

Echoes of Emotion

Cloie



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

This collection of poems is dedicated to all the dreamers, dancers, and overthinkers, out there, to those who find solace in the rhythm of words, joy in the movement of dance, and depth in the labyrinth of thoughts, like me. May these poems resonate with you, touch your soul, and remind you that you are never alone in your dreams, your dances, or your thoughts.

Acknowledgement

I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude to all those who have inspired and supported me in my poetic journey. I am grateful to the poets and writers who have paved the way for me, whose words have touched my soul and inspired me to explore the depths of my own emotions. Your artistry and wisdom continue to inspire me to strive for excellence in my craft.

Lastly, I want to acknowledge the power of poetry itself ? a timeless medium that transcends boundaries and connects hearts across the globe. It is an honor to be part of this rich and diverse community of poets, and I am humbled by the opportunity to contribute to the world of literature. Thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for being a part of my poetic journey. Your support and encouragement mean the world to me.

About the author

Hello, lovely souls! I'm Cloie, a girl with a heart full of dreams and a mind buzzing with thoughts. One of my greatest joys in life is weaving words into poetry. It's like painting with language, expressing my deepest feelings and thoughts in a beautiful tapestry of verses. When I'm not lost in the world of poetry, you'll often find me twirling and swaying to the rhythm of music. Dancing is my escape, my way of letting go and immersing myself in the pure joy of movement. Ah, daydreaming ? my sacred sanctuary where fantasies come to life and possibilities are endless. Whether I'm sitting by the window or lying under the stars, my mind wanders to far-off lands and fantastical adventures. It's in these moments of reverie that I find solace and inspiration, fueling my creativity and igniting the fire within. But amidst the beauty of my passions lies a double-edged sword ? overthinking. My mind is a whirlwind of thoughts, constantly analyzing and dissecting every aspect of life. While it can be exhausting at times, I've come to embrace this trait as a part of who I am, for it fuels my curiosity and pushes me to seek deeper understanding.

Cloie, the dreamer, the poet, the dancer, and the overthinker. Each aspect of my being contributes to the colorful tapestry of my life, shaping me into the person I am today. So, Keep dreaming, keep dancing, and never stop exploring the depths of your soul!

summary

To the boy of my dreams.

Ambivert's Harmony Unveiled

Back to the page

Crush

Dancing with Doubt

Echoes of Resilience

Fragments of me

Glimmers in the Dark

I'll Sacrifice

In Quiet Wonder

Love's Quiet Call

My Unknown Purpose

Overthinking Heart : A Rhyme of Reflection

Pondering the Unknown

Pretty Human?!

Tears and Ink

Veil of Sorrow

Whisper of my heart

To the boy of my dreams.

I don't know your name.
I don't even know if you're real.
But in my dreams, you found me.
And for a moment... I forgot the weight I carry.
You laughed and in that laugh,
I swear, I felt like the world melted around me.
Your hug, warm, familiar, like I'd been waiting lifetimes for it.
Like I'd known you before I even knew myself.
Why did you come back after all these months?
Was it to remind me that I can be held this way?
That I deserve softness, warmth, and someone who sees me truly sees me?
I don't know where you are.
Maybe you're out there, flesh and breath.
Or maybe you're just the shape of the love I need.
But I miss you.
More than I expected.
I miss the way your presence made me feel pampered,
not for what I do but just for being me.
If you ever find your way to me in real life,
I hope you'll recognize the tears I cried after I woke up.
I hope you'll still laugh the same way.
I hope you'll hold me just as gently.
And I hope you'll stay.
Until then,
I'll carry your memory like a song only I can hear.
With all my moonlit longing.

~Cloie

Ambivert's Harmony Unveiled

In the realm between quiet and bold,
Lies a soul with stories untold.
Neither entirely introverted nor extroverted free,
An ambivert is what they choose to be.

They find comfort in both solitude's embrace,
And the warmth of a crowd, in every case.
Neither too shy nor too outgoing,
An ambivert's heart keeps on growing.

They savor moments of peaceful reflection,
Yet thrive in social connections' affection.
Not too much, not too little, just right,
An ambivert's world is a harmonious sight.

They navigate life's ebb and flow,
Embracing both highs and lows.
Adaptable and flexible, they find their way,
Balancing the colors of night and day.

A gentle mix of introversion and extroversion,
An ambivert's spirit defies immersion.
In their presence, a delicate blend,
A reminder of the beauty life can lend.

