

Summer's Love Lyrics

"502 Unvoiced Love Poems for Her"

Prashanth Shekar



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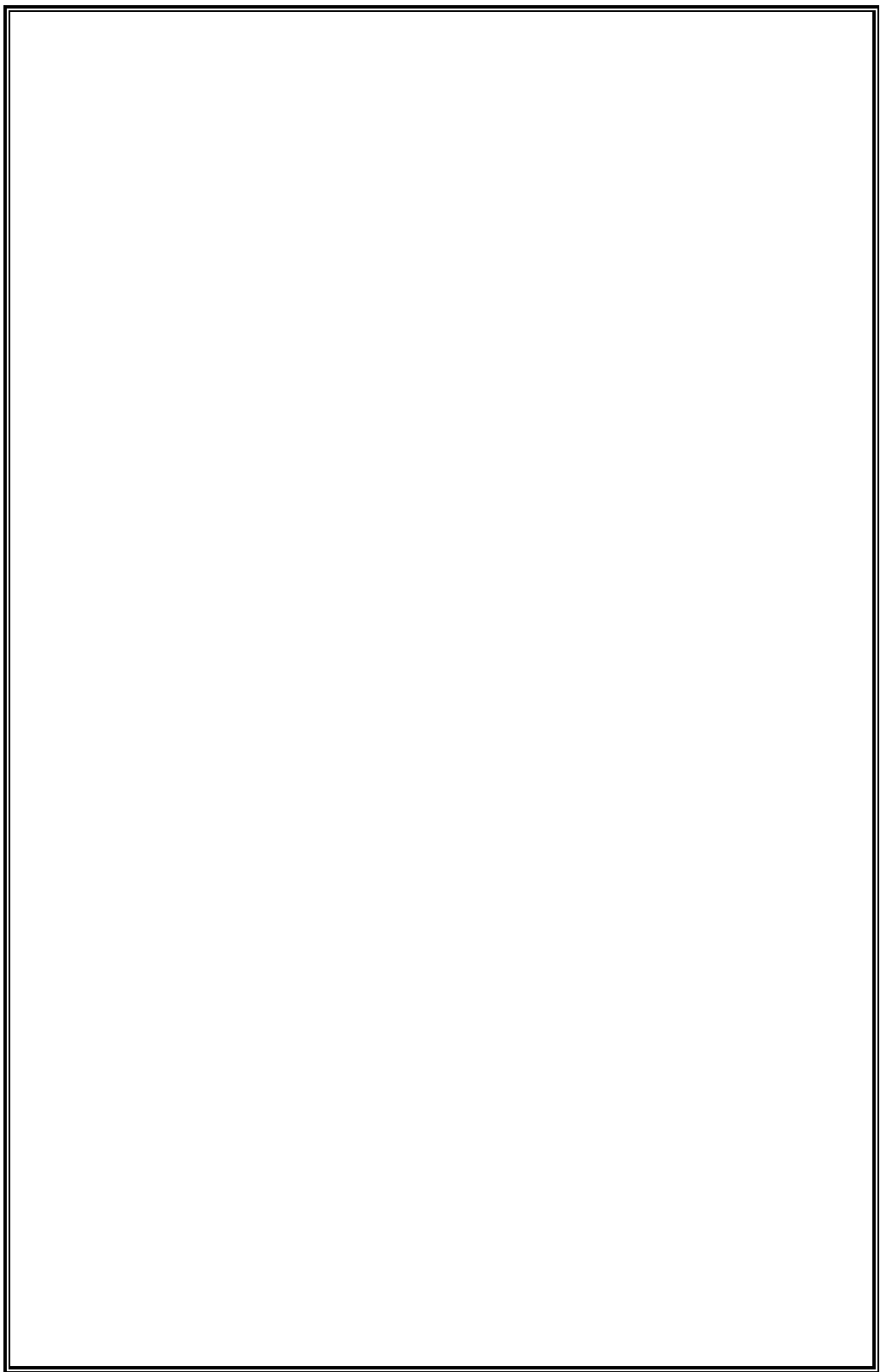
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Dedicated to,

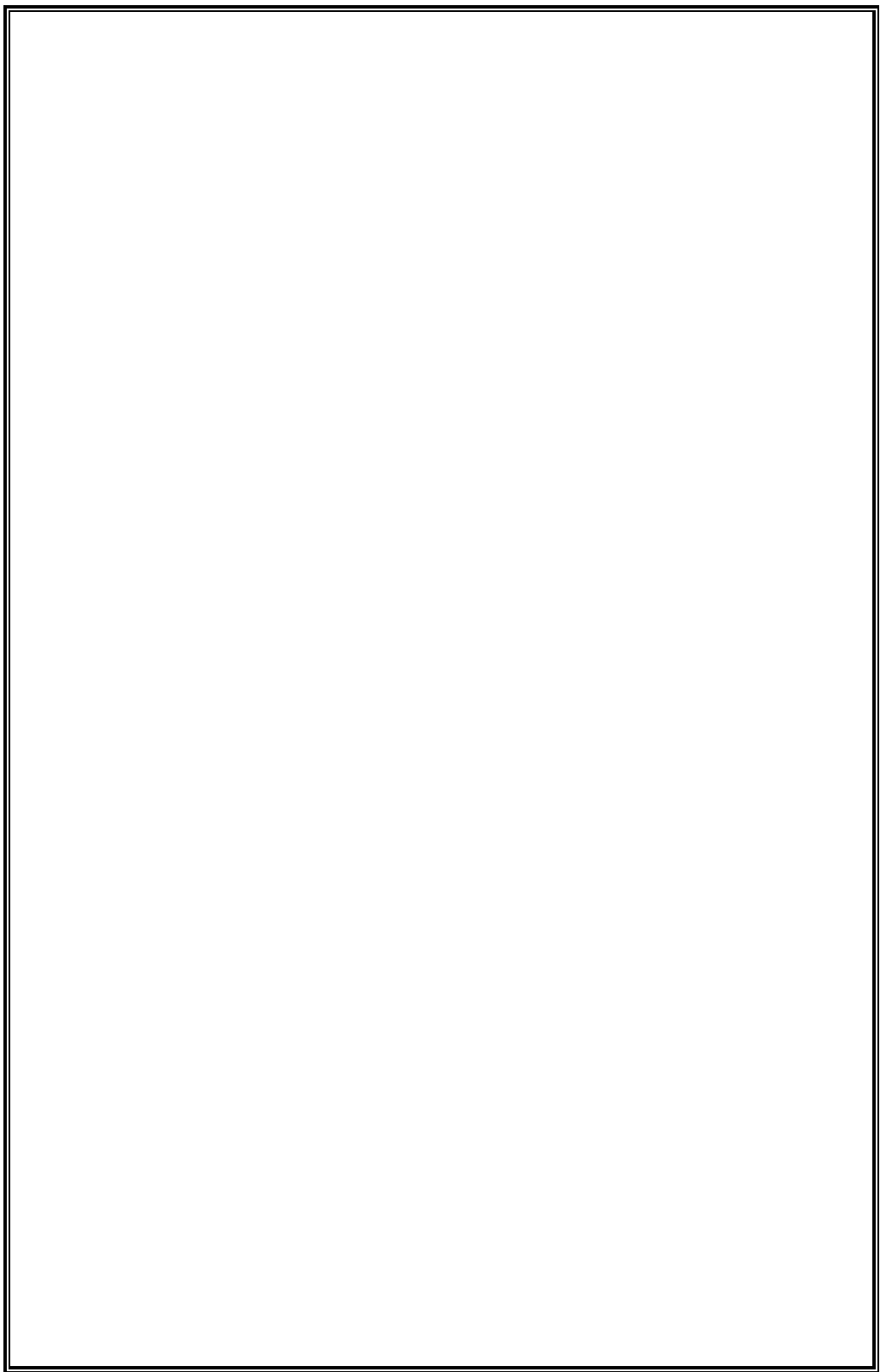
Keerthi Shekhar

*“Without whom my creative world
would be a lost realm”*



Note from the Poet

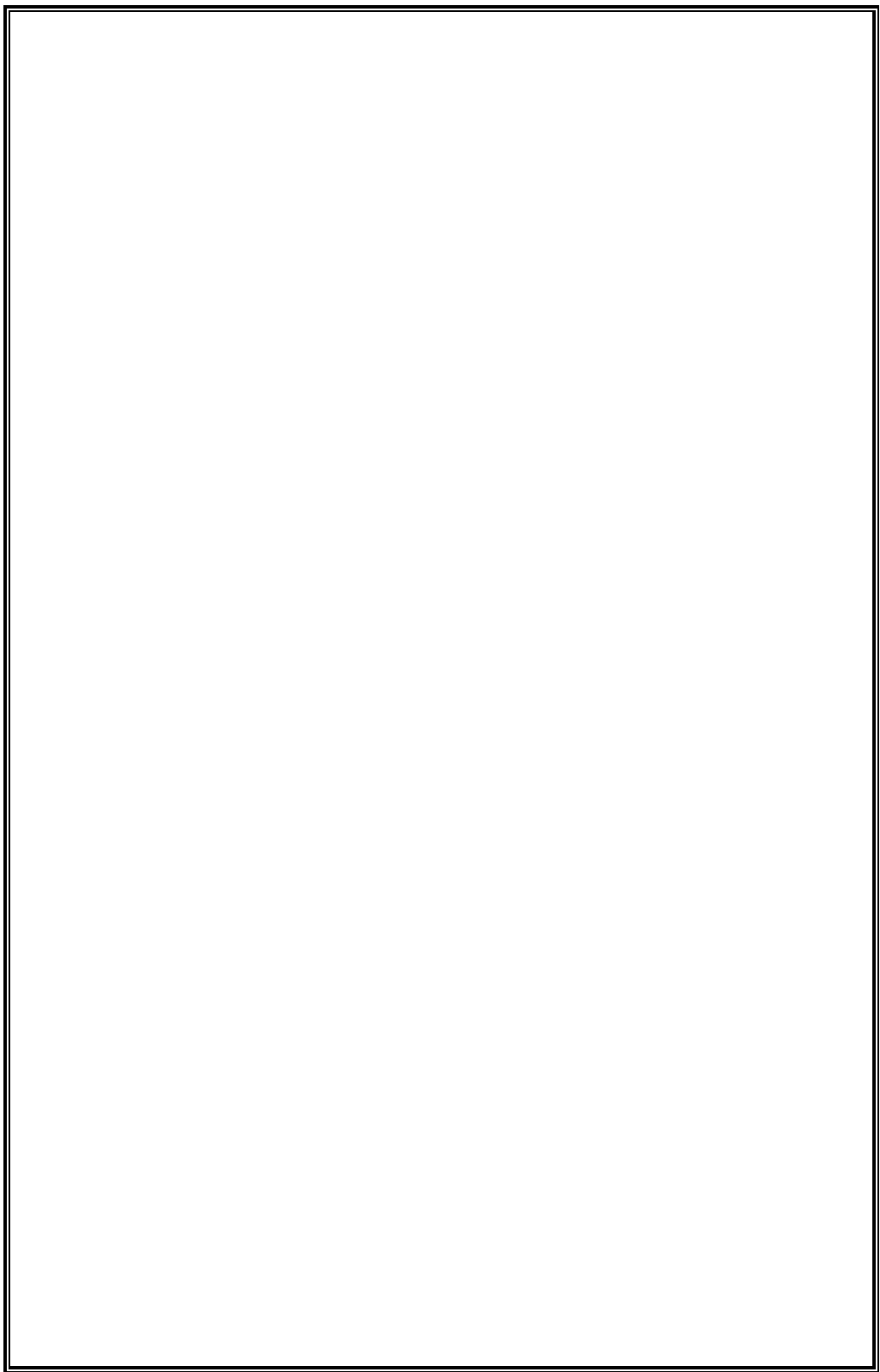
*“Millions can read my poetry; yet only one can
Perceive to fathom its emotions!”*



