

Poetry Series

Fayeda Vanimel
- poems -

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Fayeda Vanimel(02-02-1995)

Fayeda Vanimel is the budding poet from Kerala. Blogger and author of one English poetry series and one Malayalam compilation of tiny poems. She also appears in various Malayalam literature platforms. This series contains the early poems of the author.

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A Note To Myself

You start breathing,
When you start hearing what your heart has to say.

You start living when you no longer worry,
about what logic has to do in life.

You become a drop in the ocean,
You become one representing thousands,
You become a cool breeze in a heavy rain.

You, for a jiffy forget the past which kept pulling you back,
And you also forget the future which keeps dragging you up.

You find the new road as very familiar,
You sees deja vu in every moment,

Something out of your mind, comes and keep saying,
This is it! ! Fadi, this is it! ! !

You become the journey,
You become the desires,
And within you a flame forever is lit.

And this new light will let you see yourself thoroughly,
Even pave every right path around you.

When you walk, When you keep on moving,
I tell you not to look back,
I want you never share the utmost happiness as it is, to anyone,
I don't want you to loss yourself at any point,
Be selfish for your own sake,
And be happier every time.

Fayeda Vanimel

A Seperation

splitting into two,
by thoughts and desires,
I'm in the deserts,
you're in another.

I squeezed a fruit,
which was named as love.
there was joys in the content
more or less sorrows too.

you squeezed another fruit,
but it was my heart.
all what oozed out was my blood...
my blood...red, oh, my life wine!

which traveler will pick up you,
from the ocean of this desert? ! !
and who will save me?
I know this scary night is danger,
I get a sloe, fruit of black-
thorn, to eat.....!

I shall reap from here,
to get a new heart,
lieu of what you've broken.
I swear, I will.
its all for you to come to me.

Fayeda Vanimel

Deceptive Wishes

I'm being disgusted
myself!
my words....
thoughts....likenesses...
dreams....
I hate now myself!
where is the way;
u came in me...? ,
let me return in you-
through there...
I hate now myself...
'if i and you were...
only you....! ! '

Fayeda Vanimel

Festival

Rain is sky's...
harvest was soil's,
You are mine.
red, brown, green, yellow...
Festivals!
out of the chromatic world.

Fayeda Vanimel

Fly High

do you want?

My own wings.

do you love to live?

Where there's, love.

tell me, What do you call a relationship?

Building pillars, and not just walls.

love, Now take your wings and fly.

Fayeda Vanimel

For A While....,

I was a little girl,
wearing a tiny skirt,
It was somewhere in my past;
out of the thousand, wide and vast canvases,
made of each moment in my life..,
each joy and sorrow..
kept within woody frames,
smelling joyous fragrances,
like each stalk of a rose....

And scattered colors,
in white corners,
stale childhood,
boring the memory spots,
and oozing out.....

Yikes! ...Remembrances..! ! !
humming bees,
sad background tones...

Here the play is over,
and...i again-
come and dive..
into this harsh.., aggrieved,
present world.

Fayeda Vanimel

Ignorance

death came;
and asked me,
'can I pick you'?
I answered suddenly
'I want to ask the life'
Death compelled me to,
ask the life, I said death
'I don't know my life'! !
Death shocked, and died!

Fayeda Vanimel

Immortality

I loved her,
when I said, 'I love you'
I am not the criminal...
you say to your father,
'i like you more than Mum'
But you like Mum most;
for a half penny, the Dad!
I like mortal, when say,
to life, I need you forever.....

Fayeda Vanimel

Insecurities

When she was asked
Why she kept rolling towards the wall
Whenever she sleep
She answered that, she needs it all the time.

While sleeping, she needs walls on her either side.
Don't ask her why.
She needs it to lean on.

When you secured her,
Inside four walls
Who thought those walls,
Will help her to move on.

As you use to say while gossiping,
Yes, the walls have ears.
And it can hear what you speak.

Because, sometimes the walls gave an ear to her concerns,
which nobody ever did on the needy times.
And the other times, when she wanted to talk herself,
the walls echoed her self-talks to her, and kept it a secret.

Now, tell me.
Who else she will hug in her sleep and lean on,
Other than those walls,
Which saw her grow up with pain and gain.

Fayeda Vanimel

Ma(D) Th

Ninety nine times,
I miss you.
perhaps, one time,
I don't bother about you.
I perfectly mean,
I'm free for on out of hundred! ! !
I'm glad and joyous,
resting in peace..
and understanding,
how lowest dominants over the highest!

Fayeda Vanimel

Midsummer-Madness

weeping pen,
sorrowing words...
drumming heart..
I can't ink,
just a word!
let me sleep...
my pen, then,
word; and world itself!

