

Anthology of Ladywithaquill

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To all my friends here: Magda, Misha, Bogic, Antonia, Veda, Tudor, Mara, Shreeya, Safaa. We have inspired and influenced each other in ways that neither you nor I know, but in ways that neither you nor I will ever forget. These poems are a dedicated to all of you, to the person I have become because of you.

About the author

I feel it is too pretentious to write about myself in 3rd person considering I started writing poems a few months ago and I don't think anyone's actually going to download this eBook, so, I shall just do a very short 1st person introduction.

I am a student studying Mathematics and Physics at Ecole Polytechnique, 20Km away from Paris. I will be starting a Masters/PhD program in Paris this September. I really enjoy writing poetry, I have a big enough ego to think I am not too bad at this, and I wanted more people to see my poems.

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A Murderer's Tale

"Murder him, indeed I did,
Overcome with fear then I hid,
I told myself, it was his fault,
He shouldn't have stolen from my vault,
It wasn't just about the money,
Once upon a time I used to call him honey,
But then he left me all alone,
Broke my trust and left me torn,
Found him in the arms of another,
She was a friend of his brother,
Didn't he think of his son?
Before he went and had all his fun,
I saw some jewellery on that skank,
Bought from the money in my bank,
That last straw made me snap,
I was done with all his crap,
My rage knew no bound,
Leapt on him like a hound,
My anger flowed as his blood,
I dropped the knife with a thud,
And on my face the horror showed,
As his blood streamed and flowed,
From this dark deed I was haunted,
Wasn't revenge exactly what I wanted?
I needed to hide, but from whom?
His mistress lay unconscious in the room.
It was from myself I had to run,
I searched and found the hidden gun,
It could silence those echoing screams,
Which would forever haunt my darkest dreams,
Wait! Had I forgotten my lovely child?
With his eyes bright, and his hair wild.
Before my mind his face flashed,

My hopes of eternal silence were dashed,
And she, his darling, who lay faint in distress,
To this crime, had been an unwitting witness,
But I could not let her go alive,
In my mind a terrible idea did just arrive,
The shocking events had created a haze,
I decided to set the house ablaze,
It seemed to be the perfect crime.
A secret lovers' getaway in summertime,
Got tragically interrupted by a gas leak,
In this plan I couldn't see a crack or hear a creak.
Now that quite a few years had passed,
I went to the police that I had outclassed,
As a mother, my duty I had done,
Nothing surpassed my love for my son.
A good man, he had grown to become,
But my time for repentance had come.
I surrendered, 20 years of prison time,
Pled guilty, I was way past my prime.
And with this my rhyme has come to a close,
Now I write stories, poetry, and prose,
About the weather, love, and everything else,
And sometimes even about magic spells."

You've come too close my dear.

I could get high if the sound of your laugh I hear,
I will never make a joke in front of you, my dear.
I could get drunk if into your brown eyes I stare,
Too risky, stolen glances are all I shall ever dare.
Never thought a man could make me shed a tear,
But you could certainly come too close, my dear.
I'd built a wall around my heart no one could cross,
But you've grown on harsh stone like green moss.
These weak walls are about to fall, my greatest fear,
Perhaps for you I could face these fears, my dear.

Mirror, mirror on the wall

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the smartest of them all?
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the kindest of them all?
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the funniest of them all?
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Is she real? Show me who is she?
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
I know very well that it isn't me.
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Is she a perfect flawless creature?
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Or even she has a flawed feature?
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
At least I am real, I can see me,
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
My imperfections too define me.
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Show me as I am, with my flaws too.
Mirror, mirror on the wall,
I now tell my reflection "I love you".

Loving

You said you like my laugh, and I laughed a bit louder.
I said, "I like your eyes", and they shone even brighter.
A golden glow surrounded me when I started loving you,
I can see clearly that you have the same radiant glow too.
Your arms around my waist, dancing, you pulled me close,
Swaying, you leaned in for a kiss, as I stood on my tip toes.
I crowned you the king of my heart, my body, and my soul,
I became your favourite thief; it was your heart that I stole.
Before, I was just the writer, but now I am your best muse,
Over everyone else, it is you, whom I shall always choose.

My Soldier

You, commander of my queen's guard,
You are my umbrella in the rain.
But you need not try so hard,
I know how to handle the pain.
I am a soldier who chooses to
Fight in bloody wars alongside you.
I have my own swords and shields too.
I wish for just one thing from you.
When the battle's done and war is won,
And no one else can see you bleed,
No weapons in sight, all enemies gone,
Show me all your scars, I plead.
Take off the armour, put down your shield,
I will not hurt you; I swear on my life.
Show me your wounds, even the healed,
I promise, I am not holding a knife.
I am not the one you want to fight,
Let down your guard, close your eyes,
Take a deep breath, I'll hold you tight.
Use my shirt collar to muffle your cries.
Let my gentle kisses to your forehead,
To your open wounds, be the balm.
My whispers of sweet nothings in bed,
Your inflamed scars, may they calm.
If you think these scars take away,
From your beauty, shame on you!
Scars, are a soldier's pride I say,
Today, you are what they've made you.