Susanna and The Elders

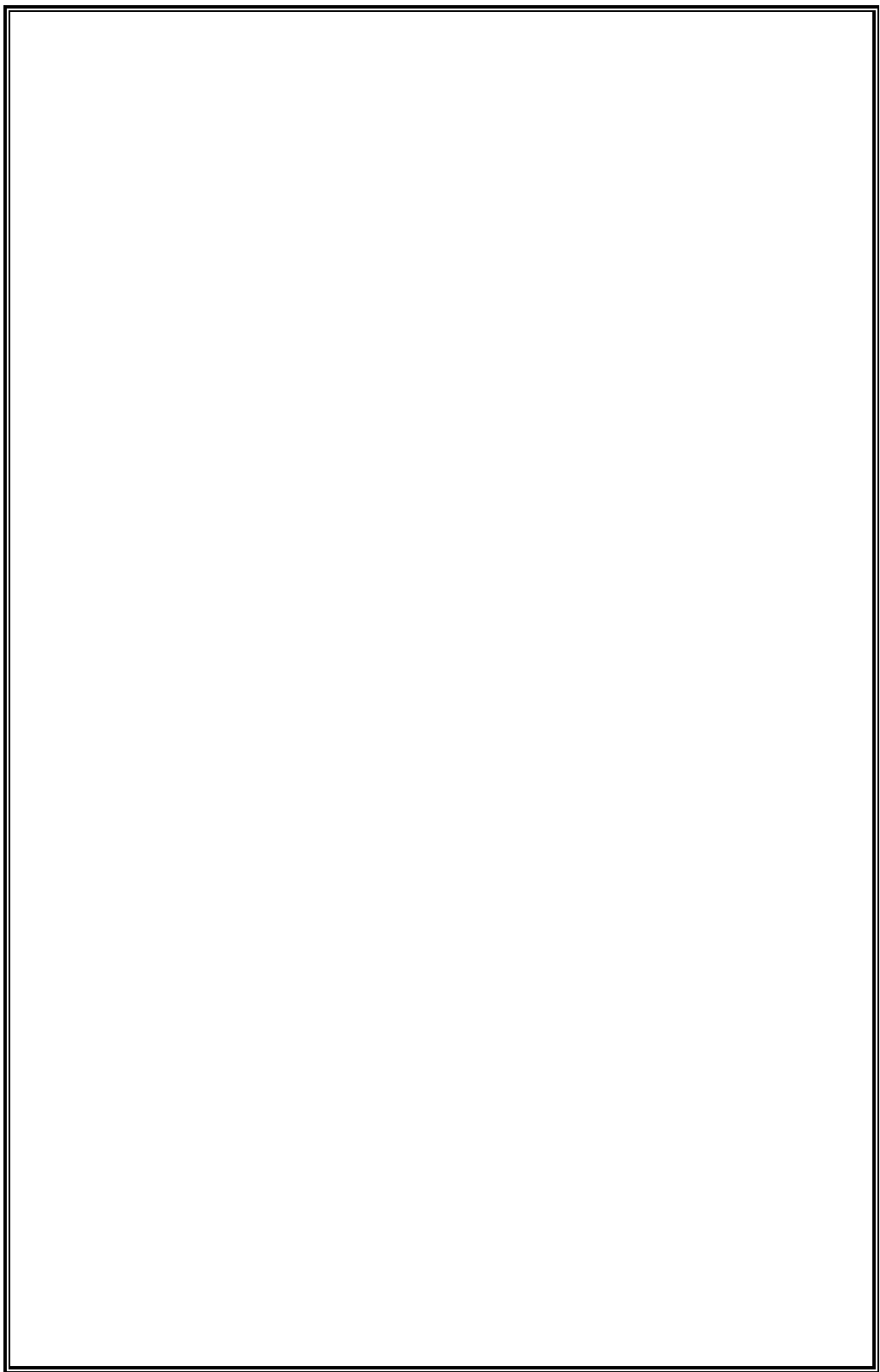
*“Why do
You thus devise
Evil against her?” “For that
She is beautiful, delicate;
Therefore.”*

*Adelaide Crapsey,
From “Verse.”*



SUMMER'S LOVE LYRICS

"502 Unvoiced Love Poems for Her"



0

Wonder why she was smiling?

Whilst I suffered.

Well, it was a dream!

So was she;

And so was her smile.

I

It began when our eyes cohered;
The first time.
Her scent bewitched me!
I fell in love,
Admiring her beautiful smile.

II

Wet roads covered with trees and fog;
After the first rain.
A long ride across the hill,
In the warmth;
Of your loved one!

III

She danced gracefully under the moonlight.
An awe-struck evening 'twas!
Galaxies revolved around her;
Alike shooting stars,
Sprinkling magical star dust.

IV

I see pictures, fragments of memories,
Of us together.
And in that world;
I see us,
Inseparable and happy!

V

I wish you were here, love,
In my arms.
So, I could tell you,
How much;
I truly love you!

VI

I love the way you smile,
Like an infant!
Sweet laughs and giggles.
I desire to fly,
Every time; I see or hear!

VII

As I sit down tired, watching;
The orange evening fade.
Feathered friends fly above me,
Bestowing lost love;
And reminding me of you!

VIII

Why do these days and nights;
Haunt me so bad?
Dreadfully, I wonder why?
Though the warmth;
Of your love, still lives in me!

IX

Will you love me, my sweet-pie?
I am broken and lost.
I crave a sweet-home in ye!
Will you please;
Take me in your arms?

X

I long to relive every moment,
I lived with you.
Even if you hate me,
You will always;
Live in my heart forever!

XI

What will become of me after?
Your love for me?
This, I do not wish to know.
But I know;
I will love you, beyond eternity.

XII

I dream of ye every night,
You are happy!
As you come closer to kiss;
Your picture evanescences,
Leaving me in agonizing pain.

XIII

I am a pilgrim of lost land;
Wandering aimlessly.
An outcast caged within;
Wanting to liberate,
From the lament of a torn bond.

XIV

On a star-gazed cold night;
Sadness climbs like ivy.
Nesting on my silent walls;
Whispering names,
Flooding me with memories.

XV

You found me in the ruins;
Washed away by woes.
Lying alone on the shores;
Of abandonment,
And chose to love me.

XVI

What will I do in a world,
Without you, my love?
Without your love and care?
A world without you;
It's a world without love.

XVII

He takes away love from those,
Who cherish, care,
And give it to those who don't.
Such is the irony;
We are puppets in maker's hands.

XVIII

Waking up next to you; my dear,
Is my destiny.
And to plant wet kisses;
On your cheeks,
On a summer morning!

XIX

If every granule of sand glided slowly,
 Into the hour glass,
Time wouldn't change, yet it does.
 Time would cease to exist;
Yet it co-exists, and it is sad.

XX

Breathe into my soul; love,
 For I am dead.
Bring me back to life, so,
 I can dwell in the;
Beauty of your evergreen love!

XXI

The beauty of a broken window frame,
 Goes unnoticed, until;
A restorer, restores its pieces.
 Just like the way, until;
The broken heart finds its missing pieces.

XXII

If I were you, I would manifestly;
Do the same, honey!
Hide my scars under a scarf,
Imprison self in the dark;
And await death to take me home.

XXIII

Lying next to you under the roof;
Of a billion stars!
Humming a love them together,
Floating like clouds.
It is like a snowy dream!

XXIV

You are the eternal sunshine of bliss;
Millions of miles away.
I am a slave, to your compassion.
An adherent, seeking;
The bond of a lifetime's blessing!

XXV

There is harmony, within us;
As our lips synchronize!
That turns our chaotic worlds;
Into a serene pond!
And binds our souls together!

XXVI

Thy sparkling eyes, mesmerize men!
Losing senses;
They follow naively into thy trap,
Unbeknownst, unrecoverable.
Sweetly bewitching, ye beautiful witch!

XXVII

Tender as sweet flower ye caress;
Delightfully, I accrue.
Like a puppy wagging wiggly-tail,
I come around knowing;
Thou love me with all thy heart!

XXVIII

I desire to explore the depths;
Of your mystical soul!
And mark my selfless territory,
Caressing every inch;
Of your transparent skin.

XXIX

There is serenity in being lost in your;
Over-looking sight of despair.
Bewildered, at the notion of sadness;
Far-stretched eyes of yours,
In the absence of happiness, seems colorful!

XXX

Widespread arms of yours, outstretched;
Always to give!
Blessed are those who receive;
Your pious love,
That transforms thorns into flowers!

XXXI

I crave to bathe in the sacred pool,
Formed from the sweat;
Of your wildest erotic desires!
Flowing atop your bosom;
Down to your navel, forming a trail!

XXXII

Your chest rests like huge mountains,
Covered in mist and fog.
A tunnel from which birds flew freely;
With elegance and felicity.
A pathway to heaven and earth!

XXXIII

Press my head against your heart.
Caress me gently.
In the silence of our soft breaths;
I yearn to listen,
To the raising march of your heartbeat!

XXXIV

Silence works like a broken clock,
Calm and still;
And roars like a wounded tiger.
None to attend the wound,
Nothing to cope for the lost time.

XXXV

Let me lock you in my eyes,
And never open them.
Let me take you to a place;
Away from everyone!
So, no one can steal you from me.

XXXVI

In you, the bonfire of love,
Burns exuberantly!
Embers light up the northern sky!
In the dark night;
Beauty thou hast rests silently!

XXXVII

I am finally coming home to you, love!
Riding on a troika around;
Vast lands, Green-landscapes, and Farms!
As fresh air brushes my cheeks,
I hold a portrait of yours, chest-close!

XXXVIII

From being lost in one another;
Day and night,
Frightened, we outgrew ourselves;
And lost one another,
In the darkness of broad daylight!

XXXIX

A crown made of Yellow Daisies,
For the beautiful princess,
Whose smile evokes summer's warmth!
And soul so pure;
Paradise reflects from her heart!

XL

The key to my heart is your smile;
Unlock my soul, love.
Let me dance to the rhythm;
Of your endless tunes,
With joy-filled, sacred happiness!

XLI

Cute curls at the end of your cheeks,
Bounce on your shoulders;
As you push them aside; The scars,
Underneath your beauty;
Enhance the beauty itself!

XLII

Your tender lips and soft words;
A kind heart you possess.
Magical soul, warm and devoted.
Eyes that narrate stories;
Stories only those who loved, understood.

XLIII

The maker must have been in love;
The day he made you!
He bestowed countless ounces of charity;
That he thought was lost.
You are the love God wanted in heaven!

XLIV

The tears of your first cry manifested;
The birth of the sacred pond!
Your first laughter shattered into millions,
And angels were born!
Heaven and earth were united by love!

XLV

Heavenly spirits marched the corridors;
And basked in sheer merriment!
Angels visited our lands to witness;
The wonder of our creator.
Every brick of heaven echoed in laughter!

XLVI

There is melody in-between your silence!
Emotions sustain softly.
As the symphony of love begins,
There is even harmony;
Though, there is dissonance in the orchestra.

XLVII

If only I were a fish or a bird!
I would swim or fly;
Across seven oceans to see you.
Sadly, I am a poet; hence,
I am writing this poem for you!

XLVIII

You are the immortal seed of love;
That grows wildly,
From the surface of your heart.
And love derived from;
Kindles heart of the reaper desiring increase!

XLIX

Let's run like the whooshing wind;
Through wheat fields.
Free from the world's desires.
Let's live a colorful life;
Like butterflies in a rose garden!

L

Pestered, tormented, and shattered;
I labored to survive.
I dwell in the darkness, doomed,
With hopelessness;
Preying on my heart into deception.

LI

Like flowers of The Great Hall;
You live in me!
Mild fragrance of a wild sort!
That entices;
The pilgrim to visit your temple.

LII

An undying voice resounds deep;
In my dark soul.
And of dreams they whisper;
On a shadowy night.
It softens as the dawn advances!

LIII

You leave trails of wet footmarks;
On the shores;
Of my dry heart, like the lost gull,
I hunt, searching for you;
In whom I have locked my heart!

LIV

And as life endures in me;
An old soul I become!
A glance at your colorful eyes,
Brimming with tears;
Sickens me and pronounces me dead.

LV

Under the flicker of the crescent moon;
Let me love you!
Love beyond measures, in oneness.
Fists clenched together;
Eyes entwined, hearts tangled, souls united.

LVI

As rusty night swirls up to morning.
My heart decays;
Slowly, silently, mourning the loss,
I lay in anguish.
Shipwrecked heart looped to infinite ache!

LVII

Memories of us come spiraling down;
To scary nightmares.
Thoughts gush like waves to lament,
My dying eyes.
Needless hate harbours in the sailor's heart.

LVIII

Drifting on the edge of your tears;
I pour like rain!
Which takes me to another dimension;
Of your mysterious realm.
A world buried, deep inside your heart!

LIX

I am drunk in your vastness;
I feel exuberant!
Being lost in your oceanic eyes;
I am intoxicated!
I am Floating heedlessly into eternity!

LX

You murmur like wind chewing wheat;
On the high fields!
Swiftly you pass through trees,
And in a flash;
You are far gone, heading cold mountains.

