

Anthology of kheza

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

Humans

About the author

Half Human Half Angel

summary

Little squirrel

Silence Between Us

Feast Upon the Rich

Listen Son

Whispers in the Night

The Silent Echoes of Solitude

In Three Lives

Her Love, My Grave

Little squirrel

Little squirrel, you found another, and I am undone,
Your fleeting affections weave the strangest sorrow.
I cannot blame you, for we were apart,
But now we strive to undo what was done,
And it tortures me to see the one I love,
Linked to another.

We labor to mend this wound, yet some days,
The memory strikes me like a storm,
A wave of sadness engulfs me.
When will this ache fade away?
I believe, deep within, that when you are mine again,
This agony will vanish, for I trust you.
A mistake it was, unintended by both,
Though I ignited this fire.

How I wish to turn back time, to rewrite our story,
To refuse that break, to grant you the time you needed,
To insist we could mend, no matter what.
But here I stand, paying the price of regret.
You love me, and I love you,
Yet why does love weave such complexities?
How long until you fully accept me again?
When will my jealousy of the other fade?
Can we make it right this time?
Questions without answers, tormenting my soul.

I yearn for those days when our hearts were entwined,
Love is a marvel, love is a poison,
Seeping slowly, it kills.
Love needs more than itself,
It needs daily antidotes: trust, loyalty, persistence, forgiveness,
Or else it becomes lethal.

Here I lie, waiting for you, little squirrel,
To bring that cure, to breathe life into me again.
Will you manage it?
I trust you, I believe you will come with the antidote,
But what if the path is slippery? Will you reach me?
You are my only hope, my life,
For the storm in my mind is ravaging the garden of my soul.

Little squirrel, you unmasked me,
Revealed a world beyond black and white,
A world of colors.
Do I deserve you?
Am I worthy, am I growing for you?
Why do I feel like a time bomb, ready to explode,
To obliterate everything?
Please, come save me, little squirrel,
Bring me the antidote, grant me a second chance at life.
This time, I vow to do everything right:
To love you right, to hold you right,
To kiss you right, to face all darkness with you.
Yes, little squirrel, embrace me as grief grips a heart,
For I could write the saddest poems for you, little squirrel.

Silence Between Us

I wait in the shadows of your absence,
The echo of friendship ringing hollow.
Once, we were twin stars in the sky,
Guiding each other through the dark.
Now, your words come slowly,
Drifting like leaves in autumn winds.
You say you're lost in books,
But the silence speaks volumes.
I reply to your fleeting messages
With the haste of a heart still loyal,
While your replies wander through days,
Lost in the labyrinth of your new life.
I stand on the edge of our bond,
Not wanting to sever what once was pure.
Exhaustion tugs at my spirit,
Yet I fear being the one to end us.
Perhaps we can remain as distant stars,
Connected, but no longer burning together.
Friends, not best friends,
A softer glow in the vast expanse.
Still, I cherish what we had,
A friendship like the tender petals of spring.
But now, let us drift gently apart,
Finding new orbits, seeking new skies.

Feast Upon the Rich

Eat the rich, the top one percent,
Those who sit in thrones of gold,
Who play god without permission,
Deaf to the cries of the world.
They live in opulence, detached,
While the earth bleeds beneath them.
Congo's veins run dry, Gaza mourns,
The wounds of Palestine, Sudan's tears.
They weave their games in shadows,
Their laughter echoing over the graves.
Oblivious, uncaring, they think themselves divine,
Untouchable, their power a fortress.
But I, a whisper in the storm, vow this:
One day, I will rise from the ashes,
A tide of justice, relentless and true,
I will bring their citadels crashing down.
Eat the rich, their false divinity,
For I am the voice of the silenced,
The avenger of the broken,
And I will make them pay.
Their time will come, the reckoning near,
They will fall from their pedestals,
Their reign of cruelty ended,
By the hands of those they scorn.
One day, they will taste the hunger they ignored,
Feel the pain they inflicted.
Eat the rich, for their empire of greed
Will crumble, and justice will be served.

