

Mundane

Marvels:

Veres of Beauty

Unearthed

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Introduction:

“Mundane Marvels: Verses of Beauty Unearthed” will take you through the journey of finding beauty in the ordinary, providing various points of views and controversial opinions on the topics at hand.

Beauty that varies from nature to society as well as within oneself. Just like life, it is a little chaotic yet it will still make sense, going through the ups and downs.

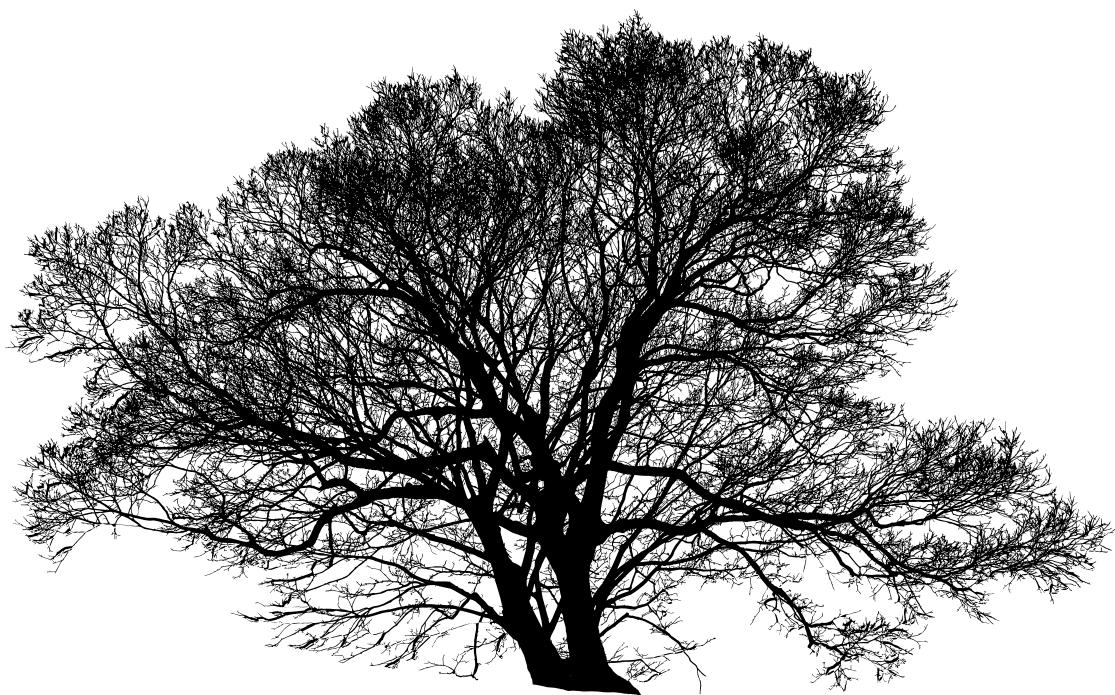
Each poem is a fragment of life’s beauty as well as its horrors and sorrows- the personal experience of a woman who grew up with the modern world and contradicting standards.





Nature

Flowers singing loud.
Their beauty surrounding me.
Filled with such poise.



