

Who am I?

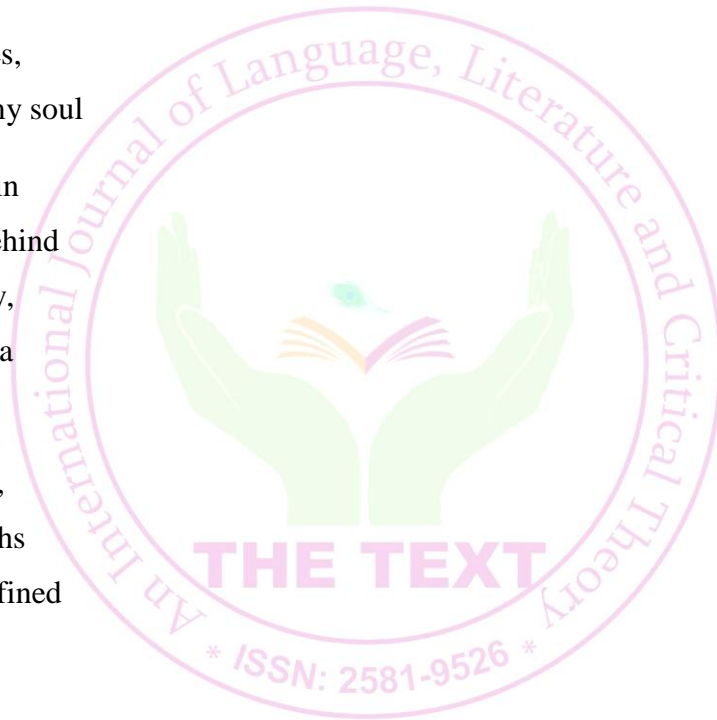
- **Raheela**

It's not me what you see,
It's Just a statue of clay,
It's my veneer,
What you infer am I?

That is veiled
It has no shape,
The color in my eyes,
Not emergence of my soul

The shade of my skin
Has many stories behind
Its fate of my legacy,
I am beyond insignia

I am an icon,
With fabric of body,
Within me He breaths
Who needs to be defined



Fall

- **Raheela**

Its fall again
old leaves
everywhere
shattered,
dried,
faded,
brittle,
and lifeless
festivity of
springtime
is over
the sound of
death whispered
and mortality
from the
tree
was wishful
the adoration
of zephyr
will choose
new verve
until
its fall again



Moments

- **Raheela**

Tiny moments
of love,
In the dark winter nights, like stars in the sky.
look distant and smaller
but greater in existence,
they remain closed
and pour verve and vigor
when gloomy sorrow takes over
they shine like fireflies,
In the fields of thoughts,
they remain silent,
but Strong forever
In our hearts.

