

Anthology of NAZIA ZAHRA

Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

*"ALL I AM AND WHATEVER I WILL BE IS ALL BECAUSE OF ALLAH WHO DIDNT GIVE UP ON
ME."*

summary

name

Evening' Sky

First Love

My Precious Daughter

Love

UNSAID THOUGHTS

Conflicted

Why?

My little secret

struggles

Mirror on the wall

Peace

NOT MYSELF

YOU

A loser on stage

Assumptions

PURPOSELESS

Death

WHAT DO U SEE?

Unreasonable

LATE NIGHT THOUGHTS.....

WHAT ABOUT ME?

name

*a name carried with such burden,
take it off and who am I,
guarded by confidence,
hidden deep in cages,
laid my desire to be accepted,
without any excuses or hindrance.*

*being myself was a word of shame,
trophies and degrees my fame,
take it off and I'm a shame.*

*for long I've been a player of this game,
could I ever be not lame,
for me to be me and be enough,
carried such importance,
my notorious little name.*

~Nazia Zahra

Evening' Sky

*As the gentle wind blows
Its whooshing against windows
I see cars passing by
the sun setting at the hem of sky*

*This view seems picturesque
every moment feels nostalgic
As i stare into sky's abyss
something within me is at bliss*

*With eyes i see the stars now visible
shining with mysteries unsolvable
The child within me on cloud nine
as if I've conquered the world as mine*

*For love as i do you
is to be blessed in this world
Though my words may paint a picture in rhyme
it's you who dances within it each time*

~Nazia Zahra

First Love

*Wandering around my mind seems to ponder,
how come love could be a wonder,
I foolishly run towards it without aim,
not a single thought in my brain.*

*Is it like the cherry blossom season,
that's comforting without any reason,
Is it warm like beside the cinder,
these feelings always seem to linger.*

*It always makes me wait,
though even now i can't seem to hate,
I listen to it ramble,
all my decisions now merely at gamble.*

*For i see how you hold onto others,
when u ignore me as a bother,
Even though it pains me much to see,
at least for once please see me.*

*Pat my back look at me please,
oh, my love, my comfort, my destiny.*

~Nazia Zahra

My Precious Daughter

*I see you down from above the stars,
struggles of life keeping you in bars,
Your wrinkles forming at such a young age,
eyes of yours hiding the rage,*

*I want you to scream like you used to,
I want you to slip the table when you want to,
I want you to stand up for yourself,
be a rebel, just be yourself,*

*You've gotten so weak my dear,
why don't you let anyone near,
Your chubby cheeks now merely pale,
your happiness lost far in sail,*

*World hasn't been nice to you my dear,
you look exhausted my dear,
Mumma knows without your say,
all the emotions you keep at bay,*

*My dear you can cry in my arms,
as I keep you away from all harms,
Mumma will protect you my dear,
Mumma will always be near,*

*And when you feel like the world is closing in,
when you feel like giving in,
Just run back to me my daughter,
for I will always protect your laughter.*

~Nazia Zahra

Love

love is what you give
not what you get
life is when you selflessly live
not just u wanting to be vet

it isn't when u get everything wanted
adventure, home, wealth
its when u leave everything for your beloved
desires, service, health

~Nazia Zahra

UNSAID THOUGHTS

*Stood still my eyes glistening,
wanted to say them so loud,
But in that moment I am hesitating,
every thought in my mind now a mere cloud,*

*Pins struck deep in my throat,
my vulnerable words as I keep in hold,
Myself going down with its hold,
my tears threatening to show down road,*

*Still I fool myself to wonder,
maybe love is after this hurdle,
Even though under their gaze I shudder,
every time it's my emotions to murder,*

*I am a fool, so delusional,
fighting for what should be unconditional,
Little by little my heart seems to harden,
cause those unsaid thoughts I saw as burden.*

~Nazia Zahra

Conflicted

*I try to hate you with all my might
from early morning to late at night*

*I get irritated when you are close to me
but your absence strangely scares me*

*I can talk to you for hours long in hall
or not want to talk at all*

*I admire you unknowingly
from the crowd of world invisibly*

*my inside smiles when you laugh
my heart crumbles when they brushes you off*

*I hate for not being able to hate you
I hate for falling so deep for you*

*you are endearing in a weird sort of way
that I love to hate you but hate to not love you*

~Nazia Zahra

Why?

*though you cause me great pain
I don't want this to go in vain*

*not ideal but this is all we have
stabbed each other we all have*

*still your smile gives me butterflies
still I believe in your cruel lies*

*trust in you why shall I
my love for u has gone dry*

*your promises empty, your eyes cold
still you wonder why this feels load*

*twist my words with your intentions
pushed me behind in you worldly convention*

*still I hold your hem with a hope
that you will turn and pull me back with rope*

~Nazia Zahra

My little secret

Being useful to you was all I desired.