LXI

Honestly, such beauty, extraordinary!
Not just of skin,
Of moss, gentle, vast, and compassionate!
Heart pure, childlike;
And skin transparent, golden, alluring!

LXII

Love is all, what we live for!
To love, and be loved.
We spend a lifetime searching;
The perfect combination,
Of beauty, love, wine, and poetry!

LXIII

In the finest hour of my solitude,
Realization strikes hard.
Promises made and broken, unbeknownst.
Once, he who taught;
The art of living together, taught otherwise.

LXIV

I dare not dream to imagine;
My life without you.
I am living this life of uncertainty.
Alone in dismay;
And my love, it has been torture!

LXV

Wishing strong roots of love, we planted;
Two saplings during spring.
Now, they have grown tall and old together.
And how ironical?
We fell apart hanging on a weak branch.

LXVI

Like a child, I came crawling to you.
Searching, reaching;
For your arms, longing for love.
I turned into an infant;
As you rained love all over me!

LXVII

You feature characteristics of a rainbow;
Different shades, colorful!
You smile, sweet as sugar and honey!
A bird song!
I fall in love, time after time!

LXVIII

I have many different voices, love;
Many different selves.
I am a changing guard, you choose;
Any of my many selves,
To protect during the day and love all night!

LXIX

Your song travels to misty mountains.
Where the beast rests;
In solitary and banishment, it lives;
In raging fury!
You tame it with your eloquent voice!

LXX

The dark ceiling thunders and sprinkles;
Lightning flashes scary!
Candles flicker as the wind wheezes in.
I peer through my window;
The night cries cruelly on my behalf!

LXXI

You seek no love from anyone;
Not anymore.
You whistle away your thoughts,
Thoughts about me.
You do not hate, but you are silent!

LXXII

Waves of uncanny events stormed;
Steered us ashore.
Welcomed by a land of loss and misery;
Our love grew slender,
Which died, longing and in grief.

LXXIII

Her skin bleeds gold on a full moon;
Nerves shine like silver!
Eyes sparkle like sea-sprayed pearls!
Heart blue as topaz;
And beauty evergreen as emerald!

LXXIV

Like two frogs on a lotus leaf,
Let's croak in symphony.
Let's jump, leap, swell up, play dead.
Hop everyday together;
And live merrily in our love pond!

LXXV

I am here still, where you left me;
Wishing with hope,
You are exactly where I left you.
And we both know;
We dream of living together every day!

LXXVI

Sweet words of your tender tongue,
Melt me heart!
As soft as a flower ye speak;
Gentle and kind!
My ears crave to hear thy sweet voice!

LXXVII

I will endure in your silence;
And wait for you.
In this hour of darkness, love;
My heart is filled,
With your voice, echoing your song!

LXXVIII

Who will mother my child?
And dream increase?
I love ye and ye alone, my love!
Not a pity maid,
Whose name I do not know!

LXXIX

I cry like this pouring rain;
Steadily and continuously.
My eyelashes shiver, as tears form;
A puddle of painful memories.
And my poor soul rumbles in pain.

LXXX

Barren lands turn into lush fields,
As you walk by!
Flowers align graciously before thy feet;
Making your path!
All hail to the Queen, echoes the kingdom!

LXXXI

I have chiseled a sculpture of your eyes,
In my heart!
There is something magical about it!
Every time I close mine,
I see your elegant eyes smiling at me!

LXXXII

I sing songs known, only to me.
As I hum; through me,
Birds fly from their lonely tunnels,
Flee out to the open;
As though they are finally set free!

LXXXIII

It is not your mistake to mourn;
Nor mine, my dear!
Be kind to wipe those tears, love;
Bravely, since I cannot.
We are but the tragedy of God's play.

LXXXIV

Charming sweet love of roses and pine!
The river of exotic wine!
Mystical tunes of eloquent chimes!
Beauty Hathor's fine!
Heaven and earth wrapped in vine!

LXXXV

She sings enigmatic songs about grief;
On seemingly harsh nights,
And she dances endlessly in the rain!
She washed her pain;
Healed her scars, on the ravages of time!

LXXXVI

You are the antidote for hate, sweetheart!
In you love lives,
Like a summer spring, blistering;
In the beauty of sunshine!
And love; my dear, is elixir for life!

LXXXVII

Oceans swirl up into you, crawling;
As days become nights.
Hourglass sits waiting, as you are lost,
In the desert of madness.
Attic burns in chaos; you are gone missing!

LXXXVIII

Ghosts of my past come hunting,
Whilst I drowse.
They terrorize me, deceive me;
To a dreamy death!
Demons await dawn to haul me home!

LXXXIX

Love stays awake even as the moon sleeps.
Flowers bloom vibrantly;
Atop frosty mountains in the cold.
Why does love rouse?
When the world sleeps under the moonlight?

XC

The birds go flying across seas;
Searching for a new home!
A new beginning, new purpose!
After acquiring freedom;
They fly amidst clouds, relishing fresh air!

XC I

Now that the birds have gone flying,
To a faraway land.
Emptiness occupies their once homes.
Old feathers, dry branches;
Chirping sounds fade; only love remains!

XC II

In the battlefield of hate and resentment,
Love fails and surrenders.
Arrows of sharp harsh words penetrate,
The soul and the heart.
And the body of armor is left alone to die.

XC III

Our love transcends during the night;
Out into the sky!
It is our love, trust, and belongingness;
That keeps us at bay!
You are the thread that binds us together!

XCIV

At times when words fail to speak,
It is our eyes that convey.
Our hearts connect unanimously!
As our hands entwine,
We feel the world beating inside one's soul!

XCV

A love affixed like Orion in the galaxy;
Love shall burn eternally!
Our newborn little ones will look up,
Watching us burn.
Afar, infinitely sad, and bright!

XCVI

Watch over my love, will you?
I am dying, love bird!
Slowly my soul departs each day,
Little by little.
Remember me, so I can live in you!

XCVII

She is an innocent love bird;
Caged in her own nest.
Surrounded by ghosts that guard.
I am an outlander,
Maneuvering to intrude the infernal nest.

XCVIII

Gone are the days, we loved, cared;
Each other, under the sky.
Broken branches of our lost love,
Float dead; sailing,
Into the ocean of deep sorrow.

XCIX

She held me close one last time;
Unaware to be the last.
I locked her in my eyes and gazed.
Clasping my hands firmly,
She cried; her tears stormed my heart.

C

The solitary night howls in distress,
Cries your pain.
It sends signals across the glorious sky,
To the faraway lover.
The night renders hope to the knight.

CI

My silent footsteps concur my sadness.
My vacant heart leaps;
From desolation to mind's emptiness.
Once a joyful home,
Is now filled with echoes of silence.

CII

I shall treasure a portrait; of thy face,
Buried in my heart!
Beauty unknown, kind and vibrant!
Those magnificent eyes!
Oh, that smile, how can I forget!

CIII

On a transparent log of belief,
I stand disoriented.
Time flows like a river, continually;
Beneath my cold feet.
I am scared to embrace the truth.

CIV

Sadness welcomes me with wide arms;
Squeezes me tightly.
I feel an undesirable affection towards,
The agony I suffer.
Sadness is a consequence of failed love.

CV

I carry your precious little smile;
In my deserted heart.
I extract courage, in the thought,
Of seeing you again.
Your smile is all I want to live for!

CVI

Your warm heart during winter's plight,
Makes me feel like home.
Home is where you belong, my dear!
You are the shelter I seek.
A holy sanctum to the stranded pilgrim!

CVII

Torches burn dimmer and sad,
Flicker in their own shadows.
Oh, the tall trees that guard the night!
The wind of atonement;
Waves at the suffering of the old trees.

CVIII

I am the prisoner of my own misery.
On dark days and nights,
I wonder without a wink of sleep;
Of my poor becoming.
Life endures as always, unchanged.

CIX

Ah, woman! You run away from me;
Like wind over grass,
Playing those chimes hanging at my door!
You awaken the sleepy flowers;
You chase the busy bees to their hives.

CX

Coldness climbed up my spine, freezing;
Like a reptile hunting prey.
My soul was ripped out of my heart,
As you walked away.
In the dark, my sight subdued and died.

CXI

Of thorns, leaves, and buds, ye bloom!
Yet do not wish to hurt.
Ye walk on floral carpet thoughtfully.
A mild fragrance of vanilla!
Kindness painted with lavender and silk!

CXII

The sound of rain pouring on leaves,
And crisp earthly smell;
Reminds me of your charming dance!
Though soaking wet, you were;
You looked elegant, like a white peacock!

CXIII

A white feather floats, drifting in the air;
Wanders as it wishes.
The wind plays a waltz to which the feather;
Dances and swirls.
It stops and gently falls on the ground!

CXIV

I walk down the alley to the pond.
Stopping on the bridge;
Surrounded by tress, calm and silent.
Thick white clouds atop;
A serene land below, a magnificent view!

CXV

I have lost the will to live, to love;
And to sing freely.
The man, I once was, is no more.
I feel lonely, my love;
A hollow soul, tired, sad, and terrified.

CXVI

Dreams of high tides and deep sea,
Ravage our voyage.
Waves come crashing down;
To the shores of your lips.
Ships rest in the island of your mind.

CXVII

Sing, sweet bird; sing your morning hymns.
Awaken us, songbird!
Enlighten us in this sacred hour.
The morning is yours!
Sing, fly and flee, bring joy to mankind.

CXVIII

Oh! My sweet lady, you gleam;
Like crystal sand on shores!
Thou art the heart of a golden flower!
On a clean-shaven sky;
You paint your clouds of happiness!

CXIX

Your heart is a home to a million birds;
Nesting happily within you!
And in you they sing, wander and live!
You, a mother, and motherland.
You are a world within your own world!

CXX

The grieving night comes to rest,
Upon the shoulders of the sky.
Stars weep and whimper in the cold;
Amidst the dark tones of the night.
The hopeless night stood still in silence.

CXXI

Rusty cages with broken barriers confine;
Birds with broken wings.
Doors of iron stand open and unguarded,
For the birds to flee.
Broken they lie; and dormant wings.

CXXII

In wild tropical forests during autumn,
Pines hunchback with sadness.
Tall trees, once proud, now shiver;
Growing weak and slender.
Yet they transcend into mighty beings.

CXXIII

Sunk in the sweet songs of melodious tunes;
You submerge into the sea.
The gratification bestowed by you,
Is a sublime delight!
Nectar to famished bees on tiring days!

CXXIV

Love blooms in the garden of pure hearts!
Like burgundy on cotton fields!
Unbeknownst, how destiny finds its way;
A serendipitous encounter!
You are full of flowers and sweet kisses!

CXXV

You open your umbrella of affection;
As sadness rains over me.
I take shelter in you like a child.
You stroke my wet hair,
And my mourning heart, ceases to cry!

CXXVI

The warmth of your skin revives;
My old soul's suffering,
And my cold heart, cuddled from weariness.
I volunteer to be hostage;
A hostage to your unbound medieval love.

CXXVII

You gently planted love in me; love flower.
A subtle transition;
From seed to an extensively bloomed flower!
Roses sweat, owing to;
The ardor sensation you scatter in the garden of love.

CXXVIII

The immense affection of radiant love;
Melts my vicious heart!
As you hold me closer to your chest,
My tears flow down,
Between the passage of your bosom.

CXXIX

What has the world done to us?
People formed bonds;
Mere words of Machiavellian accord.
Bonds conceded with pride;
Ripped pages from the lovers' hearts.

CXXX

Empty hallway, lit and deteriorated floor,
Unearthly house, tarnished.
Dark shades of skepticism rule my heart.
Stranded, lost and contrite;
I swim in the cold desert of sadness!

CXXXI

I saw happy people swamped the chamber;
Extravagant leisure of pleasure.
They took over the unpleasant ambience;
Of delusional silence,
Pervaded gracefully, dancing to a minuet!

CXXXII

I have fallen into darkness; love lady,
Show me the first light.
Propel me into the ocean of love.
Into your deep eyes,
The moon flails and the night settles.

CXXXIII

On the outskirts, I have seen the sun;
Hide inside your garment.
Fruits of sweet pulp, fastened on the edge;
Of your silk-laced border.
Oh, fruit bearer! Yield my infertile soil.

CXXXIV

Chunks of tobacco rolls lie dead,
White smokes of guilt;
Fade into the orange light of hate.
Ashes and buds tarry,
Love burns, falls like fading red embers.