Time Flies

See those ripples on the lake,
Flittering like butterflies.
Now a cool breeze flows, breathe,
Wonder how fast time flies.
From here, we watched the sunset,
Two years ago, fiery skies.
But today, the sky is dark and grey,
Wonder why love dies?

Obsession: Part-1

I know you can't say no to my tears, so I cried,
Couldn't escape, no matter how hard you tried.
You cannot leave now that you are finally mine.
To honour you, dear, I have made a holy shrine.
Where I worship you, my God, every single night,
I will not give you up without a fearsome fight.
You help people, I am your damsel in distress,
You serve people, I am your beautiful mistress.
I can be your deepest desire, anything you need.
If you want, I'll beg you on my knees and plead,
Please stay, don't go, don't leave me all alone,
You are now my king seated on the iron throne.
Darling, I might be insane but 'tis only for you,
That I would give my life and take someone's too.

Obsession: Part-2

Dearest, don't you dare leave me and go.
I haven't put on the world's greatest show,
For you to choose that woman over me.
Your deepest desire, anything, I could be.
But I see the way you look at her, and cry,
But then my tears stop, now enraged I try,
And imagine the most painful things to do,
To her, because she can't be the one for you.
To start, maybe her glowing skin, I will scar,
Then I would hit her with my getaway car,
I would completely ruin that beautiful face,
Or perhaps, her drink with poison I'd lace.
It would all be worth it for you my darling,
Don't tell me that you find all this startling.
I warned you, I'm insane, but 'tis only for you,
That I'd give my life and take someone's too.

Heartbreak

Your smile is too joyful,
Your eyes are too bright,
Overlook the dark circles,
Forget the horrible night.
Forget the way your tears,
Ruined my new, white shirt.
Forget the way you laid,
Your head on my red skirt.
Cheeks lined with mascara,
I've never seen you worse,
The man that made you cry,
On him, I lay my worst curse.
Your smile is a great mask,
It hides your broken heart.
A million shards of glass,
But each one a piece of art.
Each piece a diamond,
That he could never find.
He will always regret this,
And he has lost his mind.
But I know you very well,
You never cry for too long.
Two weeks pass by quick,
You're singing a love song.
He's nearly been forgotten,
And hope is back in sight.
Your smile is truly joyful,
Your eyes are truly bright.

My mind?s out-of-control

Is this a memory or a fantasy? Imagination or reality?
What is true, what is false? My mind lacks all clarity.
Is this a dream or am I awake?
My brain really does need a break.
Was that a man or a pile of clothes?
Was that just a shadow or a ghost?
Is he a vampire or just a bit too pale?
My stories have become a sailor's tale.
A little turbulence turns into a tempest,
A small win, into the biggest conquest.
A little pain into a matter of life and death,
Just give me some time to catch my breath.
My mind runs at speeds a bit too fast,
I end up thinking too much about the past,
Or fantasizing about the future to come,
And making up random tunes to hum.
My mind is a beast beyond control,
For some it spouts the worst vitriol,
For others it writes the sweetest poems.
At times it merely plays danceable rhythms,
Or long Internal monologues so loud,
Of my own imagination I am very proud.

To the girl who can make me cry

To the girl who can make me cry:
I smile whenever I see you,
But my heart breaks and inside I die.
I'm sorry if indeed I hurt you.

Please tell me if I can fix this mess,
Fading memories of us two.
There's something I must confess,
Lately I've been feeling blue.

I'm trying so hard every single day,
To break down stone walls,
That you built. You can make me pay,
But don't ignore my calls.

I didn't have many friends before here,
I'm sorry for my mistakes.
The loss of friendship is my worst fear,
My smiles to you are fakes.

Because I'm in the fifth-floor study room,
Tears running down my face.
Palaiseau skies filled with clouds of gloom,
Between us a big wide space.

You were there for me when I needed you,
You still have love for me.
So just talk to me even for a minute or two,
Or tell me to leave it be.

I would much rather have you hate me,
Over mere civil indifference.
It's pathetic but I'd beg "please save me",

If not for my unusual diffidence.

With you I only wish for some more time to spend,
Nothing hurts like friends forever coming to an end.

The old and the new

It is the end of an era, the start of an age,
We start our new chapters on a blank white page.
Our stories had many common characters,
But now we're in different plays with new actors.
We still occasionally have some crossover,
We start new stories, but the old ones aren't over.
The new book's a great, absorbing, read.
But an old book's comfort is unmatched we agreed.

