



Ink Clusive!

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Fixed Verse Poems

A Blissful Autumn

– Rishbhee Dabla

Pumpkin spice lattes
Cinnamon and apple crisps
Sweet, scented candles

Oversized warm flannel sweaters
Sitting around the fireplace
Warm and cozy nights

Long knitted socks
Listening to the rainfall
Leaves changing colour

Mother's homemade soup
Father's secret hot cocoa
A blissful Autumn



Spring

-Jade Gallano

O sunny spring, my favorite season.
How the colorful flowers start to bloom.
The beautiful weather during Březen.
I do enjoy the aromatic fume.

Perfect time to enjoy nature's beauty.
A wonderful, colorful and crisp scene.
Outside and enjoying something fruity.
Light and bright sun shine on freshly cut green.

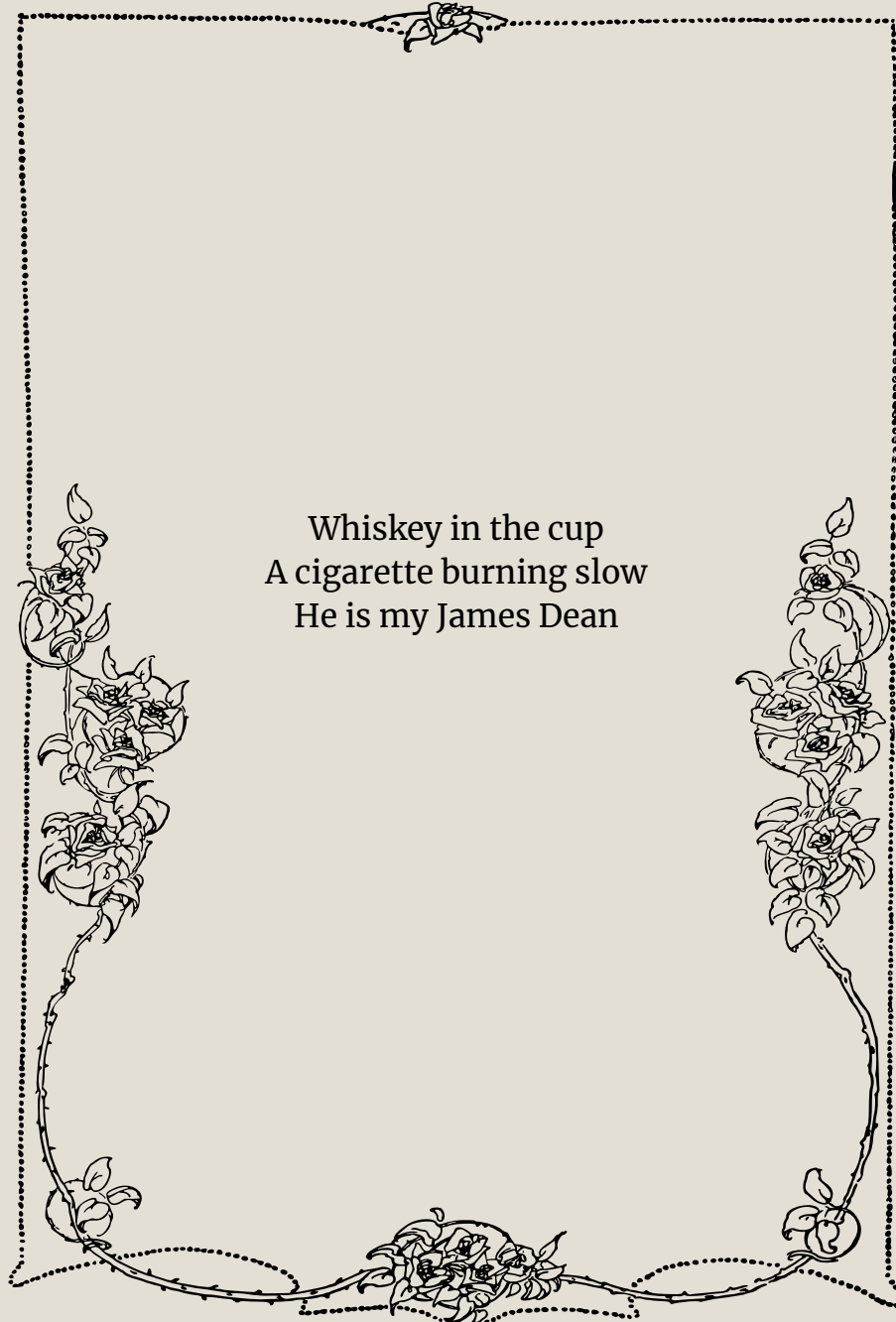
Relaxing to the sound of birds chirping.
Watching the clouds slowly pass through the sky.
So much beauty I find so appealing.
O spring, for I don't want to say goodbye.