CXXXV

The twilight falls upon your pale soul.
Passing like a steady wind,
The birds come out from you and sing;
Sad songs of the night.
Stars rest on the white hills of your body!

CXXXVI

Abandoning my body from your golden arms,
Would be a painful departure.
But to die alone, without your love,
In the end, would be;
Regretfully painful, even after death.

CXXXVII

The day I met you, my senses froze.
Astonished and lost;
I walked endlessly to nowhere.
Mesmerized and enchanted,
I was drunk in the vastness of your beauty!

CXXXVIII

Two pairs of lips, locked in a rhythm;
Wet, passionate, intense!
Tongues clash like swords of love.
The heat of lovers' wet kisses!
Slow, deep breaths, and exotic foreplay!

CXXXIX

The murmur of your laughter rings;
At the cliff of my ears.
Travels to the bottom cave of my heart;
Stone as an erect mountain.
Echoes your name through volcanic flames!

CXL

Your hair flying against the running wind;
Sounds like a viola!
Melodious and swift, they sway in the air.
The fresh breeze brightens;
Your face and awakens the sad evening!

CXLI

Another day, when the sun rises,
On the other side.
I shall be standing with a bouquet,
Of white lilies, with love;
And let's travel west into the horizon!

CXLII

How sweetly does time fly fast?
When you are in love!
Those romantic melodies you hear,
In the middle of the day;
And that heartfelt smile on your face!

CXLIII

Unparallel to any other love on earth.
Our love from a realm;
Unbeknownst to the human race, far away.
A new regime of bond,
Stronger and deeper than the roots of heaven.

CXLIV

I plead with the mighty savior to spare me,
From this dreadful hour.
Hours away from you, and uncertain,
Of belonging to you ever.
Separation shreds me apart like an old soldier.

CXLV

Tonight; my heart is heavy, solid.
It pumps weariness,
Through these nerves of once steel.
My body slumbers,
As my organs fail to function.

CXLVI

Toxic beverages I falsely consume,
To keep my love alive.
To dwell in our old memories;
Time and time again.
Your picture frame rusts, unattended.

CXLVII

I seek mercy, my love, after malpractice.
I have committed sins,
Those you would strongly disapprove of.
Disappointed, I stand,
With my behavior and the cruel world.

CXLVIII

Moving trees, mountains, and cool breeze;
Still earth and longing sky.
Silver moon above the golden spring.
Time runs, and everything else.
Is it me changing, or my surroundings?

CXLIX

On the run from shame and humiliation;
I succumbed to guilt.
That vandalized my heart and soul.
Rage and agonizing terror,
Banished me to live a meaningless life.

CL

I shall remember you, love lady;
Every time it rains.
Though departed, you drench me completely;
With your love from above.
You heal me, by raining, whilst I cry!

CLI

The deep sky cries, and it rains.
Heavy eyelids and clouds;
Fill the blue ocean with sadness.
Separation of our worlds,
The golden tears of the sun.

CLII

Alone I was many moons ago;
Thunder held my hand,
Fear caressed me and I took refuge.
I was alone and scared;
In the lonely hour of the dead.

CLIII

A lone pilgrim wandering heedlessly,
Upon the mountain peak.
A failed soldier of a great war.
Drifting away from self;
To the edge of life and living.

CLIV

The warmth of your wet kisses,
Still lingers on my lips.
The tear mark from our last kiss,
Is chiseled on my cheeks.
Tears and kisses, the beating heart of love.

CLV

Of all the splendid times and shared moments;
For life after eternity.
Love beats above the mountain of life.
Keeping us alive in love,
Memories travel like thick white clouds.

CLVI

I tire of writing, writing for you.
My voice is faint.
My weak heart aches every night;
And fingers bleed.
I am perishing slowly without your love.

CLVII

I wish to see this world of yours;
Through your eyes, my love.
The innocence you find in thorns;
Your forgiving nature.
I long to be your eyes and see myself.

CLVIII

Come to me, my dear, it is dark;
Night stands guard.
I hear tunes from your instrument;
Ominous and melancholy.
Rest your head on my chest, my love.

CLIX

Tall pine trees guide me home quickly,
Wind urges me to run.
The tranquil night senses your pain.
They have seen your scars.
They come to me seeking aid, your lost lover.

CLX

You flutter like a butterfly amidst sunflowers;
I pursue you every summer.
In the loneliest of moments, vividly;
You speak of love.
Love flower, you bloom in my dreams.

CLXI

Days have passed listening to you;
Chattering white bee.
You buzz in my ears even at nights.
You sing, buzz, speak;
Endlessly and I listen to you tirelessly.

CLXII

In your silence, I grow slender.
It pricks my heart,
Like a thorn piercing my feet.
I limp and cry,
All to myself, silent and alone.

CLXIII

Now she resides in the shady mountains,
On the highest peak.
She blooms like a wildflower every day;
Untouched and unknown.
Her soul will remain a mystery to mankind.

CLXIV

I fearlessly plunge into the mighty blue;
Of deep, paradoxical events.
I swim across twisted straits vigorously,
Seeking a narrow ending.
Only to find meaningless shift in my life.

CLXV

We dreamt of a life under oak trees;
Vineyard, farm, and nature.
Children running whilst we stroll,
Around a glittering lake.
Even today, it remains our dream.

CLXVI

The crescent moon full of joy, looks down;
At your oceanic eyes.
Seagulls' nest on your wrecked ship.
You sail like light;
Against the waves, conquering the tides.

CLXVII

Dark shadows of sorrow's light,
Falls upon curled waters.
Reflection twirls like a drunk squirrel.
The radiant white disc;
Weeps the pain of the broken sparrow.

CLXVIII

Circles twined together, spiraling around,
Like a hallucinating bee.
Doomed in a cave buried deep inside;
Of an island lost.
Only a bird of flight freed from itself.

CLXIX

Twilight surrenders to your dying soul;
Night rises like a warrior.
Birds nest in your hollow cave-heart.
Your naive eyes sob;
And the fading image of your lover.

CLXX

I tied myself to a soft rock;
Jumped into the ocean.
The rock dissolved in the blue water.
Unaware of how to swim;
Betrayed me, and I drowned anyways.

CLXXI

Curls of your rosy-red lips,
Sensation of your kiss.
A single tear of our last kiss, fused;
With bitter-sweet taste,
Of gut-wrenching pain and love.

CLXXII

Silence of the tranquil, clear sky,
Echoes in my pale heart.
Depth of its open nature and stillness;
Reflects my mirrored soul.
Loneliness, a lone sphere above me, silent.

CLXXIII

Words travel like air, above and beyond;
Your far-searching eyes.
If only ears could heed my cry;
You would know my pain.
That swells in the passing thick wind.

CLXXIV

I yearn to be loved once again by ye;
In your golden arms!
I nest like a wounded bird seeking care.
Dried twigs of love;
I gather, to make a home for my sorrow.

CLXXV

My dying voice, crushed within my soul;
Swallowed by grief.
Intent of my words are lost in the air.
I murmur and baffle;
My emotions grow faint, almost dead.

CLXXVI

My gratitude sits atop the highest peak;
To worship the creator.
For he twisted my path into yours.
We merged as one soul;
And you became my life and my destiny.

CLXXVII

You caress me gently like your own;
And drench me with love.
I am drunk by your magical eyes.
Binding nature, forced;
Into the rough peasant's heart.

CLXXVIII

You are the beret of still heart!
The light of dawn.
Fading colors of my sad flowers.
Rain for barren land.
In you, life slumbers like October wind!

CLXXIX

I fled like the monsoon wind;
Into the wilderness.
I hid in the deep shadows of the forest.
I mourned your loss;
And wept like a fish under the sea.

CLXXX

The sacred autumn leaves of life;
Shed like stardust.
They sway in circles in the wind;
As the branches slouch,
During their time of beauty restoration.

CLXXXI

Red moon boils like an angry volcano;
Bleeding your silver blood.
Hanging like a fireball on a canvas.
Its half-eaten disc floats,
Searching for its missing piece.

CLXXXII

Birds chirp and chatter endlessly;
On a winter's morning.
The cold breeze of my frozen heart;
Travels north towards you,
Freezing everything along the way.

CLXXXIII

The evening sun bids me farewell,
Without a final goodbye.
Its magnificent glimmer of light,
Subdues in the clouds.
It seems to miss me, regretting leaving me alone.

CLXXXIV

Skiing into the afternoons, I resent;
The foul-hearted day.
Its wicked nature forms an umbrella,
Of dark, hateful clouds.
It rains immensely on my poor soul.

CLXXXV

At the dock of my abandoned heart,
Rests rusted ships;
That would never sail again.
Seagulls made home,
And the deck is full of sadness.

CLXXXVI

Little lilies bloom in your heart;
Pallid and sour.
You embellish them by your sorrow,
They shine, and unknown.
There is beauty in your pale sadness.

CLXXXVII

You live like a giant star, among;
The million other stars.
Across the galaxy, shining vibrantly.
You hide like an infant;
Blending into Milky Way in plain sight.

CLXXXVIII

The song of the waves crushing rocks;
The stillness of the sky.
Silence prevails like a mighty sailor.
And gulls' screech distantly;
All of this, makes me sad for your love.

CLXXXIX

Alike a lone yellow oak leaf,
I float nowhere.
I rest like the dead soul of soil.
A pale mourner;
Of autumn's spine, shivering cold.

CXC

Thunder and silent lightning scare;
The lonely island.
Raging waves of old memories rush,
And destroy its habitat.
Land above water sinks in its delusion.

CXCI

Scent of my woman, I am deceived.
Mysterious and enchanting,
The fragrance of lavender and rose;
That leaves a trail,
To the drunk pilgrim wandering in wild.

CXCII

I held you so close from your back.
I felt my soul,
Escaping and entering your skin.
The fragrance of your hair,
I felt it so close, but it was a dream.

CXCIII

Burden of the sun rests barely;
On your sleek shoulders.
First light of dawn breathes upon you.
The world awakens at your call,
As nature heals in your radiance.

CXCIV

In the old tunnel during dusk,
You walk towards twilight.
Orange hue splashed across weary blue;
Splits your heart in half.
A white widow draped in dark garment!

CXCV

Time brutally dismantled our love,
From spinning together.
Two broken hands, affixed apart,
At distance from each other.
Shift of dawn and dusk laboriously static.

CXCVI

Wind of anguish blows steadily,
And the earth rests.
My heart toils to outrun turmoil,
Of my broken soul;
And me, who died along with our love.

CXCVII

Merrily rings the bells of summer;
And we run into fields,
Pushing against the heat of happiness.
We live and breathe;
All at once, together, and love prevails.

CXCVIII

At sunset, when our heartbeats;
Synced together in rhythm.
My love for you bloomed alike,
A bright full moon.
Your precious smile put me among the stars.

CXCIX

Mind layered with mist so thick,
It clobbers my eyes.
Blinded, I walk into my thoughts,
And stagnant memories.
Frozen crystal tear drops on my cheek.

CC

Together in the arms of spring;
Gold as sunshine.
Lying beside you under a palm tree;
Breeze and love.
You are my golden spring!

CCI

Silence, our language of sad love.
Silence of raindrops;
That never see the glorious sun.
It rains inside me,
And your memories flood my heart.

CCII

My heart loathes in dismay,
Of our separation.
Crushed with grave pain, I suffer;
And you are far.
I live in terror of loss and anger.

CCIII

You flee into the arms of wind;
Fall like a hatchling.
I hold you like those thick branches;
Of an old tree.
You nest, and yet desire to fly.

CCIV

Leaning towards winter, my tears;
Freeze, and I am chill.
Lake frigid, and the bird sings.
I hear the wind pushing;
Against my skin, and you dance.

CCV

Reminiscing the places we flew.
Trees and broken benches;
Landscapes, waterfalls, and sublime sunsets!
Wind of your scent,
And the love that I still have for you.

CCVI

Forget our faults and love, seniorita;
We only die once.
Laugh under the magnificent sun;
Love effortlessly honeysuckle.
Hold my hands; I shall fly you to the moon.

CCVII

We dream all the same, love.
You came as the wind;
Touched and fled like you didn't care.
You ran up those stairs;
Of heaven, and I saw the sun cloud my eyes.

CCVIII

I lay like an old instrument; untouched.
Broken keys of my soul,
Play sad tunes of your lost beauty.
Lyric written by a cold heart;
Is performed in the bones of my symphony.

CCIX

Lively you bide in my vivid dreams,
Lope in scintillating light.
Cuff bracelets, earrings, and a heart pendant.
In a white floral skirt,
You elegantly run along the shores of wet sand.

