

# Haiku

cold winter morning  
That's the sound of solitude  
the presence of peace.

Loving myself is  
Hard and rough feeling like slut  
Me, Myself and I

# Rhyme

It is quite clear  
That I have nothing to fear  
I'll be just fine  
After this battle of mine  
But what if I'm not  
My poor mind thought

Don't you give up just yet  
The sun hasn't even started to set  
I just want you to be able to see  
The day even you'll be free

I know it might seem unbearable  
But it won't always be so horrible  
So please just let me prove it to you  
You and I will make it through

A summer night  
The weather is just right  
Not a care in the world  
Just me and my friends  
Enjoying our time  
In our prime  
One day we will be old  
But our stories are not yet told

A teeny-tiny light  
flickering in the night  
Reddened little puny fingers  
searching warmth that still lingers  
The clock strikes midnight  
while the child gets frostbite  
There is a snowstorm outside  
warmth can only be found inside.

Love is

like a jingling instrument,

prophesying without borders,

communication with a deep signal.

It's hard to find its purpose,

and searching is pointless.

What is the benefit

if I'm forced to find myself from afar.

As if love is patient,

not envious, not bragging

not looking for benefits.

That's madness, I suppose. Something beautiful.

Also, the next moment is confusing.

They may say

Faith, hope,

Love.

Feeling alive,

sadness isn't around us.

Our knowledge is incomplete

and mine is more.

However I don't promise anything.

I'm full on lies.

It wasn't bigger than life.

Brothers help me,

I'm in huge danger.

Everything is so expensive,

we must reach more.