

my poetics manifesto

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Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

*different poems are dedicated to different being, some even are dedicated to myself, and some to
divine being.*

About the author

just an amateur and new to the poetry field.

age 18

nationality- indian

loves classical music and philosophy, both inspires
and encourages me to improve my poetry.

i am not professional, but i write to learn. what we
need to learn, we learn by doing it.

summary

fate knocking at the door

Molto Vivace

The Birth of Tragedy

fate knocking at the door

destiny awaits, yet we weren't aware,
fate, the invisible guest, through window it stare;
an enigmatic smile the fate wears,
as we are unconscious of life's affairs;
knock knock! moment of epiphany,
beginning of the grandiose symphony;
through the keyhole, glimpsed a path untrod,
a winding road to a future known only to god;
open the door, embrace the unknown,
amidst the mundane, let fate's color be shown;
fate whispers, guides the eager soul's flight,
yet to the reluctant, drags through the night;
as history is acquainted with inexorable fate,
outcome of the unusual move left all in debate;
with courage and faith, walk the line,
destiny's whisper is a gift divine;
in fate's silent ballet, where paths intertwine,
amor fati's sweet echo, a melody, so fine.

Molto Vivace

very lively my spirit,
dancing on beethoven's notes,
very lively my spirit,
all distress towards the sky floats;
vibrant the air becomes, invigorating the sods,
tempest's request made to the gods;
prelude of passion, ode to joy,
amidst the suffering, chaos i did ploy;
o! abyss, gaze not at me, powerful i am,
my spirit overcome all agony in this chaotic realm;
can find the gleam in the gloom,
amidst the storm, standing still bloom;
voila! the abyss cowering before me,
vigorous symphony's robustly decree;
very lively my spirit, waltz with ecstatic chaos,
in the fervent dance, i embrace the gale's dose;
remember that day, when you didn't dance,
what a miserable day, give it a glance;
the present, all to cherish or to lose,
this very lively spirit i chose.

The Birth of Tragedy

prejudice of his faculty alludes,
inevitable, what is, he wants to elude;
genesis of tragedy, a mournful prelude,
facade flaws of his folly delude;
on the voyage of that of herd,
afraid he is of the censure's word;
ignorance blinds the man's sight,
as he thinks in black and white;
amidst misfortune, virtues shall rise,
yet his blunders empowers the vice;
fate betrayed you? dice rolled by devil?
behold, nothing, according to nature, is evil;
for he was shielded from his foes,
smirking there his friends, who did pose;
his envy made the desired elusive,
chaotic allegory deceptively allusive;
culprit being himself, pointing to others,
has he now justification for a murder?
the future is here, unevenly realise,
the bigger dilemma is yet to arise;
for he was afraid of dark, shall be forgiven,
but now afraid of light? terrific riven;
present endowing to make a strategy,
future will show a birth of tragedy.