

Anthology of Kairai K

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To lovers at heart.

Acknowledgement

To all the encounters and experiences I take on, thank you. You keep me inspired.

About the author

A fiction writer by day, a poet when the moon
graces her light unto us, and a blogger in between.

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What are you looking at? What do you see?

I befriended God

I befriended the god within,
I asked to be held close and be with me during this time as I ventured into the world of love
To be closer and be held in her arms
As I poured love within and sought nothing outside myself
I asked to be lovers first and to be fully merged with her
Where we were one, in this beautiful union
And here, we would stretch an arm out and invite Other to be part of our love
Freely as love is freedom
And if it worked out or not, I would know not to be attached to it
As I knew the language of god, and I understood it clearly
As I was god.

You

You have this peaceful aura, your essence is powerful yet grounded
Felt but not recognized by many
Resilient and calming
You command attention and take space without talking, just by walking into a room
Your eyes, kind but stormy, like someone is hurting you or the world is weighing you down
I haven't known you for long, but I have glimpsed into your mind, just a little bit and seen how you
perceive certain things
Alike like I, which I have seen so far, and it's refreshing
Because I have never met Other like you
My wish is to continue seeing you, knowing you
As I see that cloud part from your eyes
And you get restored to your magnificence, as I can feel it
Because I wonder how bright of a soul you are when you are fully blooming
If you will have me.

Another Night Of A Lone Soul

I like how we meet

The spark and the chemistry that comes from first contact

The mystery that shrouds our first date, our first hours of talking and getting to know each other just a little bit

I like the unknown of who you are, how you are

But then, it starts feeling familiar

Your motions and intentions start to feel like I have done this before,
because I have.

And I wonder if this is going to be different

If it will feel different or will the magic fade as in the past

I look for it, the magic

That is why I don't let myself be with you or open up to you

because in the past, the magic always faded or was never there

Therefore I wait

The wait is long, along it becomes acceptance

Then surrender

It's lonely, but it's just another night, for the lonely soul

Who searches for the Other.

Love

No wonder everything is about love
Because there is no love without choices,
And there is no pain without the choices made,
And there is no love without pain.

Cloud Gazing

I looked upon the sky
I felt so small and yet so big
and I imagined that it was I who was
painting the blue sky
with white paint.

I Saw Her

She was patient with me, she was willing to stay in the background
Until when I could turn and see where she was,
With a gentle smile on her face.
I was searching and needing the Other to see me
Finding ways to make it happen
And then she tapped me on my shoulder
Ever so gently and smiled
It was a whisper, so brief and quiet, like a heartbeat
But yet so powerful
And I finally smiled back
She told me she saw me
And that is all that ever mattered.

?

I don't particularly care for what you do
I don't feel anything when you talk to other girls
So why can't I stop looking at you?

The Little Things

It's the little things ... how your scent engulfs me when you hug me
How hard your body is or how your hand feels on my skin
It's the way I feel the rough stubble of your chin on my cheek
Or your strength when I try to move as you pin me down ...
That makes me aware of your masculinity
And you.

Never Let Me Go

Words don't do justice to the thing between us
Its dark, it's aggressive, it's chaotic, it's fiery
It's beautiful
I hate that I cant forget you.

Blues

I am often hit with the reality of my existence
The magnificence of my life
How insignificantly small my life is
And then I am left feeling blue.

Finding God in Others

It's beautiful how every beautiful soul you meet
They will tell you they get their greatest satisfaction from serving others.
They feel most fulfilled as it connects them more with God.

My friends are legends

Oh, the beauty of friends

To see and experience as they rise to their magic within

To have those reverting talks so deep that you feel as it is: two gods holding a conversation

To hold space for one another's magnificence and growth

As we become the living legends who have found immortality in a higher power that connects us as one.

plenty of fish in the sea

So maybe, all these things and people I am crushing so hard for don't matter.

Maybe I am only seeing the smaller picture in my immediate mind; I am going to meet new faces and have crushes along the way.

But even as I write this, I can't help but notice how that has been untrue in the past.

