

?Poems untold?

Irene Luzhin



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

This dedication goes to every girl who had to keep her emotions intact. Forced to be perfect. Had to stay disciplined. Had to face betrayal and was afraid to trust again. Was shunned for bursting when her emotions got out.

Acknowledgement

I like to acknowledge me!

For not giving up when the world tried its best to shut me up.

Well, too bad, I have a big mouth.

I\\'m grateful to my younger-self who came up with these poems.

I\\'m grateful to my present-self for publishing my poems.

I\\'m grateful for myself on not giving up.

And my father, he\\'s the best. Thank you for always reading my poems dad!

And how could I ever forget my mom?

Thanks mom for trying to read my poems.

About the author

Irene Luzhin is part-time writer who loves to come up with stories and pen them down. When most emotional, Irene writes poetry to ease her pent-up emotions. When Irene isn't writing, she's mostly sulking about her unpublished novels or listening to music 24/7.

summary

?A World Far Away?

?What is fate??

?Withered Feelings?

?Withered Feelings?

?Bouquet for two?

??A deep ache??

??A deep ache??

?Nature's Muse?

?Lyrics?

?A World Far Away?

In this world, my mind is torn
How can love, wash ashore?
My weary eyes are on the road.
Thoughts are soaring in the sky
So is doubt, I cannot lie
you are all I said, an illusion that disappeared from sight.
Will I ever be free?
These thoughts about you, weaken me
Unfortunate is my soul, I can't stop now, this curse is bound.
You are all but a fairytale, In my mind, a never ending tale
Where memories dance and stories talk,
My, Isn't love a thrift curse?
It's true, it's true.
I can't deny, I am a fool!
For wanting someone, a mere illusion
If I'm a rose, you're the thorn
Life goes on, is it unknown?
I say my vows, empty and hollow
For what I truly cherished, was your sorrow
Complex is what I really am
I don't need lies, a bitter glance.
Maybe not in this world, where love has been torn
I could've been yours, no one really knows
Maybe in a world far away, I'm with you
Bright and sane.

?What is fate??

What is fate? My life as bait
All is hate, there is no escape
With this wine, I wind up lies
Drunk and dazed, my mind's all fazed
With cryptic sins, that haunt and follow
No rules exist, only lies for tomorrow.

Not a soul cried, when my pleas clouded their minds
Wicked intentions and deceptive lies, all seem true, until their time
Hidden motives and two-faced foes
Beware the evil and its woes.

?Withered Feelings?

A fleeting feeling, a heart's demise
No one is true, unless you rhyme
A bucket of lies, spilled and dyed
Now I'm painting, till I'm tainted

Love is red, you sure are dead
Because love is black, now he's back
Keep him away, and do not sway
For love is black, now you're back
Keep him dead, in your head
Until his lies, are untied
String by string, beware the sting

A fleeting feeling, a heart's demise
No one is true, unless you rhyme
Have you lied? With his mind?
To feel so dazed, in his restraint

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?Bouquet for two?

Alone in a world that condemns, I press into the depths,
Searching for answers that turn my stomach, make me sway.
I wander where certainty thins, where silence speaks,
Learning how loneliness teaches its own cruel grace.
I found someone, thought to be true,
So I said, "Let us make a bouquet anew."
She carried lavender, distance unspoken.
She shook her head, petals left unread,
And wandered on with words unsaid.
I sighed, a little blue crept into my chest,
Yet the sky stayed gold?hope refusing arrest.
What is left to do but gather again,
Hands open, despite the ache of refrain?
Another arrived with a rose, crimson and bold,
His cheeks flushed urgency, a story too quickly told.
I answered with yellow, gentle and kind?
Friendship first, no claim entwined.
His smile wilted; meanings crossed,
A quiet fuss, a moment lost.
People, people, in this crowded world,
Why do you hush what my heart has unfurled?
The need to know, to learn, to grow,
Wrestles with feelings that beg me to go slow.
So I stand with my bouquet, heavy with poppies?
Sleep, remembrance, the weight of maybe.
Roses of yellow and red tangle at the stem,
Desire and caution refusing to separate again.
Lavender lingers, jasmine fades,
Trust still learning which hands will stay.
I do not discard these flowers unmet?

??A deep ache??

A bone-deep ache, I hover awake
Midnight's cold, stoic and alone
Trembling in the night, soaring in the wind
The clouds grey, and pattering rain
Cold stone and endless roads, stretching ahead with twisted regret
Hatred ahead, warnings behead

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Cobblestones wet, red with regrets
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?Nature's Muse?

In this sea, vast and free
You're my light and I'm your plea
Every fear and every sorrow, all walk away when you're to follow.

If I'm a tree, you're my branch, my fruit and leaves
In your embrace, every doubt goes back to retrace.

In this world, vast and wild
You're my heart, my soul, my child.

In this storm, you're the calm I need
Every gaze you steal, feels heavenly
Among others, you're a mystery
My hope, my fear and pain to feel.

Am I sane? Not entirely sure,
For what I haven't seen, is your tomorrow to lean
Rustling of the leaves, gushing of the wind
Every whisper of the trees, cannot hide within

In this sea, vast and free
You're my light and I'm your plea
All my thoughts, pour ahead
When you're the one, listening ahead.

?Lyrics?

I think I'm addicted
To your hands on my lips
I don't think it's my first time but whatever
I'm scared, I didn't really need time

You were the only light to my night
Now the darkness engulfs me whole
But whatever

I think I'm addicted
To your hands on my lips
I don't think it's my first time but whatever
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