



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 089

THE WORLDS WITHIN US

Oh! How many times

I had to wonder deep:

How many worlds have we built

Inside our minds' sacred fields?

A thousand worlds may reside within us

Built not with cement or bricks or stones

But with deeds and thoughts

and smiles kept and tears sacrificed

And we wander about

On each of our sacred worlds

Yet no outsider owns the key

For we keep it beneath our skin

We built a world

with boulders of guilt and remorse

And painted it with hues

of a ruined heart

We pressed on jewels,

stolen from the heart of memories

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Lest it should lose its shine,

We carry it with us, hidden.

Birds may forget to chirp in this world

Where joy refuses to reside.

And we are visitors here often

On days when glee bids farewell.

A dystopia? No.

Just a quiet world

For a wounded heart to weep.

We built yet another world

Where flowers bloom

In the soil mixed in heaven and

God himself paints our gardens.

We reside in palaces here

made of constellations

where we'll meet the good old souls.

This world, an open meadow

for wandering souls that feel deep

A world without tears

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Nor shouts of agony.

A utopia? No.

Just the latibule of a weakened soul

to hide in sickening silence.

There we go again, we built a wonder,

Another world where wars rage

Heads chopped off by lies

And blood screams on the walls

The dust coats our soul

with cries of deserted minds

And in this world, fire spreads

above the clouds high,

We hesitate to slumber

And long to fly.

We are shackled here

in moments of silent screams.



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A battlefield? No.

Just a world where

the thoughts take revenge on actions.

And far away, in a land

where eyes can't see

We've built another world

With bricks of hope and desire.

A world where wind carries

the song of our longing,

a quiet prayer for a beloved dream,

A wish we kept on the lonely stars.

A world we built with much passion

A world which lets us breathe

where lessons are etched on city walls.

Quite unknowingly, we throw the world open

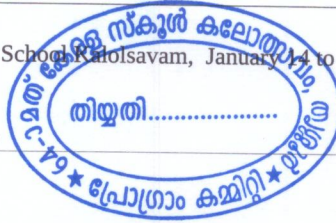
On days when life eclipses our dreams.

A world of hope evermore? No.

Just a Sanctuary where the air itself

is kind enough to keep our spirits alive.

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And then there is another world

where love thrives in every heartbeat

The ephemeral world

Your little hands have built

A world where kisses and goodbyes

Hang in the air, refusing to disappear

Even the wind will whisper

The one name your heart relishes

A world for which you've fought

a thousand battles and lost none

A world where kindness rules

A terrain that never tires your feet

A world of eternal love? No

Just a world of broken promises

But still a fabric mended

with threads of belief

And, oh Lord!

There may be a lot more

Invisible to the naked eye

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In some we rule,

And in some other, we are ensnared.

Some will let us fly.

Some imprison us in our souls.

Eyes so blinded with

Sweet lies and pretty masks

would fail to find these worlds

We've built within our hearts.

For we keep them guarded

well against the coldness

of the nights that people carry

within their minds.

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