

‘The Survivor’ – A Selection of Poems by Shafrina Khatun



Shafrina Khatun

Student ID: 193055016

Department of English and Humanities

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Student Name: Shafrina Khatun

Student ID: 193055016

Thesis Supervisor: Professor Kaiser Md. Hamidul Haq

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CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL

I hereby declare that this selection of poems is the student's own work and effort. All sources of information incorporated here have been duly acknowledged. This literary work has been submitted with my approval.

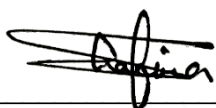
Professor Kaiser Md. Hamidul Haq

Department of English and Humanities

University of Liberal Arts Bangladesh

DECLARATION

This selection of poems is a presentation of my original work. Wherever contributions of others are involved, every effort is made to indicate this clearly, with due reference to the literature, and acknowledgement of collaborative research and discussions.



Name: Shafrina Khatun

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Dedication

This literary work is dedicated to my deceased friend, Md. Newaz Sharif Shakin, who always believed in me, that someday I will be a writer, who always inspired me to write more, and also encouraged me by introducing various online platforms to showcase my literary works. This is to a friend who was more aware of my potentialities than I ever was.

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I consider myself as one of the luckiest students who has gotten to learn a lot about writing poems, directly from Professor Kaiser Haq. Before doing MA in Creative Writing, I only dreamt of writing poems as well as tried to do so. However, throughout the journey of MA, I can feel myself leveling up in case of writing poems. Therefore, I would like to express my gratitude to all my teachers who guided and inspired me and were patient with my mistakes throughout this remarkable writing journey. I would also like to show my appreciation to University of Liberal Arts Bangladesh (ULAB) for the golden opportunity to do this literary project, which helped me in doing a lot of Research and I came to know about so many new things.

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Introduction

Memories are the best gifts I have received from life. Every day is a new opportunity to make new and the best memory for tomorrow which will last forever - the best gift to cherish as long as I shall live. However, hovering over the memories sometimes gives me utmost pleasure, sometimes a deep contemplation on the lessons I have taken from my mistakes. Yet, most of the time I spend my days treasuring how far I've gotten, which gives me courage to deal with the things troubling me at the moment. This also helps to restore my faith in myself and always inspires me to dream bigger as well as to work harder. Thus, I have come to the decision of making the theme of this selection of poems 'nostalgia'.

Throughout these poems I tried to express my experience remembering some significant events of life which have put a great impact on me both physically and psychologically, and helped me grow better. Having a tendency of learning from life lessons, sometimes I share my philosophy based on nostalgic events, sometimes I just explicitly serve my overwhelming emotions over a particular memory through my poems. Writing poems helps me express my unsaid words in an organized way. Otherwise, all I had was just some scattered experiences before I decided to be a writer and give meaning to my stories as I tend to share my journey of flourishing to the fullest. Perhaps, this can breed courage in the reader's mind as well.

Everyone has their own ways of handling pain, sharing happiness and grief. Mine is by writing poems. The only way I could share my unsaid words with overflowing and overwhelming emotions is to confess through poems. This is the place I intend to achieve through writing poems. First, to get rid of my inability of expressing proper emotion verbally, to let go off the burden of too many unsaid words inside, then, to share with the whole world, how have I become the person I am today, what have I learned through my mistakes, experiences, what do I cherish the most in my life, what do I dream about, what do I fear the most.

When I was doing my bachelor's in English literature, I was privileged with reading and analyzing a lot of poems from different eras. However, I have always been fascinated by the last stanza of 'Stopping by Woods on A Snowy Evening' by Robert Frost. It gradually develops an urge to write something – an urge to express my inner thoughts, what scares me and how I beat the fear away. When I took my first attempt at writing a poem, it felt like a great relief since some superimposed emotion just got exposed. It was all those things I wanted to shout out from the rooftop and practically could never do that. After that, every time I have some thoughts clustering in my mind, but fail to express them, I immediately start writing down. And every time I wrote to express myself, it automatically came out in the form of a poem. And then, I have realized, there's a deep connection between my way of communicating and poetry.

