

Ria - The Anthology

Ria Modi

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To my mother, father and brother

Love you loads

Acknowledgement

For as long as my memory goes back, I have loved reading books and poems. One day I simply chose to pen my thoughts down, and voila! This book is the embodiment of every emotion I've felt. I am deeply grateful to everyone who encouraged me to share my words. This little book is for those who believe in the power of poetry and feeling. A heartfelt thank you to my family and one specific English teacher.

About the author

Ria is a young aspiring author and poet. This book is her way of sharing pieces of herself through poetry.

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An Elegy To Deception

Your masquerade altruism astounds me,
Glass-brittle displays of care and concern,
Your fake words I once again discern,
My word, I did not suppose you'd play the charade so long.

You believe you agonize me,
And I assure you, you're wrong.
Your alleged torments cause no real harm to me,
Because I know you'll soon be gone.

And that's when I will truly be free,
Soft spring breeze rebirthing me,
Just 'Me', away from you and all your revelry,
And all your tall tales of you and me forever.

I grimace at your insincere gestures,
We both know that they're simply hollow jesters.
I laugh out loud at my naivety long gone,
Yet I wonder how we came to be.
I am unmoved and far from enthralled,
By pretty compliments and fawning dolls,
I see through clandestine snide remarks and covert schemes,
But they, they do not affect me.

This is it, I do not care.
Not now, nor ever again.
For you're just a narcissistic sleaze,
And that's the elegy of your counterfeit means.

- Ria Modi

Goodbye

Horrifying was the call in the dead of night,
When you heard that I found the 'better place' from my bed.
How it is better if I must witness your excruciating plight,
To watch your eyes glisten with tears unshed?

Less than 24 hours later,
Stifled sighs and muffled sobs fill the air around my freshly dug grave.
Touching eulogies and prayers, each one greater,
And I, from the shadows, feel the love they gave.

Your grief is proof of my life,
Oh, how we'd decided we'd never let go.
In every tear you shed, I am revived,
In every memory, our love grows.

Alas, the show must go on,
I'll always be in your hearts.
Though my presence is gone,
I have very well played my parts.

» Ria Modi

A Whisper in the Wind

A whisper in the wind.
A phantom in the night,
A flicker of hope,
In the dead of plight.

Pull me out from my grave,
I'm still alive.
Show me something that gives me life,
Even if it's the greatest of lies.

Anything that breathes hope,
Gives me the air I long for,
Funny how they'd brace you,
But become the ones who break you.

They say when you're down there's only up to go
Oh darling, but no,
The downward spiral never ends,
Trust me, I'd know.

You're so close,
Yet so far away,
A step beyond,
A heartbeat is all it takes.

But that pulse, you took it,
That breath, you stole it.
It's sickening, this feeling,
I make no sound, but I'm screaming.

You can see it in my eyes now hollow,
The very eyes that once adored,
Glimmered with pride,

Now they're tormented with sorrow.

The master of ploy,
Attacked my heart as if its Troy.
There are words I can't say,
Tears I can't shed.

The gold string that pulled me into your embrace,
Has now shown its true face.
The Alchemy has turned dreams weak,
In the end, its only a hollow promise I seek.
- Ria Modi

The Best

What you taught was more than words on a page,
Far beyond the ink, deep into endless landscapes.
From Shakespeare's lines to modern prose,
You opened doors to paths unknown.

Though now you leave, the words remain,
In every thought, every day.
The books may close, but I'll still find
The wisdom you gifted with every line.

So as you turn the final page,
And walk towards life's next grand stage,
Every lesson, word, and part,
Will carry you within my heart.

I'd paint the world with words of love,
But it'd bleed into the moon and stars above.
And if I ever write a book someday,
Just know you inspired every word I say.

- Ria Modi

Epilogue

I'll never tell you I love you to the moon and back,
Because that's not even a sliver of how much I do.
If I were to measure it,
Even god would bow before its weight.

I'd paint the world with words of love,
But it'd bleed into the moon and stars above.
If we ever grow apart one day,
Just know that love still lingers,
Between the words left whispers.

In the echoes of laughter,
In the silence thereafter.
In the glances we steal,
In the wounds even time can't heal.

Now we're standing far apart,
Not by fate but by the breaking of hearts.
Like Poe and his Annabel Lee,
But with woe in the decisions we couldn't foresee.

- Ria

Eternal Flame

The flame danced around me,
A relentless swirl of amber and gold.
It kissed my skin with warmth and memory,
But against your touch felt cold.

It twirled to its own rhythm,
And maybe the night has worn me out,
But I saw you dancing alongside it,
Oblivious to pain, to fear, to doubt.

Skittering around the flame? sometimes in it, sometimes not.
The playfulness, I say, will never leave you.
The swirling has you too enraptured to reply.
Perhaps you're just awaiting something great tonight.

