



HEART MELODIES

BY EMAN NAZIR

A Poetry collection by the pen of Eman Nazir

Heart Melodies

“ In the dance of life, let your **heart melodies** guide your steps.”

A Tribute to my old self

Dedicated to my best friends ;
Khushi Nisar and **Seerat Javed**
who listened to my heart melodies and never get tired of it .

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Writer's Intro:



Eman Nazir is an inspiring 19 year old girl ,a senior in college trying to manage her studies along with writing. Heart Melodies is her first poetry collection that covers and represents her thoughts, grief and heart melodies. She writes to heal herself along with an aim to heal others through her words.

(picture does not belong to me)

Writer perspective:

In a world where every heartbeat seems to echo with the resonance of countless stories, I found that my words have the power to make a difference. The ink-stained pages of my journey tell a tale of evolution, words that explains my soul.

I am a writer, not just by profession but by calling—an emissary of thoughts and dreams, a weaver of emotions into the fabric of existence. I discovered that every sentence I penned was a brushstroke on the canvas of my identity. The words I chose to embrace became the colors that painted my worldview.

The pen, they say, is mightier than the sword, and I held mine not as a weapon, but as a beacon of enlightenment. Through my stories, essays, and quotes, I aspire to create ripples of awareness, compassion, and understanding.

HEART MELODIES

Between the silence of heartbeats,
listen closely;
there lies the sweetest melody.
“Heart melodies”
the rhythm of passion, the lyrics of longing.
Listen closely; they hold the secrets of your journey.
So;
In the dance of life, let your heart melodies guide your steps.

SUICIDE

As I held up the knife closer to my wrist ;
I realized

Not every suicide attempter wanted to die
They just wished their pain to vanish

ROAMING DEATH

Despite of all the conflicts
I called you my life,
little did i know you were the death;
roaming around me.

I never escaped till the last breath
And lived the moment.
even when you held the knife
engraving the stab deeper and deeper,

till my last drop of blood, I saw
my reflection in your eyes
Because ;
I called you my life.

....♡♡♡....

The wounds of my heart are penetrating;
to the depth of my soul.

....♡♡♡....

WHAT SUICIDE IS?

They say “ what suicide is?”
I smiled and replied “it isn't always cutting your wrist
Or taking too many pills.”
It's killing the person inside you who once wanna live.
It's soaking up your pillow with tears
When they think you're just asleep.
It's not eating your favourite snacks anymore ;
And letting others eat.
It's all about little changes that nobody sees.

It's not stretching the rope around your neck;
It's the realisation that your soul was so innocent to know;
what suicide actually is.

ONE LAST TIME

I die every night
Yet I woke up alive.
Is this called life?

For once, just once
One last time!
Let me drink the poison in lime.
Cut my wrist open and
Let the blood flow.
Drop by drop it'll take my life.
And I'll finally rest in peace.
So,
One last time,
Let me attempt suicide again.
Maybe this try don't goes in vain.

SHATTERED DREAMS

When shadows are cast by fading light,
I walk alone, in endless night.
Under the street lamps I always thought,
Dreams once held are now shattered and lost,
For the survival I'm paying the cost.

Every step I take, a measured pace,
As,
Broken pieces are scattering wide.
Whispers of what was, is now denied.

Reminders of dream I couldn't fulfill,
Is haunting me now and aching still.

Yet in the middle of this misery,
A flicker of hope is creating a light.
From shattered dreams, new path is arised.
It's a chance to heal, to find the peace.

So I'm gathering the shards, piece by piece,
Finding strength in the chaos, for;
from shattered dreams, a ladder rise,
To climb above the broken skies.

METEOR

“ why you love stars so much?”
“ I see myself in stars” I wispered.
They light up the sky yet the moon is loved.
They broke into meteor to gave them diamond n gold;
Yet they love the incomplete moon.
Yes they love the jewels they got when the stars is broke
I guess that's why they love to see broken stars ;
Get benefited by it; then love the moon with scars .