Sunny days after cold, cloudy weather.
My favorite things, all brought together.



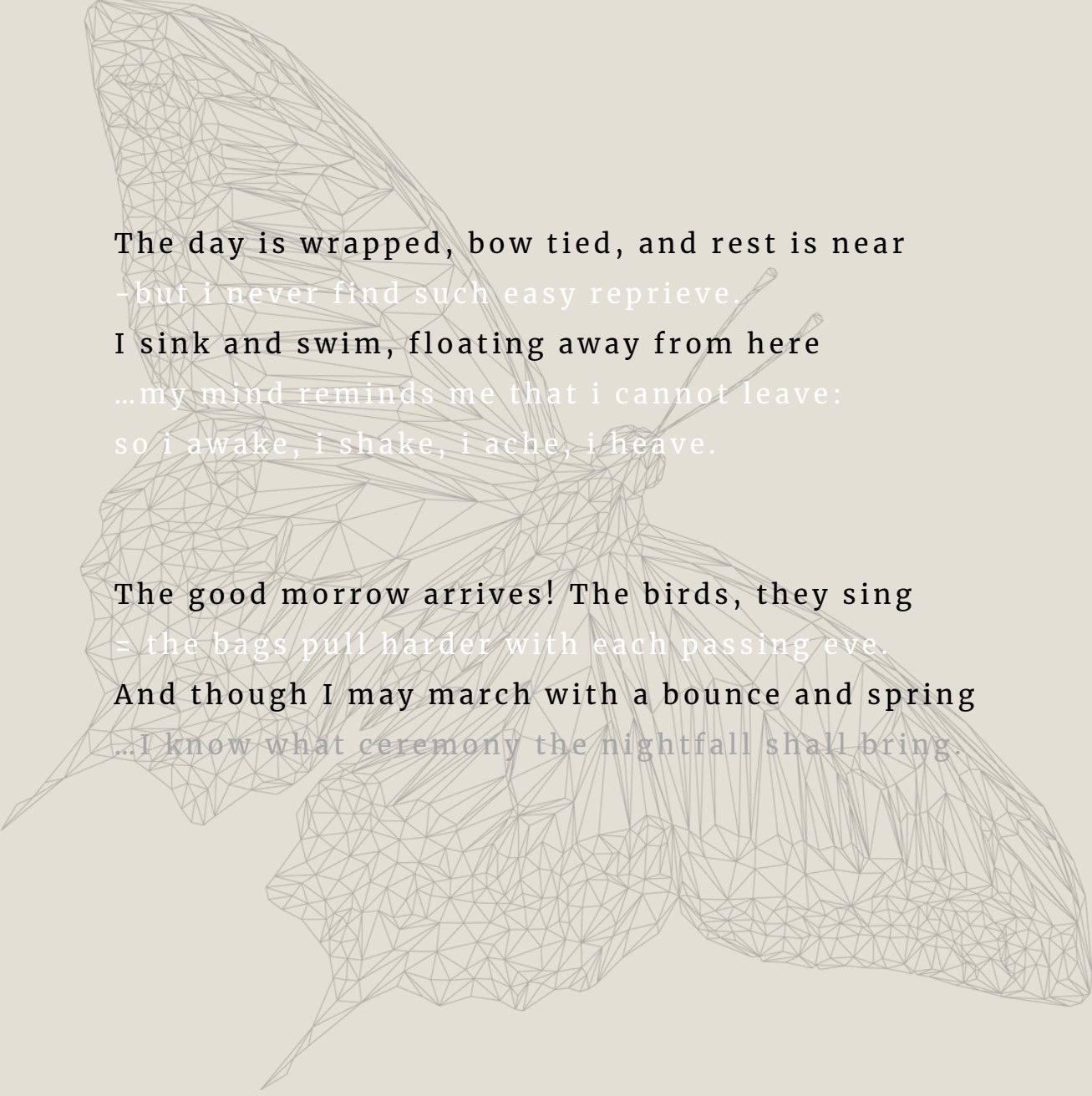
James Dean

- Rishbhee Dabla



Restless Minds Wander When the Sun Falls Farther

-Tylar Neuman

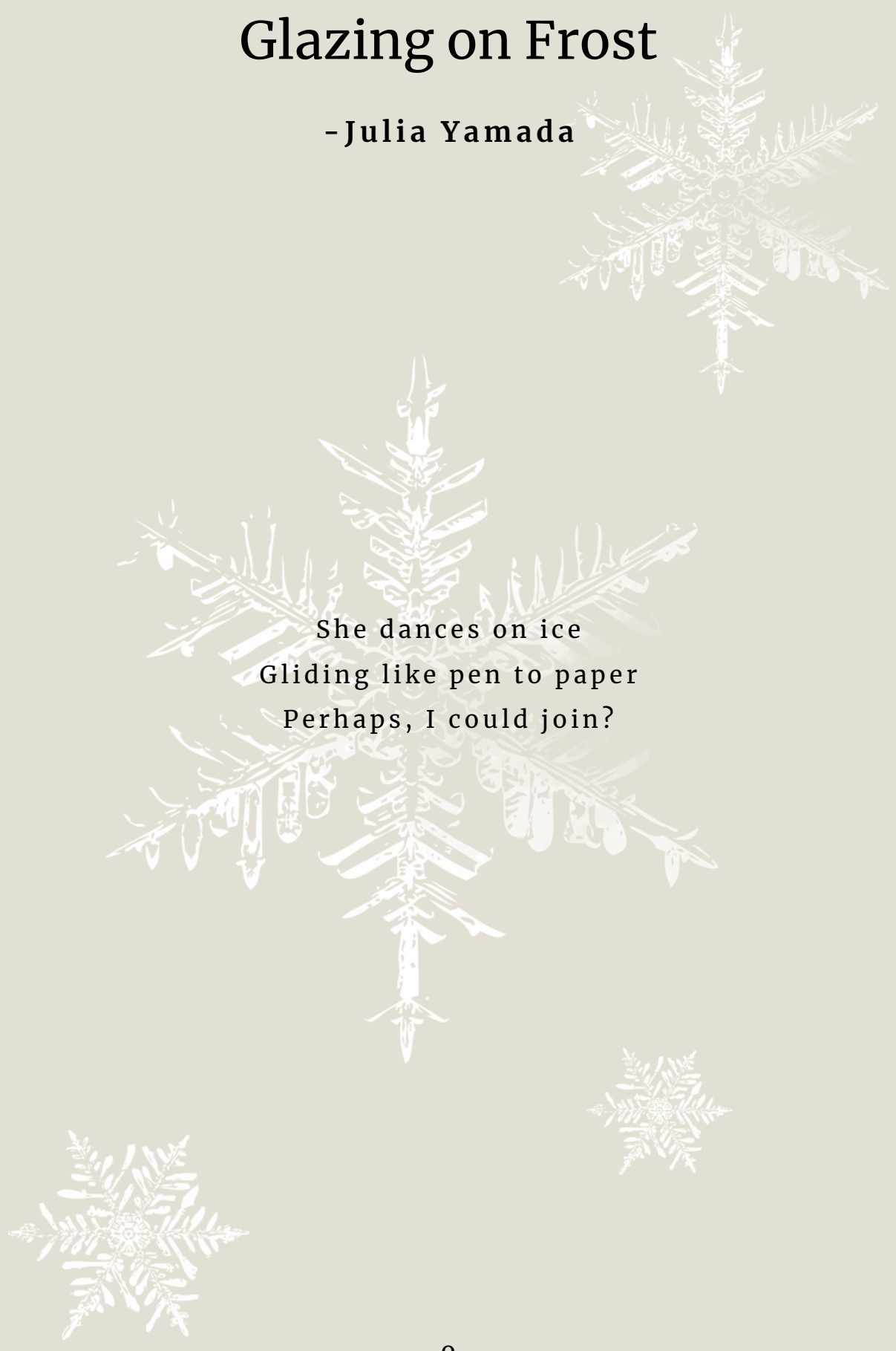


The day is wrapped, bow tied, and rest is near
-but i never find such easy reprieve.
I sink and swim, floating away from here
...my mind reminds me that i cannot leave:
so i awake, i shake, i ache, i heave.

The good morrow arrives! The birds, they sing
= the bags pull harder with each passing eve.
And though I may march with a bounce and spring
...I know what ceremony the nightfall shall bring.

Glazing on Frost

-Julia Yamada



She dances on ice
Gliding like pen to paper
Perhaps, I could join?

Good Enough

- Serena To

