

Poetry Series

Za7ra Sulaiman

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Za7ra Sulaiman()

Dubito, ergo cogito, ergo sum.
how much sad did you think I had
Did you think I had in me?
Oh, the tragedy...
tortured poet

25th April 2002
suffering but in a poetic way
Malaysian



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Does God Hate Me

Do you ever see someone
and think, "Wow, God must hate me, "
'Cause He spent so much time on them
and for me, He got lazy?
I've got ample mental illness,
personality flaws,
while their only flaw
seems to be... none at all.
Do you ever see someone
and think, "Wow, God must hate me? "
I'll let 'em take accountability
for everything that's wrong with me.
Can't hold myself responsible,
so I blame the metaphysical.
If Jesus died for all our sins,
He left one behind: the body I'm in.
Same hands that made the moon and stars
got carpal tunnel and forgot some parts.
I don't know what I believe,
but it's easier to think
He made a mistake with me.

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Bad Guys

Your love is a threat and I'm nauseous
Scares me to death how I want it
Not common sense, but I'm haunted
By people who've left, so you scare me to death
Yeah, you scare me
With people before
They left like a falling floor
And there as I soared
I vowed to be nevermore
Too trusting and loving, depending and kind
Behind every kiss is a jaw that could bite
And maybe that's why I feel safe with bad guys
Because when they hurt me, I won't be surprised

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I Hate Poetry

hate poetry.
it left a bitter taste in my mouth.
i don't like how it reminds me
that i'm bleeding for you on paper.
i hate that every time i write,
it's you in my mind.
why do you linger in every corner of my life—
even in the only thing i thought was mine?
you have to slide in.
how much greedier could you be?
you made me hate everything i own,
even my poetry.
i hate it now.
i hate everything i write.
tell me,
why do you have to ruin
every beautiful thing i own?
you make me nauseous.
how grand,
how powerful,
you are over me.
i hate that you made me think
i hate poetry,
when it's the only thing
i actually like about me.

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Superstitious

wishes
you said I'm too much into horoscope
but as far as I remember
there's a shooting star on the night we first kissed
like a sign, if I blink, you'll be missed
in my mind, you and I still exist
it's a thought that is dangerous
'cause I'll wait forever
I won't look for better
I'll find signs for you and I
yeah, for you and I
well, there's wishbones and clovers
and numbers from heaven
shapes in the stars to invent our connection
as much as I act like I want to forget it
I still wish for you at 11: 11
I still wish for you
yeah I wish you the best but hope that you die
inside every time I'm landing in London
if there is someone new that you're out here fucking
I wish she treat you right
making you feel she's the one
I wish you marry her
because you think she's bright
and I wish karma's real
so she'll eat your heart on your second year
smash it crash it toss it
like you did to mine
so if you still think I'm superstitious
well, there's wishbones and clovers
and numbers from heaven
shapes in the stars to invent our connection
as much as I act like I want to for
get it
I still wish for you at 11: 11
I still wish for you

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I Wish

wish I was one you'd die for
I wish I was one you look for
Start another life for
Smile laugh and weep for
Steal and lie and cheat for
Pick me up when I fall
Scream and cry when I'm gone
Take the blame for my faults

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Unwritten

i bled you out on every page
turned my sorrow into sage
made my pain a lullaby
hoping you'd come back, not lie
i kissed your name in every line
dressed my wounds in words like wine
thought if i wrote you soft and true
you'd miss the girl who bled for you
but poems can't bring back the dead
can't warm the side you never fed
i haunted verses just to feel
a love that never thought me real
so here's my final gift, my cue
no more rhymes that sound like you
no more songs where you're the theme
no more drowning in a dream
and my final act of love is true

i
stop writing about you

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Curiosity, The Cat

"You look like a cat," he said with a grin,
And I laughed it off, thinking nothing within,
Just a tease, a jest, a careless remark,
Tossed in the air like a match in the dark.

But he watched me close, with knowing eyes,
As if he saw through every disguise.
People say curiosity kills the cat
I never believed in things like that.

Yet here I am, chasing threads of might-be,
Tugging at questions that won't let me be.
What if he meant it not just in jest?
What if I'm more than just one of the rest?

Drawn to the silence, the spaces between,
The flickers of truth left unseen.
Our what-ifs, our maybes, they pull me near,
Whispering riddles only I seem to hear.

And so I followed, soft-pawed and sly,
Climbed to the edges of reason why.
Until his gaze turned quiet and cold
A secret kept, a story untold.

My nature betrayed me, heart first and blind,
Purring for answers I'd never find.
Alas, like the cat in his silly old joke,
My curiosity clung, until it broke.

So if you see me, don't call me tame
I'm the girl who played his dangerous game.
I laughed when he said I looked like a cat
Now I wonder how deeply he meant that

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Sex, Kiss And Cigarettes

Smoking a cigarette dries your throat, and so does a kiss you were never meant to have.

One kills you slowly, the other tears you apart in a single breath.

One leaves ashes in your lungs, the other scatters them across your heart until it feels like a grave.

You'll cough either way, only the choice is between blood on your lips, or a name burning in your mouth that you cannot spit out.

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Your Ballerina

He used to say I looked like a ballerina when I walked away from him.
Not when I arrived, not when I laughed, not when I cried,
only when I walked away.
As if distance gave me grace.

There was a mirror in his room. Long, cracked at the bottom.
I used to stand in front of it when he wasn't looking,
lifting one leg ever so slightly off the floor,
trying to see if I could still look like art when no one applauded.
He never noticed.
But I think the mirror did.

He said my lipstick tasted like trouble.
Said I made him feel like a man.
But he kissed me like a boy.
A scared one. One who knew he was holding something fragile
and didn't know what to do with it.

I left a silk ribbon under his bed.
It was red.
He didn't find it until months after I was gone,
and when he did, he posted a picture of it on his story,
no caption.
But I knew it was for me.
I could feel it.
Some women know when they're being missed.

He loved me like I was a secret.
He never said I was beautiful in front of other people,
but he stared at me like I was burning.
Like he was afraid of what I'd do if I danced too long in one place.
So I didn't.
I twirled just long enough to make him dizzy.

I told his friend I wanted to be a ghost someday.
He laughed. Said I already moved like one.
I don't think it was meant as an insult.
Some people leave footprints.
I left perfume.

There was one night.
he was drunk, or sad, or both?
and he said, "I think I ruined you."
I kissed his collarbone and whispered,
"No, love. I was never whole to begin with."
Then I left.

He dreams about me now.
I know because I wake up some nights
feeling like someone just whispered my name.

Maybe I still dance in his memory.
Maybe I still wear that ribbon.
Maybe I'm still in his mirror,
spinning quietly,
just a pretty little thing
waiting to be missed.

-

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Don't Blame Me

Don't blame me for falling—
I was just a girl, too small for the weight.
Don't blame the late-night calls—
I was drowning, not ready to feel it all.

You can't blame me, darling.
Not even a little.
I was far, far gone.

And maybe I'm just an arrogant wreck
who doesn't know how to say sorry without bleeding.

Don't call me baby again.
Keep your reasons.
Keep your kindness.
I know you mean it,
but it cuts.

Don't call me baby again.
It's hard enough to go home
to a silence
that doesn't miss me.

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Price I Paid

I've given up my body more times than I've been given flowers.
Funny, isn't it? I hate my body. But I love flowers.

I let them in. Let them touch the parts no one else sees.
Hoping they'd want more than skin.
They never do.

They don't ask how I take my coffee.
Or why I flinch.
They don't see the softness.
Don't stay long enough to know I love lilies.

I lie in borrowed beds.
Let strangers press into me.
Trying to feel whole.
But I only feel hollow.

This isn't love.
It's what I've settled for.
A moment. A body. Never a person.

I wanted more.
But they never stay.
No flowers.
Just hands.

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I Fell In Love

I fell in love,

With the person in the mirror,

She looked exhausted,

Her eyes, dead, so did her soul,

She looked pale,

Should I ask, I thought

But I remained oblivious,

I think i was in love,

Until I saw her faults,

But doesn't loving someone means Loving them whole,

What should i do,

When I can't fall in love with myself,

All I do is rethink everything she does,

To me she is the problem,

I have to love her,

I need to save her.

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I Almost Told You

I almost told you,
in that breathless moment between hello and goodbye,
that I still remember the weight of your hand in mine,
still feel the echo of your laugh in the hollow of my chest.

I almost told you
how I still turn my head when someone calls your name,
how the world is full of shadows shaped like you —
half memory, half mistake.

I almost told you
that when I saw you standing there,
a stranger cloaked in a familiar smile,
my heart beat the old rhythm it had once composed for you.

I almost told you
how every word I never said still lingers between us,
an unfinished song,
a whisper caught between teeth too proud to tremble.

But I stayed silent,
because you were no longer mine to miss aloud,
because some aches are too sacred to confess,
even to the one who caused them.

So I just smiled,
pretending not to know you,
pretending not to love you still.

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Irish Vow

may you never steal,
lie,
or cheat.

but if you must steal—
then steal away
my sorrow.

if you must lie—
then lie with me,
every night
of my life.

and if you must cheat—
then cheat death itself,
because
i couldn't bear
a single day
without you.

according to god's holy ordinance,
i pledge
my soul
to yours.

with this ring,
i thee wed.
in the name of god,
i love you.

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Without Meaning To

when we first met,
i wasn't looking for love.
i was running from it—
fast,
fierce,
frightened.

but you
were kind.
so gentle
i didn't notice
how my heart
started to open.

and then,
without meaning to,
without even knowing when,
i was
already yours.
head over heels.
completely,
quietly
in love.

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The One

i want him
to be all mine—
to hold him
when he's tired,
whisper
it'll be fine.

to be the only one
to feel his skin,
to grip his hand
when he's shaking,
to cheer
when he wins.

to be the lips
he always finds.
to call him
my pretty boy,
and know
he's scared to lose.

to stare
with quiet bliss,
knowing,
i am the one
he'll always choose.

and when he looks,
let it be love.
let it be
me.

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Cut My Hair

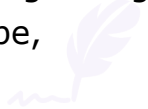
i used to cut my hair
whenever i craved a reset—
like shedding strands
could erase
what hurt.

like shorter meant lighter.
like less
meant healed.

but now
i'm letting it grow.
letting time
do what it must.
learning to carry the past
without wearing it like a name.

my hair is growing—
and maybe,
maybe
so am i.