So let us honor the ambiverts we know,
Whose presence brings a vibrant glow.
They dance between the shadows and the sun,
Ambiverts, unique and loved by everyone.

~Cloie

Back to the page

I've picked up the pen I let rust away,
The silence is over, I've something to say.
The weight that once crushed now fuels the fire,
Each word a step, each line climbs higher.

No longer stuck in a hollow shell,
I'll write the chaos I know too well.
Raw thoughts bleed out, no filter, no shame,
A tapestry stitched from love and pain.

This is my echo, my fight, my flame,
Not seeking approval, not chasing fame.
Just ink and soul, my truth to tell,
I'm back to writing. I'm back to myself.

~Cloie

Crush

In the realm of hearts, a secret brews,
A fluttering feeling, a subtle muse.
A crush, a whisper, a gentle embrace,
A symphony of emotions, interlaced.

Like blooming flowers, their petals unfurl,
A dance of thoughts, a captivating swirl.
In stolen glances, a silent connection,
A tender longing, a sweet affection.

In daydreams woven, fantasies take flight,
Where moments shared, sparkle so bright.
The heart skips beats, in their very presence,
A magnetic pull, an enchanting essence.

Their laughter, a melody that softly sings,
Their smile, a warmth that joyfully springs.
Their touch, a wildfire, igniting within,
A rush of emotions, a thrilling spin.

Yet a crush can be fragile, a delicate thread,
For unspoken words can be left unsaid.
The fear of rejection, the doubts that creep,
Keeping secrets hidden, locked so deep.

But let not the fear stifle your desire,
Let courage burn bright, let passion inspire.
For a crush, dear soul, is a wondrous start,
A spark of hope that ignites the heart.

Embrace the journey, let your feelings bloom,
Be vulnerable, let love's seeds consume.
For in the realm of crushes, wonders reside,

Where hearts collide and dreams coincide.

~**Cloie**

Dancing with Doubt

They asked me of my plans, and I stood there, clueless,
A shock to them, but in my heart, it wasn't newness.
"I'm going with the flow," I finally let out,
While others spoke of dreams, I harbored doubt.
Beside me, people painted their lives with vivid strokes,
Each detail clear, as if they'd never have to revoke.
Lost in my thoughts, I questioned my own way,
Am I just dumb or carefree, where does my mind sway?
Is this normal or abnormal, this uncertainty I feel?
Will things work out, or is it all just an ordeal?
Will I ever know what to do, find my true path?
Or am I destined to wander, facing society's wrath?
Reflecting now, the best answer I could convey,
"My plans are to seek answers, day by day.
To unravel the mysteries, the questions in my heart,
For in the pursuit of knowledge, I'll find my part."
To those who ask, my answer I share,
No roadmap I hold, yet fear is rare.

~Cloie

Echoes of Resilience

In the morning light, I woke from restless sleep,
Haunted by scenes that made my soul weep.
Before my eyes, those horrors did dance,
Sending shivers down my spine, a chilling trance.
A sudden urge, like a fiery blaze,
To burn away the memories, to escape the maze.
Her touch, like poison, lingers still,
Leaving scars upon my heart, a bitter pill.
Three days of darkness, etched in my mind,
Her presence, a shadow, cruel and unkind.
I cannot shake the fear that grips me tight,
What if echoes of the past return with might?
But amidst the fear, a flicker of hope,
A strength within me, refusing to cope.
I'll face the demons, I'll stand tall,
For I am more than the sum of it all.

~Cloie

Fragments of me

At eleven, life wasn't as bright,
The dreams I held fell into the night.
Reality hit, a crushing weight,
And I couldn't stop the change of fate.

Once a child, carefree and bold,
Now I'm lost in stories untold.
The world grew darker, I grew cold,
And with each year, my heart turned old.

My parents, silent in their fight,
Carried burdens hidden from sight.
They didn't speak of the hurt they knew,
But I could feel it, deep and true.
They thought I didn't see the strain,
But every tear, every pain,
I felt it too, though I stayed quiet,
Drowning in the silent riot.

Their words, though sharp, cut through my soul,
Made me quieter, made me feel small.
I wanted to speak, to ease their grief,
But I was just a kid, lost in belief.
I felt like I was never enough,
That nothing I did could make it tough,
To see the light they used to know,
Instead of the shadows, dark and low.

