

# 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.

## summary

A Murderer?s Tale

You?ve come too close my dear.

Mirror, mirror on the wall

Loving

My Soldier

Time Flies

Obsession: Part-1

Obsession: Part-2

Heartbreak

My mind?s out-of-control

To the girl who can make me cry

The old and the new

Hidden Melancholy

The death of us

My Religion

## 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,  
Fluttering 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.