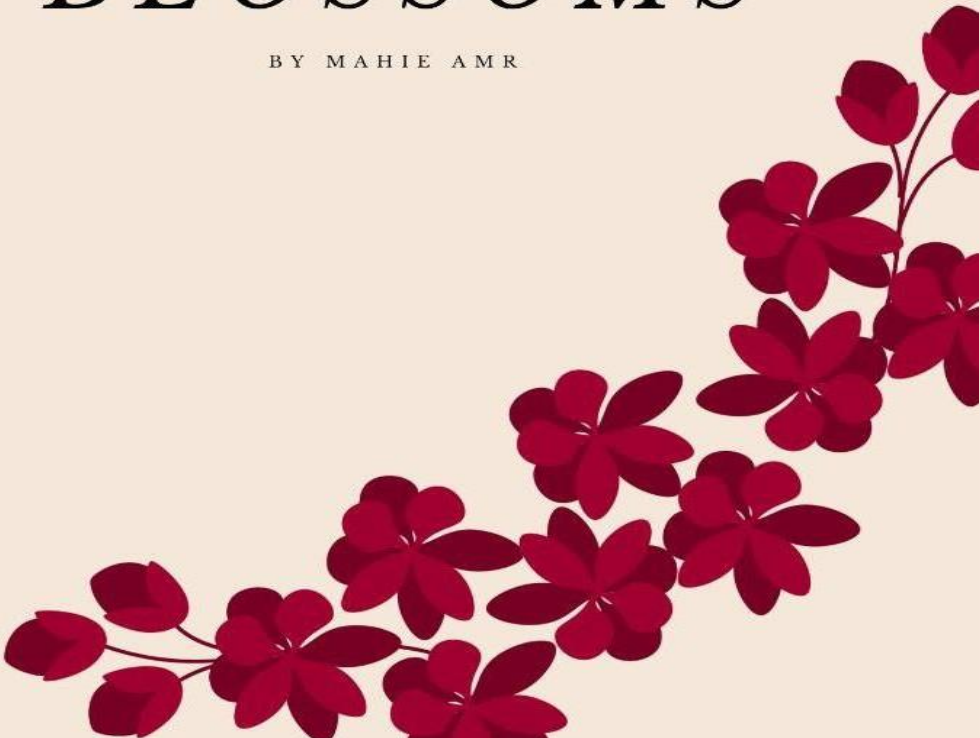




POETRY COLLECTION

BLOSSOMS

BY MAHIE AMR



Blossoms
By
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Acknowledgement

Mom, thank you. My first role model and my first English teacher. I'm more than sure I would've been nothing without you.

Dad, thanks for being supportive and for encouraging me publishing this.

Dear grandpa, the man I picked my first book from his shelves. Thank you.

My closest friends, the people who read any of the poems before they were inked here.

And of course thanks to every English teacher that gave me even the smallest detail in such a pretty language especially,

Sir, Elhoseny Badawy.

Introduction

This book is written to make you feel that you're not alone. I've tried my best not to filter any feelings while writing to make injured people relate the most.

The book is divided into eight chapters, each chapter has a flower name that symbolizes the main idea of the poems "the blossoms".

After each blossom, there's a seed that breaks the poems down or tells a story about how I got the idea.

Chapter one

Gardenia

“secret love”

*“Dear gardenia, guard our holy sin
Protect it from every woman and all the
men”*

love's a crime

No dates, only glances.

Just glimpses and no dances.

Gazing at me when no one's looking.

Caged me in pictures in heart-shaped lockets.

Stole small talks in the darkest corners,

then turned our backs just like foreigners.

'cause people assume love's a crime.

We'd be prisoned if we called each other "mine".

And the thing I strongly hate,

when people determine my own fate.

So we swore to keep it hidden.

And to burn all of the letters we'd written.

Shy smiles and stolen looks.

White lies to lend you my books.

