

Poetry Series

Noen Muti
- poems -



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Noen Muti()

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Unspoken Twilight Wishes

You're like the twilight sky I always wish to see at the end of each day,
Whether directly or only in imagination.
To me, you're a beauty that has unintentionally been present in my life,
Though I know you're too far for me to reach, separated by the vast universe.
Am I the one hoping for more from you,
While you remain indifferent, without a hint of expression towards me?
Sometimes, I feel embarrassed hiding the hint of blue within my soul.
If only you'd realize and accept,
I would pour out all the weariness in my heart
So that regret won't exist between us.
It's as if I'm reaching for the moon in the seventh sky,
Unattainable because I'm on Earth.
Distance has lingered, yet you never seem to strive for our closeness.
I must decide,
A departure to no longer trouble you.
At least, I'll try to help you choose your feelings in another heart.

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Born To Surrender

In an exchange of feelings, uneven and unsure,
I hesitate.
To continue means adding pain,
Wounds, and anguish,
And stopping yields nothing.
Too hopeful for time
to provide certainty.
I am but a guest,
invited with scarce chances.
Not fully embracing dreams and hopes,
Not fully possessing,
Yet this heart is coerced to cease loving.
When dreams and hopes kick and reach the highest sky,
I'm plummeted from the heights, knowing I'm just a pile of dust.
The cornea of my heart's eyes suddenly widens to reality.
Once hearing the cries of the heart,
Now rushing to greet the Creator for a swift return.
Prayers and hopes crash against the walls of the imagination,
Making me realize
that I shouldn't daydream,
If our meeting didn't collide with the triangular lines that unite
you, me, and God
in its corners.
In the sudden emergence of a feeling,
I once nurtured hope,
as if indifferent that I occupied the empty part of your heart.
I care not for the reality that forces us to return
to our separate paths.
Dreams and hopes instantly must come to a halt.
I finally understand; I surrender.

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Frozen

I stand in silence, a body frozen like alabaster. The clock's ticking echoes through the prison walls. Stifled life behind bars, akin to a coffin for the deceased. Yet, a steadfast mind weaves millions of words into thousands of sentences, crafting irregular verses, a message of revolution. A will to alter history, but not one's fate.

Still, I remain silent and immobile, mouth sealed. Eyes gaze far into the future, witnessing spirits soaring, piercing through walls, riding the winds. Departing, leaving a shrunken form like an ant on the palm of its hand. A deer breaks free from the hunter's snare. Silence lingers like a monument, unable to contain thoughts roaming wild, wandering, seeking the path to freedom.

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Guiding Celestial Harmony

I guide the weary old sun to return to its orbit,
Arrange the sparkling, frolicking star children to stay in their places.
I'm done,
Now I shall pluck the petals of your soul, return them to their rightful space.
Everywhere, I only find the scent of chloris flowers, not for your mortal form...

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A Spectrum Within

I am not always the sun or the rainbow.
Sometimes, I am the cause of storms, or perhaps I am the storm itself.
I can even be a heavy rain or thunder and lightning.
I cannot always be the moon that illuminates the darkest nights;
there will be nights when I am the most covered night sky.

The brightest side I possess is not false,
some might say the dimmest part is the only genuine one—
no, that is not true.
Both are parts of my entirety.
They are real and authentic.
It's just that I reserve a portion where I can help not only others but also myself;

and still working on the parts that are not good for everyone.

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Introvert For The World

About reasons that require answers of why and why not.

Are we different?

An alienation that soothes the mind with closed eyes.

I'm not refusing to live with you,

The cheerful one

whose life is full of colors.

While I...

I am just a symbol

of despair,

Like a melancholic monochrome

Wandering in urban life,

Searching for a loyal color,

A color that doesn't need words.

I'm not good with words,

Only able to comfort you with emotions.

A question arises in my mind,

Should the rosy life always begin with sweet talk?

Does love always have to be expressed in words?

It shouldn't.

The perfect expression is Sacrifice,

This world is already full of sweet talk and words,

There are perfect expressions woven to deceive,

And then, like a boomerang, it can turn and attack.

You would surely refuse if I only promised thousands of sweet words and then left.

I'm not a poet who can lie through his verses.

I am an adventurer seeking the lost colors from two years ago,

Lost, swallowed by the rogue sunsets that know no boundaries.

What can a quiet person like me do? Loving someone alone is not worthy,
Let alone having...

My life is like piano keys,

Only having two colors,

Black and

White...

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Last Leaf

I'm like the last leaf
trying to endure on a branch
that despises the wind.
I often imagine
the fleeting beauty of myself
dreaming of you,
distrusting the promises of the fire that will
interpret you
into the language of dust.
Try to interpret me
as the last leaf
so that the arrogant sound of the wind
lulling that branch to sleep fades away.
Or the raindrops that often visit it
Hurry, go away

Imagine me as a longing
to stay with you a little longer.
Try to create meaning for me,
whatever it may be.
I am a last leaf
wanting to witness your happiness
when night falls.

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Heading Home

Returning, where shall I return?
Back to whom?
Memories of a city that has passed,
Returning to oneself.

Returning to the trees that grow,
Returning to the clean air.
Returning to the sound of birds,
Returning to oneself.

Returning to loved ones,
Returning to simplicity.
Returning to oneself,
Returning to the tranquility of life.

Heading home, where is the way home?
Back to whom?
Memories of a city that has passed,
Returning to oneself.

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Silent Reverie: A Poetic Ode To Pure Love

In the silence, love believes it grows,
As clear as morning dew, within a heart that glows.
Unspoken words, yet felt in the quiet,
A love so pure, sincere, and true, in its orbit.

Not impure, not hidden in shadows,
Love is pristine, untainted it follows.
In the tranquility of silence, it thrives,
Like a flower unfolding, beauty in our lives.

Hidden in the gaze of gentle eyes,
Genuine love, nothing compares, nothing denies.
Silence is not an empty void,
But a space where eternal love is deployed.

In quietness, a story unfolds without words,
Love with faith, like a spring that gushes and girds.
Not impure, but clean and divine,
Love is real, its value beyond any sign.

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Rain Of Memories

In the gentle rain, I find myself in memories
The time when books and darkness stick together
As a child, I was an introvert and talked a lot
Ulcers on the crown become a labyrinth of secrets that cannot be denied

The mother's reprimands and punishments occurred continuously
Because of my love for reading, a love that makes me careless about food and
homework, I get lost and lost in the pages of books
From stories that open the door to new stages

In my memory, it is so clear and sweet
Reliving the childhood I encountered
The rain falls gracefully and calmly
Makes me feel like I'm in a peaceful night

Mother's voice almost made the rain fall, bringing me closer
For books that never fade
Stolen sister at school with pleasure
But it can't erase the light

In the midst of it all, I found comfort in books
A recitation that has always been a company that never wavers
Its pages hold secrets, imagination and truly real value
It soothes the soul and makes me new again

But mother's nagging and anger is still true.
My mother showed me that I was loved with all my limitations and that I felt
cared for.
My brother returned to school, still giving me books that carried me away in
pleasure.

Soft rain brings freedom and happiness.
A time when I could let go of everything and enjoy it
Tears mixed with raindrops
I feel like I'm in a peaceful night
In mother's arms without scolding and loud screams.

Oh, how precious those times were, full of color and magic,
A time when books, rain, and solitude can overcome the rain and the sky that

thunders loudly. mother's frustration which might be scary and disappointing,
What I remember and keep in my memory, just like the books I read and give
thanks for this greatest moment. I am now an adult and imprisoned in mortality.
The scolding and anger that I received from my mother as a child was a source
of strength.