I met new people and saw new faces, yet my heart remained with one person. I could be in beautiful places, experiencing beautiful views and I would be wondering what he is doing and wishing he was next to me.

There may be plenty of faces to see, and crushes to have but when your heart is connected with another, not even that can make you feel less melancholy.

Because the heart wants what it wants after all.

Always on my mind

I still watch the moon and think about you.

Sole Solemnly

I fear I'm forgetting the meaning of having a companion
As I seem to enjoy my alone time a little too much
In my mind, I see them as a hindrance or perhaps I wonder what else we will do together
Other than what I already do alone.

Saturday Afternoon

There is just something.... Magical about Saturday afternoons.

Sun shinning brightly

Sheets and clothes swaying gently on the lines,

Wind blowing softly and soundlessly

The quietness and once in a while distant chatters of children playing

Sounds of cars passing by,

It's restful and familiar

It's nostalgic too, reminding you of countless moments of this magic you've experienced in the past.

It's endless, normal, so simple...

And that's the magic of it.

A Living Grace

Learning to say that's not my story.

Learning to keep choosing myself and putting me first.

Learning to accept that rejection is protection.

Learning to let people carry their own karma.

Learning not to not take everything personally.

Learning to accept and love myself unconditionally everyday.

Learning that, healing isn't linear, nor is growth.

Sometimes it all feels like you're free falling.

But to know that you fall back into the cocoons of you, is enough.

I, am enough.

A Soulmate Who Wasn't Meant To Be

It's one of those days that you are in my head,
Fill my days with the thoughts of you and feel your energy wrapping around me
To my cold body like warm blanket
Only it's the blanket I have craved to feel rub against my skin, snuggle around me and never let go
Today I am wondering if I am making a mistake to finally close the door
I have been here before, my heart remembers the ache all too well
But in order for me to move on, I have to shut it . I have to shut this door, this hope that one day...
That one day we might be.
Your rejection came before we even began and that hurt the most.
I know I didn't feel this alone, but.... Circumstances.
I understand, that's why I am choosing to let the candle go out.
I have been standing here, alone, keeping it on, waiting for you.
I now know, it never will be.
You are not coming.
It's okay, I too, finally walk away.

Fragments of You

Sometimes I wonder if you exist
I still remember how your presence felt, your love and protection
It stayed with me for days
It gave me hope that you do exist
But I wonder if you are just a fragment of my imagination
I do miss you
More than I should, since I have not met you in the physical or know you
As you only exist in my dreams and in my mind
I guess what I'm asking is, are you closer to introducing yourself into my life?
My heart already loves you, my soul already recognizes yours
I miss you so much
Don't make me wait too long
I long to be loved by you.

To Love is To Lose

When I heard the phrase " I loved and I lost"
I prayed that I don't get to experience that
Because I didn't want to admit to myself that I was already loving
But I had already lost.

When Will I Be There?

I got touched by god
It was so good...the feeling stayed with me for a while but I never wanted it to end
But my humanness was tying me down
Things were still hard, still as I had left them before
And I wondered if I was missing something
Because if I felt god, felt him so deeply, why was it still hard on this end?
Is this what hell is? To know the magnificence of god
And not be able to connect fully with all of you, thus making you feel left out in the cold?

Dear Dreamer

When I as a kid I fantasized and dreamt of the life I wished to have when I grew up. It helped me move on from day to day, it helped me escape my reality.

And now I am able to acquire that life, I found that I was jaded by life that my dreams and fantasies seemed so far away and unattainable. Growing up being told life wasn't fair, that I have to work so hard to get what I want, left me feeling hopeless and I even started despising those who lived the life I so admired.

But the dreamer in me has never left me, just put in the back burner as life dealt me with cards, But she was whispering to me to slow down, to listen and not be so afraid of life.

I paused, and she told me a lot. She told me I shouldn't be so afraid of living life, as it was my own life. I had to own it so that I could shape it however I wanted.

I had to stop borrowing other people's life problems and decide what I want from my own life.

It wouldn't be easy, as I had to leave a lot behind, it wouldn't be hard, as I had to leave a lot behind.

And now, the life I desire doesn't seem unattainable now, it doesn't seem to only belong to certain people.

