



The Uninvited Boundary

You and I became an unfinished story,

Hope faded to somewhere.

Again the heart started to play,

it's hopeless games of sorrow

My soul had already drowned,

into the ocean of despair!

They will never know our stories,

it was as unique as a full moon

They only saw the line between us.

Those spheres of venom tear down,

the epiglot of our love

Neither the dreams nor the passion,

could move my fragile soul.

Like a meaningless word,

I existed without a face.

The foolish heart still kept hope,

let it till reaching the graveyard!



Those gardens, the blue ocean,
the timeless moments that we had,
everything lost in the wink of an eye.
For something we didn't know,
was the ~~will~~ enemy.
I was leaving myself after,
I lost you!

I became a victim to love.
I was living through you,
Stories we told by our eyes
now vanished
like a one-sided coin which
utters sorrow now I am living.
Why they extended the line,
between us without asking...
when you lost your body,
I lost my soul.
I wanted to beg more,
even though there is no hope.



When they send you to somewhere,
too early!

it was the moment I found,
you was my meaning.

Why the world lost it's heart,
more blank pages appeared in love stories.

In some moments of tranquillity
I thought of becoming a change.

I believed I could sweep away,
this unwanted lines.

It was an aimless hope,
since those lines were immortal.

No dreams could ~~ful~~ me ~~ful~~ me.

I became like a stranger,

to myself in the abyss of darkness.

The cruel games of them,

slowly made me a fighter.

Those virtual hopes pretended

to be real.



My heart started it's aimless
journey again.

The brain uttered the hope.

My heart wanted to fight,
for millions of love stories.

My unfinished stories should
not reflect.

Epiphany of those thoughts,
seem to be an aim.

I started looking for the Aurora,
sorrow slowly seem to be a weapon.

My tears started becoming sweet.

No more boundaries should,

hang in the cheek of time.

No more love stories should,

end up unfinished.

I sacrificed myself to ~~write~~ him!

and I wrote for them.

That book was my heart,
my life, memories and hope
was covered with pain.

They may change or not,
I died and I tried...

That book wasn't our love story.
It wasn't sweet, it was
a weapon to change them.

All I had was it, not only
my life it utters many lives.

It was the book of pain.

Those last pages were my hope,

I wrote it with the ink of tears.

Even the moon cried at me!

My book and life ended with
that boundary...

The crinvited boundary faded.

and then my soul invited death!