Mother is an angel wearing a Ferris wheel shawl
I already know the God that you showed me at that time.
The rain was still pouring gently but not as hard as before
I still find myself in memories.

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Eclipse Of The Heart

Love eclipsed in the darkened sky,
Introverted souls soar, never shy.
Raindrops fall, a secret embrace,
In shadows deep, love finds its space.

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Solitude's Serenade

Love blooms in solitude's embrace,
Darkness whispers, a tender grace.
Raindrops echo an introvert's plea,
In silent storms, two souls set free.

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Whispers In The Rain

In the quiet rain, love's soft refrain,
Shadows dance, a clandestine gain.
Introverted hearts, entwined, concealed,
A silent symphony, emotions revealed

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Noir Whispers

Love's noir whispers, secrets unfold,
Rain's embrace, an introvert's hold.
In the dimness, hearts entwine,
Love's journey in shadows divine.

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Obsidian Bones

Love's obsidian bonds, silent and strong,
Rain's soft cadence, a love song.
Introverted souls, entwined in the night,
In darkness, love takes its flight

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Nocturnal Reverie

Love blooms beneath the moon's soft glow,
Rain's lullaby, an introvert's show.
In the silence, emotions rise,
A clandestine dance, under night's eyes.

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The Encounter I Detest

In shadows cast, our paths did cross,
A meeting etched in time, a bitter loss.
The echoes of that fateful day,
Resound in my heart, a painful replay.

I despise the union, time had arranged,
A collision of souls, destinies estranged.
In the dance of moments, a cruel design,
I loathe the meeting, a bitter sign.

Eyes locked, but hearts averted,
Fates entwined, but feelings diverted.
The encounter I detest, with every breath,
A memory stained, a dance with death.

Yet, in the hatred, a lesson learned,
From the flames of disdain, resilience earned.
For in despising that moment's grace,
I find strength to navigate life's maze.

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Last Journey

Under the shadow of the sun,
A farewell voyage has begun.
Whispers of time in the breeze,
As the soul embarks with ease.

Golden rays, a tender adieu,
Nature's canvas painted true.
Silent footsteps on the sand,
A journey to an unknown land.

Farewell, dear sun, with hues so vast,
Eternal echoes from the past.
In the twilight, shadows blend,
A last journey, where dreams transcend.

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Liebhaber

In shadows deep, where ignorance may dwell,
Liebhaber walk, in folly's gentle spell.
Blind to wisdom's light, they dance with jest,
In the realm of fools, where minds find no rest.

They chase illusions, illusions they weave,
Ignorance their guide, truth they deceive.
Through the corridors of folly, they stroll,
Liebhaber, the fools, with hearts cold.

Yet, in their laughter, a melancholy tune,
For wisdom's absence leaves a void too soon.
Oh, Liebhaber, lost in the folly's embrace,
Seek the light of knowledge, find your grace.

In the tapestry of life, threads they may sever,
But wisdom's beacon shines forever.
To the Liebhaber, let enlightenment speak,
Break the chains of ignorance, the wise shall seek.

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Chaos

World spins
whispers blend
hearts seek peace
shadows dance
hope flickers

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Fearful Reverie

In shadows cast by time's relentless sway,
I dwell on visions, a fearful ballet.

As the hour nears, when God's hand extends,
To reclaim my spirit, my fear ascends.

Unready, I tremble, a soul unprepared,
The grasp of mortality, I've always feared.

In the impending silence, whispers of goodbye,
A dance with fate, as the moments fly.

Yet, in this trepidation, a plea for grace,
To guide me gently to a tranquil embrace.

For the unknown journey that lies ahead,
I yearn for solace as the curtain is spread.

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Dry Leaf

I am like a dry leaf, longing for the presence of that cheerful girl,
In the autumn of my solitude, her laughter could twirl.

Her smile, a sunbeam in my desolate days,
I'm a withered leaf, seeking her radiant rays.

Whispers of her name, a gentle breeze in my lonely space,
Hoping for her joy, to fill this barren place.

Yet, I remain a leaf, crinkled and frail,
Dreaming of her warmth, in this melancholy tale.

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Grief And Sorrow

In the quiet depths where shadows linger,
A solitary heart, a mute soul singer.
Grief and sorrow, silent echoes profound,
A symphony of tears, love's muted sound.

In solitude's embrace, emotions unfold,
A tapestry of ache, a story untold.
Introverted whispers, love's mournful plea,
Lost in the echoes of a distant memory.

A garden of sighs, where blooms despair,
Each petal a teardrop, a burden to bear.
In the realm of silence, love finds its pain,
A lonely ballad, a melancholy refrain.

Through the labyrinth of solitude I tread,
Lost in the verses of love, quietly said.
The introvert's heart, a parchment of woe,
Grief and sorrow, an intimate shadow.

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Heavenly Verses

In heaven's embrace, I'll weave verses divine,
Where stars dance in rhyme, and serenity's mine.
Eternal whispers, a celestial ballet,
In paradise's arms, my poetry will sway.

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Time's Mortal Veil, Our Eternal Essence

In the tapestry of existence, a truth unfolds,
What is mortal is time, a story it holds.
Eternal whispers dance in the cosmic rhyme,
As fleeting moments pass, we stand sublime.

Time, the weaver of ages, swift and fleet,
Yet within our essence, eternity we meet.
A dance with the stars, a cosmic play,
We transcend the clock, beyond night and day.

In the mortal realm, where seconds flow,
Eternal echoes in our spirits grow.
For we are more than the ticking chime,
In the vast expanse, we are truly prime.

Our journey unfurls beyond temporal bounds,
In the symphony of life, eternal sounds.
Mortality whispers in the passing breeze,
Yet our souls soar, unhindered by decrees.

So, let time march on, its relentless march,
As we, eternal beings, leave an indelible arch.
In the realm where moments intertwine,
What is mortal is time, while we are divine.

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Butterflies Melody: Poetic Dialogue

In the garden of questions, I sought a guide,
A butterfly whispered, not to hide.
'Don't dwell on the cracks that life may carve,
Focus on winged growth, let your spirit starve.

Embrace the journey, let transformation bloom,
Like petals unfolding, dispel the gloom.
Through trials and queries, your essence refine,
In the dance of solutions, your destiny align.

The cracks may appear, but worry not, dear one,
For in the cocoon of challenges, strength is spun.
So, ask the breeze, let the butterflies reply,
In their fluttering wisdom, answers lie.'

In the tapestry of life, let wings unfold,
The butterfly's counsel, a story told.
No focus on cracks, let resilience brew,
For in each query, a metamorphosis true.

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The Breath Of Pause

On the next page, a space unfolds,
A haven for moments, stories untold.
Breathing freely, a respite I seek,
In the quiet realm where thoughts speak.

Each line a pause, a tranquil escape,
A refuge where time and worries reshape.
In the whitespace, a canvas of grace,
I find solace, a sanctuary's embrace.

The ink on the page whispers release,
As I surrender to a tranquil peace.
A break well-deserved, a moment to savor,
In the silence, my soul finds its flavor.

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Sorrow's Reverie

In shadows deep, where dreams do fade,
I, a vessel lost, in darkness laid.
Whispers of doubt, like a haunting refrain,
'I failed, O Lord, ' my heart in pain.

Through trials faced, with trembling stride,
A journey marred, in failures to hide.
Yet, in the abyss, a flicker of grace,
A chance for redemption in this desolate space.

With faltering steps, I seek the light,
Forgiveness beckons, in the depths of night.
For in my failure, a lesson unfolds,
A tapestry woven, where grace still holds.