Fayeda Vanimel

Nature Lives

Once upon in my life,
i had a spring...
which brought me often,
the smell of roses...
through the half opened windowblinds,
i always used to witness,
the moment; sun slowly rises,
and the flying birds, so far.
i was disturbed usual,
when my mother call me,
to do something, or to have...
When i go through my books,
i used to remind the nature,
which brought me,
so much pleasure,
and so much relief....

once in a midsummer,
when i was observing
the silent nature,
when she was dressed with a,
pretty, light, sunlight...
i found a Mynah...
about to kick the bucket, tiring the most...
by the attack from a crow;
and....i felt tensed, ...sad...,
i saw....., the mynah
where, its soul leaves the body,
and remined dead, , , , ,
and i felt deeply,
the nature around me is nomore.....nomore..

Fayeda Vanimel

No Love Plz....

This shadow
fell upon the sunny yard,
dark and fairy shapes,
flowing..then rounding into one..
dispersing into two then many ones..
a hot breeze disturbing me,
and it's gentle touch..
I'm missing You! ! !

Once in a similar sunny day,
may be the past year i say.,
looking back to memories,
finding glances we exchanged,
and silent talks,
I've grown up,
yeah..not that secondary schooled girl,
grown up by age and thoughts!

But still i don't forget,
your wheels which followed me by,
and your rare calls,
ohhh..... I'm missing you!
may be this feels ordinary,
but it was all my first love..
first and undoubtedly last of any such..
I will love some one, (i would love in future)
when they give me countless love.
But ne'er as ours.

Yet, I'm fooled and puzzled..
did we?love each other?
I know you did. I think you still.
But ne'er, I did ne'er.
But still I miss you! ! ! !

Girls are sometimes so, and so not.
may be boys too.
But I'm sure, I didn't love you,

or...why should I've loved you? ? !

Fayeda Vanimel

Oh, My Dear

I don't know
from which vista
i hold your hands
to my life

your deep smile
and kind glances
have always filled in me
extreme relief

a big canvas
made of your sweet friendship
colored with your love
care and joy
my life is kept in it

i was always alone
whenever you weren't
beside me; close to me
my joys weren't perfect
unless your presence

And my sorrows never ended,
when you were absent.

I can't find the thread
by which
we have bind together
But i know
it is something made of love, care and joy
hmmm..... i like you
and i need you always!

Fayeda Vanimel

On The Search For A Reason

when you told me;
'i love you,
for this reasons, and such reasons..'
I was unaware;
of those reasons...!
but when you told,
'i hate you,
because of these all...'
I was grasping,
I was learning,
why, why you became so...
and what made you so....!

Fayedha Vanimel

On The Search Of Spring For My Three Flowers

1. I would have not asked these,
my beloved God, to you,
If you created me beautifully like Sarah;
my playmate who give me chocolates

For everyone except Sarah,
My face is ugly, with holes-
Unwanted here and there,
Cleft is the name, they call it!

Though my mum call me chweety,
That's all what you have gifted me

2. I use to overtake John in runs,
And I jump higher than he do.
I will throw balls so fast,
I help my mum, pick crump up from floor
I go for jogging through meadows with dad,
And I use to play anything with John.

But I want to ask my God,
Why can't I do all these.
May be because my mum keep saying,
my son would have done all, like John,
if he was not palsied'
That she don't know; so I feel sad,
that her son would far better than John!

Still she would be saying,
Her son is palsied, palsied.....ufff! ! !

3. I want to hug somebody,
Get their arms and kiss too.
I need stroke from others,
need to sit on my mum's lap.
I want to cry when I'm hurt,
Laugh when I'm happy.

Rather than doing these all,
When vice versa or for no reason.
And stop neglecting other's affections.

Why God I can't do all these,
Being an Autistic! ! !

Fayeda Vanimel

Search For A New..

A mirror is there in the heart,
and a framed snap in it.
myself and you.
I ne'er allow to make a new smile.
its still old, is what always not new.
But it was new,
you, your smile.
your glances, your presence.
it was all new for me.
But not now.

This framed picture, broken mirror.
I do not know how this framework,
got into the mirror.
But I know how it reached in my heart.
because its you, your smile.

I do not know,
why it hurt me now.
why broken glasses wound me hardly,
I do not know,
why love is always sad after sometime.
May be I had joys instead of,
or going to get joys, joys all along.

ohh, but this pain,
came out of love
its sweet and and tender the most.
but i'm a man,
not only with a loving heart.
with sense of pain, sorrow and disgust.

sun comes in the early mornings.
kisses the earth under it.
kisses, kisses the most at noon, and kisses.
But dawn comes with disgust.

sun goes searching another earth...
to kiss and cuddle again.
and why should we only left here, , ?
and the things comes too old.
search for new... old is always being old
and time brings new... new springs for us.
Hhhuh! ! ! .

