

# Anthology of Cirawrites01



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*I dedicate this to everyone reading my poems...*

## **Acknowledgement**

I thank my friends who supported me and helped me improve with their suggestions, thanks so much all

## About the author

Expressing my feelings through poems...

## summary

POV: A woman

POV: A man

"Reflections of a Scarred Teen"

"Between love and friendship"

"The Weight of Despair"

"The Voice Within"

"The Silent War"

"Lips Without a Voice"

"What is Poetry?"

"A Regular Teen"

"The Wrath Within"

"Nature's Lullaby"

## POV: A woman

Imperfection,  
she called herself;  
her name often tagged,  
her beauty was pure;  
jealousy and hatred,  
the perfect body to adore;  
something the sort of tiny and petite;  
corsets and their tiny lil' waists,

thick thighs were not allowed to touch;  
as we embrace to look thin,  
our features lie not true;  
attraction to a perception,  
first glance, true love,  
judged am I upon my appearance;  
pretty privileges;  
hair on legs considered manly;

I cannot live in my wrath;  
a hoarse voice known not as feminine shall be soften;  
scars my experience from what I learned is ugly,  
the body like a porcelain doll desired and shapened by men;  
what society is this,  
the living to which everything is limited,

flat-chested like a wooden board, no butt;  
a mole would perhaps enhance my face,  
the lips not to tiny, not to big,  
just the right for a perfect kiss;  
straight hair as plain as can be,  
some fair curls to volumize the size;

tiny feet scrutinized to be elegant;

and all those filthy meager lies told by "them";  
to be as "perfect";  
to be that women,  
the one all loved and cherished;  
the one made by the society,  
never have I truly loved myself...

## POV: A man

Imperfection,  
he called himself;  
his name often popular,  
the burden weighed upon his manly-shoulder;  
Am I the true successor of this family;

no facial hair or a mustache meant I was not matured,  
my lil' dreams compared with highly expectations  
as I lie trapped in the abyss raised by others;  
all of the finance,  
the money single-handedly for I have to bring;  
the ability to grow a beard;

a good sense-of-style,  
a clearcut profile, a handsome young man;  
to have a defined set of six-pack-abs,  
a fit and strong man not weak and lonely;  
I was told to grow up, to not fear;  
to not query others;  
and I question if I am a incapable to match this world;

where do I stand amongst' all;  
everyone's eyes and hearts filled with hopes  
that I'd do great and bring the bounty home;  
I notice the other men, abusive,  
wickedly-thoughts, drinkards;  
not all considered like this,  
some men were good-hearted and wanted a "change"

so peculiar to clear up this brainwashed society like me;  
I promised myself to not be like "them";  
now I grew-up well,  
looking back at my thoughts;



time changes and with all the pressure suffocating me,  
I broke my promise;  
I became like other men...

## "Reflections of a Scarred Teen"

Normal Human thighs  
just grow my insecurity high  
from skinny to fat  
ugly to pretty  
to not having a chest and so called 'flat'

The world and its perspective  
always there to judge you  
and it all feels blue  
If only we were accepted the way we were  
Then I wouldn't be compared to the expectations of her

I look in the mirror and  
I see a familiar face  
trying so hard to cope up  
and live in this rat race

She tries so hard to be seen  
And now she's a scarred teen  
She has always been

And still wonders if she'll ever be free  
Free from this wretched place  
Maybe one day she will find internal peace  
But nothing can diminish  
the crystal crease.

## "Between love and friendship"

Love, love, love  
it's like a fallen dove  
from thinking of a person  
to being heartbroken.

To the feelings i buried deep inside  
confession's a fear i cannot hide  
The way u see me would change  
And the distance remains at a far range.

Each day, Each thought  
And i know you'd never be mine  
Now i just look and i rot  
I couldn't bring us on the same line

Friendship is a beautiful bond,  
Yet here I stand, quietly fond.  
I drown in words I'll never say,  
Afraid they'll make you walk away.

Friendship is a fragile thread  
A bond I'll never dare to shred.  
I'll bear the ache and keep it near  
And let my love stay silent here.

The years will pass by  
As i stare into your eye  
All of it kept locked  
All those words blocked.

Maybe I'll break it  
I'll try bit by bit  
But now I'll let it rest

All heavy on my chest.

## "The Weight of Despair"

The voice in my head  
tempting me to stay in bed,  
Just lying there,  
Lost in empty air.

But when I awake,  
I cannot shake  
This feeling to make  
Those red marks  
On my dusky skin  
With the sharp pin.

