Anthology of MinaH

Presented by

My poetic Side

summary

To live forever

I wonder

Headache

I Am Lost

Period Pain

In This Rain

Today

I wish

Violets

Judging

To live forever

To live forever. Isn't that what everyone wants?

Isn't that what everyone desires? For there to be no more dead; that no longer loved ones will leave this suffering world and go to a different place?

But what is it this world can give them that death cannot gift better? We give them fleeting happiness, momentary love, evanescant things, but never can we give them fulfillment Death can.

He offers peace.

He grants solitude.

He allows us to disappear.

Indeed our grieving is a singularly selfish act. We regret that they are not here to make us happy, or to give us a moment of their depleting time.

The passing of someone is not something to be lamented; it is to be rejoiced.

Their seconds are gone and they've finally left. Why would we weep when the dreariness of every day is gone for them?

Pain is gone.

Temptation is gone.

Regret is gone.

And yet, to live forever. Isn't that what everyone wants?

I wonder

I wonder what would happen if we died right now.

No warning.

No thought.

Just took a knife and plunged into flesh.

Would they care? Would they grieve? Would they even cry?

Who do I kid? They would. Of course they would.

I wish they wouldn't.

We don't always hide from this world. We don't retreat into us.

We don't. Well, I wish we didn't.

But everyone here is so fickle, so trivial, so difficult and complicated. Everyone lies and betrays and doesn't care to say good morning.

Not in our minds. Not in the words we explore. Not in the sentence that reminds we're not meant to endure.

But, alas, words only last so long, and fantasies eventually evaporate into morning mist.

Making way for another dreary day.

Another evening.

Another night.

Another week.

Another month.

Another year.

Continuously. What is the point anymore?

The minutes of lives last far too long. Continually droning on and on.

Our flesh is sagging.

Our hair is thinning.

Our teeth are rotting.

Our minds are submerged in the futility of it all.

And yet we don't see the hopelessness. We're so convinced we are happy on earth we won't see through the haze of dissimulation we make.

If only God can take a life, then who decided they were God?

Who agreed to take the knife?

Who resolved to tear our flesh?

God has saved our souls.

I wonder what would happen if we simply ceased existing.

Headache

There are thorns in my eyes;
There are rocks in my skull
My thought won't stop spinning;
What is there I can do?

The sky has turned red;
My hair has fell out;
My heart won't quit pounding;
This headache will kill.

I Am Lost

The sun has risen purple;
The clouds are shining pink;
And yet my eyes can't see but grey.

I am lost. I am lost.

Everybody's smiling;
All the hearts are light;
But mine is cold as stone.

I am lost. I am lost.

Flowers sit on every stool;
Fragrancing the air;
Each bloom is smelt by all but me.

I am lost. I am lost.

Period Pain

Our guts have started aching;
The blood starts dripping out;
You think we try to fake this pain?
You think this is a pout?
Our blood is there! You see the stain?
Our uterus' are gushing.

Menstrual cycles, they aren't a joke;
Though many a man might imagine;
Women live for the spotlight;
Fuck them! They aren't out matrons;
We need a rest! We deserve what's right!
This pain is more than a poke.

To work we go, a smile faking;
Inside we really feel like breaking;
We fear the ache might show;
It's time we women begin confering;
Throw vile beliefs below;
We need a break; for Heaven's sake, we're bleeding!

In This Rain

Drip drop. Drip drop.
The clouds have darkened to grey;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
My hope begins to frey;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
The rain is roaring down;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
I think, in it, I could drown;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
The leaves are leaking water;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
I wish I could leave this life, Mother;

Drip drop. Drip drop.

A wind whispers past, "Are you ready?"
Drip drop. Drip drop.
I don't know why I'm unhappy;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
Outside the rain seems inviting;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
Like bees in a nest, each drop stings;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
The bugs are all hidden away;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
I won't leave this house today;

Drip drop. Drip drop.

Each feline hair holds a droplet;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
As I step out into the wet;
Drip drop. Drip drop.

Across, gleaming gargoyles frown;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
In this downpour, I wish I would drown;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
The sky is a child's mess of charcoals;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
Into a puddle my heart rolls;

Drip drop. Drip drop.

There! A glass is set down full of rum;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
Could this be why I'm so numb?
Drip drop. Drip drop.
The grass is a muddy mess of brown;
Drip drop. Drip drop.
I know, in this rain, I will drown;
Drip drop. Drip drop.

Today

Today I am Happy. Don't question it. Happy;

The sun rose so perfect;
The chilly air stills;
It's mood I wholly reflect;
The day holds a promise;
It swears it will keep;
If only I'd let it again.

Today I am Peaceful. Don't question it. Peaceful;

The clouds are quite grey;
With the rain pouring down;
The scent of trees decay;
God calls souls his own;
Even mine I confess;
I've wholly submitted to him.

Today I am numb. Don't question it. Numb;

The sky has so color;
The sun has no light;
From dusk to dawn I labour;
Yet I feel nothing right;
It's all pointless to me;
If I live or I died;
Does it matter?

Today I am content. Don't question it. Content;

There's a roof 'bove my head;
Trees and streams out my door;
To God's gate will I be led;

As I walk along this floor;
Made of soft scratchy grass;
I swear I could never be happier.

Today I am in love. Don't question it. In love.

I am here cus He loves me;
I am here to spread love;
I know death's precious, you see;
It's a gift from a Dove;
Leave this broken, tainted life;
We are meant for so much for.

Today I am dead. Don't question it. Dead

I was right all along;
God's got great plans in store;
His garden is glorious;
His love is so perfect;
I've died and I'll never return.

I wish

I wish to die;
Not because I'm depressed;

I wish to die;
For the peace God brings;
For the love only He can give.

I wish to die;
For this life is dreary;
For I still am only surviving.

I wish to die;
For death doesn't scare me;
In fact it seems so inviting.

I wish to die;
For I love you too much;
And I'd be so much happier.

Violets

Violets are blue;
Roses are red;
Just so you know you smell like french bread

Judging

Smiling, laughing, always judging;
I never live up to your expectations;
Cleaning, caring, learning, loving;
None of these you ever notice;
Until it benefits you.

Crying, screaming, always judging;
You never care that your words hurt me;
I hate that I keep letting you in;
But you're so busy, oh so busy;
I'm never your priority.

Resentment, silence, always judging;
You've always taught that exhaustion is trivial;
Every silent cry for help;
You set aside as unimportant;
Because all bad feelings are a fake.

Stubborn, Lying, always judging;
You think a lie will set you free;
I try to preach the gospel truth;
You listen saying you believe;
And yet you leave and live a lie;
Why can't you see that this is wrong!

Tention, love, always judging;
You've hurt me so, yet I still love you;
Why the hell do I still care;
It's all my fault that I never remember,
I'm never your priority.