While I have an irreversible curiosity in diving into understanding poems, I have always been inspired by poems of Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost and Sylvia Plath. I was mostly inspired by the way Emily Dickinson wrote about the things that intrigued her like love, death, nature. And her usage of imagery also fascinated me quite well. Although Plath's poems are typically dark and derisive, her expressions of her unstable condition are what I find quite realistic and relatable since everyone has unique ways of expressing their emotion; I like hers too. It made me ponder upon my own plight in an antipathic way as well as helped me produce a few poems from self-observation. However, I could dive into the depth of my emotion by reading Robert Frost's poems. Courage has been profoundly rooted in the bottom of my heart after reading his poems. But before starting to work on this particular selection of poems, I spent a month analyzing the poems of Louise Glück. As an autobiographical poet, her poems draw a picture of her desire and trauma. I must say, I was extremely persuaded by the intensity of her works which eventually led me to contemplate on my own desire, trauma and personal experiences. Therefore, I decided to write about my personal experiences being inspired by her style.

In the poetic tradition of the world, I'd like to call myself a confessional poet or a postmodern writer from Bangladesh. As almost all of my poems are written using first person narrative and these describe the personal experiences of some extreme moment. Although some critics may think talking about personal trauma in a poem is either too cliché or still a taboo, however, I am

more interested in believing that poetry is a way of salvation towards my implicit overwhelming emotion, my psyche, my dilemma, my philosophy. A typical confessional poet may distant themselves from the social realities like what has been going on in the present world. But I tend to believe, if there's no happiness and peace existing in me, how can I even think of bringing peace to the whole world? If we want to change the world, it must begin with changing myself first. If I can deliver the message of bringing goodness in all the despondency, or a positive attitude towards the agony of life, if people around the world are convinced with the message I try to deliver through my poems, the positive change towards all the existing antagonism in the world will eventually come along.

Through the poems I have written for this paper, perhaps, I have revealed some of my childhood and adult traumas as well as shared some unforgettable moments like an autobiography. All I tried to do is to make some of my unbearable thoughts bearable to me along with whoever reads my poems by using some poetic attributes and images. It's more like a precise confrontation. But there's some everlasting entities among all the living human beings, such as, pain of loss, fear, sufferings, unfulfilled dreams etc. No matter how much we try to cope with the world by treasuring the optimism of the world, agonies are everywhere as a vital part of life. Through my poems, I tried to give some meaning to the sufferings. Giving up is easy, but we must learn to be kind to self, just enough to hold on to the faith that after the darkest hour of the night, the sun rises and hence the new opportunity begins.

To talk about the title I have chosen, it clearly indicates tragedy. However, surviving shouldn't be all pointed towards the traumatic experiences of life. It can also be a story of being persistent and being hopeful when needed. Sometimes the phase of being utmost hopeless is necessary in order to be hopeful again. Hence the title 'The Survivor' is chosen to establish one point that; in this world, we all are survivors, since practically we all are dealing with pain of loss, perplexity of life, failure beyond expressions, extreme hopelessness at times, yet we all are surviving. There are some extreme moments in life, when we all get confused to figure out how we feel. Most of the time, something bad happens, and we don't even know how to react to this. But writing about it most certainly does help. It also helps in taking big decisions as well as staying focused. Although writing a confessional poem may clearly highlight the poet's persona, it also

highlights the poet's unique perspective on life. Despite being concerned about the messages it carries, a poem provides an opportunity to communicate with the whole world, most importantly, with oneself. Sometimes, it works like therapy without having to pay for it. Speaking from the experiences, things we cannot change or control need to be dealt with bravery and willpower which can come from writing and reading poems. Rather than keeping the unstated sentiments bottled up, writing about it helps to set them free, out in the sky and opens up inner rational perception to deal with them. Not to mention, it helped me to see the world differently.

Being a writer of the 21st century, it can be really a challenge to introduce myself as a confessional writer since the New Formalism fights back against the dominance of both free verse and confessionalism. Nowadays, confessionalism can be portrayed as too sentimental and self-indulgent, hence the reestablishment of meter and rhyme in poems has been brought about by the New Formalism movement. However, I'm more willing to show my true self, true emotion without considering what movement has been going on, believing that if I can be honest with my own emotion and expression, any piece of creative work will eventually turn into the best kind of work at the right time.