The sane would flee at flame's approach,
But I feel no fear.
My cheeks blush pink as you kneel with flowers,
Their tips burning as you held them so dear.

My heart melts, not from the fire, but from the sweet-smelling gift.
And I see ? they are the very ones I chose to lift,
For your grave, a chilling sight,
Yet, in their bloom, I feel delight.

So tell me, darling,
How does it matter,
If another body sleeps,
Just some six feet under?

For better or for worse,
Words we never said but always meant,
As if you read my mind, the flame lifts me up,

And pulls me from thought and lament.

I did feel the pain, my dear,
But what's a little hurt,
When eternity with you
Feels oh so near.

What is there to be scared of when I have nothing to lose?
The only thing I had left to lose was you,
And now I have lost that too.

Before my eyes betray me once and for all,
I see the flowers blow away one by one,
Like everything I lost.
As my eyes close the last time, I look back at you
And realize, I never really lost you at all.

- Ria Modi

World Art Day

April 15th, on World Art Day,
Let's celebrate the hues, and the stories they display.
From ancient caves to modern galleries,
Art speaks to our souls, and makes us whole.

In every brushstroke, lies emotion,
Of love, sadness, triumph and devotion.
In sculptures we find beauty divine,
Captured in marble, frozen in time.

From grand cathedrals to simple streets,
Art thrives in every corner it meets.
In petals and rivers, and mountains so grand,
Nature's art is present in every grain of sand.

In melodies strung by notes and keys,
Or the ballad of words in poetry.
In colours and shapes diverse,
Art ties us together, a universe.

The creators being just as special as their art,
Let's appreciate the effort they put in with all their heart.
Recognize their talent, dedication, a beautiful symphony,
Let's honor their work, the stories they represent skillfully.

- Ria

A Bridge Of Words

Across the silent ocean of space,
Our voices travel.
Face to face,
The words we weave will find their way.

They rise like arches in the air,
Strong with meaning, light with care.
A whispered thought, a spoken flame,
Can cross the dark and call your name.

It rises high where silence breaks,
A path our trust and kindness makes.
Each word a plank, each thought a thread,
Each truth a light where shadows spread.

Through stories shared and dreams we sow,
The bridge grows stronger as we go.
In every language, old or new,
It builds a bond from me to you

Through laughter bright, through quiet tears,
It carries love across the years.
And though the world may drift apart,
This bridge of words unites the heart.
- Ria

A Mother's Bed

When sleep eludes you,
It waits for you in your mother's bed.
When thoughts run wild and free,
Serenity lies in your mother's bed.

A safe haven,
An escape from fear.
With arms of love,
She'll hold you dear.

"MOM YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!", you say,
But deep down, you know she knows.
And when you just don't know what to do,
Through her heart, the way she shows.

Her voice chases the demons away,
The torch of light when darkness is all you know.
Her touch is solace,
Like the warmth of an incandescent glow.

Dear reader, to you I sincerely implore,
Love her, respect her, praise her.
She is the only one who will ever,
Ever love you for who you truly are.

- Ria

Lost Young

I look into the mirror's face,
A window to a gentler place.
A dreamland where I'd been left untouched,
By sorrow's hold and time's disgrace.

I like the girl I see,
She looks and sounds like
She could actually be me.
She smiles a smile as free as could be.

And my heart hurts for her.

But in me I see the bone,
Of which only ashes remain now.
Little cracks that turn into fractures,
Silent stories no one has ever known.

Watch my shattered edges glisten,
As all your curses ricochet.
Fragments that shine unbidden,
Yet never fade away.

Deep down lies an epiphany,
That though broken, I am still enough.
To bear the weight unflinchingly,
And let my fractures sing of love.

- Ria

but i will

As amber light graces your hazel gaze,
I want to think fondly of secrets carved into forest bark.
And how peacefully sang the lark.
But I don't.
Sipping pumpkin spice as the leaves flame and fall,
I watch your eyes flutter like a doll.
I'd stay like this till the very end,
But I can't.
My hungry eyes scavenge for you,
You're my solace, my dream come true,
My redemption, my salvation too.
But I'm not.
But in your eyes I see a silent scorn,
Around them, darkened shadows of pain you've worn.
You say it isn't mine to hold,
But it is.
Today the lark sings for another,
The forest keeps its own secrets.
I don't want to walk around with a love that isn't mine,
...But I will.

- Ria

Solivagant

Once I walked a barren land,
Around which glimmered light and life.
In my land, solitary I was,
As I waded silently through strife.
To help there was not a single hand,
To pierce perpetually, countless swords.
To see me they simply used their eyes,
To feel, their hearts were cold as ice.
But then I saw her,
Through her own vast expanse of desert.
I rested on her shoulders as she sank slow,
Through shifting sands, she carried me through woe.
Today I walk with her hand entangled in mine,
And step together into happier times.

- Ria