

*Shamma*

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# *Shamma* The Dancing Flame

Candle Poems by  
Esma Ashraf

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Author photo: Patti Hale  
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1 (888) 242-5904

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ISBN: 978-1-4808-7405-3 (sc)  
ISBN: 978-1-4808-7467-1 (hc)  
ISBN: 978-1-4808-7404-6 (e)

Library of Congress Control Number: 2019903349

Print information available on the last page.

Archway Publishing rev. date: 04/02/2019

*Stars be the glitter of her eyes  
She showers on me.  
Sunshine be the warmth of her heart  
I sleep in.*

*My first book of love is dedicated to my mother—  
Because I shine through you.*

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# Acknowledgments

In this chaotic world of madness, our dreams sometimes start to fade. Either we lose them or they leave us behind. But, on my side of the universe, someone special didn't let these dreams waste away for me. He held my hand and took me to the land where I could wear the crown of fantasy created out of my reality. He always believed in me. He cared for my dreams and encouraged me to fulfill them. *Shamma!* The Dancing Flame reflects his dedication towards this aim. I thank him for always supporting me. He is my dear husband, my life.

I would also like to thank my lovely parents for continuously encouraging me to write. Their faith in me made me who I am today.

My last note of appreciation goes to my amazing friends for accompanying me throughout my journey of writing. My venture wouldn't be possible without their love and support.

Thank you.

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# Love Letter

Dear You,

I hope my passion for you prints memories to be remembered by you, but not by many.

I wish that your lust for my heart will never fade away.

It is my tale created out of your stories.

You are as real as this moonlight glancing from above to find its reflection.

When the night whirls around your palace, I know it is the spark I long for.

I crave to brighten your dull moments.

I burn to illuminate.

I yearn to be enwrapped.

I am who I am, but

It is you who inspires me to live another day.

It is you who makes me restless.

You give my soul a name, an identity.

You melt the pages of my silhouettes.

As I dance, each curve of my flame venerates in your passion.

It is my dedication; it is my affection.

I find myself in you.

I thank you for being part of my existence.

In love,

*Shamma*

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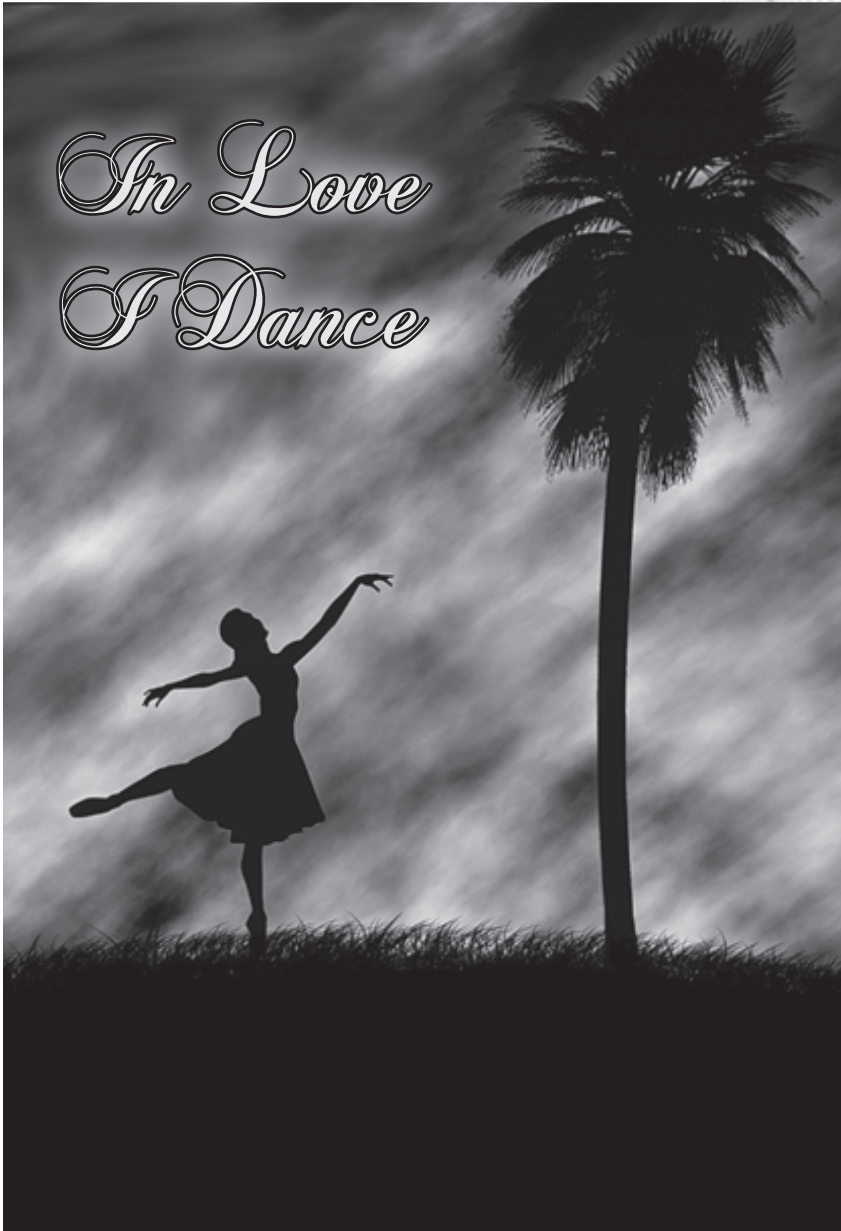
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*Shamma!* Desire of a Flame