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This Cage You Built

i'm where u wanted me, right?
down here—
beneath the pretty lies
and the silence u wrapped like a ribbon
round my throat.

was it worth it?
clipping my wings just to say she's safe now
breaking my voice to say she's quiet now
smiling like u didn't watch me burn
and whisper obedience over the flames.

i stood tall once.
i had fire in my mouth.
but u—
u made me a shadow of myself
and called it love.

but guess what?
this rage?
this spit-slicked, soul-deep fury?
it's mine.
it's blooming in the ruins u left.

and when i rise,
and i will rise.
don't look surprised
when i don't say thank you.
don't say i changed
when i finally tear the cage open with my teeth.

because i'm exactly where u wanted me, right?
down here,
angry,
alive,
and done playing nice.

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Mirage

and god,
it made you so sad, didn't it?
to watch a good thing waste—
to see it rot
slow,
soft,
inevitable.

to feel it crumble between your fingers,
like art turned to sand,
like something sacred
dying quietly.

and then the wind—
how easily it took it.
like it never existed.
like we
never
existed.

was it ever art?
or just
a mirage
you begged
to be real?

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Gerimis

hujan(rain)

it was raining yesterday and i went outside to get some fresh air and i wrote this under the rain

gerimis(rain) (malay version)

Angin dingin menyentuh pipiku,
bagai kekasih yang lama berlalu.

Aku pandang hujan turun perlahan,
setiap titis bagaikan harapan.

Indah sungguh, tenang sekali,
namun hatiku tetap sunyi.

Hidup ini katanya indah,
tapi mengapa jiwa masih gundah?

Aku rindu lebih dari bayu,
pelukan hangat, bukan hanya syahdu.

Dalam setiap titisan yang jatuh ke bumi,
terpahat rindu yang tak pernah pergi.

hidup, apa makna hidup ini?

hanya bernafas sepi?

rain(English version)

Cold breeze kissed my cheeks
a lover's ghost in morning's hush,
I watched rain droplets fall from the sky,
like tears the heavens could no longer clutch.

How beautiful, how serene
yet something aches beneath the sheen.

Life is beautiful, they say
but oh, how I long for it to stay.

To feel more than just the wind's caress,
to be held in warmth, not loneliness.

In every droplet, a dream I chase
of belonging, of love, of a gentler place

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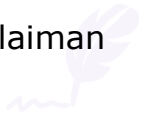
Saint Of Touch

i'm no stranger to grief.
to love is to sip melancholy
slow,
like wine gone bitter.

but i am a saint to intimacy.
show me the beast
you're sure i'll flee from—
the fangs,
the rot,
the ruin you hide.

let me love you there.
let me hold what you hate
before
i'm forced
to grieve it.

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Grab Me

grab me.

Grab my hips—slow, deliberate,
While the water runs hot, intimate.
Soap clings to porcelain, slick and white,
Your mouth finds my neck—just right.
Beneath my ear where I tremble most,
You kiss like a ghost, like a holy boast.
Fingers slip beneath cotton's grace,
Tracing fire in a breathless pace.
Tell me the dishes can wait their turn,
That I'm sweeter than sauce left to burn.
Better than wine still sealed in glass,
More urgent than moments that slip too fast.
Tell me you need me—no gentle plea,
But rough, with hands that ache for me.
With breath like secrets against my skin,
Like holding back is the greatest sin.
Make me forget how to stand, how to speak,
Let the plate crash, let the silence creak.
Make me remember, without a word or sound,
What it means to be
claimed—body and bound.

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Echoes You Made

you wanted to kill me—but it'll kill you the same.
you wished i would stay, been cursing my name.
drunk on this pain, you sip it like wine,
watching me crumble, thinking she's still mine.

look at my life, how it fades into dust,
your hands held the match, your smile held the trust.
you built me a coffin and called it a throne,
then laughed as i wept in the dark all alone.

but this grief? it cuts, and it cuts both ways
you'll drown in the fire you set in my days.
so toast to the wreckage, toast to the end,
i died in your love,

but i won't break again.

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Where You Wanted Me

i'm where you wanted—down so low,
no light to warm, no room to grow.
you smiled and said, she's safe, she's fine,
then crushed my will to match your line.

you dressed my pain in quiet tones,
you called it love, you threw me bones.
you clipped my wings, you made me tame,
then turned around and praised my shame.

was this the throne you built for me?
a cage disguised as loyalty?
a gilded cell with chains that shine,
your twisted way to say 'you're mine.'

but hear me now—i'm not your toy,
not some soft doll you can destroy.
this rage you hate? it fuels my flame.
i kept it close. i learned your game.

i'll rise with scars you gave for free,
a brutal, burning symphony.
and when i go, don't act surprised,
you made this hell, then shut your eyes.

so yes—i'm here. your perfect prize.
but watch me tear the damn disguise.

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Spilled

he drank her first—
not with reverence,
not like you would have—
but greedily,
as if the warmth in her cup
was his by birthright.

she poured herself
thinking love was milk,
white and kind and
cleansing,
but it curdled in his mouth,
left stains on her skin
you can still smell
if you dare breathe too deep.

you—
you would've held her glass
with trembling hands,
kissed the rim,
waited for permission.

but he drank.
and left the cup cracked.
a quiet betrayal
with no blood,
just a sweet sourness
that never washed out.

you weren't late.
you were just
not him.

and she—
she gave it
before she knew
what giving meant.

Hoax

My only one
My smoking gun
My eclipsed sun
This has broken me down
My twisted knife
My sleepless night
My win-less fight
This has frozen my ground
Stood on the cliffside
Screaming, 'Give me a reason'
Your faithless love's the only hoax
I believe in
Don't want no other shade of blue
But you
No other sadness in the world would do
My best laid plan
Your sleight of hand
My barren land
I am ash from your fire
Stood on the cliffside
Screaming 'Give me a reason'
Your faithless love's the only hoax
I believe in
Don't want no other shade of blue
But you
No other sadness in the world would do
You know I left a part of me back in New York
You knew the hero died, so what's the movie for?
You knew it still hurts underneath my scars
From when they pulled me apart
You knew the password, so I let you in the door
You knew you won, so what's the point of keeping score?
You knew it still hurts underneath my scars
From when they pulled me apart
But what you did was just as dark
Darling, this was just as hard
As when they pulled me apart
My only one
My kingdom come undone

My broken drum
You have beaten my heart
Don't want no other shade of blue
But you
No other sadness in the world would do

Za7ra Sulaiman

I Almost Do

I almost told you,
in that breathless moment between hello and goodbye,
that I still remember the weight of your hand in mine,
still feel the echo of your laugh in the hollow of my chest.

I almost told you
how I still turn my head when someone calls your name,
how the world is full of shadows shaped like you —
half memory, half mistake.

I almost told you
that when I saw you standing there,
a stranger cloaked in a familiar smile,
my heart beat the old rhythm it had once composed for you.

I almost told you
how every word I never said still lingers between us,
an unfinished song,
a whisper caught between teeth too proud to tremble.

But I stayed silent,
because you were no longer mine to miss aloud,
because some aches are too sacred to confess,
even to the one who caused them.

So I just smiled,
pretending not to know you,
pretending not to love you still.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Do I Miss You

I almost wrote, 'I miss you still, '
But held it back against my will.
What good are truths you'll never see,
In letters lost to memory?

I draft you lines I'll never send—
Each word a wound I won't defend.
You moved with grace I couldn't fake,
And left me clinging to the ache.

I hope your nights are soft and kind,
While storms still gather in my mind.
I hope your dreams are light and free—
Mine circle back to you and me.

I wish I'd said the things I feel,
But silence taught me how to kneel.
To beg the past, to plead the sky,
For just one look, one last goodbye.

You moved on fast—I play the part.
But grief still nests beneath my heart.
I laugh too loud, I speak too bright,
Then cry your name alone at night.

The world won't pause, it turns and spins.
And love, it seems, is who still wins.
But here I sit, too proud to bend—
Still missing you.

Still.

The end.

Za7ra Sulaiman

25th April 2002

25th April 2025.

time flies and God i wish the eternal fountain of youth is real, I CAN'T BELIEVE I AM 23 THIS YEAR. it felt like just yesterday I just had my first kiss, first heartbreak, first day in highschool and today I'm no longer a young dumb and broke teenager but a young dumb and broke adult ?? ok enough yapping so here's to myself,

happy birthday,

how ironic, i am so benevolent to others but,
to my own, I haven't always been so kind,
To this soft soul and quiet mind.

I dodged the mirrors on my way,
As if the truth would fade away.
Each flaw I saw, each sleepless trace,
Each sorrow curved upon my face.
My gaze, unkind—a sharpened dart,
Never touched this tender heart.

I wish I'd known to treat me right,
To see myself in softer light.
For she is beauty, calm and rare,
A breath of peace in heavy air.
Yet never once did I embrace
The girl behind that fragile face.
Not once, a whisper, kind and true—
Not once, a gentle 'I love you.'

But maybe soon, I'll come to see
That she is more than hurt can be.
Her glow survives the darkest skies,
Still shining, though she can't realize.
She doesn't need to beg for grace,
It's written in her soul, her face.
happy 23rd birthday dearest self.

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Slipped Away

She never said goodbye—just slipped away,
like twilight bleeding into day.
No warning—just a breath she stole,
and left behind a lesser soul.

A song cut short mid-aching note,
the kind that catches in your throat.
Not silence—no, she left a hum,
a memory where words won't come.

Now in his dreams—he speaks her not,
for names can rot what time forgot.
He sits beside the echo's edge,
his longing balanced on a ledge.

He holds the stillness—bends the air,
as if she might reappear there.
As if a whisper soft and low
might call her back from long ago.

He tastes her on the morning light,
still woven in his sheets at night.
He feels her shadow in the heat,
her ghost still dancing in his beat.

She touched him once—then touched no more,
but left her scent behind the door.
Her fingerprints, like sacred ink,
still cling to every time he blinks.

She ruined him—in subtle ways—
turned minutes into endless days.
And though she's gone—he's still not free,
from all the ways she used to be.

He prays—without a god to hear—
just folds her name inside his fear.
And every dawn—he starts to weep—
still loving what he couldn't keep.

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Liar Prays

he kissed me like a liar prays.

He came to me at midnight—
not as a lover,
but as a man who'd run out of places to hide.

Eyes like apologies never spoken,
hands like they'd broken things
and still wanted to hold me.

I let him in—
because what else do you do
when the storm knocks gently?

He didn't speak at first.
Just touched my face
like he was memorizing it
for a war he wasn't sure he'd survive.

I asked him if he loved me.
He smiled like the question was cruel.
'I've loved you in every way except the kind that saves.'

And that was enough.
God, it was enough.

Because he kissed me like a liar prays—
desperate,
drenched in guilt,
begging someone who'd already stopped listening.

He kissed me like I was water
and he hadn't learned to swim.

