

# Anthology of Mompu



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Acknowledgement

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To my readers, who give my words purpose. Thank you for embracing my poetry and allowing it to become a part of your own story.

Finally, to all the poets and writers who came before me, whose words have been a guiding light in my life. Your work continues to inspire and challenge me to dig deeper and write with authenticity.

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## About the author

Andrew is a passionate poet and writer with a love for capturing the beauty, complexity, and emotions of everyday life through verse. Born and raised in Dimapur, Nagaland, Andrew discovered a love for words at an early age, finding solace and expression in poetry.

Andrew's work is deeply influenced by nature, personal experiences, and imagination. Through poetry, he explores themes of love, loss, identity, and imaginations striving to connect with readers on a personal and emotional level.

When not writing, Andrew enjoys writing, reading, painting, learning instruments, playing guitar and making friends. He currently reside(s) in Dimapur, Nagaland , where he continue(s) to write and explore the world through the lens of poetry.

This collection is Andrew's first book of poetry, and he hopes it resonates with readers and brings them as much joy as it brought him in creating it.

## summary

SOMEONE'S WORDS

WHSIPERS OF YESTERDAY

A Talk to Myself

A Torn Heart

YES, I LOVE YOU

SET IT FREE

## SOMEONE'S WORDS

Not typing this to impress,  
In front of this computer, shirtless,  
A strange guy with marvelous thoughts,  
Determined to confess with pure words.  
Confession isn't always about love;  
It's where unspoken feelings reside.  
Some might not find it intriguing enough  
To decode the emotions inside.  
How powerful it is, in someone's words,  
Making the heart either flatter or shatter.  
Appearance or wealth fades, so it doesn't matter;  
These feelings ignite the unlit candle, often better.  
My untamed soul ponders wherever I go.  
Your touched atmosphere brings a smile; I'd glow.  
Glaciers don't melt like hearts do for someone;  
They either break or heal? clueless, that's life; it goes on.

## WHISPERS OF YESTERDAY

Gazing at the setting sun  
From the window of our eldest son,  
I looked around and could see  
A small framed picture of you and me.  
He's outdoors and forgot his wallet,  
I see no cash; he's still a student.  
A photograph of a pretty girl  
With blue eyes and long hair curled.  
He took my side; I did the same,  
I remember carving your name  
With dedication on that big tree  
Where we met, young and free.  
I do have your picture in black and white,  
Clicked when you wanted my hoodie that night.  
A battle of kisses and who loves the most?  
It was always you my beating heart chose.  
I feel funny about how easily you used to get mad;  
Bringing a plate of momo made you calm and glad.  
You'd eat it all and give me the last one,  
With a shy laugh you'd come to me, it was fun.  
With every flip of life's pages, I grow old.  
Our son must be tired of our stories I always told.  
"Your mother is my heart, the one I adore;  
I love her forever and ever and more."

## A Talk to Myself

Hey there, how've you been?  
It's been so long, your smile, not seen.

Why do we worry, why do we stress?  
Together we dive, in thoughts, no less.

All things end, that's just life's way,  
Why yearn for what's not meant to stay?

Deep inside, I'm there with you,  
Your tangled thoughts, they make me blue.

I wish you knew, as time slips by,  
With every strike, I can't help but cry.

Listen close, for the truth you seek,  
In embracing it, peace you'll meet.

Think of me as your haunting shadow,  
Clutching your soul, wherever you go.

All I ask is for some quiet ease,  
Can you grant that, can you bring peace?

## A Torn Heart

I have this heart, but it's not mine,  
I give it away, time after time.  
Hoping for care, but finding ache,  
Each time I trust, it starts to break.  
Some come along, with smiles so bright,  
Pretending to fix, to make it right.  
Like hair or makeup, their efforts are vain,  
Superficial touches, that don't ease the pain.  
Why do I yearn to feel desired?  
Every soft word leaves me inspired.  
Truth and lies, I can't divide,  
These lessons leave me hollow inside.  
My heart is torn, aching to be sewn,  
In search of someone, yet unknown.  
If she exists, I've yet to find,  
A soul to heal this wounded mind.  
I'll be calm by then, as she finds me,  
Perhaps the one, chosen by destiny.  
God's hand guides her to my side,  
The girl meant for me, in whom I'll confide.



## YES, I LOVE YOU

I reveal myself

Yes, I love you.

No remorse, whether you love me back or not.

Nothing can change it; I mean it, I do.

I won't promise to bring down the stars,

Or die for you? just want to see us go far,

As far as my eyes can reach,

As long as my heart beats and my lungs can breathe.

Include me in your best and worst,

For any troubles, you'll be nursed.

For what is life if there's no sorrow?

Hold my hand, and let's face tomorrow.

## SET IT FREE

I think we've taken love the wrong way,  
It was never taught to us?until today.  
Let me unblind you, let you see the truth:  
How the conception of love was always misunderstood.  
Imagine you see a beautiful flower?what do you do?  
You're happy, seeing it bloom so beautifully, aren't you?  
You adore it so much that you pluck it and take it home,  
Put it in a vase or a book, and forget it after a day or two.  
But love, like that flower, thrives best when it's free,  
To grow, to bloom, to dance in the wind, wild and free.  
When confined to a vase or book, its beauty fades away,  
Its fragrance dims, its colors turn to gray.  
For it is beautiful when it's set free;  
Let it bloom like flowers in a meadow, you'll see.  
If it's meant for you, it'll always be?  
Do not jail it, for it'll always try to flee.