Scraps

Remembering you is like a sweet meditation!

I inhale the beauty, exhale the anxiety

Out of my system.

It needs no effort, yet;

When the warmth of undern sun hit me hard

The pleasure in pain is all I got.

You were the sunshine of my life.

Remembering you is sometimes a sedative

Whenever I walk through the cram of emptiness,

I smile, thinking of those little while...

At least there was someone

With all the attention I ever sought

And bore a load of claptrap with me.

I held your hand, you held mine

What slipped away, was that only time

I felt alive, at least for a while

Now, the nights seem harder than trial

And left me with only word to repeat

“Why?”

First Acquaintance

It was just another typical rainy day

At 2pm...

For a 20 something girl, showering in rain

Would be the most pleasurable moments!

Might be overwhelmed with romance.

Yet, that was the last thing I wanted to be

Back in those days.

The day couldn't be any downer

Since I was all drenched in white.

Certainly, a bad day to wear white.

Muddy streets brought more discontent.

Waiting for a ride under a broken shade,

Afraid of missing the first day of the lecture,

A consistent irritation from strangers' ogles!

A consistent flow of setbacks and struggles!

Yet, if I couldn't yield to the present

How could I possibly deal with the past?

And suddenly, nothing seemed worth enduring.

Even the pitter-patter drops of rains

Felt like heavy explosives!

I sighed with a little relief
Once I reached my unknown fate.
Little did I know, someone was there
At the entrance, holding the door!
As I was passing through the aisle,
I saw another awkward stare!
Who was waiting for me to cross
For he could look straight in my eye.
I couldn't help but wonder
"Not another creep in my way!"
How was I supposed to know
That someday, I would want to spend an eternity
Just by looking into those creepy eyes...

Gone

I won the bet!

Told you that night will never recur.

3a.m. – the darkest hour!

Beat the usual, I wasn't scared

Since I had you by my side!

Sneaking out to the mountains,

Clambering to the pointy surface,

Making our way through the darkness,

Holding each other's hand to find the balance

And stopping at the edge from where

We couldn't take another step.

I always loved how we fought the fear

Through the inappropriate jokes;

Filled with trembling laughter!

I always loved how we shared things as one;

Thrills and blues with giggles or tear

By swapping a solo smoke.

Something happens only once in life!

You didn't believe but I was certain.

Like you never returned, nor did that night!

Yet I am happy to live in the moments

And with the memories I have of you.

The night was gone

With the arrival of a new day,

With promising prospects and new hopes.

But I hope you never forget.

You owe me a big one,

As I won the bet!

“You Can’t Make Me Cry!”

Never thought you would take me
So seriously, so literally;
And go beyond the horizon
And leave me to live a bad dream, alone;
As long as this heart keeps beating!

I didn’t cry over your departure.
Curiosity kills, what have I done
For not getting to say goodbye!
All I’m asking, just another hour
So that I could, at least confess
What do you mean to me?
And what would I be, without you...

I hope you know
I don’t cry anymore!
For there will be a day,
I shall open my eyes
And see you here with me,
In a different world, in a different time;
And I will be at peace with you...

If Only

I'd like to make a toast!
To those incredible recollections!
When there was nothing to be afraid of
And we could haphazardly run away
From all the odds!

If I was given another chance,
I'd like to relive the trifles
That slipped away from my clasp.
Yet again I'd wake up next to you
And find you staring at me.
I'd like to stand with you,
One more time, by the window
And take a sip from your coffee.
Or maybe, we could try to fit into
A bean bag settee and spend an eternity!

Wish I had the nerve to stop you
From going out of my sight.
As I could see the end of our stories,
There was no longer a reason to write.

Audacity

“I can’t swim.”

“Me neither!”

“What if we die?”

“Then we’ll die together.”

And soon we began to lose control,

Prowess and grace are all we found

In each other’s arms.

The cold water brought numbness,

Our shadow on the surface looked wondrous!

I drowned in your charm.

By then we seized the moment

And lived it to the fullest!

Fortuitous, to be blessed and braced

To embrace whatever came next.