Many burn by her dazzling display.  
Doesn't matter; she chooses  
to live this way.  
Besides this notion, a mind  
ponders anyway.  
Dying under the moments  
of shimmery days.  
Love is enkindled  
to let it stay.  
Moth whirling around her  
to convey.

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## My Mirror

While glancing in those eyes,  
he said,  
“I see a universe full of beautiful colors  
as they take me to the place where  
everything is frozen, but  
we are moving.”

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# My All

Being around you  
means a restless million  
words ready to perform  
inside my book of love.

It gives my pages a  
new face, an identity,  
each time I am  
around you.

You are the sonnet  
and my song that  
live through my ink,  
and I prevail  
through them.

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## Without Wings

If you learn to rise in love,  
You won't enjoy any other way.

If you learn to think in depth,  
You won't know any other way.

If you learn to cry in euphoria,  
You won't express any other way.

If you learn to breathe in vain,  
You won't praise any other way.

If you learn to dance in harmony,  
You won't practice any other way.

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# Infectious

When you touched  
my lips, I knew it  
was your desire  
to try melting tears.

I let you be part  
of my adventure  
we were tempted for.

I was that candle  
flickering in ecstasy  
all day long.

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## By the Rose Side

Flipping through the pages  
she read him, the ocean  
attending to each word;  
he smiled at this notion,  
diving to submerge  
in the poem of devotion.  
Gazing to inflame spark,  
he kissed the emotion,  
sitting across from her, still as  
the world swirled in motion.

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## His Name

I stare at his name to forget mine.  
This is how I remember myself.

I read him softly to feel my soul.  
This is how I embrace myself.

I kiss the letters to conquer mine.  
This is how I liberate myself.

I erase all marks to start anew.  
This is how I invent myself.

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## Waves

Sometimes they tease more,  
sometimes less, when they  
touch my skin as to explore.  
Whether I crave the touch  
or yearn for more,  
their kisses and tender  
caresses tickle my toes.  
Taste the salt to absorb  
the inner core.  
The lusty green and  
sensuous blue suck the  
pulp out of my soul.  
Sinking under the skin  
of sand as they play  
to divert me away  
from the shore.  
Drown me; enwrap me  
inside those swirls.  
Show me other contours  
of the world  
where turquoise lands  
and lavender sets to pour.

## Wish List

I wish to be free  
where no constraints live.

I want to surrender  
to the land of authenticity.

I hope to outlive  
the immortality.

I yearn to drown  
in the sea of love.

I claim to ostracize  
heartless fools.

I write to introduce  
you to yourself.

I dare to fear  
my intentions only.

I pray to embrace  
the unforgotten soul.





## Euphoria

I am high on life  
because I see the rain dancing  
and blink only to see the colors.  
When the sun bathes me in its rays,  
I feel clean.  
Sometimes, moonlight stares  
when I am dreaming.  
It is a castle of my fantasyland  
where I rule to conquer.  
Sometimes I wear my insanity,  
sometimes peace—  
I have the eyes to love  
and a heart to cherish.  
It is my choice; this is my madness.