MY LITTLE LIFE

They say “girl get out of your fictional world!”
What if its the only world i have?
For a split second i came out of my world
Is your world worth living?
Is there anyone who can listen to me for hours
And say “its okay you can cry sometime too”
Is there anyone who can appreciate my efforts
And tell i did great
Is there?
Does your world have someone ;
Who can assure me that everything will turn out okay
No.....
Your world is crueler than my fictional villains.
Your world is harsher than the fate in books.
Your world doesn't have happy endings.

You world don't let me smile.
Your world is killing me inside.
So let me live in my fictional life;
As soft hearts aren't meant for your world's life.
Let me be happy over fictional things ;
And give a pretty smile .
Coz your world isn't meant for my little life.

I NEVER MOVED ON

I never moved on!
I pretend to be ;
Kept a smile, have a busy life
but I never moved on!
When moon takes over the sun
And darkness swallow the light
I'm always in fright, always in fright
By the touch,
that left Scar on my soul
I scream at the moon
Don't come back, never come back
As I never moved on!
See the Sun shines bright,
I'm still in fright
You looked at me and pass by
But all I see is that evil smile

When you destroyed my life
And I never moved on!

LOST PIECES

and here I am ;
waiting on the same bench
not for you but the fragment of me
that I lost when you left

Here I sit,
On this old bench again,
Alone,
Seeking not your return,
But the forgotten piece of my soul,
Left behind in your absence.
I bound myself to find those lost pieces;
that once completed me whole.
Now unable to retrieve leaving me shattered;
All alone.

HOME

I thought I was the home;
Until I realized

You treasure your friends,
the games, the fun,
In their company, it seems, I'm outshone.
I mistook our moments,
thought they were real,
But now I see, it's their laughter you feel.

I thought I was your safe space,
Where you'd come to find embrace.
A place where your heart found its beat.
To escape the boredom, the day's dull drone,
To share a laugh, to call your own.

Now it seems;
I was just a flicker, not the light.
it's their laughter you feel, right?
How foolish of me to think,
I was your home.

Alas! I've come to see,
I was merely a shelter till you find
A new one to ease your mind.

How foolish of me to think,

I was your home.

QUEEN WITHOUT CROWN

Let me tell you, the big sister's tale,
Unseen sacrifices, her heart travailed
She gave up her joy, her laughter, her time,
To pave the way for her sister to shine.
Alone she stood, with a heavy heart,
Aching silently, and tearing hard.
She watched her sister laugh and play,
While she lingered in shadows, day by day.

No recognition for all she'd done,
No gratitude, no victory won.
She played her part, without a word,
Her heart's song, forever unheard.
Her childhood lost, in duties bound,
Her sister's happiness, her only crown.
Yet in the end, she stands alone,
An unsung hero, a queen without crown.

So here's to the big sisters, silent and strong,
Who sacrifice all, their whole life long.

GRAVEN IMAGE

Before ;
The soul was waft into the graven image,
They say;
God showed us our whole life,
And asked;
“Do you still want me to send you there?”
I saw the glitters and glammers all around
The selfish people ,where I’m lonely in crowd.
In the blink of an eye
I saw my whole life.
I nodded ;
and my body was engraved for my soul
to be put in.
All ready to send me in the world.
Now ;
I see and live that life ,
And ask myself every night.
What did I saw worth living,
that strived me; to live this worldly life ?

(it’s me ,myself that I saw worth living for , So love your life)

WHAT IF THE TEAR THAT FALL COULD WASH AWAY THE PAIN

What if dreams were the stars,
lighting up the night,
But in my broken soul, darkness swallowed the light.
What if my spirit,
once vibrant and alive,
Now haunted by shadows, unable to revive.
What if the tears that fall, could wash away the pain,
And bring back the innocence,
that will never be the same.
What if words were daggers,,
cutting deep within,
Leaving scars on the soul, a witness to the sin.
What if joy were a rainbow,
painting the sky so bright,
Yet in my world, the colours lost their light.
What if hope were a compass, guiding through the night,
But in my journey,
the compass shattered, out of sight.

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