

# Anthology of Decadal Dreams: Nine Poems of the Heart

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*I dedicate this collection of poems to the silent whispers within my soul, to the moments of inspiration that have ignited my pen. This book is for everyone who finds a piece of themselves in these verses. It is lovingly dedicated to the poetic side of me, and to all who dare to embrace their own inner voice.*

## Acknowledgement

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to everyone who encouraged me to explore and express my poetic side. These poems are the result of many quiet moments spent listening to my heart and translating those feelings into words. Thank you to my family and friends for believing in me, and to every reader who takes the time to journey through these verses. Your support means more than words can say. This book exists because of inspiration, encouragement, and the shared love for poetry that connects us all.

## About the author

I am someone who finds meaning in small moments and beauty in simple things. Through my poetry, I explore my feelings, dreams, and observations about the world around me. Writing has always been a way for me to understand myself better and to reach out to anyone who feels the same longing to express what's inside. This collection is a reflection of my poetic side—a space where I hope readers can see a part of their own story in mine. Thank you for joining me on this journey through words.

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## A Prayer to God

O Lord, I pray for a steady path ahead,  
A life filled with purpose, and peace in heart,  
Grant me the strength to weather life's storms,  
And anchor my soul with unwavering resolve.  
In the tumult of uncertainty, I seek  
The grace of Your guidance, a beacon of hope,  
To light my way through the shadows that loom,  
And lead me to a place of security and calm.  
Bestow upon me the gift of steady ground,  
Where I may build my dreams, and sow the seeds  
Of a future ripe with promise and fulfillment,  
Where abundance flows and worries dissipate.  
Grant me the wisdom to tread with sure footing,  
And the courage to face each challenge head-on,  
As I navigate the winding roads of fate,  
Let me find strength in the midst of adversity.  
May my efforts blossom into fruitful success,  
And my endeavors bear the sweet fruits of labor,  
As I navigate the ebbs and flows of existence,  
Let me find stability in the ebb and flow of life.  
With faith as my compass and resilience my shield,  
I embark on this journey with a steadfast spirit,  
Knowing that in You, I find unwavering support,  
I offer this prayer for stability and serenity.

## Eternal Ember: The Quest of Curiosity

In the depths of mind, a spark takes flight,  
A flame that burns, a fire that ignites,  
The unquenchable flame of curiosity's might,  
That drives us on, through day and endless night.  
With every question, it grows more bright,  
A beacon guiding us, through the darkest light,  
It fuels our quest, our passion, our desire,  
To uncover secrets, and set our souls on fire.  
Through ancient texts, and dusty tomes we roam,  
Seeking answers, to the questions we've called home,  
We delve into the unknown, and uncover the past,  
And in its embers, our curiosity will forever last.  
For in its warmth, we find our hearts aflame,  
And in its light, our minds are forever changed,  
The unquenchable flame of curiosity's might,  
Drives us to discover, and ignite the light.

## Embers of the Heart

*Life drifts in silent rivers, winding slow  
Through valleys carved by laughter, rain, and loss.  
The morning's hush, the evening's gentle sigh-  
Each breath a page, unwritten, yet endured.  
We gather joy like petals in our hands,  
Unfolding hope in seasons of despair,  
And cradle sorrow, learning how it shapes  
The fragile architecture of our days.  
Love enters quietly, a subtle chord  
That hums beneath the thunder of the world-  
A glance, a touch, the memory of warmth  
That lingers in the corridors of thought.  
It is the thread that binds the scattered hours,  
The silent promise woven through the dusk,  
A beacon in the labyrinth of doubt,  
A shelter built from kindness, trust, and time.  
We stumble, rise, and reach for what remains-  
The embers of the heart, still glowing red  
Against the chill of all that must be lost.  
Yet in this dance of endings and of dreams,  
We find the shape of meaning, softly cast  
In shadow, light, and all that lies between.  
So let us walk this path with open hands,  
And hold each other gently as we go.*

## Travel a longing with devil inside

*Traveling with devil's eyes may kill you  
When you think you are bad,  
Bad situations make a move on me  
Nature tries to change me with song.  
But the devil calls me Lucifer, but why did he select me?  
Good is good, bad is bad where to find in drowning in my creativity.  
Devils make a move to destroy the world by soul  
What if everything changes at one point of time?  
If I'm already a demon hidden in your means, then it's an opportunity for me .  
Call me demon forever.  
Loneliness makes me evil, time makes me laugh a lot in my face.  
The devil inside didn't always be silent, he was like a time bomb.*