Oh, 'I failed, O Lord, ' but mercy's embrace,
Bids me rise from the ashes, find solace and grace.
In every stumble, a chance to renew,
For even in failure, Thy love remains true.

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Resilient Desires

In the realm of rejection, where shadows linger long,
A man finds strength in echoes of a love gone wrong.
Yet, beneath the surface of stoic, silent pride,
A man seeks more than happiness, a complex tide.

For in this intricate dance, emotions intertwine,
A man's heart yearns for depth, in love's design.
The bitter taste of refusal, a bitter pill to swallow,
Yet, it breeds resilience, in the depths so hallow.

Not just chasing joy, a man seeks understanding,
In the labyrinth of emotions, forever expanding.
Oh, the intricacies of love, a somber symphony,
A man's journey, profound, in its melancholy.

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The Prison Of Solitude

In a world where errors abound,
Mercy spares a life, redemption is found.
Forgiveness, a virtue some freely give,
Yet, for me, it's not mercy; I still grieve.

They know not the prison of solitude's flame,
Living day by day, without dreams to claim.
Weakness, a futile trait in their sight,
They've stolen my reasons to see the light.

No, it's not mercy that guides my heart,
But the anguish of loneliness tearing me apart.
In the inferno of solitude, I'm confined,
No dreams, no hopes, just a tortured mind.

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In The Embrace Of Sorrow

In the embrace of sorrow, where loved ones depart,
A haunting echo, etched in every heart.
Earth's canvas tainted, destruction's cruel birth,
God's capricious whims, a tumultuous mirth.

Closest kin embraced by the shroud of demise,
Tears paint a canvas, where grief never lies.
In the wreckage of a world, once pure and bright,
Divine play unfolds, shadows cast in the night.

God, in His sovereignty, weaves a cosmic tale,
A creation's fate, like a ship set to sail.
Yet, in the depths of anguish, a question remains,
Does He revel in chaos, ignoring our pains?

For in the echoes of loss and the world's decay,
I sense a Creator, indifferent, they say.
The fragility of life, the planet's despair,
In His cosmic playground, does He truly care?

Through the tears and the wreckage, a plea ascends,
To a God who plays, as our world descends.
In the silence of grief, in the heartache's art,
I question the puppeteer, tearing life apart.

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Divine Enigma: A Chilling Dance With Fate

In the shadowed seconds, mysteries unfold,
Death's silent whispers, a tale untold.
God, a puppeteer in the cosmic play,
With whims untamed, creations in dismay.

If He desires to pluck life's fragile thread,
No mortal plea, no escape is bred.
In His hands, the power to nurture or erase,
No voice dares challenge, in His divine space.

A chilling dance, where fear takes its hold,
In the enigma of seconds, stories untold.

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Admiration's Bound

Let admiration be confined to its own sphere,
Your beauty I behold, but bringing you is unclear.
Consider me merely the air that lingers near,
Gazing upon you, a presence distant yet dear.

Amidst dreams and reality, I'm swept away,
You, like a star, shine boundlessly at bay.
Imagine me as a gentle breeze at play,
Caressing your hair, though unseen in the day.

This longing etched in the rhythm of silence,
Just admiring, within a distance so immense.
Let the heart wander, uncertainty in its essence,
Like a soft breeze, with no knowledge of presence.

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Whispers Of Despair

In the realm of worries, I dance alone,
Lost in thoughts, a soul overthrown.
A tapestry of doubts, a canvas of fear,
Whispers echo, drawing near.

Through the maze of frets, I navigate,
A symphony of woes, a turbulent state.
Glimmers of hope flicker and fade,
In the shadows of doubts, dreams cascade.

Grappling with failure, a bitter pill,
The taste lingers, time stands still.
In the labyrinth of uncertainty, I roam,
A wanderer's heart, searching for home.

Yet, amidst the chaos, a whisper so sweet,
A resilient spirit, refusing defeat.
For in every stumble, a chance to rise,
To rediscover strength, beneath the guise.

So, I tread this path, though shadows loom,
A seeker in darkness, a soul in bloom.
For in the dance of worry, a tale unfolds,
Of resilience found, in stories untold.

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Resonance Of The Shattered

In the quiet hours, the clock strikes three,
My restless mind, memories galore.
Wishing they'd fade, these echoes of you,
Persisting, enduring, like morning dew.

Lies were spoken, a deceptive creed,
'Just snap your fingers, ' they said, indeed.
As if healing were a simple decree,
Yet, in the solitude, your ghost shadows me.

Time, the elusive remedy I seek,
Snapping, one, two, emotions run deep.
Where are you, in the recess of my mind?
A heart's entanglement, difficult to unwind.

Snapping, three, four, a plea to depart,
No need for you, no room in my heart.
Yet, you linger, a stubborn refrain,
In the symphony of loss, a haunting strain.

'I'm writing a poem, ' a last attempt,
How many last poems, a futile lament.
my heart ablaze,
Nights in the rain, love's fervent maze.

So I'm snapping, one, two, searching for peace,
Where are you hiding, a love's slow release?
Don't need you anymore, the plea grows strong,
Get out of my heart, where you don't belong.

Oh, I might snap, a fragile refrain,
In the chorus of heartache, the echo remains.
And if they say, 'Get over it, ' once more,
I might retreat, silence before I snap, snap, snap.

In the rhythm of loss, where lyrics entwine,
A heart's plea, a melody resigned.
Snapping, one, two, the echoes persist,
You're still in my heart, an unwelcome twist.

Snapping, three, four, the final decree,
Don't need you here, the soul set free.
Get out of my heart, the ultimatum's rap,
'Cause I might snap, a silent collapse.

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A Lone Man's Odyssey

In solitude, a man stands strong,
A lone traveler, where echoes throng.
Future's path, a solitary road,
Yet within, a universe untold.

Silent footsteps on a quiet shore,
Each moment a tale to explore.
Loneliness, a chosen friend,
In solitude, the heart will mend.

Through the years, a solitary sage,
Writing life's chapters on an empty page.
Stars above as companions bright,
Guiding him through the silent night.

Embracing shadows, finding light,
In the solitude, his soul takes flight.
Alone, but not in isolation,
A universe within, a revelation.

For in the quiet, wisdom is found,
A sanctuary where thoughts abound.
The man who walks the future's trail,
Finds solace in the silent tale.

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Dust In The Cosmic Ballet

In the cosmic dance of vast expanse,
We're but dust in the universe's trance.
Humans and Earth, grains so small,
In the grand tapestry, we stand, enthrall.

Upon this orb, a fragile sphere,
Life's fleeting whispers we hold dear.
Yet amid galaxies, in cosmic might,
We're but stardust, a shimmering light.

Mountains rise, and oceans swell,
Brief moments in the cosmic spell.
Cities hum, and forests breathe,
A cosmic waltz, a dance beneath.

Through time and space, our journey we trace,
A speck of dust in the vast embrace.
Stars above and worlds unknown,
In the cosmic symphony, we've grown.

So let us cherish this pale blue dot,
A cosmic marvel, our unique lot.
In the universe's grand ballet,
We're but dust, yet we light the way.

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December's Redemption

December whispers softly,
A promise of home,
Faster than seasons past,
My heart begins to roam.

The rainfall dance and twirl,
A symphony of white,
As memories of past Decembers unfurl,
I long to make things right.

But this December is different,
A new chapter begins,
A chance to mend and forget,
To leave the past behind.

So I'll pack my bags and go,
With hope in my heart,
December will be different this year,
As I journey back to the start.