Hidden Melancholy

They say I laugh all the time,
They say my smile is like the sunshine.
But now I'm writing a rhyme,
About how nothing in my life is fine.

Crying has become my lullaby,
The tears gush out seeking release,
Holding a blue pillow close-by,
Nothing could put my mind at ease.

Frozen, my limbs might feel,
But I still dance to the jolliest tunes.
I cannot enjoy a single meal,
But I still eat while watching cartoons.

I'm a bit too melodramatic,
And I'm feeling a bit too melancholic.
A gloomy backdrop thematic,
Turning me into a sorrowful alcoholic.

The death of us

I dip this quill in red ink,
Proceed to put words to my misery.
Did you for a moment think?
Before your knife-like words stabbed me.

The ink is blood from that wound,
I can make words my weapons too.
For your smile, I once swooned,
Now all I want is to badly hurt you.

We have dug each other's graves,
Of love's sweet fruit we'd had a taste,
But our past tastes like sour grapes.
We build our coffins with great haste.

The greatest romances end in death,
So please tell me how this is any different?
Now as we take our last breath,
The end looks like an angel that God sent.

My Religion

My God is our love, I believe in it religiously.
I tell you that I love you every single day superstitiously.
I hear my name on your soft pink lips like a sweet prayer.
You treat me like a Goddess, and I need you like the air.

So, I kneel at the altar and worship us in the dark night.
Your half-moon smile shines like God said, "Let there be light".
This happens once in a few lifetimes, finally the stars all align.
Now you hold me close, call me yours, and you I call mine.

Desperation's Prayer

I pray with folded hands and fall to my knees.
My longing for love destroyed my dignity.
Will I ever find my soulmate? Tell me please!
I search for any existing form of divinity,
To guarantee love and offer me assurances,
Even meaningless platitudes give hope,
But to my future-self I offer my condolences,
Her dream of a perfect romantic trope,
She hopes but knows shall never come true.
This hope would be the death of her,
And a sad hopeless creature she'll turn into.
All my love, what more can I offer?
You are merely a figment of my imagination,
Yet I'd still fight the world for you.
Find me before I start living in a hallucination,
Find me before I become a bitter shrew.
Does it even exist? The famous prophecy?
Do I ever get a "meant to be"?

S&M

They should handcuff you for looking that fine,
But the only hands allowed to handcuff you, are mine.
They should tie me up for the images of us in my head,
But the only place I'll be tied up in is on your bed.

Every time I'm with you, I become insane,
There is a very thin line between pleasure and pain.
Torture me, bring me to the edge and leave me aching,
Darling, my body is yours for the taking.

Then I bring you to the edge, no release,
Till you beg your mistress and get down on your knees.
But tonight, I surrender, take charge, and command me,
Fiery hellish passion, it was meant to be.

Monsoon!

To the tunes of the monsoon breeze,
Dance the lush green trees.
The water drops fall on their leaves,
Washing away their worries.

I fancy that these raindrops can talk,
For they can call the peacock,
And get his majesty to spread his wings,
Ah such magnificent things!

Before meeting her lover that heaven sent,
The earth puts on a lovely scent.
So just before the water hits the ground,
A lovely fragrance is around.

Those dark clouds play with flashy lightning,
Unaware that thunder's frightening.
Thunderous applause what a fun game of tennis!
Below, my city turns into Venice.

Seasons of Sin

You're fresh, like a splash of cold water,
In the scorching summer heat.
You're warm like a cup of hot chocolate,
A wintery night's delicious treat.

You're vibrant, like the leaves that had fallen,
In the autumn, from the trees.
You're fragrant, like a floral garden in spring,
Whence come the humming of bees.

Your arms around me feel better,
Than his ring 'round my finger.
You are that fallen angel,
Who's turned me into a sinner.

How is it goodbye?

How is it goodbye?

How is it goodbye if I still see you,

Every single time I close my eyes.

How is it goodbye if I laugh out loud,

At five-year-old jokes told by you.

How is it goodbye?

How is it goodbye if I can feel your hand,

Wrapped perfectly around mine.

How is it goodbye if I can hear your voice,

Whispering sweet nothings in my ear.

How is it goodbye?

How is it goodbye if I can still taste you,

And your cigarettes on my lips.

How is it goodbye if you are gone now,

But my love still lives?

My yellow, Franprix umbrella

I left my yellow, Franprix umbrella, in a tram in Milan.
I could go on forever about the beauty of the trams in Milan.
About how it feels historic yet refreshing.
But this is not about me, or Milan.
This is about my yellow, Franprix umbrella.

I hope my umbrella spends the rest of its life travelling,
In Milan, the city I fell in love with.
I hope it makes more memories there than I could.
I hope someone finds it.