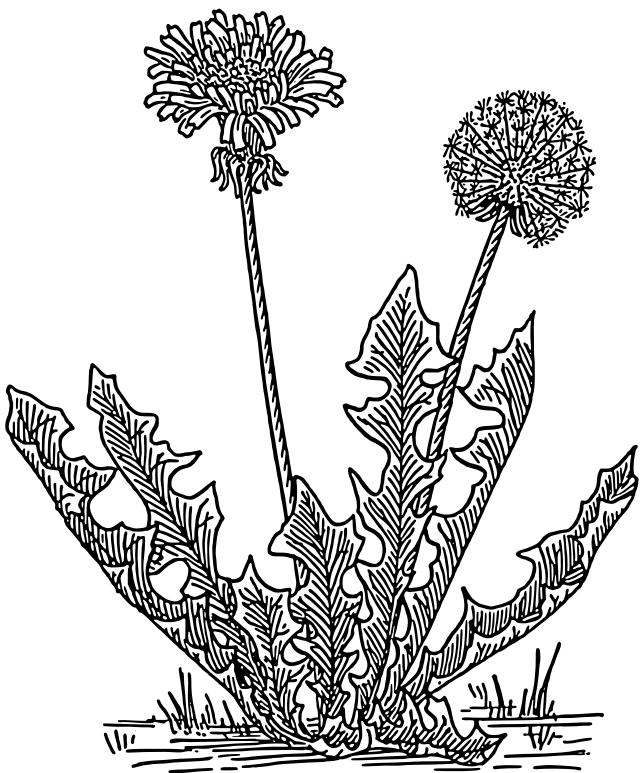
Field of Happiness

Dandelions in a field,
the serenity they yield.

A refreshing breeze though my hair,
Nothing compares!

The sun warming my face
like a comfortable embrace.

I could live here forever,
as long as we're together.





Rolling Picture

Amidst the rolling field, a vast expanse.
I sit and stare, trapped in a trance.
How the world shows such romance.

Under the starry night sky.
Trapped as time passes by.
Wondering, how do birds feel as they fly?

Oh, what an ordinary place.
Watching as beauty unfurls.
Everything spinning in space.
Embracing my curls.

A feature often seen as bad.
Thoughts precautionary,
it makes me mad.
It is extraordinary.

Societal Standards

Weed among the grass.
Daisy blowing in the wind.
Such beauty I can see.



Intrusive Thoughts

Am I pretty?

I have the long hair and doe eyes.

I am tall and my legs are long.

I have straight teeth and full lips.

Am I ugly?

I have a belly and stretch marks.

My grades aren't as good.

My arms are flabby.

I am me.

It may be ordinary
but I see beauty.

Patriarchy

Fuck the standards of society:
Fuck the patriarchy!



Complexity of Life

Chaos all around me.
Can I have serenity?
Have Integrity!





Bustling Suburbia

Amidst intricacy we will find,
the ordinary, overlooked and unseen.
Simplest moments that look so kind.
Daily routine.

Life's complex design,
a routine hum,
the common moments shine,
look before you become numb!

Beauty dwells in stories untold,
yet we keep quiet?
So many standards to uphold.
I'm starting a riot!

In little moments we are free,
with a morning cup of serenity.



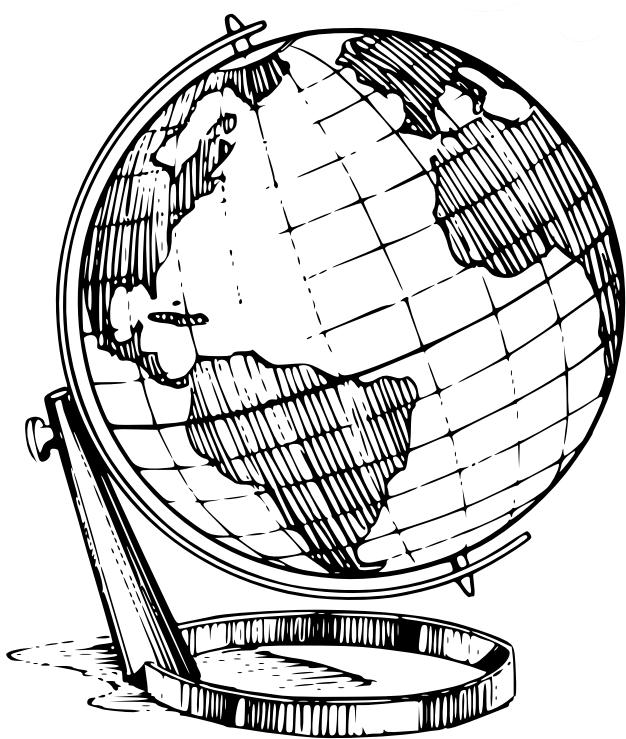
The Struggle

Stuck in life's tangled threads.
My hand hovers over a cigarette.
Yet through the chaos I must strive,
this complex life, I will survive!



Freedom

Daring to explore.
Free thinking knows no bound.
Free thoughts pave new roads.





