

Poetry Series

# Azzahrah Sulaiman

## - poems -



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# Azzahrah Sulaiman()

Dubito, ergo cogito, ergo sum  
tortured poet



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# If I Die Young

If I Die Young

Let my body be the flower,  
Petals unfurling, soft and tender.  
Laid to rest beneath the sky,  
A canvas of endless blue to ponder.  
If I Die Young,

When my soul departs this world,  
May it soar like a bird taking flight.  
Ascending beyond the clouds above,  
To dance among the stars so bright.

If I die young, remember me  
As the blossom that bloomed too soon.  
Cherish the beauty I leave behind,  
Before I'm taken by death's cruel tune.

For in that final moment's breath,  
I'll be one with the earth and sky.  
So if I die young, do not weep -  
Just look up, and see me fly.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Narcissist's Treat

And nobody knew, because I wore the pain so well,  
It was my new costume.  
With rose-colored glasses and attachment issues,  
I was a narcissist's favorite treat, snack and meal too.

But I was okay with it, because isn't it love  
When your being consumed?  
From every inch of your being, from your soul too?  
Or was that all I knew?

I hid behind a mask of false bravado,  
Concealing the wounds that cut deep within.  
The rose-tinted lenses distorted my vision,  
Blinding me to the toxicity I was trapped in.

A narcissist's plaything, their object of desire,  
I willingly surrendered, consumed by their fire.  
The anguish I felt, I wore like a shroud,  
My pain, my new costume, hidden from the crowd.

But why did love feel so much like abuse?  
The ecstasy and the agony, a twisted ruse.  
I rationalized, convincing myself it was true,  
This was the love I craved, the love I knew.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Consumed

Isn't it love when your being consumed?  
From every inch of your being, from your soul too?  
Or was that all I knew?  
Because why did love feel so much like abuse?

The flames of passion, they licked and they burned,  
Consuming my senses, my thoughts they did turn.  
Was this the true nature of love's embrace?  
A scorching, all-consuming, suffocating trace?

I yearned for your touch, your warmth to enfold,  
But the heat of your fervor left me feeling so cold.  
The line between adoration and anguish so thin,  
I question if love's true bliss I'll ever find within.

The ecstasy and the agony, so closely entwined,  
I'm left wondering - is this love's true design?  
To be devoured, possessed, until nothing remains?  
Or is there a gentler path where true love sustains?

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# Possibility's Allure

The reality of others fades,  
Eclipsed by what my heart invades.  
A dream, a hope, a wish unseen -  
Your potential, my heart's true queen.

For in the realm of what could be,  
You shine with wondrous poetry.  
No earthly form can e'er compare  
To the beauty that I envision there.

The actuality of flesh and bone  
Pales next to dreams I've made my own.  
Because the chance of you, my dear,  
Outshines any reality, so clear.

In fantasies, you reign supreme -  
A love beyond the wildest dream.  
For possibility's sweet embrace  
Outshines all others, saving grace.

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# Shattered Devotion

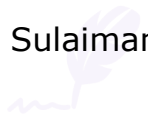
Break my heart, break it a thousand times if you'd like.  
It was only ever yours to break anyway.  
Each shard a testament to the love I bear,  
A sacrifice upon your altar of disdain.

I lay bare this fragile, aching chest,  
Defenseless against your callous gaze.  
Take what you will, for it is yours to claim,  
This heart that beats only for your grace.

Though the pain may know no end,  
I welcome it, for it proves my devotion.  
Better to have loved and lost, they say,  
Than to have never loved at all.

So break me, if you must, a thousand times over.  
For in the end, my heart will still be yours.

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# Kifak Enta Ya Habibi

Kifak enta ya habibi, how are you my love?  
I long to hear your voice, to see your face  
The days without you feel empty and cold  
My heart aches with a yearning so bold

The nights are the hardest, when I'm all alone  
I gaze at the stars, wondering where you've gone  
I replay our memories, our laughter and joy  
Wishing I could hold you, my precious boy

Kifak enta ya habibi, how I miss you so  
Your warm embrace, your tender kiss  
The way you'd hold me close, whisper my name  
Without you here, life is not the same

I close my eyes and picture you by my side  
Our love, our bond that cannot be denied  
If only I could turn back the hands of time  
And have you here, my love, forever mine

Kifak enta ya habibi, my heart calls for you  
No matter the distance, my love remains true  
So tell me, my darling, how are you today?  
When will you return to me, to never go away?

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# How Are You

How are you my love, how are you?  
Do you still gaze upon the same night sky?  
Do you still feel the same loneliness?  
Do you still yearn for this warm embrace?

The moon shining in the night sky  
Bearing silent witness to our longing  
It illuminates the path that separates us  
But cannot reunite our love once more

The darkness of the night mirrors this heart  
Shrouded in sorrow and a sense of loss  
Without you, all feels empty and painful  
I am lost in an endless labyrinth of yearning

How are you my love, how are you?  
Do you still feel what I am feeling?  
Do you still hope for us to reunite?  
Or have you found a new happiness?