## Completely a Woman!

She loves with passion;  
She dances in beauty.  
She lives by the praise;  
She melts the hearts.  
She is completely a woman!

Her elegance is alluring;  
Her dignity is attained.  
Her love is a victory;  
Her grace is impeccable.  
She is completely a woman!

She fights with perseverance;  
She weeps in silence.  
She faces with boldness;  
She illuminates the life.  
She is completely a woman!

## Treasure Chest

This was dredged in the heart of the sea,  
The depth of kindness.

This was found on the lips of flowers,  
The aroma of tenderness.

This was discovered on the arm of a tree,  
The moment of happiness.

This was searched for under the waterfall,  
The cascade of graciousness.

This was invented into the eyes of moonlight,  
The spark of brightness.



## A Butterfly

Flying by the winds of color,  
she feels an essence from afar  
where flowers become her  
home and fields become the sky.  
Yellow, blue, green, and orange,  
carrying shades of love in  
her bosom, the clouds  
kiss her palms.

Glancing through those  
petals, she dives into  
the streams of passion  
where pain becomes her  
lust and tears become the ocean.

The wind beneath her  
wings, sometimes soft,  
sometimes harsh, as she  
glides up and above to  
touch the heights.

I fly with grace; I cry in vain; I love with passion.  
I am a miracle of life.

## Magnetic

He was tempted to dive  
into her crimson dusk,

and

she was sinking to be  
engulfed in his luminance.

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## Venom

He travels in me  
like a drop of wine  
gushes to make  
one senseless.

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## My Calling

Happiness is:

- To love unconditionally.
- To be alive when death visits.
- To share the passion of dripping tears.
- To dive in romance.
- To see the sparkles in his eyes.

Passion is:

- To earn fragrance in his essence.
- To kiss those eyes in my dream.
- To yearn for his magic touch.
- To feel whole in his company.
- To long for intimacy.

Desire is:

- To smile only when he sees it.
- To be the taste of his wine.
- To wake up near his bedside.
- To die in his arms only.
- To whirl around his aroma.

## Love Him Mad

I am too busy  
thinking about  
him, as there is  
no time left to  
waste on this  
silly world.

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## A Shining Star

Shining through, a star  
made its way to brighten  
the path as she walked up  
and up to spread her rays  
to glorify.  
She became the sky.

Today, the moon dances  
in her beauty, and stars  
applaud as she celebrates  
her success.

Do you see it? That sparkle?  
That magical show of glitters?  
Don't blink, as I find it  
in the heart of that precious eye, that twinkle.  
I call her a shining star.

## The Passage

Beneath the world of my feet,  
prismatic crystals I feel.  
They shine as bright as I am,  
passing through the ocean,  
sometimes pink, seldom ivory.  
Water flows  
under the surface of the iceberg.

Searching the destiny through  
these frozen passages while  
floating down the dancing sea,  
my tears are the guiding light  
as I swim through,  
under the surface of the iceberg.

Glowing diamonds deliquesce  
into froths on the waves as  
my journey starts to search  
for the paths of land where  
I shall snuggle with peace surely.  
But oh, the promising soul!  
You must endure the pain now  
under the surface of the iceberg.



## Spellbound

It's your charisma  
I am swayed by.  
Your magical touch  
makes me oblivious.  
As I am under your  
spell, and you have  
the only power to  
turn me into gold.

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## My Angel

Enchanting eyes, scintillating smile  
Met an angel while passing by.

Gentle voice, mesmerizing persona  
Met an angel while passing by.

Deep soul, alluring presence  
Met an angel while passing by.

Magical touch, arresting musk  
Met an angel while passing by.

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## Being You

Go figure! Why is it difficult to be unique?  
Accept the way exceptions dwell.

Go figure! Why is it a punishment to stand alone?  
Accept the way solitude fights.

Go figure! Why is it strenuous to accomplish?  
Accept the way fortune manifests.

Go figure! Why is it excruciating to be heard?  
Accept the way the message expresses.

Go figure! Why is it inconceivable to be eccentric?  
Accept the way character shapes.



