

*Of
Scattered
Tears*

Heartbreak Heals

Firdaus H. Salim

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DEDICATION

To my father, Hassan Salim, who did his best to make me better.

To my mother, Barka Swaleh, the best mother I want to mirror.

To my sisters, Nur and Iman, who believed in my strengths and kept me going. Your motivation fueled my progress.

You taught me what LOVE really is. Be blessed!

EPIGRAPH

To heal the broken hearts, for life should move on

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FORWARD MATTER

DEDICATION.....	iii
EPIGRAPH	iv
INTRODUCTION	vii
PREFACE.....	ix

POEMS

War	2
Why	3
Memories.....	4
Cry of Relief.....	5
Done By Love	6
Love	7
Do You Miss Me?	8
Why?.....	9
Take Her for Me	10
You.....	12
Fragile No More	13
The Way Forward.....	14
The Echo.....	15
Pondering.....	16

Pieces..... 17
Alone 18
Puzzled Treasure 19
Love is a Gamble20

BACK MATTER

AFTERWORD.....viii
ACKNOWLEDGMENT..... ix
ABOUT THE AUTHOR..... xvi

INTRODUCTION

Widely acclaimed as one of the most influential writing coaches, Firdaus H. Salim tried her hand in the publishing industry with this as her first book.

'Of Scattered Tears' is an anthology of 18 soothing poetries on the theme of 'Love'.

Love is a thin heavenly neutral line between smiles and tears. Not all relationships end with a 'happy ever after' and that is why this collection is here for you. To help you heal that broken heart. Heartbreak is real; heal and live happier.

The poetries in this book are written with high professionalism that will leave you hungry for more.

I have dedicated it to four main types of readers:

1. To those with broken hearts. I know you want to heal and live a happy life, this book is for you.
2. To those learning poetry. This anthology contains all the basics that you should know about poetry, including forms and styles. The next update of this book will contain a detailed analysis of each poem.
3. To those enjoying poetry. Sit tight and read this book. I do not doubt that you will enjoy every bit of it. The good news is that **'Of Scattered Tears'** is a twin book of **'Of Painted Smiles'**. The twin books cover the two major spheres of love: Heartbreaks and Happiness.
4. To anyone and everyone who likes to read. I am a reading addict too.

PREFACE

This book came about as a result of the inspiration I receive from my network in their broken relationships. Heartbreak is the feeling of overwhelming sadness and grief caused by a loved one. It is a deep sorrow felt when a loved one dies or abandons you.

I realized that heartbreaks are not only present in a romantic relationship but also in other bonds as well. A sibling relationship-shutter may mean heartbreak. Its unpredictable nature makes it more painful than it already is.

It is funny how I wrote an anthology on heartbreaks without even experiencing it myself. I guess the inspiration itself was enough to inspire me to heal the broken ones. There is life after a heartbreak and every lover deserves to know.

Writing this book has been easy. I love poetry and it mostly comes to me as a free-fall. It took me few days to research, days to write, months to compile, and just minutes to publish. An awesome experience, I should say.

Heartbreaks break and burn the heart as well. Sometimes it may almost seem to be impossible to move on from it. It is very important to realize that *with or without a heartbreak, life should move on, as long as you are breathing*. This awesome collection of soothing poetry is here for you.

Everything contained in this book is pure work of my imagination, thoughts, and perspectives. Prepare to enjoy yourself with this heart-fixer kit, learning aid, leisure book, call it however you want to.

Go ahead and read it, many stanzas are waiting for you to devour.

*Of
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Tears*

Heartbreak Heals

Firdaus H. Salim

War

Love is war and its goal is to fight.
Each soldier is different;
they all have their own motives which keep them fighting,
They all have their own reasons
which refurbishes their strength and keeps them alive.
love is truly a war,
and its goal is to fight with their utmost abilities.

Why

I know I'm far from being her man,
But why can't I wipe her from my mind?
Why can't I repel her?
Even cocaine is not as intoxicating as her;
nothing is.