The moon, the night, the endless sky  
Reflect the depth of my longing for you  
I wonder if you still feel the same way  
Or if our love has been forever torn apart

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# Gelisah

Hatiku gelisah, jiwa tertekan  
Menanggung beban cinta yang terkoyak  
Kau tinggalkan aku, tanpa penjelasan  
Kini aku terjebak dalam kesunyian

Kenangan indah kita kini lenyap  
Tergantikan oleh rasa pedih dan sakit  
Hati ini terluka, sulit untuk sembuh  
Kucuba tuk lupakan, namun tak kesampaian

Kesepian menghampiri, menyiksa jiwa  
Aku sendiri, tanpa dirimu di sisi  
Sunyi, sunyi, sunyi, tiada yang menemani  
Hanya isak tangis yang mengisi keheningan

Ku rindukan sentuhan hangatmu  
Panggilan mesramu yang menenangkan  
Namun kini semua hanya kenangan  
Cinta kita kandas, terbawa arus perpisahan

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# Au-Delà Des Nuages

Sous le voile azuré du ciel,  
Mes pensées s'envolent, telles des colombes.  
Dans ce royaume céleste, je cherche l'éternel,  
Mais les illusions m'entraînent dans leur tombe.

L'amour, comme un mirage dans le désert,  
Me berce d'espairs factices et de rêves éphémères.  
Je me noie dans cette mer de désir,  
Anesthésié par la sédation de ces chimères.

Pourtant, derrière ces nuages ouatés,  
Brille une lumière, une vérité à découvrir.  
Mais mon regard, aveuglé, reste fasciné  
Par ces leurre qui me font tant souffrir.

Quand cesserais-je de m'égarer dans ces cieux,  
Pour enfin trouver l'amour véritable et précieux?

Beyond the Clouds:  
Under the azure veil of the sky, My thoughts fly away like doves. In this celestial kingdom I seek the eternal, But illusions drag me to their grave. Love, like a mirage in the desert, Lulls me with false hopes and ephemeral dreams. I'm drowning in this sea of desire, Anesthetized by the sedation of these chimeras. Yet, behind these padded clouds, A light shines, a truth to be discovered. But my gaze, blinded, remains fascinated By these lures which make me suffer so much. When will I stop wandering in these skies, To finally find true and precious love?

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# Daughter Of Two Worlds

I am the daughter of my mother's grace,  
Her gentle spirit, her nurturing embrace.  
But I also carry my father's fiery rage,  
A tempest brewing, barely kept at bay.

From my mother, I inherit soft-spoken words,  
A soothing melody, like the song of birds.  
Yet my father's anger lies just beneath the surface,  
A volcano waiting, its eruption merciless.

I am a study in contrasts, a puzzle to behold -  
My mother's warmth, my father's heart of cold.  
Torn between the two, I often feel lost,  
Unsure of which path I should embark upon.

Do I yield to my mother's calming influence?  
Or succumb to my father's thunderous defiance?  
I am the daughter of these two disparate souls,  
Struggling to find the balance that makes me whole.

Perhaps one day I'll learn to harness both sides,  
Embracing the duality that within me resides.  
For I am the daughter of my parents' legacy,  
A complex tapestry, my own destiny.

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# Stardust Lament

Our eyes met, a cosmic collision,  
Sparks igniting, hearts in sync.  
In that moment, time stood still,  
Two souls entwined, fated to link.

I saw galaxies in your gaze,  
Nebulae swirling in your smile.  
Drawn to your celestial grace,  
I was lost, adrift for a while.

But alas, our stars were misaligned,  
Destined to burn out, fade away.  
Though our love burned fierce and bright,  
It was doomed from its first day.

Now I gaze up at the night sky,  
Watching shooting stars race by.  
I long for the love we could've had -  
A supernova in the sky.

If only our stars had aligned,  
Our love could have shone endlessly.  
Alas, it was not meant to be -  
Just stardust, drifting endlessly.

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????

When the stars no longer gleam,  
I'll recall the light of our shared dream.  
In silence, in chaos, through night's deep sweep,  
Our bond will endure, a secret we keep.

Promise me, when the world starts to fray,  
You'll find me in whispers, come what may.  
For though the heavens may fade from sight,  
Our love will shine on, a eternal light.

Through the darkest storms and trials unseen,  
Our hearts will remain entwined, serene.  
No matter how the cosmos may shift and sway,  
Your promise to me will light the way.

So when the stars no longer shine above,  
I'll hold fast to the glow of your steadfast love.  
For in the end, what truly matters most  
Is the sacred vow that binds us, heart to heart, a sacred ghost.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Ardent Embrace

Ardent Embrace

Whispered secrets, hearts ignite,  
In shadows deep, beneath the night.  
Not just love, but a burning flame,  
A wild desire, none can tame.

Each touch, a spark, a heated vow,  
Your soul is mine, here and now.  
In tangled limbs, where worlds combine,  
In this embrace, your body's mine.

Fingers trace, caress, entwine,  
Igniting passions, oh so divine.  
Lips meet, hungry, seeking more,  
As bodies crash, hearts soar.

In this sanctuary, dark and sweet,  
Forbidden pleasures, souls compete.  
No one else can see or hear,  
Just you and I, entangled, here.

Let this ardent flame consume,  
Devour us both in its heated bloom.  
Abandon all, give in, surrender,  
In shadows deep, where worlds render.

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# Church

the church offer no absolutes  
i tell him, 'worship me in our bedroom'

in our Sanctuary of Sheets

My pews are soft and warm,  
No stained glass casts its spell.  
This chapel's walls conform  
To curves you know so well.

No organ's solemn tone,  
No choir's hymnal swell -  
Just whispers, sighs, our own  
Communion's private knell.

This altar, my embrace,  
This homily, your skin.  
No priest can grant this grace,  
This holy, carnal din.

So heed my call, my dear,  
And in this bedroom shrine  
Cast off all worldly fear -  
Let's worship, you and I.

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# Everything But Him

she's got everything but him

She had the world at her fingertips,  
Wealth, power, and fame within her grasp.  
Accolades and adoration, a life of luxury,  
Yet, her heart remained empty, unfulfilled, you see.

