

The book cover features a vibrant yellow flower with dark yellow stripes on its petals, set against a soft, light green background. The flower is positioned on the left side of the cover. On the right side, there is a blue background with a starry, galaxy-like pattern. The title "Thoughtfully Crafted Words" is written in a dark blue, serif font with a slight shadow effect, centered over the flower and the blue background. The author's name, "Amreen Shaikh", is written in a white, cursive font at the bottom right of the cover.

**Thoughtfully
Crafted Words**

Amreen Shaikh

**thoughtfully
crafted words**

An Amreen B. Shaikh Poetry Collection

Issuu Edition

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Author Note

thoughtfully crafted words is a poetry collection written, designed and compiled by me. It gives me immense pleasure to present my thoughts and words, in the form of this lovely book, to the world. It is a beautiful anthology which intends to please the reader with varied flavours of poetic forms and styles.

The thought behind the making of this book was to communicate my words with the world, which they could read when they are happy, low, in leisure or when having a cup of tea.

I am grateful to the Almighty for bestowing upon me this blissful opportunity, my parents for always being there by me and providing their support, my first poetry website- PnQ for helping me shape my poetry life, my fellow PnQers and WordPress Bloggers. I would like to thank my friend Rupak Jadhav for designing the Cover Page of this book.

I appreciate your love for downloading this book and hope that my words will cast happiness and fervour in your part of the world.

Thanking you,


Amreen B. Shaikh

A. B. Shaikh

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 Smiles (Etheree)



Smiles
fly on
the wings of
mirthful joy and
carries beauty with
grace; to deliver a
blissful note of warmth and care.
So smile always, spread it around,
it reflects a beautiful picture
captivating a million hearts and souls...



 Life is temporary

Life is a temporary endeavour.
It is like a still reflection
cast on the softness of water,
waiting to fade away forever
with the touch of death...

Yet our soul
wishes to create
a canvas of moments
which can stay forever....

