

Anthology of Rilla

Presented by

My poetic Side 



summary

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Lego House

The Lego pieces came- mismatched, a mess,
A little plastic bag held them bound.
When she touched them-
Eyes shining, heart swelling,
A new friend in them she found.

Put one piece on
And then another,
Joined with two circle shapes
A tiny window, a pretty door,
To welcome sunshine and heroes in capes

Slowly it grew, a hut, a cottage-
A castle and then, a palace.
Gently she placed the flag atop
It was complete,
It was magnificent, perfect.

It was followed by trumpets,
Of claps in glee,
As she danced and sang about her house of dreams.
Some laughed heartily along, others went green with envy-
Alas! It was rejoicing too soon, a sting of a bee.

For as her lithe body went round and round,
Her head in the clouds,
An unknowing kick, a mishappen touch,
Was all it took for the house
To crumble to dust.

Her legs were scarred,
Bruised and blue,
Yet her tears

Were for the house she lost-
The house that was untrue.

One piece under the drawer,
Another below the chair,
The cat took off with one.
A fourth -
Out of the way forever.

It's funny how she was the one
Who voiced a million apologies.
She was the only one at fault, of course -
A Lego House can't move itself
A Lego House doesn't speak.

For once there was no magic-
And Neverland had ceased.
The house didn't understand
It was scattered, unmoved,
Still.

With fumbling hands and red eyes,
She gathered them close to her broken heart.
Her house of dreams reduced to a ruin
But still a shrine,
An innocent art.

Then came a call, a stern one too,
Mum wanted that homework, it was 3:22.
So the remaining pieces when put into a box
Went into a shelf-
A covered black nox.

And there it stayed for the years to come,
While the girl grew up and moved.
The little box of broken Lego dreams-

Untouched,
Unmoved.

And there it stayed-
In the darkness of the place,
The same darkness,
The one it had inflicted
On it's little lover's heart.

And there it stayed for
a thousand years,
Forever in darkness,
Waiting in vain,
To be found,
Again.

Oxymoron

You've been the silver lining
You've been the darkest interior on the rainiest day
You were the sunshine on the happy basking conifer
You were the thunderstorm that uprooted my banyan
You've been your best and worst
Day and night - you've run the contrast
And I have hated you
From the deepest pit of my Tartarus of a heart
But perhaps even more so,
I have loved you
With the greater ratio of the Elysium in which I live
For who knows?
Maybe Hell and Heaven are one of those polar opposite soulmates?
But are we?
I think not.
We are the same.
Athena and Minerva- we clash more than the Titans and Gods ever did,
But I wonder if I care anymore,
Or ever will.

Apple Tree

Those apple branches spread tall and wide
Grand and green, red blossoms by,
We think she's pretty.
Abundant and witty.
She has it all with her trunk so tall.
But when she holds out her hand,
After her accomplishments in the world
To touch his tender blue she always kept quiet about-
She reaches out,
Flails her arms,
But all in vain.
The dark clouds swarm around-
The one thing as important as her duty and dreams.
The sky she always grew up loving,
To him, obscured-
A misty memory becoming.
A tiny dot that's of no use,
Dew drops mixed with tears
Drip down in the sews.
She dries up,
As the Sun flirts with the azure heaven.
Until the earthlings below water her ,
And love her well,
And tiny children with a face full of happiness
As she presents her little gifts down to them.
The sky as she saw him,
Would have been a love like no other.
Now she smiles at herself knowing,
It was merely a catalyst
A 'was', don't bother.

The Monsoon In Me

If I were a season, I'd be monsoon
Light breezes caressing my crystal joy tears
And shepherds gazing happily
At my silvery blue clear.
If I were monsoon,
Through the eyes of a gentle queen,
Watching gaily at me from the curtain wings of the oriel pane,
Beautiful, joyous, a-new,
My little drizzles refreshing clean.
Had I been monsoon, my perfumed body scent
Rising in a mist, embracing the Earth
The petrichor that made young maidens dream hearts.
Monsoon if I had been,
Drumming and tapping on the corrugated rooftops,
As my velocity and passion rose,
Flooding the throng of cities
Stopping their workflow
Giving them a rest
Though they always look disdaind
Thrashing away on the sea
When my heart is a-broken
If I were monsoon, I'd look at cheery faces
As my puddle of tears turned into ponds of joy
And little boats
Paper made and florally adorned
Sailed across my boys
Had I been monsoon,
The steady rhythm of my fellow croakers
Often condemned for their looks
The music flowing past my ears
Very well put through
If were monsoon, the beauties of the nation
Spreading their feathers would dance to my beat

