

Anthology of Niyati Nandan

Presented by

My poetic Side



Dedication

To myself, for living!

About the author

Embarking on the journey of words at just 20, I'm a budding artist weaving tales of heartache, resilience, and the human experience. Through my poems, stories and artworks, I try to explore the depths of emotion and truth. Though my literary journey is still in its early chapters, each verse I try to write is a testament to my unwavering determination to evoke raw emotion and connect with the hearts of others. Most of my words bear witness to the betrayals and traumas that have shaped me. As I dream of publishing my own works one day, I invite you to join me on this poetic odyssey, where every word is a brushstroke on the canvas of my life.

summary

Snippets of Love

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A penguin, so tall and fair,
Two days passed yet my heart is beyond compare
Not love at first sight, but a connection True,
In his eyes, my heart finds a home anew.
His texts , a gentle breeze that soothes my soul,
His laughter, a melody that makes me whole.
He shares His life in snippets, videos and snaps,
A glimpse into His world, a treasure to grasp.
From Kerala's land, a son of Periyar's pride ,
His strength and kindness, my heart can't hide.
He sees me as a child, with a mother's care,
Scolding me with love, showing he truly cares.
In just 48 hours, he's learned my life's tale,
And wants to be my friend, through joy and gale.
He hates to see me sad or depressed or blue,
A penguin, my friend, my heart beats anew.
The way he became my favourite notification,
Was the way his lit up my blackest station.
In a world of grey, he became my brightest ray,
And with one look, he brightened up my day.

Though 5 years older, his heart is so young,
His kindness and love , my soul has sung
A penguin, my friend, in your eyes, I see a friend,
Together , hope our bond will never end.
A penguin, my friend, so dear , yet distant too,
My brain's a maze, with thoughts of you,
But I restrict , my online sight
To avoid being clingy, day and night.

I try to ignore, the thoughts that roam
And wonder if it's love, or just a foam,
Maybe it's just attention, I adore,

And not love at all, but I'm unsure.
I'm just a kid, with thoughts so astray
Uncertain what love is, or what to say,
I don't want to be a burden to bear,
Or come on too strong with feelings to share.