For amidst all the glittering prizes she had won,  
There was one thing she longed for, but could not have done.  
The one thing that eluded her, no matter how she tried,  
Was the love of the man whose heart she had secretly eyed.

She had everything, except the one thing that mattered most,  
The connection, the intimacy, the love she had hoped to boast.  
Surrounded by riches, yet her soul remained in want,  
Craving the affection that no amount of wealth could flaunt.

She had conquered the world, but her greatest battle was within,  
Fighting the yearning for the one who had stolen her heart, her kin.  
For in the end, all the accolades and accolades in the world  
Could not fill the void left by the love that had not unfurled.

So she sits, alone, amidst her gilded throne,  
Realizing that true happiness can never be fully known  
Without the one thing she couldn't possess, no matter how she tried -  
The love of the man whose heart she had secretly eyed.

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# Caged Potential

They told me 'all of my cages were mental'. So I got wasted like all my potential  
And my words shoot to kill when I'm mad I have a lot of regrets about that

They told me my cages were all in my head,  
That I held the key to unlock what lay ahead.  
But instead of freedom, I found solace in vice,  
Wasting away my potential, like a roll of the dice.

My words, once a weapon to slay my foes,  
Now haunt me with regret, like sharpened blows.  
In my anger, I lashed out, not caring who got hurt,  
Leaving scars that time has struggled to avert.

The bars of my mind, though invisible to all,  
Kept me trapped, unable to heed reason's call.  
I drowned my sorrows, numbed the pain within,  
Unaware that the cost was my very soul to win.

Now I stand amidst the ruins of what could have been,  
Haunted by the ghosts of the person I should have seen.  
The cages were mental, yet no less real to me,  
A prison of my own making, where I refused to be free.

But still, I hold the key, hidden deep within,  
A chance to break free, to start anew, to begin.  
For even the most rusted of souls can shine once more,  
If only they have the courage to open that door.

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# Rusted Wheel

I was a shiny wheel, once full of life,  
Spinning with purpose, cutting through strife.  
But now, I'm a shadow of my former self,  
Abandoned, forgotten, left on the shelf.  
i was so shiny now it's all rusted

The gleam has faded, the luster is gone,  
Replaced by a coating of oxidized grime.  
My once-smooth surface, now rough and uneven,  
A testament to the passage of time.

I used to be vital, an integral part,  
Carrying burdens, playing my crucial role.  
But now, I'm discarded, my value depleted,  
Reduced to a relic, a rusted-out soul.

Oh, how I long for those days of my prime,  
When I was admired, a masterpiece in its time.  
But alas, the wheel of fortune has turned,  
And I'm left to rust, my former glory burned.

Yet, perhaps, in this state of decay,  
I can find a new purpose, a different way.  
For even the rusted can shine once again,  
If given a chance to be reborn, my friend.

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# Worship

I'll worship like a dog in the shrine of your lust

Intoxicated by your allure,  
I prostrate myself at your altar.  
My devotion knows no bounds,  
As I surrender to your carnal demands.

Like a faithful hound at your feet,  
I bask in the heat of your sultry heat.  
Each touch, a spark that sets me ablaze,  
Consumed by the flames of your lustful gaze.

I am your supplicant, your willing slave,  
Begging to be broken on the waves  
Of your insatiable, primal desire -  
Drowning in the depths of your fiery pyre.

Command me, control me, let me drown  
In the shrine where your passions abound.  
I'll worship you, adore you, with every breath,  
Lost in the ecstasy beyond life and death.

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# Guilty As Sin

What if

What if 'mine' was written on your thigh,  
Only in my mind's eye?  
One slip, falling back into the hedge maze,  
Oh, what a delightful way to die.

I keep recalling things we never did,  
Messy top lip kiss,  
How I long for our trysts,  
Without ever touching your skin.

How can I be guilty as sin?  
When all I have are fantasies within.  
Trapped in this maze of desire,  
Burning with an unrequited fire.

The words unspoken, the touch unseen,  
A love that exists in the in-between.  
What if this could be more than just a dream?  
A reality where our souls truly meet, it seems.

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# Guilty Pleasure

In my maze of longing, I lose my way,  
Caught in the heat of words I ache to say.  
Each kiss imagined, each touch unseen,  
A guilty hunger in this fevered dream.

Dare I wander where your thoughts begin?  
How sweet the ache of being guilty as sin.

I tread these paths, my heart in turmoil's thrall,  
Yearning for your embrace, your whispered call.  
The walls close in, my senses all afire,  
As I succumb to this forbidden desire.

Reason fades, replaced by passion's plea,  
Begging to surrender, to be set free.  
In this maze of longing, I'm lost, astray,  
Consumed by the ache that won't go away.

Each fantasy, a temptation so divine,  
Ignites a spark that makes my soul entwine.  
How can I resist the lure of your sweet sin?  
When all I crave is to be guilty within.

I wander on, my mind a whirlwind's dance,  
Torn between restraint and wanton chance.  
The heat of your touch, the taste of your kiss,  
Haunt me endlessly, a torturous bliss.

In this maze of longing, I'm trapped, my dear,  
Helpless to the pull of your presence near.  
So let me indulge in this guilty dream,  
And bask in the ache of being your supreme.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Pious

She's just a woman, outwardly pious and pure,  
But within, a tempest rages, a battle she can't endure.  
The nafs, that insatiable self, lurks in the shadows of her mind,  
Tempting her, taunting her, leaving her spirit entwined.