The dreamer in me helps me step by step to be more accepting of myself, more accepting of that life ...and I know before I know it, I will wake up living in it one day.

Now life doesn't seem so big and scary anymore.

Who Am I Today?

Today wants to seem like yesterday. But,

What if it isn't like those days

What if today is just today

Because I'm kinder to myself today

Today I'm gentler with myself because I have acceptance

What if from a place of acceptance, I can see that I'm not okay and that's why I'm more loving to self

What if today I am seeing myself and seeing how different it is from yesterday

What if I live and be from this place today?

Head above Water

I felt so good about myself today
I saw what I was doing and how well I'm doing that it was freeing
Decided to take an evening walk and I loved it
The moon was beautiful; a crescent
The breeze was refreshing
I had missed the feeling of being in the city, as I saw shadows of people in their apartments
I smiled, as I watched my steps in the street
appreciating who I was, where I was and where I was going
Today was good
I wish all my days were this good
And even more.

Journal entry 01

The darkness is not winning
But it is louder.

This heaviness in my heart

There is a deep sadness within me
Perhaps it has always been there only recently allowed to be seen
I feel sad for the kids
I am sad for the poor, I feel sad for the underprivileged
I feel deeply sad for those who don't know what having options is
I am deeply saddened for the lens I have seen the world from since I came here
I am sad about it all
About me
About the world telling us it's our fault that we experience the world this way
About the privileged telling underprivileged that they are just not doing enough to change their
circumstances
I am a sad sad girl
I am sad that humanity means a deep suffering without taking a breath from it
I am sad for not having privilege to understand myself, know and sit with myself because the world
isn't waiting on me
It's all so lonely and deep
I feel so tired.
I feel so sad.

The light Will Shine Again

Acceptance opens a dam within that has been holding all the untruths, fears and vulnerability that you weren't ready to face

I now see how I'm not okay, far from it

I understand how long I have been keeping my head under water

I see how long I have been surviving, keeping it strong

I feel so sensitive and vulnerable

Denial wasn't bad, it was a protection mechanism.

What if I wouldn't be able to function if I saw my reality? What if my mind would break and no one was there to hold me?

But now that my mind, body and soul knows I can handle it, it is time for accepting things for how they are

I feel grateful for denial, because it has brought me here and kept things going for me

Now acceptance has taken the reins

I do not know where it will lead me, but I know it's going to be okay

And even if it turns not to be okay and things get hard for me, I will still be okay.

Questions and Answers

In this search of higher, of more ...

I realize all I am seeking is myself

What I am questing for is myself in higher state, as a creation and as the creator.

It's all within; the search, the yearning, the answers.

The truth of my state. The god within.

My being.

Swimming Upstream

Something scary about fears is that they convince you it's better to be down here where you are, where you can predict what's gonna happen next rather than taking a step, making a decision that will lead to failure or rejection.

It sucks because most times it succeeds. Fear - I have come to know it intimately lately

But choices too make me feel like all is not lost

Because if I have a choice, that represents two- duality

So I can either fail or succeed if I take an action

That's what is keeping me from completely drowning

It's Okay To Lose Your Mind Sometimes

After all

I realized

I was going to be okay.

Journal Entry 02

This drowning feeling
I know it all too well.

Love Language

In the darkest and hardest times, I find a vulnerability within me
That reminds me that I am doing it all for the first time
I remind myself to love and treat myself kindly and gently
As I would a child when teaching them something for the first time
Having the patience to treat myself with such care makes me grateful
Because I wasn't always as attentive when it came to me
But now, I understand that love is in many forms
And I show it to me, when I need it the most.

Why do I miss you?

In the quiet moments I think about the person who will love me
I think of how i wish for them to know me
How they will pick up on the subtle cues and the non verbal
I think about the intimacy we will have of knowing each other and understanding one another even if
we are across the room
The secret smiles, the understanding between us without talking
I think about how I will feel their magnificence even as they interact with others
And I will smile knowing I have them as my person
How they will experience me through others and think the same way
And thinking about that kind of love
Makes the wait all worth it
Because I know they feel it too, even though we are not together yet in the physical
In our hearts, we already are in love with each other.