A Drizzly Evening in the Street

The more they called it a blessing,

It seemed to me more depressing

Until one evening;

I was forced to witness

A bunch of innocent spirits

Hopping in the roadside puddles,

Splashing out whoever overlooked,

Playing ducks and drakes in a row.

It wasn't the muddy water.

I was poured with pure annoyance,

Until I had no choice

But being thunderstruck still!

The carefree glee in their face

Made me miss my buried traits,

When all I had was freedom

From the shackles of selfdom.

Lost and Found

Wish I could tell you the things I never said out loud!
How much more I miss to venture than being at home!
Unknown paths didn't scare me at all,
As long as I knew it directed me to you.

Odd thrust turned me into a stranger,
As if I was getting to know myself.
Had I lost my sense with the newly found feature!
Nothing would have happened without your help.

For long I dwelled in isolation
In the darkest part of the woods.
Knowing it wasn't safe to explore,
Until I heard you calling me out.

Now that you have brought me home
And provided me with comfort,
I want to travel once again, the unknown roads;
And feel the thrills of getting lost.

The Stranger

The night becomes mysterious

Always, after 2 am.

Only if you find something interesting to do

Rather than just trying to sleep

Or to suppress the stress of periodicity.

I am glad I didn't choose to stay inside

And feel safe with the people I know.

Barely knowing someone and taking a long walk

Along the streets of an unknown country

Is something I wouldn't do,

If I was not immersed in ecstasy.

Sharing silliness without getting arrested

by some judgmental thoughts

Is something I would never do

With someone I barely knew.

Swinging and singing out loud

With crazy high-pitched voice;

Not noticing anybody's presence

Is something I doubt I would do,

If I was in my own country.

I have always wanted to do something crazy
And forget the things, happened yesterday.
Luckily, I didn't forget anything!
Instead, it brought my spirit to life,
to take hold of the present moment
and live, love and laugh.

I'm glad I had this nervy night,
Which felt like a fairy tale of a tipsy princess!
For someone who always lives by rules
Is allowed to break the rules once in a while,
To find courage, to trust again.
Only then, she might see,
Some things are worth experiencing!
Someone is worth remembering!
For all the goodwill they bear from far away.

Repentance

Running a race of excellence was the dream!

But quitting in the middle, is what I call destiny!

Clearly, it was not a place for a wimp.

Some tripped over and never stood up,

Some reached the finish line but didn't last longer.

But whenever I think of running the race, again,

I end up stepping on countless scissors;

Providing deep cuts on my injured leg.

Now that I spend a lazy day on my couch,

If I'm not embarrassed by my absurdity,

I breathe miserably on my defeats.

Once in a while, it struck my mind

How many beautiful sights I have missed

In order to reach the finish line!

There were people, encouraging me

With cheers and toasts!

There were laughter and cries

And some incredible memories

Of overcoming some gruesome storms.

A plenty of big, fat ditches and fences

I fearlessly jumped over...

I could have turned stronger than

I could ever imagine!

Every loser gets a chance to win

Even in a failed race!

For me, there were a plenty of chances

To be happy and celebrate my victory!

Yet, I deeply regret the fact that

Losing the race is not my biggest failure

But losing myself in the middle of the race is.

Reunion

Throughout the years of separation,
I used my poems to express the words
I couldn't say out loud.
Things I have been meaning to tell you
Yet, you weren't there to hear me blabbering.
I dreamt of the day, when we will meet,
I'll present to you my unsaid words.

When I saw you, after all these years,
My eyes were fixed at you!
You thought, I wouldn't recognize you.
Or maybe I would turn away from
Your wrinkly face and a fat rounded tummy.
I grinned, "is it ever possible?
Even if I've lost my sight,
My other four senses would never fail
To recognize you!

Your face, so mischievous!
Your gaze, quite hollow!
Your breaths, same old slow and loud!

Your skin, yet trembling!

I found you still the same...

I knew from the start,

We'll never grow old to each other.

I bet you'll still be the same

Even in your seventies.

You'll always be the one;

My reason for believing in love!

Re-surrendered!

I saw a miracle!

Something, in my knowledge

Never did it happen before;

Nor was imagined.

And then, in a flash; just like that,

It happens without crashing.

Love indeed a miracle

To a loveless person.

Whoever doesn't cry; tears in his eyes

Is like every drop of miracle.