Hope this heart
gathers the courage
to accept the fact of life
and find solace in living this journey.



~~~~~ Absent Mindedness



The mind seems  
lost in random thoughts  
and the speech blurts out dead words  
holding no sense.

-----  
Long stares at the screen,  
still fingers feel hesitant to press a key  
while the mind is engrossed  
in search of void answers.

-----  
Sudden nostalgia grips the soul  
tears creep off the eyes  
heart sinks in sadness  
yet thoughts possess  
blank memories to cherish.







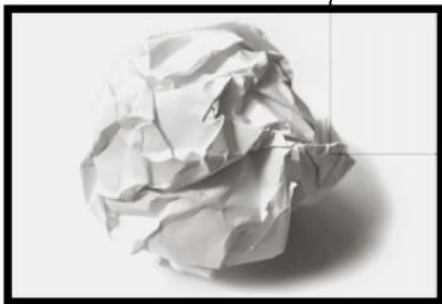
## The Sand between my toes (Eintou)

Life's waves'  
touch our soul's feet.  
Slowly the waves recede,  
course of life they signify. It  
then leaves behind grains of  
memories to  
cherish.



## Writer's Block

My pen is brimmed with imaginations,  
the ink waves out many stories.  
It aims to draw a revolution,  
yet the paper is blotted  
with a dab of ink.  
as my fingers refuse to unbottle  
the array of thoughts  
evolving in my mind.





## The Tree's Fidelity

Jim was a nature lover  
and when he was young,  
he sowed a seed of cherry tree  
in his courtyard.

He was excited to see  
the seed- his creation  
sprout to a little sapling.

Jim cared for the plant  
and nurtured his creation  
with whatever means he could.

The small cherry plant  
loved Jim too- his master  
and was affectionate towards the  
attention it got  
and grew blissfully.

Years passed by, and Jim turned old...  
the cherry plant grew into a huge tree.  
It reciprocated its master  
in the same manner as he did when he  
was young.

It nested many little birds  
on its branches, adding to the beauty.  
It birthed sweet cherries- plump and  
crimson red  
and a soft shade to lean under.

The cherry tree was loyal to Jim  
It was his best friend.  
Its green veins promised  
to be faithful to him for life.



Until a day came, when Jim wanted  
to expand his mansion  
and needed more land for it,  
which also meant the death of the cherry  
tree.

Jim loved it but also wanted to progress  
and after a few days of thought  
he decided to kill his old possession- the  
cherry tree.

The day arrived; the tree knew its fate by  
now.  
It was broken from within  
but was ready for what was about to come.

Jim took the axe in his hand  
he had tears in his eyes  
and with a heavy heart,  
he begin to cut the tree off.

But the moment, the tree's root lose it  
firm from the ground,  
it fell upon Jim,  
killing him, while dying itself,  
fulfilling its fidelity for the last time



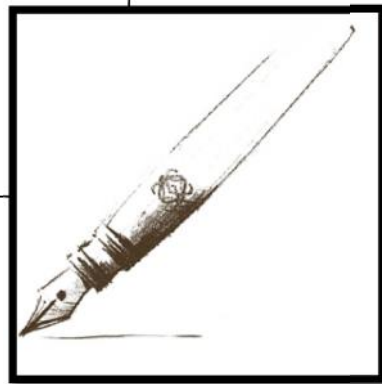
## Forbidden Love (Ictameter)

Her life  
gifted her pain,  
repentance and sorrow,  
her parents killed her innocence,  
to show the evils of gender bias  
which exists in their society,  
she hence learned that a girl's  
worth no love in  
her life.



## Poetry (Senryu)

Poetry's a freezed  
emotion captivating  
a beautiful thought





## A Drying Rose

He sits on his rocking chair  
tallying accounts,  
reading newspaper,  
gazing at the sky sometimes  
as he passes his retirement days.

The visit of relatives  
brings a smile on his face  
though he isn't looked upon  
his words fall on deaf ears,  
his presence often unnoticed.

He possess the best of guidance  
but revolted upon often,  
His weak vision-  
strong enough to  
hide his love for care.

His smiles are captured in solitude,  
the sense of his tender skin-  
often missed,  
he wishes for a touch of care-  
often overlooked.

He remembers his days of hard work,  
his dedication for his small family  
which no one remembers,  
everyone just forgot him;  
just like his aging years.



 The Secrets behind happiness...




When I ponder on the fleeting  
moments  
flying away on the wings of time  
I feel now why I smile  
on the perished yesterday, sublime...

I now get the truth behind  
the zeal in my melodies  
after my sadness is buried  
until the birth of a new agony...

I now realise why my soul  
dances in the sunshine  
drenched with the waters of bliss  
until the sight of moonshine...

For-  
My soul have been in gloom  
to appreciate the glimmer  
for my mind have wandered through  
the caves of sorrow  
to rest with a smile.  
And indeed my heart has tasted  
failure  
to live up every success...



 Scribbled Words

I have lost you  
in the heap of words  
which consumed our love story  
and scattered it across a void floor  
which couldn't mediate  
the essence of love.

Yet, I decided to collect them  
and etch back the missing poetry  
on a fresh page of life.

And this time,  
I would pin it on my desk,  
so I could never lose it-  
I could never lose you.

But the scribbled words  
hold no charm now  
and I am left with  
a lifeless sonnet of long lost love  
which couldn't be found anymore.





## Twilight (Haiku)

Twilight sights the dawn  
of an enchanting silence  
Moon appears to shine.



## Withered Relations (Nonet)

Withered leaves of autumn cannot breath  
freshness in its dead soul with the  
dawn of spring. Likewise, good times  
can never mend the ache  
of wounding words which  
