

Freezing in hiding

The endless night's enchanted by the winter breeze
Whispering a symphony flowing through the trees,
Sweeping across, the warmth of my heart to seize,
Singing to the dance of the fallen leaves,
Turning colder and colder the tears,
starker and starker the fears,
While darker become the spheres.

Dead darkness over my soul sets,
carrying the essence of regrets,
Heavy as the burden that encompasses,
While My beating heart in defeat frets,
Darkness my frazzling hope surpasses,
The sight of my dreams freezing
Haunt my soul to stay in hiding.

Frustrations tie me in knots
Of unsolvable chains of doubts;
With my mind, chaos wars in endless shouts;
The love inside is one with the buried treasures,
Buried deep inside and sealed with scars;
Cherished memories are just temporal pleasures,
When gazing into the twinkling stars.

My soul's chained in endless knots,
Hatred my heart in its deathly stench rots
With no other choice my heart screams
Oh! God, where are my lost dreams?
The broken story is continuing in reams,
Can I rewrite my choices I rue?
Can I take back the words I threw?

Is there a future, the future of my dreams?
Pages turn and nights have gone by;
Stars burn but dawn hasn't come nigh,
Is the promise of hope I believed, a lie ?

Were my dreams destined to die?
-Dreams my heart treasured
That no earthly thing could measure.

As the winds get stronger,
In crescendo they're rising louder:
A dirge to the dance of dead leaves,
A lullaby to the dying trees,
And even so to my dreams;
In the midst of nature's hopeful dancers
I'm a hopeless soul searching for answers.

With no power to change the past, I sigh,
For there's nothing upon which I can rely;
Hope once lifted its wings to fly,
To fly beyond this dark horizon,
But my heart's now in death's prison,
Asleep are my once hopeful dreams,
And hope's as dead as it seems.

Did Hope exist to die ?
Or was Hope's existence a lie ?
To where did hope's last flame fly?
Oh! where's the spark that once blazened?
Oh! where's the spark that once blazened?
Becoming the end it never meant to be?
Or Becoming the end it was meant to be?

So many faults, so many wrong tries,
So many walls rising above my cries,
So many doors shutting before my eyes,
So many incomplete good byes,
Forgotten with the wind as time flies,
The end of so many moments,
The pain cuts through deep dents.

Oh! God crowned with endless glory,
Maker of my heart, Author of my story,
I'm tired of counting the stars
I'm tired of hiding my scars
Please Can you repair the pages I ruined?
Forgive me for being toward you a truant
Oh! God please restore the pages i tore.

The endless night's enchanted by the winter breeze
Whispering a symphony through my broken wings
Sweeping across, the life of my heart to seize,
Singing to the dance of dead leaves,
A lullaby to the flowing tears
Turning darker and darker the scars.
For every tear the wounds mars.

Light of heaven, I shall wait for your touch,
While through this dark valley I trudge,
Where the shadows of time haunt,
And regrets my emotions taunt,
Where, with the dark, battle scars camouflage,
Let your heart's fire this darkness sabotage,
Oh! Light of heaven, I shall wait for you.

-Leandra Lawrence
(A19ACMTECH11007@iith.ac.in)