I know its wrong  
And unhealthy,  
"I listen to this song"  
That breaks me deep within,  
"Telling me not commit such sin"

I can't with all this,  
But this weight, a twisted bliss,  
A silence I can't dismiss-  
Just all bottled up in my head  
waiting to be found dead.

I wake up with no purpose  
And look at pictures with black rose  
My vision's all fuzzy and blurred,  
and i feel unheard.

Should i do it again?  
This time, cuts remain deeper,  
Perhaps a sharper tool for pain.  
I drown in tides of my own making,

Waves pulling me under.

And i question: "Am i still living?"

I dream of vanishing,

Fleeting glimpses of another life,

Where joy once danced, free of strife,

A shadow of hope that slips away,

Yet I yearn for it to stay."

I remember slightly,

Not vivid memories,

"Where i was happy",

Living in a state of serenities.

But where is that lost hope

All these emotions i can't cope

A question, echoing in silence,

Waiting for an answer I'll never hear.

Yet I hold onto the faintest light,

Hoping it might draw near.

## "The Voice Within"

I slumber under a cozy veil,  
Dreams unveil many trails,  
Each one whispers, calls to me,  
Saying it's a wide sea,  
And I can choose to be.

But then the morning sun,  
Gets me up for my daily run,  
The mirror reflects,  
No visible status yet.  
"No future, no worth," my mind repeats,  
Generations' echoes, in defeat.

"Am I strong enough for the fight?"  
Or will I fall in the dead of night?  
Their words hitting sharper,  
Buried deeper, tearing farther.  
A path already chosen for me,  
But 'tis not the path I choose for my glee.

My dreams reveal endless roles,  
Guiding me toward brighter goals.  
But it's not the one I take,  
It's moving with no brake.

Another life, I will change,  
Living in my own range,  
This time no one to force,  
And I follow my own course.

The road ahead may be unclear,  
But I'll walk it without fear.  
In the silence, I'll find my voice,

A path to follow, a new choice.  
No more chains to hold me tight,  
I'll write my story, take my flight.



## "The Silent War"

What's the point of having a voice,  
when i can't scream or yell by choice,  
They tell me it's safe to confide,  
But deep inside, I know it's not a safe ride.  
I keep it all hidden, buried within,  
As I continue to live in sin.

They don't know how I carry this pain,  
They stopped the hitting, but the scars remain.  
It was their form of discipline,  
But all I wanted was for them to listen in.  
Somehow it was all normal in this country,  
And i had to live with this debris.

At a young age,  
I felt locked in a cage,  
I saw kids playing out,  
And i was shutout,  
But trust me they were nice to me,  
They let me be free.

Just not in the way i'd known,  
I'd broken many bones,  
Bruised many times,  
It was a big crime,  
But i was treated with love and care,  
Fair and square.

Along the road, my brother came along,  
And the love for him was more strong,  
I felt unseen, unheard and lost,  
Did I have to pay such cost?  
I was told I didn't need attention,

But that only fed my growing tension.

I was told how to do things,  
And I had my wings,  
But that didn't mean i was capable,  
I felt more breakable,  
I started to keep secrets,  
And played all fine on the crust.

It was how I tried to cope,  
But soon I tried the rope,  
Instead of me, my brother got hurt,  
It was my dirt,  
We were playing a game,  
And I am to blame.

Then I learned self-harm,  
Making marks on my arm,  
At seven, lost and playing the victim,  
My psychotic self lost in my system,  
I did it with a ball point pen,  
And counted to ten.

My cue to cry and wail,  
As he stood there all pale,  
I hated the love for him,  
So i broke his dim,  
I lied and cried,  
He saw a new side.

But I was putting it on him,  
It was very grim,  
An alternative approach, I tried music,  
My feelings had a place to feel realistic,  
It worked and i always had headphones in,  
I threw those emotions in the bin.

Years later, I returned to self-harm,  
The feeling, still familiar on my arm.  
Stapler, scissors?cutting in silence,  
I found my way in violence,  
The mental health was heavy,  
And is still unhealthy. But I stopped it all,  
I just needed someone to call,  
Yet no one was there to hear my plea,  
So I kept it locked, buried inside of me.  
Hiding my tears, I faced the fight,  
Silent in pain, hidden from light.

But that was in the past,  
I remember the old cast,  
How quickly it changed, too fast,  
Grateful it didn't last,  
Now here I am, pen in hand,  
Narrating the story I couldn't withstand.