Ever since I laid my eyes on her, I couldn't look away.
When she speaks, I drool over her every word.
When she smiles, my heart drums louder.
When she hugs me, I see all the shit in my life vanish.
When she kisses me, I feel that I won't be able to kiss another
girl ever again.

I have a very dark life,
one where her luminous smile is unheard of.
I need to repel her
But why can't I?
I guess all the '*I don't know*' are my answers,
Because everything about her is everything I need.
So, help me God,
Give me the courage to stay away from her.

Memories

In the graveyard of your memories,
My poetries bloom silently
And this imbecile heart waters them through
in teary eyes.

My soul clamors
Through those lexicons
But it deserves that pain
For loving you:
Darling.

Cry of Relief

I used to yearn for someone like you
To hold me tight and see me through
To value my smile and hate my tears.
Little did I know of the saying
“If loyalty exist, water couldn't cook fish”
I can't cry my tears out loud, because
Announcing my mistake won't help.
That's why I wait for the silence of the night
So that I can hear the echo of my cry
And dream on the capacity of my tears.

Done By Love

I've said a lot,
But all she gave me was a deaf pose
not like she lacks the sense of hearing,
But, she lacks ears.

I've said and repeated, emphasized and alliterated,
but all was in vain.
I am asking, for the final time
Which part of "I LOVE YOU" do you not understand?

I've spent a lot of time
trying to fix you
But I've never realized
That you were breaking me.

While I was putting your pieces back together
You were ripping apart mine,
But
I realized it too late.

Love

Things go wrong in life,
But love stays strong.
Yet, you didn't know the meaning of love,
To the heart, it belongs.

All you know is how to give pain,
All you know is how to make me cry in vain.
I have no feelings left,
It's all in the past.

Do You Miss Me?

Holding your picture in my hand,
I feel a deep fracture developing in my heart.
Can't take my sight off this,
for I am afraid this will be the last chance
I'll have got the honors of eyeing your sweet smile.

Those memorable days were perfect. I cherished, and you knew.
You loved me. Unfortunately, I'm not among the perfect few.
I know it's difficult, but just trust me one more time;
You deserve the best '*she*', or rather an emblem of the same.
My absence will hurt; but when '*she*' comes you'll smile.

Your memories in my mind will forever stay,
though I know we're more than miles away.
I still believe you deserve a beauty by sight and mind,
not a misfit lass, psycho and blind.
This fact will hurt for now, but when '*she*' comes you'll smile.

I know you miss us. I do too.
But what else could I do? Turn your life black and blue?
After all, your aura shines in and out.
So raise your head. Do not pout.
Go look for her, she'll make you smile.

Why?

Even after cursing my heart,
its shadow is still your love.
Why can't I erase you from my mind?

I loved you both, but the heavens did more.
If only I knew
that my seed would be the dagger
used to slice your soul,
I could never share it with you.
Although I don't regret that night;
we peeped at the paradise pleasures.

Please sign the file you printed in my heart
And allow me to see another *she*.
Else, I can't erase you from my mind.

Take Her for Me

To the man who is so able
To make her feel wonderful,
I beg you to listen to my plea—
Please, take her to the moon for me.

I see she really loves you,
For she gives off the smiles—
God knows I'd die
To be the reason behind.

Just so you know, her laughs are like
Sweet therapies to my ears
So good, so serene,
So much nicer than a calm rain.

But I'm just another man
Who feeds on her subtle existence.
I can never make her happy as you do,
That is why, please...

Take her to the moon for me!

Open her eyes to see
All the reasons to shout in glee.
Go! Take her to the moon for me!

Make her cry the tears of joy
As you kiss her in front of the ethereal sunrise.

Take her to all the wonders of the world!
Hold her delicate hands
As you climb the summit
Of your own kind of Everest.

Take her to the moon
And as you search for the stars,
Let her know she's more beautiful
Than what's up there.

For I am just another pilot—
Who flies his own spaceship
To watch the woman he so loves
Fly with someone else up above.

To you for whom she lives to see,
Please, take her to the moon for me.

