

Mirages TO Reality

A JOURNEY OF STRUGGLE
TO INSPIRATION

REALITY
AHEAD

TAHIRA REHMAN
WITH BEAUTIFUL ART ILLUSTRATIONS



Poems 1-5

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Mirage

Chasing the mirage
like a fool,
but it's too cool
for my hands to stay away.
It's too sweet, almost like a treat
once in a while.

But when the sun goes down,
there is only darkness,
darker than my eyes when they are closed,
darker than a secret that is not exposed.

I taste a sweetness of the past,
except is it real?
Will I fail again
to see the reality.
I taste a bitterness of the past,
how surreal,

Am I entering into insanity.

Am I naïve
for taking you to the heights I do,
without closing my eyes
I dream about you.
I dream of greenery reaching the stars,
I dream of it coming true.
No more broken memories,
no more scars.

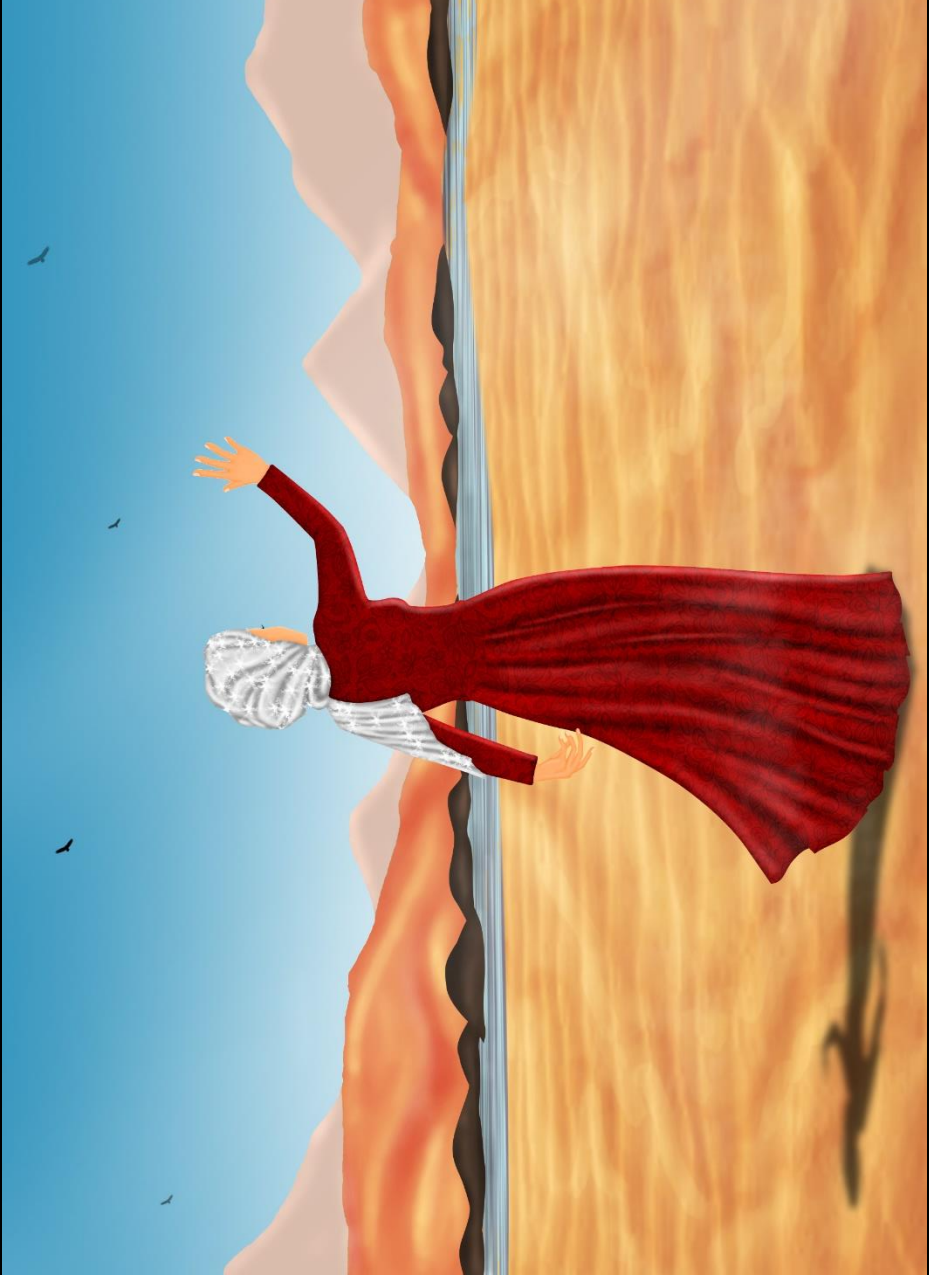
But the lessons I thought I had learnt
have become like the full moon;
that comes out once or twice
and disappears before the end of the night.