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Whispers Of Time

As twilight falls on the fading year,
Whispers of memories draw near.
A tapestry woven with joy and strife,
Each thread a chapter in the book of life.

The clock ticks down, a rhythmic beat,
Echoing moments, both bitter and sweet.
Reflections dance in the waning light,
A kaleidoscope of days taking flight.

Resolutions made, some kept, some lost,
In the journey of time, the ultimate cost.
A symphony of endings, a crescendo near,
Auld Lang Syne, the familiar cheer.

Yet in the silence of the closing night,
Hope is kindled, a shimmering light.
For the end is but a prelude, a doorway,
To a new chapter, a fresh array.

So let the echoes of the past year fade,
Embrace the future, unafraid.
In the tapestry of time, we find,
Endings are beginnings, intertwined.

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On The Train To Heaven

In the station of dreams, a train takes flight,
Tracks of stardust, a celestial sight.
Whistles of angels, echo through the air,
Bound for heaven, a journey so rare.

Carriages of hope, painted with grace,
Passengers of faith find their place.
Through valleys of clouds, on rails of light,
A train to heaven, in the tranquil night.

No earthly burdens, left behind,
Destiny's whispers, a celestial bind.
Mountains of trials, left far below,
As the train ascends, in a radiant glow.

Stars as lanterns, guide the way,
Through galaxies unknown, where dreams sway.
Eternal landscapes, painted by time,
A train to heaven, transcending the climb.

In the realm of serenity, where love prevails,
Each passenger's story, a celestial tale.
Heaven's embrace, awaiting at the end,
On the Train to Heaven, where all hearts mend.

Noen Muti

Dopamine Detox

In the realm of neurons, a detox unfolds,
Dopamine dance, a tale to be told.
Unplug from the screens, the digital sea,
Seeking clarity in the mind's decree.

Silent echoes of a detox day,
Away from the rush, the constant fray.
A pause in the thrill, a neural reset,
Detoxifying minds, a solace to beget.

No pixels flicker, no instant delight,
Just the quiet hum of nature's respite.
Untangling the web of dopamine's embrace,
Rediscovering simplicity, finding grace.

Through the withdrawal, a subtle rebirth,
From the chaos of excess, reclaiming worth.
A journey within, a mindful connection,
Dopamine detox, a mindful reflection.

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Ode To Freedom

In the land of the free,
Where liberty sings its melody,
Freedom dances in the breeze,
And hope blooms on every tree.

In this land where dreams take flight,
Where justice shines bright,
We stand tall and proud,
For freedom is our crown.

Let us cherish this gift,
And never take it for a lift,
For freedom is a flame,
That must never be tamed.

Let us guard it with care,
And never let it disappear,
For freedom is a light,
That must always be bright.

In this land of the free,
Let us be the guardians of liberty,
For freedom is our birthright,
Let us never lose sight.

Noen Muti

Unbound Soul In A Bound World

In a world bound by chains,
She dances in endless rains,
A soul unchained, free to roam,
Her spirit a symphony to behold.

In a world that seeks conformity,
She embraces her uniqueness,
A rebel in a sea of sameness,
Her heart a beacon of rebellion.

In a world that fears the unknown,
She explores the depths unseen,
A seeker of truth and meaning,
Her mind a labyrinthine dream.

In a world that values possessions,
She finds beauty in simplicity,
A lover of life's simple pleasures,
Her soul a garden of simplicity.

In a world that seeks control,
She surrenders to the divine flow,
A worshipper of life's mysteries,
Her spirit a sacred vow.

Noen Muti

My Soul, A House Of Healing

My soul, a dwelling place for souls so still,
A sanctuary for spirits lost and ill.
My heart, a home for hearts that long to heal,
A refuge for the broken, wounded and reveal.

I am a house of peace, a shelter from the storm,
A place where solace is forever born.
I am a beacon in the darkest night,
A guide to those who seek the light.

My walls are made of love, my roof of grace,
My windows open to a brighter space.
Come, my dear ones, and find your way,
To the heart of me where love will stay.

Noen Muti



PoemHunter.com

Time's Labyrinth

In the winding alleys of time,
Where memories linger and rhyme,
Footsteps echo, a melody divine,
As the past and the present entwine.

The cobblestones bear witness to tales,
Of love lost and dreams that never prevail,
Whispers of hope and the fragrance of sails,
Echo through the labyrinths of time's veils.

In this labyrinth of memories,
We find solace in the echoes,
Of laughter and tears that once were,
As we wander through time's allure.

Here, we learn to embrace life's twists,
In the alleys of time that persist,
For in these winding paths we exist,
A part of the story that time persists.

Noen Muti

Raindrops' Symphony: A Poetic Ode To Nature's Melody

Droplets dance upon the earth,
A symphony of nature's mirth,
A gentle rainfall, soothes the soul,
Nature's balm, makes us whole.

Each drop a canvas, painted bright,
A masterpiece in shades of white,
The sky's palette, painted anew,
As raindrops fall, in hues so true.

The scent of earth, awakens senses,
As raindrops kiss the earth with tenderness,
A fragrance pure, a scent divine,
As raindrops fall, in perfect time.

The melody of raindrops' patter,
A lullaby that soothes the heart and matter,
A symphony of peace and calm,
As raindrops fall, like a gentle psalm.

Oh raindrops pure and sweet, you bring us peace,
In your gentle dance, we find release,
Your melody a balm for troubled souls,
As raindrops fall, in tranquil rolls.

Noen Muti

The Patience Of Time

In the stillness of time,
I wait with a patient heart,
Anticipation coils within me,
As I'm held captive by its art.

Minutes tick by like a metronome,
Each beat a reminder of my plight,
Yet I hold fast to the hope that comes,
And the promise of a brighter light.

The seconds stretch out like an endless sea,
But I am steadfast and unyielding,
For I know that in this space of time,
A wondrous thing is being revealed.

So I wait with a heart full of grace,
Trusting in the ebb and flow of fate,
For in this moment, I've found my peace,
And my soul is content to wait.

Noen Muti

Climbing For The Soul

Upon the mountain's peak,
Where air is thin and feet are weak,
We climb not for a show,
But for the soul to grow.

The summit's view we seek,
Not just to brag or make a leak,
But for the spirit's gain,
To find a newfound strain.

The climb is not for fame,
But for the heart to claim,
A strength that lies within,
A courage yet to begin.

So let us scale this height,
Not just to see the sight,
But for the soul's delight,
To find a newfound light.

Noen Muti

Embrace The Unknown

In the depths of your being,
where dreams and memories meet,
carve out a space for the unknown,
a place where the unimaginable can be.

For life is a journey,
filled with twists and turns,
and sometimes the path we thought we knew,
leads us to unexpected years.

So hold onto hope, my dear,
and keep some room in your heart,
for the moments that will take your breath away,
and the love that will make your heart smart.

For life is a symphony,
played out in sweet and sour notes,
and sometimes the melody we thought we heard,
leads us to a brand new quote.

So trust in the journey, my friend,
and keep some room in your soul,
for the beauty that will fill you up,
and the peace that will make you whole.

Noen Muti

From Brokenness To Healing: A Journey Of The Heart

In a sudden shift, I began to change,
My heart no longer beat for every pain,
I lost interest in the world around,
My eyes could not see, my soul unbound.

My heart grew cold, and sometimes empty,
I yearned to rid myself of melancholy,
But still it ached, no matter what I did,
I watched as I broke down and cried aloud.

I suffered nightmares in my bed,
Kneeling on the kitchen floor instead,
But I refused to speak of how I felt,
I learned to care less, to hide my heart's melt.

