
Breaking the chair
Freeing him, as he flies into that infinite sky
Leaving the chasm of misery

Eclipse of light

Sun in the sky
Eaten by the moon
Killing the light
With which it shines
While
Moon in the sky
When Closest to the sun
Loses the light
Once, it shone.

Master of none

I have tried a lot of things.
In none of them did I become good.
Didn't have consistency
Nor did I give time
Couldn't focus on one thing
When there are so many in the sea
Get bored too soon
Thinking I don't have that boon
When will I find what I love
In which I'm good at
Where everyone takes off their hats
Where respect for me I'll gain
Where there's no pretend
Where I belong
With confidence, I'll ride along
But how can I get good
When I lose interest
And with no mood
With no will to give and time to fill
What if I lack dedication?
Even with that, not all become the best
Well, I'm not the smartest
And when I struggle at the start
I feel it's my time I waste
That I can't be the best
That's the thing they don't understand
They only remember the first one to land.
And here I am after everything I've tried and done
Still, the master of none