I hope it finds someone who loves it more than I ever did.
I hope it finds someone who would never forget it on a tram in Milan.
I hope it finds someone who brings it with them everywhere they go.
Someone who doesn't hide it away in a dark cupboard.
Someone who is not ashamed to use it in public even when it's just drizzling.
Someone who could help my umbrella travel more and see the delights of the world.
Someone who could help it meet other beautiful umbrellas.
I hope it meets someone who helps it forget it was ever mine,
Even if I will always remember it as the yellow, Franprix umbrella that was once mine.

I Would Choose You

I would choose you in every life,
I would choose you to be the king of my heart.
If you'd have me, I'll be your wife,
It is with you I want my new life to start.

In your arms, I would choose to die,
And I'd choose you to be the death of me.
A thousand times I would sin and lie,
If it meant together, we could finally be.

After your loving embrace I knew,
Even against God, I would choose you.
Because you are grass and I am dew,
You are the sun, and I am its golden hue.

You're the play and I'm the bard.
You're the full moon, and I the dark night.
The perfect partners in every regard,
You the rain-soaked street, and me the streetlight.

Together, our beauty could touch the skies,
But it is a beauty that not everyone can see.
Sometimes invisible even to your eyes,
Forever hidden, because you didn't choose me.

I would choose you in every life,
Even if you refuse me every single time.
Even if it cuts my heart like a knife,

I shall choose you in every life,
Even if you never choose me.

Even If We Can't

I would dance even if you didn't want to
But I'd rather dance with you.
I would dance with you even if we had two left feet,
During a rainstorm on an empty street.

I will sing along to every single song,
And I'd rather you hum along,
Even if our voices sound like the cawing of crows,
Let's perform before the curtains close.

I will paint a pretty picture of you,
And I'll be your muse too.
Even if it resembles the work of a three-year old,
Who was shivering from a cold.

Let's sing and dance, and laugh and cry,
Even if we can't, let's just try.
Before we turn into the butt of a cigarette,
Burnt out and full of regret.

Forgotten

I fear that the day I disappear,
The day that I turn to ashes,
And my body returns to earth,
I shall be forgotten forever.

That no memory of mine would live,
Among any of the people alive,
And the few who know of my existence,
Would soon cease to exist.

Will anyone ever look at the soil,
And wonder who it was before?
Will anyone ever look at the river,
And wonder whose tears flowed?

Will anyone ever look at a rainbow,
And remember that I loved them so.
Will anyone ever look at children,
And remember how I wanted my own.

Will anyone remember the person,
Who wrote of love and death,
In poems that not many had read.
How long before I merge with oblivion?

I know that the life I live will be short,
The memory of me would last a bit more,
But it will soon end too, nothing I can do.
And all I wish is to never have to wish,
To have lived better before.

It was once beautiful

How they look their best,
These golden autumn leaves,
Right before they fall to death,
Leaving behind naked trees.

How they shine extra bright,
The far-away, twinkling stars,
Right before they burn out,
Leaving dull white dwarves.

How they look so whimsical,
The waterlilies by Monet,
Right before he died,
As his vision went away.

And this makes me think of us,
How beautiful are me and you.
How we have grown so much.
But beauty is mortal too.

And when the time inevitably comes,
For our entwined hearts to shatter,
Who will be left to pick the pieces?
I wonder will it matter,
That we were once beautiful.

I don't miss you anymore

I don't miss you anymore,
I don't miss talking to you at all,
Conversations that lasted for hours,
About life, death, God, or a phone call.

It doesn't hurt as bad anymore,
I don't miss the midnight walks or movie nights,
Memories carved into my mind,
Of your room, my home, the one with fairy lights.

I don't miss knowing you anymore,
Knowing you as well as I knew myself,
How we could converse with just a wink,
How I knew all the books on your shelf.

We don't know each other anymore,
Because if we did, you would know,
How everything I just said was a lie.
And I would know that you never believed it anyway.
And we both know that sometimes,
We just think about each other and cry.

A love letter to Palaiseau

They tell me how they hate you,
How they can't stand your dull grey skies,
And I nod my head in agreement,
But at my head's betrayal, my heart cries.

How could I ever hate you?
How could I hate the place I found my family,
Not in blood but by choice,
The place with memories, happy, sad, and silly.

They say there isn't much to see,
But I have never seen more vibrant rainbows,
Than in your sunset hues skies,
Or a more mystical thing than your Willow's boughs.

I know they will suffer soon,
When they leave you, they too shall ache,
For whom they were with you,
Maybe they'll ridicule you, but it will all be fake.

And if they never knew you,
That would be a punishment hard enough,
For me to take pity on them,
And not wish them ahead a life, long and tough.

Obsession Part 3

If you ever look into my eyes
You would only see yourself,
And you would find with it,
The only sliver of truth,
In the myth of true love.
And you would understand,
Why I have her blood on my hand,
Because time slips away like grains of sand,
And I couldn't let you waste them,
On a girl with that headband.
If you ever feel the touch of my lips,
You would know the taste,
Of the best medicine in the world,
Of a true love's kiss.
And you would understand exactly why,
A horrible death that girl had to die.
You know I'm insane, but 'tis only for you,
That I'd give my life and take someone's too.

