



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

420

TOPIC: The shadow often seems more real than the body.

## The mere outline

A capricious soul trapped in a body,  
A body imperceptible to anything holy.  
Yet again in darkness arrived solitude,  
And the perforated shadow pierced through gratitude.

perplexity of that soul  
Now drenched deep with a hole  
As for now only he could heal  
All the despondency each nerves and cells feel.

The body often asks the universe  
who will confront this fathomless verse?  
who will exude what is real and mere?  
In this ambiguity of thoughts stood quintessence of shadow here.





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For when the ground's not reaches the bones,  
when the nerves collide with roots  
when the lungs grow seeds,  
And when the heart harbours worms.

The body will stay still,  
Only the ferantly ideal shadow remains when ill.  
From when I was in my mother's womb,  
To when they find me in a tomb.

Like how my mother always stays  
In the darkness, in the grief when I lay.  
Grief perhaps was the winter's cold shadow,  
Helping the dismal heart see what's in a meadow.

I don't suppose they lament,  
On how I live on as a torment  
And when my eyes search for love  
I always encounter this silhouette in a cove.





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Indeed the body is mere  
And it is the shadow that is real.  
The body's very own companion who is loyal,  
And not treacherously waiting to kill him.

As the growling skies echo their silence  
When the melliflous crowd exalt their vehemence.  
When grief constantly shrouds,  
It is this dark outline that surrounds.

Life doesn't suppose blood and flesh  
It can be a soul less, hue less man.  
For whom there exist no future, nor past to rush,  
Who listens to the silent screams of a man.





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For he is real as he stands when everyone is gone  
he won't foresake the future you can't foresee  
He knows no forlorn in fate  
yet stands with smouldering love with no hate.

The night's secrets in soft sighs  
And the stars dance across the ebony skies.  
All human palpations he endeavour,  
pollen, puff, numb and savor.

perhaps an admonition to human kind  
on how one can love even without a mind.  
Not a word, not a scent, not a feeling yet he understand  
yet ~~be~~ in darkness without any fear he stands.

when death arrives in search of me  
The body and shadow interwine in my coffin.  
No being I met up this lifetime ~~is~~ is with me,  
For my shadow doesn't know we are in a grave.





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He who had witnessed the melancholic mirth of a sea  
the awfully alluring living corpse floating in a sea  
He who knew never spoke or heard,  
Remains to be more human than these beings here.

Blithely unaware of the anguish creature I've become  
He stood as always, emotionless and numb.

I am no more real

For I had always been mere.

For he sauntered without a body  
with no remorse he enjoyed wholly  
with no face he felt the ecstatic elation  
As the body underwent its annihilation.

Ever wonder how it feels

To feel nothing and be at ease

Ask him who saw the ambiguity of the darkness

How does ~~it~~ it feel?