Bringing their pavilions into commotion
As amused children tried to capture it
If I were a season, I'd be monsoon
Though I am often overlooked
I'd be romanticized by many a poet
In and abroad.
If I were a season, I'd be monsoon
For the happiness
That makes my tears a boon.

Summer Love

Met you in the fresh,
Mountains behind,
Smiling face and eyes,
Black hair, black jumper,
You said it was your favourite.
Wasn't meant to last,
Not more than a week,
But I'll never fail,
To remember,
How good you were to me.
Held my hands tightly,
While helping me over the ledge,
The same hands broke free,
The night I departed.
You strummed your beautiful fingers,
As you played the guitar,
The warmth of the bonfire,
Warming our hearts.
We united our lips,
My last first kiss,
Your shining brown eyes,
Looking into mine.
I wiped those crystal tears,
As they flowed down your beautiful face,
Like the river flowing past our bare legs,
I took your hand, "Let's make it count," I said
Though I was in fear myself.
Your friends never knew,
How we escaped that beautiful night,
That cosy little tent of happiness,
We set up for us,
Your warm hands wrapped me,
Your fingers intertwined.

But it was only a tent,
Not brick and cement,
We let ourselves forget the facts.
Just for one night.
We were wild and fearless,
Stubborn like the place,
You lived and I loved.
But we broke the 'Unbreakable Vow',
That day,
As the car drove low.
We set free the dove,
For it was our Summer Love.

My Heart is A Port

My heart is a port,
My sailing ships float far and wide-
Those with loyal hearts sail back to me,
Those meaning lead hearts,
Get wrecked in the deep sea.
Or if it were a man- good and honest,
We must know that every man-
Good or evil commits sin.
And a loving hand will grasp it up,
Someone with something I cannot give.
However I do not fear,
For my gifts are unique and indelible pleasures.
My loving arms that welcome all,
And welcome back my loyal warriors-
Who know my gifts,
Its splendour and valour,
That good men who made mistakes
Failed to see.
Who, my precious heart, he warms
For he knows just what to give
To look, to find,
To feel.

Fleeting

I would pen words a thousand times over.
A thousand times over, just for you.
But I only wish you knew
This young maiden
Head-over-heels for you
She will hold your hand
Like the cones hold on to the pine tree's breast
She will stand with you
She will shield you like the Everest
You, phosphorescent love,
Fickle and fleeting
But with your fire still burning in her heart
You would love that maiden
If she only had her tongue
If you only knew her heart.

Call It What You Want

Maybe Venus and Mars were never a thing?
Maybe Earth was a best friend with paper rings?
You know how we call our love, our world?
Our world, our Earth.
There's a fine line,
It's a bit blurred.
Our days are sunshine
Mud and mirth.
You are the ray, Apollo's gift
I am the rain, Midnight 's kiss.
You are Earth, always reaching out.
Maybe call me Mars
'Cause I am trying this scout?
You sent a probe.
I smashed it thinking you would hate me.
You sent one again.
I grew wary.
You gave me a push
Then I rose.
You took my hand,
You shielded me from blows.
You were Abigail, the bearer of my heart,
A heart that got shattered
Not too long ago.
You didn't say anything
Just picked up the parts
His scars and your glue
This time has permanent marks.
It's like the rovers, the missions
That failed.
But we got to learn and try again.
So this is me trying,
And as life goes on, I'll keep trying.