Yet still it hurt, no matter what I did,
I forced myself to stand and not be hid.
For healing comes from picking up the pieces,
And giving up on myself was not an ease.

I didn't want to die hurting and sad,
So I stood up, though most of me was mad.
I'd heal the broken parts of me and mend,
For giving up was not an option to bend.

Noen Muti

The Power Of A Smile

In the cradle of life,
Where the first breath is drawn,
Success is not just a number,
But a smile from mama and papa.

Their eyes beam with pride,
As they watch their little one grow,
Their love and encouragement,
Are the seeds of success that sow.

A smile from mama and papa,
Is the key to unlocking potential,
For it's the foundation of confidence,
That makes one unstoppable.

Success is not just a destination,
But a journey filled with smiles,
From mama and papa's loving hearts,
That make every step worthwhile.

Noen Muti

Cosmic Whispers

Beneath the stars, I ponder fate,
My destiny etched in celestial grace,
A cosmic dance of chance and grace,
Invisible threads weaving my space.

Or is it in my grasp, a mere illusion,
A fleeting moment in cosmic motion,
A mere speck in the universe's ocean,
Yet I am here, a part of its devotion.

In my palms, the world unfolds,
A kaleidoscope of colors and tales untold,
A symphony of life that I behold,
A canvas where I can mold.

Perhaps fate is not a force to be sought,
But a journey to be embarked and wrought,
A path that's chosen and not bought,
In this world where we're all interwrought.

Noen Muti

Elysium's Embrace: A Poetic Ode To Paradise

In a realm where time stands still,
Where the sun never sets nor rises,
A place where the soul is fulfilled,
Paradise, where the heart lies.

The air is sweet with fragrant blooms,
The breeze carries whispers of peace,
A symphony of angelic hums,
Echoes through the endless release.

The waters are crystal clear and still,
Reflecting a sky of endless hue,
A tranquil sight that makes one thrill,
In this haven where dreams come true.

The trees are tall and lush with green,
Their branches reaching for the sky,
A canopy of hope that's serene,
In this haven where souls can fly.

The animals roam free and wild,
No fear or hunger here to find,
A place where nature's heart is mild,
In this haven where love's combined.

Oh! This place where the heart is light,
Where the soul finds its true abode,
A place that's pure and free from blight,
In this haven where love's bestowed.

Noen Muti

Whispers Of Hope In A Gray Sky

Beneath the veil of gray,
The heavens weep in dismay,
A symphony of silence plays,
As clouds conceal the sun's rays.

The sky, a canvas dark and drear,
A portrait of a world so near,
Yet distant, as if we're not here,
In this cocoon of mist and fear.

The raindrops fall like gentle tears,
A lullaby for souls that hear,
A soothing balm for troubled years,
A promise that tomorrow's near.

The world is hushed in this repose,
As nature whispers in our nose,
A hymn of hope that we compose,
In this cathedral of mists and snows.

Noen Muti

Escape To Eternity: A Journey To The Realms Of Surreal

In the depths of my soul,
I close my eyes and let go,
Drifting away to a place
Where the angels sing and the skies glow.

I see a city of gold,
With streets paved with pure light,
And hear whispers on the wind,
Of a love that's always right.

The air is thick with perfume,
And the waters are crystal clear,
And I know that I've found my home,
In this place that's so very dear.

Oh, this is where I belong,
In this realm of pure delight,
Where the joy is endless and true,
And the love is always in sight.

So I'll keep coming back here,
To this place where I find peace,
For in surreal realms like these,
My heart and my soul will never cease.

Noen Muti

My Life In Counted Days

Beneath the sun's warm embrace,
I live each day with grace,
Aware that time is fleeting,
My life a tale of meeting.

Infinite moments pass,
A fleeting dance that never lasts,
I cherish every breath,
For life is but a fleeting guest.

The sands of time, they run,
A reminder that I am undone,
But in this fleeting life I find,
A beauty that's truly kind.

So here I am, a mere mortal,
Living life in counted days,
But in these moments, I am whole,
For in the end, we all grow old.

Noen Muti

November's Farewell

November's Farewell

Leaves dance in the wind's playful breeze,
A symphony of rustling hues.
The sun, a golden orb, descends,
As shadows lengthen and the day ends.

November's canvas, painted in gold,
Fades into shades of gray and cold.
The air grows still, as if in prayer,
As nature prepares for winter's snare.

A gentle rain begins to fall,
A soothing lullaby for all.
The earth drinks deep, quenching thirst,
As November's farewell is reversed.

The world is hushed, as if in awe,
As nature's beauty weaves its law.
November's end is but a start,
For life renews with every heart.

Noen Muti

Father's Haven: The Lighthouse's Enough

In days gone, when I was going on a journey,
You whispered, 'No more school, my son.
Be a lighthouse, enough with the fuel.
Your light will shine bright, trust me, it's true.'

But I knew then what I know now,
That a lighthouse needs more than a vow.
It needs fuel to burn bright and long,
To guide ships through the night and the storm.

So I left home and sought out my fate,
To gather the knowledge that would not abate.
And now I return with a heart full of pride,
For I have gathered enough fuel to light up the sky.

Father, take my hand and feel my heart beat,
For I am your son, and I will not retreat.
I am the lighthouse you dreamed of so long ago,
With enough fuel to light up the night and the glow.

Noen Muti

Self-Discovery

I am myself, a being pure
No need for validation or approval
My soul is my own, my heart is my guide
I'll walk this path, come what may

No longer will I seek external praise
For I have learned to love myself
My flaws and imperfections, I'll embrace
For they are what make me whole

I am the author of my own story
And I'll write it with pride and grace
For I know that I am enough, just as I am
And that's all the validation I need.

Noen Muti



PoemHunter.com

Embracing Maturity

Maturity, a journey long and winding,
A path that's paved with lessons learned and blindings.
It's a process that demands we shed our skin,
And embrace the person we're meant to be within.

It's a time when wisdom takes the place of youth,
When patience replaces impulsivity's sooth.
It's a season when we learn to let go of strife,
And find solace in the simple things of life.

Maturity is a time when we learn to see,
The beauty in the world around us, free.
It's a time when we learn to love ourselves,
And find contentment in our own unique selves.

It's a time when we learn to forgive and forget,
And let go of grudges that we once held in debt.
It's a time when we learn to cherish each day,
And find joy in the simple things that come our way.

Maturity is a journey that demands we grow,
And face our fears with courage that we know.
It's a time when we learn to be kind and true,
And find fulfillment in the things that matter most to me and you.

Noen Muti

God Be With You Until We Meet Again

In every breath you take,
And every step you make,
God's presence echoes,
A gentle whisper in your heart.

In every tear you cry,
And every sigh you sigh,
God's comfort envelops,
A warm embrace in your soul.

In every joy you find,
And every heart you mend,
God's love surrounds you,
A radiant light within.

Though distance may divide us,
And time may seem to flee,
God's promise remains steadfast,
Until we meet again.

Noen Muti

Fleeting Moments: Find My Place

In a world of fleeting moments,
I search for a place to belong,
A place where time stands still,
Where songs never fade and moments never go wrong.

I long to be a character in a tale,
To stay when others depart,
To hold onto the beauty of life,
And never let go of the heart.

But change is necessary, I know,
And leaving is a part of the game,
For growth and learning await us,
And we must embrace the pain.

So I'll wander through wrong places and people,
Learning to be lost and confused,
For I know that one day I'll find my way,
And be the best version of me who ever knew.