The mind is like crossed pathways,
giving way to every thought.
Yet it collides together,
like never ending congestion.

There are no empty spaces in between,
or ends to the road,
just continues rocky hills
that never seem to end.

And here I am,
standing in the waterless desert.
Right in the middle, *without you.*

*Ahhh, without you. I'm still in the mirage and as
I travel further, I'm faced with an illusion...*



Optical illusion

The trick of the player plays well,
I dwell deeper and deeper.
The sensation of the high has a smell,
beauty undefined;
to be mine -
except
what a lie.

But how can it be a lie, I ask myself,
when the player plays better this time.
Catches my attention like the lonely moon
waiting for its companion stars to shine,
to complete its true beauty
and to shed some light in this world.

Oh but the trick of the player plays too well,
well enough for me to despise its plays.

*While despising the illusions, join me in the
realisation of the mirages in life and the tricks
that play us with Curtailed and Temporary
Shine...*

Curtailed

The one who lit my candle *is the one who blew it,*

I knew it, but never believed it until

I perceived it and fate revealed it.

The one who shook my dying hope *is the one who
cut my own rope,*

I thought I'd reach to the top

even without having to climb.

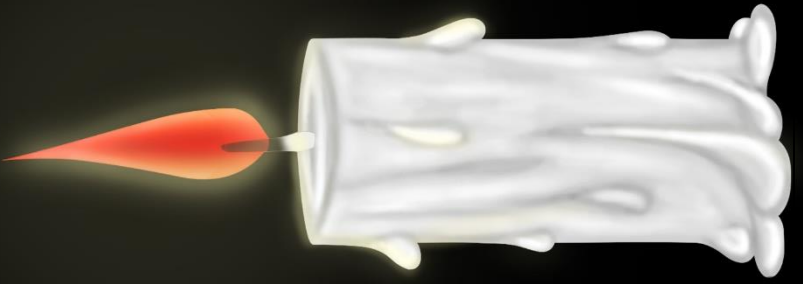
I thought you'd take me before the mishaps caught
up

with my precious time.

But instead you broke me,

so come now, it is time to fix me.

*The one that breaks you can be one of many. It
could be your own dreams, it could be a person,
it could be your own hope, it could be your past.
You decide.*



Temporary Shine

*It scattered,
like the imagination of rain
towards the autumn leaves crunching the joy,
it ate their life and their sound.*

*It favoured me,
like the plays of life -
today we are here
and tomorrow we are gone.*

*It held me,
like the roots of soil to a plant
but then told me that it will let me go,
that it may kill my petals
like the prickles of a rose.*

*It enlightened me,
like the fire to the candle -
it then left me burnt,
like the wax from the candle.*

*I tried not to hope beyond the limitation,
yet the temporary shines fooled me.*

Did this poem remind of you of anything? Have you ever felt the mirages of life leave you with a realisation of their tricks? Or even further, have you ever felt empty, as if there was a hole inside of you. You try and fulfill it, but each time you try your heart ends up broken. Feel what I felt it with void, up next...

Void

This void,
poisonous in its effect.

I've tried
to silence it but I fell
deeper, deeper than I ever thought I would,
lonely, lonelier than a dead rose
left, left because her blossom died
and abandoned, abandoned because of the faith that
she held.

This void,
empty, emptier than the desert
echoing, but nobody can hear.
Chasing like an angry bird after its laid eggs
protecting its nest.

I can't face it,
bravery doesn't exist right now,

I can't hate it
no matter how much I try.

I'm left, for the prickles to eat me -
somebody
please come and free me.

Take a sip of reality with self-validation...

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Best wishes,
Tahira Rehman Poet.