When She Comes Again

I should've known she was here,
Because I looked at the beautiful sky,
The shining sun, and heard sweet bird songs,
But couldn't find it in me to smile.

I should've known she was here,
Because getting out of bed was hard,
As hard as inhaling air underwater, impossible,
And my blanket seemed to be made of lead.

I should've known she was here,
When the insides of my mind transformed,
Into the vast empty chaos that fills this Universe,
Every word disappearing into a black hole.

I should've known she was here,
The moment I felt the fieriest rage in me,
The flames of which turned all in my path to ashes,
As I unflinchingly watched the destruction.

I should've known she was here,
When every single part of me ached,
As if I was bruised and being beaten to death,
And I was completely defenceless.

I should've known she was here,
When I wanted to cry at everything and nothing,
When I felt like the living dead had escaped her grave,
But I only knew when I saw the red.

My worst enemy

Pen in my hand, I sit down to write.
Determined to not go down without a fight.
The battle hero is also my worst enemy.
These words, the weapons I use against me.

She strikes on dark midnights like this,
Suffocating my smile with a resounding hiss.
"You're neither pretty nor smart", says she.
"Unworthy of love and trust", I agree.

Yes, she had caught me at my weakest,
Sitting alone with my thoughts the bleakest.
Caught me wounded by a friend's words,
Words said or unsaid, the sharpest swords.

But even hurt, I have good swordsmanship,
So, I'll heal and fight using my penmanship.
"If I can trust, I am worthy of trust".
I'll fight her with these words if I must.

"If I can love, then of love I'm deserving",
These are words she finds terribly unnerving.
Slowly but surely, her defences start to crumble,
Her voice fades as she starts to stumble.

But she is the strongest enemy I've faced,
She might have weakened but seems unfazed.
She attacks again, this time with memories,
Vividly replaying all the saddest stories.

The times I've screamed and wept and cried,
The times I realized that love had died,
The times I wondered what I did wrong,

And thought I was the problem all along.

But the past reminds me I've grown.
Sad memories too, I'm proud to own.
Those tears were just the price of laughter,
Most laughs were worth it, I realized after.

And I call in the reinforcements, my friends,
Who promise to love me till this world ends.
Together we fight her till she is battered,
My smile grows, her plans are shattered.

She retreats as laughter escapes my mouth,
Muttering non-sensical words uncouth.
She might return, but for now I've won.
My wounds are healed, all doubts gone.

The Friendship I Hold, the Love I Hide

It's my favourite weather, a bright yet stormy sky and a rainbow.
Sitting in front of my favourite person, if only you could know,
All the things I feel about you, the stolen glances, the words I could never say,
If I told you the truth from the depths of my heart, would you decide to stay?

Anyways, I shall never be brave enough to bare my heart out to you,
But this friendship must be enough for me, and I guess for you too.
If you look carefully at yourself in the reflection on my dark eyes,
You would see the handsomest man, someone extremely wise.

You would see yourself surrounded by the magic of your charm,
A peek into my dreams, you would see my arm in your arm.
But I won't let you look into my eyes, a clear window to my soul,
That my deepest desire is just a day with you and an evening stroll.

There exists nothing that could measure just how deeply I have fallen,
It wasn't even your pretty face that could leave me crestfallen.
It was how I learned so much from you every single time we talked,
It was the excited spring in each step you took when you walked.

It was the twinkle in your bright eyes, filled with unveiled mirth,
To me you have the prettiest, most beautiful smile on planet earth.
But we know each other too well now, you are also my dear friend,
All these feelings have brought me down to my wit's end.

My emotions are so beautiful, but I wish they'd cease to exist,
Emotions without expression, my mind has begun to resist,
The irrationality of all my thoughts, these hopeful delusions,
I just want to know your truth in this world of illusions.

But for me this beautiful blissful ignorance must be enough,
To take your rejection gracefully, I know I am not that tough.
This friendship is enough for me, and I guess for you too,

But one day I will move on and be a happy memory to you.

Or maybe, just maybe, I could pour my heart out to you,
And maybe, just maybe you could learn to love me too.

Falling

We have just met, but I fear the hurt,
That I am sure to feel when we part ways.
You had nice eyes, and I just love to flirt,
But flirting became falling in just a few days.

And I let myself fall, as if I knew how to fly,
But I don't, so please, I'm begging you to save me
Save me from believing in a beautiful lie,
Or say that you're falling too, and you don't hate me.

If I don't stop falling and I don't grow wings,
I'll slam onto the ground; it could leave me paralysed.
I would go mad, confused about all things,
So, I overthink, no witty remark is left unanalysed.