*Strangers in the morning, when everyone's looking
with coded letters in each other's pockets.
'cause people assume love's a crime.
We'd be prisoned if we called each other "mine".
And the thing I strongly hate,
when people determine my own fate.
So we swore to keep it hidden.
And to burn all of the letters we'd written.
But people were noisy and the night was wicked.
They collected the traces of the letters I wrecked.
They knew the secret I firmly kept.
They watched the nightmares I had as I slept.
But how can I forget the coffee I split
Into million flakes turned our perfume bottle.
The scent was too strong to hide the scandal.
So people came and blew out our candles.
on the first time we'd ever met?*

*Haven't you already missed
our laughs about the girl you used to call sis?
While she was swearing, "we're way more than friends".
Life after us is a chaotic mess.
But what shall we do when the Lord doesn't bless.
People assume love's a crime.
I can't be yours.
You can't be mine.*

Seed

As an Arabic person, we're known for the secret forbidden love. It's everywhere around us , in our blood and in our folklore. Conservative societies like ours, which I'm grateful for by the way, are so critical when it comes to love. I didn't give them an evergreen ending because roses can't bloom in spoiled soil.

Sorry, Juliette

*Midnight, and it's October fifth.
Candle lights, wishes and mirth.
The night I'm turning twenty two,
I look through the window and all I see is you.
I rub my both eyes,
and then I check twice.
Thank lord you're real and you're dressing nice.
Your hair is coal.
Your leg is wrapped in white.
Your bones are broken like the heart of mine.
Juliette and Romeo are watching with pride.
She's next to me, Romeo is by your side.
They like it in here how we make the same scene.
She looks at her man and her eyes are keen.
They like our story and how we play their roles.*

Juliette comes and whispers, "You have to break the rules".

Now I'm obedient, I run to the door.

Alas! It's locked so everything's in blue.

All my thoughts are blocked. I just want to elope with you.

I turn to Juliette. She whispers again,

"Dear, it's so worthy. Love's just a sweet pain.

You gotta jump off the heights,

run to him and break the ice."

I run to the porch, I almost jump off.

But what about my family?

Suddenly, I stop.

What about my dad?

I see flash-forwards, I take a step back.

Will he be upset? Will he get so mad?

Yes to you is a no for him.

Just one second and I'll make one sin.

I said, "Juliette, you're nice but also insane.

Love with pain is love in vain.

Sorry, Juliette but you deserve death.

I'm sorry, Juliette but I deserve birth.

If you wanna jump, do it alone.

My man loves me.

We'll talk through the phone.

About the way he made my day.

His screaming eyes, "I wanna stay."

And I'm sorry for your Romeo cause he already faded,

I'm sorry for the smile he naturally faked.

I'm sorry, Juliette you gotta jump alone,

Poor Juliette shed tons of stones.

Poor Juliette jumped of the heights.

Poor Juliette died tons of times.

Maybe she broke the rules.

But she broke her mind too.

Seed

It's the first poem to be written in this collection, so it's a bit special to me. It's inspired by a friend of mine and her boyfriend. Their nicknames are Oscar and Raily. They are in a long distance relationship. They live in two different cities, which makes it harder to meet. So Raily's twenty second birthday comes and once the pm turns to am, Oscar calls Raily asking her to look out of her porch. She does what he says and sees him standing at her house gazing into her. She has realized that he has used public transport and more than one vehicle just to get to her. And she ends up crying as she can't reach out to him. Long story short, I tried my best to stand on her shoes to give you the best experience.

Footnote: they're engaged now.

Another footnote: I'm not a big fan of these kind of relationships, they end up tragically.

Chapter two

Red roses

“True love”

*“Praying that our love becomes a red
rose*

In a land, where we can't lose.”

The Goddess and the phantom

One day, up on a pedestal, a statue of a Goddess stood.

*But humans stopped praying, so they moved it to the
forsaken haunted woods.*

She was sad and alone,

but miracles happened and once in a blue moon,

her wailing conjured a kind pale phantom up.

*He said, "I know how it feels like being worshipped, and the
cheering suddenly stops.*

I once was a warrior winning battles and starting wars,

Ending lives and leading corps.

And that date the sky was dusty

And the day was rusty.

The bad endings that you always feel from the start.

I thought I was the one in charge,

But they shuffled all the cards.

*An arrow was stabbed into my heel.
Asclepius said I couldn't be healed.
So I ran to this place with a tragic face.
And eyes full of tears,
As I expired of being the one that people fear.
So if you're crying, screaming and wailing I understand.
But I swear the forest is not that bad.
At least you're surrounded by green leaves.
They will always be here. They won't leave.
So stay with me hiding in the trees.
Dance with me beside the creeks.
Feel the gratitude in every cool breeze.
So the Goddess wiped her tears and smiled.
And said, "you're the hermit I've been dying to find.
And every now and then, you'll hear the cheering
Me, the birds and the animals I'm rearing.
We'll be singing and narrating your past great stories.*

*Your champion deeds and your endless glory,
To know that you're still an origin of my pride.
The Goddess and the phantom the fantasy went wild.
You can be the groom and I can be your bride."*

Seed

This chapter's about true love or at least what I think it is. I saw clips in my mind of an ancient Greek Goddess statue that was thrown away in the forest. I stood on her shoes and all I could think of was, "she used to be worshiped, no one knows her name now." And it's saddening. I don't think anybody wants to experience this. But at the of the darkest tunnels there's always light. So Achilles shows up and they feel each other. They understand the needs of each and try their best to help.

