

From me to you

Kai-Leah

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

I dedicate these set of poems to myself, my family and every little thing that has inspired me to write.

About the author

Read my poems to know more about me.

summary

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Eleanor and Park

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To be a father..

A change of heart

Sitting.

As still as twilight

Your smile a silhouette in the moonlight but overshadows everything else.

Still small voice; erupts with such resonance that it reverberates through me.

Your touch leaves burning imprints to my soul. Your smile innocent and carefree but has a quality that leaves one bewildered of the hint of mischief it represents.

Trees wearing autumn leaves to signal it's death parade. It's a transformation; my bad addiction wilting like leaves at the start of winter, healing until spring so I can start anew.

Eleanor and Park

What does it even feel like to lose everything?

To have nothing then have it all only to lose it in the end.

I don't know.. or is it that I know but I'm scared..no absolutely terrified to acknowledged the fact that she's gone.

It's funny.. I use to think that she was a butterfly; my butterfly. Everything about her was a splash of art; strange, distinct and completely mesmerising. She wasn't pretty or breathtaking to anyone else, but to me, she was nothing short of celestial.

My butterfly... or is it more appropriate to describe her as a firefly. Suddenly here and then gone the next. She brought colours to my otherwise grey world. She was the splash of paint while I was the blank canvas. If I was to tell her that, I'm sure she'd say 'that I have it the wrong way round' and 'that by all definition of the word I was her 'sun'.

At that, I would laugh and place a chaste kiss upon her adorable nose and I would whisper in her ears.

'How can I be the sun? Your hair glows brighter than anything else this world has to offer.'

Maybe then she would roll her eyes at me and give me that smile that I love. Give me that laugh that resembled wind chimes; ever so clear and distinct.

And I would stare at her in awe as her laughter washes over me like a wave and then I would gasped in wonder of how it rings and reverberates through me and fills me with warmth that leaves me all giddy and tingly all over.

How I wished I could tell her she was all wrong. That I wasn't the sun! She was! But then again why does it matter, why does anything matter. She was the fire and I was the moth. Seeking the warmth of the flame even if there's a chance of getting burned. And I did get burned; smouldering still. Slowly losing parts of myself to the flash fire that was Eleanor.

Through out all this, I learned that there is nothing, not even words that can describe what it feels like to lose everything. There isn't anything.. just the constant numbness and emptiness. And the horrible fact that I'm here, stuck with every memory of her..

Sitting on the porcelain throne

Here I sit contemplating life on the porcelain throne. It's relaxing here, not much trouble; just me and a phone.

The world seems to fall away as I relax here in silence. The only sound accompanying me is the sweet release of accumulated waste.

I ponder and wonder if the world would be a better place if it was that easy to get rid of negativity that constantly poison us on the daily.

Yet those answers are beyond me.

So I merely sits here and wait and basked upon the majesty of my personal throne.

Dark side of Humanity

I witness something awful; something terrible. An avid reader crucified like a crucible in a hot sweltering sun, there he was displayed like a statue.

The crowd wonder at this marvel. He's screaming in pain, cursing every curse words till his voice hearse, still no one heard, his languished on deaf ears.

Instead people laugh and cheer and they thanked God that it's here, that is happening.

The wolf howled in unison, creating a baleful veil of violence.

It's a tragedy and celebration, a messed up mutation that shows humanity is no better than animals.

He passed alone and forgotten; but someday I see him.

A lone man crucified and his cries still linger in my deaf ear.

To be a father..

I worry for you my sunflower, so delicate and small. Growing steadily and full of energy in your mother's womb.

I fear for your health and I pray for your safety. I await the day I can feel your kicks as you get bigger and stronger.

It may cause your mother, my beautiful wife some discomfort but I swear everything will all be worth it.

The late hours you'll keep us awake at night and the tiredness that is promised will all be worth it when we hold your tiny little hands and you wrap it round our finger.

To see your eyes open and see the world for the very first time. How we your parents shape your views and support you in your growth.

To be a father is a privilege and to be your father is a gift.