Journal Entry 03

I feel lighter today
a new perspective on how to go about is forming
it's all less heavy
can all my days feel like this?

Sticky Identities

How you describe yourself is how you will later on be identified as
in an emotional exchange with a lover, I said I was cold
and now whenever I am composed in an argument
they say I am acting cold again

Time After Time

Do you feel used

When I come back to you when I see just how the outside world is cruel and cold

When I remember you and your love

When I come running back to your welcoming arms when I see just how other is not it for me

Do you feel used or do you love me more when I come back to you?

Do you feel secure with us or do you feel hurt when I dare think that there could be anything else other than you?

Do you you feel used or do you always allow me to experience what I wish to experience knowing that I always come home to you?

Because to me, you are home

You are my safe haven and my salvation

No one compares, and it's proved time and time again.

Journal Entry 004: Music Is My Muse

I suppose everyone needs a song
For those days , moments when you have to remind yourself why
Why it's your world and your beliefs will move mountains
Why you should keep going
Why you should shut out other's voices
And listen to yours.

The Two Sides of A Coin

I was listening to a lecture and the speaker started telling a story.
I knew it was going to be one of those sad tales and I told my friend so.
He saw, and asked me what i had told my friend
I asked if it was going to be one of those sad ones
And he asked if I had a problem with sad strong tales
I said no, it's only that, even if it's a motivational piece, a happy story would be great as well
He took it as a learning point, to tell the whole class how we have to accept darkness even if we don't want it .
That I was probably in denial, that's why I was there then, to listen and get a piece of advice that would change my life
I told him I wasn't afraid of the darkness
Matter of fact, life was full of darkness, it was all I knew
Perhaps what would uplift me was a glimmer, a think piece full of hope core
Rather than the sad stories that are a reflection of my life
How else would you tell someone in the trenches that there are beautiful stars once he lifts his head up and even more when he claws his way out?
Do you tell them that the people in the trenches with him are all there is, yet he can see for himself and that that is the world that is transformative?
Or do you tell and show there is more than trenches and it's all bout a choice of looking up to see the stars, and action of getting out of the trenches and seeing more world?
Why focus on triggers when there is so much glimmers all around?
Why focus on only pain when there is love around too?
Why give honor to one side of the coin when there is another side, there to see and be acknowledged?
Life is like a coin.
There are two sides of it
'Good' and 'bad'
It's up to us to look at them both, and acknowledge them both.

Worlds

I used to think of my world as boring and empty and so lacking

I wasn't going out every other weekend I would spend days indoors and celebrating anything was so far stretched.

life in my eyes was dull , no fun and definitely not appealing to others

It made me think others would find it so as well

That's why I was quick to say I live a boring life, when anyone called me interesting

Because my day to day is very dull and uneventful

But as I mature I realize that all that I thought made life not boring is parties and more material stuff , a lot of outside activities and actions

In truth all this time I have been at peace with myself.

Whenever I called my life boring is when I compared it to the likes of others

But if I am by myself, I love my little life

It's peaceful and quiet

It's colorful and vibrant

I love writing poetry and reading books

I love the inner work I do and the revelations that follow

I love how eventful I am in what I do, even if it's only I who sees it

My world is full of colors; it's rich and vibrant and most importantly, I love it.

So, yes I might still be eager to show anyone who comes in my world that I'm fun and I have all the social actions going on

But I would love my future self to be gentle with me and let the other person see our authentic self

Not to compare and lose ourselves in the pleasing but rather be at ease and let our beauty be seen just as we are.

TO BE HUMAN IS TO BE A PHILOSOPHER

Philosophy... a word found too important to be casually used by a random person.

But when you add life and it becomes life philosophy, suddenly you realize everyone is a philosopher.

It could be a foolish take or a wise conclusion on life. A little this, a little that.

All connected by humanness.