Don't remain the friend I never forget,
Don't become a memory that never happened,
Don't become the dream that I regret,
Don't leave the diamond in me blackened.

Do your lips taste like cigarettes?

Questions running through my mind,
How'd we look when intertwined?
Are your hands big compared to mine?
How do I tell you, "You look fine"?

Tell me something,
Do your lips taste like cigarettes,
that you smoke only on the weekends?

Tell me one thing,
Have you ever had any regrets,
About being just friends?

*I wanna smoke
from that cigarette
that just touched your lips,
It's as close as I can get
to giving you a kiss.*

And I wish something would happen,
That you would see me laughin'
Fall for me, come through crashin'
And tell me "You look dazzling."

Tell me something,
Do your lips taste like cigarettes,
that you smoke only on the weekends?

Tell me one thing,
Have you ever had any regrets,
About being just friends?

Now we're in a party,

*And I'm moving my hips,
You're as close as you can get
Without giving me a kiss.*

And when I asked you for a dance,
You said there is not a chance,
In a navy shirt and black pants,
They were playing bad romance.

Tell me something,
Do your lips taste like cigarettes,
that you smoke only on the weekends?

Tell me one thing,
Have you ever had any regrets,
About being just friends?

*Something changed,
that night,
Your eyes were on my lips,
And just a few days later,
You were giving me a kiss.*

No more questions in my mind,
And our hands are intertwined,
Yeah, yours are big compared to mine,
And now you tell me "You look fine".

I'll tell you something,
Your lips do taste like cigarettes,
that you smoked on the weekends.

I'll tell you one thing,
I will never let you regret,
Being more than just friends.

I Want To Know You

I want to know you better,
Better than I could ever know myself.
I want to memorize,
Every book that sits on your shelf.
I want to know the colour,
Of every shirt in your wardrobe.
And I want to know about,
Your every dream and hope.
I want to hear the sweetness,
In the sound of your rumbling laughter.
Even when you're not here,
But my mind keeps replaying it after.
I want to see you smile,
And know which joke you'll make.
When you say you're okay,
I want to know whether that's fake.
I want to know your thoughts,
From the slight twitch in your right eye.
And know if you need a hug,
From merely the sound of your sigh.
And I want to know how,
Your touch remains so gentle,
In a world that's so rough,
How did I find a beautiful angel?
I want to know you better,
Better than everyone else in this world,
Better than your own mother,
Better than I know myself,
So well, that you cannot be sure,
If I am not just a mirror,
In which you see your own soul.

Like A Girl

I eat like a girl,
I eat more than my brother does.
I talk like a girl,
I talk about dresses and make a fuss.

I think like a girl,
I think about everyone but myself.
I read like a girl,
A hundred unread books on my shelf.

I'm just a dumb girl,
Who likes chess and physics and math,
I'm just a chill girl,
Who would really like a bubble bath.

I'm the pick-me girl,
Because most of my friends are guys.
I'm the girl's girl,
The makeup's smudged around your eyes.

I watch sports like a girl,
Those FIFA world cup football matches,
I go crazy like a girl,
Watching cricket players dropping catches.

I dance like a girl,
People think I have two left legs,
I cook like a girl,
I will burn a dish with just eggs.

But I hurt like a girl,
I cry myself to sleep at night.
And I love like a girl,

I love with all my strength and might.

A Man Raised by a Woman

You are a man raised by a woman,
Better than a man written by one.
You know the strength of a woman,
But you know when she needs someone.

So, I'll cook you a delicious meal,
And let you help with the dishes,
And slowly, your heart I will steal,
As you give me sweet forehead kisses.

I'm not someone weak and feeble.
That is something I try to prove,
I always opened doors for people,
But now that's something I'll let you do.

And you know that I am strong,
So, I never even have to fight.
And I know sometimes I'm wrong,
But you still say, "Darling you're right".

You are a man raised by a woman,
Better than a man written by one.

Your arms are my sweet home,
Your voice, my favourite song,
I can break down these walls,
Because with you I don't need to be strong

You said you like me

You said you like me and today I wish,
I could see myself from your eyes.
I wish today I could have,
The same bright smile on my face,
That appears on yours,
Whenever you look at me.

You say that I am kind,
But I have known many much kinder than me.
My kindness is merely a drop of water,
In front of the ocean that they are.

You say that I am sweet,
But I have learnt sweetness from my friends,
Who are sweeter to me than nectar is to bees.
Their sweetness fills me.

You say that I am funny,
But you have not heard my worst jokes,
Neither have you heard my best ones,
Which ones made you laugh?

You say you like me,
But you have not seen the best of me,
Neither have you seen the worst.
How? Why? What?

What is it that I did?
What is it that I should continue doing,
To stop myself from worrying,
That the smile on your face from the sight of me,
Will soon disappear.