Listen Son

My son, listen, for lust is a blinding light,
A fire that has consumed kings in its might.
I have walked this road, bargained with devils,
Shaken hands with shadows, passed by their revels.
Tame that beast inside, quell its fiery bite.
Love, I tell you, is a painful thorn,
Overrated in the morn and forlorn.
One day, a world right, the next, a place strange,
Love shifts like shadows, with a treacherous range.
Some days, my son, for the greater good be reborn.
They always leave, these fleeting illusions,
Fade like whispers, in silent conclusions.
They forget, as shadows turn to night,
And you become a stranger, out of sight.
Don't lose your life for ephemeral fusions.
Understand, son, the world's cruel designs,
They come programmed, with love's fragile signs.
Do not let them devour your soul's light,
Hold steady, keep your heart's true might.
Life's worth more than these deceptive lines.

Whispers in the Night

In the quiet of the night, I cry,
A river of sorrow, a heart's lament,
Each tear a verse, a silent sigh,
In a world where burdens never relent.
Is this survival or is it pain,
The weight of existence, a crushing stone?
I am lost in a relentless rain,
A soul adrift, a heart alone.
I've built walls, a fortress of despair,
Distance an armor, but it cuts deep,
Even my love, to her I can't share,
The ache that lingers, the nights I weep.
God, why test me with this plight?
My strength falters, I grow weak,
The shadows lengthen, consuming light,
I search for solace, for words you speak.
What if I fail in this endless fight,
Where challenges gather, an unyielding tide?
I've learned dark habits in the dead of night,
In the battle of life, where do I hide?
Each dawn, a new mountain to climb,
Overthinking, surviving, a weary tread,
Oh, God, in this verse, hear my rhyme,
I am tired, worn, by the life I've led.
Do not be silent in my darkest hour,
You've carried me far, don't let me fall,
I know you're watching, a hidden power,
In this endless struggle, I call.

The Silent Echoes of Solitude

In this empty world, I walk alone,
Bound by promises, to myself unknown.
Desperate to fit, to break my own rule,
To cast off the mask of the introverted fool.
I watch the social, their laughter in flight,
Admiring their ease, their effortless light.
Alone in my heart, a silent cry,
For friends I yearn, but barely try.
Boring, they say, my words too wise,
Conversations serious, devoid of disguise.
They call me intelligent, and then drift away,
Not wanting to leave, but unable to stay.
The weight of wisdom, a lonely crown,
In their presence, I feel cast down.
For intelligence, a double-edged sword,
Cuts deep, leaves me ignored.
Inside, the echo of solitude grows,
In this world, where my true self shows.

In Three Lives

If I had three lives,
I'd lose you in two.
In the first, I'd let you slip away,
too wrapped in my own fumbling,
too scared of the weight of your eyes.
I'd watch you disappear down crowded streets,
lost in the noise of strangers,
while I stayed behind,
tongue tied and wishing
I knew how to call you back.
In the second life,
I'd have you, but barely.
We'd sit in rooms filled with the silence
that settles when love is half-broken.
You'd smile, I'd pretend not to notice
how tired it looked,
and we'd tell ourselves it's enough
to stay this close.
But every time you left the room,
you'd take a piece of me with you.
Until one day there's nothing left but echoes.
In the last life,
I'd be alone,
sitting in a room too quiet,
writing you into the spaces
where my heart used to be.
I'd find traces of you in strangers,
a laugh too familiar,
a gaze too heavy,
and I'd wonder if in another life
we could've been more.
But I'd keep writing,
because even if I never had you,

I'd still carry the ache
of every love I never touched.

Her Love, My Grave

She loved me so much,
it felt like wearing a mask that was too tight.
I could still breathe, but just barely,
like every word she spoke filled the air
with something I couldn't quite swallow.
She thought she was saving me,
patching up the cracks she didn't see were part of me,
but all it did was seal me in.
She'd give and give,
like pouring water into a glass already full,
not realizing I was spilling over,
leaking out in ways I couldn't show her.
And every time I tried to hold on,
tried to stand in the flood,
I felt myself slipping a little more.
She mistook my drowning for silence,
my distance for needing more.
She built walls around us,
thinking they'd keep the world out,
but it only kept me in,
trapped beneath the weight of her good intentions.
She was digging a place for us,
not realizing it was filling up faster than she could build.
And I just stood there,
letting it happen,
because what do you do when someone loves you so much
they forget to ask if you're still breathing?
By the time she looked down,
I was already knee deep in the grave,
and she didn't see it until it was too late.
She kept reaching for me,
not knowing I'd been slipping away
long before she ever started.

And in the end,
her love wasn't the lifeline she thought it was.
It was the weight
that pulled me under,
one piece at a time.