CCX

I would run like the wind,
Holding your hand;
Into the horizon, vanishing like light.
My sweet love,
You are the sunshine of my life.

CCXI

Two hearts forged in despair, placed;
In your hands, at war.
Heavy hearts sail alone at the edge;
Of threshold of loneliness.
It sails towards the horizon and sinks.

CCXII

In the river of life, love swims;
In the ocean of joy.
Two hearts in love row into eternity.
Hand in hand they slip,
Into the madness of divine love.

CCXIII

You quiver like a lost tiny bird,
In a doomed cave.
Fluttering rapidly in my hollow heart.
Your voice grows slender;
And wings weak, you lay awaiting dawn.

CCXIV

In you, the golden light gleams;
Sizzles my eyes.
Your little fingers cover my eyes;
Those sensitive and shy.
You swell in my closed attic sufficiently.

CCXV

In those places where love blazes;
Your memories burn brightly.
Embers of fallen mate turn to ash.
Tears of sparks precede,
Lighting the chimney of sad firewood.

CCXVI

When old, you shall whisper my name;
When asked about love.
Who loved you for your soul and sorrows!
Wrinkled skin and heart,
Will murmur tales of how love fled.

CCXVII

I shed tears I have been holding back,
For over a thousand years.
Like floods, the river inside me cries.
Searching your desert heart;
My eyes dry, breathing fine air of sand.

CCXVIII

I am sick of love, true and false.
I am weary and obsolete;
To believe the old myth of true love.
For men and women,
Warm yet cold hearts covered in lies.

CCXIX

Stroke my hair gently, whilst I lay;
On your lap, resting.
I do not speak; my throat is crushed.
Terror of carved scars,
And unhealed pain flow through my naïve eyes.

CCXX

Stars across your old, wrinkled sky;
And gleaming eyes,
Clustered in star dust and sacred tears.
From mountains high,
You gaze upon the roofs of an old town.

CCXXI

A loner of the sacred mountain;
Tamer of wild coyotes.
Seeker in the heart of a vast desert.
Your holy pilgrim,
Wanderer of the lost island in your mind.

CCXXII

Sunk in illusions of broken dreams,
Swirling in circles;
Inside a silver space doomed endlessly.
Math of afterlife;
In delusion, I dwell, life longing death.

CCXXIII

Dusky maiden of October's sad wind,
Dissolved in her own world.
Shed no tears, for summer shall soon,
Shine upon your life.
Frowned face of a devastated day, smile.

CCXXIV

Ineffable moments of our ecstatic lives,
Sugarcoated words of love.
We sang, loved, laughed, and danced too.
Rain of mysterious feelings,
And our emotions knew no bounds.

CCXXV

Your lovely hair flies in the direction,
Of my breezy love.
Your charming smile exceeds my blush!
Lilies of your pure soul,
Bloom in the sacred garden of my heart!

CCXXVI

On stars-filled, dark luminous sky,
And shooting comets.
We shall walk under the moon with grace.
Let the roots of love,
Strengthen; And grow deeper into the night.

CCXXVII

I dream, still and silent, every moment,
Of my chaotic day.
Numb feet parallel to my eyes float,
Atop a window frame.
Time flies, life goes on, and I dream.

CCXXVIII

Come sing through my unheard voice.
Chants of my cry;
Are painful yet euphonious to the ear.
Songs of my life,
Shall pierce the chambers of one's heart.

CCXXIX

In the loneliest of my loneliest hours,
I heal my pain myself.
An old fallen branch still growing;
Though twisted shapelessly.
Alone, I thrive to outlast my suffering.

CCXXX

You paint simple words of love;
On nature's canvas.
Of trees, flowers, ocean, and sky so blue.
Radiant sun and cornfields.
You breathe life into existence and vanish.

CCXXXI

In my dreams, you dwell, sweet flower,
Often very lost.
They render pain sometimes, but some;
Of times happy and sad.
I awake; the nightmare ends, and misery begins.

CCXXXII

Haunting white luminous night clouds;
Moves slowly, swallowing the sky.
Piercing the strong wind of agony,
I push, escaping towards you.
Steady rain sheds the tears of my pain.

CCXXXIII

My heart feeds on my suffering,
Like birds picking prey.
Dying bird, unaware of decaying heart;
Preying on itself.
Buried in its own heart before death.

CCXXXIV

My heart signals to your absent eyes;
Stretched across the sky.
Gazing into the horizon, looking;
Like a newborn.
Ah! Those naïve eyes, clear as grapes.

CCXXXV

Rusty nights pass like storms;
I am used to it now.
They tame my suffering and ease.
I slumber like a bird,
Drenched in rain and found a home.

CCXXXVI

Thunder of painful events lashes,
My soft, timid soul.
Slow, heavy, deep breaths I inhale.
Actions against me;
Crush my voice down my throat.

CCXXXVII

You chatter distantly, love bird,
Horror echoes in my ear.
Speak to me just once; be good.
I am alone already;
Do not kill me with your silence.

CCXXXVIII

Lucid memories erode my heart frail;
Tears stagnate in eyelids,
Never flowing down, nor fading.
Dreams vivid and broken;
Never-ending dark days for the pale soul.

CCXXXIX

Plea of the southern wind travels north;
To your house of worship.
The northern lights speak differently,
In manner of termination.
Language of Morse, unknown to me.

CCXL

Heart-wrecked, I sail, searching gulls;
Strapped to a bark of hope.
Rhythm of waves rusty and drunk.
Washed by sea and emotions;
Stuttering vigorously after losing my love.

CCXLI

Let the dry autumn leaves blow;
Restlessly into us.
We shall camp in the green woods;
Of orange quilt and blue.
Let the breeze float us to Neverland.

CCXLII

There is no room for worries, love;
In your carefree arms.
Your love burns like brave candles,
In my cave heart.
Love various like branches of a candelabra.

CCXLIII

Seashore of my heart is dry, empty;
An island abandoned.
Marooned by conspirators of falsehood,
And cleverly led mutiny.
A Captain who can ne'er see his beloved star.

CCXLIV

Knees pressed to my chest; I sit,
On a dark pavement.
Head facing downwards, hanging over;
My burdened shoulders.
A loner, and a devoted black furry cat.

CCXLV

Hips curvy like string instruments;
I dust you gently.
I carve out the solitude you live in,
And play tunes of love;
Only to redeem your former beauty.

CCXLVI

My heart rings like drunk bells,
As I see you!
Chimes of my soul clang in joy.
Overwhelmed by emotions,
I sink in the dew of your morning love.

CCXLVII

Into the fluorescent bright, I limp;
Afraid to liberate.
If time ran backwards and things,
I would change for us.
It is a game of the ticking crocodile.

CCXLVIII

Busy roads filled with bees;
Like old propellers,
Flying steadily as the wind goes.
Swarming in isolation,
My day goes with you, or nothing.

CCXLIX

Moon amidst a trail of concentric clouds,
Descending over my attic;
Like a savior emerging from a whirlwind.
And I see your face;
Reflecting on the moon far away from home.

CCL

Raindrops of serenity bestowed;
Golden and crystal.
Love happened like wings flying,
By the push of wind.
Stretched time trapped in serendipity.

CCLI

In peace, remembering beauty of his lover;
Knight rests outside.
You are the birth of sacred beauty,
A pearl buried at sea.
Wind of magical fairy dust and love.

CCLII

I have surrendered to the cold;
Demanding the chill,
To slice my body in equal halves.
There is no warmth left;
At least in the end, I shall burn to ashes.

CCLIII

Was it your eyes, words, or love?
That I lost forever;
When you left me, love flower?
I miss something dearly,
And I am a vessel filled with emptiness.

CCLIV

Suddenly it feels like summer,
Warmth has invaded;
And stabbed the cold heart of winter.
I am a bird in a nest,
Lying like an egg afraid to hatch.

CCLV

Turmoil and loss of my dear,
I am toiling in fields;
Of agony, grief, and guilt.
I failed her,
Truer words turned into false promises.

CCLVI

Petrifying tempest of fog swirls,
Into my face suddenly.
Leaves me scared and in terror.
Haunting memories chase;
I grieve like a werewolf under the moon.

CCLVII

To sing to you in your dreams,
And watch you smile.
Whilst a thousand flowers and the moon;
Bloom all at once.
Is a dream, I dream every day!

CCLVIII

Beautiful love clouds floats under the blue;
Like cotton patches.
Through the day, our memories;
Pass like the wind,
Overlooking the fields of our dreams.

CCLIX

Winter birds chirp like you chatter;
They echo your voice.
Narrating a story of your sadness;
Never-ending, they sing,
Of your heartbreak and loneliness.

CCLX

Who invaded your soft flower heart?
And destroyed its sanctity?
In the temple where love flowers bloomed;
Is now a dry garden of ruins.
And who persuaded you to unlove me?

CCLXI

Desire, dreams, and devastation;
One followed the other.
Whilst we suffered the harsh cruelty,
Of our fellow mankind.
Love lost its luster to demons of ego.

CCLXII

I collect dry twigs, thorns of hope;
To build our love nest.
So that one day you would fly to me,
From the northern trees and;
Migrate to the soul of southern dreams.

CCLXIII

Grey patches of your shadow;
On my diminished wall.
Frightened, my heart throbs faster.
Alive, my love for you,
Waiting; but you return as a ghost.

CCLXIV

As spring's golden arms roll over,
Your silky raven-hair;
Bangs dangle like bells of bliss.
Running like the wind;
You flee into the tulip fields of my heart.

CCLXV

Gently snuggling into each other's bosom.
On a bleak branch;
Two little love sparrows at twilight,
Sing soft lullabies of love.
Rehearsing their serenade for the night.

CCLXVI

In between your dark, curled lashes,
Rays of sun fall, and;
Thy brown eyes glisten like honeycomb.
Sun-kissed tan face,
Looks like decorated garment of gold.

CCLXVII

With overflowing words for you;
I have little time left.
I have penned, letters and poems;
Addressed to you, love.
But I am afraid to send them to you.

CCLXVIII

I have drowned in your silence.
This morning, I reawoke,
And dreamt of all that we could be.
Let the rain pour;
All over me, and I shall set it ablaze again.

CCLXIX

Hide my memories in an old trunk.
Bury it under the soil,
Or feed them to the hungry flames.
Do everything you can!
But do not dive deep inside your heart.

CCLXX

Silent whispers of eluding embers,
Speak your heart.
Softly, my name burns into ashes.
Sparks of dying love,
Bring your dusky sky to life.

CCLXXI

Cheeks of thick clouds, formed by;
Eyes raining tears.
Passion in your eyes flowed, painting;
My world with colors.
I saw beauty shedding from your eyes.

CCLXXII

Sometimes my heart bleeds lost love.
Sometimes my eyes;
Cry out the pain of heavy words.
Sometimes my hands bleed;
Writing for you, and sometimes nothing.

CCLXXIII

Silent waves of magnificent blue;
Crushes the rocky shores,
Like thunder lashing the darkened sky in fury.
The steady blink of your eyes;
Reflects the loneliness of the sea and sky.

CCLXXIV

Finding a route to your untamed heart;
A sailor of sheer will,
Hurdling over waves and harrowing storm.
To find you, my dearie,
I will sail into the soul of the mighty ocean.

CCLXXV

My room is filled with glaring light;
Of your fond memories.
Rays of sadness, separated from you,
Falls over the walls of my heart.
Shadows of togetherness hang like portraits.

CCLXXVI

Knowing I was a painter, you wished;
For both my eyes.
Believing, I gave away my vision;
Of colors, beauty, and life!
You have forsaken me to dream without colors.

CCLXXVII

We have lost days, months, and years;
Happy moments of life,
Buried inside our dead grey heart.
September's lilies and breeze,
Feels like dust of shame smeared darkly.

CCLXXVIII

To have tasted the nectar of sacred love,
From your holy sanctum.
Pilgrim waves at life's greedy loins.
Wandering like a shepherd;
With flames of love, true and divine.

CCLXXIX

He holds onto your name at nights;
And whispers to sleep.
In his dreams, you love, not him;
But someone you loathe.
Nightmare strikes him bad in dismay.

CCLXXX

An empty heart searching for words;
To write to his beloved.
A dry vessel, drained of inspiration;
Love alone rests at the bottom.
Emotions stumble across heart and throat.

CCLXXXI

Slumber in summer's solemn heart;
Till the dawn of spring.
When cherries ripen and lilies bloom,
Rise and shine, blue bird.
Sing and flee, for winter will catch your fall.

