

Poetry Series

Grace Tan
- poems -

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Grace Tan(11/11/90)

I'm a sixteen year old girl from Singapore. Started writing when I was around 14, and posting it up on the net when I was fifteen.

Poetry has been a passion of my life, and I hope that you will understand my poems and enjoy it, just like I enjoy all of yours. Let's make life beautiful with our poems...

Beautiful

Don't cover your face with your long bangs;
Try to hide your figure with your hands.
Look away when eyes lock into yours
Because you feel
They'll cringe at the sight.

Don't converse with the floor when you walk;
Avoid all the people that pass.
Slouch down, hunchbacked, in a crowd
Desperately, trying hard
To merge with the ground.

Don't tell yourself you won't pass;
Talk in a whisper.
Contract your open hand, fist it,
Drawing in,
Clutched tightly with your heart.

Don't frown at your image on the tainted glassframe;
Look at me- I mean what I say.
Stand tall. Chest up. Look straight.
I twirled you around.
Tucked a stray hair gently behind your ear,
Wiped off the tears with my hands
And stared.

You're beautiful.

So many have yet to see, my friend.
When our world and views are so blemished;
Superficial reigning like an implorable mountain,
Where minds cannot compass through the mists
To find the unsullied hearts below.

But even if this unwinding path continues
Let time not wait, and pass,
But mine voice to you
Past your teary eyes,
Gaze upon you, and whisper:

Beautiful.

Grace Tan
25 Jan '07

Grace Tan

Chant Of The Old Temple

Hurried Greetings,
Now,
Saying goodbye.
Nothing Else
Left to say... Just
Open
Your eyes.

Wonder in search of a peasant, shaggled home.
In shambles he lives, yet poor gives him lone.
People in search for a question once formed;
Yet answer lies not in riches but in soul.

Dear traveller, braving danger, you travelled
real far. Yet journey ends in this temple, lone one.
Small temples that hides great secrets, it is.
Yet the hidden are not meant to be found, so it seems.

Curses, Charms, Black magic of old.
Keep thy hidden secrets untold.
Leave your body, never to return;
In company of fellow travellers
Seek, For the very same answer
For a whole new History.

But, alas, young one.
Mankind has not earned it yet.
A key to the past, with magic intact.
A mysterious place, ah yes, but grand.
But one in which, science does not have.

Wonder in search of a peasant, shaggled home.
In shambles he lives, yet poor gives him lone.
The haunting lines of a first starting song,
Let it haunt you, Night after dawn.

Expressions

If words were enough to express what I feel
I would tell you so.

Happy,
Sad,
Lonely,
Tired-

But what if there more then these can ever say,
Its magnitude monstrous against a colossal wall of stone,
Unfathomable
Backed down;
Where the world's best dictionary disappoints,
All you can do is see, and hear, and feel,
Because paper is somehow unable to take it in the writing
No words.

With only silence and memories
It will lead you through
Those moving pictures
No words.

Grace Tan
11th March`07

Grace Tan

Rhapsody Of Me

It is not those glassy cold eyes,
Reflecting the still moonlight
With equal coldness;
That scares me.

It's not those numb hands
That holds the sharp blades
Brimming with drops of dark red
That scares me.

For cold eyes does me no trapping,
And numb hands, no affliction.

But it's the emotional pair,
That twirls me in enchantment;
Taking me under its wing
That hurts me.

The warm hands
That brings me comfort,
Flinging away those troubles
That scars me.

For I care for them.
And when those eyes no more sparkle in my light,
And those hands that reach
But cannot hold,
It traps me like a rat in a metal trap,
Afflicting me like a thousand pins would,
Jabbing into my flesh.

And as I let go,
If memories bestow me as they would,
Let nightmares come forth, Hell, break loose,
And let all remember,
That it's not hate that kills
But love.

Sad

I am sad-
Don't ask me for its depth.
There's just a horrible sinking-
Swallowing every breath that comes;
Leaving you only left
Inhaling those short, heavy sighs
That you leave
Withered, crumpled leaves on the autumn mud.

With Sorrow
Kissing your cheek,
Those sad, sad eyes
Like you never knew.

I am sad.
And when the wind blows,
Veiled sheets crinkle.

(11th March '07)

Grace Tan

Song Of My Heart

To all those little people who knows not what they do;
Listen.

For all the Lilliputians
Must know something in their hearts
That calls out,
Even a tiny transmission
Ringing like a small bell.

So, angels,
Banish all other sounds.
Let them hear the song beating,
Steer them from the sunless pasts.
To be muddled sometimes is not the end-
Hear, my sweet dears,
The song of my heart.

5 Feb 07.

Grace Tan

To My Teacher

We were young and carefree,
Wild; never listening.
Try to conduct us to the right, its unmanageable.
Like standing in front of a towering wave,
We'll flood over you, toppling down;
Your shouts slowly trickling away
With one sweep.

You were firm,
A determined teacher—
But look at us,
Peer through the tiny hole that we open once in a while
And look into our hearts.
If those burning eyes of stubbornness
Don't steer you away,
Those cracked, dry hearts would.

I remember you once asked us:
"Dare you live your dream? "
Had you changed us enough to believe;
Have you walked together with us passably to see?
For that day the class was the quietest—
No one had even whispered an answer.

Today, we graduate.
You'll die if you hear what we want to say.
It's an endless passage
Essays of no fixed theme
Like drabbles alternating the different shades of reality;
Muddled words with tears.

Four years are already over;
Saying our last goodbyes,
Once again, but much softer, you asked:
"Dare you live your dream? "

There was still silence,
But this time, it was different.
Some were too shy, some, embarrassed.

You didn't look into our eyes, teacher.

You didn't see.

For our black pupils were shining with defiance and determination,

Our message clear:

"We will, sir,

Please, we implore you",

"Wait and see."

9th Feb '07

Grace Tan

Why It Hurts So

The world is a controversial place,
We don't mean what we say.
Does yes really mean yes;
Are words just barbaric plays?

We create exquisite phrases
That inspires us, warms us within.
But it seems this hope is just fleeting;
And soon to collapse, all demolished.

We tell our young fairy stories,
Grotesque for real they might be.
But in life there are no fairy tales—
Stories are not modified for you and me.

The world is a controversial place,
Especially here, in the human world.
Sympathy is only practiced limitedly,
While self-interest is our main goal.

The world is a controversial place,
It applies just too right for me.
"For Dreams, we live, " This was my motto.
But now,
It shatters me.

Grace Tan