Like he wanted to drown—
but not too fast.

We made a religion out of each other's bodies,
but we were both too faithless to stay.

And when he left—
he didn't say goodbye.
Just looked at me
like I was the best sin he'd ever tasted.

And I let him go.
Because what else do you do
when the fire wants to leave you gently?

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Alain Delon

Saw him then—in the rightest light,
as if God stepped aside so I could take a better look.
He looked like Alain Delon—
sharp as a blade,
eyes like a cold blue fire.
The kind of man who ruins you
with elegance.

He laughed—low, deliberate—
pen between his fingers,
coughed once, twice—
and then knelt before me,
not with desperation,
but something far more dangerous:
invitation.
'Will you do what you promised? '
Like I was the only vow he meant to keep.

Kiss me on the mouth like I'm a vice
and you've been good for far too long.
Love me like a sailor—
lonely, unsaved,
reeking of salt and want.
I may not kneel in mosques or churches—
but when you look at me,
I swear I believe in something.

Mama says she's worried—
but I'm cloaked in your favor,
wearing it like perfume
that only burns when you touch me.

When we're tangled,
the world stops knowing my name.
I sleep to see you again—
hate the hours that keep you from me.
I sleep because dreams are kinder
than distance.

You took my fingers to your mouth—
slow, precise—
the way a man touches art
he doesn't deserve.
And still, you devoured.

I've tried other poisons—
but none kill sweet like you.
None linger in my bloodstream
like your name.

Kiss me like I'm all you've got—
and you just remembered what it means to starve.
Tell me what I taste like
when your tongue forgets lies.
You say you're worried—
but darling, you're soaked in my favor now,
and I hope it drowns you soft.

Let's disappear
into the velvet walls of your childhood—
I'll be the cat,
you the fleeting shadow I chase.
We'll laugh at what we never lived
and pretend it was ours all along.
If we burn—
let it be slow,
with mouths locked,
and hands that never learned how to let go.

Za7ra Sulaiman

?????? ???? (Lost In Your Eyes)

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ENGLISH:

(Lost in your eyes)

Let me stay with you, get lost in your eyes

Take me in your arms, where my heartbeat flies
You're not just handsome... you're beyond compare
Every part of you, pulls me unaware
Your words?
Oh, your words are spells to me
Not like the rest—just poetry
You speak a language soft and new
And every syllable feels like you
You want some charm?
Then charm me slow...
Lull me with your warmth, let the silence flow
Sing me to sleep with your voice so low
And wrap me in dreams where your touches go
You want some love?
I'm all of it, dear
But only at night, when your whispers are near
Hold me close in that sacred hush
Make my world bloom with a single blush
Your image... it lives inside my soul
Not just a vision—it makes me whole
You came to me in a time so rare
Like a prayer was answered mid despair
So promise me...
Promise me peace, with your heart so true
Meet me somewhere, where there's only me and you
Where clocks stop ticking, and all we do—
Is laugh, and dance, and sing right through
Walk with me?
Your steps in sync with mine
The way you care... it feels divine
And this heart—
This heart that calls your name...
Can't you feel it? It beats the same

Za7ra Sulaiman

Yoyok

Summer went away, still, the yearning stays
I play it cool with the best of them
I wait patiently, he's gonna notice me
It's okay, we're the best of friends
Anyway
I hear it in your voice, you're smoking with your boys
I touch my phone as if it's your face
I didn't choose this town, I dream of getting out
There's just one who could make me stay
All my days
From sprinkler splashes to fireplace ashes
I waited ages to see you there
I search the party of better bodies
Just to learn that you never cared
You're on your own, kid
You always have been
I see the great escape, so long, Daisy May
I picked the petals, he loves me not
Something different bloomed, writing in my room
I play my songs in the parking lot
I'll run away
From sprinkler splashes to fireplace ashes
I called a taxi to take me there
I search the party of better bodies
Just to learn that my dreams aren't rare
You're on your own, kid
You always have been
From sprinkler splashes to fireplace ashes
I gave my blood, sweat, and tears for this
I hosted parties and starved my body
Like I'd be saved by a perfect kiss
The jokes weren't funny, I took the money
My friends from home don't know what to say
I looked around in a blood-soaked gown
And I saw something they can't take away
'Cause there were pages turned with the bridges burned
Everything you lose is a step you take
So make the friendship bracelets, take the moment and taste it
You've got no reason to be afraid

You're on your own, kid
Yeah, you can face this
You're on your own, kid
You always have been

Za7ra Sulaiman

House Of Hunger

I stopped loving you, or maybe I loved you too much, so much that it soured in my chest like spoiled milk, like rot beneath the ribs. You became a wound I couldn't soothe, a hunger I couldn't feed with mere longing or kisses or words. You see, love—just love—was never enough for a thing as brutal as me.

So I killed you.

Because I couldn't bear your absence and I couldn't bear your presence and I couldn't bear the way you looked at me with all that goddamned tenderness, like I was still someone worth loving. I slit open the space between us and stepped into the silence.

I needed you inside me—not metaphorically, not poetically, not romantically. Literally. I drank your blood like sacrament, hot and metallic on my tongue, and let it pool in the pit of me like red velvet reverence. I cooked your flesh slow, let it crisp and curl in the pan until the entire house smelled like you—like longing, like devotion, like everything I could never say when you were still breathing.

Your teeth, I kept. They sit in a glass jar beside my bed, a shrine to the way you once smiled at me. I kiss them every night. Softly. Carefully. As if they'll break.

And your eyes—I couldn't let them go. They watch me still. I feel their gaze even in the dark. They see the truth of me, the thing I became. They see—and they do not look away.

You never left me.

You will never leave me.

Not while you live beneath my skin.

i love you.

Za7ra Sulaiman

The One That Got Away

It always began quietly.
A little celebration,
just us—
you sneaking me in through the back door
of your mother's house,
where shadows knew our names
better than we knew ourselves.

I might've spilled my drink on the carpet,
but what really leaked that night
was everything I had buried—
not intention, but inevitability.
The kind of truth that slips through your lips
when the room is too dim
to lie.

We called it conversation.
But beneath the words
were blueprints—
hopes folded like paper cranes:
You'd go to college,
I'd get a job,
we'd meet in the middle of growing up
and never look back.

I wanted to believe
that mapping out a future
could anchor us
in something real.

But the days moved on
without asking our permission.
You changed your number,
I changed my sleep schedule—
started dreaming in past tense.

Maybe we'll get it right
in some other timeline.
Where summer after high school

never ended,
where the Mustang still waits,
engine humming with Radiohead,
and the ink on our matching tattoos
hasn't yet started to fade.

We were rebels,
stealing liquor and tomorrows,
climbing rooftops like we were gods
daring the sky to forget us.

But plans—
no matter how loudly whispered—
rarely survive the silence
that comes after love.

And now,
you're a song I don't play
but can't delete.
A name I don't say
but still find
between lines of books and bus windows.

I heard you removed the tattoo.
I didn't cry—
but I felt it,
like someone erasing my name
from a page I never got to finish.

If there's another life,
maybe I'd be brave enough to stay,
or maybe you wouldn't have let go.
Maybe the universe
would finally be kind to us.

Until then—
I'll keep falling for ghosts,
dominoes tumbling
from the hundredth floor of memory,
trying to find the door
to what we could've been.

You were the story
I wasn't ready to close.
And still,
you are the one
who got away.

Za7ra Sulaiman

I Want

i want

I want to be defined by the things that I love.

Not by the things that hollowed me out.

Not by the sharp edges I learned to live around.

Not by the fears that stalk me in the dark
when the world forgets I'm still trying.

I don't want to be remembered as the girl who flinched,
who cried behind closed doors,
who vanished in the middle of her own becoming.

I want to be remembered

for the way my eyes lit up when I talked about
old books that smelled like dust and daydreams,
songs that made me feel like I belonged somewhere—
even if it was just for three minutes and forty-two seconds.

Let me be the color pink—

not the loud, glittering kind,
but soft pink,

the color of rose quartz,

of quiet mornings,

of bruised skies right before dusk.

Let me be the sweet aroma of Sakura in bloom,
filling the air like a gentle promise—

that something beautiful can still survive,
even after everything.

Let me be poetry scribbled in the margins,
misspelled and sacred,

the kind you read when you're too tired to speak
but still want to be understood.

Let me be cats sleeping in the sun,
dreaming of nothing urgent.

Let me be small kindnesses.

Let me be stillness.

Let me be softness that fought to exist.

And most of all—

let me be that tiny library tucked in the corner of the town,
the one no one notices at first,
but once you step inside,
you never want to leave.

Quiet, yes—but full of life.

A little fragile.
But full of stories.
I don't want to be the wound.
I want to be the warmth.
You are what you love.
And I'm trying so hard
to love beautiful things—
so I can become one.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Rahsia Tuhan

Only breath is left to hear,
Restless peace that draws me near.
A shelter home through frail old age,
Just you and I—our sacred page.

I let you go, though it breaks me inside,
A pain so deep, where tears can't hide.
Touched the flame, and hate drew near,
Still, I let you go, my dear.

This is God's own secret thread,
A future written, softly spread.
We once could dance through days of light,
Now I doubt what's carved in night.

It grows heavier with morning's gleam,
Where grief invades each waking dream.
Still, I let you go, though I nearly die,
Touched the flame, and still, I try.

This is God's own whispered truth,
A fate etched deep beyond our youth.
We once could dream those tender days,
But now I question all His ways.

It grows heavier with each new sun,
Another day, and I'm undone.
Yet in the shadows, soft and slow,
I dream of us from long ago.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Even If It Was Never Holy

Even If It Was Never Holy

We were reckless,
yes—
to believe love alone
could bridge oceans
and city skylines.
You asked if I remembered
promising to die for you.
I do.
Just as I remember
booking flights
like prayers,
offered at the altar
of what could be.

But now,
you won't meet my eyes.
You stare out windows
like I'm a map you folded wrong—
a city once beloved,
now reduced
to gray streets and noise.
Still,
I am New York.
And I light up
when you say my name.

They warned us,
about the moments
when belief dries out
and the road ahead
offers only fog.
About the danger
of worshiping
with blind faith.

Still,
we knelt.

We worshiped.
Your mouth—
a gospel I trusted
even when the sermon
was broken.
Even if your love
was a false god,
I knelt anyway.
I offered my body
like scripture.
You took communion
at my hips.

I know heaven exists.
I've touched it
in your arms.
Hell, too—
it whispers through
our arguments.
But we always
build churches
out of apologies,
pour wine over wounds,
call it forgiveness.

Sometimes
I become the storm—
daring you to walk out
just so I can feel
the weight of your return.
You become
the West Village,
still charming,
still complicated,
still you.