Someone who was born blind,

Colors of life are miracles!

Someone who was long confined,

Freedom would be a great surprise!

Likewise, a miracle was seen,

Deep inside my heart.

The very first time it came to my sense,

The air I breathe is nothing but

The love from the Supreme!

When it was taken away for a while...

A miracle was seen

When there was no one to pull me out

And save me from drowning...

Yet, I saw a hand; just a moment before,

I would give up on my breath.

Perhaps, the eighth wonder to a faithless person

Would be the Restored faith!

And there, for the first time ever, I felt

The presence of the Ace in my heart!

I saw a miracle!

My Precious!

O my childhood!

Like the mushiest season ever!

When all I could care about

Will there be chocolates after dinner?

Or maybe a holiday at cousins'

I wonder how's my teacher doing

For whom I used to pray, every evening,

"Please God, not tonight!"

Like a unicorn living in la la land; so lively!

With some missing words from the dictionary-

Doubt, struggle, obstacle and worry.

Knowing to believe everything they said!

I was so fulfilled every time I prayed!

Happy were those nights!

When I wasn't haunted by the werewolves,

Without having them chasing after me.

Speaking of my biggest fear,

The angriest stare from my mother

Who most certainly knew the glass breaker.

And the biggest pleasure-
All the extra sweetness in my savor.
Playing in the bathtub for an extra hour,
Or pancakes for breakfast with extra chocolate layer,
Also imitating the favorite cartoon character,
Without having anyone as niggler.

I fancy my childhood days!
Yet surely, I don't want to go back
To relive the season through the present.
Some memories must be cherished forever!
Some things must be lived for once!
And that's what makes it so precious!

Household

The thought of having a break
From the annoyance of being called
For no good reasons,
From all the unnecessary drama
With no absolute purpose,
From all the deceptions
Or maybe from the presumptions;
Had stricken me hard,
When I was just beginning to know more.
As I wanted to explore
How it would feel like to own a moment
Of thoughtlessness, uninterrupted, untouched!
I pledged for a moment
Of being myself...

No sooner had I got my break
From all the people, with all the peek;
I could finally stare at my clock
And see seconds passing by...
I could finally count the seconds it took,
To take a long deep breath...

And then, I called my people right away!

Daggered

There was a time!

When you were blind

And deaf as well.

As you couldn't see the obvious scars;

Not even could you hear the screams.

Me? Tired of dealing with your refusal

Towards my every attempt to help you.

Yet, I held your hands through

All the hitches you faced.

And then, you took my arms away

And never gave it back...

Now that you've got your sight,

See the damage you've done!

Also, if you listen sagely,

You can even hear my historical screams...

But now it's too late to respond.

At Fault

I'm sorry, I tried...

I tried to catch snowflakes,

Thought it would be mine, always...

I'm sorry, I did catch snowflakes.

Not for once, I was restless.

I gently held it, and placed it in my heart.

And attached my soul, like a spiritual upstart.

Yet, being ignorant, I couldn't grasp the fact!

The fact it left me cold, leaving nothing in my hand!

I'm sorry for having a cold heart.

A heart, which was stricken by an iced dart.

Not for once, till the lesson learned.

Now it never longs for any more warmth!

She was...

I still remember her smile,
Like the clouds of autumn sky!
So attractively strewed
Over the face of the blue hue...

Her voice was heard;
Like a distant waterfall!
The more I listened,
The more I was enthralled!

She looked so satisfyingly gorgeous, I stared!
As if I stared at a fire breathing Gulmohar tree.
Every time she passed by,
I was touched by the Goddess of serenity!

Like a good magician,
Her tricks remained a secret!
Her power of fulfilling everyone's desire,
Will always remain a mystery!

An Angel Face

When I held her for the first time,
A soft petal of a freshly plucked flower,
Landed in my arms!
I could see the moment of incredibility!
One moment, I was too concerned!
I mustn't fell her on the ground
No nervousness was allowed
No trembling in my arms
Couldn't hold her like ice, either!
Couldn't let the rigidity of my arms
Cause her any trouble breathing.
I was too afraid of hurting her
With my giant shape,
And at the same time,
Astonished to see such a little palm
Holding against her face,
Trying to move like a caterpillar;
Cooing in comfort!
Holding my finger with her tiny hand
With all her might to show,
She felt safe with me...

