

Inked Expressions

Emotion is a very important part of a human. We might neglect it a few times but it doesn't mean we have to always do it , sometimes we need to express our emotions to let other people know what we are feeling .

Expressing emotions doesn't make you weak, it makes you strong because it takes a lot of courage to tell others what we are feeling . As a girl myself I'm very self conscious that if I tell other people what I'm feeling they might feel like I don't value them enough to listen to what they're saying , So yes according to me it's very hard to tell others what I'm feeling, showing emotions is not easy for everyone . For me writing and poetry storytelling is a way of expressing my emotions.

~ SRISHTI

COLOUR OF EYES

My eyes are black
His are brown
I represent night
He represents ground ,
I always hated my eyes and wished they were brown
But my eyes are black and his are brown ,
And yes you show the riches
the ground i never knew
just like the gold
So rare it must not be true ,
The raging black in my eyes must be dark
But the day you look in it, all the stars gonna spark ,
There would be a place where ground and stars meet
Where I would hold all the riches,
The world has never seen .

MY DREAMS

I had pretty dreams
I had my own world beyond these
But i realised i will be struck forever
With no way out of these ,
Now my dreams are filled with dark things
With a shadow of doubt and a sinking ship ,
Then came a prince uncovering the darkness
Sailing a ship with light of pretty dreams ,
But then i realised it was just a pretty dream
There was a world beyond all of these
There was never a prince
Who would save me from my fate
And it's all just a pretty dream ,
The world i dreamed of is a scary place
It isn't always nice to hide in one of its place ,
So go out sail your boat because there's no prince to change your fate .

THE LOSING BATTLE

Maybe that's where i stop
The scared pen and the emptied heart ,
Fought the battle with my will
Never knew who gonna win ,
The bleeding soul and a leathering mind
Were at the falling point
Never knew where to stop
The failing battle of the heart .

Healing was time consuming
The battle was still booming ,
Thought of taking few steps back
That's like a cowards brag ,
Never knew where to stop
The failing battle of my heart .

And maybe that's where i stopped
The failing battle of the heart ,
I thought i needed to win
But that's just a thoughtful grim .

Sometimes you need to stop
Take a breath and restart .
That's when i learned to stop
The losing battle of the heart

LONELINESS

The sky was empty
The city was silent ,
I roared for companion
In the city of violence .
The room was crowded
The faces were alike ,
But out of all people
No one to confide .
I thought i was lonely
But that's just a thought ,
I was around people
Who crowded my world apart.
The companion I searched for is not a person
It's the loneliness I never got .

THEM

She was never a wrong choice
He was never a wrong person
They were just two people with lots of problem and no solution
She needed the time he never had
He needed the girl she can't become
They were great together but the time got them wrong
She failed to understand the way he loved her
He failed to understand the way she wanted to be loved
In the end they both failed thinking they were right
But the day ended with both of them being equally wrong .

LIBRARY FULL OF BOOKS

She had a library full of books
And lending stories was her job
But there were few shelves
Full of dust and broken hearts
And one by one all the books got borrowed
The shelf became empty
All having their own stories
People looked through the books
But not the shelves
They thought they were empty
Because the books weren't enough
They thought it wasn't a good place
Because it has empty shelves
But they didn't know it wasn't empty
It was full of experience while they were looking for story
It was full of reality while they were looking for fantasy

ANYTHING YOU WANT

I can be the poet writing your story
but are you willing to be my word consisting them
I can be the flower you want me to be
but can you let me bloom on your tree
I can be the water flowing through the rivers
but will you be my origin
I can be the sword fighting for you
but will you keep me close to yourself when i am of no use
I can be anything you want me to be
but the question is will you let me be a part of you.

FEELINGS

The ashes of my feeling
Which i used to burn
Are just filling my heart
With no way to run
Now i am feeling weird
The burned thoughts and captured tears
It's like the cage i can't escape
Because when i do it kills my way
Then one fine day i did escape

I KNOW HOW IT FEEL'S

I don't know how it feels to be loved
How it feels to be the star of someone's scar
How it feels to be someone's first thought in the morning
And how it feels to be someone's last thought
But I know how it feels to be alone
How it feels to deal things on my own
How it feels to be main character of my own story
Because you know what rather than being someone's main character
You should first find yourself....

I WISH I WAS

I was the heat of summer you hated not the warmness of winter you waited.
I was the storm you were scared of not the wind you pleaded for.
I was the darkness to conquer you not the light to preserve you.
I was never the flood to your Barren land I was the flood to destroy you hand.
I was the flower for grave not the one you bought for bouquet .
I thought I was the main character but that's not our story I was the side chick you would
never look for even in your glory.

L I F E

You never really realize who left you or who you've left behind until one day you come home and there's nobody to confide in. The people you used to seek comfort in are nowhere to be found. And when you finally talk to them you once again realize you no longer know them like you used to. Sometimes as humans we really forget “ People don't need to die for you to lose them .” So let's cherish what we have and who we have