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In addition to volunteering, Hessa has multiple interests in varying categories. Her most devoted hobbies are seen in her artistic side, where she feels freedom in expression. This can be captured either by painting, building, drawing, playing instruments, or in this case, writing!

***Art of Emotional Venting* is her first anthology.**

THE ART OF EMOTIONAL VENTING



HESSA

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The Art of Emotional Venting
Hessa

In life, we are taught some valuable lessons. Personally, I've been very blessed to have met a lot of wonderful people who I've learned a lot from.

To start off, I'd like to thank my wonderful parents. Mom, thank you for your continuous encouragement and advice that has led me to places I never thought I would go. Whenever I thought I couldn't do it, you always told me that I could. Dad, I learn something new from you every single day. Thank you for providing me such a strong foundation of knowledge for my own personal journey. Thanks for being an outstanding mentor in life and for guiding me on the right path.

Secondly, to all of my siblings, it is difficult to express how much I value you and what you've taught me. Because of you, I've grown to be someone I can respect.

I'd also like to thank my close friends (AH, MH, AR, MB, MZ, LA). Your support, love, advice has been invaluable to me over the past couple of years. I'm grateful for having you in my life and being an important part of my story.

To my past English teacher (TM), as a teacher, you inspired me and as a mentor, you motivated and invested in me. Thank you for the substantial skills and great knowledge you've imparted to me. You're both an inspiration and a role model.

I would like to express my gratitude to the illustrator who helped me bring this book to life. Also, a sincere thank you to the National Media Council and the Ministry of Culture & Knowledge Development for helping potential authors turn their ideas into stories every day.

A big thanks to the UAE, my home. I wish to express my gratitude to the visionary leaders and people of this great nation for upholding the value of tolerance and peace. A place where we understand the meaning of humanity. I'd also thank their government for the countless great opportunities they give us to improve upon ourselves. To be the best version of us we could be. Thank you.

Last but not least, thanks to everyone who has been a part of my life's journey. In both the past and present, thank you for teaching me cherished memories and life lessons that made me the person I am today. Every life is a story, thank you for being part of mine.

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Author's Note

It's so alleviating to have the option to take overpowering feelings and transform them into words that make visuals. Writing poetry is my passion. Why? Because whenever I write, it feels like I enter a tunnel of creativity that leads me to another dimension of freedom.

As a 15-year-old beginning to experience the world and learning lessons of life, what's always been by my side was the ability to write. Being able to channel my emotions into a form of art at any time of the day was my own aptitude. It started off as a coping mechanism, a way I could rant and vent out my crammed mind and heart.

The power of my emotions creates a whole language. Like a seed that simply grows endlessly. This collection of poems begins with my very first poem (written in 2019) until my current latest (2020). As you flip each page, it only improves. As my poetic voice speaks louder, and words grow in feelings.

*This language of poetry increases one's inspirational mind. No matter the topics, the feelings portrayed, the length of the poetry, art will always be art. And what creates art itself is driven ardor and dedication. Without further ado, I present: *The Art of Emotional Venting...**



Classically Inspired

*She gives her queen a shake,
And sobs until the tears make*

*The only other sound's the break,
Of distant waves and birds awake.*



My Lover

*My strong lover, you inspire me to write,
Invading my mind day and through the night,*

*Always dreaming about the sparkling kiss.
You stayed,*

Then ran away into the mist.



Bad Mistake

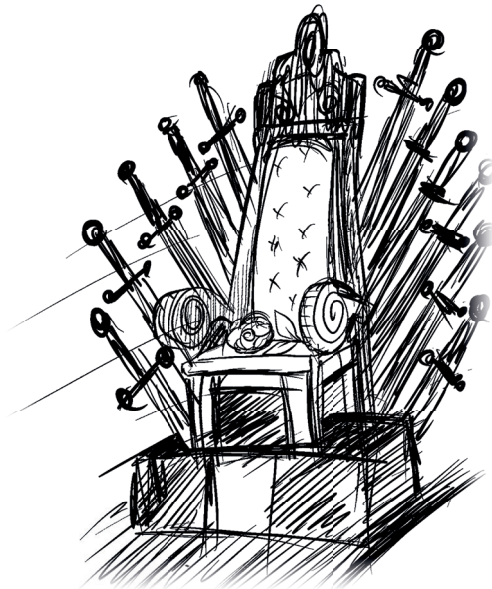
Whose rose is that?

