



N.S

a blossoming awakening

laying in the field of flowers,
realisations come by the hour,
with eyes wide open,
and a beating heart unbroken,
he lays his stems in the river stream,
an unexpected chance to redeem,
his mind and soul,
and to regain control,
of the petals that drifted with the wind.
he's learnt to respect,
be bold,
but not expect,
kindness from every breathing body.
with his heart replenished,
his expectations have vanished,
and he can change,
extend his range,
and reach blossoming heights,
after many tiresome days and restless nights.

the orchestra of love and truth

the orchestra that plays for the one you love,
the symphony that sings for the angel sent down from above.

you strike the strings of your violin,

to erase all her deafening sins,

you beat in violent rhythms at your drum,

to give her a simpler and shinier outcome,

and you misplay the keys of your piano,

to bless her with the voice of a soprano.

you command your withered orchestra,

to play and to play and to play,

to give and to give and to give,

but to what avail?

after all you've done,

and the lengths you've gone to please the midnight sun,

you're swept away under the floorboards of her heart,

and the love you once had,

starts to come apart.

an afterthought of the green night that was healing

a second past twelve,
and deeper into the night do my worries delve.
laying still amongst the stretching field,
my scars and my brokenness are bound to be healed.
the flowers that serenade,
provide peace in cascades.
the mesmerising and viridescent night sky,
illuminates an aura that allows me to whisper 'goodbye',
send away the memory that held us together.
this verdant night,
the countless hours lost in the starlight,
pondering,
of how it should've been,
a beautiful and dream-like scene,
of our hearts connected,
and our fears rejected.
is it wrong to revisit this moment?
the second that my thoughts collided,
coincided with the echoes of the old oak trees,
hoping for me to be free.
what if this colourful night helped me to grow?
transform my single and greatest woe,
of being my own and worst foe,
into something healing.

the question of why the ocean didn't let go

my thoughts are often lost in translation,
people are unaware of their true and tenacious creation,
the hundreds of seconds spent alone in the light,
confused and scared of what to write,
reaching for the darkness,
scrambling for strands of catharsis,
is this the only comfort left for me?
happiness would soon run dry,
and there was no more strength left to try.
with the anguish growing inside,
fading away was the only possible joyride.
several steps into the raging ocean,
my heart realised that it still felt emotion.
if my body desired to float away,
the sea was determined to find a way.
the endless expanse,
the welcoming waves that would often dance,
why did it want me to go?

the grasp of the seeds of a sunflower

watching yourself grow,
becoming stronger for the day after tomorrow,
emerging from a frail stem,
shining amongst the world's mayhem,
is a moment for the innocent eyes.
often,
we say we remember where we came from,
but all our lives,
we danced to someone else's song.
we forget to breathe the natural air,
and become infatuated with picking the unbroken to repair.
.....
our place in this world,
is eternal,
the mark we'll make,
is internal,
it comes from the seeds that sprouted us,
designed us,
and often mends us.
remember to clutch your petals dearly,
hold them close to your heart.
the sunflower you've become,
you're the brightest work of art.

a torn wish

my faded pages,
detail my submissive stages,
giving in to the echoes that surround me,
the voices that would doubt me.
these forbidden pages,
detail my dark ages,
and the scribes that recounted my heartbroken phases.
these entries,
are difficult to remove,
these memories,
maybe I'll tear them out for you.
you want me to forget,
throw away the countless cassettes,
that captured me crying to the shadows,
hurting myself in scorched meadows.
it's hard for me to move on,
to create a fitting con,
where my heart tells you that I'm fine,
but I'm drowning on the inside.
all I would want,
from a single wish
is our happiness,
for me to tear these pages,
and escape from my self-inflicted cages.

wanted you, needed you

a glass half-empty,
waiting for the liquor to pour,
head against the iron-clad door.
your voice trickles through the hallway,
and your scent lingers by the stairway,
attempting to entrance,
to rekindle a fractured romance.
through my drunken tears,
my body recollects all those blissful years,
searching and finding the fair maiden,
my insecurities she would eventually unload.
for long,
my ears were tempted by the siren's song.
the seductive and dangerous melody,
was plagued by immense jealousy,
of the love we possessed.
here by the iron-clad door,
the healing of my heartache is implored.
I wanted you and I needed you.
I craved the idea of you.
because without you,
there is no peace,
there is only self-disdain,
and bouts of torturous heartbreak.

about the girl

when my world was falling apart,
she was the thread to hold it together.

when my body was drifting away,
she was the lighthouse that guided it to shore.

when my scars were opened,
she was the magic that sealed them.

about the girl,
she could be the eighth wonder,
an undiscovered angel,
brighter than a ray of thunder.

about the girl,
she stands by me,
the shield to my sword,
and strengthens me.

about this girl,
her raven-black hair,
and her endless love and care,
her enchanting stare
it warms me,
it fills me with a feeling found in fairy tales,
of true love,
heavenly as the light from above.

where the gardenias used to grow

under the overlook,

it is written in a dirt-stained scrapbook,

that my happiness is contained in hidden places,

and each location creates a unique oasis.

but deep down,

I wanted to return to my hometown,

the place where the gardenias used to grow,

where I found the only love I know,

the most important,

the love of myself.