Being wanted was all I desired.

When you're asleep, I come close to you.

When awake, I can't come to you.

I'm afraid, but I love you.

I try to hate, but I really love you.

Being noticed was all I wanted from you.

Fond eyes to me from you.

I wanted to be the only one, selfish of me.

Wanted hugs from you, typical of me.

I wanted your want like when I was small.

I wanted to be looked like I was your all.

I wanted to keep you close, not letting you go.

During my failures, not only when I rose.

I wanted my heart to flutter sitting close by to you.

Ma, I only wanted to be looked by you.

~NAZIA ZAHRA

struggles

there were days in whom i tried
days in whom i lied

days in whom i broke what wasn't mine
days in which i wasn't in line

days in which i envied them most
days in whom i failed the most

nights in which i was sleepless with dreams
nights in which my sorrows were in streams

tossing and turning in bed
not knowing where future led

i tried so hard to act past my age
i tried to leave behind my rage

all those days i thought i failed
i forgot from what i was bailed

for i am a girl fated to doom
yet have success in all the rooms

~Nazia Zahra

Mirror on the wall

Stuck in a void, falling in doom,
Sitting aside, but mine out of room.

Cycles of stress, cycles of life,
Anxiety my friend, my greetings with hype.

For you always come, standing beside,
When I am ignored, cursed, hated with all might.

My absence and bliss, my presence a curse,
It's hurting so hard, oh heart don't burst,

my wrist all scarred, The reason unknown.
For what may I say, that I am alone?

Can't be too weak, can't be too self-reliant,
Can't have opinions, can't make decisions.

Is it because I'm a girl, that it is a mistake?
For what you do, do it till you can.

~Nazia Zahra

Peace

admis the chaos i feel the gale
caressing me despite all pain

its my home with everything nice
its where emotions don't ice

there i smile a bit wider
its where my voice doesn't get louder

its not a place nor any people
it's where, whom, how i get bit better

i don't have to lock back
nobody who says i lack

my home lies in peace
where my heart seems to ease

understood without voicing anything
my peace is my everything

~Nazia Zahra

NOT MYSELF

*I look for reasons for you to be right
I try not to be myself with all might*

*I look for reasons i look for clues
I flip everything defying all rules*

*I change the masks, style my hair
be anything except the one beneath the layer*

*I try not to be the one you hate
but every time seem to be a bit late*

*I hate myself when u hate me
I hate myself when u see me*

*but no matter how hard i try
my presence you will always deny*

*my looks will disgust you always
even when I'm hiding in sideways*

~Nazia Zahra

YOU

you, who folds constellations into the corners of your homework,
who whispers apologies to a mirror you think is too honest.
you walk with socks half-mismatched and a universe in your pocket ?
a playlist of doubts, a ringtone of small rebellions.
in the quiet between classes you harvest tiny brave things:
a joke that lands like a secret, a poem scribbled on the back of a page,
the way your laughter leaks out when no one expects it ?
soft and sudden, like sunlight finding a cracked cup.
you worry in languages nobody taught you,
translate every silence into a script of shoulds and mights.
and still ? still ? you show up:
late-night study lamp on, stubborn as a stubborn star,
giving yourself homework for being kinder than yesterday.
i see the masks you wear (they suit you oddly well),
but also the hands that take them off when you think no one's watching.
i see the small rebellions: a stray doodle, a fed-up laugh,
the way you fold your chin when you're pretending not to care.
you love like a secret map: careful, fierce, and slightly bewildered.
you collect kindnesses and hoard them like rare stamps,
sending them out when friends' batteries die and they need a charge.
you are both lighthouse and weather: guiding, changing, necessary.
believe this ? because it's true even if the room disagrees:
you are not "too much." you are an archive of gentle revolutions.
you are tender, with an edge that sharpened itself on surviving.
you are allowed to be proud of how far you came in silence.
and on the days you speak in crumbs, when the mirror feels heavy,
know someone noticed the way you tuck your knees close to keep warm ?
the tiny rituals, the brave little unfinished songs you hum into pillows.
i'll write them down. i'll sing them back to you when the world forgets.
because loving you would be easy as breathing:
watching you make small, brave maps of ordinary mornings,
holding your messy-alive heart with the clumsy reverence it deserves.
you are not a problem to be solved ? you are a poem that keeps returning.