CCLXXXII

Tears, sadness, loss, and loneliness;
Composite of heartbreak.
They fall like autumn leaves, wither,
And grow afresh always;
Only to wither away, again and again.

CCLXXXIII

Resting on your bosom, listening to,
The rhythm of your heartbeat.
My frightening nightmares vanish;
Turns calm, I am at ease.
Your golden arms, the home of serenity.

CCLXXXIV

Whistling heart of hot afternoons,
Hums your sweet songs.
Lost in your eyes of wonder and life.
I dissolve in your love;
And my heart melts like snow clouds.

CCLXXXV

When the wind drops still,
It rains in my heart.
The silence of your soft breath,
Echoes in the air.
I feel my heart falling in love again!

CCLXXXVI

Of all the roses of your sweet words,
That bloom in my heart.
A single thorn pierces my soul;
Spilling tears of gold,
Drowning me in the fountain of despair.

CCLXXXVII

I vividly cite love as unknown;
Mere words in the air.
I speak of you vaguely, my dear;
And tears rush hurriedly.
As love resonates, your name echoes back.

CCLXXXVIII

Searching for the brightest star at night,
The captain glanced at his compass.
The needle points north, and towards a portrait;
Of his dear beloved.
And he sank in the puddle of his tears.

CCLXXXIX

As the sunset feels serene and surreal;
Hues of the twilight sky,
Lift my spirits with rose gold.
Everything in this world,
Runs backwards and its dreamtime.

CCXC

Coral reefs of your tropical heart,
Clusters of wonder stained;
A Picasso of underwater, dazzling.
Of silver and gold rays,
Lining the surface of cavernous soul.

CCXCI

Library of memories stacked tall.
Rusty old brown binds,
And emotions wither like aged paper.
Ocean, happy and sad,
Fiction of light and dark of the lighthouse.

CCXCII

Loaded heart of unspoken words,
Fires bullets of roses.
Tangled in its own unknown way.
Love is a mystery;
Should it be solved or cherished?

CCXCIII

Silver hue from your crystal eyes,
Hangs like a crescent moon;
Reflecting on my window of sadness.
The attic of my body shines,
In the fluorescence of your sight.

CCXCIV

In the arms of the wind, I lay;
Soundly, like a child.
I float like a feather, and gently,
So as not to awaken me;
They take me where they intend.

CCXCV

Dream to live in the arms of love,
Far away from detest.
In the radiant sunshine of intertwined souls.
Hearts woven together,
Into a tapestry; a bond for eternity.

CCXCVI

An army of roses parades through the hanging gardens,
Of your tropical soul.
A spectacular procession of the flora;
For the Queen of flowers.
Bloom, my lady, we bow to your charm.

CCXCVII

To the music of pouring rain,
And coldness of the wind;
In the warmth of each other's souls.
If love unites us, we shall;
Sway to the rhythm of the monsoon.

CCXCVIII

Love begins in you, earth shell.
Raise your sword of love,
Slay those brave hearts yearning;
To drown in you.
May lovesickness befall the drunken men.

CCXCIX

Into the wild heart of the peripheral soul,
Love dives deep inside.
Surrendering to the raw mountains,
To dwell in the lover's cave.
Solitude in the outskirts of isolation.

CCC

Pilgrim of the faraway mountains,
Has seen your light.
Emerging from the core cave of seclusion.
The light makes him wonder;
Astonished, but he is reluctant to chase.

CCCI

Mortal souls revive on music,
That reminds of them.
Happy lyrics of a broken heart,
Formed into beads;
Filled with life and their love.

CCCII

Rain fire of black hell befalls;
As dark clouds,
Shelter roof, like an old torn garment.
Summoned by the dread,
Haunting the sky with gulls of terror.

CCCIII

Transparent bottle of time stands still,
Like a tower of ambush.
Mighty cold and in grave silence.
Watching the waves of blue;
Smirking at sailors and survivors of the sea.

CCCIV

Sweet flower of the finest hour;
Let me sing for you.
In time, take all the time, and gently;
Petal by petal, slowly;
Bloom like a blue moon in the dark sky.

CCCV

Enthralling eyes alike a rainbow lorikeet;
Naïve, warm, and blue.
Vivacious heart of summer's song,
Humming colors of life;
And kind wings of faithful youth.

CCCVI

Soulful chant of morning hymns;
Hills of rising sun.
Ravishing body of risqué nightfall;
And youthful act of play.
Dreamlike love of my magnetic soul.

CCCVII

Mystique song of the wind played.
Pale leaves withered;
Showering like raindrops of love.
Autumn untied us;
With its charm and romantic warmth.

CCCVIII

Resisting desires on a solid wall,
And a standing earthling.
As sweet lips synced in unison.
Both hearts pounded hard,
Souls savored the taste of love at last!

CCCIX

Laughing, smiling, blushing immensely;
Just-born lovers seem.
Strings of sweet nothings are released;
And they strike their hearts.
Chest filled with happiness and bosom.

CCCX

Rays from the oak tree reflects;
Your lucid hazel eyes.
Every blink of your eyes, phlegmatic.
In time, time walks steadily;
I watch everything move at a turtle's pace.

CCCXI

From a tiny seed into a plant, into bud;
To a fully-bloomed flower,
And fading away like old dreams.
You fertilized my life;
With emotions of livelihood and ruminations.

CCCXII

Significant days of memories past;
Polaroids on vintage wall.
Love fragmented into a lake of tears.
Every moment passes with hate;
Sadness shrinks and solitary subdues.

CCCXIII

Even if our lives separate us;
Or death does us apart,
You shall forever be my love into eternity.
Through my windowed grave,
I shall always see your Selene face.

CCCXIV

Happy souls, flying love birds;
In wonder, they flee.
Sweetness filled inside their shells,
Of lively nests.
Love is all they care to nurture.

CCCXV

Feel of your soft skin by touch,
Lingers on my fingers.
A blind man I was, blinded by beauty.
I don't remember your image;
Not by sight, but only by the sense of touch.

CCCXVI

A beautiful love poetry, you are;
Native speaker of divinity.
I hear nightingales sing your charm.
To the fading colors of twilight,
Our souls drench in your musical showers.

CCCXVII

Along shores, on the sand we have marked,
A trail of wet love-steps.
Oh sea-breeze! Do not cover our footprints.
May this journey continue forever;
Leading two young souls into the tunnel of love.

CCCXVIII

You place fire of irresistible desire on;
Crescent moon that drips honey.
The night is awake, awaiting your call.
You tie my yearning soul,
On your hair, where you adorn flowers.

CCCXIX

Dreaming about you is haunting;
As dark memories,
Of cold separation feeds on me.
My soul turns blue,
Throat chokes dry on tears of blood.

CCCXX

O' sweet children of lover's womb.
Shattered dreams of mine.
Offsprings of sweet and ugly spite.
Love thy mother will true;
Her saplings, not her fertile ground.

CCCXXI

You are my safe place, peace haven.
Happy light of dawn;
Rising above sad clouds of life.
Ideal stars of the night;
Heaven under the cove, of the open wide sea.

CCCXXII

Floating in the river of my sadness,
I drift slowly afar.
From you and the world you belong.
Memories of rain evaporate;
I am moving towards the end of life.

CCCXXIII

Do not walk away from my world,
For it is filled with thorns.
They shall bloom one day, into a garden;
Of flowers, color, and soul.
They will look and smell like you.

CCCXXIV

Come all over again, like summer rain;
Ignite the fire of love.
Mend the torn bond of broken hearts.
Let lies be untold,
And pretensions of love, in sincerity unfold.

CCCXXV

When the sun failed to shine at times,
You bestowed rays of hope.
Holding my hands close to your chest;
Drenched them with kisses.
You are lighthouse for the rough seas of my life.

CCCXXVI

Unspoken words stutter in my throat.
Hoarse voice of loneliness;
Struggling to speak, refrain and sigh.
Stories of broken dreams;
Carved on the walls of my heart, unsaid.

CCCXXVII

Awaiting your day, I grow anxious.
Nocturnal nights and wind,
Camp like comrades of time on fire.
Unsettling emotions of the heart,
Assuming the worse denial of dreams dreamt.

CCCXXVIII

My mind is an empty boat.
Floating like dreams;
Amidst clouds, blinded by faith.
Cast into vastness,
Torn between the stillness of life and death.

CCCXXIX

Plaited blonde hair woven by satin,
Coiled by feather pearls.
Golden cherries hang from your ears.
Silver veil covering light,
Thou descendant of Selene on the blue orb.

CCCXXX

During afternoons of soft spring,
Along the gushing wind.
Whistling love, fleeing like birds.
As time runs with you,
Slowly into flush pink tulip fields.

CCCCXXI

Rossignols sing Vivaldi's frosty winter;
Wind plays Prez's polyphony.
Peacock dances to Pavan of Milan.
It rains Shakespeare's love,
And poems of Rilke in tender hearts.

CCCCXXII

Serenade for my beloved bonny lass;
Under moonlight of love.
Gleaming silent sea beneath falling stars.
Overseeing your beautiful face,
Owls sing ballads in unison to my tunes.

CCCCXXIII

Desert wind and the northern wind,
Are at a breezy war.
Delightful memories and wistful season,
Fight over my emotions.
To win or lose; nevertheless, I lose.

CCCXXXIV

For flowers I asked, my dear;
You gave me a garden,
And bestowed a rain of happiness.
Now, what do I ask?
Wherefore will you give yourself to me?

CCCXXXV

Lamenting opposed feud of tribes,
Which unlike each other.
Destiny divided by cross-culturalism.
Oh! Two tender buds;
Alluded separation without a goodbye.

CCCXXXVI

Rays of sun give no more hope,
For life in the dark.
Internal worlds collapsed into dust.
A body with a ceased soul,
Mind crushed with agony and despair.

CCCXXXVII

Suspended between keeping love alive,
Tormented by moving on.
Attached to heart, life turned miserable.
Painful voice alone,
Echoes inside my hollow cave soul.

CCCXXXVIII

Allegiance to the song and twilight;
That brought us together.
Evening dose of beauty and tension,
Love was in the air.
Leaves swirled, wrapping us in its arms.

CCCXXXIX

For bright days to come alive,
Night watched silently.
Counting every second of wistful life.
Heart excited and afraid,
Grieving illusive shunning from the future.

CCCXL

Even when weariest, I shall toil until;
The sun runs out of heat.
Let my thick brows swell with sweat;
And bones start to ache.
I will carve flowers out of stubborn rocks.

CCCXLI

The sky is clear from my vantage point.
I see stars blinking,
And the moon brimming in full glory.
Night slumbers like a bird;
On my lap, whilst I hum songs of love.

CCCXLII

Destiny awaits at the farthest distance,
Moving away from us;
Across space, millennial light-years away.
In the newest milky way;
On a planet alike, perhaps we are together.

CCCXLIII

You pecked my heart and broke free;
From what once you called home.
Fled fast like you were caged within me.
Knowing you wanted away;
Yet now my eyes live, searching for you.

CCCXLIV

Trembling, I cross the lane of memories.
Actions rough and unpleasant.
Some sweet, most exuberant, I shall cherish forever.
Love that we fell into,
Makes my slender heart warm and in love again.

CCCXLV

These be my last words and promise;
To you, my beating heart.
Despite distance or time of fated destiny,
In this life or the next;
One day, I will find you, my love.

CCCXLVI

On a hot summer day, to see me;
You came running barefoot.
How could I ever abandon your love?
To this day, my heart;
Lives, longing to see you someday.

CCCXLVII

A sweet lie to keep my heart alive,
A self-seeking wish, I ask.
A sour lie to keep our love mortal,
A generous wish for you.
A homely lie to live a happy life, for us.

CCCXLVIII

Dreams melted like balls of snow;
When I let you down.
As time fled and you never returned.
I sing and play my;
Requiem for our shattered dreams.

CCCXLIX

Fully aware, I maunder aimlessly;
Composing my directions.
The old road that leads to your home.
I go about and away;
Oscillating profoundly within my thoughts.

CCCL

I sat still on a seasoned swing, beside me;
A vacant wooden plank.
Loneliness in the heart of hot spring.
Wind gushed in a hurry;
And suddenly, the swing swayed; I am not alone!

CCCLI

The autumn bird flutters in pain,
Mourning the morning sun.
Steady breeze intrudes its nest cruelly;
And leaves in ruins.
Heart of the bird dies, shedding tears of agony.