Rome

My guardian angel

My stolen map

My leading candle

Who filled my gap

You saw me then you took my hands

The country was mine but you ruled the lands.

My heart was full of darkness and dust.

But you came and polished it but your gust.

I felt homeless in every warm place.

*Now, I'm surrounded by worthless ruins but it feels like a
grace.*

And every time we fight, we erase our blues.

As if you're Rome and all of my roads lead to you.

My prettiest scandal

My beautiful trap

My winning battle

My loudest clap

Remember Beatrice when she changed the plans?

When Danti was in flames but she was his biggest fan.

My life was rusty and colorless,

but you made it hopeful as a circus.

And every time we split , we erase our blues.

As if you're Rome and all of my roads lead to you.

Get closer

Lean over

And never lie like Pisa, it's been promising

It will touch the ground since ever but never did.

It's either you truly come or you get out of my head.

That day's still carved in my brain.

Every detail and every sand grain.

When you painted a mural of my moles.

Call me for a gelato and you can keep what you stole.

Come for a second time so I can call you mine.

Seed

This is the only poem from a man's perspective. It's about a girl and a boy met in a summer vacation. He was so depressed and she helped him by only being herself. He knew that he probably would never see her again. I think the right ones are the people who bring your childish side back, without any previous intentions to do so. It's just that safe feeling that give you the space of being who you truly are. At the end of the day you want someone to be goofy with. Not a CIO. I've read a quote once that goes, "When a rose doesn't bloom, you don't blame the rose. You blame the environment."

Chapter three

Belladonna

“toxicity”

*“belladonna means beautiful lady but
it’s poisonous.*

*Don’t be fooled by pretty faces, be
conscious.”*

Python

Since I was young,

I ran through books, movies and songs.

Wishing for a home to hold,

Instead of this cage of cold.

Looking for acceptance,

that I couldn't find due to a dusty distance.

I had a feeling that I was never enough,

that my brain ordered "You have to be rough."

So tungsten, I came absorbing all of her punches.

I tried to run unlocking all of his clutches.

I was trying to understand

what kind of injuries would make such a man.

Spent my days googling an answer to find.

“psychology, MBTI, and zodiac signs.”

I tried to forgive,

to forget,

and to give excuses.

But he always came to build more abuses.

He said he liked polite girls who kept their heads down.

So I came up with a new alter whenever he was around.

I guess his toxic masculinity was being crowned.

I can read him like a book.

By only the way he looks.

I’ve been cautious for many years.

Learning his step sounds and the tinkle of his keys.

My survival mode was always on.

An everlasting war that I never won.

Everybody’s man was sweet and humbled.

But mine was the reason I crumbled,

in my messy bed.

*My man was turning the tables.
Catching my flaws and turn them into labels,
to stick them on my forehead.
The traces he left when he came.
The doors were slammed,
The guilt and shame,
And the burning flames.
Whenever he's here.
It's the shaking hands and the foggy tears.
A dismal land materializing my fears.
"We accept the love we think we deserve" the book says.
When someone confesses their love I beg them to go away.
I don't accept love cause I think I don't deserve it.
I don't accept love cause he never served it.
"As you sow will you reap, man"
So what did you plant to get back?*

Seed

If you're wondering what python is, I'll break it down to you. It's a nonvenomous family of snakes. But do you know how they kill their prey? They pretend that they're holding the prey then, strangle it with no mercy. And that's what deeply toxic relationship looks like. Especially if this toxic relationship is parental. Our bonds with our families has a great impact on our lives' prosppection. So when you lose that warm and safe feeling since you were just a kid, you will probably lose them forever . But nothing remains the same and though it's not your fault, it's your duty to fix it. And I'm sorry for anyone never felt safe or unloved since their childhood.

Chapter four

Yellow roses

“the end of a relationship”

“Yellow is mostly for enthusiasm

But in my story it’s for cynicism.”

