

the most wondrous
of things

a collection of poems

by Megha Shah

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Winter

Darkness

I feel the trees move in.
And the real darkness above them.
The wet soil and earthy me.
As though my feet in the cotton covers
were walking barefoot amongst the leaves.

The soft rustling as the breeze moves past,
I am confused.
It's only me, turning in my sleep.
Hair spread across my pillow;
not lifted by the wind as it felt.

Perhaps it's just you, here,
moving the trees
and swaying the branches in my ceiling.
So that I might catch a dream to my somewhere.
Moonlit and magical.

Perhaps it's just me,
surfacing from my depths,
to sleep under the stars.
To feel the gentle haze on my forehead
and your presence in the night around me.

Castle

Our passion fleeting
but it leaves such huge, solid
structures in my soul.
In surrender, the castle I built.
As though I knew the craft
or ever owned your magic.
I wish we could live here,
in this white linen,
with deep, soft, red petals.
The freshness of your evergreens
all around me.
I own these moments.
Stand by my devotion
to your skin.
I want only you.
I need not real estate.
Your body is my palace.
Your spirit— my view.
Your eyes and lips—
my home.

Partner

In the darkness with you.
I did not know your slightest touch
could make me wish
it would never again be light.
I did not know lips could feel so right.
And with your silly escapism
and silence—
you have spoken every word you dared not say—
with perfect kisses you left on my very soul.
You have embraced my heart
and stolen my pride.
Turned me into a child.
I love you more than I know how.
So much so, that the presence of you
occupies my being.
So much so, that being without you
is still being with you.

It

I must gather it all.
Save it up.
Hide it. Store it.
Later splurge it
for you.
Patience is such an
abnormal thing.
It cannot be collected.
So how do I do this?
Would you lend me yours?
Can it be borrowed?
It only comes
with strings attached
to vital hopes.
From what they tell me,
this is the easy part.
This waiting.
But I know they have never
waited for you.
This is the hardest thing
I know I will always do.
It is the most difficult way
to love you.
But I do.

I understand

I don't know sometimes
whether to throw words and dishes
or to be silent, and half-happy and grateful.
I wish that losing you meant you would be lost to me.
But I am unable to breathe without you.
I could not have survived them.
The waves that were sent, to wash out all my candles.
I could not have retained any value.
But, you loved me once.
I will keep myself that bejeweled princess.
You cared for me so enormously,
I felt like a girl.
How truly thoughtfully we touched,
our souls in our fingertips.
Even the moon is not so lovely.

Java Person

I reek of coffee houses;
roasted beans in my hair.
Looking more and more
like a tortured, angelic soul
each year.
My face with age but glow.
My wings—
just the subtle breeze.
A halo of coffee cup rings,
as dark and as kind as those
around my eyes.

About the author



Megha Shah is an Indian American who immigrated with her family from Mumbai, India to the United States in the early 1970's. After living a few years in Baltimore, the family moved to beautiful Southern California, a place which she still calls home.

Being surrounded by the grandeur and splendor of mountains and glorious California coast, Megha was always drawn to nature. After being introduced to poetry in elementary school, she was inspired to write about the beauty around her. By the time she reached high school, she was writing regularly and as she pursued her education, the college experience led her to more poetry and she truly developed her sense of self. She would carry a satchel of poetry journals and managed to fill quite a few, only now she was also writing through her understanding of relationships and love. Even as she completed her BS in Biology and MA in Education (UC Riverside), she continued to write and found time to participate in poetry readings and developed a chapbook of her

own work. Many of the poems featured in *the most wondrous of things* are from that time.

In the years that followed college, marriage, a relocation to Texas, and the arrival of two beautiful children kept Megha busy. She took a hiatus from writing and she found that she felt lost. Time progressed and once her children entered school, she began to write once again. Poems from her newer work are also weaved into *the most wondrous of things*. She is currently a public high school educator, and preserves her peace through writing and reading. Now, with the encouragement and support of those close to her, she is finally pursuing her dream to publish and share her deep and highly guarded thoughts on love, nature, and life. Megha's poetry inspires readers to achieve a higher love.