At that moment, I began to melt
As I saw her opening her eyes
And closed those little pearls within a while,
Followed by an angelic smile...
She brought unconditional peace in my life.

Yesterday she was an infant,
Today she's seventeen!
I see her now; she is not fragile anymore.
I can't take her in my arms anymore.
Yet, laughter still sounds like a little dove,
Cooing in comfort!
She still holds my finger with all her effort,
As always, she feels safe with me.
Every time I see her asleep,
I still see that angelic face
With the purest kind of beam...

Rescued

Before the moon rose between the mountains,
I kept gawking at the darkest sky...
Amazed, how mesmerizingly it shielded us
With the blanket of obscurity.
How many lies lie in each of the sparkling stars!
Badly looking forward to seeing a falling star;
For I believed everything is said about the falling star.
My tiring self didn't want to give up
On my enduring hopes and faith.
Yet, my fatigued knees fell on the ground,
As my drowsy eyes worn out...

Therefore, my blackened eyes got lightened inside
With the magical appearance of the moon light.
So bright! Like a diamond was found in kimberlite.
It made its way through the darkness
And enlightened the sky with whatever light it had.
I couldn't be more fascinated
To see how it made me completely forget
About my troubled moment with the stars!

Mirage

A wasted decade is all it took

To create the difference!

The difference between desire and fate,

Melody and chaos,

Beauty and truth,

Heaven and earth,

Guilt and gain,

Confusion and conclusion,

Friends and betrayers

And a forever to have the courage

To make peace with whatever poise is left...

But It took only a moment to fall in love with you, again!

A moment when I let go off my sanity

Just to live the dream, again...

Unfading

Yesterday is a no way

To get back what it was,

To win back what was lost.

Yet today, I remorse yesterday!

Like it happened a thousand times!

Today is lost too!

Thinking about yesterday, everyday...

Knowing it's an absolute waste

I didn't care at all.

And I think of the loss of yesterday even more!

To talk about the reality

It's the only moment I'm breathing.

But for a person living the yesterday

Or tomorrow,

She will only know sorrow!

The Survivor

Once the great poet said,

“But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep” ()*

The words are surely intriguing,

Possess the power of bewitchment.

I have always been mesmerized

By his choice of words.

Although I was yet to understand

The depth it bears.

Until the moment, I lost a battle against a beast

And stood on the verge, from where

I could see my soul leaving my body.

Whenever I had a thought of death,

Or took few attempts to embrace it,

A deep-seated voice kept telling me,

“Not yet!”

Whenever I thought of having a break

Or cutting me a little slack,

My conscience got back,

“Not yet!”

Whoever I tend to share my grief with
Or put someone else in charge
Of satisfying my dissatisfied soul,
The entire universe warned me,
“Not yet!”

Wish I could stop the beast
Every time, it tore me apart
As I was sure not just set,
To fall apart, nor could I give up,
“Not just yet!”

Cause I knew from the start
This wasn't the way I should end
Nor could I choose to descend
“Not just yet!”

When I was about to close me eyes
The great words of the great poet reminded me,
That, “*I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep*” (*)

(*) Frost, Robert. "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." The Poetry of Robert Frost. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston Inc., 1969.

Incognito

I came home, from the greatest illusionist
Someone with many shades;
Darker than the darkest,
Unknown to the known,
Who emerged from the dispersed shadow.
I touched him, as if I touched a magma!
I got trapped by his cloistered enigma.
He was the life bringer to the inanimate
Or sometimes,
The breath taker of someone with rotten fate.

Looking into his eyes be like
Stepping into a hollowed ocean.
An ocean with not a single drop of water
But filled with bloodthirsty fury.
Yet, I came home with nice memories
Of the evening spent with the greatest illusionist,
Whose stories are always forbidden.
Now I am left with a lot of thinking
About everything well hidden.

Coming Along!

I have been in the lake previously.

The same lake I was drowned in

Every so often, with no sign of sustaining.

Each time I thought, maybe this was it,

I was giving up at my limit,

And right before my last breath

I began to float, like I've got a fin

And thus, I learned to swim.