Noen Muti

Garden Of Surreal Delight: A Symphony Of Life's Sweetest Song

In the stillness of the night,
When stars twinkle bright,
A whisper in the wind,
Brings peace to troubled mind.

The scent of blooming flowers,
In a garden of sweet hours,
A symphony of nature's sound,
Echoes through the peaceful ground.

The rustling leaves and chirping birds,
In a garden where time is heard,
A symphony of life's sweetest tune,
Echoes through the peaceful afternoon.

The gentle breeze that brushes by,
In a garden where time flies by,
A symphony of life's sweetest rhyme,
Echoes through the peaceful garden's prime.

Oh garden of surreal delight,
Where time stands still in gentle light,
A symphony of life's sweetest song,
Echoes through the peaceful garden's throng.

Noen Muti

Redeeming Love

In the beginning, when God spoke to Hosea,
He commanded, 'Go, wed a woman of harlotry,
And bear children of harlotry, for the land
Is given to harlotry, forsaking Me.'

Oh, how love can redeem the most unclean,
As Hosea saw the woman he wedded
Was one of ill repute, yet love unseen
Redeemed her soul, and love was not misplaced.

For though she played the harlot, love prevailed,
And in her heart, a seed of love was sown,
That love, so pure and true, did not assail
The past, but loved her all the more.

Oh, how love can redeem the most unclean,
And love, so pure and true, will ever be.

Noen Muti



PoemHunter.com

Whispers Of Hope: A Quiet Longing For Rainfall

In the distance, a whisper of hope
A promise of rain, yet to be told
The sky remains blue, unbroken
As the earth waits, parched and alone

The leaves rustle, anticipating
The touch of cool droplets, so rare
The soil thirsts, yearning for nourishment
As the rain's symphony is yet to share

The air carries a scent of impending
A fragrance of hope, a hint of change
The world holds its breath, in expectancy
As the rain's melody is yet to arrange

The rain's arrival is a mystery
A secret that only time can reveal
The world waits, with open arms
As the rain's embrace is yet to feel

In the distance, a whisper of hope
A promise of rain, yet to be told
The sky remains blue, unbroken
As the earth waits, parched and alone

But the world knows, that the rain will come
And with it, a new beginning will be born
The earth will drink, and the leaves will sing
As the rain's song is yet to be worn.

Noen Muti

Adventure Of My Lifetime

In the depths of the jungle,
Where the sun barely shines,
I embarked on an adventure,
That would change my life forever.

The rustle of leaves beneath my feet,
The chirping of birds in the trees,
The scent of earth and decay,
All filled me with awe and ease.

The river snaked through the wilderness,
Its waters crystal and clear,
I dived in, feeling alive,
As the current swept me near.

The mountains loomed in the distance,
Their peaks shrouded in mist,
I climbed higher, my heart pounding,
As the world fell away, lost.

In the stillness of the night,
As the stars twinkled above,
I found a peace I had never known,
And my soul was forever moved.

Adventure of my lifetime,
A journey that I'll never forget,
A memory that will forever be etched,
In my heart, where it's truly set.

Noen Muti

Night Serenity: Finding Tranquility In The Stillness

In the stillness of night,
When the world slumbers deep,
I find solace in the quiet,
As I watch the clock creep.

Two o'clock, then three,
As the hours tick by slow,
I'm lost in my thoughts,
In this peaceful ebb and flow.

The moon casts a silvery glow,
As I gaze out the window pane,
The world outside is hushed,
In this tranquil, dreamlike state.

I'm grateful for this time,
To reflect and just be,
As the world awakens anew,
I'll bid this moment farewell.

But for now, I'll cherish,
This moment of stillness and peace,
As I hold onto this tranquil space,
In this early morning release.

Noen Muti

Tears At The End Of The Day

The sun sets, a fiery ball
Beneath the horizon's call
The world grows still, a hushed refrain
As shadows lengthen, one by one

The day's work done, the heart's ache
The weight of life, a heavy stake
The soul, a canvas, painted bright
But now, the colors fade to night

Tears at the end of the day,
A symphony of sorrow to play
The heart, a melody, played in vain
As memories, a haunting refrain

The day's end, a gentle goodbye
As darkness falls, the soul, it sighs
The heart, a fragile, tender thing
A symphony of tears, it brings

Tears at the end of the day,
A lullaby, to end the fray
The heart, a canvas, painted bright
But now, the colors fade to night.

Noen Muti

Dear One: A Letter To Myself

I write this letter to remind you
Of the beauty that lies within,
The strength you possess, the
 light you carry,
The love that's always been.

You are a masterpiece, a work of art,
A symphony of colors and sounds,
A garden of blooming flowers,
A symphony of life that astounds.

Your heart beats with a rhythm so pure,
Your soul sings a melody so true,
Your spirit soars with a freedom so rare,
Your being a wonder to pursue.

Believe in yourself, my dear,
Believe in the love that you are,
Believe in the magic that you hold,
Believe in the light that you are.

You are a love letter to yourself,
A message of hope and of grace,
A beacon of light in the darkest night,
A love that will never fade.

So hold on tight to the love that you are,
Let it guide you through every day,
Let it fill you with a joy so bright,
Let it lead you on your way.

With all my heart,

Noen Muti

In The Glow Of Grand Sunday

The sun descends, a fiery ball
Its rays a dance, a final call
The sky ablaze, a symphony
A grand finale, a masterpiece

The world hushed, a moment of peace
A stillness, a tranquil release
The heart beats slow, a gentle pulse
A Sunday, a moment to embrace

In this light, in this grace, we find
A stillness, a peace of mind
The power of Jesus, a guiding hand
In this light, we understand

The week ahead, a challenge to face
But in this light, we find our place
A Sunday, a moment to reflect
A moment to collect

The week ahead, a journey to take
But in this light, we find our way
A Sunday, a moment to cherish
A moment to perish

In this light, we find our way
In this grace, we find our day
A Sunday, a moment to treasure
A moment to measure.

Noen Muti

Longing's Rhyme

In the depths of my heart,
A yearning grows ever strong,
A longing that won't depart,
A hunger that won't be wronged.

It's a flame that flickers bright,
A beacon in the darkest night,
A yearning that won't take flight,
A longing that won't relent.

It's a whisper in my ear,
A gentle breeze that gently stirs,
A yearning that's always near,
A longing that forever curls.

It's a dream that's yet to be,
A hope that's yet to be fulfilled,
A yearning that's yet to see,
A longing that's yet to be stilled.

Oh, how my heart doth ache,
For the one who's yet to come,
A yearning that I can't forsake,
A longing that's yet to be undone.

So I'll wait, with bated breath,
For the one who's yet to be,
A yearning that's yet to be quenched,
A longing that's yet to be free.

Noen Muti

Perfect Stranger

In the hustle and bustle of life,
We often forget to pause and
 breathe,
But in the eyes of a perfect
 stranger,
We find solace and a moment of
 peace.

 Their smile, a ray of sunshine,
Their touch, a gentle caress,
 Their words, a soothing melody,
Their presence, a blessing, a
 blessing.

 In their eyes, we see our own reflection,
 In their heart, we find a kindred spirit,
In their soul, we discover a
 connection,
In their presence, we find a
 perfect fit.

So let us cherish the perfect
 strangers,
Let us embrace their kindness
 and love,
Let us be grateful for their
 presence,
Let us be blessed by their gentle
 touch and dove.

For in the eyes of a perfect
 stranger,
We find a glimpse of our own
 soul,
In their presence, we find a
 perfect harmony,
In their love, we find a perfect
 whole.

