

Whispers Of My Soul

Akshadha Joshi



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

I would like to dedicate this ebook to every person who inspired and motivated me to continue writing ?.

Acknowledgement

I'm really grateful for 'My Poetic Side' for providing a platform for poets like me.

About the author

I\\'ve been writing ever since I was eleven , and even though I don\\'t have anything officially published yet, I really do look forward to it .

summary

The Sun To My Moon

I Wish You Would Love Me , Mom

Yearning For You

Change of Heart

Until We Meet Again

Alcestis

The Twist At The End

This Isn't About You

Always The Artist, Never The Muse

Dead Rose

Oh , How Pretty She Looks

So Many Skies

Moonlit Pond

The Beauty Within

Space To Heal

Things I'd Never Say To You

`Emerveiller

The Sun To My Moon

You are the sun
to my moon ,
it feels like you're the one,
I didn't know I could fall in love so soon.

You are the galaxy
to my stars,
I thought love didn't exist, but it was a fallacy,
Nowadays,my head is in mars.

You are the day
to my night,
Oh, what can I say?
You are my most treasured delight.

You are the cloud
to my rain,
It's the only thing keeping me sane,
to call you mine, it's something that makes me proud.

You are the ocean
to my shore,
We were meant to be,that is my notion,
I'd never leave your side , it's something I swore.

I Wish You Would Love Me , Mom

I wish you would love me , mom,
as much as you love him,
I wish I could be the daughter you wanted,
Not this unwanted storm,
Our relationship fading away in a light so dim.

But do you really love him so much,
That just to create your perfect image,
You would hurt me ?
Wounded by your words, my heart is what I clutch,
You shame me for holding a grudge,
But am I not even allowed to get hurt?
You throw at me your dagger like words,
So nasty.

You tell me you love me,
You tell me you're proud,
But I don't feel loved at all,
I'd never become like you, it's something I vowed.

What can I do so you'd love me ,mom?
I'm begging you , care about me more , mom,
I feel like I'd never be good enough for you, mom.

Maybe in another universe, you tell me you loved me
And I feel loved.

Maybe in another universe, you got the daughter you always wanted and you aren't ashamed of
your own blood.
I wish you would love me, mom.

Yearning For You

I miss you,
Though I feel like I have no right to.
I make scenarios in my head,
Of if you were here,
Not leaving me on read.

I love you,
Though I feel like I have no right to.
Missing you feels like grieving,
You will be back, that's what I keep believing.
I wish I could call you mine ,
Our paths crossed , my feelings intertwined.

How different I would've been,
If I was your daughter,
Wanting this feels like sin ,
I feel like I'm drowning in water,
But it is so warm,
You are the comfort ; you are the storm.

Is it a sin to want you for myself?
Yearning is no longer the last on my shelf.
Talking to you gives me dopamine,
But I can't stop the feeling,
Cause you were never mine,
Being with you feels like healing.

I love you,
Though I feel like I have no right to.

Change of Heart

I had a change of heart,
I don't even know where to start,
I was yearning,
Because you'd never love me the way you love her,
The art of being grateful, is one I'm still learning.
But now I realise,
To be loved by you at all, it's an honour

I know you care for me, I've seen it in your eyes.
I'm glad I have you in my life,
It's okay if you were never mine,
You're the one keeping me alive,
You feel like eternal Sunshine.

I will embrace it with time,
That it's okay to love someone and not call them 'mine',
My love for you is so great, it even makes me rhyme
To get to know you is worth every dime.

I had a change of Heart,
I don't even know where to start,
But I do know,
That loving someone and being grateful is an art,
One that I'm still learning,
But, hey , I'm no longer yearning.

Until We Meet Again

Until we meet again,
Thoughts surrounding you will occupy my brain,
I will send you messages but you won't reply,
But still, each day I will try ,
And think of when we last said goodbye.

And suddenly,
All the songs became about you,
You too, do acknowledge my existence, occasionally,
Each of our interaction is well thought through,
I love you, it's true.

I first met you in March,
Not knowing then , you'd make your way into my heart,
Inspiring my art.
I'm writing poems about you now,
Missing you every now and then, wondering when did this happen and how.