## Quiet Anchors at Dawn

*We sit together, silent as the dawn,  
The world outside still tangled in its dreams.  
Your hand rests lightly, warm against my own,  
A gentle anchor in the drifting dark.  
No need for words; the hush is eloquence,  
A language softer than the breath of leaves.  
The morning spills its gold across your face,  
And in that light, I see the years to come?  
A thousand quiet moments, small and true,  
The laughter echoing between the walls,  
The comfort found in ordinary days.  
Love does not shout, nor does it seek applause;  
It lingers in the spaces life allows,  
A steady flame that brightens as we age.  
So let us sit together, dawn to dusk,  
And hold this peace, as fragile as a wing,  
Content to know that you are here with me.*

## Bound Beyond Time

### ***Bound Beyond Time***

*In quiet hours when shadows softly fall,  
Your presence lingers like a gentle flame.  
No need for words; your touch speaks tender truth,  
A silent vow that every breath we share  
Is woven deep within the threads of life.  
Each moment held, a treasure kept with care,  
As time unfolds, I find my heart with yours.  
Through storms or calm, your love remains my guide,  
A constant light that never fades away.  
Together, bound by more than fleeting days,  
We build a world where every heartbeat counts,  
And in your eyes, I see my endless home.*

## Echoes of an Unseen Soul

### *Echoes of an Unseen Soul*

*The night descends in silence, deep and cold,  
And kills the light with shadows born of fear.  
I sit alone? some presence haunts my room,  
It makes me scream in moments carved from dread.  
Where can I speak? Where can I place my voice?*

*My words dissolve before they meet the world,  
Forgotten at the edge of trembling lips.  
A mystery cloaks my soul from every eye?  
None know the storm that brews inside my chest.*

*My eyes, once bright, now drain of every hue,  
And in the dark I wander, seeking me.  
The silence whispers back in twisted tongue?  
And still I ask: where can my words take flight?*

*They study me like ruins, yet they fail  
To see the depth of shadows in my bones.  
A demon speaks, its voice both near and strange,  
It answers life with riddles none can bear.*

## Guiding Light of Affection

### *Guiding Light of Affection*

Upon love's gentle thread my soul is tied,  
A tapestry of hearts where longing grows;  
Within the hush where trembling hopes reside,  
Affection's bloom, the rarest petal shows.

In whispered dusk, your laughter lights the night,  
A beacon guiding tender wishes near;  
Within your words, the world is soft and bright,  
Each syllable relieves unspoken fear.

When shadows press and doubt invades my mind,  
Your caring hands restore the dawn anew,  
With every glance, a thousand joys I find  
As if my heart was made to beat for you.

Let this be truth the ages may proclaim  
Love's truest fire endures beyond the flame.

## Life's Spice: A Poem for Us All

*We dance on sidewalks, city lights aglow,  
Or stroll on dirt roads, where wildflowers grow.  
Coffee or chai, we crave that warming heat,  
Dreams in our pockets, tired shoes on our feet.  
Heartaches come knocking, laughter bursts free,  
Each soul's a mosaic?what stories we'll be!  
Spices of hope tossed into our stew:  
Bittersweet memories, daring the new.  
Your playlist is chaos?mine bounces too.  
That song you replayed? I've danced to it, true.  
We've tasted the sour, the hearty, the sweet,  
Spilled soup on our shirts, made strangers we meet.  
Underneath labels?worker, parent, friend?  
We hunger to matter, connect, and transcend.  
So here's to our mess and the joy that it brings,  
To late-night confessions and wild-hearted flings.  
Life's never bland?it's a riot, a feast!  
Seasoned with stories, our courage released.  
Let's spice up our moments, delight in the now,  
You, me, and all of us?take a hot, happy bow!*

## Where Love and Wisdom Meet

*In the hush between two heartbeats low,  
Love plants seeds where wisdom grows?  
Not in thunder, bold and wide,  
But in the quiet where truths abide.*

*We speak in sighs we never sound,  
Understanding in the silent ground.  
It's not the words, but what they mean?  
The pauses tucked in lines unseen.*

*Love is not a fire alone,  
But the ember's glow when you're walking home.  
It holds your hand when you're not sure?  
Strong, and soft, and steady, pure.*

*Wisdom whispers, not to win,  
But asks with grace: "Where have you been?"  
It listens more, and speaks the least,  
Feeds the soul, and starves the beast.*

*The world is loud with "I" and "me,"  
But truth begins in "us" and "we."  
No love survives with pride too tall?  
Understanding starts when egos fall.*