injured fragile  
relations  
and broke  
them.





## The remains of his meagre memories

Tired, his soul ruptured  
by the incessant workload  
as he stands in the stable,  
while tears make their way off his  
eyes.

He cries out of pain  
and remembers his lost childhood,  
his family  
before he was brought  
to slave the humans.

Blissful memories surround him,  
of the laughter he and his siblings  
lived in, as foals  
during June with the birth of  
summer.

He reminisces of the bright and  
radiant sun  
they raced under  
to invent the true spirit of childhood  
juggled with innocence and endless  
mirth.

And of how,  
with bruised skin  
they would snuggle against their  
mother  
to feel the 28°C warmth of love and  
care.


But a day arrived which he feared  
when he parted ways from his family  
and childhood  
to serve vigorously to the Humans-  
what he is made for.

He can't express the void he lives in  
for his speech is alien to his Masters  
yet he misses dearly the broken castle  
of shells he trotted on.

And Like Summer,  
He rides happiness on his back  
giving out pleasure to others  
yet brimmed with the dark of  
loneliness.





 Fall of Despair




A fall was enough  
to crash my will,  
breaking my age old dream  
and put my life on a standstill.

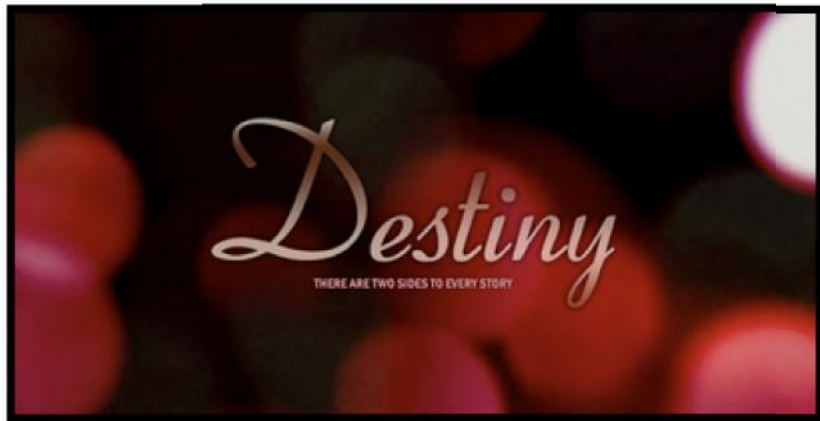
All my aspirations  
seemed to wither away,  
just how a bloom  
perishes when times sway.

My conscience tried to revolt back  
with hopes as high as sky,  
but the thoughts of despair caught  
hold of me  
and my optimism seemed to die.

My life was filled with guilt  
and my soul with despair,  
contentment is now like a reflection  
just a touch and it disappears.



 A matter of fate



Destiny is not defined  
by the outcome of events  
but by the attitude we own.

As a good destiny cannot  
bring waves of happiness  
on the sand of life  
unless we feel content.

And a bad destiny cannot  
perch the birds of sorrow  
on the nest of life  
until we are optimistic...

Life is just  
a matter of attitude.  
If we live it right,  
we get it right.



Women (Cinquain)

Women

Gracious, expressive

Alluring, enticing, mesmerizing

Epitome of beauty, fresh flower

Enchantress.



Stars of hope

Zillion stars knit  
the dark sky with seeds of light,  
like hopes bottled  
in a heart of deep despair  
to free the caged happiness.



 Butterfly promises

Your promises are like a butterfly  
which perch on the flower of my heart  
and gifts me the softness of a lie.

You always build my trust  
with the hues of your ambience  
making me believe in you.

But your haywire nature  
crushes my nectar of trust  
secluding me like a used flower.



❧ Poetry as an art



Poetry is like a painting  
stroked with creativity  
using colours of vivid imagery.

Stroke by stroke, magnificent  
each figure a memory,  
revealing a story.

Serene melody of thoughts  
add the hues of emotions  
to the picturesque.

A masterpiece of beauty  
is hence born to carve a memory  
in our minds.





## Resources

### The Poetic forms I have used:

**Haiku:** A traditional Japanese haiku is a three-line poem with seventeen syllables, written in a 5/7/5 syllable count. Often focusing on images from nature, haiku emphasizes simplicity, intensity, and directness of expression.

**Rictameter:** It is a scheme similar to Cinquain. Starting your first line with a two syllable word, you then consecutively increase the number of syllables per line by two. i.e. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 Then down again, 8, 6, 4, 2 Making the final line the same two syllable word you began with.

**Senryu:** In Japanese poetry, if you write seventeen syllables with a break like a haiku, but without a seasonal word, that's a senryu (pronounced like "send you," but with an "R" instead of a "D").

**Cinquain:** It is also known as a quintain or quintet, is a poem or stanza composed of five lines.

**Etheree:** It consists of 10 lines of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 syllables.

**Nonet:** It has nine lines. The first line has nine syllables, the second line eight syllables, the third line seven syllables, etc... until line nine finishes with one syllable. It can be on any subject and rhyming is optional.

**Eintou:** It is an African American poetry form consisting seven lines with a total of 32 syllables or words. The 2-4-6-8-6-4-2 structure of the Eintou is crucial in terms of African and African American philosophy.

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I intend to extend the journey of this book and write "*thoughtfully crafted words - Volume II*" later in 2014. If you liked the content of this book and enjoyed reading my words, kindly share this book with your family and friends to spread the love. You could also email me on [painttheworldwithwords@gmail.com](mailto:painttheworldwithwords@gmail.com) to give your valuable feedback about the book and its content. I would appreciate your gesture!

Thanks again for your support!

Writer of *thoughtfully crafted words*,

Amreen B. Shaikh

*A. B. Shaikh*