Until we meet again,
I will wonder if you miss me too,
Or do you think of me as a stubborn bloodstain,
Refusing to go away,
Even though all I wanted is for you to stay,
Well, while you'll be away, I will miss you,
And wonder if you feel the same too.

Alcestis

Unexpressed emotions never die,
I won't agree but I won't deny,
They are buried alive,
And all I've ever done is survive,
They come forth later in uglier ways,
In my anger within silence, I blaze.

Mistook lies for love,
I've suffered long enough.
Mistook misbelief for concern,
My old soul will never return.
Mistook cowardice for care,
I will take my revenge, beware .

I'm being watched,
They think it's in my mind,
But the unwanted audience never got caught,
I'm dying for any evidence I can find.
He made a return,
He thinks I don't know,
It makes my stomach churn,
But I can put up a pretty good show.
The man that I loved chose me to die over himself,
Sorrow is no longer the last on my shelf.

I've become Alcestis,
My silence louder than ever,
No emotion on my face , never.
He killed me,
I only pulled the trigger,
My mind's become a thousand pieces of debris,
Every action of mine is now taken with rigor.

The Twist At The End

I stand here,
Sweat glistening on my face,
My mind blank but clear,
Oh , how I hate this place.
I gave my blood, sweat and tears for this,
But it's anything but bliss.
I glance at the mirror,
A look of slight guilt but revenge,
They describe me as ' sinister ' ,
But they're saints, that's what they pretend.

All my life I've been performing for an ungrateful audience,
I'm 'evil' , that is their credence,
It haunts me ,
Our brawls .

I know I will win,
No matter what it takes,
I will give them my most vicious grin,
They will regret each one of their mistakes.
I watch with a smile,
As they lose in their own game,
It's so worth it, though I might've turned vile,
But I've had enough of taking the blame.

This Isn't About You

This isn't about you,
This isn't about what you didn't do.
It's about me,
And what I did,
I was the one who set myself free,
I remember it all too well,
My memories vivid.

I've been under scrutiny,
And all you did was yell at me.
I remember it all too well,
I know it wasn't in my head,
I know you made it intentionally hell.
Everyday seeing you is something that I dread .

I'm over you now,
Letting you disturb my peace is something I disallow.
I will fully heal, with time and space ,
My journey of growth , I will learn to embrace.

I will give things time to unfold,
I will nurture my soul to be glittering and gold ,
All my hopes and dreams in my arms I will hold.
I will work through every lows and highs,
And I will cherish every aspect of life ?.

Always The Artist, Never The Muse

I'm a poet,
I write about people I love
More than I care to admit.
I write things I don't have the courage to say out loud ,
I whisper things I wish I could shout.

But as I write,
A thought crosses my mind,
Being someone's muse is something I'd never find.
Whoever would write about me?
Or render my face?
Or capture my features with grace.

Oh , to be loved by an artist,
It's something I yearn for, if I'm being honest.
Would someone write about me the way I did for them?
Or is that the kind of love I'd never see?
It is truly a honour ,
To be the inspiration of someone's artistic realm.
I guess I can only wait and hope,
That one day,
I'll be the insight of someone's artistic stories told.

Dead Rose

The dead Rose sits at the table,
Alongside my ancient book of fable .
Next to it sits my diary,
Containing secrets nobody knows
But me ,
I lay in my room as it shows,
Oh , I just wish to exist solely.
I let out a sigh,
As I acknowledge that time
Goes by and by.

Apathy's a tragedy
And boredom is a crime,
I escape from reality,
And fled to my fantasy.
Yet I sit with my dead eyes ,
The light inside of me dies,
And in a pseudo identity, I disguise.

I lay in my room,
And accept my doom.
As I wonder about death ,
And the ones who are dead ;
A blank expression on my face,
As a war goes on in my head .
Death now , doesn't feel strange,
More like a distant memory ;
Then I wonder if I am derange ,
And glance at the drooping flowers of ivory.

Oh , How Pretty She Looks

Oh , how pretty she looks ,
She has the type of beauty,
That is described in the books,
Carved by Aphrodite herself,
She has eyes of hazel,
An angel sent from above,
She symbolises a delicate , white dove .

Oh , how pretty she looks,
She has the beauty of a siren ,
A thousand words are spoken in her silence,
And yet a voice laced with honey,
Sunshine in a person, is she .
In the era of calamities, she's a moment of peace ,
She's the embodiment of a goddess from Greece .