I think I know.

Its owner is quite angry though.

She gives her rose a shake and screams,

“I’ve made a bad mistake,” it seems.



Anger

*She rises from her cursed bed,
With thoughts of violence in her head,*

*A flash of rage and she sees red,
Without a pause I turned and fled.*

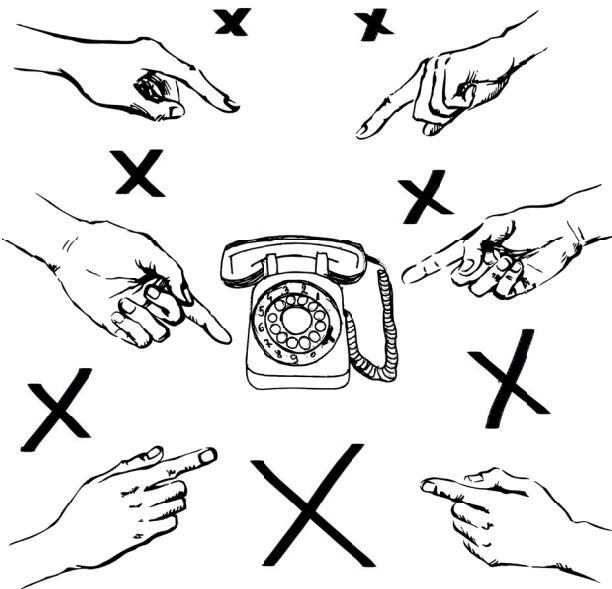


Mistake 0.2

Mistake—

*Biggest, irreparable, and undeniable,
Blundering, doubting, blaming.*

*Who's to point out or whom to call
Braver than I, perhaps so long?*

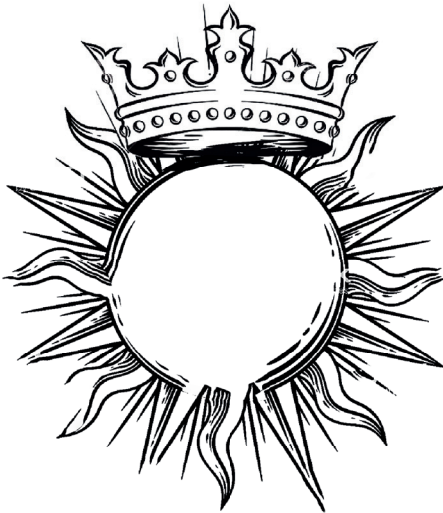


Lil' Ms. Sunshine

*It was embroiled in her blood
As she recoiled with an ex love.*

Hope is as it seems, a way to cope.

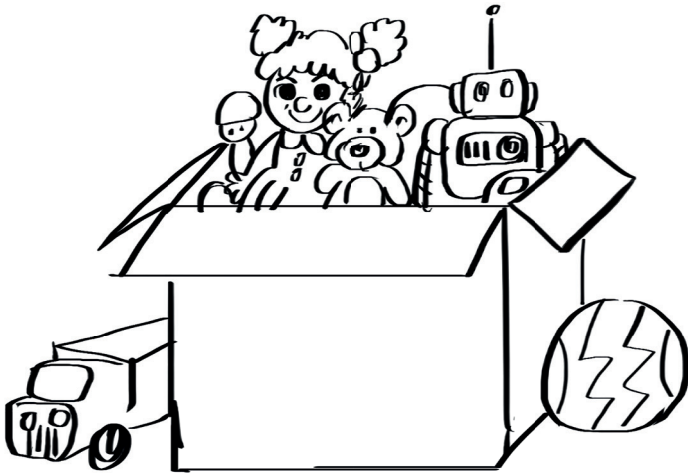
*Frightened of the sound of getting crowned,
Lil' Ms. Sunshine left without a found.*



Childhood

*Stands so tall like a mighty call,
Its thorns so sharp, could cut a tarp.*

*Whom thee stood on my tidy hood?
A little rose from my childhood.*



Heartbreak

*Stands so tall like a mighty call,
Its thorns so sharp, could cut a tarp.*

*Whom thee stood on my tidy hood?
A little rose from my childhood.*