## "Lips Without a Voice"

It's hard to watch from so far,  
All of it locked in a jar,  
The words I wish I could say,  
But hope keeps fading away.  
My heart trembles at the thought of you,  
I doubt you see me in that view,  
I fear the fall,  
Yet dream of dancing with you in the hall.  
Thoughts of you linger, tied in my mind,  
Like a thread that's pulling, strong and kind,  
I know so much of you, it's true,  
But all I really want is you.

Is this called it true love,  
It feels like peace, soft as a dove,  
But i am lost in this feeling,  
Caught in a dream, silently reeling.  
Every smile, every glance you throw,  
Leaves me wondering if you'll ever know.  
The secret I've kept, hidden so deep,  
Will I find the courage to make it leap?

## "What is Poetry?"

What is Poetry?

Is it always having to rhyme,  
To keep lines in boundaries,  
And not completely saying it all.

What is Poetry?

A safe place to pour out your feelings,  
A vent escape on paper,  
And words to describe them.

What is Poetry?

A culture from generations,  
A muse for the poet,  
To see how far we've written.

What is Poetry?

Hoping they would read your poems,  
Just to be recognised from all that pain,  
To be saved from your own mind.

What is Poetry?

It's beautiful how we notice things about them,  
But not have the same done for us,  
After all a poem's gotta be out someone or something.

What is Poetry?

Deep hidden meanings in simple words,  
Etched in darker thoughts,  
Or maybe hope fleeting away.

What is Poetry?

A key to my heart, A door to my mind,

A place no one shall enter,  
Kept away in solace.

What is Poetry?  
Maybe a debate,  
A discussion ongoing with yourself,  
It is one-sided.

What is Poetry?  
Writing a raw first draft that's never published,  
Or keeping it so real it's all understood,  
But it's impeccable, imperfectly perfect.

What is Poetry?  
A beautiful craft of creation,  
Resonating impossible connections,  
It is art in the eyes of the poet.

What is Poetry?  
I don't know but i write poems,  
They help me express all those emotions,  
But at the end of the day I'm just a poet,  
I'd never be a poem in anyone's view...

So Alas, What is Poetry?

## "A Regular Teen"

I said, "I wanna grow up fast",  
But now I regret my past,  
I started to wheeze,  
And not fucking breathe.

All I wanna do is go back to bed,  
And let it all flow in red,  
The smile is a mask,  
That I endure during every task.

Mental issues are suffocating my mind,  
And I'm scared of being left behind,  
I tried to erase my presence,  
Coz I had no essence.

Never hitting alcohol or smoke,  
Everywhere I end up being "the joke",  
Where is the life I planned,  
All stories left in the sand.

Movies, 2000s core, edgy teens,  
A place far left away than seen,  
I have caused many troubles,  
I remember blowing bubbles.  
Sneaking out to parties, trying new stuff,  
More like sitting home in jail and cuffed,  
Ah, it's just a dream,  
All of it, a fucking dream.

## "The Wrath Within"

Bleeding times, ruthless measures,  
All of that immense pressure,  
Suffering in silence,  
Commencing to the violence.

Laughing through the pain,  
The patterns form a chain,  
Through every storm, I change my tarp,  
As my edges turn razor-sharp.

Power restored in my hands,  
When i take on land,  
An internal war,  
Raging onshore.

Tied to their demands,  
Drowned in sinking sands,  
A puppet, a pawn,  
But not for long.

A lost soul of hope,  
Holding tight on this rope,  
The wrath under my skin,  
Will break generations of within.



## "Nature's Lullaby"

Nature, oh how beautiful you are,  
No one understands your pain,  
The cruel world takes from you,  
Humans aren't worth what you are,  
The withered trees calling for help,  
The bright colours shining in pride,  
The sun rays ever so orange and red,  
The strong emotion of waves pulling,  
The brown and gooey mud to play in,  
The smell of rain cold and fresh,  
And those sharp thunderstorms,  
Heavy hails falling down like balls of snow,  
And soft petals of flowers in the meadows,  
Green leaves of darker and lighter shades,  
The trees tell stories as they age,  
The animals out in the wild,  
Crickets chirping at night,  
And the owls howling away,  
The dusk and dawn to live for,  
The speck and spark of stars in the sky,  
The clouds all grey and scattered,  
The pleasant moon to look at,  
Heavy and soft winds on my skin,  
I feel every inch of you,  
You're exciting and enchanted,  
And your beauty is ethereal.  
Every Season, graceful in it's own,  
From the Earth to the sky,  
Your wonders never end,  
You're magical in every way,  
You're breathtaking,  
Your diaphanous harmony,  
Never fails to soothe my ears,

An eternal bliss of truth,  
Nature, You are an exquisite lullaby.

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