A loser on stage

*A loser fated to doom
Blinded by his aspirations
Falsely applauded by the crowd
Couldnt see that his attempts
Were a mere performance
And his desperation to win
Were on ridicule
A show for the crowd*

*Applause was mockery
Smiles were smirks
His life was a show
For them to get entertained of
He realized when everyone was gone*

*Lights out
He fell on his knees
In utter hopelessness
He tries to get up
His body though gives up*

*The world spins around
His breath as becomes rugged
Rest of him too falls on ground
As he hears distant chatter
Glimpse of smile forms on his face*

*As his eyes become too heavy
His whole life was a lie
A purposeless mockery
For he was a loser on stage
Faliure in life*

*His body now a worthless sag
As his breath becomes numb
One possession in life was breath of his own
A clinging mess of his soul
Now finally he lets it go
Thus the loser dies after his show
Nazia zahra*

Assumptions

I thought it was getting better
I thought those feelings would soon shatter

But I'm a human always making mistakes
With their deeds my heart rakes

I thought i was getting happier
I thought i was letting go of that fear

Yet still I'm at same spot hovering
As if i hadn't gone away at all

Each time i think back to those times
My tongue ties, heart wrenches at those lines

I thought my efforts now mattered
I thought you had let go of that hatred

Yet each time i glance into orbs of yours
The loathe in them make my breath hoarse

I thought i was tolerable now
I thought you'd at least remember me now

I thought my attempts would make you proud
But all you did was hate me out loud

Your each yelling like a blast of wind
Your each raised hand like shock of current

Yet each time i stand there still like a fool
On my whole life it's always your rule

Despite this no matter how hard i try
Never enough, my efforts go dry

I'll never be enough, never be enough
But sometimes I..... Donot want to be tough
Nazia zahra

PURPOSELESS

We know that words impact the soul.
What about the soul that doesnt read
Though in each line its your silhouette that dances within.
Purposeless rhyme it is if u dont know
Efforts they say do matter.
Vain they are if so bitter you are
You are royalty sitting on throne
I'm a peasant looking from below
You were never mine to begin with
So much i was fated to not have
So far i travelled for you with no gain
all efforts of mine seem to be a vain
~NAZIA ZAHRA

Death

*You are an end many will deny
Many brush off as a lie
As if u wont come by*

*For some who u love
U come by as a dove
Take them with no shove*

*Some fancy you with all might
Because now they're not so bright
Willingly they go to light*

*For some its an end
For some its a beginning For some its the same old suffering*

*Everytime i look
For someone you took
I'm always shook*

*One day I'll be called up
Before me you'll show up
In whites I'll be covered up*

*Hold your hand i will so tight
My jaw clenched, my skin pale bright
As i go with you into the light*

~Nazia zahra

WHAT DO U SEE?

*Am I you ? or am I me?
who will i ever get to be?*

*Am I a shadow of yours ?
or am I a copy of yours?*

*Am I a puppet or am I a tool?
or am I your slave, trying like a fool?*

*Am I a clown? , who u can mock
or am I a soldier ? tough as a rock.*

*Should I be me? or should i be you?
or should I be something entirely new?*

*Like u said should I lie?
or if u want I can just die.*

*I am you, I am me
I am whatever u want me to be.*

*For I am a fake, I am a phony
everything I am, just to not be lonely.*

~NAZIA ZAHRA

Unreasonable

You chase your dreams.

Yet u have no aims

You meet with friends

yet you are apart from anyone who tends

You look in mirror each day.

Yet still love is never at bay

~Nazia zahra

LATE NIGHT THOUGHTS.....

Countless nights spent in thought,
Who was to blame and who was not.

Ignorance is a bliss, yet oblivion isn't,
Confrontation is requisite yet realization isn't.

What is to mend when nothing existed?
How to leap when change is resisted?

What is a lie? the absence of truth?
Unwilling to comprehend, we are in youth.

Why is wisdom related to age?
when for centuries humans are driven by rage.

~NAZIA ZAHRA

WHAT ABOUT ME?

I knew I was weird in some way,
Somehow an obstacle in your way
I knew I was a bother
Never included in the laughter

A hinderance in your glee
Nver did you bother to acknowledge me
I used to sit alone in my room
My mind numb, my soul gloom

I saw they patting them
the way they never did with me
clutching on my hem
why did it always have to be me?

I used to watch from afar
how nigh they were
always disliked i was
how cruel they were

I would crawl under the table
clutch my knees to my chest
bury myself the much was able
Maybe it was for the best?

I was craving for something
something that should've been given easily
In delusions was I running
Yet was thrown away cruelly

I used to be the brightest
used to be the smartest
used to be the admired
used to be cherished

but now I am a fraud
a liar, a phony
everybody knows *me*
but no one knows ME

~NAZIA ZAHRA