I watched them struggle, day by day,
Hoping for a sign to show the way.
But what could I do, just sixteen years old,
When the weight of the world felt so cold?

I wished I could give them something real,
To take away the hurt they feel.
But I'm still learning, still unsure,
Still just a kid with dreams obscure.

The silence I carry, the words unsaid,
Fill the spaces, the thoughts in my head.
I've forgotten how to speak, how to feel,
Trapped inside, just waiting to heal.

I lost my voice somewhere along the way,
Fading in the shadows, day by day.
I want to shout, I want to scream,
But I've forgotten how to dream.

Still, in the quiet, a flicker remains,
A hope that someday, I'll break these chains.
And maybe, just maybe, I'll find my voice,
To speak, to scream, to make a choice.

But for now, I keep moving?
One quiet step at a time,
With a flicker of hope
That someday, I'll find my rhyme.

~Cloie

Glimmers in the Dark

In the dark, where vibes are low-key,
Connected with darkness, we do feel free.
Embracing shadows, we find our groove,
In the depths of night, we make our move.
No need for filters or fake smiles,
In the realm of darkness, we walk for miles.
Lost in the music, feeling alive,
In the heart of the night, we truly thrive.
We groove with the stars, and sway with the moon,
In the world of darkness, we're in tune.
Connected with shadows, we find our spark,
Living life fully, even when it's dark.

~Cloie

I'll Sacrifice

Your words, they sting, like knives they slice,
But in my heart, I'll pay the price.
For you, dear mumma, I wish nothing but the best,
May God fulfill your every request.
Your words, sharp and cutting, tear me apart,
But I'll endure the pain with a steadfast heart.
For your happiness, I'll bear any strain,
Even if it means my own life's bane.
"Why are you still alive? Die already,"
Your cruel words cut deep, leaving me unsteady.
But I forgive you, for I see your pain,
I know your happiness is what you aim to gain.
So, if my disappearance brings you peace,
I'll vanish into the shadows, my release.
May God grant you all that you seek,
Even if it means my voice grows weak.
I pray God fulfills your every wish, mumma,
Even if it means I fade into the night's hum.
For your joy, I'll depart with a smile so grand,
Knowing your happiness is all I demand.

~**Cloie**

In Quiet Wonder

In the quiet hush of the world, questions softly arise,
Whispered in the silence, where truth often lies.
A generation curious, seeking to find,
Meaning in the silence, in the depths of the mind.
Silence isn't empty; it's pregnant with thought,
A canvas for questions, a space to be sought.
In the stillness, we ponder, we wonder, we dream,
Exploring the depths of the silent stream.
Questions linger in the air, seeking to be heard,
In the silence, we find meaning, in every whispered word.

~Cloie

Love's Quiet Call

In the quiet dusk, where whispers play,
I shape my thoughts in a subtle way.
Each line a tale left unsaid,
In hearts of youth, where dreams are spread.
Beneath the stars, my hopes take flight,
Painting pictures of the velvet night.
A vast canvas where feelings sway,
In gentle tones, they softly play.
In shadows cast by the moon's soft beam,
I jot my verses, like a dream.
But in the hush, they quietly nest,
Unspoken feelings, in my chest.
Through the maze of teenage fears,
I seek the strength to make them clear.
Yet, in the dance of doubt and need,
My words falter, lost in the deed.
Oh, if only you could hear the tune,
Of love that waits beneath the moon.
In gentle whispers, it longs to fly,
To break the silence, reach the sky.
But for now, it stays within my heart,
A silent song, awaiting its start.
In the stillness of the night, it softly sings,
Heart's silent symphony, with hopeful wings.

~Cloie

My Unknown Purpose

What was I made for? What is my goal?
A star kid adrift, in the cosmos, a soul.
Why do I falter, lose sight of my aim?
Will I ever grasp my purpose, or is it all just a game?
Was I crafted to shine, to dazzle and gleam?
Or am I destined to wander, lost in a dream?
Why do I feel like I'm drifting alone?
Will I ever find a place to call my own?
What path should I tread, which road should I take?
Am I meant for greatness, or merely a mistake?
Why do I question, why do I doubt?
Will I ever find the answers, figure it all out?
What was I made for? What is my goal?
From a star kid to a lost soul, I'm starting to roll.