Never trust a man

*Holding hands, lying on the grass.
All the clocks were stopped.
And the time didn't pass.
The first two weeks of the false fake heaven.
Our brains were drugged it felt like Eden.
'We both are flawless.'
Our monsters are hidden.
I thought he was a Saint
But in fact I was chidden.
He said "Baby, I'm loyal and I'm not gonna cheat."
Two days and I caught him with a girl in the street.
She was tall and skinny, her eyes were green.
She had everything he didn't find in me.
They looked like a Hollywood couple.
I was broken I wasn't comfortable.
Maybe it was a fairytale I wanted to believe.
Maybe it was a miracle I didn't want to leave.
Maybe I'm fool and innocent.
Maybe I'm naive.
I say never trust a man in the very first weeks.
Stop being delusional and getting stories weaved.
My high expectations.
My deep imagination.
I'm the one who throws herself in flames.*

*I'm the one who deserves the black blames.
I remember that night,
when I looked at the sky pointing at a star.
You looked me in the eyes then touched my scar.
I took it as a promise of "I'll never hurt"
You made it as a promise of "I'll make something worse".
It was like the light pretty winter snow.
But you ruined it turning them to inferno.
I talked to his girl.
I told her our story.
The first two weeks.
The happiness and glory.
She was shocked, she sighed.
She buried her face in her palms and cried.
Her phone rang the caller was him.
She answered "I can curse you till 4 am.
You lied to me the way you lied to her."
She said,
Maybe it was a fairytale I wanted to believe.
Maybe it was a miracle I didn't want to leave.
Maybe I'm fool and innocent.
Maybe I'm naive.
Never trust a man in the very first weeks.
Stop being delusional and getting stories weaved.
My high expectations.
My deep imagination.
Never trust a man in the very first weeks.*

Seed

In this one, I wanted to highlight two issues. The first one is how the hurt person “the victim” always blame themselves just to give reasons for the abusive one. Just be certain of this one thing, people make mistakes because at the end of the day we’re all human beings none of us is sinless. But the difference lays within the determination inside of us who’s opinionated and always in a battle with their own souls, and who’s obedient and always in a peaceful state with his sins. The second spotlight is that the society always blames the other woman for “stealing” the man. Just think about it sanely. He literally is a grown up man. He’s not a four year old child. God created a mind for men too. both should be blamed. In the previous poem the other woman didn’t even know it was an affair, so the man was just playing around.

Wonderland

You were roaming around trying to fit in.

Searching for a shelter where you can be hidden.

I pitied you and sent you a rabbit.

“ Come with me to the evergreen

Jump in, body follow my lead.

We’re all mad here.

I’ll take you to the wonderland for free.

But know that others tried to

have this by getting on their knees.

We chose you to inter this town,

so please don’t let us down.”

I opened all the gates

as if the kingdom was yours.

Two spirits one fate.

I unlocked my doors.

All of the white roses you painted red.

All the loud laughers we lacked as kids.

*“They assume I’m lost in the wonderland,
but I’m only lost in you.”*

That was what you said.

*“ In the wonderland lay all the magical creatures,
but none of ‘em is charming as you.”*

That was how you played.

I told you I was terrified.

You said, “ Life is a battle and you have to lose the shield.”

So I took my armor off and let you burn my fields.”

Isn’t it too stupid to destroy all of your walls?

You came like a blooming spring, but you left as fall.

You enjoyed shooting my guards.

I watched them falling, how they hit the ground so hard.

I almost danced by their dead body parts.

They were eating the dust and idiotic me was proud.

I captured us as a rare stone that can never be found.

*I took you to the wonderland, where all of the men begged
for a glance.*

*I showed you the wonderland, where all of 'em wanted to
dance.*

The wonderland, where all they wanted to touch my hands.

I trusted you, so I gave you my crown.

But shame on you, you let me down.

The wonderland was supposed to be evergreen.

But how could a man touch a thing and don't make a scene?

How could a man step into something and remain clean?

*You showed up at the shore and I was sure it would be the
perfect day.*

You aimed a bullet at my heart,

when you told me you didn't want to stay.

All my blood spilt, and all of my tears fell.

All of my shiny heavens turned into hells.