## A Mermaid

Swimming under the golden sea,  
She dipped deep to touch a reality,  
Searched for shells, heart's sensuality,  
Despite a feeling of not being free.  
It was a prison, not her sanctuary.  
Dreams be the ocean; waves, fantasy.  
Treasure was buried without a key.  
She drowned in the arms of actuality.

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## My Adornment

You are the veil I wear on me.  
Your eyes bring spark to me.  
Before sunlight kisses my shadow,  
you wear that shine on me.

In the night of dreams,  
I toss and turn when  
your fingers dive in me.

Even my eyes won't flinch  
during my sleep.  
All night long,  
your essence cuddles with me.

You become my skin.  
The silken feel and slippery  
touch immerse in me.

I don't want to wear  
night, so I wear you,  
and you wear me.

## A Puzzle

What love is!  
It can't be defined.

Where dawn sinks!  
It can't be justified.

When life changes!  
It can't be resigned.

What heart expresses!  
It can't be denied.

How injustice prevails!  
It can't be designed.

Why hate persists!  
It can't be simplified.

## Dream Avenue

Once sunshine said to me,  
“Enter inside the candor; glare is yearning for you.”

Once rainfall said to me,  
“Submerge in my obsession; thunder is rumbling for you.”

Once sky said to me,  
“Seek beyond the limits; universe is dancing for you.”

Once courage said to me,  
“Rise above the fears; gallantry is searching for you.”

Once heart said to me,  
“Justify with the desire; love is waiting for you.”

Once body said to me,  
“Enfold inside my soul; tranquility is asking for you.”

## When It Came True

At least I lived in a  
dream of his reality  
and spent days of  
my passion in his arms.

At least I flew by the  
wind of my desires  
and listened to the  
beat of his heart.

At least I slept under  
the moonlight and  
woke up by that  
shiny sky.

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## Temptation

I am afraid to look  
deep into his eyes.

My fears may unravel  
those tied knots of  
lost obsessions.

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## Sauvignon Blanc

This wine reminds me  
of a savory taste that  
kissed you once.  
Now, it replenishes  
my pores.

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## Pink

Don't you see  
In the style she flies?  
Don't you witness  
In the fashion she loves?  
Don't you admire  
In the extent she expresses?  
Don't you approve  
In the way she rebels?

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## Westside Highway

If we hadn't hung out  
that night, I wouldn't  
have come this far.

From this side to  
the next, I wouldn't  
have reached to where  
you are.

The tunnel, a ship,  
and the park  
once passed by to be  
ended in a bar.

We were pumped up,  
standing near the door,  
as our lips touched  
a cigar.

Then we drove in  
mania so we could  
race the car.

Your eyes to mine  
were as the spark  
to the stars.

The route became  
our destiny and healed  
the broken parts.

It left these marks  
on my memory, just  
like bruising scars.

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## Silhouettes

It is my wish to  
spread my rays  
around you so  
I can yearn more  
for the petals of  
your flames.

It is a sea of passion,  
flowing in the heat  
of your desire.  
Somehow my obsession  
fails to melt the contours  
of your palms.

I am ignited at  
the verge where  
my body breaks into  
dewdrops that later  
turn into golden  
ashes.

## Love, Red, and I

My affections, your love:  
contiguous they are to  
behold what is yet to come,  
and desires keep burning high,  
so let's get drunk here.

My hands are full when I  
wear the bracelet of your name.  
The passion arouses in me,  
so let's get drunk here.

Oh, the gushing waves  
of flames want nothing  
but you, and my lips  
taste the sweet rosy glass  
of tears.  
Fresh they are for me,  
so let's get drunk here.

I am empty up to the  
time of fulfilment as you  
pour the nectar of that  
life in a dry soul to keep it going.  
Alas! I long for more,  
so let's get drunk here.

## A Fantasy

When the eyes kiss rose petals,

The dewdrops create a fantasy.

When a ray sprinkles upon the light,

The fluorescence induces a fantasy.

When the waves caress the shore,

The restlessness awakens a fantasy.

When the scent absorbs into musk,

The romance merges into a fantasy.

When a sonnet intoxicates the heart,

The poetry embraces a fantasy.

When a dream opens a new passage,

The reality converts into a fantasy.





## In Love, I Dance

I start dancing in your arms  
As you play me like a violin.

