

Poetry Series

Laila laila
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Laila laila()

A Plea

I plead o winds, , don't breath that past into my lungs
Let me assure my self that m happy the way I am
what if I have no will and desire
Let me say I' ve mastered the art of faking happiness
And pretend to be alive

I do not expect any thing out of YOU
Expectations can be a failure, ,
but life isn't thats what they say
thousands have tried, , , and am on their way

a shame that i carry with grace
adorning my veil with beads and lace
Am happy the way am, ,
I have no worries to retain the goodies,
but the women in my man

I sleep with the sigh of relief next to a chilly alp
with never so ending nights
holding the pillows so tight
just to realize, ,
Its time to go to work!
To feed the ever so hungry stomach

Laila laila

Am A Slave Of Ma Soul

Wandering, Strolling dragging all day long
I confront the body, where does this soul belong?
Oh! How I reject this slavery of this anonymous women....
To whom I surrendered in fear of being wrong
Every evening when I knock the door to meet ma soul
A Voice comes screeching, , , , "Try again, , me not home

The emptiness creeps in again, , , leaving me alone ...
no matter how hard I try.. I still weep and moan

Laila laila

Angel In My Arm

Happiness, , , , i see you sleeping in my arms
never wanted this morning to steal away
your little fingers which kept me Warm.

had to oblige the office which in return
will oblige the butter for the stomach,
O'h hunger of my soul, ill sure pacify you,
till evening like a yarn, , ,

Laila laila

Daughter

You are a poem ill never be able to write..
Every single word i chose seems just not right...
Dictionaries seems to fall, short on words.
Be it cambridge or a simple oxford.
Another 2 days, , , for me to see you, , ,
Its like your kicks in ma womb once again, ,
Oh how i feel you....

Laila laila

Irony Of A Golden Bud

The only irony is, , ,
you ve been sowed by a shallow seed
which dwelled in a weed
a wayward ir responsible wind
got you to virgin earth,
a gush of seconds.. where the corpse was battered
witnessing the dream get shattered
The creepy crawly weight, , on the meek fragile breath
weeks of torture, , , months of turmoils, , ,
and there grew a Golden bud in the womb of soil
firming its root in my hollow soul

Laila laila

Let Me Be Born Of You

kiss me with your eyes, , hold me with your sight, ,
make love to the luckiest one, ,
so gently that I be born of you

let the world witness the beautiful form of your touch...
the serene bunch of bones the twilight of flesh, ,
when you entered the gentle one, , , ,
that I was born of you.

hold me like a dew on the virgin plant
The muslin, in your heavy hand
Caress me like a petal and keep me treasured
I know I'll be pure and precious, if I am born of you

If I float like a lotus leaf, , , please don't let me be free, , ,
Am tired of being alone and deprived....
I have harbored in your heart
I refuse to lift my anchor, , ,
I refuse to be disturbed
I refused to be woken up, , ,
, I know even if I have to, , , ,
I cannot find another you
now that I am born of you

Laila laila

The Burden

Knees are giving up, and so is my shoulder,
Carrying the burden of a so - called loser.

no where a son was he to me, yet i nurtured more like a mother,
stucked like a parasite hunged to my cord,
surviving on my dreams, , , sucking the blood of ma thoughts.
off ma soul you go, cant walk any more further.

lonliness travels thousands of yards per second
Autumn, spring summer or wind,
all alike like a blind mans season....

Oh what a waste of one precious life,
the child who once dreamt of getting her feathers,
and flying up in the sky....
Chained to a loser, loosing her youth slowly
craving for happiness begging for a smile.

Laila laila

The Lost Lad Of Country Side

Miles and mountains in my stride
Autumns gone, , , spring arrived
Obliging social network
met this lost lad of countryside.....
His joy had no boundaries though
he faked those smile once in a while

He yelled his happiness he screeched his fear.....
Quavered his emptiness which I pretend not to hear
And he said in despair.....
"love, was my wait too long in these eighteen years?

Wailing like a small child,
shedding the skin of loneliness
Holding together my brittle self,
Kissed his presence with my eyes

Unable to weave the fashion of words
My silence shrilled yet unheard
A country guy that he was, , such a frail form
was i talking paddy coconut, cotton or palm?

Laila laila

The Perfect Past

Once love did exist,
and so did the trust.
every act, emotion and minute,
i lived to the fullest.

The mirror on the wall had a face...
I got into your life feeling secure and safe.
like a little child on the swing i laughed..
and you promised to share every thing half n half.

I remember, i felt like a bird with you by my side
O ' happiness you lived so short and died.
you were the one, i looked upon., , , , ,
and with just your name, i could go on and on.....

Your thoughts were so liberal.. Mind so broad..
your embrace so soothing, n arms so vast..
What more did i ask, except for those moments to last.

Alas! life is so strange, , ,
i saw you gradually change, , ,
your ego shot to fame, and all you did, , was nothing
but brought me shame..

Your marathon against responsibilities
grew larger than life,
you took me your slave, ,
seldom a wife.

Folks of the town, witnessed and said, , , get up gurl, ,
wear your dignity, , and move on,
Here comes my lame excuses again, ,
i pacify my self n drag along a little more
till iam numb

Laila laila

The Quest, The Plight

The desire of holding the clouds in my bosom,
embracing the sky, holding the rains
in the fist of my freedom

Forever being pregnant with unfulfilled quest,
I endure no longer this bravery,
I walk with the weight of being a woman,
betrayed myself and behaved a man
Oh! what an irony, what a treachery.

The sickle of hugs, the thorny touch
painful bleeding lips....
trapped, caged and odourless kiss.....

Fear of night, which goes deaf by my plight
Still waiting for the dawn to break,
and the monster dare not enter the fragile and dampen my sunlight,
when the cuckoo will taste the freedom and take the flight

Laila laila