When will I be able to understand
The flawed bending of your expectations?
From the crux of your pride to your commands
Your ways are beyond my apprehension

I have earned trophies, degrees, and awards
The infestation of rage constricts joy
Unable to delight in my rewards
Blood boils at the sight of your spiteful ploy

My life is like a tailored performance
Tippy toeing around your cruel caprice
Nothing goes above your grim dominance
Everything I do is a sacrifice

Why do I want to prove myself to you?
You don't even care at all what I do.



My Future

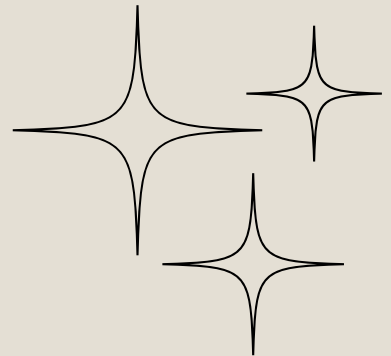
-Sejal Auluck

To see the world so bright and full out there.
To dream of great fortune, success, and fame.
You must step out into the light and flair.
Although it may seem difficult to claim,

You must remember to be brave to face
To show the world you're not afraid to flame
So bright and powerful just like space.
For this may be a sign you must proclaim.

To reach so high into the sky until you thrive
So close to victory, so close to win.
To get to where you belong you must drive
To succeed in life until you're in.

You can not sit around and be so blue.
You must make every one of your dreams true.



Looking for Good Days

-Manpreet Kaur Brar

All of my days keep on getting so worse,
I am losing self-love, and my self-trust,
As a routine the pain is all rehearsed,
Red blood is quite ready to just outburst,

My sore open wounds, scars cannot be nursed,
I am unable to control my thirst,
I am feeling my soul is being dispersed,
How can I remove this dirt?