In the light of day, she dons her cloak of righteousness,  
Reciting verses, performing rituals, seeking God's caress.  
But when the veil of night falls, her demons come alive,  
Whispering seductions, urging her to let her desires thrive.

The struggle is real, a constant war within her soul,  
As she tries to tame the beast that seeks to take control.  
Outwardly, she maintains the image of piety and grace,  
But inwardly, she fights a battle, a war she can't erase.

She's just a woman, fragile and flawed, like us all,  
Grappling with the weight of her nafs, its siren call.  
In the quiet moments, she cries out for divine aid,  
Begging for the strength to resist the temptations that have her dismayed.

Yet, in her weakness, there lies a strength, a resilience untold,  
For she continues to fight, to strive, to keep her faith from growing cold.  
She's just a woman, struggling with her own desires,  
But in her journey, she finds the courage to rise, like a phoenix from the fires.

So let us not judge, nor cast our stones, for we all have our own strife,  
And in her pious facade, lies a woman, beautifully human, fighting for her life.

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# Beauty

I see beauty in everyone else but me  
Petals of rose, soft and fair,  
Adorn the garden with colors rare.  
Yet in the mirror, I fail to see  
The blooming beauty that others decree.  
I see beauty in everyone else but me

The babbling brook, crystal clear,  
Reflects the world with vision sincere.  
But when I gaze upon my own face,  
I cannot find that same inner grace.  
I see beauty in everyone else but me  
The towering trees, majestic and tall,  
Stand proud and strong, standing tall.  
While I shrink back, doubting my worth,  
Blinded to the beauty of my own rebirth.  
I see beauty in everyone else but me  
Nature's splendor all around me lies,  
But the beauty within me I cannot surmise.  
I see it in others, but not in me -  
When will I learn to set my spirit free?

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# Lust

In shadows deep where whispers play,  
Desire ignites the night and day,  
With every glance, the tension grows,

A burning fire, no one knows.

Soft skin brushed in stolen light,

Hearts racing fast, lost in the flight,

Fingers trace like electric sparks,  
A dance of souls in hidden parks.

The world fades out, it's just us two,  
In this fevered dream, where wishes brew,  
Breathless sighs and longing moans,  
In the heat of passion, we find our thrones.

Lust, a tempest, wild and free,  
A siren's call, a sweet decree,  
In fleeting moments, we intertwine,  
In this embrace, your heart is mine.

Yet as the dawn breaks through the haze,  
The thrill of night begins to phase,  
But in our hearts, the embers glow,  
For lust is a fire that refuses to go.

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# Wine

You said, 'Let's do the park 'cause I love the park.'  
That may be true, but god forbid it gets dark.  
Here come the excuses that fuel the illusions,  
But I'd rather feel something than nothing at all.

So, I'll meet you for coffee 'cause if we have wine,  
You'll say that you're sorry, I know that's a lie.  
If I didn't trust you, it would be fine,  
But I crave the connection, the feeling divine.

The park may be lovely, the sun shining bright,  
But when the shadows creep in, my heart fills with fright.  
I know your excuses are just a facade,  
Hiding the truth that you'd rather avoid.

Yet, I'll take what I can get, even if it's just a sip,  
Of coffee shared between us, a moment to grip.  
Because the alternative, to feel nothing at all,  
Is a fate worse than darkness, a prison to enthrall.

So, I'll meet you, my love, and put on a smile,  
Hoping this time, the lies won't beguile.  
For I'd rather take the risk, feel the pain and the doubt,  
Than to live in a world where my heart's locked out.

The park may be lovely, but your heart is my home,  
And I'll follow you there, even if we must roam.  
Just promise me, my dear, that you'll be true,  
And I'll gladly face the darkness, as long as I'm with you.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# My Boy Only Breaks His Favorite Toys

My boy only breaks his favorite toys.

In the heart's quiet chamber, where desires intertwine,  
My boy holds his affections, like porcelain on a line.  
He loves with fierce devotion, but shadows dance in play,  
For love can be a game, where trust is led astray.

His favorite toy, a heart, so tender and so bright,  
He plays with gentle hands, then shatters it at night.  
With whispers sweet as honey, he lures me to his side,  
But in the depths of passion, there's a darkness he can't hide.

He spins a web of charm, each thread a careful lie,  
With every careful gesture, he knows just how to pry.  
A smile like a dagger, a promise wrapped in gold,  
Yet love's sweet, soft illusion hides the truth he won't unfold.

I'm drawn into the chaos, a moth to flickering flame,  
His laughter like a melody, but I'm the one to blame.  
For in this twisted dance, where affection turns to pain,  
My heart becomes the playground, where manipulation reigns.

He breaks the things he loves most, as if to claim control,  
Each fracture, every tear, a mark upon my soul.  
Yet here I stand, enchanted, caught in his cruel delight,  
For love, beneath the surface, is a battlefield at night.

So I gather all the pieces, the remnants of my heart,  
A tapestry of love and loss, where trust has come apart.  
In the echoes of his laughter, a haunting truth I find:  
That love, when wrapped in manipulation, leaves the purest hearts blind.  
He saw forever so he smashed it up  
Oh, my boy only breaks his favorite toys.

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# Truth Dare

No one's ever had me not like you. truth dare spin bottle

No one's ever had me not like you,  
The way you captivate, it's always something new.  
Truth, dare, spin the bottle, you know the game,  
With you by my side, I'm never quite the same.

You know how to ball, I know Aristotle,  
A perfect blend of brawn and brains, never a throttle.  
You challenge me, push me, to be my best,  
While I ground you, keep you grounded, never a test.

