

Poetry Series

AMINA AYINLA
- poems -

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

AMINA AYINLA()

I really don't know how to write. Seriously. And I'm not talented at all. But I'm going to go on a whim and say I am talented because if I think I'm talented, then I'm one step closer to actually being talented. That sounded like a tongue twister. I found this site and it looks pretty good, I can't wait to explore it. I'm just a general book lover (except for school books, of course.) I love Wattpad, some of my favorite books there are August, Ice cream, Teasing and Awkward Situations, Lilah, Arc-en-ciel, The Misfortunes of Lolita and many more. I also love normal, published books such as Eleanor and Park, The Fault in our Stars, I'm Thinking of Ending Things, all books written by Colleen Hoover, and The Spanish Love Deception. I love k dramas and c dramas. Aaron Blackford and Aaron Warner and Ivan Lukov are my book boyfriends. I also love Tiktok. I think that's all for now so I'm going to go....

I Plead The Fifth

I plead the fifth.
I never get those messages.
You know, those ones that say,
"Are you okay? "
Well, I do but they're insults, they're jokes.
Not words of concern, none of them actually care.
I won't say I'm sad or depressed,
I just don't know whether to go east or go west.
Because I am tired, confused and stressed.
I try to smile at everyone I talk to,
So they think I'm fine.
But they don't know I still shed tears in the night.
Awake by 12: 00am, wondering if it's worth the fight.
And the pain of living, the pain pierces my skin.
I am alive and I am well.
But I feel dead from within.

I read romance books,
Because I want to feel loved.
I hate action,
Because I'm afraid of getting hurt.
I'm not really scared of the dark,
It's a metaphor, you see?
Being surrounded by darkness,
It means everyone will eventually leave me.
I want people to notice,
Notice that my smiles are fake,
That I really don't feel good today and every day.
That I question my existence the whole time I am awake.
Notice that I really am not okay.
But they don't.
Because apparently, I need to show it.
I need to show that I am suffering.
I need to show that I feel nothing.
They need to see it before they can help me.
Because now that my eyes hold no emotion,
And my body looks frail,
Now that I rarely talk to anyone,
And my usual smile is absent from my face,

That's when they finally ask,
"Are you okay? "
I am not, but it doesn't matter.
If you actually cared, you'd have noticed.
You could have helped,
You could have stopped this.
That single question,
Could have made feel like my life was worth it.
But I have already taken my decision,
And it's not victory but defeat.
Let me make myself clearer.
I resign, I quit.
Therefore, I am unable to answer your question.
I plead the fifth.

AMINA AYINLA

Poetry Or Spoken Word

I don't know what's more beautiful;

Poetry or spoken word.

They both hold a giant place in my heart.

So there's no wonder why

When people talk about what they love

Or what they despise,

It brings tears to my eyes.

I might not be able to relate,

But their emotions and their words,

Their words carry so much weight.

And it's not just random lines

That are scribbled on a piece of paper.

It's a masterpiece that they create.

They speak with so much confidence

Their motions in line with their words

Those words that hold so much prominence

And then they start to shed tears on the stage,

Because when they speak, they also feel,

And I feel that they are brave.

Because for them to stand there,

And talk about the hardship they've endured

How long it took them to get there,

All the pain that they've obscured,

The countless times they've tried to make

All the problems knocking at their door

Go away.

So for them to go through all that,

I feel that they are brave.

They are a source of inspiration,

For all the aspiring writers and poets

That are hidden in our nation

They are the reason people take their pen

And decide to write, starting with just their imagination

They're not just poets

But poets that have built a foundation

For the young and the old,

The meek and the bold,

To let their voices be heard

So again I say,

I don't know what's more beautiful;
Poetry or Spoken word.

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