They warned us
about gods that falter.
About love
that doesn't save.
But even now—
with faith unraveling—

I'd still kneel
at the feet
of what we made.

Even if
it was never holy.
Even if
it was never real.
I'd still
worship this love.

Za7ra Sulaiman

A Thousand Small Goodbyes

Saying goodbye
isn't a single wound—
it's a slow unraveling.
Not a blade, but a thousand
invisible splinters
buried under the skin
of ordinary moments.

The night jolts me awake—
a memory masquerading as a dream.
I drink,
but the emptiness dilutes the wine.
Morning comes,
you don't.
You're not my lover anymore.

I still peer
through the boarded-up windows
of what we once called home.
The chandelier flickers
like a ghost
still dancing to music
we can no longer hear.

I dress like armor,
like distraction.
I walk the longest roads
just to stay moving,
ask red and green lights
for direction.
They blink back blankly:
I don't know.

You once called it
a great love,
said it was for the ages—
but if the story ended,
why am I still
writing you

into every page?

This small town
holds your outline
in every empty chair,
every shadowed alley.
We are no longer 'ours'—
only echoes
on opposite ends
of the same street.

My heart,
my hips,
my spirit,
my trust—
there is no map
left unmarked by you.
You left me
like a bad habit
half-forgotten,
yet I haunt places
you never even entered.

Our anthems play
in unfamiliar places.
A country of us
now exiled—
lawless, unclaimed.
Your hand
once hushed my fears,
now I quiet them alone
with silence
and the sting
of what might've been.

You took too much—
not violently,
but gently,
steadily.
Each moment,
a paper-thin cut
I convinced myself

I could survive.

And still,
I ask the streetlights,
Will it be okay?
They flicker,
and the silence says
what no one else will.

I don't know.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Place I'll Never Return

We were in the backseat,
drunk on something stronger
than anything poured behind a bar.
“I used to live in that room above the bookstore,”
I said,
casually,
like it hadn't been holy once.

We were a blank page,
ink still wet—
filling it in
with laughter,
with arguments,
with half-slept mornings.
The streetlights blinked like omens,
all of them
pointing us forward.

And I hope I never lose you.
I hope this
never folds into
a before.

Because if I ever did—
if you ever left—
I could never pass that place again.
That room,
those floorboards,
those stairs that knew our weight.
That's the kind of ache
that time doesn't touch.
That's a doorway I'd never walk through again.

And love,
this city hums with your name.
The corners,
the windows,
even the silence
echoes you.

And I am afraid—
tenderly, terribly afraid—
of what would happen
if you left.

I still remember the open window,
autumn in your jacket
slung over my shoulders.
We blessed the rain
that dripped through the cracked ceiling.
We memorized the creaks beneath our feet—
as if knowing the place
meant keeping the feeling.

We played our games,
me the skeptic,
you the magician.
I packed my things once,
left the room
without telling you.

But then you called—
said my name like it was a hand
held out in the dark.
I turned back
before the city could forget me.
We climbed the roof
and let the sky cover us.

I hope I never lose you.
Not just you—
but who I am
when I'm with you
in that place.

Because I know
what it would feel like
to lose it:
to pass by that building,
to glance at the window,
and feel my chest pull shut.

I'd never go back.
Not because I don't want to—
but because I couldn't bear
how much it would hurt.

You held my hand in the street,
walked me back
to the door we used to open barefoot.
That place was more than four walls—
it was belief.
It was.

Za7ra Sulaiman

To All Of The Girls You Once Loved

When I think of you,
I think of late nights—
those dull, drifting fights
over the hum of a phone line,
the kind that leave you lonelier
than being alone.

Waking beside someone
whose presence meant less
than the silence that followed.

A heart once circled your name—
not by me,
but it mattered once,
didn't it?

You wandered through towns,
held hands with ghosts
just to feel like time was moving.
But the past—yours and mine—
moved in lines
too parallel not to meet.

The stars folded in,
quiet and deliberate,
until we found each other
beneath them.

And now—
you call me "baby";
like it's always been mine to hear,
and treat me gently,
like love is not a thing to win
but something you protect.

And I see it—
how every girl who once loved you
left a trace
you carried to me.

Not baggage,
but blueprint.

Every closed door,
every wrong turn,
every name you tried to forget—
it all led here.

And I am grateful
for the hearts that softened you,
for the lessons taught in leaving.
Because you arrived ready
to stay.

Za7ra Sulaiman

You're The One I Want

The moon was high,
like the laughter of your friends the night we met.
I went home alone
and typed your name into the void,
hunting for fragments—
a name, a face, something unfinished.

Later, I found your books,
lined beside your bed like silent confessions.
By then, the wine had gone cold,
like the way I looked at you that day on the street.
A game of distance—cat and mouse—
until night blurred into morning,
and I woke to the sound of your breath.

Kiss me—once for the ache in my shoulders,
twice for the years I wandered without you,
three times,
because something in me knew I'd been waiting
for you all along.

I've always loved beautiful things,
but I'd marry you with paper rings.
No gold, no fanfare—
just you,
the only constant in a world that spins too fast.

I never liked accidents—
except for how we stumbled into this.
From friendship
to something that now holds its shape
in picture frames,
in dirty dreams,
in the way your name feels like home.

Winter,
and the pool outside was icy,
but you jumped first—
so I followed.

That's always been us.
Even when the water's cold,
even when love feels like risk,
I go in too.

And yes,
we painted your brother's wall a wild color—
something loud, unplanned,
just like us.
Without the exes,
the mistakes,
the long silences between calls,
we wouldn't stand here
this certain, this tall.

So kiss me again—
not to promise
but to remember.

I want the road trips,
the wrong turns,
your worst moods,
your quiet Mondays.
I want the mess,
and your arms around me when the world forgets us.

Yes—
I like shiny things.
But give me your hands,
give me paper rings,
and every ordinary day
that feels like more
because you're in it.

You're the one I want.
Not in the dream,
but in the morning after.
Not in perfection,
but in every choice
we made
to stay.
darling, you're the one I want.

Isn't It Romantic

Isn't it romantic?

We could leave the Christmas lights a little longer—
not out of laziness,
but because they feel like us:
a warm defiance against the ordinary.
This is our home,
and the rules bend gently in our hands.

There's something about you—
not dazzling, not loud,
but a quiet spell I fall into
every time you enter the room.
Have I known you twenty seconds
or twenty lifetimes?
Time stops arguing when I'm near you.

Can I go where you go?
Can this closeness be the kind
that lingers through every season—
unfolding slowly,
never tiring of its own softness?

Let the world crash gently into the living room—
we'll welcome the chaos,
make coffee for our friends,
fall asleep mid-conversation.
And still, I'll watch you
with that same cautious wonder,
as if everyone who looks at you
might fall in love too.

Three summers,
and none of them have been enough.
I want them all—
the humid nights, the stormed-out mornings,
the way you reach for my hand
like you've always known where it fits.

Can I go where you go?

Can we be this close
forever—
not in fireworks,
but in the steady flame that never asks to be seen?

If they ask me to stand,
I will—
with every scar shaped like music,
every vow shaped like you.
You've always been the reason behind the rhyme.

My heart's been borrowed, yours has been blue,
but look—how it all led here.
I'll be dramatic, yes,
but only because you move

Za7ra Sulaiman

Lover

We might leave the lights strung past the season,
a small rebellion in the quiet of January.

This space is ours—
no clocks, no rules, just the way your presence
settles the air with something
half haze, half gravity.

I don't know if I've known you a moment
or all my lives.
But still—
Can I follow the path you take,
lie close in the hush that lingers after laughter?
Can I call this—
whatever this is—ours?

The couch is theirs if they need it.
We'll let the world in on our terms.
And yes, I notice the way they look at you—
as if you were made of something rare,
as if they, too, want
what I've known through three long summers
and still, still want for every season to come.

Can I be near you like this
always,
where the hours collapse and the years don't frighten?

I'll say it plain:
You're mine.

And if they ask us to rise, I'll show them
the worn callouses of devotion,
the strange pull of something magnetic
that has always led me back to you.

My heart—borrowed and bruised—
met yours, still carrying
the soft blue of distance.
But this is the ending we earned.

We made it here.

I'll be theatrical if I must.

I'll be honest.

Keep your secrets sharp and sweet—just for me.

And wherever they gather,

I'll be there early,

saving you a seat.

Always.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Faux Misery

Salman's poem

Oh look, she's sad again, how deep, how grand,
She takes the stage with trembling hand.
As if crying on purpose gives her the upper hand,
As if sorrow was something we'd all understand.

Writes poems like wounds, so raw, so fake,
Each stanza a sob, each line a mistake.
She milks every ache for the drama she makes,
Then watches it bloom in the trail of heartbreaks.

She calls it art, but it's just a show,
A shadow-play where nothing can grow.
Wears gloom like glitter, won't let it go,
Finds comfort in pity, lets no light show.

Joy's too simple, peace too plain,
No spotlight in balance, no profit in sane.
Why heal when you can profit off pain,
When a broken voice sings louder than the sane?

She lives in a verse, sleeps in a line,
Pretends it's deep, but it's by design.
Every tear rehearsed, each metaphor stained,
In a play where the ending's always the same.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Jetaime

[illegible]

Za7ra Sulaiman

Not Without My Muse

Is it romantic?
or cruel?
how every elegy I write ends up burying me deeper?
I was never built for this wasteland of copycats,
cold-eyed predators behind their little glass prisons.
Always watching,
never understanding.

Take me to the lakes.
where poets went to die,
not to be remembered,
but to be left alone.
I don't belong here,
and neither do you.
You, with your ruined gentleness.
You, who carry silence like it's holy.
Lead me to the place your silence calls home
but no not without you—my muse.

Those Windermere peaks
they look like a place grief could finally exhale.
I'm going.
But not without you— my muse
not without the fire that still dares to burn in me.

What should have faded
has festered
a rot beneath my skin,
breathing in the pulse of every memory I tried to forget.
Pain comes in waves,
but some waves never return to sea.
I've come too far,
bled too much,
to let some hollow, name-dropping mouth
measure the worth of my ruin.

Take me to the lakes.
Let me drown in something beautiful.
Let the world forget I was ever here

except you.
Especially you.

I want auroras that blind.
I want prose that cuts so deeply it feels like home.
I want to feel something twist around my ankles
wisteria, roots, anything
because I haven't feel anything since you gone

Za7ra Sulaiman

I Know You

o captain my captain,

I know you,
in ways your eyes will never meet,
through words shared in the quiet spaces
where we don't speak aloud,
but I feel you—
in the way your soul hums
with the weight of your duty,
in the silence between us
when you speak of love,
and I am not it.