You

I want to give you the world, the stars, the moon, and everything in between. But how can I do that when my shit is uncollected? I have to let you go.

You deserve to be a queen, you deserve to be treated in the best of ways, you deserve to be happy and it's very painful for me to say that I can't give you that right now.

Pain has ripped me apart for so many years, I am severely torn. I know you are more than ready to put me back together but I will never accept that offer. For my pain is a dark hole. One that I would never wish to see you pass through.

Fragile No More

I can break no more.
Nothing within me is breakable:
Not anymore, at least.

She was a star
Who twinkled for my night and day,
But one night, she dulled and disappeared.
Who knows to where?

She blinded me with excess affection,
printed her love on the flesh of my heart,
tattooed her name on my chest.
In and On me is dominantly her.

Now that she's no more,
Can I erase her?
Burning the tattooed imprint will scar my heart.
Scar my heart.
An ugly scar?
Uglier than;
The soul she burnt?
The heart she broke?

The Way Forward

Listening to your words,
Trying to fit in your world,
You made me so messed up
And all I could do was clean up:
The mess you made me make.

Cleaning up the memories of you,
Clearing all your lies I thought were true,
killing all that you made me feel.
Because right now, with you I cannot deal.

The Echo

The sounds of silence
echoes through my veins
and reverberates against
my aching heart,
but I am too used to this feeling
of rejection,
so I will forget you
when I'm ready.

Pondering

I wonder,
before your heart
goes to sleep at night,
does it still think
about me?

Pieces

Broken people leave pieces behind.
I left mine everywhere,
but in your arms,
where they fall out the most.

My heart is crumbling
and your hands are the culprits.

Why does a heartbreak burn?
Why does a heartbreak burn?

Alone

I miss you so much,
more than words could ever tell.
A throbbing ache shudder
throughout my body
resonating the urgency:
I need you near.

What a cruel fate
tore us apart,
leaving me abandoned
to face a darkened future.

Solely the thought of your touch
brings comfort to my heart,
with endless streams of tears
that refuses to subside.

Puzzled Treasure

At the epicenter of the waters of love, my heart stayed:
Puzzled.

Gravity did its down-pulling,
Upthrust did its best action,
Whilst

I was there

Eyeing my puzzled heart with sympathy,
Like it's the world's treasure
Swallowed by a mountain of a whale.

How can I retrieve my heart?
Why does a heartbreak burn?

Puzzled treasure,
In the epicenter of the waters of love.

Love is a Gamble

You can love someone so much
With all of your heart
But love may still fall apart.

That is the risk you take
To test the depth of the waters of love.
Will your heart sink? Float?
Or get crushed by the waves?

Love is a gamble
Sometimes you win,
Sometimes you lose,
You don't get to choose...
The default results.

The End

AFTERWORD

It is funny how I wrote an anthology on heartbreak without even experiencing it myself. I guess the inspiration itself was enough to inspire me to heal the broken ones. There is life after a heartbreak and every lover deserves to know that.

It took me days of research to find out about heartbreaks, their cause, and possible fixes. I wrote that all down for you, my dear reader.

This is a twin book of '*Of Painted Smiles*' an anthology about the better sphere of love.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

As with everything I have done in my life, this anthology would not have been possible without the love and support of many people.

I would not be who I am today without the steady hand and unconditional love of my parents, you are the best pair I can ever think of. Thank you dad for all the moral/mental/physical support that you have been giving me in my life journey. Thank you mom for all your patience, advice, and infinite prayers. I believe that Allah (S.W.T) will respond to them in the best of ways.

To my sisters, Nur and Iman, you are my favorite beings. Thank you for supporting me in everything I do. And for tasting my works before anyone else does.

To my one-and-only brother-in-law (in the meantime), Abdul-Sattar Noor, I appreciate you for all the pens you have supplied to me from Tanzania. You have been a sweet motivation to me.

As a writing coach, I would like to thank my awesome students. I learn from you as much as you learn from me. Thank you for making me better.

