

Poems of Feelings



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Welcome to my 3rd book
of poems. This time we
will cover emotions. Thank
you for reading!

Happiness

In realms of rapture, where ecstasy thrives,
Extreme happiness in jubilant dives. A
symphony of emotions, wild and untamed,
Where hearts ignite, unbridled and
unclaimed.

It soars on the wings of euphoric delight, A
kaleidoscope of colors, oh, what a sight! Like
fireworks bursting in a celestial show,
Extreme happiness, an ethereal glow.

In laughter's cascade, and tears of pure glee,
A torrent of bliss, an ocean running free.
Exhilaration pulses, electric and alive, A
fervent crescendo, where passions strive.

Disgust

In the realm of repulsion, I behold, A succinct
tale of disgust, untold. Like bile rising, it
clenches the gut, A torrent of aversion, fierce
and uncut.

It thrives in sights that make eyes wince,
From decaying matter to a putrid rinse. Each
grotesque image, a dagger to the mind,
Provoking shudders, leaving reason behind.

With a touch so repulsive, it leaves a stain,
An icy residue that won't wane. The clammy,
the slimy, the things unclean, Evoke a recoil,
a shiver unforeseen.

Disgust's symphony resounds in the ear, A
discordant chorus of dread and fear. The
grating cacophony of loathing's call, Pierces
the soul, making senses enthrall.

It leaves a taste, bitter and vile, A rancid
flavor, hard to reconcile. A grim reminder
that repulsion clings, And lingers on the
palate, where bitterness sings.

Love

In the realm of emotions, love takes flight,
A radiant warmth, a beacon of light.
It blossoms within, like a gentle flame,
Igniting the heart, forever the same.

Love's touch is tender, a soothing caress,
Filling our souls with pure happiness.
It wraps us in comfort, like a soft embrace,
Melting our worries, leaving no trace.

With love, the world transforms, becomes anew,
Colors grow brighter, skies a deeper blue.
It paints our lives with hues of joy and grace,
Creating a haven, a sacred space.

Embarrasment

Oh, how it scorns and gnaws within, A
torment vile, a serpent's sin. Each
stuttered word, each awkward glance, A
symphony of mortals' dance.

Yet, let not shame forever bind, For
laughter heals, and time is kind. Embrace
the flaws that make us real, And rise
above, with grace and zeal.

For in the depths of our despair, We find
the strength to truly care. So let
embarrassment take its flight, And bask in
our imperfect light.

Annoyance

In the realm of vexation, annoyance takes
flight, A tempest of irritation, a relentless
plight. It tiptoes on patience, like a
delicate thread, Igniting frustration with
each word left unsaid.

It lingers in moments, both big and small,
A persistent murmur, a dissonant call.
Like a pebble in the shoe, it nags and it
pokes, Testing our composure until it
evokes

A symphony of sighs, a chorus of unrest,
Yet amidst the annoyance, we mustn't be
oppressed. For in the depths of
irritation's abyss, We find strength to rise,
and frustration dismiss.

Poems covering large amounts of different feelings

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