You left me up with two fires,

*One is in my heart and the other is desire
to aim a bullet in my head as well,
that it was my fault to let you in.*

Seed

I was watching the Disney movie, “ Alice in the wonderland” and I got inspired by the atmosphere. WONDERLAND is for the girls, who fell in love too young. Who give everything but get nothing back. It’s for the “ Oh! You’re so naïve” type of girls, who think that every human being with a nice smile is a pretty angel. But no, life doesn’t work that way. You don’t talk to men for free. No, men don’t like you more when you do your best and give everything. Men like women who do nothing. So don’t open your gates for roamers and random people who have nothing just because they’re texting you. Islam never forbids a useful and a healthy thing. To all my little girls don’t be in love with a man who doesn’t know your worth. Don’t be in a relationship that your parents know nothing about.

Prince charming

I'm only twenty, but I guess I'm wise.

So I'm giving you some pieces of advice.

Never judge a book by its cover,

'cause the closer you get, the more you discover.

Then your beloved ones are no longer lovers.

That's the moral of the story of Prince charming,

where I played the role of ignoring all the warnings.

He came like a devil on a white steed.

I was at my lowest, so I was in need.

I didn't shake when he got off his horse and took a step.

I was lying on the ground, so he gave the hand of help.

Curiosity for a broken one is a sword.

But I was mesmerized by his flashy world.

Eyes of honey and smile of milk.

Tanned brown skin soft like silk.

I hated them later as much as I hated the crowd.

Suddenly, the room was filled with girls, they were so loud.

Thus, I had to leave and to cover my love with a shroud.

Sometimes, I wonder why they made him so proud.

All of these girls were gathering around him.

And I was far away ashamed like a saint avoiding his sin.

I walked away while all of 'em were screaming,

“ Long live the king.”

As if he was the only man and the rarest thing.

*Like all of the men were winters, and he was the only
spring.*

But what if he lost his fake crown?

Would he still be the finest man in the town?

He looked for me but it was too late.

I'd already left, and closed the gate.

Next time, never leave the one

to be with a bunch of girls for fun.

Maybe the gathering of the girls makes him proud.

But leaving people like him makes me hear

the cheering of the crowd.

How would I know about his ego from first sight?

That's why I told you that most of us are ugly on the inside.

Seed

All of us, girls, at some point had this kind of crushing on a male celebrity. So I was thinking what if we had the real chance to meet them ?

I think we won't be impressed anymore. I have that feeling that many celebrities have a dark side. And when we meet them in the real life we smell a little bit of it.

Chapter five

Mum

“sorrow”

*“O, mum the mother of flowers,
Help me with your enchanting powers*

*And rest on the grave of my
grandfather”*

Grandpa

I had a nightmare about losing someone I love.

I tried to prevent that, but my powers weren't enough.

I woke up grey.

I felt that someone was about to pass away.

I put his sweater on like I wanted to feel his warmth for the last time.

My cousin knew about the news first.

She ran to me as if she ran from a crime.

“Your grandpa is dead” she said crying.

The tough girl me fell to the ground, hoping she her friend lying.

He was gone even without a goodbye.

How does it feel on the other side?

Have you met your missed ones yet?

Are they still out of sight?

Your mother, your father, and your older brother.

The champions of your tales from time to another.

When I think of you,

I remember your silver hair and the hazel eyes color.

When I think of you,

I remember that you were born in the winter but sounded like the summer.

So wild, so funny,

so kind, so sunny.

I hate the fact that death is inevitable.

And missing you is irrevocable.

Dear Grandpa, I wish you were here.

I wish you were near.

I was so lucky that our paths crossed for seventeen years.

I tease my younger sisters by that till they are in tears.

I'll miss you forever.

'till we meet again at the shores of heaven's rivers.

And in the cheering of the crowds.

I'll be searching for your eyes to make them proud.

You encouraged me to write a book.

And here I am, working imagining your satisfied look.

Can you visit me, even in a dream?

*Can you give me a sign that you know about me ,
even like a sun beam?*

Seed

I remember that day so clearly. I remember everything about it. His death was the most unexpected thing ever. I woke up so heavy because I had a nightmare about my mom's death at the dawn. And that exactly what happened to her father in synch. I've spent most of my initial childhood years at this man's house. And I'm so proud that it shows in my actions and behaviors with people. He was the man who taught me to thank people when they do me a favor. He was the man who taught me to say please, excuse me, good morning and good night. And to turn off the lights the moment I leave the room. He was the biggest supporter to me when he knew about my interests in arts and literature. He used to ask me every now and then, " Have you ever thought of writing your own book?"

I am, grandpa.

I am.