And I'll have you
Like bread has butter
Or I'll be so bland
That the robots are never gonna land.
Because you, my dear Angel
The sweetest Kookie in my biscuit jar,
Your smile, like Perseverance,
A gift from Rhea to Mars.
Our 2 x 12 now means us and you.
So my Reputation era partner-in-crime true,
I love you more than I can ever express
And I think I have answered you to my best,
Of all those questions, asked and unasked
Secrets, a treasure chest.
So don't ever leave me
Don't ever go.
Be my PSLV, my rocket, my boat,
Push me to the stars
Keep my thrusters firing
And I promise I'll do the same
You will never be alone while crying.

Hamartia

You wouldn't know that ocean
That girl dressed in silver moonlight
That, whom the world admires
As she dances on the cotton waves- cool blue.
You wouldn't know her after her wars,
When the ocean- beautiful and unrelenting,
Would dress up bloodred enraged .
You wouldn't know that the girl who danced
And the girl who roared through the waves
Adorned in orange, red hot hues,
You wouldn't know that they were the same.
You wouldn't know her
For she is lovely and endearing
Pretty and amazing.
And her hamartia? "Oh that doesn't exist, does it?"
"She's invincible"
"She's perfect"
Well, the real she, just wants to be herself.
Her ships that reach their loving ports,
Forgetting her as soon as their lips touch the earth,
You wouldn't think that she feels it's unfair.
You wouldn't think she had a heart,
A heart to love and be loved back-
Because the world will only condemn her,
For the ships that chose to stay-
They now lie underneath all the cares of the world,
They, who sleep peacefully today.

Beloved, now I am a Rose

Once Beloved, did you take me for a lily?
The white one that blooms over the crystal waters?
The ones that swim on the velvety clear?
Maybe you were right once,
But now I am a rose.
Among the unkempt bushes and nettles and snow,
I grow.
You plucked me so easily as a lily, didn't you?
Pluck me now, but beware-
I'm your rosy cheeked foe.
I was delicate,
Now I know how to hold weapons-
And no princely charm can make me ungrow them.
I am red, I am love,
I am also death by a thousand cuts.
Maybe it was your blood that stained me?
Or was it the wine from your Royale treasury that you dipped me in?
You asked me, "What do you love about you?"
I said, "Everything, Beloved" and it's true,
But I'll be partial to my thorns,
The guardians to my heart,
They said they'll let me know my hero,
But until then, I am better off solo,
Of course my leafy petals, red and pink,
I am blooming,
More than you, Once Beloved, could ever think.
And I smile as I flutter in the happy breeze of seasons,
Because among the unkempt bushes and nettles and snow,
I still grow.

Autumnal Melancholy

Autumn, did I know you when you passed last year?
Autumn, you who made the days shorter in heartbreak weather,
Autumn, do you know I got that white cardigan out,
Autumn, do you remember how you put it on me when you blushed in the equinox sun down,
Autumn, do you remember how among the maple bushes, we would jump and shout?
Autumn, did you think about it when you walked out?
Autumn, I wonder if you kept that last acorn,
Autumn, do you still fantasize about the hallways we thought we would adorn?
Autumn, I still love you and your scent that hangs in the air,
Autumn, let's go chestnut hunting, we'll sip pumpkin juice and cheer,
Autumn, you enchanter, did you put them all to sleep?
Autumn, did you do it so we could light the candles and no one would peep?
Autumn, do you know how gorgeous you look?
Autumn, that red hue fits you like the guys in a book,
Autumn, will you dress up and carve jack-o-lanterns again?
Autumn, I will have you in my heart, through sunshine and rain,
Autumn, do you know I took a walk in the woods?
Autumn, remember when your hand intertwined with mine, like the vines on the roof?
Autumn, do you know those squirrels now live by the brook,
Autumn, do you miss me when you read my book?
Autumn, can you see the moisture on the leaves?
Autumn, do you still like it when they twinkle, do you see?
Autumn, are you still the autumn who passed by?
Autumn dear, I miss you, so this is a letter of goodbye.

Tragic Timing

Two rose buds of the same branch,
Then I fell
There was no one to hold me up.
So I held on to myself,
We still laughed together though
Then the wind lifted me off my feet and made me soar-
I blossomed ,
With pretty flutters,
I was okay
But then he fell-
And fell,
And fell,
And fell,
But the sun and moon don't rise at the same time,
It was Love's death knell.