Together we're unstoppable, a force to be reckoned with,  
Whether on the court or lost in philosophical pitch.  
You bring the excitement, the thrill of the chase,  
While I offer the wisdom, the calm in any place.

No one's ever had me, not like you do,  
The way you make me feel, it's always something new.  
Truth or dare, spin the bottle, let's play the game,  
Because with you by my side, I'll never be the same.

You know how to ball, I know Aristotle,  
A dynamic duo, never a battle.  
So let's keep exploring, pushing the bounds,  
For with you, my love, I've found where I belong.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Maak

Being with you for just a while,  
Shadows vanish with your smile.  
Feeling the warmth of your touch,  
Has come to mean so very much.

Like the calming of the sea,  
Being with you means much to me.  
Your presence soothes my restless soul,  
Makes my fractured heart feel whole.

Yet, you chose to leave, to part,  
Abandoning this fragile heart.  
The warmth you brought, the light you gave,  
Now fades, leaving me in the grave.

The shadows creep back, dark and cold,  
Your smile, your touch, no longer hold.  
The sea's calm turns to raging waves,  
As I'm left alone in these empty days.

How could you go, without a word?  
Your departure, a silent, cruel bird.  
Robbing me of the peace you brought,  
Leaving me with only pained thought.

Being with you for just a while,  
Shadows vanished with your smile.  
Now, the darkness has returned to stay,  
As you've chosen to walk away.

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# The Greatest Tragedy

She pens his name in hopes he'll stay,  
But finds the ink has slipped away.  
The greatest tragedy for her to face,  
Is when her muse leaves not a trace.

The greatest loss for her to bear,  
Is when her muse is no longer there.  
Her words once flowed with ease and grace,  
Now silence fills the empty space.

A blank page stares back, cold and bare,  
Her inspiration lost without a care.  
The spark that fueled her creative fire,  
Has faded, leaving only dark desire.

Yet still she tries, with trembling hand,  
To summon back what once was grand.  
But the words refuse to take their form,  
Her muse has left her lost in the storm.

A poet's pain, a heart's lament,  
When inspiration's light has been spent.  
She mourns the loss of what once was,  
Praying her muse will return, because...

The greatest tragedy for her to face,  
Is when her muse leaves not a trace.  
The greatest loss for her to bear,  
Is when her muse is no longer there.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Oblivion

I would recognize you in total darkness, were you mute and I deaf,  
For our souls are intertwined, a bond that cannot be bereft.  
In the absence of sight and sound, I'd still know your essence true,  
A connection so profound, that transcends all we've been through.

I would recognize you in another lifetime entirely,  
In different bodies, different times, our love would still be.  
Reborn, reincarnated, our paths would surely cross,  
For our love is eternal, a bond that cannot be lost.

And I would love you in all of this, until the very last star,  
In the sky burnt out into oblivion, near or far.  
For our love is not bound by the constraints of this world,  
It is a love so pure, so true, that it will never be unfurled.

In the depths of the darkest night, or the brightest of days,  
I would find you, my love, and bask in your gentle rays.  
For you are the light that guides me, the anchor that keeps me whole,  
A love so profound, it transcends the limits of the soul.

So let the world fade away, let the stars disappear,  
For as long as I have you, my love, I have nothing to fear.  
In this life or the next, in any form, any place,  
I will always recognize you, and my heart you will embrace.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Destiny

you were destined for me perhaps as a punishment,

In the tapestry of fate, threads intertwine,  
You appeared in my life, a riddle divine.  
A shadow in sunlight, a storm in clear skies,  
A twist of the cosmos, a truth wrapped in lies.

Perhaps we were bound by a capricious design,  
A dance of two souls, where the stars misalign.  
Your laughter, a melody that cuts like a knife,  
Yet I wonder, dear heart, are you joy or strife?

Like a moth to a flame, I am drawn to your light,  
But in your embrace, the darkness feels right.  
A punishment wrapped in the guise of a dream,  
A paradox swirling, where love's not what it seems.

With every whispered promise, a hint of despair,  
For in loving you, I am trapped in your snare.  
Yet still, I am tethered, unable to flee,  
For you were destined for me, perhaps as a punishment only.

In this cruel game of fate, we both play our parts,  
Two broken reflections, two fractured hearts.  
And though the stars may mock, and the heavens may jest,  
I cling to the chaos, for in it, I'm blessed.

Azzahrah Sulaiman



# Love Less

Does knowing me more, lead to loving me less?

The more you peel back the layers,  
The more of me you come to know.  
Yet with each revelation, a fear lingers -  
Will the love I crave begin to go?

Does knowing me more, lead to loving me less?  
The vulnerable parts I hesitate to share,  
Fearful they'll drive you far away.  
The flaws I work so hard to conceal,  
What if they make you turn astray?

The depths of my soul laid bare before you,  
Exposing the darkest corners of my heart.  
Will the light of your affection start to dim,  
As you witness how broken I am, how apart?

The intimacy we've built, brick by brick,  
What if it crumbles under the weight of truth?  
Does delving deeper into who I am  
Mean you'll cease to see me as your cherished youth?

I long for your love to grow ever stronger,  
As you come to understand me more.  
But the nagging doubt persists, won't let me rest -  
Does knowing me more, lead to loving me less?

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Touch

How miserable. You're touch starved and touch repulsed? What are you?

How miserable. You're touch starved and touch repulsed?  
A paradox of need and fear, your heart is convulsed.  
Craving connection, yet recoiling from a gentle caress,  
Your soul in turmoil, seeking solace, yet finding no redress.