A laugh so contagious,
Her soul is one that is immensely precious.
She reminds me of art ,
With a heart made of gold,
Her eyes will never grow old .
Oh , how pretty she looks.

So Many Skies

So Many Skies ,
I'm yet to see.
So many goodbye's,
Still in store for me.
So many magnificent places,
That still don't have my traces.
So many books still unread,
I wonder about them as I sit on my bed.

To live for the hope of it all,
To experience nostalgia for the memories I recall.
So many things, yet to explore,
So much for me, still in store.

Moonlit Pond

The moonlit pond is hard to miss,
It is a comforting corner of bliss,
Amidst the deep, dark jungle,
Is the moonlit puddle.
It has lotuses growing underwater,
Blessed by Artemis, Zeus's daughter.

On the lotus leaves ,
Sits a tiny frog,
"This is heaven" , the frog believes,
As the evening comes, he sees the spreading of the fog.

The fireflies add on to the beauty,
Their Little lights are what they wear as jewellery.
The moonlit pond is hard to miss,
It is a comforting corner of bliss.

The Beauty Within

Do I look good?
Do I look bad?
She goes by ,
And I see the looks
I wish I always had,
Oh , how it makes me cry.
Her voice is so sweet ;
A dulcet,
Then there's me ,
A mere puppet.

But what matters ,
Is the spirit, the soul ,
As bright as a diamond,
As treasured as gold.
Why then ,
Why is everyone being sad ?
Why don't they see?
The Beauty we possess,
You and me.

There goes she ,
This time though,
I bask in her beauty,
And alongside,
I admire the one present in me.

Space To Heal

Space to heal ,
Space to give a wound time to seal ,
We are in no rush,
We have abundant time ,
All those sabotaging thoughts, make them shush ,
We will bask in sunshine.

One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three for no hurry ,
Four to let go .

The past is in the past ,
Though the impact of it will last ,
To go back there ,
Is to have your hopes smashed,
But we know it wasn't fair.

Speak as kindly to yourself, as you do to strangers,
Remember, we work for the better , not the worse .
A copy of someone else you cannot be,
So you must look in the mirror and smile with glee .

Things I'd Never Say To You

You're just thinking it's a small thing that happened.

The world ended when it happened to me.

I just wish you would talk to me,

It's the saddest thing I've ever wished for ,

You said you'd keep in touch, I think you forgot to mention ' Just barely ' ,

Can't we go back to the way we were before ?

It's been half a year since I last saw you,

You keep telling me you'd visit , but you never do ,

You promised a lot of things and most of them are due ,

But , please! Can't we work this through ?

You missed my birthday,

You weren't able to make it,

When you told me this , I cried that day,

But I'm just a kid.

I was supposed to celebrate turning fifteen.

With you .

But you weren't there ,

I just wish I wasn't invincible to you and I could actually be seen .

You're the only father figure I've ever had,

But when you behave like this, I do admit , it makes me really sad.

I love you, it's ruining my life,

I don't know how you do it, killing me but also making me come alive.

I wonder what you'd say if you got to know that you made me cry ,

Would you have any guilt?

I think yes , yes you would feel guilty,

It would probably cause your heart to momentarily wilt ,

You would start making plans, clearing your schedule, to see me in the city .

But all of this would never happen.

Because you'd never know.

Who's gonna tell you? Not me .

Who knows I cried? Nobody but me .

Well ,

I will always miss you like the stars miss the sun in the morning sky ,

And I'll hope that you do too ,

I just hope we never say goodbye.

`Emerveiller

I stare out of the window,
What is my life , if not a show?
I glance at the people,
And I glance at the sky ,
As I write down my thoughts in a journal,
And I let out a contented sigh .

I've attained peace ,
After eliminating them from my life ,
Now there's no one but me whom I have to please ,
The wind caresses my face and I feel alive .

I glance at the people,
And I wonder in marvel,
Each being with their own unique entity,
This is a thought that makes me wonder in my serenity.

I pour my little heart out
In my journal,
For once I write without doubt,
As I wonder if solitude is eternal.

As the colors turn darker in the sky ,
I slowly bid my goodbye,
And I end my day with a contented sigh.