Love, Power, and Fear

You fell first, but I fell harder,
And I wouldn't even wish this fate,
On my arch-enemy's daughter,
But for me, it's already too late.

I, the hopeless romantic,
I finally found my ray of hope.
And it indeed feels fantastic,
As life turns into a movie trope.

I find it so hard to believe,
When you say I'm sweet and kind.
But I know my hands feel lonely,
Without our fingers intertwined.

I try to scare you away,
Lay my insecurities in front of you bare,
I feel naked but hope you stay,
You stay and tell me you care.

How could I give you such power,
I was helpless, you must've tricked me.
Your sweetness made my fears cower,
The girl that taught you, who was she?

But you give me power too,
To fight my problems and face my fears,
Because I know I have you,
My insecurities start to disappear.

Goodnight My Dearest!

I wish you my dearest,
The most peaceful sleep tonight,
Without my caresses to wake you,
Without my little love bites.

Sleep tight my dearest,
A dreamless restful sleep,
For once I return, you'll get none,
Of that tranquil quiet you seek.

If you dream my dearest,
Do not dream of my face,
For it will rob you of a peaceful sleep,
Yet would pale in comparison,
To the passion in my embrace.

These four nights my dearest,
I hope you shall sleep like the dead,
Without a care for anyone alive,
With much more space on your bed.

I promise you my dearest,
A promise I intend to keep,
I shall return four nights later,
And on the fifth you shall get no sleep.

We'll Clean the Mess

Hi there sweetheart!

I see some old tenants left their marks,
But don't worry we'll clean up the mess,
Without changing the rest.

Fix those broken windows,
Wipe the ketchup off the walls,
Turn the table back upright,
Get a new carpet for the hall.

A bit of work's needed on the first-floor,
But we'll have fun together, I'm sure,
Mopping and dusting to a country song.
Just step-back and admire how it's standing strong.

We'll make a mosaic out of broken mugs,
Move the bird's nest to the window sill,
But maybe kick the roaches out,
And get a cat which doesn't sit still

And you can open the hidden door,
To the untouched second floor,
That you say I'm the first to see,
And I'm as honoured as can be.

Please read to me from a dusty book,
As I explore every cranny and nook.
I'd like to get to know every brick,
Each one's important for the aesthetic.

I won't mess it up in a bad way,
But make it more lived in.
The sheets will definitely be untidy,

But warmer than they've ever been.

The state of disarray isn't your fault,
Don't worry, my house is messier,
We'll clean up both places,
And make them even sturdier.

We'll combine these houses,
Make them better than they've ever been.
Bring our joy, our warmth, make it comfortable,
A home for two to live in.

Laugh Line

When you laugh or smile there appears a crease,
Between your mouth and your left cheek.
Your face is so beautifully asymmetric at that moment,
I know for sure that you will have a deep laugh line there as you age.
I want to see it become more marked as the years pass by,
And I want to be the reason that it becomes,
The most striking feature on your face.

Things that store our love

*There is a very long list,
Of things that store our love.
It's in the bracelet on my wrist,
It's in my necklace of amethyst,
That you gave me as precious gifts.*

*It's in the new, fragrant detergent,
That I bought to smell like you.
It's in the hickies on my collarbone,
It's in the shirt of yours that I loaned.
It's in the poem you wrote called "Home".*

*It's also in your little keychain,
Our first Valentine's.
It's in the roses on your table,
It's in the shared charging cables.
It's in our memories of shared fables.*

*It's in the planning of holidays,
We can't yet afford.
It's in asking "How was your day?",
It's in sharing the pain of yesterday,
It's in being vulnerable together today.*

*It's in the pretty smile on your face,
That appears at my sight.
It's holding hands in the hallways,
It's in texts that make my heart race,
It's in the promises of forever and always.*

*This is a non-exhaustive list,
Of things that store our love.
There's still our every single kiss,*

*All the soul crushing hugs,
It's in the crazy tickle fights,
It's in the cuddling at night,
It's in how all of this feels perfectly right.*

The home I dream of

*Imagine a house next to the river,
Surrounded by lush green trees,
That almost grow into the house.*

*Imagine waking up to the sound of rushing water,
To the sweet, insistent chirping of birds,
And opening your eyes to see me sleeping soundly,
Wrapped in your arms, in your comfort, safety and warmth.*

*Imagine all of that darling, and tell me,
Tell me if you want it all too.
Because there is no house, I could dream of,
That could be a home without you.*

Yes or No?

Just leave me be, don't lead me on,
I think of you the first thing every dawn.
I don't ask for a lot, a simple yes or no,
This long wait has me feeling a little low.
I question, do I even like you anymore?
In my chest, there's a dull throbbing sore.
But the sore isn't too bad, it's bearable,
To get back up, I know I am capable.
And that's how I know, I never loved you,
Even if right now I feel a little blue.