But the fear of drowning was always there.

Like a reflection of death on the surface of water.

I could see it standing there forever

It never disappeared

Until I decided to face the fear.

Tonight, the lake was felt a bit different

As if it was poured with sea salt

Slightly misted over, yet transparent,

I could distinctly detect,

What was there in the deepest!

As I got inside the lake

From me, it got nothing to take.
For the first time, I wasn't afraid.
So, I swam like a little mermaid.
And then I got up from the water,
I turned back; I saw myself clearer!
I have never been so braver,
As I turned out to be my own lifesaver.

Reminiscing teens

Once a girl with a maiden heart!
Listened to chronicles, but talked abstract.
Lived under shades, but dreamt of skies,
Loved to read fictions, but wrote non-fictions,
Kept her eyes closed, but mind awakened.

Once a girl whose eyes were transparent
Spent her days among simpler judgement,
Passed along silent worriment.
A girl with no sense of consent,
No knowledge of winning an argument!

Once a girl who sang the songs of innocence
Yet grew older with loads of experience
Bore the weight of recompense
And dealt with unwanted suspense
That girl is now a myth!

Last Ride Out

I got off the wrong bus I took hours ago,
Which took me in a whole other direction.

Far away from home...

And dropped me off at an unknown stop!

My lost eyes kept on struggling

To get familiar with the place;

To get the right direction.

Finally, I gave up on looking

And sat on the ground.

There were few unknown faces I found,

Who also looked tired from being around...

I stood up and asked them for help

Turned out they were more helpless

Than I could ever be...

I joined them in line and prayed for mercy;

Awaiting the right bus to take me home.

One by one, all the wrong buses I saw

And one by one, all my fellow riders went along.

The night got lonelier!

I couldn't be more thrilled

To be able to hear the firefly's buzz.

I couldn't be more chilled

By the wind blowing from the west.

Like an ever wanderer,

I started walking with no clue.

Towards an unknown fate...

And being followed by a thousand bats!

I could hear the screeching rats.

As if I was alarmed by the angel of death!

I halted, at a certain point.

Either I die, or be brave enough to except!

Whatever would happen, it would be for the best.

Just one faith I held on to...

No matter what, I would reach home that night.

The moment I stopped looking,

I saw the sign that guided me home!

I wasn't relieved, but surprised!

How I survived the chanciest night!

Transcended

When I tried parasailing for the first time,
I stood there in front of my chute
Yet, let few others to fly before me
They took off with crazy spirit
And looked no less than a kite with open wings.
They flew far away... as if,
They disappeared among the clouds.

When they landed down, they looked changed!
Seemingly something magical up there
Touched their heart and burned all the toxins.
As I asked them about the adventure,
The only thing they said, "It was amazing!"
"But what's next? Wasn't that scary at all?"
Nobody responded and left me all intrusive...

I took the leap and made my mind
I had to go up there to know more
About the sky and the view from top
Also, to see if I could touch the clouds.
I've always admired the cotton-like clouds.
I would feel forever useless

With my eyes not witnessing it.

Busy experts - tying up my chute!

Before I changed my mind, it dragged me up.

My heart skipped several beats for sure

So, I squeezed my eyes shut

And impatiently prayed for that moment to pass

Then I opened my eyes, after a while;

Considering the worst was probably over...

I saw my legs swinging in the air,

The slow motioned waves of the sea hitting the shore,

The sea never looked so blue before!

I gazed up; I saw the hidden hills - so green!

And then there was murmuration.

Never seen a flock of birds flying so close.

Like I was one of them with a giant wing.

I tried to reach the cloud, but failed;

Yet, the warmth of the sun was more intensive!

I closed my eyes and felt it passionately

I opened my eyes and all I saw was blue or green

The wind and my hair never stopped playing...

Everyone down there looked like midgets, yet delicate!

Like a giant hawk preying upon little creatures!

I landed down speechlessly excited
To explain, to share my journey in the sky!
The only thing I could utter - "It was Amazing!"
I ran off the sand and got carried away with kicks,
Dropped my knees and lied on the sand.
I couldn't be more thankful for having my vision
For which, I have seen God's beautiful creation!