IT WASN'T ENOUGH

we were no match for each other
incompatible, they said
different; it was very evident
but they didn't know
they didn't know even before they condemned
that we saw something in each other what we most craved for
he sought freedom, I desired safety
showed him a new world, and he held me on nights I craved love and safety
it was pure
in the silence that covered us on dusks, we would be one; free and in love
but we were also aware of the outside world
the little cracks of our mismatch would show on days we didn't like each other as much
I knew I would hurt him, despite not meaning to
he was innocent, and so was I
after all, we were two young souls seeking to understand life through the other
we weren't strong enough to hold on to the precious between us
in the end, it shattered never to be put back together as one
he loves me; he will always have a piece of my heart
maybe in another world, we make it
maybe it's enough.

THE FLUTTERING BUTTERFLY

I am told fear is the enemy- you MUST keep it away
And then I get a little whimsical, I start delving within and letting myself be
I find a different genre of people and they speak a different language
They are saying different things from what I have heard all my life
They tell me that fear is not an enemy
It's the self part that wants you to be safe
It's there preventing you from free falling
But if you feel it then that's a good sign because it means that you are doing that is bigger than you,
something divine almost.
I am feeling a little whimsical that I am floating away slowly
Over here the message is, you are not meant to be okay every time. How else will you know you are
alive and evolving?
Who said you have to fix everything that you feel, especially the emotions that make us
uncomfortable?
All these emotions that I was told are big and bad, I am encouraged to embrace
Others feel them too and they are okay too
I am not as lonely and my problems aren't as unique as I thought
Someone else is holding my hand, telling me and guiding me through
I am writing more too, my inner artist thriving each day.
For you too, there is only love.

LETTERS: 1

I don't know how to start this. It has come to me that I should start being serious with what I want and this is a major thing.

I don't know which kind of format I should write in

Should it be first person? Should it be so personal? Well I think if I want to get you to see it and feel my message I should be personal

I am not hiding anymore, because I think I have been hiding.

Have you tried looking for me too? Is that why I feel the need to reach out?

I won't hide myself anymore, because I want you to see me and find me too just like I want to find you.

Sure, I am questioning if I should put this out there as the first letter to you.

I will probably chicken out and let it stay here in my notes, then maybe one day show you personally

Or, I will be brave and post it anyway. Screw judgement and shame right?

It's a first step for me. It's wobbly, sensitive to a lot and I wish I didn't have to go through it

But deciding that this is what I desire and then go for it, is what is making me write this now

See, I am determined now. I know, I always say stuff and then halfway through I give up or lose interest in it

But this is something that is beyond physical for me

You, you are beyond physical for me

That's why I am taking this step despite feeling this way

I am battling the demons for you and for me

I just wanted you to know that I think of you, still miss you

And a hello shaped like a very thin, fragile vine, budding out blindly

It's okay, i will be alright

This is for us

I miss you

And hi again.

What are you looking at? What do you see?

How do you tell your story?

Where do you begin? Do you own it? The story , the life Is the story worth telling?

If at all all you do is compare yourself, wish to be someone else other than yourself,

How will you have a story to tell?

If someone asked to have an interview with you, for you to tell your life story.... Will you say you were always outside, looking in?

Didn't dare take action and become yourself and instead was caught up in the modern distractions of it all?

Young yes, despair always creeping in? Absolutely.

But did it consume you? Did you let it? We're you brave enough to know who you are?

What you are?

I never said the story is going to be good

All I asked is, will it be raw, true, mind boggling and horrifying?

Will it keep me up at night because of that one thing you said? That one description of life that is disturbing to the mind because

It's so close to reality that my mind finds it lethal?

I'll tell you a story

Or, the beginnings of one

I wanted to be like others. Their lives seemedeasier.

To sit with discomfort when I could escape in my favorite form of escapism of the week seemed like burning myself

Why look at my life, see as it is and be in that discomfort out of will?

But something happened.

I picked up a book, read the first chapter and realized that, I do want to have a story to tell someday

A story of my life and that will require me to be brave

Being courageous enough to live is a sentence that seems ... common.

Normal

But if you really reflect on it, the words reveal themselves slowly

Their depths, their intensity. Their intentionality.

It's got to start somehow, somewhere.

So don't be afraid. just start the tape.