Praying for more of life is being so cursed,
That is why my desire is to die first,
I wish some peace to be inserted,
And all the negative thoughts to be just earthed,

Let the evil spirit to be divert,
Hoping for good days to be reversed



A Spring's Welcome

-Jo-Anne Kiri Urbano

Sakuras descend
A pink winter in the spring
The warm sun's embrace



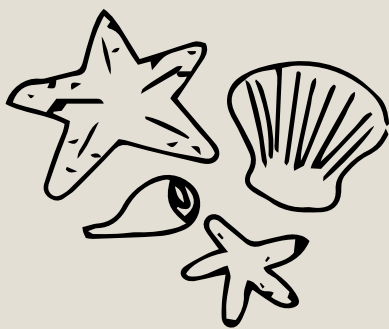
Wave

-Anna Blades

He loved the Sea and cannot leave it still.
It gives so much but takes so much away.
He dreamt of glass so clear that moved at will.

The ocean calm, and quiet will betray.
It hugs with hands so cold it starts to seep
The charcoal brine in which old boats decay.

With fear and love we look down at the deep
Its churning whirlpools, spinning tightly, grasp.
And reminisce on all that it does keep.



Death's Collection Day

-Galileo IV Trocio

A sudden issue leaving death in mind,
The problems feigning rest so I can pray,
The recollection stirs my brain to grind,
Recalling of a melancholic day,
As death begins to hold my hand,
My health begins decaying into sand.



The Pandemic

- Rachel Khanguyi

Attention! Attention! Gown; Goggles; Gloves.

A trembling voice, hardly sweeping through the windy weather.

“Don’t you get it? We gotta’ get in and save lives?”

Ignoring the quavering voice and striding on further.

Behind the screen doors, no one knows what awaits beneath,

Stepping into a deserted hallway, once filled with joy,

Now guarded with a shadow of the angel of death.

Harvesting souls; destined to destroy.

Suddenly! The trembling voice again? “Code blue! Code blue!”

Lunch boxes flying, spitting the contents on the floor,

Anger screaming aloud from our faces, we have no value,

The future is unknown; Victory tumbled on the floor!

1st hour of the shift! Tony breathing his last, too early to lose,

Not again! Oh no, sweet rose, gone is Rose.



Dream of Immigrants

-Jeevan Dhaliwal

The Struggle of immigrants is real
Wishing for a moment to sit and relax
They work more jobs full-time to buy a meal
Got no time to waste drinking, can't collapse
Save up more money, feel like tracking back
Though might as well stay and build a life here
Whoever achieves the highest it's a time attack
Dreams of days flying the Learjet out of here
Glide out to the Bahamas, and escape to cheer.



A Once Joyful Lady

-Amielle Dela Cruz

There was once a free lady of joy,
Who went and played with a troublesome boy,
She slipped but did not fall,
The boy giggled, tripped and bawled,
A lady with joy is now annoyed.



Duality

-Alexandria King

Will the loveless tide reach shores laying way?
Lady skyline extends a warm embrace.
Goldless shipwrecked shores; in my depths, I stay;
Disguised tranquillity masking my face.

What foe is this that betrays direction?
The wind is full of fighting spite and toil.
Water-filled ways lost in grey perception;
Oh, chaos, keep your old relentless boil.

Inverse, the flattened gaze stays silent still;
North kisses East; South finds West to be True.
Love-filled waves bring tales of the shore with thrill;
The sky is close, its eyes so clear and blue.

Out and in what cycle is true with quest;
The set and the dawn of time, not in jest.