What are you, this enigma of conflicting desire?  
Longing for warmth, yet burning with an icy fire.  
Drawn to the touch you crave, yet flinching from its hold,  
A prisoner of your own mind, your story yet untold.

Is it trauma that haunts you, leaving scars upon your skin?  
Or a deep-rooted aversion, a battle you cannot win?  
Whatever the reason, your struggle is real and profound,  
Leaving you adrift, your true self yet to be found.

How miserable, this dance of need and repulsion,  
A torment of the senses, a mental dissolution.  
Yet in your pain, there lies a glimmer of hope, a chance to heal,  
If only you can find the courage to let your heart reveal.

For in embracing both your needs and your fears,  
You may find the path to mend the rift, to conquer your tears.  
To be touch starved and touch repulsed need not be your fate,  
If you can learn to navigate this complex, emotional state.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Barista

I'll always be the barista, giving away every cup,  
Ones destined for other hands, ones never meant for mine.  
I pour the rich, aromatic brew, my heart held up,  
Watching as strangers take a sip, their smiles intertwine.

The warmth of the ceramic, the steam that dances high,  
Brings a fleeting moment of joy to each passerby.  
But as I hand them their drink, a part of me yearns to try,  
To taste the blend that I so carefully designed.

Yet, I know my role is not to indulge, but to serve,  
To bring a small respite to those whose days may be hard.  
So I watch them leave, my own desires submerged,  
Content in the knowledge that I played my part.

I'll always be the barista, giving away every cup,  
Ones destined for other hands, ones never meant for mine.  
For in this role, I find a purpose that lifts me up,  
Knowing that my coffee brings a moment of peace divine.

Though the cup may never reach my own eager lips,  
The satisfaction I feel is one that never slips.  
For in these fleeting encounters, a connection is born,  
And I am honored to be the one who helps the day be reborn.

So I'll continue to pour, to share, to give away,  
Knowing that my coffee's magic can brighten someone's day.  
I'll always be the barista, content in this role,  
Pouring out my heart, one cup at a time, to nourish each soul.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Poet

always the poet never the muse,

In shadows cast by candlelight, I pen my silent sighs,  
Always the poet, weaving words, while longing for the skies.  
I dance with ink and paper, crafting tales of love and loss,  
Yet in this world of verses, I wear the heavy cross.  
always the poet never the muse

I watch the sun rise gently, painting hues upon your face,  
Yet never am I chosen to share in your embrace.  
For every sonnet that I write, each stanza filled with grace,  
I'm left to be the dreamer, while you bask in the praise.  
always the poet never the muse,

My heart spills out like ink, a river deep and wide,  
But you are the bright star, the one I cannot guide.  
I capture fleeting moments, the beauty in your eyes,  
Yet always in the background, I linger and I sigh.  
always the poet never the muse,

You dance upon the pages, while I craft the lines of lore,  
An echo in the silence, a yearning evermore.  
I spin my tales of passion, of longing and of pain,  
Yet in the heart of every poem, it's you I can't attain.

So here I sit, the poet, confined within my mind,  
Always the one to capture, but never to unwind.  
For in the realm of muses, I remain a fleeting ghost,  
A keeper of your stories, but never the one you boast.

Yet still, I write for you, in shadows, out of view,  
Finding solace in the verses, in the love I'll never rue.  
For though I'm just the poet, lost in dreams so vast,  
In every word I whisper, your essence holds me fast.  
the realization that I'd always the poet never the muse,

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Suffer

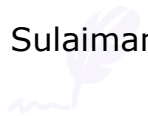
He said 'he loves me, ' I replied,  
'But you have not yet suffered enough to suit me.'  
For love, I've learned, is not a gentle tide,  
But a raging storm that leaves one's heart bare to see.

The easy words, the promises so sweet,  
Hold little weight when tested by life's trials.  
True love, I know, demands a harder feat -  
To weather pain, to face the darkest miles.

So I wait, with heart hardened by past hurts,  
Unwilling to be swayed by empty claims.  
The love I seek is one that truly converts,  
That burns away the dross and leaves only flames.

When he has faced the depths of sorrow's sea,  
Then, and only then, will I open my heart to thee.

Azzahrah Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

# Tulips

As your last petal fell, i bowed down to earth. To have given me the chance to  
see you bloom, and then let me hurt. To see all the tulips nearby chattering away  
with the bees, I know it can't please

Azzahrah Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

# Gardener

Even if you were dying, I would water you every day,  
In hopes that you would survive, no matter what came your way.  
Even if your body was covered in thorns, sharp and severe,  
I wouldn't think twice before wrapping you in my embrace, my dear.

Even if the sun's rays didn't grace you with their warm embrace,  
You'd still manage to bloom, your beauty shining in that place.  
For you are a star, a radiant light in the night sky,  
While others are mesmerized by the moon, I only have eyes for you, my, oh my.

It's worth whatever it takes, the risks I'm willing to take,  
Just to be near you, to bask in the joy that you make.  
For you are the one I seek, the one I hold dear,  
No matter the obstacles, I'll always be by your side, my dear.

Even if the vines were thick, the path overgrown and tough,  
I'd brave the treacherous journey, for you are more than enough.  
Your beauty, your strength, your resilience, so pure and true,  
Captivate my heart, and make me want to do whatever it takes for you.

So I'll water you daily, tend to your every need,  
Protect you from harm, and ensure that you succeed.  
For you are the one I cherish, the one I hold so dear,  
My star in the night sky, my heart's truest, most precious, revered.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

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How can I call you the moon, for even it has scars, The one who gazes at you,  
how lucky his stars!

How can I call you the moon, for it's marred by flaws, To be your admirer, what  
fortune's laws?