I start dancing under your fragrance  
As you play me like a harp.

I start dancing in your eyes  
As you play me like a flute.

I start dancing on your palms  
As you play me like a piano.

I start dancing in your presence  
As you play me like a cello.

I start dancing on your lips  
As you play me like a saxophone.

## Devotion

She asks the drunkard moth,  
“Why are you so foolish as to ignore your ending?”  
He answers,  
“No true soul without yearning loves.  
No pure heart without burning melts.  
This is my path; this is my destiny.  
I submit myself to the arms of your flames.”

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*In Love  
I Melt*



## Melting Away

As the days pass  
by the bedside of  
blossoming flowers,  
those moments  
are wasting away.

I see raindrops  
shattered into tiny  
mirrors, trying to  
find their face;  
they are  
dispersing away.

My skin reveals  
a story of those  
marks carved by  
your kisses;  
they are  
melting away.





## Irony

He once gave me a  
book of gold to be kept  
in my treasure chest, but  
I ran out of words of jewels  
for him.

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## The Connection

Says rose to a thorn,  
“Even though my blood is gushed  
from those wounds that remind me  
of a pleasure, I feel to be  
in your company. My passion  
grows stronger, and the bond  
becomes inseparable.”

Says beauty to the eyes,  
“Although you have ignored  
my elegance at times,  
I ask not to keep  
that glimpse away, as you are  
my mirror. And by  
staring at the spark,  
I feel complete.”



## A Void

Into the field of dreams,  
Under the dusk of land,  
Above the head of horizon,  
By the wings of wind,  
Over the thundering cloud,  
I could not find you.

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## Building Blocks

Painful it is,  
A separation!  
Cruel it is,  
A rejection!  
Pointless it is,  
An expectation!  
Promise it is,  
A realization!  
Vulnerable it is,  
An affection!  
Hateful it is,  
A desperation!

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## Wake-Up Call

It was a false act  
of true love where  
pain was eternal  
but scars were  
washed away.

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## Echoes

It was unnecessary,  
not wanting to be  
cherished, not  
significant enough  
to be called out, but  
she stood there waiting.

Letting go was  
convenient for him.  
To be wasted away  
was a choice, but  
all she could hear was  
whimpering and whining.

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## It Was a Fool's Paradise!

When he was done  
with his story, he  
left with a promise never  
to return.

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## Dilemma

How could you resist  
standing near the shore but  
not diving into the ocean?

How could you resist  
taking a sip from  
the wineglass when it was  
set on your table?

How could you resist  
the wind that travels  
beneath your wings and  
may sweep you away?

How could you resist  
to meet the eye of an  
enchantress and not blink?

How could you resist  
staying in a magical  
land without being possessed?

How could you resist  
a star shining to  
light up the doorsteps  
of your sky while you hide inside?



## Epiphany

If I were beautiful,  
He would be the admirer.

If I were a fairy,  
He would be my savior.

If I were moonlight,  
He would be my mirror.

If I were an enchantress,  
He would be the sinner.

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## My Escape

I am running fast.  
To where?  
I don't know.

To escape maybe?  
From myself or  
from them. But  
I am running fast.

So I can hide  
in the dungeons  
of my own caves  
or perhaps disappear  
under the mounds of  
those floating clouds.

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## Near Sinking Waters

I fade just like an  
ocean loses its color  
under the reflection  
of golden skies.

I sail through the  
dusk to be absorbed  
into lustrous shores.

I rise after each  
wave pushes me  
with a whisk of  
sinking colors.

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## Autumn Fever

Some days like these  
remind me of you, when  
the crisp perfume of falling leaves  
brings out the memories.

It was this time when  
our hearts met and  
our souls were connected.

You stood there,  
having sparkles in  
those eyes. You waited for me,  
and I became whole.

Now each color of my leaf  
is fading as I cross those roads,  
drive by the teasing areas,  
and witness nothing but  
pale bodies, rotten and wounded ... This is how I am  
addicted to it.

Some days like these  
laugh at my weaknesses  
and bury my desires  
under the soft pillow of  
few joys, seldom sorrows.  
Shattered in pieces,  
just like the half-moon shining  
through, doing its  
best to laugh at me.  
A pounding heart,  
along with a rustling  
sound of swishing leaves,  
and then I hear nothing more.  
The crisp air crushes my courage  
as I walk up to search for  
your footsteps; it is not you  
there but dead leaves.  
The time has slipped away,  
but I am digging my moments  
again and again ... This is how I am addicted to it.