To Cartoon Ink Writers Network (CIWN), I say thank you for being an amazing family. I have learned a lot from you people. This anthology became much better because of you.

To Ficmata, you have been an amazing editor. I appreciate you for the magic skills that you have sprinkled into my work. Be blessed.

To Rubaia Khatun & David Nelly, thank you for being the light in my publishing journey.

For Aliyu Shehu, I appreciate your advice and guidance. You are a jewel.

Bless you!

REVIEW OF 'OF SCATTERED TEARS' BY WISDOM DURU

Heartbreak is a universal language that comes in different forms and degrees. It affects us all, old and young. Still, dealing with this age-old universal language continues to elude many. This is exactly what Beta Scribbles aims to do with her poetry anthology, “**Of Scattered Tears**”. Covering the themes of love and heartbreak, the poet takes us on a journey through a relationship turned sour and her attempts to find healing afterwards and she does this excellently well.

The 18-poem anthology begins with **War**, a poem that compares love to war. It easily stands out as a highlight of the book, managing to say so much with so little (it is a septet). The metaphor on the opening line, “*Love is war and its aim is to fight*” would have heads spinning on the poet's intentions (a plus if you ask me). Basically, this poem sets the perfect tone for a book about heartbreak, forewarning readers that the roads ahead are about to be rough.

On **Why**, it becomes clearer that this is mostly a work of fiction, as the speaker is revealed to be a man. This poem has the primary actor pondering why he can't get his ex out of his mind. He reveals that “*cocaine is not as intoxicating as she is*” and goes ahead to state that he has a dark life, an allusion to the withdrawal effects suffered by cocaine addicts. The poet also gives us a first taste of the theme of healing, relying on God for the courage to heal.

Next is **Memories**, an affirmation of Beta’s prowess at succinct poetry that holds much more than meets the eyes. Consisting of a quatrain and a quintain, the poem discusses how the memories of lost love are inspiring poetry. The poet also employs some form of enjambment in the second verse to drive home the pain of losing a love. This is why the poem, though 9 lines long, is rather short.

Like its name implies, **Cry Of Relief** is an acknowledgement of crying as a form of therapy for heartbreak. Lines such as “*I can’t cry my tears out loud, because Announcing my mistake won’t help*”, hint at possible regret or embarrassment on the part of the poet (or primary actor). However, when “*the silence of the night*” kicks in, the pain is cried away.

We get an insight into the relationship before the heartbreak on **Done By Love** and as expected, things are off. The primary actor divulges the amount of times he has attempted to express his lover to the love interest but to no avail. In fact, he uses the metaphor (which doubles as metonymy), “*she lacks ears*” to describe how unreceptive the lady has been. The use of capital letters in the line, “*Which part of “I LOVE YOU” do you not understand?*” places emphasis on how distraught and exhausted he had become, later admitting that his ex had ripped him apart. These sentiments are also carried over into **Love**, a heartfelt poem on the effect of being stuck in a loveless relationship.

Do You Miss Me? is a prose poetry where the poet admits to missing the ex. One thing that’s immediately noticeable is, this time around the love interest appears to be male, as the line

“My absence will hurt; but when ‘she’ comes you’ll smile” reveals. The poem is also made up of 4 quintets with an aabbc rhyme scheme (aside from the first stanza).

Why? returns to the female love interest (or does this hint at a same sex relationship?). This poem addresses the issue of letting go after heartbreak, with the primary actor confessing, *“Why can’t I erase you from my mind?”*. Again, we get a glimpse into a probable reason for the break-up. There is also a use of alliteration on *“paradise pleasures”* on line 10.

The longest poem on the anthology, **Take Her For Me** is directed to the new lover of the ex-girlfriend. Stanza 8 of this poem not only discloses that the primary actor hasn’t gotten over the ex but that he may be stalking her and her new lover. Now, this is one of the borderline crazy things that results from heartbreaks and bad breakups.

On **You**, the poet owns up to her flaws, revealing that pain has broken her and, on that account, the relationship can’t continue. The poem is also a prose poetry (more prose than poetry actually) which is a plus for the stylistic variety on display in this anthology.