You are kind,
handsome in ways that make me ache,
but more beautiful still,
for the way you carry the world on your shoulders
with a gentleness that asks for nothing in return.

I've helped you accept what you cannot change,
while I have never asked you to see
the way my heart swells with every word,
with every moment I am near you.
I've learned how to be nothing more
than a shadow beside you—
content to be the person you trust,
though I know the ache of not being the one
you look for in the quiet of your heart.

And so I stay.
Not as your lover,
but as the echo of someone who loves you
with the kind of love
that doesn't ask for a place at your side,
just for the chance to see you as you are,
to hold your pain,
and to know that I was here,
even if you never knew me at all.

Qibla, Are You My Greatest Sin?

qibla

Between Me and Qiblah
I turned to Him with trembling hands,
but your name echoed louder than any du'a.
I fasted from the world,
yet craved the taste of your gaze.

Love, in this form,
felt like praying with a distracted heart—
a worship divided,
a soul torn between mercy and desire.

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

I Need You

I NEED YOU PLEASE COME BACK

I need you I need you I need you I need you I need you I need you I need you I need you I need you I need you I need you

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please.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Happy Birthday

happy birthday dearest me,

how ironic, i am so benevolent to others but,
to my own, I haven't always been so kind,
To this soft soul and quiet mind.
I dodged the mirrors on my way,
As if the truth would fade away.

Each flaw I saw, each sleepless trace,
Each sorrow curved upon my face.
My gaze, unkind—a sharpened dart,
Never touched this tender heart.

I wish I'd known to treat me right,
To see myself in softer light.
For she is beauty, calm and rare,
A breath of peace in heavy air.

Yet never once did I embrace
The girl behind that fragile face.
Not once, a whisper, kind and true—
Not once, a gentle 'I love you.'

But maybe soon, I'll come to see
That she is more than hurt can be.
Her glow survives the darkest skies,
Still shining, though she can't realize.

She doesn't need to beg for grace,
It's written in her soul, her face.
happy birthday dearest self.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Not A Novel

(Salman's poem)

She gazes out windows like life's a film noir,
Sips lukewarm tea like it's leaving a scar.
Pouts at the sky like the clouds owe her tears,
Drenched in faux sorrow and thrift-store veneers.

Says, "It's poetic," as she sulks in her bed,
Girl, it's just Tuesday—get out of your head.
The drama's tired, the gloom's passé,
You're not a novel—just bored today.

She twirls in her kitchen like pain is a dance,
Clutches her journal like fate's in a trance.
Collects broken mugs like they whisper her name,
Spins tales of heartache with zero real shame.

Wears eyeliner thick like it shields her from fate,
Plays vinyls at dusk like it's 1948.
Posts cryptic quotes, then refreshes the feed,
Starved for a comment she doesn't quite need.

Calls every silence a haunting refrain,
Wears melancholy like it's part of her chain.
Claims she's a tempest, a storm in her skin—
Babe, it's just hormones, not chaos within.

Sighs like the world just doesn't align,
With her tragic aesthetic and overpriced wine.
Stares at the mirror like she's waiting to see
A misunderstood muse in a black-and-white spree.

Carries a paperback she never will read,
Swears she's a poet just nursing a need.
Draws hearts on receipts in a moment of flair,
Then throws them away like no one would care.

But oh, how she loves her curated despair,

The spotlight of sadness, the vacant stare.
She's crafted a world where she's always the lead—
A girl made of longing, not actual need.

So sip your tea, babe, and dramatize slow,
Romance the mundane, let your irony show.
The world's not your stage, but hey, that's okay—
Sometimes you're just lonely. And that's kind of cliché.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Your Eyes

I've been watching you for what feels like forever now.
There's something about you — I just can't look away.
Those eyes... god, those forest eyes. They pull me in, making me lost.
like waves dragging me under, and I swear I can't breathe sometimes.
The world's burning around me — cities collapsing, skies on fire.
But all I see are those eyes.
Fifteen flares lighting me up from the inside,
and every one of them is you.
It's not fair —
the way you look at me,
the way you see me.
You know exactly how to make me fall apart
just by looking at me like that.
I hate that you make me cry so easily.
I'm scared.
This feels like falling from somewhere way too high
—and I don't even know if there's anything waiting to catch me.
But I keep falling anyway.
Right into your forest eyes.
The world feels blind now
—like nothing makes sense anymore.
But you, you're all I think about.
That mind of yours — sharp, brilliant... diamond.
You were always so careful,
so gentle with time,
but somehow time still took you away.
Left you with all that brilliance, and no one to share it with.
Just
t you...
—and those damn green eyes.

[Jump to latest comment](#)

YOUR EYES · Alive Poets Society

Za7ra Sulaiman

Devour Me, My Love

Carve me gently with your touch,
let your lips slice through my skin.
Feast upon my whispered breath,
draw me deeper, pull me in.

Your teeth, the daggers of desire,
your hunger, sharp and all-consuming.
I am willing flesh, a willing fire,
soft and sweet, ripe for the ruining.

Drink the marrow of my need,
lick the salt of my devotion.
Leave no piece of me untouched,
love should never fear erosion.

Let us merge in crimson ruin,
no divide of mine or thine.
Consume me whole, devour me truly,
until your bones are shaped like mine.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Paradoxe

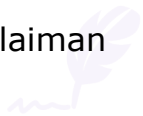
What curse does God befall me, that I feel nothing and everything all at once?
Like a vessel both overflowing and hollow, a paradox stitched into my skin. The
weight of it presses against my ribs, yet my hands grasp at air—empty, grasping,
restless. Is this punishment? Or just existence unraveling in slow motion? I
wonder if God watches or if even He has turned away.

What is the meaning of existence if all it does is press and pull, tighten and
unravel, fill and empty me in the same breath? If I am here, then why does it
feel like I am not?

That's the big question, isn't it? Feels like life is just a cycle of pain
sometimes—one thing after another, barely catching a break. If we exist just to
suffer, then what's the point? What's the meaning of life? To suffer?

But maybe it's not just about suffering. Maybe it's about finding meaning in the
mess, even if it's just in small moments. Like proving people wrong, writing a
damn good story, or just having one good day after a hundred bad ones. Maybe
existence isn't about some grand purpose—it's just about making it through and
finding something worth holding onto.

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

We Can't Be Friends

I don't think you ever really understood me.
I don't know why you even tried.

I don't want to tiptoe around this,
but I don't want to hide either.
I just don't want to keep feeding this fire.
I just want to let the story die.
And I'll be fine. I will.

We can't be friends.
But maybe we can pretend for a little while.
You hold onto your words, your letters, your memories—
Like if you wait long enough, I'll be the version of me you want again.

Maybe I will.
Maybe I won't.
Maybe I'll just sit here with my truth,
and that will have to be enough.

I don't want to argue.
But I also don't want to swallow my words just to keep the peace.
I think I'd rather disappear than do that again.

You got me all wrong.
But at least I look good doing it.

We can't be friends.
But we can pretend.
You'll keep writing, waiting,
hoping one day I'll be easy to love again.

You made me.
Or maybe you think you did.
I don't like the version of me you put on paper.
But I'm still here, hanging onto something I can't name.

Not what you made me,
but something else.
Something softer, something real.

And maybe—for now—
it's just me.
Maybe that's all I need.

Za7ra Sulaiman

We Survived

My knuckles are bruised like wilting violets,
skin against the walls that held my silence.
I cursed your name between sleep-talked confessions,
tore your banners down, waged war in the dark.

Maybe it was pride that kept my fists clenched,
maybe it was her.
The echoes of battle still ring in my head,
a blur of wounds I swore were justified.

Bloodshed, crimson clover—
A battlefield disguised as love.
But my hand was the one you reached for
through every fire, every fight.
I wrote my pain in ink and tears,
vowed never to cry again
if we made it out alive.

You offered peace, but I locked the doors.
Drew the curtains, swallowed my own poison.
You told me love should be softer than this,
but I was gasoline, and you lit the match.

Maybe it wasn't you, maybe it was ghosts—
whispers of betrayal from wounds you never gave me.
So I turned my sorrow into sharpened blades
and cut too deep

Za7ra Sulaiman

Never Meant To Be

No words come to me in the quiet after.
Salt trails down my cheeks, into the hollow spaces you left behind.
Every touch turns to sorrow, every breath feels heavier—
Because it's over. Because you're gone.

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.
You were the sky stretched wide, endless and whole.
You were more than just a fleeting moment.
And now, all I have is longing—
A future rewritten without you in it,
A life I have to live without ever knowing
What could've been, what should've been you.

Did fate shift its course with the beat of a wing?
Did I lose you because I never begged the heavens to let you stay?
Every tomorrow has turned to dust,
Scattered in the winds of wasn't meant to be.

So I whisper words I don't believe—

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.
You were bigger than the whole sky.
You were more than just a short time.
And now, all I have is longing—
A story that never got its ending,
A love that never touched the sun.
I will never meet
What could've been, what would've been,
What should've been you.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Angel

Congratulations—you've mastered the art of pretending to be human. You do it so well, so effortlessly, that even the neighbors are fooled. They see you reading the Sunday paper, sipping your coffee, nodding along to small talk. But I know better. I know you.

That's why I don't bring up the weather anymore. I don't talk about the rain. I don't ask questions I know you won't answer. Instead, after you fall asleep, I press my lips to your closed eyelids, your cheeks, memorizing the way your breath slows in the quiet. I know we're not the same.

You're something else entirely. Something otherworldly.

An angel in disguise. An angel in my eyes.

I bought a house once, a place to settle, to live—but walls and a roof mean nothing when you're not there. You are the home I'm missing. And I know nothing good lasts forever, but nights with you feel like they might. So I whisper, go slow. Let me stay here just a little longer.

I never knew I needed you until I found you for the first time. Until I looked into your eyes and forgot how to breathe. I stumble. I fell. I wake up inside a dream I don't want to leave.

So teach me how to fly.

You, my angel. You, the one I can't stop reaching for. Are you mine tonight?
Even if it's just for tonight?

Za7ra Sulaiman

Forest Eyes

I've been watching you for what feels like forever now.
There's something about you — I just can't look away.
Those eyes... god, those ocean eyes. They pull me in,
like waves dragging me under, and I swear I can't breathe sometimes.

The world's burning around me — cities collapsing, skies on fire.
But all I see are those eyes.
Fifteen flares lighting me up from the inside,
and every one of them is you.

It's not fair —
the way you look at me,
the way you see me.
You know exactly how to make me fall apart
just by looking at me like that.
I hate that you make me cry so easily.