Ephemeral Love: A Fleeting Byline

In the fleeting moments of time,
Love blooms like a fragile flower,
Its petals soft and delicate,
In a world that's forever colder.

It dances on the wind, a fleeting breeze,
A whisper in the night, a gentle sigh,
A fleeting kiss, a moment's bliss,
Ephemeral love, a passing by.

It's a flame that flickers bright,
A shooting star that streaks the sky,
A fleeting dream, a passing light,
Ephemeral love, a fleeting by.

It's a butterfly that flutters free,
A bird that takes to wing and flies,
A fleeting memory, a passing bee,
Ephemeral love, a fleeting by.

In the end, it fades away,
A memory that lingers faint,
But in the heart, it'll always stay,
Ephemeral love, a fleeting by.

Noen Muti

Echoes Of The Past

In the depths of my heart,
Where memories reside,
I ponder on times past,
And wonder if I should abide.

Should I return to the past,
Where love once blossomed and died?
Or embrace the new version,
Of the one who once stood by my side?

The past is a double-edged sword,
A place of both joy and pain,
But the present offers a chance,
To love once again.

So I choose to move forward,
To embrace the new and the old,
For in the end, it's not about where we've been,
But where we're headed, that truly matters and molds.

Noen Muti

Life Is A Book

Life is a book,
A tale yet untold,
Each page a chapter,
In this story we're told.

The ink is our deeds,
The paper our soul,
The words we write,
Our story to unfold.

The cover is our heart,
The spine our backbone,
The pages our days,
Our journey to be shown.

Life is a book,
A story we write,
May our words be kind,
May our story be bright.

May our pages be filled,
With love, hope and light,
May our story be told,
In a way that's just right.

Life is a book,
A tale yet to be told,
May our story be one,
That's worth being retold.

Noen Muti

Whispers Of The Soul

Beneath the surface of my being,
Lies a world that's yet to be seen,
A canvas of emotions,
A symphony of thoughts unspoken.

In the stillness of the night,
I ponder on the mysteries of life,
The beauty of a sunset's hues,
The fragility of a butterfly's wings.

I am a tapestry of memories,
Woven together by the threads of time,
Some vibrant, some faded,
All shaping the person I am today.

In the midst of chaos and confusion,
I seek solace in the simple things,
The rustling of leaves,
The chirping of birds,
The warmth of the sun on my skin.

I am a work in progress,
A masterpiece yet to be completed,
But I trust that in the end,
All the pieces will fall into place.

So I continue to write my story,
One chapter at a time,
Hoping that my words will inspire,
And my life will be a testament to the beauty of existence.

Noen Muti

The Introverted Soul: A Garden, A Puzzle, A Storm

In the stillness of my soul,
I find solace in the quiet.
The world outside may clamor loud,
But here, I am content to be mute.

The whispers of my thoughts,
Are music to my ears.
The rustling of my heart,
Is a symphony that soothes my fears.

I am a garden, untended and wild,
But in my heart, I bloom.
A flower that thrives in the shadows,
A beacon that guides the gloom.

I am a puzzle, with pieces missing,
But in my heart, I am whole.
A masterpiece, incomplete but beautiful,
A work of art, waiting to be told.

I am a storm, brewing within,
But in my heart, I am calm.
A hurricane, that rages and subsides,
A force, that's never been tamed.

I am a mystery, waiting to be solved,
But in my heart, I am known.
A paradox, that's both complex and simple,
A riddle, that's waiting to be shown.

I am an introvert, a contradiction,
But in my heart, I am true.
A puzzle, that's waiting to be solved,
A mystery, that's waiting to be pursued.

In the stillness of my soul,
I find my truest self.
A place where I am free to be,
A place where I am myself.

So, here I stand, in the quiet,
A garden, a puzzle, a storm.
A mystery, waiting to be solved,
A paradox, waiting to be formed.

But in my heart, I am whole,
A masterpiece, waiting to be told.
A work of art, waiting to be seen,
A soul, waiting to be sold.

For in the stillness of my soul,
I find my truest self.
A place where I am free to be,
A place where I am myself.

Noen Muti

Still I Rise

Still I Rise

In the face of adversity,
I stand tall and unyielding,
My spirit unbreakable,
My soul unyielding.

They may try to crush me,
But I am a force to be reckoned,
My strength a beacon in the darkness,
My spirit unbroken.

They may seek to bring me down,
But I will not be defeated,
My will unwavering,
My spirit unbeaten.

For I am a phoenix,
Rising from the ashes of my pain,
My spirit unconquerable,
My soul unchained.

So let them try to dim my light,
Let them seek to quell my fire,
For still I rise,
My spirit unyielding, my soul unspired.

Noen Muti

Get My Girl Crush

In the depths of my heart,
A flame burns bright and true,
For a girl I've come to adore,
My heart beats for her anew.

Her smile, a ray of sun,
Her laughter, a symphony,
Her touch, a gentle caress,
My soul, it longs to be free.

She's the one I can't forget,
The one who steals my breath,
My girl crush, my heart's delight,
My very own soul's wealth.

Oh, how I yearn to be near,
To hold her close and tight,
To feel her love, her gentle touch,
And bask in her radiant light.

Get my girl crush, oh please,
Let her into my heart,
For in her presence, I find,
A love that's truly smart.

Noen Muti

My Insecurities

In the depths of my soul,
A darkness consumes,
Whispers of doubt and woe,
Echoes of past fumes.

The mirror reflects a stranger,
A reflection I despise,
My heart beats in a frenzy,
As I try to disguise.

The weight of expectations,
Bears down on my chest,
I struggle to breathe,
As I try my best.

The world is a cruel judge,
And I'm on trial,
My flaws are magnified,
As I try to smile.

But I'll face my insecurities,
With courage and might,
For I am more than my fears,
And I'll shine in the light.

My insecurities will not define me,
For I am more than my flaws,
I'll embrace my imperfections,
And let my true self draw.

So I'll face the world with confidence,
And let my light shine through,
For I am more than my insecurities,
And I'll conquer anew.

Noen Muti

Whispers Of Simplicity

In this world of glamour and show,
I am the one who prefers the unknown,
The one who finds beauty in the low,
The one who's never alone.

I'm not the one who seeks the limelight,
I'm not the one who craves the scene,
I'm the one who finds solace in the quiet,
The one who's always been.

I'm not the one who loves extravagance,
I'm not the one who's fond of the grand,
I'm the one who finds peace in simplicity,
The one who's always been a hand.

So let the world spin 'round,
Let the lights dim and fade,
For I am the one who's content with the sound,
The one who's always been unafraid.

Noen Muti

High Of Power

In the depths of my soul,
A spark ignites,
A flame that grows bold,
A power that ignites.

With each breath I take,
My spirit soars,
A force that never breaks,
A power that endures.

I am the master of my fate,
The captain of my soul,
High on the power I create,
A force that never grows old.

So let the world spin 'round,
Let the winds howl and blow,
For I am the master of my ground,
A power that will never go.

Noen Muti

Frigid Existence

In the stillness of life's icy embrace,
Where colors fade and breaths grow thin,
The world is hushed, a frozen space,
Where time stands still, and hope begins to wane.

In this frigid realm, where life is rare,
The heart beats slow, a silent prayer,
For warmth, for light, for love to share,
In this stark landscape, where despair prevails.

But even here, where hope is scarce,
A spark of life, a flicker of grace,
Can light the way, and fill the heart with force,
To face the cold, and find a new course.

So let us journey, through this stark place,
With courage and compassion, to embrace
The beauty found, in life's icy space.