The gripping imagery on **Fragile No More** compares the ex-lover to a star that disappears overnight. With the aid of intricately arranged rhetoric questions, the last stanza of the poem doubles down on the theme of healing, revealing that poet is ready to deal with the pain of moving on because the pain already experienced can’t be compared.

By **The Way Forward**, it is clear the healing process is progressing. The lines, *“Cleaning up the memories of you”* and

“*Because right now, with you I cannot deal*” acknowledge that the poet is losing the energy for all shenanigans. Again, the deviation from the aabb rhyme scheme of the poem on the last line of stanza 1 really drives home the pain in that line.

The Echo is another succinct poem, literally just 1 sentence broken into an enjambment of 8 lines. Here, the poet reiterates her resolve to forget the ex even if it means loneliness. However, this may be one of the low points of the poem (technically speaking), as the rhythmic cohesion seems to be lost.

Going forward, Beta again showcases her impeccable ability to pen short but striking poetry on **Pondering**. It is a quintain with an especial syllabic pattern, comprising of 3 syllables on line 1, 4 syllables on line 2, 5 syllables on line 3, 4 syllables on line 4 and 3 syllables on line 5. Interestingly, this structure is also built around an enjambment of 1 sentence. However, it conspicuously places itself as the best use of enjambment on this anthology for the seamless union of rhythm and emotions (it will pop in spoken word).

Pieces is another highlight, made up of a quatrain and 2 couplets. Thematically, the poem returns to the earlier treated tales of heartbreak and pain. The first stanza (the quatrain) begins with the quotable line, “*Broken people leave pieces behind*” and majorly finds the poet lamenting over the aftermath of the relationship. The concluding stanza features a repetition of the line, “*Why does a heartbreak burn?*” twice, emphasizing the poet’s anguish.

The next 2 poems, **Alone** and **Puzzled Treasure**, similarly return to the themes of pain and regret with the poet missing the ex and longing for their touch.

The anthology culminates with **Love is a Gamble**, a poem that acts as an answer to the introductory poem, **Love Is War**. It consists of an Ukiah, a quatrain and a quintain. The last verse (the quintain) serves as a moment of concession for the poet who initially believed love was a war to be fought, but now admits “*You don’t get to choose... The default results*”. Like its introductory counterpart, this poem is the perfect conclusion to this anthology, unveiling a character who has experienced first-hand the pains of heartbreak and has been refined by it.

Beta Scribbles has outdone herself with this book, really proving her worth as a writing coach. The creative use of elements of style and structure is show-stopping and incorporates variation into the work, which is lacking in a lot of modern poetry. Her expressions and imagery are also enthralling. In addition, the themes of heartbreak and lost love are such tricky ones and Beta should be termed daring for taking it on fearlessly. For a book that promises healing though, it seemed to dwell so much more on the heartbreak than on the healing. Nevertheless, “Of Scattered Tears” is a masterpiece worthy of consideration by poets, keen readers and anyone who has ever experienced heartbreak (so, everyone).

Prepared by Mr. Wisdom Duru

Published on **The Afro Desk** on Thursday 20th May 2021

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

By interest, Firdaus H. Salim is a published author, poet, motivational speaker, and writing/reading coach. A software engineer by profession. In her written works, she goes by the pseudonym “Beta Scribbles.”

Her love for social impact has inspired her to create Cartoon Ink Writers Network (CIWN) which is a free virtual writers' community where members are coached to learn from each other and grow together.

Find out more about Firdaus [at www.linktr.ee/firdaus_h_salim](http://www.linktr.ee/firdaus_h_salim)

OTHER BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR

Of Scattered Tears (Edition 1.0) – Heartbreak heals

Of Scattered Tears (Edition 2.0) – Detailed poetry analysis

Of Painted Smiles (Edition 1.0) – Love and life

Of Painted Smiles (Edition 2.0) – Detailed poetry analysis

All About Poetry (Edition 1.0) – Comprehensive Poetry
spotlight