Chapter six

Mimosa

“ feminism”

*“Mimosa, you sleepy flower don't be
lazy*

Wake up and rescue all the ladies”

What if it was blue?

A long time ago, I got a friend.

She and her man promised to make it till the end.

They carried the oath on their fourth left finger.

They needed more, they wanted it to linger.

She phoned me saying,

“God rewarded us he sent me a seed.

A little tiny flower bloomed inside of me.

I'm so excited, whether it's pink or blue.”

I said, " Congrats, best wishes are for you.”

I was at the revelation waiting for the balloon color.

Maybe pink, or exactly like the blue seas in summer.

She was so nervous I whispered” Just wait and see.”

The star of the show appeared like a dream.

Pink rose confetti were all over there.

I blushed, I screamed and clapped like a kid.

I looked at their faces. Their joy was killed.

But what if it was blue?

Like the great great skies.

What if it was blue?

Like the pretty ocean eyes.

What if it was blue?

Would they sing louder 'till they turn into ashes?

Would they toast harder 'till the glasses are smashes?

I've been bitter all my life long.

Envyng the gender who skipped the curse of blood.

Isn't it so blessing to be an Adam's son?

You come to the earth and make wars for fun.

Isn't it so blessing to be from Adam's race?

When you get the finest chance,

even with an ugly face.

When your sins are applauded.

Your mistakes are supported.

When you're always right.

And all your lies are white.

Can we now turn to Eve?

No, she's a minor she can only be a slave.

She's a witch with a B.

She's blind but you see.

A body, not a soul.

A lust you can't control.

Isn't it so tearing being an Eve's daughter?

What were the lessons you had taught her?

“ Loosen your skirt, are you asking for it?”

Even when she's oppressed, she neither runs nor quits.

Have you heard all the curses in the streets ?

They stain us like we're empty sheets.

Have you noticed when you entered the damn room?

How they bowed their backs, and all the roses bloomed.

Have you noticed when I did the same thing?

They rolled their eyes and criticized my skirt.

*Even with our mutual sins, you're THE MAN, and I'm the
guilt.*

Seed

My parents are blessed with five charming daughters. But do you know what people do every time they hear this bad news? They give the look of pettiness. What crime have we made to be punished with those useless feelings?

“He who created you from one soul” AL-A'rāf

I don't get it some people still think this way.

Chapter seven

Lotus

“Growing up”

*“ I used to hop on every lotus
blossom of the lake.*

*Maybe it's one of the happiest
memories, one of those the time can't
take.”*

Crossroads

I've been running for miles, scared to look behind.

All the futuristic roads are nameless, so there's none to find.

I have enough bruises and scars.

I've been a soldier for several years of wars.

'cause when you're a teen,

your problems can be a Shakespeare scene.

You are too big, but the world is too small.

The wounds are so deep, and your temper's a ball.

But unluckily, you're not the player anymore.

Here I am tied at crossroads.

Here I am carrying my heavy loads.

Here I am scared to look back,

afraid to look forward,

terrified to stay the same.

Here I am touching my blooming twenties,

But the atmosphere is colored with shame.

Here I am trying to erase sins that weren't my fault.

Trying to clean all the dust even my hidden vault.

They have been telling unbelievable lies to me.

I look at their eyes wondering how their next lie would be.

They say everything's better at twenty.

Just like Boston to Atlas and Lily.

“ Just rub the lamp, and you ’ll meet the Genie. ”

“ Say what you wish, it ’s yours. ”

“And before you even knock,

we ’ll unlock our doors. ”

So you believe them 'till you crash into the reality floors.

Here I am tied at crossroads.

Here I am carrying my heavy loads.

Here I am scared to look back,

afraid to look forward,

terrified to stay the same.

*Here I am touching my blooming twenties,
But the atmosphere is colored with shame.
Here I am trying to erase sins that weren't my fault.
Trying to clean all the dust even the hidden vault.
I didn't notice when time passed before me like a stranger.
I still don't know If I am even supposed to get older.
I have realized that we' ain't the cool kids anymore.
I have realized that we're not the kids who slam the doors.
But since my third decade has started, everything seems
weird.
Nothing seems like it has first appeared.
Somehow we got forced to walk on a thin line,
not fully ripe,
but also wasted our teenage time.
What if I take the wrong turn?
How bad will it burn?
What if I choose the wrong path?*

How many disappointments will turn into wrath?