Noen Muti



PoemHunter.com

Restless Self: A Dry Memory

In this barren land,
I am a restless soul,
Longing for the rain that never comes,
A memory of times gone by.

Days stretch on,
With no relief in sight,
A thirst that cannot be quenched,
A longing that cannot be put right.

Memories of rain,
Fade with each passing day,
A yearning for a time long past,
A longing that cannot be swayed.

In this dry and barren land,
I am a restless soul,
Longing for the rain that never comes,
A memory of times gone by.

Noen Muti

Rain's Unfulfilled Promise: The Fate Of Dying Trees

Rain falls heavily,
But no longer brings any use,
For the trees that have long died.

Water that moistens the soil,
But cannot revive,
The once-vibrant foliage now silent.

Rain that moistens,
But cannot revive the trees,
That now only serve as distant memories,
Discarded and meaningless.

Days pass and seasons change,
Rain continues to fall and grows more intense,
But the trees remain still,
No longer serving any purpose.

Water that moistens,
Returns to the world at large,
Leaving behind emptiness and desolation,
Where once the trees flourished.

Rain that brings no use,
Brings sadness and sorrow,
For the trees that once stood tall,
Now just distant memories.

Noen Muti

I Am The Antithesis

In a world where the impossible seems to abound,
I am the antithesis, the one who's unbound,
Where doubt and fear grip tightly, I remain unscathed,
For I am the embodiment of the unconquered and brave.

In a world where darkness reigns supreme,
I am the light, the one who's unseen,
Where shadows dance wildly, I stand still,
For I am the epitome of the unmovable and chill.

In a world where chaos is the norm,
I am the calm, the one who's unformed,
Where disorder wreaks havoc, I remain serene,
For I am the essence of the unshaken and keen.

In a world where impossibility is the rule,
I am the exception, the one who's unschooled,
Where the impossible seems to be the only truth,
For I am the epitome of the unconventional and youthful.

In a world where the impossible seems to be the norm,
I am the improbable, the one who's unsworn,
Where the impossible seems to be the only way,
For I am the embodiment of the unimaginable and today.

Noen Muti

All Of My Days Belong To You

God, all of my days
In Your presence, I'll stay
You guide me with love and grace
In Your arms, I find solace and embrace

From the dawn of creation
You've been my foundation
You formed me with care
And breathed life into the air

In times of joy and sorrow
You're there, today and tomorrow
Your love knows no bounds
In You, true peace is found

Through every trial and test
You give me strength and rest
Your wisdom lights my way
As I walk through each new day

When doubts cloud my mind
Your truth I always find
You speak words of hope and truth
Renewing my faith, making me anew

In moments of despair and pain
You heal my heart, remove the stain
Your comfort soothes my soul
Making me whole, making me whole

God, all of my days belong to You
In everything I say and do
I surrender my life to Your will
Trusting in You, my heart is still

For You are the Alpha and Omega,
The beginning and the end,
My Savior, my Friend,
God, all of my days I'll spend.

Noen Muti

'Divine Love: My Eternal Refuge'

In the realm of divine love, I find solace,
Where my heart dances in eternal grace.
Oh, my beloved, the source of all light,
In your presence, my soul takes flight.

You are the ocean, vast and deep,
A sanctuary where my spirit seeks.
In every breath, I feel your embrace,
Guiding me through life's intricate maze.

Through the darkness, you are my guide,
Leading me to truth, side by side.
Your love is a flame that never dies,
Igniting my soul with infinite skies.

In the whispers of the wind, I hear your voice,
A gentle reminder that I am your choice.
With every sunrise and sunset's glow,
Your divine presence continues to show.

You are the essence of all that is pure,
A love so profound, forever secure.
In surrender, I find ultimate peace,
As your love within me will never cease.

Oh, my beloved, in you I find rest,
A sanctuary where my heart is blessed.
For you are the source of all that is true,
My eternal refuge.

Noen Muti

Midnight Sun

The midnight sun in all its glory,
An endless day, a brand new story.
A crescent moon high in the sky,
As stars twinkle, up so high.

Shimmering light upon the earth,
A never-ending sense of worth.
A moment to simply be,
To cherish what we cannot see.

For in the midst of endless light,
We find the peace to rest and fight.
To begin anew, a day begun,
By basking in the midnight sun.

Noen Muti



PoemHunter.com

Twilight Monochrome

The sky, a canvas of monochrome,
As the sun bids its final farewell.
The world's colors have all been drained,
Leaving only shadows and shades to dwell.

The trees stand tall and stoic,
Their leaves rustling in the breeze.
All around, the world turns quiet,
As if nature itself is at ease.

The darkness creeps in slowly,
As the light fades away.
But the beauty of the twilight,
Is not lost in shades of gray.

For in this monochrome world,
The stars come out to play.
A million specks of light,
Dancing in the Milky Way.

And as the night grows deeper,
The moon rises in the sky.
A beacon of hope in the darkness,
Guiding lost souls by.
So let us embrace the monochrome,
And find beauty in the night.
For in this twilight world,
We'll find peace and delight.

Noen Muti

Shadow

Shadows gone in the sun's bright light
The day's too warm, the air too light
The sky so blue birds take to flight
Where shadows should be, a sudden blight

The sun is shining in its might
The shadows gone in broad daylight

The shadows hidden deep in night

Day without shadows, no more fright
The shadows lost in day's bright sky
No more hiding, no more why
The sun's warmth in all its might
Without shadows, no more plight
The heat of the sun, so intense
The shadows gone, no more defense
The birds sing in the bright light
The shadows gone, what a sight!

Noen Muti

'Forever In Love: A Vow Based On The Book Of Ruth'

I vow to you

To always stand by your side, through and through

Wherever you go, I will follow

Through joy and sorrow, through sun and hollow

Your people will be my people too

And your God, my God, I will pursue

In life and death, I will be true

And where you lay, I will rest too

May the Lord judge me harshly

If anything but death, separates us entirely

For you are my heart and soul entirely

And I want to spend forever with thee

So, my dear, will you be my forever

And let our love never wither or sever

Together we'll walk this journey together

And make love, our life's endeavor.

Noen Muti

Rainy November Reverie

In the month of November, when the air turns crisp,
And the leaves fall gently, like a lover's whispered kiss,
The land is still dry, with no sign of rain,
Yet my heart yearns for it, like a sweet refrain.

The days grow shorter, the nights longer and cold,
But there's a longing within me that cannot be controlled,
For it's not about summer, with its scorching heat,
But the promise of rain, bringing life so sweet.

The earth is thirsty, craving drops from above,
To quench its parched soil, to nurture and love,
The trees stand tall, their branches reaching high,
Awaiting the raindrops that will make them sigh.

The fields lie barren, devoid of vibrant green,
As if waiting for a miracle, a heavenly scene,
The flowers have withered, their petals all gone,
But hope still lingers, like a melodious song.

I gaze at the sky, so vast and so blue,
Hoping to see clouds forming, bringing something new,
But alas, it remains empty, devoid of any sign,
Leaving me in anticipation, yearning for what's mine.

November may be dry, but my spirit is not lost,
For I know deep inside that rain will come at any cost,
It may be delayed, but it will surely arrive,
To bring life back to the land and make it thrive.

So I wait patiently, with hope in my heart,
Knowing that soon enough the rain will impart,
Its gentle touch upon the earth's weary face,
Bringing joy and relief to every living space.

For November may be dry, but it's just a passing phase,
Soon enough the rain will come and set ablaze,
The dormant beauty that lies within this land,
And I'll dance in the raindrops, hand in hand.

Noen Muti