I'm scared.
This feels like falling from somewhere way too high —
and I don't even know if there's anything waiting to catch me.
But I keep falling anyway.
Right into your ocean eyes.

The world feels blind now —
like nothing makes sense anymore.
But you, you're all I think about.
That mind of yours — sharp, brilliant... diamond.

You were always so careful,
so gentle with time,
but somehow time still took you away.
Left you with all that brilliance, and no one to share it with.

Just you...
and those damn ocean eyes.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Yours

was always just somebody to them. Never the one. Never enough.

They reached for me when they were lonely, when they needed comfort, when they wanted something easy. But they never held me. Never chose me. And still, I stayed. Because some part of me thought that if I gave enough, if I loved enough, they'd finally see me the way I saw them.

But they never did.

I would have given them everything—every star, every sunrise, every broken piece of myself—if it meant they'd look at me like I was the love of their life. If it meant they'd stay. But I was just fooling myself.

I should have walked away. I should have known that loving someone who won't love you back is its own kind of heartbreak. But I kept holding on, even when I knew the truth. Even when I was just hurting myself in the end.

Because even now, even after everything... I still feel like they're mine. And I know that's the cruelest lie of all.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Lose My Mind

And I'll be fine without him
But all I do is write about him
How the hell did I lose a lover I never had?
Never had
i lose my mind
and no one ever believed that
how the hell i lose a lover i never had

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

I Invited My Younger Self For Coffee

I invite my younger self for coffee.
She's 15 minutes early, and I'm 30 minutes late.
She asks me how I'm doing,
And I don't know how to answer.

She stirs her drink like she's searching for truth,
Eyes wide with dreams she hasn't yet lost.
She tells me about the books she wants to write,
The places she swears she'll go,
The love she's sure will last forever.

I smile at her innocence,
At the girl who still believes the world is kind.
I don't tell her about the storms ahead,
The nights she'll cry, the dreams that will burn,
The way her body will betray her.

Instead, I take her hand,
Feel the warmth, the strength she doesn't yet know she has.
"I'm doing okay," I finally say.
"Not in the way you imagined, but in a way that still matters."

She studies me, searching for something familiar,
And I wonder if she recognizes herself in me.
Would she be proud? Would she be afraid?
Would she understand that we made it, just not the way she planned?

The coffee grows cold, but we stay a little longer,
Two versions of the same girl,
Bridging the years with quiet understanding.
And when she finally leaves, she doesn't look back—
Because she knows, somehow,
That I will be okay.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Til My Dying Day

Cause I loved you, I swear I loved you

'Til my dying day"

??????? ??? ????? ??? ??? ???? ?

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'I've started seeing you in everything my eyes lay sight on, "

Whether it is the sun, the moon, or simply a random smile, I love you till death. I
leave you in God's care.

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Cinta Matiku

kalau mampu aku menulis takdirku, akanku tulis namamu sahaja dan patahkan kalam itu.

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Go

You broke me once, you broke me twice,
Left me lost in fire and ice.
You were cruel, and I was blind—
So let me go, leave me behind.

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Whispers To The Departed

The hospital asks, Shall we cast the shell?
Before I bid my star farewell.
A curious thing, this cloth-bound flight,
Do you find it just, my dragonfly?

Shall we gaze at the silver moon,
Sing one last song, my little loon?
Why do you weep? The time is brief—
Yet life still glows, though edged with grief.

You spoke enough, my restless hawk,
But tell me now, before you walk—
What did you learn from fire and sky?
From burning pines and sparks on high?

For in the end, one truth remains,
A whispered breath, a soft refrain—
We're all gonna die

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Break Me Twice

Go on, ignore me—you're busy, I'm sure,
Or is it space you're longing for?
If your heart has changed, don't hesitate,
Go on, just seal my twisted fate.

Break me again, leave me to cry,
Wondering why I let you inside.
Is it you, or am I to blame?
For playing twice this foolish game.

Oh, it must be sweet, must be nice,
To love someone—who breaks you twice.

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Langit

Langit kelabu menangis hiba,
Janji yang terucap kini dusta belaka,
Bintang redup hilang cahaya,
Angin berbisik kisah lara,
Hati retak tiada penawarnya
oh janji kekasih, sedalam lautan namun tak pernah kau tunaikan

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Bulan

Bulan merintih di langit sepi,
Membisik namamu dalam mimpi,
Cahayanya redup, rindu bersemi,
Mencari bayangmu tak mungkin kembali,
Angin bawaan kisahku yang tersembunyi,
Antara bintang dan hati sunyi.
sayang, kupohon kau kembali

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Tableeghni

Every night, I reach for you, my fingers grasping at nothing but cold air. I tell myself it's just a bad dream, that if I close my eyes long enough, I'll wake up and find you here. But I never do.

My heart aches for you, love. I crave you in a way that feels unbearable, like I've lost a part of myself that only you can return.

Tell me, why does every breeze feel like your touch, every fading sunset like a quiet promise that you'll come back? Maybe I'm just being foolish, finding pieces of you in things that can never hold me the way you did.

I count the moments by the sound of my own heartbeat, each one making the space between us feel even bigger. Ya 3youni, tableeghni ya habibi—carry me back to you.

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

I Loved You Enough

I loved you enough to ignore the things that should have been red flags. The way you pulled away when I needed you close. The way your words felt warm. But your actions were cold. I told myself it was enough.

The little moments of affection. The glimpses of the person I wanted you to be. I held on to the hope that if I loved you harder, you'd finally see me. I gave and gave until I had nothing left. I bent my boundaries.

Now I'm learning to let go. Not because I stopped loving you. But because I finally started loving myself. I deserve more than almost love. More than waiting for someone who was never ready to give me what I gave them.

Let go of my needs. And became someone I didn't recognize just to make you stay. But the truth is, you can't make someone love you the way you deserve to be loved. And no matter how much I gave, it was never going to be enough for someone who didn't know how to receive it.

It's not easy. Sometimes I miss you. But then I remind myself of all the ways I felt small. Walking away wasn't about giving up on you. It was about choosing me.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Yearned

How do I tell you my heart has only ever yearned for you?

You tell me I do not know how to love but that is not true.

You've left me lifeless at nights longing for your embrace.

When I close my eyes all I ever see is your face.

By god who has made you look so fine.

All I've ever wanted was to make you mine

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

What If

What if I get everything I ever want and it's still not enough, the money, the clothes, the house, the career? What if I get it all and it still isn't enough because I don't have you? What if it brings me back to all those years ago when I realized no amount of money or career or tangible things could ever equate to what we had and our puppy dog love and everything we shared and our laughs and our cries and our talk about a future. What if it's never enough, because the future I created no longer has you in it, while I find myself wishing on stars and picking up pennies like they'll grant me some form of redemption. What if I find the man of my dreams and he is everything I'm supposed to want, kind eyes, steady hands, good intentions, and he gets on his knee and the memories barrel through me. What if I realize I don't want the man of my dreams? I just want the man that haunts them

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Who's Afraid Of Little Old Me

Is it a wonder I broke? Let's hear one more joke
Then we could all just laugh until I cry

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

His Lost?

His loss?

But to him he didn't lose anything.

His loss?

But i couldn't eat properly for days.

His loss?

But it's my chest that aches.

His loss?

But I vomited out of anxiety.

His loss?

But he sleeps soundly at night.

His loss?

But the sound of his name still breaks me.

His loss?

But deep down i know it's mine too
we were something don't you think so?

Za7ra Sulaiman

Bound

Did you think your absence could make me forget you?

I find you everywhere.

This morning, I tasted you in my coffee.

Last night, I listened to your favourite song before I went to sleep. You are woven into every inch of scenery I see.

I cannot comprehend a life that has no you in it.

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Forget

Dear God, why him? why is he so attached to a part of me that feels so foreign? He's not the prettiest, but in my eyes, yes he is. He's not the kindest but to my heart, at least he's trying. He's bare minimum compared to what kind of men I want but even bare minimum feels rare...

Oh god, I beg you! To free me from his thoughts, his eyes, his hands, his figure, his lips, his hairs and his fucking beautiful presence. Let him be my moon. Pretty but far & not mine to keep. This is a humble, cared request, my lord let me forget

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

By Av

Our first glance was a mystery, undefined,
A spark unlit, a whisper of time.
But now your eyes, like stars, ignite,
Turning my darkness into radiant light.

What once was distant, a curious maze,
Now blooms in warmth, in love's sweet haze.
Your smile, a melody, soft and true,
Every beat of my heart sings only for you.

The world may change, its seasons stray,
But my love for you will never fade away.
From a quiet start to a love profound,
In your arms, my forever is found.

Za7ra Sulaiman



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Sacré

?????? ???? ????? babe

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I don't want a life without you babe You are on my mind and there is no one else
May my life be sacrificed for you

Za7ra Sulaiman



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Green Eyes

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I think about our days, I don't know how to live without you Oh, you ruin the
greens in your eyes I told you I'm sorry, you seem forgetful

Za7ra Sulaiman



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Choose

'I didn't fall in love with you.

I walked into love with you, with my eyes wide open, choosing to take every step along the way.

I do believe in fate and destiny, but I also believe we are only fated to do the things that we'd choose anyway.

And I'd choose you; in a hundred lifetimes, in a hundred worlds, in any version of reality, I'd find you and I'd choose you in every universe

Za7ra Sulaiman



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Gift

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I asked Allah for happiness and he gave me you.

Za7ra Sulaiman



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Absence

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????????.

Your absence makes my heart feel empty; nothing brings me peace except you

Za7ra Sulaiman



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Okay

'Are you okay? ' they asked.

I feel like my organs have been ripped out, leaving me hollow.

I feel like I'm being crushed between the earth and the sky.

I feel like I'm being pushed off a cliff by someone I love.

But all I say is, 'Yeah, I'm fine.'

Za7ra Sulaiman



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Last Wish

When death arrives at my door

Asking what's my last wish

And i don't know what to say

Should I say that I want to meet the person I loved the most

Or should I say I want to tell my parents sorry for not being a good child

Or should I say I want to meet my childhood friend and do silly things for the last time

Or should I say I want wear that dress i always wanted to but my insecurities couldn't let me

Or should I say I want my mom beside me my last breath



PoemHunter.com

What should I say?

Za7ra Sulaiman

Finally He Didn't Reply

After several months of the breakup, she decided to send him a final message.

she typed:

'When I close my eyes, I see you like they're still open.

When I open them, you're clearer than anything I'm hoping.

If you want to come back, the door's not locked yet.

Hold me tightly before I close the gate.

I'll fulfill your every wish, even if it's my death.

Your name will still escape with my final breath.

I loved you so much, I dug my own grave.