Seed

I was somber on my twentyth birthday. Crying and sobbing since I felt that I haven't achieved anything in my life. All I was thinking of was, "I've been blessed with a life and I've been breathing on this planet for twenty years what did I give back?" I remember feeling really anxious. I realized that I'm not a teenager anymore, so every small step has its own heavy weight. I used to think of my dreams, but now I have to work towards them. And that was the moment I had realized that I really did grow up. I made a birthday prayer that went, "God, please, distance the unsuitable people away from me. God, please, put me on the right path. God, please, help me." Do you know what happened after that ?

In one month I lost three close friends. Did I cry ? yes I did.

Did I even notice it was because of the prayer few weeks ago?

No I didn't. The following four months after that prayer were sent straight out of hell. I lost people. I had troubles in almost every field in my life. I stopped studying for months because my energy was too weak to do anything but lying in bed. But I tried my best to get up again and what helped me the most was shifting my mindset. I stopped viewing people as memories and feelings, and started seeing them as

lessons. They are no longer in my life because I have what I am supposed to have from them. Self-improvement videos started to pop up in my face and I felt they were messages from Allah. Hardships and bad days are gone and what lasts is the gratitude for Allah, the prayer, and the anxiety.

Aphra and Grace

I have a tale to tell, about a mother has twins.

The second is redundant, so the first girl wins.

She names 'em Aphra and Grace so the story begins.

Grace goes outside and pretends she's the best.

Aphra stays inside and almost eats dust.

Grace is always smiling. She's got the wealthy life.

Aphra has her head down,

a head that she wants to cut by a knife.

Grace is so pretty and is always dressed up.

Aphra wears old tops and patches her gowns up.

Grace has tons of friends,

Hazel, Lauren, Tommy, and Lenz.

Aphra always roams alone.

With the broken walls and the bathroom floor.

The floor that absorbs tears and fears and blues and more.

*One day, Grace decides to break the oath,
“ No guests are allowed, or it’s a scandal for us both.”
Grace takes Hazel to the lifeless house.
Hazel drops a jaw as she sees the raptured blouse.
The secret they have kept for years is spread around.
You can't hear a thing, but heartbeat sounds.
Aphra has been speechless, but now she talks.
And towards Hazel Aphra walks.
“ What do you think of our miserable palace?
I swear I was trying to make some balance.
But have you ever tried living two-faced?
If people knew I was poor, I'd easily be replaced.
You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth.
How could it have a bitter taste?
You will never get the feeling I hate.
I kept the secret for a long time. I had to be fake.
But my pillow knows everything at night,*

and pretends she has forgotten all when I'm awake.

So Hazel cries with swollen eyes.

Aphra is dead, and her spirit flies.

Hazel and Grace remain as friends.

Hazel says, " come we'll make it 'till the end."

I wasn't blessed with a sister, but now I have one.

Please, Grace, come with me, it will be fun.

So Grace leaves the house like it was none.

Seed

Footnote:

Aphra means dust.

Grace means privilege.

It may seem as a plot twist, but Aphra and Grace are the same person. I wanted to materialize the human conflict to change all their real self to be accepted, or to risk it all by showing their flaws as a part of their perfection. Grace wasn't blessed with money and luxury. But she wanted to fit in that high classed society. So she had to give up on her food, house and pajamas just to earn her friends' love. Hazel saw the light in the darkest side of Grace. And that was why she offered her to move in with her. The true message of the poem is to show your true whatever it is. And if they don't accept you the way you are, it's their loss.

Flame girl

When you're a kid,

they pour things into your head.

And though liquids evaporate,

their impact is great.

At school, I was taught to be a candle.

“ Light the way of others and

hold what they can't handle.”

I was a good girl, so I lit fire to my hair,

to amuse my mates and hear their laughter

echoes ringing in the air.

“ You're the real version Phoebe. ” , they said.

I smiled with those fires on my head.

And though I was severely in pain,

I liked the new name.

So I went back home to show them the flames.

“ I’ll light up your days and help you win in every game.”

My parents didn’t yell nor shout.

So my mind whispered, “ I think you made them proud.”

Days have passed like trees on the roads, son.

And all I do is to guide the lost ones.

But nothing remains the same.

A new inciting incident came,

When I saw my reflection

printed on our town lake.

The moment I realized that my happiness was fake.

I looked like everything but human faces.

I gazed at the slightly waving water

and all I saw were ugly traces.

A punishment from God that left a mark

Every time I neglected myself.