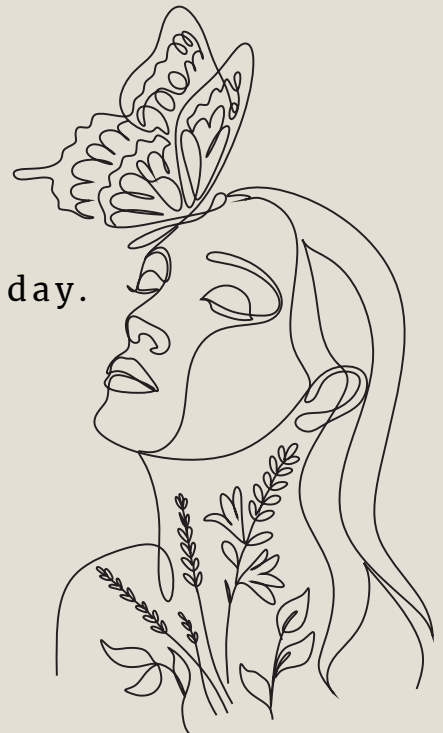


Free Verse Poems

She is resilient

-Harleen Sidhu

Why does it hurt
As you find yourself
In the middle
Of a battlefield?
Your heart still
Beats without
Any shield.
If life was as easy as
A
B
C,
There'd be no purpose in living like a flower.
Today
You might not be who you are,
Fighting
Every battle,
Hiding
Every scar.
Rise and shine like the sun every day.
Let them wonder
How you bloom like a bouquet.



Lover

-Rishbhee Dabla

Sometimes, this feeling becomes indescribable.
A simple glimpse of you burns a fire in me;
My heart is warm.
Scars healed by the touch of your skin,
The scent of cigarettes and whiskey.
Your presence is timeless.
My mind is at ease.
You're simply too beautiful for poetry.



Radical Dame

-Lavinia Urbani

She walks down the street with her mystical dreams, and she's so hard to compel.

Waits around peering in her looking glass, thinking how it could have been.

She thought she could fly but she couldn't take off, felt her heart fall like a raindrop.

Pouring down, it won't stop.

What can I say,

She's a radical dame.

Who likes to play games.

She fell into a spiral, falling back into her thoughts.

Given all she's learned, fall away.

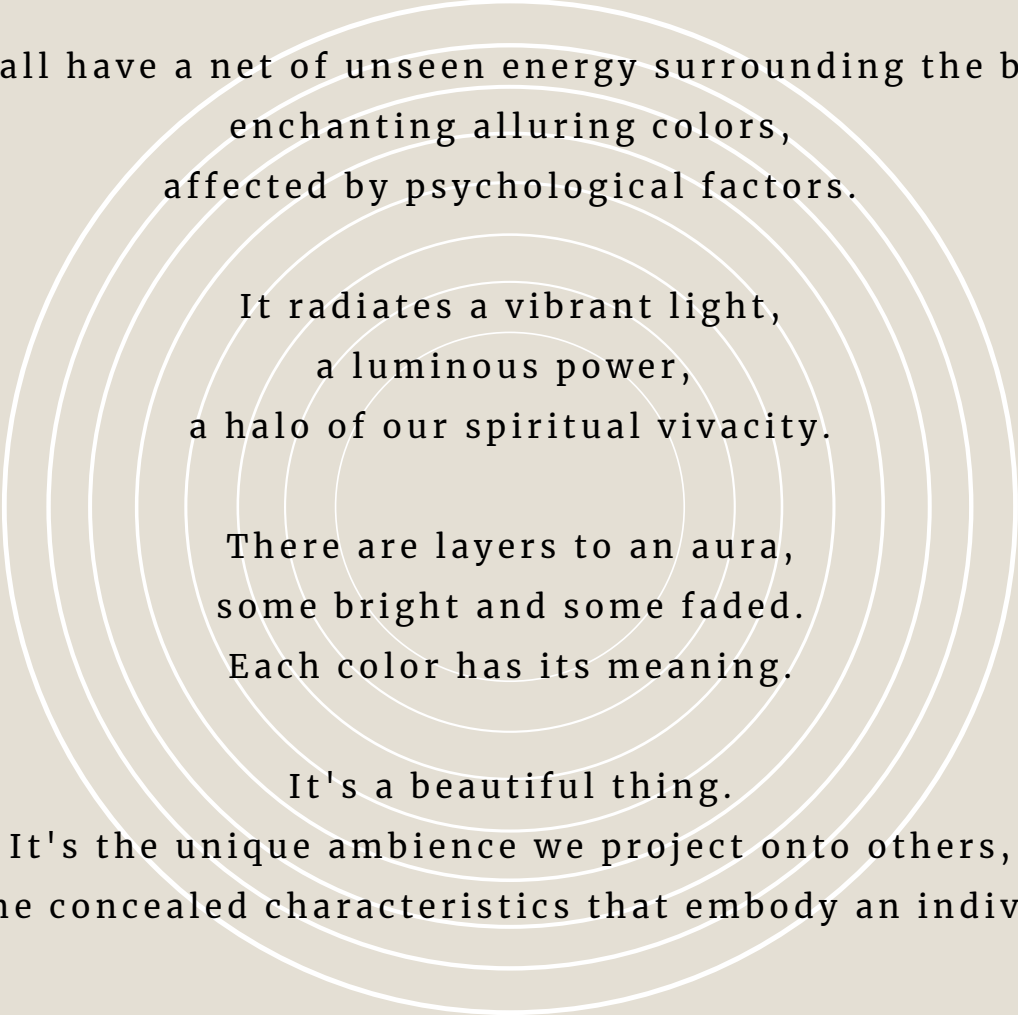
No mistake.