Fayeda Vanimel

The Small Big Things

As my life was a country boat,
My father rowed me,
he kept the paddle much safely.
I never thought about a storm,
And a wave to shake me away,
My flow couldn't defy his hopes.
He guided me to cast anchor,
He bade farewell to my voyage;
As my first letter was taught by him.
So he stays as an ideal, big,
Crush-proof ship to a small country boat!

Fayeda Vanimel

This Is That Blamed Spot!

Don't tell me to sing any song.
you would ask to sing from joy,
I can't ever find harmony with your-
hopes, and it's not a euphony.
lieu of that I will sing, but
from melancholy lines...
melody will make symphony...!
why should I enjoy you.....
as you have always,
broken me into tears...
so definitely I will make you sad!
hey, look this is not an Elysium,
never look back again,
keep on wheeling to the front track.

Fayedada Vanimel

Time And Tide.....

When the noon gets down,
when the sunshine,
changes it's direction,
when i was tasting,
a midday nap,
my clock strikes three...,
when the time was really free,
a black lizard;
noticing that..
time splitting machine
crawled through the wall,
in no time;
towards it's destiny.
when i was deep in the sleep.

Fayeda Vanimel

To Get Lost In One's Own Thoughts

To get lost in one's own thought,
Is ridiculous you know.

You'll pave way for yourself,
And then you don't reach anywhere.
Time will fly,
and you'll not find any way longer.

The woods around you'll appear dark,
Even when you believe it's your own thought,
And nothing to worry.

Again you'll speak to yourself,
Believe inner speech, and your thoughts.
But it will again take you to nowhere.
You'll chase some instinct.
And will end up, in vain.

To get lost in your own thought,
Is the maddest thing on earth.
To dig your own thoughts deeper and deeper,
You'll bury yourself in it, at last.

Fayedra Vanimel

To Maya Angelou

I know why caged bird sings,
Maya Angelou,
I know why caged bird sing.

But you still have got wings to rise,
And not this caged bird anytime.

For I could never find,
The phenomenal woman in me.
I couldn't even find who I am.

As they say, I couldn't be bothered
About how much my brain matters,
I couldn't even looks at my poems,
And smile as it's my own.
They have rendered it for some other's-
Authority and fame very before itself.

I couldn't take my paintings,
And say, it's mine, being glad.
Cause they always kept mocking at it,
Perhaps I only knew what I've drawn.
For I am a woman who don't know herself.

So, I weave in my own ways,
Sometimes so, I cook too,
That's when they complain of it, my tasteless food...hhhmmm..

I put things in my own ways, sometimes they like it and say,
'Wow...at last, you could...do one! '
Hey! At last they could find me once.

But I am mysterious sometimes.
And I know that's not me,
Who doesn't know herself.
But it's all about them, cause
They haven't known me yet.

They don't know craft of my works,

Taste of my new dishes,
Anything, anything I have done.
They felt I am nothing and none.
Even though they were nothing without me!

Sometimes a mere salt
Which exceeded in the dishes,
could bring out the disgust they had to me.

They, for a jiffy, forget;
That it's the same salt that add taste,
And the same person cooks tasty dishes too.

I know I am not a phenomenal woman,
So, nobody, even me,
Can't know me at all
I know I am salt content-
Adds taste, they don't find me
Unless if I am not there
Or if I carelessly become excess.

So I love to be basic yeah...want to be the same at all.
So I can be same at all.
So, I can be myself.
I can weave in my own ways.

Fayeda Vanimel

To My Teacher...

Oh my teacher...
let me praise you,
for you sprouted me out,
from a darkened life.

Oh my teacher...
show me -
your magical spirit..
by which you made-
the darkness to light.

oh my teacher...
let me thank you...
for which you, quenched my thirst-
for knowledge.

My teacher...,
thank you...
for you took out-
words from my throat-
and you showed me to-
make finest garland,
by those words...

My teacher...
you showed me,
the stars....
pointing up the sky..,
saying 'its stars...-
..shining stars...
..glittering..., twinkling...'

My teacher...
it's because of you,
i loved butterflies...,
and green grasshoppers..!
and it's because of you..
that i have,
dreams; unending.

My teacher..
i am always
indebted....for your deeds..
for the lifeline..
which you -
in my forehead!

My teacher....,
ne'er let your lamp-
to be gone into darkness.

My teacher...
this is for you...
dedicated with...
sincere respect.

Fayeda Vanimel

Unending Hopes..

This is my garden,
flowered roses..
with thorns in arms,
but surrounded with-
hearty fragrances....
this is my garden, where
there is only roses
but usually I alone..
dreams of daffodils,
yes, the fine daffodils
to dance in my orchard,
even if i haven't seen,
any daffodils in my life,
i hope.....!

Fayeda Vanimel