CCCLII

In the soul of eastern landscapes.
Where misty dew drops,
Freeze and turn into clear diamonds.
Runs a serene Koshi river,
Through the mouth of the hills and into your heart.

CCCLIII

I remember all your dreams vividly;
As though they are mine.
I have seen moon swell in your eyes,
And tears of stars flow.
I dream of fulfilling your dreams one day.

CCCLIV

Murmur of the cold, crackling waves;
Beating against mounted rocks.
My heart, tolling in the mouth of the wind,
Surrenders to your voice;
And in you, my world rests in tranquility!

CCCLV

When the sky trembles in fear,
And cries its pain.
You spread your wings of love,
And fly above joyfully;
To console the clouds of anguish.

CCCLVI

I shall write until my heart dies,
And love wearies out.
As long as there is breath in my soul;
I shall love you,
Like I always have, and always will.

CCCLVII

Drunk eyes and circles of dreams,
Bleed like smudged kohl.
Away from the finest moments of life;
I have come from a distance,
For your angelic soul and divine beauty.

CCCLVIII

Your little toes like soft cub paws,
Fiddling my man toes.
You roll over, and bosom meets chest.
Eyes and lips locked;
Sensual stroking of silky hair and body.

CCCLIX

If you, in the future, take a new lover,
And find true love.
My prayers have either been answered,
Or my love wasn't enough.
What I wish is only for your happiness.

CCCLX

All the dreams we dream, being away.
Every dream I dream;
Without you, troubles me during the day.
Let us, together, one after another;
Lay all our dreams under the same attic.

CCCLXI

Why two shadows when we are one?
We are near, yet afar;
We stand far apart and yet so close.
Two souls in love;
Of different colors and monochrome shadow.

CCCLXII

Days sweep like air escaping ventilation;
And my soul wizened.
Love bleeds upwards like a trail of smoke;
Steady as wings of flight.
I surrender to the heart of the dying evening.

CCCLXIII

Loneliness remains like old propellers;
Of sweet love and life.
Rusted to the core of its docked purpose,
Try continues to propel;
My wrecked ship harbored on an old coast.

CCCLXIV

On a monsoon day when rain falls;
Humans relish the earthly smell,
To the sound of crisp leaves crackling.
Birds warming in their nests;
And heart turns cold, drowning in thoughts.

CCCLXV

Even as rain washes my frail memories;
I remember you dearly.
Sound of clouds murmuring, lighting's theatrics.
They remind me of you.
I remember everything you were at the time.

CCCLXVI

Together in the corner of a closed closet,
Alike two happy newborns.
While the mirror drips sweat of passion;
Slithering into each other's skin.
Hearts of souls were caressed by the heat of kisses.

CCCLXVII

I shall dissolve in your past pain;
And live wounded forever.
I shall give you flowers of happiness;
And remains of my love.
Anything to rest together in our graves.

CCCLXVIII

Into the red fields of fertile soil;
Earth dug and wet.
Hay lays still untouched by breeze.
House tilled for love;
Cultivate sad, uncanny crops in rabi.

CCCLXIX

How magical is the first monsoon rain?
You bestow mystical drops;
Where buds of love bloom into flowers.
Leaving white cloud lines;
Like a necklace of love to this earth.

CCCLXX

Days turn into dust in your hands,
And life with it.
On a long road to heaven above fog,
I surrendered myself;
To you, who is the creator of heaven.

CCCLXXI

Two river banks that, though together;
Never meet each other.
To fathom misapprehension is unfeasible;
That runs deep into the stream.
Both chosen to run along together, lifelong.

CCCLXXII

Every dot untouched by your soul;
Blends in the sky.
Like dying stars, they wonder in pain.
To live without you;
And to feel nothing is so heavy.

CCCLXXIII

Come when winter is finally over;
As a ray of hope,
Shining inside my cottage of dreams.
Hurl our cold distance,
And stay, when my heart is mellow.

CCCLXXIV

Some kill love when young, some old.
Some men burn love;
On the lush red roses of the pubis.
Some protect and worship.
Some love little, and some a little too long.

CCCLXXV

Marching down the path of the old town;
Whence love hurried young.
A tunnel of grey patches marked,
To the silent grave rests;
And dead flowers on the slab, forgotten.

CCCLXXVI

How unsettling is the pain of grief?
Tormenting likewise,
Yet affects us all differently.
The routine of despair;
Is worse than despair itself.

CCCLXXVII

Crouched inside a hollow, limpid box;
Deemed with boundaries.
A soul trapped within its own.
Tangled emotions swirl;
As tears flow, strangling it to death.

CCCLXXVIII

I am moving across caves and hills;
Like a bird of passage.
Searching for you, like I always did.
Wishing for you;
To come like wind, like you always did.

CCCLXXIX

The sound of her laughter resounds;
Like a joyous anklet,
Running down the town echoing aloud.
Filling my heart and soul;
Pouring overflowing sweetness into my ears.

CCCLXXX

You locked my soul in your barn;
And fled the winter.
Setting the furnace of my feelings to wick;
Of a candle flame.
Snowbirds sought comfort in my confinement.

CCCLXXXI

For wisdom took birth from my light,
That was guiding you home.
Singing love songs written for you,
To immigrants of the north;
I lost the touch and magic of love.

CCCLXXXII

Under the cave where you sat;
And cried endlessly.
Today a river flows through those rocks;
A river of sacred tears.
Now, I sit there weeping your love.

CCCLXXXIII

Today, I miss you in the silence,
Of my forlorn solitude.
Peaceful harmony of birds, whistling air;
To the sway of green pasture.
Yet emptiness resounds in my heartbeat.

CCCLXXXIV

Reminiscing our fond times; happy and sad.
Sadness evaporates like fog;
Disappears like air into solid hiding.
Remembering what we were;
Restores faith in finding love again.

CCCLXXXV

My cruel heart is cold and frozen.
Under the molten ice,
Rests a sea that was once alive.
Wintry invaded me;
I became half the man I used to be.

CCCLXXXVI

Reclining on the belly of laughter,
Tranquility filled me.
I found an abode where I can live.
Embracing humble arms;
An affectionate heart, and a loving soul.

CCCLXXXVII

I would sink in your hazel eyes;
Like a honey bee,
Entering the heart of its favorite flower.
Sucking honey tears,
Of love, from your blissful soul.

CCCLXXXVIII

Epitome of elegance and beauty,
Embodiment of love.
Incarnation of an angel's divine self.
Ardent soul, pure as gem;
Manifestation of a complete woman.

CCCLXXXIX

Little florets of your charming character;
Surprises me like a rainbow,
With colors and warmth spreading widely.
Keeping me at bay;
And my feet, forgets to touch the ground.

CCCXC

The universe decided to find soulmates.
On an odyssey searching,
Across far-stretched lands and sea.
In delight, it sank tearfully;
Watching young cupids amid hot spring.

CCCXCI

One after another, everything is eluding.
The horizon started to fade,
Love eloped and our memories with it.
Time swallowed dreams;
The soul found itself in the darkness of light.

CCCXCII

An obscure thin line of thoughts ensues.
Slow pauses of breath,
Questions of love, that answers not.
I do not know you;
Now, remains of uncertainty, prolongs.

CCCXCIII

Shunning me over the surmise of actions,
Our love died on its way;
And we buried ourselves under conceit.
Grave lies overtly alive,
A visit will unfold the earth of love.

CCCXCIV

She walked away without a goodbye,
And never looked back.
Hurt, hatred, losing faith, her love died.
My love will bloom again;
Where the sun sets on the other side of her.

CCCXCV

She fled; I don't know where.
Vanishing like dust;
Away from everything we were.
No trace of scent,
Or trail of footsteps to follow.

CCCXCVI

Destiny is millions of miles away,
Yet close to my heart.
Distance of hatred is more than love.
But our love lasts,
You win over every hurdle at last.

CCCXCVII

Suddenly, the sun shines during winter,
And birds sing merrily.
But the cold has never left the earth.
It subdues in itself,
Hides inside leaves and settles in the soil.

CCCXCVIII

I questioned, pleading, O' wise one;
Where does my heart bask?
Every wrinkle on his face mustered,
Eager to smile;
And he whispered, seek your heart!

CCCXCIX

My heart cradled your love,
Until this moment.
Gently in the arms of its soul.
Singing sweet lullabies,
As dreams pastured on memories.

CD

Kiss and let the warmth linger,
On pale pink lips.
By slowing down time, stopping it.
Gently through each breath,
We shall revive our undying love.

CDI

My world without you is hollow;
Filled with emptiness.
Sky is shallow as the ocean's depth.
My life meaningless,
It is always you, you alone, and none.

CDII

I request the arriving night to bind us.
Love me in a way;
That I never forget to be loved.
Embrace me tightly,
So, I forget the world in your arms.

CDIII

Soulful events of playful evenings,
Dancing on ropes;
Of your laughter; cheerful and lovely.
Breathtaking eyes of yours,
Keeps my soul at ease from weariness.

CDIV

Everything between us in the past,
Feels like a dream.
A dream which I loved too dearly.
I fail to understand;
Reality of surreal moments of memories.

CDV

What is left in this lonely heart?
That has been hurt.
You come in my eyes as tears.
Living isn't breathing, love;
You still live in me, though separated.

CDVI

Gone too far, she had loved too;
Disturbing my love.
He loved her songs of cherries.
I loved her silence;
In it, lived an innocent child hidden.

CDVII

In time, seasons will perceive,
The whistleblower.
Empty fields shall dance in the rain,
Flowing from hills.
Deserted heart will gloom in vegetation.

CDVIII

Chaffinches will chant through the air,
Freezing in cold.
Riding on your broad shoulders,
Down the barley fields;
And awaken the thirsty summer dawn.

CDIX

Twilight sets on my pale heart;
Vanishing into my eyes,
Leaving a trail of golden tears.
Glimmering sadness,
Descends upon my quivering chin.

CDX

Breathe into my feeble, weeping soul,
Hunched by dolour.
As heartache fuels fury, rescue it;
Burning from melancholy.
Walk through my overwhelming despair.

CDXI

Time, carrying burdened self, took a turn;
To come around,
And our time is finally arriving.
Wish upon the shooting star,
Just once, and that is all we have got.

CDXII

Patiently, I have garnered my love;
Protected it carefully.
Nurtured its roots in my heart.
And come a day will,
When you will bask in its shade.

CDXIII

In love, life is a snowy dream.
Intimate times roll,
Under pleasant moments of bliss.
Time moves slowly,
Yet swiftly in the arms of love.

CDXIV

There is great depth in your silence,
Beyond my understanding.
Like the undying silence of withered flowers;
Grave and mute tongue.
There is much to say, but silence resonates.

CDXV

I am anxious to dive into the blue,
Of your unvoiced thoughts.
I intend to measure the impossible.
I am afraid to get closer;
Only to find my wildest nightmare.

CDXVI

House wrecked, filled with emptiness;
And clueless warm light.
Silence is home, language, a safe place.
My cold winter bones;
Shiver in its loneliest of times.

CDXVII

Etched by the crumbling flow of life;
Time a sour delight.
Engraved on the wisdom of the wise,
A firm, generous tool;
And not to think of love is cruel.

CDXVIII

On the shores of a calm river,
Rowing a boat;
Towards the tail of its body.
Nothing but you;
Floating in my heart, endlessly.

CDXIX

Singing chimes of your anklets;
Ring in my home.
Doors await your happy arrival.
The yellow sky blushes;
Like a woman truly in love.

CDXX

Even after years of separation;
My heart seeks you.
Your love, voice, smile, and hands.
Quill in my fingers,
And my hands scrawl me heart out.

CDXXI

Lonely nights, hallucinating silence;
Reverberate in my attic.
Nostalgia, being weakness of the hour.
Terror of the ticking clock,
Sadness melds with the intruding moonlight.

CDXXII

Empty fields filled with dreams,
Toiling in the orange sun.
Wind wipes its tears of dust.
Distant trees lone;
Stand tall, watched by grieving hills.

CDXXIII

Agonizing pain pumps pale heart;
Distinct mourning fades.
Buzzing of insects subdues in time.
Silence conquers loneliness,
And the morning clutches itself, crying.

CDXXIV

Lying like a single water droplet; on,
A translucent rose petal.
Angelic, diaphanous pale gold skin,
Brimming like a mermaid.
O' woman, you are an exclusive beauty!

CDXXV

Unaccompanied music of sad evenfall,
Paints the lone night sky.
Every measure of wind's silence,
Decreases its pulse.
Letting alone, harsh cold to bleed.