*So read the eyes, not just the page,  
Look past the mask, the grief, the age.  
Hear what trembles beneath a voice?  
That's where hearts recall their choice.*

*Be the warmth, not just the light.  
Forgive, forget? then hold on tight.  
For love, when known, is not possessed,*

*It's given whole, then multiplied and blessed.*

## Ode to the Nature Lover

*In morning's hush, the whisper calls,  
Where trees stand tall and rivers flow,  
A heart that beats with earth's own thralls,  
In every breeze, they find their glow.*

*The flowers bloom because they care,  
Their roots dig deep in soil's embrace,  
With every step, they're always there,  
To cherish nature's gentle face.*

*How sweet the song the birds do sing,  
As sunlight dances on the lea,  
The joy in every living thing,  
Speaks softly to the soul set free.*

*They walk where wild paths twist and turn,  
Breathing life in fragrant air,  
With every leaf, they learn and yearn,  
For nature's gifts beyond compare.*

*Oh, to be a lover of the green,  
Is to embrace both calm and storm,  
To see the world as it has been?  
A sacred space, eternal, warm.*

*So let us walk with open eyes,  
And guard the earth with tender hands,  
For in the nature lover's prize,  
We hold the future in our lands.*

## The Hollow Keeps Its Secrets

*Beneath the moon's pale, haunted glow,  
Where shadows breathe, and wild winds blow,  
I walk the path the night has sown,  
Through ruins where the roots have grown.  
The air is thick with candle smoke,  
The chapel's spine is bent and broke,  
Its glass, like frozen tears, has wept,  
For secrets graves have always kept.  
A raven speaks in mournful rhyme,  
Of lovers lost beyond all time,  
Their names now dust, yet hearts still ache,  
Through midnight's veil they cannot break.  
Each step I take, the ground recalls,  
The echo deep in hollow halls,  
And though the dark feels cold, unkind,  
It whispers truths I came to find.  
So here I stay, where night won't fade,  
Among the thorns the dusk has made,  
For in this gloom, I see my part?  
The gothic moon, my midnight heart.*

## The Quiet Joy of Friend

### **Good Friends Just Show Up Anyway**

(sonnet #MMMMMMMMMMCCDLXXXIV)

*They text me that they're near, I say come through,  
And put the kettle on. The couch's a mess  
From cats, of course?but good friends never stress  
About that stuff. They bring cream for the brew,  
Some snack we'll both enjoy. No plans, just true  
Companionship. We talk, or sit wordless.  
They help me do the dishes, more or less,  
And laugh at all the little things we do.  
Like, I forgot I left the tea to steep  
Too long again. "It's fine!"?they always smile.  
I lend them socks, they help me fold the heap  
Of laundry I ignored a good long while.  
It's not about the big things. LORD, You keep  
Us rich in love that lasts through every mile.*

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## Two Soul

*I found you?  
not in the sky,  
but in the quiet corner  
where breaths lean against each other.*

*Your hand,  
it is not hand alone,  
but a river flowing to mine,  
a root twining through my soil.*

*We speak without words,  
and silence becomes a language?  
I hear you in the way  
the night folds its wings against our bodies.*

*Love is not loud;  
it hums, low,  
like the earth's hidden fire.  
Caring is not weight;  
it is the feather that carries both of us  
higher than the storm.*

*Two souls,  
wandering through lifetimes,  
meet,  
and remembering itself,  
the universe sighs?  
"Here... they are whole again.*

## Modern Love, Gentle Flame

### *Modern Love, Gentle Flame*

*In a world of screens, where silence scrolls,  
Love still whispers through unspoken souls.  
Not in letters sealed with trembling hand,  
But in quick replies we both understand.  
Caring is not the roses bought,  
It's checking in when the day feels fraught.  
It's "Did you eat?" at the edge of night,  
It's sharing memes to keep hearts light.  
Love is patience in a crowded call,  
Two voices tangled, yet hearing it all.  
It is typing, deleting, then choosing to send,  
A truth too fragile to let pretend.  
Modern love wears no crown of gold,  
It's found in stories, again retold.  
It lives in courage, small yet vast,  
A steady present, a gentle past.  
And caring is not just words that glow,  
It's standing still when the tempers grow.  
It's giving space, but never away,  
It's holding on in a softer way.  
So let the ages shift, the cities rise,  
Love will adapt, but never disguise.  
In every era, the truth remains?  
A caring heart is what sustains.*