~Cloie

Overthinking Heart : A Rhyme of Reflection

In the quiet of the night, I lay in bed,
Thoughts spinning 'round inside my head.
I'm an overthinker, it's plain to see,
Caught in a web of uncertainty.
I ponder every choice I've ever made,
Worrying if I'll make the grade.
But deep down, I must confess,
Overthinking can be a tangled mess.
Yet in this chaos, there's a light,
A chance to turn my worries right.
I'll find a way,
To calm the storm and seize the day.

~ **Cloie**

Pondering the Unknown

In the dark of night, I ponder deep,
Why does it feel suffocating, this weight I keep?
Dreams haunt me, relentless, it seems,
Why do they persist, filling me with screams?
Fear grips tight, as I close my eyes to the deep,
Why am I scared to sleep, in shadows I leap?
Words elude, emotions concealed,
Why can't I express what's truly revealed?
Questions swirl, no answers in sight, I
In the silence of night, I continue to fight.
Why, oh why, does this turmoil steal,
The peace I seek, the wounds to heal?

~Cloie

Pretty Human?!

In a world of filters and selfies galore,
Where likes and follows define our score,
If I'm pretty, they say I can't have a care,
No room for insecurities, no space to spare.

But am I not human, with feelings deep?
Can't I struggle, can't I sometimes weep?
Just because my face fits some ideal,
Doesn't mean my heart can't ache and feel.

"You're perfect," they say, but what do they know?
The battles within, the doubts that grow.
Am I not allowed to question my worth,
To navigate the complexities of birth?

I may be pretty, but I'm still me,
With flaws and fears, just like you see.
So let me feel, let me be real,
Insecurities and all, let them reveal.

For beauty fades, but what's inside,
Is where true strength and beauty reside.
So yes, I may be pretty, but hear my plea,
To be seen as human, just like thee.

~Cloie

Tears and Ink

In teenage days of skies so blue,
I cried alone, a heartache true,
Before the paper, my tears would fall,
Love's bittersweet, a whispered call.
With every tear that marked the page,
I released my fears, like a captive in a cage,
Emotions flowed, a river's stream,
Aching love, like a distant dream.
In quiet moments, when none could see,
I wrote my heart out, so endlessly,
Each word a piece of my hidden song,
A symphony of feelings, deep and strong.
Though this letter's destined to never depart,
It holds my tears and my hopeful heart,
A teenage love, sweet and pure,
Forever a memory to endure.

~Cloie

Veil of Sorrow

Why is this darkness my only friend,
embracing me in its cold embrace,
What is happening with me,
as I navigate this endless maze?
Why do I wish to slit myself,
to escape this relentless chase,
Why do I wish to never talk,
to hide my tears and fears with grace?

Why do I wish to lock myself away,
in the solace of the night,
Why do I crave the comfort of the shadows,
shielding me from the light?
Why do I want to die,
to end this endless fight,
Why is my heart feeling drained,
as if drained by a silent blight?

Why is my voice stuck deep within,
suffocated by the weight of my despair,
Why is peace nowhere to begin,
lost in the chaos of this affair?
Why am I turning this way,
consumed by a relentless snare,
Why are the demons within me,
so relentless, so unfair?

Why am I screaming,
knowing none would heed my silent plea,
Why do I feel abandoned in my hour of need,
lost in the endless sea?
Why do I search for solace,
yet only find agony,

Why does this pain persist,
a never-ending symphony?

~Cloie

Whisper of my heart

In the realm where dreams unfold,
I wonder if our tales are bold,
A fantasy or truth untold,
A saga of emotions to be told.

Rumors swirl, like winds they dance,
A secret crush, a fleeting chance,
Deep within my heart's expanse,
Love's tender thread in a cosmic trance.

I yearn for truth, yet doubts persist,
A bittersweet yearning on love's list,
Unlucky paths I've often kissed,
Yet hope within me still persists.

Your sweetness in each word you send,
A gentle care, a helping hand,
A blushing memory, time won't mend,
A love so grand, it can't pretend.

Delusions or reality's embrace,
My heart's confession finds its place,
Love blooms in this youthful grace,
A connection rare, a destined space.

Through hardships faced, we'll find our way,
Traumatic echoes, they shall sway,
Blame won't linger, come what may,
Love's light will guide us every day.

Admiring you from afar, a masterpiece in sight,
A cinematic moment, hearts take flight,
Time stands still, in your presence bright,

A canvas of emotions, painted in the night.

The whispers of my heart, they say,
Confessions await, in love's display,
Together we'll navigate life's array,
In your love's embrace, I'll always stay.

~Cloie