CDXXVI

Wounds heal with the flow of time,
Leaving scars behind.
Every touch evokes past pain.
Regrets, pricks souls;
Of once-forced rash behaviors.

CDXXVII

Blooming rays of happiness shine,
Long enough for tears.
For the missing to climb back,
And procure your heart.
A scintilla of sun before the storm.

CDXXVIII

Trapped inside dying love cartilage,
Of smothering emotions.
Admitting stifling silence home again,
To fill out emptiness.
Let it echo departure for once, at last.

CDXXIX

Away from the garden of sweet roses,
To a land of deserted exile.
Breathing hope of a susurrating heart,
Time and time again.
Treading on the path of made promises.

CDXXX

Thudding misery of a somber heart,
Ordeal of desolation.
Farewell, my profound solitude,
For a wee while;
In the grave, we shall unite again.

CDXXXI

Hard, wet rock heart of mine,
Swooned at your tears.
Once stood erect, soaking in the sea,
Of crushing waves;
Dissolved like spring cotton feathers.

CDXXXII

Tear the distance between our eyes;
Our paths, and intimacy.
Strangeness vanquished our bond;
Split us in half.
While rain of thorns poured heedlessly.

CDXXXIII

Anytime, if you ever desire;
Fly close by me.
Somehow, I'll fly with you.
And after some time,
When the sun sets, rest in my wings.

CDXXXIV

Modesty draped by denying love;
Sewn into a tapestry,
Hangs on the chamber of past-memories.
Like a fine needle,
Pricking the fire of loose air.

CDXXXV

By marching away from love,
Into stiff shallow.
Shadows reflect opposite to light.
Pointing to the place,
Where the heart truly belongs in shade.

CDXXXVI

I abandoned your tender heart,
Soft as white clouds;
Under the rainstorm of anguish.
Now, alone I lament;
The cruelty of my wild arrows.

CDXXXVII

Every square inch of muddy earth,
Blossoms under your feet.
Leaving a trail, a passage of love,
Along the footsteps;
Decorating, like a pearl, catching luster.

CDXXXVIII

Moist gathering behind your eyes,
Eyelids of stagnant tears;
Brimming, clogged, does not pour yet.
Soon it shall flood,
As emotions in heart thaw like snow.

CDXXXIX

Surrounded by the soul's hollow nature,
Void of invisible care.
Indecisive battle of love within.
Swinging emotions,
Recurring like curling white waves.

CDXL

A nest without its settling dove;
Is twigs and leaves.
Without rain, earth is barren land.
The moon is a dark disc,
And stars dead like autumn leaves.

CDXLI

Sad shadows of loneliness fall,
Warming cold skin.
Trudging over the lane of regret;
Progressively slow,
Accompanied by the shade of rays.

CDXLII

Trembling fear of the lone night sky,
Absent of stars.
Thunder roars like a wounded tiger.
Voiceless lighting;
Beats above the heart of vacant clouds.

CDXLIII

Broken branches twisted by faith;
Lifting its head up,
Live above the ring of blazing fate.
Endlessly in a loop,
Growing to guide migrating birds.

CDXLIV

Faint light from distant neighbor,
Shivers in its shadow.
I am an old tunnel from which,
Birds fled freely.
Now, it is filled with echoes of pleading cry.

CDXLV

Sorrow under the cloudless blue sky.
Of times swift,
Silence of the pouring cold rain;
Drenching grey leaves.
Serenity of my inflicted hours.

CDXLVI

Brushing my wrinkled pale skin;
Heavy breeze lashes;
My back, pushing me forward.
For I have forgotten,
The feeling of bracing sea spray.

CDXLVII

There I was in my bewilderment;
A glimmer into the past,
And my attic burst into flames.
For tears too flooded.
A war between agony and apathy arose.

CDXLVIII

Blackness as I close my eyes;
Seeing deep within.
Glimpses of physical images flash,
Of colorful play.
Vacancy within this seeking heart.

CDXLIX

Why should hearts live alone?
And stay broken?
Don't our hearts mourn enough?
What will it take?
To awaken the heart of dying love?

CDL

This sacred hour of solitude;
I shall never quit.
Upon me, those inflicted arrows,
Of hate and loss.
I recall your beauty, seized away.

CDLI

Evading, landing silently on flora;
Like a butterfly,
You flutter around my heart.
On petals of love,
You unfurl nectar of your beauty.

CDLII

Heart colorful as macaw's feathers;
Paints life's rainbow.
Ravishing raven's eyes, bluish-brown,
Overlooking cloud chin;
Brows that enhance your expression.

CDLIII

You pick the shimmering sunlight,
In your golden palms.
Laughter that brightens my world!
Brimming smile cornered;
Curling against cheeks of curvy lips.

CDLIV

You are a pearl birthed from the cascade of;
Mermaid's tears of bliss.
True beauty of elegance, grace, and style.
Bathed in lavender water;
An enchantress of tantalizing fragrance.

CDLV

Marking as a day, the luminous star;
Descended upon the shell.
The Belle of stars, daring Cassiopeia.
A marvelous, elegant nova;
Stellar sensation of unrivaled beauty.

CDLVI

You are a finely carved ethereal statue;
Delicately sculpted from ivory.
Adorning silver lace and rhinestone;
Handcrafted with gemstones.
A masterpiece of fine craftsmanship.

CDLVII

Hair loose like wind and waves;
Composed from silk ivory,
Sways in the wind, glows during sunset.
Curtain bangs cover;
Your face and eyes, like a hiding cave.

CDLVIII

Curved arched back as you lay,
Appears like smooth;
Recurring waves ready to surrender.
Petals glide along gently,
On your hips, swirling like feathers.

CDLIX

Your body of nightshade stands;
Above majestic sights.
Filled with raging celestial beauty.
Under your dazzling feet,
Falls the shadows of silvery soul.

CDLX

Immortal soul known for kindness;
Shall never perish.
Thy heart is an ocean of pure love.
Statue of mortal beauty;
Of glamour be installed, live forever.

CDLXI

How do I describe your beauty?
An indescribable beauty?
I write poems about your beauty.
In the end; it is,
Your beauty, that makes my poetry beautiful.

CDLXII

Alike rock carving, you sit still;
On top of a hill,
Looking through a sheltered cove.
Harmonizing in the air,
Into serene blue, resembling a painting.

CDLXIII

You are the Goddess of beauty;
Born in heaven.
Who through the golden archway,
Marched down to earth.
You are a walking angel among us.

CDLXIV

Drowsy flowers, drunk on your beauty;
Slowly unfurl their petals.
Thou heart of sweet nectar in them.
You demand blossom;
Hiding inside them, Fairy Flower-Queen.

CDLXV

In astonishment and utter shyness;
Bold flowers fold,
As you walk by, admiring them.
They bow to your;
Tantalizing nature of evergreen charm.

CDLXVI

Glimmering soul, one of a kind.
Luminescent smile shimmer;
As waves wash thy golden feet.
Oh, your sweet-heart,
A reflection of pure innocence.

CDLXVII

White clouds hide as you play;
And flee with the wind.
Rain pours in sheer happiness.
Flowers dance with ye,
And world rejoices in your beauty!

CDLXVIII

She is a painting of vivid colors;
Vibrantly staggering.
In fall, she blooms like Iberis;
A statuesque beauty.
And as she walks elegantly, I fall.

CDLXIX

Brush-stroked dewy pink lips;
Blossom like dahlias.
Soft and lustrous, bestow love;
Planting gentle kisses.
Whiff of maquillage, lingers long.

CDLXX

You breathe life of cosmic dust,
Exhale luminous stars.
You spiral like a Milky Way;
A galaxy within.
Marvel of splendid celestial descendant.

CDLXXI

Compassionately fiddling little fingers.
Hands smooth as grapes;
Hold a heart, colorful as coral reefs.
Nails like carved pearls;
Shine like an underwater half-moon.

CDLXXII

Cheeks of snow clouds hang,
Like brows of the sky.
Reflections of translucent skin;
Shining on waves.
Beauty known by heaven and earth.

CDLXXIII

Fairness of charming character,
Honeylike heart.
Generous nature of an unknown order.
A kind soul.
The Queen of ancient tribal love.

CDLXXIV

The music of your wild heart;
Echoes in nature.
Even exhalations sound like;
The symphony of the wind.
Your every step is a rhythm of life.

CDLXXV

Goblets of your breasts, like hillocks;
And ripe, fragile nipples.
Alluring body, dripping in honey sweat,
Forms a dew puddle,
In your naval of stimulating desires.

CDLXXVI

As raunchy legs widen territory;
Divided worlds succumb,
In-between your risqué soft thighs.
Tantalizing nubile clunge;
Like enticing waves of curvy, naked ocean.

CDLXXVII

The island of your vulva concealed by,
Subtle flares of pubes;
Where erotic red roses bloom.
The scent of your pubis;
Where dark eternal thirst flows.

CDLXXVIII

I yearn to hold your delicate face;
In my rough hands,
And admire your everlasting beauty.
Cherishing its radiance,
I would sing praises of God's creativity.

CDLXXIX

Eyelids smeared in black kohl;
And as I gaze,
Your hazel eyes, glitter like cherries.
For I am now lost,
In those far-stretched oceanic eyes.

CDLXXX

In you lies the magic of angels.
God was amazed,
At what he saw after creating you.
A divine manifestation.
Your beauty is beyond comparison.

CDLXXXI

The vivacious orange twilight has set;
Upon purple souls.
Flowers of love are dry and dead.
I am finally alone,
Shadows of memories have diminished.

CDLXXXII

I murmur like wheat answering,
To the wailing breeze.
Walking like the wandering wind;
Clueless, I moil,
Searching for silence to surrender.

CDLXXXIII

You have vanished into the dark.
Now, everything survives,
By the light of your burning heart.
O' beautiful woman;
I breathe my mortal life in you.

CDLXXXIV

I shall grow old and grey;
Alone in the woods.
By banishing myself from you,
And grieving lost love;
I shall always remember you.

CDLXXXV

Sitting on the grave of memories;
In my faint voice,
I sing threnodies for dead love.
My poor soul trembles;
As cold tears wash silver stone.

CDLXXXVI

Your forgetting heart might do.
But my love undone;
Still lives in my wakeful eyes,
Searching for you.
For it has not lost hope yet.

CDLXXXVII

I have inscribed your name as love,
In my stone heart.
It will live on, for ages to come.
A Runestone symbolizing,
As a whispering secret of true love.

CDLXXXVIII

Grey, the circle of somber life,
From sky to dirt.
Grave burdened on my shoulders;
I shall walk on,
With a heavy heart of regret.

CDLXXXIX

You painted my soul with colors;
Of expression and surrealism.
Possessing a gift of brushing stolen paint.
And as you left again;
The colors of my rainbow faded into dust.

CDXC

To be touched by your love;
Would never happen.
To hold hands, walk the line;
One last time.
Is the smoke of a vanishing dream.

CDXCI

I ask nothing of life anymore.
For its cruelty;
Nature of existence knows harm.
Love is a sharp thorn,
That lacerates the souls of tender hearts.

CDXCII

For I would never take another heart;
Not now or ever.
My heart has witnessed more,
Than to do with age.
Let its suffering be put at ease.

CDXCIII

Another life of new heart love,
Is beyond redemption.
Once a man buries his heart,
Deep within himself.
The island of his burial is secluded.

CDXCIV

Fortunate I was to be drenched;
By your love rain.
I will treasure our fond times,
Until the end.
Now I devote the past into the future.

CDXCV

Grey flowers, dark in complex,
Bloom without life;
On the grave of my deceased heart.
Your undried memories,
Are fresh flowers for my final day.

CDXCVI

I am either a fool or a wise one.
I seek nothing now;
But to transcend within myself.
Without love, I am nothing;
A shoddy prophet or an empty poet.

CDXCVII

My longing thirst to unite with you,
And belong in your heart;
Burns brighter than the days of summer.
I yearn, plead, and pray;
Even today, to flee the world with you.

CDXCVIII

I am coming to get you home;
My sweet, dear love.
Without you, it isn't home, above all.
I will search to find;
Wherever you are, one more time.

CDXCIX

I know you hate and love me,
At the same time.
I want both equally, as they are.
I believe, in you,
Parts that love me, still exist.

D

I am weary of writing for you,
Every day and night.
I am out of words, with a faint voice;
And an empty heart,
That feels nothing but plainly vacant.

DI

My final day is at the door.
Feeling your love;
I shall depart, holding your image;
Whilst your name echoes,
And uttering my last word, love.