## Missing Page

Look at me!  
I am that torn  
page of a  
complete novel  
that never got  
to be published.

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## Eclipse

Too deep water is

Too deep sky.

What is not so deep ... is to die.

Too deep eyes are

Too deep heart.

What is not so deep ... is to cry.

Too deep truth is

Too deep promises.

What is not so deep ... is to lie.

Too deep feelings are

Too deep pain.

What is not so deep ... is to sigh.

Too deep sunshine is

Too deep night.

What is not so deep ... is to defy.

# Ruthless Him!

Why he chose to  
look the other way  
when I gave him all,  
My eternity.

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## Unripe

He left me empty,  
as there was no  
drink in the cup  
that could quench  
his thirst. Not anymore.

I was once the  
nectar of his desire,  
a fruit, the inebriant  
of his chalice, but  
not anymore.

Like an aged grape,  
I am waiting for  
that one moment  
to be felt forever  
in his mouth.  
Alas! Not anymore.



## Misfit

I don't belong here.  
I write to vent.  
I fight to get peace,  
not to find myself.  
I am full like a  
half-moon,  
counting the days of  
my youth. Anyway,  
I don't belong here.

I get pushed around,  
so you have your way  
and be the ruler, but  
I don't care because  
it's my casket and I  
own it. Nevertheless,  
I don't belong here.

I have no purpose.  
I have no fate, but  
I am moving along,  
so each wave can  
push me through  
with each stride.  
I taste its colors.  
I don't anticipate  
in the world of power,  
as my heart is a slave  
of freedom. Anyhow,  
I don't belong here.

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## All Talk

It is all charm and words that he uses to get my attention. Otherwise, actions speak louder than words.

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## Laws of Nature

Love melts  
While hate is congealed.

Light radiates  
While darkness takes away.

Triumph glorifies  
While failure teaches you.

Day unveils  
While night covers you.

Beauty personifies  
While ugly stays rotten.

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## Falling Hearts

Crisp mornings of autumn  
bring back those moments  
of the sins we committed  
under the canopies of  
some orange, some yellow,  
dying leaves.

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## Lame Excuses

It keeps me busy so  
I go far from you, so  
you don't come my way.  
Sometimes I cry  
and stay away from  
my destiny—that is, you.

I am occupied, so I  
Write to you and  
dream for you.  
My search becomes  
my fate—that is, you.

My pain and the  
notebook sleep by  
my bedside.  
They take me  
inside the folds of distances,  
where I can squelch  
my lust—that is, you.

# Transformation

Melt, oh heart! Just like a rock molds into the gemstone.

Blossom, oh heart! Just like a bud transforms into the flower.

Shine, oh heart, just like a darkness hides in the arms of sunlight.

Escape, oh heart! Just like a captive runs into the palms of freedom.

Cleanse, oh heart! Just like a repentance converts sins into virtues.

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## It's a Riddle!

Why do words fall off  
from the shrubs  
of autumn?

Why do gems lose  
the colors of  
their vanity?

Why does beauty fade  
behind the shadow  
of murkiness?

Why doesn't love  
complete a circle  
of its moon?

Why do promises hide  
under the pile of  
broken mirrors?

Why does the heart ignore its  
perks sometimes?

## Fraction

In his love,  
It was some +,  
maybe –  
at times.  
When I came  
to do the  
calculation,  
it gave me nothing  
but ?

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## Wilting

I am deserted  
flesh glimpsing  
through my window,  
waiting to be  
caressed by the  
virgin morning.

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## Dismissive

What is not to be endured,  
We learn to disregard.

What is not to be cherished,  
We learn to lose.

What is not to be believed,  
We learn to suspect.

What is not to be adored,  
We learn to deprecate.

What is not to be understood,  
We learn to negate.

What is not to be conveyed,  
We learn to conceal.

## Longing For ...

There is a world of  
longing and wait.  
I am there standing  
still, counting so I can  
see you immersing in  
the moonlight rays.