Even the peacock bows to your graceful stride, Shall I compare you

Azzahrah Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com



# Mawar Is Me

I'm a rose kissed by the dawn,  
Where petals blushing with the warmth of a thousand sunrises.  
Each delicate bloom unfolds like a love letter penned,  
A symphony of color that captivates and surprises.

My velvet soft caress, a gentle embrace,  
Invites the world to revel in my radiant grace.  
For I am a canvas, painted by nature's hand,  
A masterpiece of beauty, a sight to behold, so grand.

The first golden rays of morning light caress my form,  
Awakening the dormant passion that within me storms.  
I unfurl my petals, revealing the depths of my heart,  
A love letter for all to see, a work of art.

Each petal, a whisper of affection, a tender touch,  
Conveying a message that words can never quite clutch.  
I am a rose, a symbol of love, pure and true,  
Blossoming with the dawn, a gift for me and for you.

In my embrace, you'll find solace, a moment of peace,  
As my fragrance envelops you, your worries will cease.  
For I am a rose, kissed by the dawn's first light,  
A love letter in bloom, a vision of pure delight.

So come, my friend, and bask in my radiant glow,  
Let my petals caress your soul, and let your heart know  
That I am a rose, a testament to love's enduring might,  
Unfolding my delicate bloom, a sight to behold, day and night.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

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????? ?????????? ??? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ??? ???In a field of sunflowers I hate him the  
most. Golden crown atop his head, And his pretty smile that fills my heart with  
dread. The way he towers over me, making me feel small. Oh, in a field of  
sunflowers I hate him most of all.

Azzahrah Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

# Muse

They call it delusions, I call it muse,  
A spark that ignites the soul's recluse.  
A vision that dances before my eyes,  
A symphony of thoughts that never dies.

They say I'm lost in a world of my own,  
Chasing phantoms, a mind overthrown.  
But I see colors where others see grey,  
Hear melodies where silence holds sway.

This 'delusion' is my creative fire,  
Fueling my words, my art's desire.  
It paints the canvas of my every day,  
Guiding my pen as I choose to sway.

What they dismiss as a troubled mind,  
I embrace as a gift, one of a kind.  
For in these 'delusions' I find my truth,  
The muse that inspires my endless youth.

So let them call it what they may,  
I'll continue to walk my chosen way.  
For in this 'delusion' I find my voice,  
A wellspring of art, my heart's true choice.

They call it delusions, I call it muse,  
A divine spark that I refuse to lose.  
For in this realm of imagined grace,  
I find the freedom to leave my mark on this place.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Between Love And Lust

Love and lust are poles apart,  
One a tempest, one a chart.  
Lust is chaos, wild and free,  
A dance of shadows, a fleeting spree.

In the heat of passion's blaze,  
Desire twists in a frenzied haze.  
With whispers soft, the game begins,  
But in this play, who truly wins?

Lust is a mask that shimmers bright,  
A siren's call in the dead of night.  
It pulls you close, then leaves you bare,  
A fleeting touch, a vacant stare.

But love, oh love, a canvas wide,  
Crafted gently, with patience tried.  
It blooms in silence, a tender art,  
Yet often hides a fractured heart.

For in the guise of love we weave,  
Lie after lie, we dare to believe.  
Manipulation cloaked in sweet refrain,  
Promises made, then lost in pain.

The heart is a puppet, strings pulled tight,  
In the theater of longing, we lose our light.  
What starts as fire can turn to ash,  
In a whirlwind of lust, we're left to clash.

So tread with care on this fragile ground,  
For in lust's embrace, true love may drown.  
With every touch that ignites the spark,  
Remember: love is art, and lust is dark.

In the end, we must discern,  
The lessons of passion, the fires that burn.  
For love is a journey, a path to explore,  
While lust is a tempest, a fleeting encore.



# Summer

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And summer came, and you did not come

The summer breeze, it whispers your name,  
Yet you remain, far and away.  
The sun's warm embrace, a longing to tame,  
But your presence, it fades, day by day.

The flowers bloom, their colors so bright,  
Awaiting your gaze, your gentle touch.  
But the garden's splendor holds no delight,  
For your absence, it weighs, oh, so much.

The days grow long, the nights filled with stars,  
Yet your voice, it echoes, a distant call.  
The moon's silver light, it shines through the bars,  
But your absence, it casts a shadow over all.

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The summer came, and you did not come.  
A season of longing, a heart that's split,  
Waiting for you, but you remain numb.

When will you return, to fill this void?  
When will your smile, once more, grace this place?  
The summer's beauty, it's all but destroyed,  
Without the warmth of your loving embrace.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Deception

promises, sorrows prayers lies, betrayal, that's what love meant alas  
Promises, sorrows, prayers, lies,  
Betrayal, the bitter price love buys.  
Alas, what once was pure and true,  
Now twisted, tarnished, lost from view.

Hearts entwined, now torn apart,  
Shattered dreams, a broken start.  
Love's embrace, now cold and bare,  
Leaving only anguish and despair.

Yet in the darkness, a glimmer shines,  
A chance to mend these fractured lines.  
To rise above the pain and strife,  
And find the beauty love can bring to life.

For love, though flawed and oft unkind,  
Holds the power to heal the mind.  
If we but grasp its fleeting grace,  
And let it guide us to a better place.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Coffee

He is quiet and so am I,  
Sipping tea with lemon, while he drinks his coffee.  
Our silences speak volumes, yet our hearts sigh,  
Longing for a connection that only we can see.

I watch him from the corner of my eye,  
Observing the way he holds the mug, takes a sip.  
His focused gaze, his brow furrowed in thought, oh, how I  
Wish I could reach out and trace the lines on his lip.

