

Spectra of Sentiments

Written & Illustrated by Aayan Mulla





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A Poetry Compilation

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Aayan Mulla

(aged 14)

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At SwitchedON!
The global online writing academy

DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book to my parents and my late maternal grandma Bibi Batool Rozindar. My heritage of writing comes from my grandma who published her poetry in the local newspaper & notable Indian magazines, inspiring me to publish my first compilation. She would have been very enthusiastic supporting me throughout this journey. It has been exciting indeed. The unwavering support was a key motivation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to acknowledge Clare Ford from SwitchedON! for guiding me and helping me throughout this journey.

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Night Of Fire - Ottomans vs Vlad III

Moonlight dances on the silky tents,

Quiet

Alarm!

Whistle of arrows beckon Death.

Soldiers pile every inch of Wallachian soil,

Clash metal

Silky,swords softly

Strike Death in its marble heart.

Ravaged Land.

Burnt tents.

Destruction.

Paranoia.

Terror.

The Old Cottage

Cobwebs dance in wind,
Whispers resonate, listen,
Heart breaks into shards.

Christmas Eve

Hark! Dost thou heareth the bells ringeth?
The snow-white angels carols singeth,
For today is Christmas eve,
The silvery light of the moon o'er trees,
The coniferous, gargantuan Christmas tree,
The metallic tinsel and vibrant wreaths,
The children's chortle and sharp glee,
The Christmas décor and floral leaves.
The sky turns from crimson to cerulean blue,
The red and white stockings are hung,
The sky shifts to a vermillion- a hazy hue,
Some could still hear the carols being sung.

New Year's Fireworks

The countdown starts echoing through the sonorous bell,
My ears start ringing like a calcareous empty shell,
The frantic, rousing, raucous and unabating hoots,
The Eye took on a lustrous golden gleam,
Some may think it would be a riot it seems,
Many a people want to see this tis a captivating desire,
The extravagant golden works of fire,
Tis flamboyant and opulent 'neath the London eye,
From far and near millions gaze, speculate and admire,
A splendorous blossom of pink and green nigh,
They disappear in many a momentous second,
After it, an assortment filled the noir as if beckoned,
The incessant, continual and reverberative din,
The hoots and uproarious cheers continued therein.



Train

Red embers fill the sky,
The gears constantly turning,
Alerting people passing by,
The sun: red, hot and burning.

From the railway carriage I see,
Grass, weeds, and ditches,
An azure sky and lots of trees,
A garden gnome and 12 witches.

Fields of corn and wheat,
A muddy stream flowing,
Disappear like haze and sleet,
Like dancing fireflies glowing.

The lush green meadows,
Amidst white and brown cattle,
The clouds casting shadows,
Like troops charging into battle.

Dunkirk

Blood, trickling, lands
Unto shore. Sandy,
Agonising screams;
Silently bled ears.
Strife and regret of life.
Heart of shards
Destroys you within. Conscience,
Faith, shrouded in despair.

Trickling blood lands
Sandy shore. Unto
Screams. Agonising
Ears bled silently.
Life of regret and strife;
Shards of heart
Within you, destroys Conscience.
Despair in shrouded Faith.

Bhakarwadi

The world asunder,
A battle of sweet and spice,
Evokes ardent awe.

Jalebi

Spirals of heavenly ambrosia swirl,
As a millennia of tastes unfurl,
The crunchy saccharine coating,
One is in eternal Elysian, floating,
Inwards the noble nectar is spreading like sweet fire,
Filling one with sparks of ecstasy and spreading fragrance of fleur
Flakes of blanched almonds and pistachio vert,
Scented oriental saffron sprinkled - threads of fire recouvert.

Biryani

A mixture of spiced meat and rice,
Within it flowers of flavour and colour,
It encompasses tastes and a millennia of spice,
The mesmerising mint and oblivious onion,
Releasing flurries of richness from within,
An array of sweet, spicy spices from therein,
Creating enigmas of emotion from the heart,
A fusion of tastes from sweet to spicy waiting to depart,
The tender tasteful meat marinated with love and care,
The taste of exotic spices from cardamom to aniseed,
Flourishing like fresh, farm harvest grain,
A mixture of spiced meat and rice,
Within it flowers of flavour and colour.

Parents

Closest to my heart,
Embodiment of my hope,
A comet in the sky.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Aayan Mulla is currently studying in a prestigious secondary school in London. He lives in Chigwell, UK with his parents. He compiled his first poem at the age of 7. He is a voracious reader apart from reading his hobbies include badminton, creative writing and poetry, enabling him to publish his work in a variety of school newsletters.. He is also an active participant in various global Poetry competitions. His love of the written word stems from his heritage of writers, notably his late maternal grandmother, inspiring him to publish this compilation. He is inclined towards the Eco committee promoting sustainability. Aayan aspires to be a professor of English Literature at the University of Oxford. Through this book he hopes to enrich young peoples' minds towards poetry and their perspective.

This book is a key to unlocking realms of creativity not thought possible.

Experience a rainbow of emotions with this eclectic compilation of beautifully crafted poems, speaking to the depths of your soul.