## Margins of Morning Light

*The sky rinses itself in early light,  
a pale hush folding over tired roofs and trees.  
Dust on my window begins to glow,  
each grain a tiny sun I almost didn't see.  
Wind turns the neem leaves, page after page,  
reading the morning aloud in a green, slow tongue.  
Far off, a crow cracks open the silence,  
drops its rough note into the still blue lung.  
Clouds drift like thoughts I haven't written yet,  
soft, unfinished, gathering at the edge of mind.  
The road is wet with yesterday's brief storm,  
footsteps print verses that the heat will soon unwind.  
Somewhere a dog shakes rain from its coat,  
diamonds scattering back to the thirsty ground.  
The world smells of mud and second chances,  
of small roots learning the courage of sound.  
I stand in this quiet, breathing with the day,  
heart keeping time with a passing train.  
If life is a book the weather keeps revising,  
today is a margin where hope writes my name again.*

## New Year, New Roots

### *New Year, New Roots*

The morning peels the night away,  
soft light combs through the sleepless sky.  
A single bird rewrites the day,  
its small song learning how to fly.

The river folds old shadows back,  
then loosens them in silver streams.  
Each wave erases what I lack,  
yet leaves me holding brighter dreams.

The trees stand still, but grow within,  
their quiet rings confess the years.  
They teach my stubborn, human skin  
to wear both laughter and my tears.

So here I stand, a breathing seed,  
in soil of doubt and sudden grace.  
New roots reach out to what I need,  
new leaves learn sunlight, face to face.

If time must turn, then let it turn;  
I walk beside it, not behind.  
With every sunrise, I relearn  
the gentle art of changing mind.

## Dawn's Relentless Forge

### *Dawn's Relentless Forge*

*In the haze of dawn where Marina's waves crash soft against the shore,  
A young soul rises, eyes fixed on towers that scrape the humid sky.  
He threads through horns and spice-scent streets, his laptop heavy as resolve,  
Dreaming of codes that bend the world?SAP lines weaving futures tight.  
From literature's old whispers, he forges steel in HR's quiet wars,  
Internships like battles won in boardrooms thick with chai and plans.  
Luxury calls from marble halls and Tokyo's cherry-blossom grace,  
Yet roots dig deep in Tamil soil, where history hums in temple stone.  
He crafts his words like rap beats sharp, invests in stocks that pulse like heart,  
No surrender to the grind; this fire burns through every shadowed night.  
One day the city bends to him, not him to her relentless roar?  
For dreamers forge their own damn path, unyielding, wild, forever more.*

## The Silent Architect

### *The Silent Architect*

*Before the first light learned to break,  
Before the sleeping dust could wake,  
A thought took breath, a design unfurled,  
To trace the borders of the world.  
You are the ink in the midnight sky,  
The ancient script where the galaxies lie,  
Yet closer still than the breath I draw,  
A sacred presence, a quiet awe.  
Not found in stone, nor trapped in gold,  
But in the stories yet untold,  
In the steady pulse of a grateful heart,  
Where human dust and the divine start.  
An endless ocean, a boundless shore,  
The quiet whisper behind every door,  
The stillness found when the shadows fall,  
The grand design that holds it all.*

## The One-Sided Stage

*They knock on the door, but they never walk in,  
They ask for applause before you begin.  
A crowded room filled with voices so loud,  
Where everyone speaks to an empty crowd.  
You drop a drop into their deep sea,  
Hoping a wave might come back to me.  
But the shore stays dry, and the water is still,  
As they drink from your cup but refuse to fill.  
A mirror reflects what you place in its view,  
You cannot expect what you don't offer too.  
The page is a bridge where two souls must meet,  
Not a pedestal built for a selfish deceit.  
To the few who stay back to listen and stay,  
You are the light at the end of the day.  
But to those who just wave their hands to be seen:  
A stage with no audience is just a blank screen.*

## The Sanctuary of Shadows

Beneath the arch of midnight's quiet grace,  
Where ancient stone and modern shadows meet,  
The mind designs a solitary space,  
And walks through corridors on silent feet.  
We weave the tapestry of what is gone,  
With threads of ink and whispers of the soul?  
A labyrinth that stretches toward the dawn,  
Where fleeting fragments find a perfect whole.  
The world demands the solid and the plain,  
But here, the chiaroscuro comes alive:  
A cadence born of mystery and rain,  
The hidden sanctuary where we thrive.

Would you like the next poem to lean more toward a dark, suspenseful mystery theme, or would you prefer to explore something more bright and lyrical?