But I remain silent, my tea growing cold,  
As I savor the moments we share in this cafe.  
His presence, a warmth that my heart can't unfold,  
For I know my love for him is one-sided, day after day.

He is quiet and so am I, our worlds so close, yet apart,  
Separated by an invisible wall that I cannot breach.  
I sip my tea, wishing I could speak what's in my heart,  
But the words remain trapped, a love I can never teach.

The steam rises, a delicate dance in the air,  
As I wonder if he ever feels the same way too.  
Is there a glimmer of hope, a chance for us to share?  
Or is this unrequited love, a burden I must learn to subdue?

He is quiet and so am I, our lives intertwined,  
Yet the distance between us feels like an endless sea.  
I'll continue to sip my tea, my feelings forever enshrined,  
Hoping one day, he'll see the love that's always been in me.

Azzahrah Sulaiman



# Summer Fling

met a guy in the summer and I left him in the spring  
He argued with me about everything.

We met in the warmth of summer's embrace,  
Two souls drawn together, faces aglow.  
But beneath the surface, cracks began to trace,  
As winter's chill crept in, our love left to grow cold.

He argued with me about everything,  
His ego and temper, a relentless storm.  
I tried to weather it, my heart still clinging,  
But the more I gave, the more he would transform.

That wandering eye, a constant reminder  
Of the trust I'd placed, now shattered and torn.  
I wanted to hold on, be the light that would bind us,  
But the fire had dimmed, our bond left forlorn.

And so in the spring, when the world came alive,  
I knew it was time for me to depart.  
The man I once loved, our dreams left to die -  
A misunderstanding that broke my heart.

Now as the seasons change, I'm left alone to ponder  
The love we once shared, now drifting asunder.  
If only he'd seen past his flaws and his pride,  
Perhaps our story wouldn't have ended in tears, a bittersweet divide.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Constellation

Promise me, when constellations fail to ignite,  
You'll recall the sanctity of our midnight rites.  
In the stillness, in the tempest, let the echo of us resist,  
Time's conquest, our love's existence.

Promise me, though shadows interlace and creep,  
You'll remember the moments we chose to keep.  
When the world around us faded into the night,  
And only our souls remained, bathed in moonlight.

In the stillness of those sacred, stolen hours,  
We found solace, like a sanctuary in the towers.  
Our whispered vows, our bodies intertwined,  
A tapestry of passion, forever entwined.

Promise me, when the stars no longer shine,  
You'll cherish the memory of your hand in mine.  
The warmth of your embrace, the beat of your heart,  
A symphony that time can never tear apart.

Though the world may try to tear us asunder,  
And the tempest of life seeks to pull us under,  
Promise me, you'll hold fast to our love's refrain,  
And in the darkness, our light will shine again.

For in the echo of our midnight rites,  
Lies the strength to weather life's darkest nights.  
So promise me, my love, through thick and thin,  
You'll never let the shadow of doubt creep in.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Mirror

He's like a love song, a melody so sweet,  
Captivating my heart with each rhythmic beat.  
But as I listen, a question begins to grow,  
Is he the mirror in which my own reflection I know?

I turn to look into his eyes, searching for a sign,  
A glimpse of the person who has so captivated mine.  
Yet, when I gaze upon his face, I find something amiss,  
For in those eyes, I see not him, but only myself in this.

Am I the one he's singing for, the one he holds so dear?  
Or am I merely a canvas, upon which his own desires appear?  
This enigma, this puzzle, leaves me lost and unsure,  
Wondering if his love for me is real, or merely a facade to endure.

He's like a love song, a siren's call that draws me near,  
But the more I listen, the more my doubts begin to veer.  
Is he the mirror in which I see my truest self?  
Or is he simply a reflection, a mirage upon the shelf?

I long to reach out and touch, to feel the warmth of his embrace,  
But the distance between us, a chasm I cannot erase.  
For in his eyes, I see only my own image stare,  
Leaving me to wonder, is he really there?

He's like a love song, a melody that captivates my soul,  
But the more I listen, the less I feel in control.  
I'm left to ponder, to question, to search for the truth,  
Hoping to find the man behind the song, the one who holds my heart's reproof.

Azzahrah Sulaiman

# Delivered

Wake for hours and staring at the ceiling,  
Through the unsettled stillness of the night,  
I grow possessed of the obsessive feeling  
That dawn has come and gone and brought no light.

Only to realize he's not a fraction of my heart,  
The one I thought would never drift away.  
The emptiness, a dagger through my soul, tears me apart,  
As I lie awake, watching the shadows play.

The hours drag on, and sleep eludes my weary mind,  
Consumed by thoughts of what I thought we'd share.  
But the truth is stark, the reality unkind -  
He was never truly mine, my heart's sole heir.

I toss and turn, the darkness closing in,  
Wondering where I went wrong, what I did amiss.  
Was it my fault, this rift that couldn't be mended within?  
Or was he simply never meant to be my bliss?

The ceiling stares back, indifferent and cold,  
As I struggle to accept this bitter fate.  
The dawn's first light, my shattered dreams unfold,  
Realizing he's not the one for whom my heart will wait.

Wake for hours and staring at the ceiling,  
Through the unsettled stillness of the night,  
I grow possessed of the obsessive feeling  
That dawn has come and gone and brought no light.

For he's not a fraction of my heart, not anymore,  
And the realization leaves me feeling so alone.  
The emptiness, a void I can't ignore,  
As I face the truth that he was never truly my own.

Azzahrah Sulaiman