No escape.



Aura

-Jade Gallano



We all have a net of unseen energy surrounding the body
enchancing alluring colors,
affected by psychological factors.

It radiates a vibrant light,
a luminous power,
a halo of our spiritual vivacity.

There are layers to an aura,
some bright and some faded.
Each color has its meaning.

It's a beautiful thing.

It's the unique ambience we project onto others,
and the concealed characteristics that embody an individual.

Stairway to Heaven

-Jmie Lingat

There you were,
lying so peacefully,
hands crossed, so pale.
So many words left unsaid,
afraid time is not on our side.
Always in my heart, you remain
until the next time we meet again.



I Remember

-Mazin Elhussein

For once in space, the one thus posited.
Longing took a form of serpentine along,
Or like sight it was but first existed.
Among three were none more; were shaped for song.
Orbits her: What's remembered? Jasmine-dusted,
Aghast, scattering whence gaze fell upon.
At last, betwixt all light thread for comfort
Toile and stuff, storied guilt, beauty outpour.



Till We Meet Again

- Rachel Khanguyi

The elders sit in silence, bowing heads,
Frail, weak bodies were shivering in the evening cold.
Surrounding the earth, glaring into the dying embers,
Popping and crackling sounds from the burning wood,
A choking blanket of smoke fills up the air.
It is a dark day for the village!

Family, friends, neighbors, gathering in groups,
Murmuring in crackling hoarse voices.
Fireflies lighting up the skies, children diving after them,
Not comprehending the somber mood,
Their bedtime is long gone.
It is a dark day for the village!

Silenced is the fierce face that swiftly swept the battles.
His lifeless body lies in the wooden box.
As I give my last glance, I sense a soft tap on my shoulder,
My mother, "till we meet again" says she
I ponder on that thought,
Really? "Till we meet again?"

For the village, their voice is no more
For me, my anchor is gone
"Till we meet again"



Home

-Trisha Del Mar

A thousand miles away is home,
The reason why I have a bleeding poem
I find comfort with the fact
That we are under one moon, so I act
How can half a heart beat,
and yet, still be so sweet?
When all that are left are wounds
and the mind is full of typhoons.
A thousand miles away is home
I may be bleeding but am never alone
I'm left with scars
shaped like the stars
When you look at the moon
Know that for you I'd kill a platoon
I'd walk a thousand miles
Just promise me you'll wait in the aisles



Unbridled

-Alexandria King

Settling into a rhythm of her own creation.

The gait bewildering to some.

Racing the wind faster than the pinto long banished to a reality, nay,

dream just beyond her reach.

Alas, she takes to the fields, kicking off her shoes and sensibility,

embracing the freedom of her escape.

Though 'tis not running she longs for;

She seeks to fly.

