



# MIDDAY BLUES

BY IRON HEIST



*Midday Blues.*

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# introduction

*About "Midday Blues"*

*"Midday Blues"*  
*captures the heart's quiet struggles and profound joys.*

*This collection explores themes of love, faith, identity, and time's passage.*

*Each poem reflects life's changing seasons and the dance of hope and  
renewal.*

*With lyrical grace,  
"Midday Blues"  
offers solace and a deep connection  
to the shared  
human journey.*

*In the total darkness, poetry is still there, and it is there for you.*  
*~Abbas Kiarostami*

# Chapter List

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# midday blues

*Midday blues,  
my letters are to you,  
I hope you read them too,  
To get my words through,  
I can give no more clues,  
My heart isn't clear of these dues,  
And now i see no muse,  
But only a few memories that i pursue.*

*~J.S*

# poems for you

*I wrote a poem,  
It was about you,  
I wrote about you,  
But did you ever write about me?  
Did you ever write back to me?  
Ghostly adventures captured in my letters to you,  
Yet only ghostly replies come from you.  
Till when do i keep it within me?  
These corpses of dead words that i carry.  
Perhaps i have more words for you than i have any for myself.  
But who are you?  
If not a ghost.  
If not lost.*

~J.S

# poetically and religiously

*Perhaps i didn't know how to live,  
Just the way i never knew how to love you.  
I knew that being on fire would burn,  
I knew that being stabbed would sting,  
But i never knew that being in love can also kill.  
Perhaps i am destroying my life,  
because your love is destroying me,  
And,  
i don't know how I am destroying it,  
But it is either religiously or poetically.*

*~J.S*



# erase me

*You can erase me,  
You can stop caring,  
You can throw me off a cliff,  
And call me a 100 bad things,,  
You can throw dirt on my name  
And call me just to blame.  
But my dear,  
Yet even then,  
i can never erase you,  
Because,  
know that you are where my words come from,  
And,  
If I could erase you from my memory,  
how would i erase you from my poetry?*

~J.S

# Walls

*The walls i had built were so high,  
I could not let you cross over it,  
Because i had fear feeding my doubts.*

*Now silence exists between the distance we have,  
And the only thing i can hear are the echoes of my blame.*

*With the whispers of your name,  
Haunted by the moments we lost,*

*Which came with all the costs.*

*I vow to fight the shadows,  
To reclaim my stolen light,  
To mend the rift I've caused,  
And emerge from this night.*

*Though I faltered and I fell, In your memory,  
I see The possibility of redemption,  
A chance to set us free.*

*~J.S*

# Faith

*I believe religion is a scam,  
And mine is no different.  
It seems an illusion,  
this religion of mine.  
Born into faith deemed  
perfect and divine,  
Yet others hold their beliefs as true but  
Also oppose mine,*

*In this tapestry of convictions,  
what am I to do?  
What am i to believe?  
To which religion do i turn to?  
In a maze of faiths,  
Which one will be my truth?  
If there are none,  
Then do i accept nothing to be the one?*

*~J.S*

# freedom and hope

*What is freedom?  
An idea?  
A thought?  
Or just an illusion?*

*What is a country governed by corruption?  
If not a prison bound by chains that are unseen.  
Or a puppet bound to its master with the strings that remain unseen*

*What is a country?  
If its freedom is at stake?  
Do i forfeit and forsake?  
And let despair spiral?  
Or  
Do i Consider it under attack?  
And stand to fight back?*

~J.S

# The last minute

*It was all about to end,  
A few seconds ago,  
Everything would end,  
There would be nothing,  
Yet there would be something.*

*We have been captives to life but,  
We have forgotten to live.  
We want life,  
But we forget to thrive,  
we don't want to live our life.*

*And only when it is all about to end,  
one figures out what is at stake.  
when one finds out what the last minute is here to take.*

*Every memory,  
Every heartbeat,  
Every breath,*

*It would all be accounted for.*

*And at that moment we would visually accept that this is what we will see at  
the last stage of our lives.*

*Perhaps we will beg for a second chance  
But we will have none*

*Perhaps that is when we will realise that we failed life  
We failed ourselves.*

*~J.S*

# forgiveness

*How do we forgive ourselves for all the things we'll never become  
How do we accept things ?  
Yet how do i deal with my grief*

*My grief is my nightmare  
And my nightmares are of you,  
Not of you, but of a life without you.  
So tell me my dearest,  
Are you my grief?  
Or am i grieving you?*

*~J.S*

# Summer, autumn, winter and the spring

*Perhaps there's a summer out there,  
Where we are together,  
No spring needed,  
Having just survived our winter,  
Before I let our love turn to autumn.*

*But soon,*

*My summer days grew bleak,  
And I let autumn fade away,  
Now I'm consumed by winter,  
Waiting for that one spring.*

*~J.S*

# Engraved

*There's not a single day where i don't wake up and think of you,*

*You're the first thought that pops in my mind,*

*and,*

*you're the last thought that leaves from my mind.*

*I'll always remember you,*

*and keep you close to my heart.*

*Ill always keep you in my poetry,*

*So that you always exist when someone reads a piece of my soul.*

*And when they read it,*

*they'll understand,*

*how deeply you are engraved into my soul.*

*~J.S*



# Definitely not dead

*I write all my poems around midnight,  
So when death wanders around me,  
It'll leave me alone,  
For it knows that i am a poet,  
and as a poet,  
i must suffer,  
And death would be an easy escape when compared to my heartbreaks.*

*Because it has never been the heartbreaks,  
But it's the tragedy of living,  
The tragedy of life,  
That ends me every night.  
But remember it is the tragedy of life that shapes out the best poets.*

~J.S