Obscured View

Beauty hides in plain view.
In the ordinary, where dreams come true.

Beneath the city hum.
Where buildings loom, in cracks of concrete,
flowers find a way to bloom.
For in simplicity we can gain.

In simple moments,
a masterpiece for the eye,
a world of wonder can be seen.
Discover beauty in ordinary.

As sunrise paints the morning view.
A cozy corner of a coffee shop.
In the scent of rain falling to earth
and the sound of laughter and a wrinkled smile.

In nature's rhythm we're set free,
an essence of freedom enthralled.

A Ballad to the Good Ones

There bloomed a tale of wonderful grace.
A ballad of freeform, beauty's embrace.

In the heart of every soul longing to be free.
-Free to be me.

Where caged birds yearn to touch the sky,
like stars that twinkle in velvet so high.

Thoughts stirred and took hold.
A quest for freedom, oh so bold.

A spark did ignite,
yearning for freedom so bright.

Let this ballad be a song,
for those who knew right from wrong.
Its power restored.

Self-Love

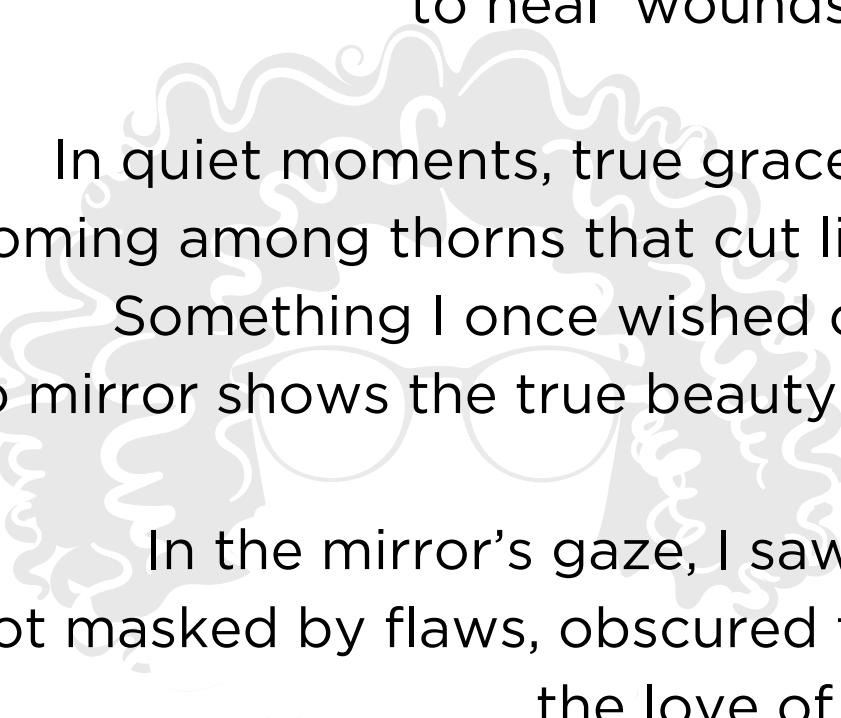
Embrace flaws and all.
Self-love blooms like wildflowers.
Ordinary, divine.



The Story My Body Tells

In shadows deep, where self-love seemed but dust.

 My spirit tired of being misled,
 yet in the ordinary I found lust,
 to heal wounds of regret.



In quiet moments, true grace revealed.
Blooming among thorns that cut like a knife.
 Something I once wished concealed.
No mirror shows the true beauty of my life.

In the mirror's gaze, I saw my truth.
Not masked by flaws, obscured from view,
 the love of my youth.
My daily debut.

Through struggles self-love finally won.
In the ordinary, a journey has just begun.

‘A Ballad to Myself’

In a world of shining stars so bright,
I've searched for beauty day and night.
But I found it in the familiar.
The naked body I see in the mirror.

My thighs thick and defined,
How have I been so blind?
I once saw myself a sinner,
but i finally see the bigger picture.

My body sculpted by age,
now it will take centre-stage!
What I once saw as a thriller,
now laid out to praise like scripture.

I will grab attention like a thunder-crack.
No ideologies will hold me back!