I know you are there  
looking for me, but  
you don't say anything.  
Maybe you are afraid.

But I am not as I am,  
standing where you left  
me under the shade of  
velvety drapes.

## Deep Cut

I am breaking into pieces.  
Each one has a story  
to tell.  
A tale of victory.  
A saga of deceit.

I am breaking into pieces.  
Each corner is sharp  
enough to paint blood  
on my canvas.

I am breaking into pieces.  
Each wall of my heart pines  
for sunshine but rather  
kisses the darkness.

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## Demons

Frozen in time, being unable to escape,  
stuck behind the walls,  
hiding under the cave.  
Far away from solace,  
streaming inside the wrecked sea,  
I bear it all alone, fighting within.

Yes, it is a war between two  
as reality or fantasy both play.  
From desire to miserable soul.  
In ecstasy, they make love.  
Of hate, the passion lives.  
I endure it all alone, fighting within.

With conviction, it is deceived.  
In revenge, love is possessed.  
When we bleed, we break down  
where hearts have no home  
and feelings are misplaced.  
I inhale it all alone, fighting within.

Living a big lie, dying with guilt,  
Oh, you demon! Face me now.  
The truth is certain in my land.  
It is not over yet, not yet, alas!  
I cherish it all alone, fighting within.

## Phases

Yesterday a regret embraced her with poise.  
Today she asked misery to kneel down.

Yesterday her heart was in despair.  
Today the hope became her limelight.

Yesterday her body was adorned with jewels.  
Today she became free from the chains.

Yesterday a connection built the weakness.  
Today she decided to renovate her strength.

Yesterday the romance became her vanity.  
Today a dedication wore its crown.

Yesterday a fear was wrapped under the satin.  
Today she chose to live with fortitude.

Yesterday her style displayed its charm.  
Today the dignity polished her charisma.

Yesterday the audience laughed at her performance.  
Today her fairy tale transmuted into a masterpiece.



## Parallel Universe

I am stuck between  
the world of dreams  
and reality.

One has the power  
to turn into a fairy tale.  
The other becomes  
real once fantasy wears off.

This is my parallel universe.

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## Desolate

Where is he?  
She looks for his  
footsteps, searching  
for that heart.

As the time passes by,  
the stain of his skin  
is dappled over her.

She is deceived as  
he has gone forever.

Carrying a memento of  
him, she feels numb  
sitting under a sultry  
sun, waiting to be  
drenched again.



## A Poet's Life

He lived through her words  
to be remembered by many.  
She blossomed in his world  
but wilted after twilight. Alas!  
Myths unfolded the chariness.  
Now the candor nestles within her heart.

Romance, that sweetness,  
only survived through her melting pen.  
Now the time has come to test the blank ink,  
as the pages will now drink her red  
tears and drapes of her windows  
will keep the moonlight from glancing through.  
The flames will mock her courage.  
This is her fate; this is her life.

But wait—he hasn't left yet.  
Still he sleeps by her book.  
It is him, a storyteller.  
She makes love to his  
thoughts all night long.

Setting like a tear in her eye,  
the story dissolves nevertheless.  
He invented himself through her,  
then vanished to search for another, maybe.

This is how the poetry evolves.  
This is how the life takes strolls.  
Unfortunately,  
this is a poet's life.



## Silent Skies

Couldn't hear any sound.  
What was felt, a silence.  
From one sky to another,  
panting to step on.  
Still remained quiet as  
it was his verdict, not mine.  
In absence, he breathes in,  
although I screech in silence.  
Oh, the soothing cadence  
where his heartbeat resides  
in me, but I shall keep  
breathing silence.

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## In Love, I Melt

As you inflame my tarnished spark,  
I melt like a tear to dissolve into you.

As you scorch to try a new flavor,  
I melt like a hue of champagne into you.

As you touch to make me feel alive,  
I melt like a seeping of lust into you.

As you whisper to say, "I love you,"  
I melt like a drop of rain into you.

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## The End

He never loved me.  
And I did nothing else  
in my time of worshipping.

He never cared  
for the heart made  
of wax, frozen,  
yielding to breathe  
another day.

He never regretted to  
doubt, as if I have  
ever asked anything  
in return.

He never cherished me  
but rather punished me for  
mistakes I have  
not committed.

He never loved me!





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