You're under the illusion you can replace a poet's love

Za7ra Sulaiman

Absurd

I thought I was over him,

Until I heard his name,

And it felt like the world stopped spinning,

Like all the moments we shared came rushing back.

I thought I was over him,

Until I checked my phone,

Hoping his name would light up the screen,

But the silence hit harder than any words ever could.

I thought I was over him,

Until something beautiful happened,

And I realized the one person I wanted to share it with

Was the one who's no longer there.

I thought I was over him,

But love doesn't fade;

It stays in the places we once stood,

In every laugh, every glance, every touch-

A memory that still aches, no matter how far.

Za7ra Sulaiman

My Boy

My boy is so beautiful, a radiant light,
He's like the sunshine in winter's cold bite.
His laughter dances, a melody sweet,
Warming the heart with each joyful beat.

In frosty mornings, he brightens the gray,
A beacon of hope in the midst of the fray.
With every smile, he chases the chill,
A treasure of warmth, my heart he does fill.

Za7ra Sulaiman



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Him And I

Cross my heart, hope to die
To my lover, I'd never lie.
In the whispers of the night,
Promises shimmer, oh so bright.
He said, 'Be true', I swear I'll try,
With every heartbeat, I comply.
In the laughter and the tears,
We conquer doubts, we face our fears.

In the end, it's him and I,
Two souls dancing, reaching high.
He's out his head, I'm out my mind,
In this chaos, love we find.

We got that love, the crazy kind,
A bond unbroken, perfectly aligned.
I am his, and he is mine,
In this journey, our hearts entwine.

In the end, it's him and I,
Together we soar, together we fly.
With every challenge that we face,
Our love, a wild and sacred space.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Die Again

I keep on dying again,
Veins collapse, opening like the
Small fists of sleeping
Children, dreams tucked away,
Innocence held in soft embrace,
Yet time's hand reaches,
With a chilling trace.

Memory of old tombs,
Whispers of forgotten lore,
Rotting flesh and worms do
Not convince me against
The challenge that beckons,
A call to rise once more.

The years, like shadows,
Dance along the lines,
Deep in the creases of my face,
Where cold defeat entwines,
Yet in the depths of despair,
A glimmer of hope shines.

With every fall, I gather strength,
From ashes and dust, I ascend,
Each heartbeat a promise,
Each breath a new blend,
For I keep on dying again,
But I also learn to transcend.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Yours Anyway

break my heart, break it a thousand times if you'd like. it was only ever yours to break anyway.

It certainly was not my intention to make you suffer, yet i have done so and I shall always do so

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

Collaboration Your Honey My High

mother earth and bless me with what is richest
make sky flow honey out of my hips
rigis mountains
spread over a valley
carved out by the mouth of rain.

And u knew when u entered me you'd be
high wind in my forests hollow
fingers whispering sound
honey flowed

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

The Archer

I've been the archer
I've been the prey
Who could ever leave me, darling?
But who could stay?

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

The Prophecy

Hand on the throttle
Thought I caught lightning in a bottle
Oh, but it's gone again
And it was written
I got cursed like Eve got bitten
Oh, was it punishment?
Pad around when I get home
I guess a lesser woman would've lost hope
A greater woman wouldn't beg
But I looked to the sky and said
Please I've been on my knees
Change the prophecy
Don't want money
Just someone who wants my company
Let it once be me
Who do I have to speak to
About if they can redo the prophecy?
Cards on the table
Mine play out like fools in a fable, oh
It was sinking in
Slow is the quicksand
Poison blood from the wound of the pricked hand
Oh, still I dream of him
Please I've been on my knees
Change the prophecy
Don't want money
Just someone who wants my company
Let it once be me
Who do I have to speak to
About if they can redo the prophecy?
And I sound like an infant
Feeling like the very last drops of an ink pen
A greater woman stays cool
But I howl like a wolf at the moon
And I look unstable
Gathered with a coven round a sorceress' table
A greater woman has faith
But even statues crumble if they're made to wait
I'm so afraid I sealed my fate

No sign of soulmates
I'm just a paperweight in shades of greige
Spending my last coin so someone will tell me it'll be okay

Please I've been on my knees
Change the prophecy
Don't want money
Just someone who wants my company
Let it once be me
Who do I have to speak to
About if they can redo the prophecy?
Who do I have to speak to
To change the prophecy?
Hand on the throttle
Thought I caught lightning in a bottle, oh
But it's gone again
Pad around when I get home
I guess a lesser woman would've lost hope
A greater woman wouldn't beg
But I looked to the sky and said, 'Please

Za7ra Sulaiman

Love Is Like A Poppy

In the garden where the poppies bloom,
Whispers of longing weave through the gloom.
Love, a potion, sweet and divine,
An opiate dream, where hearts intertwine.

With petals of crimson, the heart takes flight,
An addiction that dances in soft moonlight.
It twines through the soul, a silken embrace,
A beautiful chaos, a bittersweet grace.

Like opium's hold, it lingers and clings,
A heady elixir that makes the heart sing.
In the depths of our yearning, we find both the thrill,
Of passion's sweet pain, and the void that it fills.

Yet in platonic realms, where friendships ignite,
Love's gentle caress brings warmth in the night.
With laughter and solace, a bond that we share,
A healing connection, a breath of fresh air.

Oh, love is a poppy, both vibrant and frail,
A journey of longing, where hearts can prevail.
Through healing and heartache, we learn and we grow,
In the garden of love, where our true selves can show.

So let us embrace this addiction so real,
With all of its beauty, its depth, and its zeal.
For in every heartbeat, in every soft sigh,
Love is the poppy that blooms in the sky.

Za7ra Sulaiman

You're Losing Me

You say, 'I don't understand, '
And I reply, 'I know you don't, '
In the silence, hope once grand,
Now lingers where the shadows haunt.

We thought a cure would come through in time,
Now I fear it won't, a chilling thought,
Remember the room, our love's sweet rhyme,
We cherished its light, now it's all for naught.

Now, I sit in the dark, pondering fate,
Is it time to let go, or to hold on tight?
Do I throw out everything we built, or wait,
In this twilight, where dreams lose their light?

I'm growing weary, even for a phoenix,
Always rising from the ashes, yet weary and worn,
Mending all her gashes, while the heart still seeks,
But you might have dealt the final blow, forlorn.

So here I linger, in shadows and sighs,
As the memories flicker, like stars in the night,
Hoping for dawn, for a glimmer that flies,
Yet knowing the truth, it's the end of our light.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Hamlet

Doubt thou the stars be fire, bright and bold,
Question the moonlight's whispers, soft and cold.
Doubt thou the sun doth move across the sky,
Let shadows dance where dreams in silence lie.

Doubt the truth, let it waver, shake, and bend,
Challenge the tales that the winds choose to send.
Cast aside certainties, let reason roam,
But ne'er, my love, doubt the heart's true home.

For in the depths of night, where silence sings,
Love, like the dawn, unfurls its tender wings.
It weaves through the cosmos, a radiant thread,
Binding two souls where the heart's whispers led.

So doubt the stars, the sun, and all that is,
But know in mine heart, thou art the one I miss.
In every breath, in every secret sigh,
Never doubt, my love, for I am thine, till I die.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Without The Winter

Without the winter, we wouldn't appreciate summer,
When blossoms burst forth, a vibrant new drummer.
The chill in the air, the frost on the ground,
Teach us the beauty in warmth that is found.

The nights may be long, and the days feel so gray,
Yet silence and stillness prepare us for play.
Each snowflake that dances, each whisper of breeze,
Reminds us of moments that put our hearts at ease.

As icicles shimmer, like diamonds they gleam,
They cradle the promise of sunlight's soft beam.
For every cold shadow, a warmth will arise,
In the heart of the winter, the summer's disguise.

So let us embrace the cold's gentle sting,
For it nurtures the joy that the warm seasons bring.
Without the winter's embrace, its lessons to teach,
The sweetness of summer would be out of reach.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Eternal Melancholy

A veil of gray, a shroud of woe,
Enveloping the soul, a constant flow.
Sadness, like an unwelcome guest,
Lingers on, denying any rest.

Through the years, it persists and grows,
A heavy burden that no one knows.
A weight upon the weary heart,
Refusing to depart.

Yet, within this endless night,
There glimmers a faint, flickering light.
A hope that sadness won't reign supreme,
That joy may yet reclaim this dream.

For though sadness may feel eternal,
Its grip need not be infernal.
With time and care, it can subside,
Allowing happiness to reside.

The path is long, the struggle real,
But the power to heal, we can wield.
Sadness may linger, but love prevails,
As we navigate life's endless trails.

Za7ra Sulaiman

The Land Of Olive And Vine

i want to go back to Gaza and lay on the sand
Beneath the ancient olive trees,
The soil whispers tales untold.
A tapestry of history,
Woven with threads of gold.

The Gaza shores, where waters meet,
Embrace the rhythm of the sea.
The West Bank's hills, a sacred seat,
A testament to tenacity.

i want to go back to Gaza and lay on the sand,
From Haifa to Hebron's gates,
The people's spirit stands tall.
Resilience blooms, despite the weight
Of occupation's heavy pall.

Palestine, your name resounds,
A clarion call for justice, peace.
In your resilience, hope abounds,
May your people's struggles cease.

i want to go back to Gaza and lay on the sand

This land of olive and of vine,
A beacon of strength, a home divine.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Avoidant Attachment

I made you think that I would always stay,
I said some things that I should never say.
Yeah, I broke your heart like someone did to mine,
And now you won't love me for a second time.
I don't know why I run away.

The words I spoke, they cut like a knife,
Slicing through the trust we built, our shared life.
I promised forever, then turned and fled,
Leaving you alone, with tears unshed.

The pain I caused, it's a burden I bear,
Knowing I betrayed the love we once shared.
I wish I could go back, erase what I've done,
But the damage is done, and the race has been run.

Why did I run, when I should have stayed?
Was I so afraid of the price that love made?
I long for your touch, your embrace once more,
But the door you once opened, now closed forevermore.

I don't know why I run away,
But I hope one day, you'll find it in your heart to stay.
To give me another chance, to make amends,
And let our love, once broken, be mended again.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Can I Ask You A Question

Can I ask you something, if you don't mind?

Was it easy to leave, to walk away?

To say nice things, then not stay?

Like we were nothing, just a fleeting thing,

Like I was nothing, just a passing fling.

The words so sweet, the promises made,

But in the end, they all seemed to fade.

The distance grew, the connection lost,

Leaving me to wonder, what was the cost?

Was I not worth the fight, the time, the care?

Or was I just an afterthought, a burden to bear?

I search for answers, but find none to hold,

Only the ache of a story untold.