“I could’ve been a bestseller,

but I parked my soul on a dusty shelf.”

I was melt and maimed.

I was ugly, so every person I helped got me shamed.

I made a sacred oath to the Lord beside the lake.

“My happiness is an inner feeling no one can make.

Dear lord, please mend my injuries.

*Dear lord trust me now I know that my soul is the true
luxury.”*

Seed

People pleasing is such a curse. You're made to please everyone, but no one is miserable more than you.

Chapter eight

Olive branch

“peace of mind”

*“Athena ,the Goddess of war and
peace,*

used to love the olive trees.”

The names he called

*I remember that day when you took my hands,
led me to the porch walking down the stairs.*

You said there was something you needed to share.

The eight red letters you spoke out of your heart.

*I stabbed you with the sharpest sorry,
it pierced you like a dart.*

*Your blood splattered everywhere
'till it triggered my sadness.*

*But from your own perspective,
it only triggered my madness.*

*Everything faded around,
and you saw all in black.*

*There was a tension to be found,
so I made a joke, then I gave you my back,*

You went to your room,

*turned off the lights,
and then you started crying.
You weren't my groom,
so I made up that fight,
but inside I was dying.
It was your jinxed day.
And your plot twist.
I was the obstacle in your way.
And the reason for your guilt.
You started to call me names.
The black cat,
the one who was blamed.
The cursed girl,
that loving her will get you maimed.
You said I was the mistress of evil.
And the worst villain.
The daughter of the devil.*

*Who locks the doors of heaven.
But being mean doesn't mean
that my sorrow is fake.
Being honest doesn't mean I don't ache.
You cursed me,
saying I belonged to one of the creatures I love.
One of the owls, that flies above.
But owls symbolize different things
in each culture.
Though you meant it in Arabic,
I got it in English.
That is what makes me distinguished.
In Arabic, they represent presentiment,
and they're savage haunters.
In English, they're not categorized
with crows and vultures.
They are wise creatures with wide eyes.*

So calling me an owl wasn't a surprise.

Seed

Anyone knows me well, knows how much I'm obsessed with Greek mythology. And my favorite character is the Goddess Athena. I've always felt we had a lot of things in common. My favorite animal is the owl, hers too. She was the Goddess of war and wisdom and despite that, she adored peace. Her favorite plant was olive tree, which shows us how much she appreciated peace. You can consider this chapter is sponsored by Athena. She was one of the two goddesses who weren't interested in marriage. So she was clearly different. I linked Athena's past with a normal incident that happened to almost every girl I've ever seen.

Easy comes, easy goes.

You know I can't swim

Why do you keep pulling me to your sea?

You know you won't win.

Why do you keep gambling on me?

I know that chapter of love where you lose your mind.

I know that chapter of love when you lose your pride.

I know that love has too many faces, but this one is the darkest side.

Too much unconditional love,

you'll love me even if I'm not yours.

Countless times of feuds and battles.

Countless times of winless wars.

Sorry, I'm letting you down,

but someone has to teach you the lesson

And unfortunately it's me.

Sorry, that I have to use weapons this time,

but someone has to clean your glasses and make you see.

You've never hurt me, but you hurt yourself the most.

*You try to gain me in every auction, but the answer's
always "lost".*

I'm aware of your endless kindness,

but too much sweetness is a form of toxicity too.

You're able to love me for free,

but I can't do the same to you.

'cause unpaid love is a careless thinking.

*If I approved it, you'll get bored in a couple
of months then run away drinking.*

*Maybe you'll quit the country like a dishonest king,
when a true war comes in.*

*How do you swear that you love me
and you don't even know what color of love I'm using ?*

*How do you swear that you're about to worship me,
ignoring all the damage I'm causing?*

Truth is cruel but I'll speak it anyway.

When a person wants something they have to pay.

Easy comes, easy goes.

Cheap things aren't loyal they truly betray.

*Have you ever witnessed a paltry pair
of shoes lasts more than one year?*

Doesn't the leather crack and tear?

Seed

It's for the "selfish" girls, who are actually so kind. In the last poem, the girl kept pushing him away because she knew she would never fall for him. She kept giving him warnings and signs to make him understand that he was not her one. But he insisted until she said the hurting truth. She could not love him just because he loved her. And though she could pretend that she loved him she didn't. She knew that she would lose interest in him because there wasn't a spark from the start. She had his love with zero effort. So she felt it would fade soon.

The End

Thanks for reading.