The Girl Who Came Before Me

I want to know about her.

*The girl who came before me,
The one who didn't treat you right,
The one who stole your light.*

*I reminded you of her,
Gave you a sense of déjà vu.
Do you sometimes remember her still,
Whenever you look out the window sill?*

*Do you love me more?
More than you ever loved her?
Did I help you forgive and forget?
Did I help you heal yet?*

*Is it too early?
Is the wound still too fresh?
Do you still have a special place,
In your heart, for her face?*

*I torture myself,
My insecurities scream loud.
When I compare myself to the ghost,
Of a person I know nothing about.*

*Was she prettier?
Was she smarter?
Was she all you ever wanted?*

*She took so much,
Did she ever give?
Or just left you feeling haunted?*

*How could she mess it up so bad?
Where did she go so wrong?
In what regard did she lack?
If I was the one who'd fumbled you,
I'd be begging you to take me back.*

*I guess she was blind,
Couldn't see your beauty.
I guess she was too cold,
Couldn't feel your warmth.*

*But I am grateful for her mistakes,
And I hope I have what it takes,
To keep you forever by my side,
I wear my heart on a sleeve,
I have absolutely nothing to hide.*

*I love you like she never could,
I need you like she never did,
I'll treat you like she never would,
Let them flow, the tears you hid.*

*Come into my arms, I'll hold you tight,
I won't let go throughout the night.
My insecurities couldn't stop me,
From loving you till eternity.*

Miss Me

*I am a woman, selfish and vain,
And I hope you writhe in pain,
The pain of distance, pain of yearning,
Memories of kisses leave your skin burning.*

*I hope I torture you in your dreams,
Tease you a little then leave you be,
Whisper promises I won't keep,
Be the thief who steals your sleep.*

*I hope you miss my freezing hands,
And how they'd sneak up on your back.
Do you miss my giggles and finger wiggles?
Right before the fearsome tickle attack.*

*I am a woman, soft and kind,
Still, I hope you lose your mind.
I hope you see me everywhere.
Close your eyes and picture,
Running your fingers through my hair.*

*Miss me with burning desire,
Miss me with your heart on fire.
Miss me with a tortured mind,
And I'll miss you back in kind.*

Do not yearn for me

*All a woman wants is to be yearned,
But you do not have to yearn for me darling.
You must not yearn for me,
Because yearning is uncertainty, distance, and pain.*

*There is no uncertainty in our love,
It is unwavering, it is constant, it is boring.
It is a factual truth of the timeless kind,
The kind that Romeo and Juliet couldn't find.*

*The kind of love that calms the mind,
The kind that makes teenage love look unrefined.
The kind that stays till one of us dies,
The kind that makes you wonder how quickly time flies.*

*Not the kind that magically appeared,
But the kind that's built with stones carved by smiles and tears.
It's built with memories of tickles and laughter,
It's built with a fireplace of cuddles and breakfast the morning after.*

*The kind that's hidden in your keychain,
The kind that makes me stay longer and miss the train.
Not a love like a storm that's violent,
But one that calms my fears and makes my mind silent.*

*Do not yearn for me dearest,
But do tell me in earnest,
Did you perhaps think of me,
When a purple flower you did see?
Do you think of me in the moments;
That pass between two seconds?*

Space and Grace

*My greatest fear is knowing the sound of your laugh,
Knowing that you're my better half,
But having to pretend I never did.
Sometimes, when you say you need some space,
I'm afraid my worst fear's taking place,
And when you tell me you're tired,
I get angry tears on my face.
For times like that darling,
Please save me some of your grace.
I know that in times like those,
You wish no one would come close,
But I stay there like a ghost.
It's a house that's haunted,
But it's the home you wanted.
And I'll leave you be for a little while,
If you tell me you'll be back tomorrow,
Even if my eyes will stay on the dial,
I won't feel that deep lonely sorrow,*

*If you just give me your word,
Tell me I'm your whole world,
Promise that you're all mine,
I'll leave you be for that time.
Tell me you love me dear,
That you shall soon be here,
Hold me as close as can be,
Say you'll never leave me.
I fear knowing your eyes are grey not blue-green,
Knowing you're the only one who'll ever make me feel seen.
But pretending I never knew it.
Sometimes, I think about how home is not a place,
It's your hands hugging my face,
Lifting it up for a sloppy kiss,*

*Completely lacking all grace.
Times are different now darling,
I'm not afraid of your need for space.
And now in times like these,
You say "Darlin' I need some space please",
But first, you give my hand a squeeze.
My fears they don't taunt me,
Those insecurities don't haunt me.
You just give me your word,
Tell me I'm your whole world,
Promise that you're all mine,
And I leave you be for that time.
You tell me you love me dear,
That you shall soon be here,
Squeeze me as tight as can be,
And say you won't ever leave me.*