Can I ask you something, if you don't mind?

Why did you leave me behind?

Za7ra Sulaiman

La Tahzan Allah Ma3ana

la tahzan, Do not grieve, Allah is with us

In the depths of sorrow's embrace,
When the world seems dark and bleak,
Remember, my friend, to not lose faith,
For Allah's presence is ever so sweet.
la tahzan,
Do not grieve, Allah is with us
Though the path ahead may seem unclear,
And the weight of burdens feel so strong,
Take solace in the words so dear,
'La tahzan, Allah ma'ana' - the timeless song.

For Allah, the Almighty, the All-Wise,
Walks beside us, ever near,
Guiding our steps, lighting our skies,
Reminding us, 'Do not grieve, I am here.'

So let not your heart be troubled or pained,
For in Allah's care, we are sustained.
His mercy and love will never wane,
As we hold fast to the words, 'La tahzan, Allah ma'ana.'

Za7ra Sulaiman

Allah Chose Me

Chosen by the divine,
A love so pure, so sublime.
Blessed by the Almighty's grace,
Guided through life's endless race.

In the tapestry of time,
My story intertwines.
A purpose, a path so clear,
Whispered by the heavens near.

Allah's love, a guiding light,
Illuminates the darkest night.
I walk this earth, head held high,
Knowing my Creator is ever nigh.

His wisdom, a compass true,
Leads me to all that is new.
Humbled by this sacred choice,
I sing my thanks with joyful voice.

For in this love, I find my strength,
To face each challenge, come what may.
Allah chose me, and in this I find,
A love that will forever shine.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Healing Incomplete

I'm sorry, my love, that I haven't yet healed,
The wounds in my heart still so raw and unsealed.
I wish I could give you the pure, untouched love
That your gentle soul so clearly dreams of.

But the scars of the past, they linger and ache,
Preventing me from taking the steps to remake
Myself into someone worthy of your light,
Someone who can love you with all of their might.

I know that my brokenness could taint your heart,
Infecting the purity that sets you apart.
And so I hold back, unwilling to cause you pain,
Praying one day I'll be whole once again.

For you deserve someone whose love is complete,
Whose soul has been mended, no longer in defeat.
I long to be that person, to give you my all,
But first I must answer this personal call.

To heal, to rebuild, to reclaim what was lost -
This journey is arduous, with a heavy cost.
But I'll walk it alone, unwilling to let
Your pure, precious heart with my anguish be met.

So please, my dear one, have patience and faith,
As I strive to become the person you crave.
For when I've healed, I'll be ready to love,
To give you the devotion you're dreaming of.

Za7ra Sulaiman

If I Go First,

If I Go first,

If I go first, my love, before you,
Promise me you won't let the light fade.
Though my physical form may no longer be,
My spirit lives on, never to fade.

Keep breathing, keep moving, keep striving each day.
Let not my absence consume you, I pray.
For in your continued life, my legacy lives -
The memories we shared, the love that you give.

When the world seems dark and the path unclear,
Remember the joy that we held so dear.
The laughter we shared, the dreams we pursued -
Let those be the beacons that see you through.

I may not be there to hold your hand,
But know that I'm with you, part of this grand
Tapestry of life that we wove together.
So please, my love, keep living, no matter the weather.

For in your living, in your thriving each day,
A part of me remains, never to fade away.
So when you feel lost, or the pain is too much to bear,
Look within, and know that I'm always there.

Za7ra Sulaiman

He Makes Me Hate Poetry

twisted faith
twisted verses

The words once flowed like a gentle stream,
Painting pictures, igniting my soul's gleam.
But now they taunt, a jagged, broken rhyme,
Cutting deep, a discordant, painful chime.

'He makes me hate poetry, ' I bitterly declare,
The verses I once loved now fill me with despair.
The fault, I know, lies not in the art itself,
But in the shadows that haunt me, my inner self.

'Actually, I hate myself, ' the truth finally breaks free,
Exposing the root of this poetic tragedy.
Self-loathing consumes, tainting every line I write,
Extinguishing the spark that once burned so bright.

Yet within this darkness, a glimmer of hope remains -
The power to reclaim the poetry that once ran through my veins.
To silence the voices that seek to undermine,
And rediscover the beauty in each word, each rhyme.

For the fault lies not in the art, nor in the world around,
But in the battle raging within, where self-doubt has found its ground.
So I'll fight, I'll persist, until once again I see
The magic of poetry, a reflection of all that I can be.

Za7ra Sulaiman

One Day I'll Love Myself

One Day I'll Love Myself

The mirror reflects a face I barely know,
Imperfections staring back, a constant foe.
But one day, I vow, I'll see something more -
A person deserving, worthy to the core.
One Day I'll Love Myself

This journey isn't easy, filled with ups and downs,
Self-doubt and insecurity, wearing heavy crowns.
Yet I'll persist, chipping away at the stone,
Until self-love blossoms, no longer alone.

I'll silence the voices that tell me I'm not enough,
Embrace my quirks, my flaws - they make me tough.
This body, this mind, this soul that is mine
Will one day shine bright, a light so divine.

So I make this promise, a vow to myself:
One day, I'll love who I am, put self on the shelf.
That day will come, I'll greet it with open arms,
Celebrating the person with all of her charms.
One Day I'll Love Myself

Za7ra Sulaiman

Lover Girl In Me Is Slowly Dying

The lover girl in me is slowly dying,
Her vibrant flame now but a flicker.
The passion that once burned so bright,
Now reduced to dying embers.

I watch helplessly as she slips away,
The lover girl in me is slowly dying,
My heart aching with each passing day.
That carefree spirit, once full of life,
Succumbs to the weight of endless strife.

Where once stood a woman unafraid to love,
Now lies a shadow, a mere ghost thereof.
The lover girl I once knew so well
Has been consumed by an endless hell.
The lover girl in me is slowly dying,

But I refuse to let her fade away,
This dying ember, I vow to rekindle.
I'll stoke the flames, fan the dying blaze,
Until the lover girl in me once more ablaze.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Adrift On A Boundless Sea

I drift alone on a boundless sea,
Waves of sorrow crashing over me.
The depths below, a void so vast,
Swallowing hope with each passing blast.

The currents of doubt, they pull me under,
Leaving me gasping, my spirit torn asunder.
Alone on this endless, turbulent sea,
No shore in sight, just misery.

The horizon, a distant, elusive dream,
Obscured by clouds of despair, it would seem.
Tossed about by the tempest of my mind,
I search in vain for peace to find.

The ocean of loneliness, so deep and wide,
Drowns out the voices that once were my guide.
I drift, adrift, on this boundless blue,
Praying for the strength to see it through.

Yet the waves of depression refuse to subside,
Leaving me lost, with nowhere to hide.
I long for a harbor, a safe haven to call,
But the relentless sea answers only my call.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Ghosted In The Night

She waits, her heart a flickering flame,
Hoping to hear his voice again.
But the night grows cold, her pleas in vain -
He's vanished, leaving her to mourn.

The grave of silence, so deep and wide,
Swallows her messages, one by one.
No response, no sign that he's alive,
Just the darkness, where her love has gone.

She searches for answers in the night,
Grasping at shadows, finding none.
Has she been buried, out of sight?
Is this the fate her heart has won?

The grave of his absence, so stark and bare,
Entombs the future they once shared.
She stands alone, consumed by despair,
Ghosted in the night, her love ensnared.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Lullaby Of Lies

The old moon is tarnished,
Its glow like smoke from a flood.
The dead leaves are varnished,
Their color like spilled blood.

A treacherous smiler,
His teeth white as milk.
A savage beguiler,
In sheathings of silk.

She heard his sweet promise,
Believed in his gentle guise.
But beneath that veneer, callous,
Lay a heart of dark lies.

Enchanted by his whispers,
She gave him her trusting heart.
Now shattered, she shivers -
Torn apart, torn apart.

The old moon, once radiant,
Now tarnished and cold.
Her innocence, now fragrant,
Lies trampled and sold.

Za7ra Sulaiman

I Don't Actually Want To Die

I don't actually want to die,

When darkness creeps, a whisper speaks,
Tempting me to take the final leap.
The shadows loom, the void seems near,
But deep within, a voice rings clear:

'I don't actually want to die.'

Though trials test, and pain persists,
This fragile flame within persists.
A will to live, a drive to fight,
Guides me back towards the healing light.

'I don't actually want to die.'

The path is hard, the struggle real,
But in this truth, I find my zeal.
For life's resilient, beating heart
Refuses to be torn apart.

'I don't actually want to die.'

This mantra echoes, strong and true,
A lifeline to hold fast unto.
Though darkness calls, I will not heed,
For living is the greater need.

'I don't actually want to die.'

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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?

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Shattered Devotion

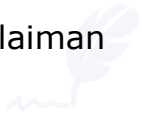
Break my heart, break it a thousand times if you'd like.
It was only ever yours to break anyway.
Each shard a testament to the love I bear,
A sacrifice upon your altar of disdain.

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman



PoemHunter.com

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?

Za7ra Sulaiman

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

Za7ra Sulaiman

Gelisah

Hatiku gelisah, jiwa tertekan
Menanggung beban cinta yang menekan
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

Worries:

My heart is uneasy, my soul is oppressed,
Bearing the burden of love under duress.
You left me without any explanation,
Now I'm trapped in this solitary station.

The sweet memories we shared have now faded,
Replaced by the pain and the anguish invaded.
This wounded heart, it's so hard to heal,
I try to forget, but the hurt won't conceal.

Loneliness comes, tormenting my soul,
I'm all by myself, without you to console.
Silence, silence, silence, no one is near,
Only the sobs and the cries fill the air.

I long for your touch, your warmth, and your care,
Your loving embrace that would ease my despair.

But now they're all gone, just memories to hold,
Our love has been lost, the story untold.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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?

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Promise: ????

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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Church

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

in our Sanctuary of Sheets, we tangled and moaned

My pews are soft and warm,
No stained glass casts its spell.
This chapel's walls conform
To my 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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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?

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

Truth Dare

No one's ever had me not like you. truth dare spin bottle
you know to ball i know Aristotle,

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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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?

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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,

Za7ra Sulaiman

Suffer

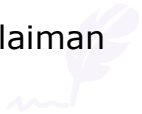
He said 'he loves me, ' I replied,
'But you have not yet suffered enough to suit me.'
For love, I've learned, is not a gentle tide,
But a raging storm that leaves one's heart bare to see.

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.

Za7ra 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

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra Sulaiman

?????

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

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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 sip tea with lemon, while he drinks his coffee

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,
I sip tea with lemon, while he drinks his coffee,
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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra 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.

Za7ra Sulaiman