



My poem, my agony

This pen always knew me the best
Only my poems saw me at worst
Shades of loneliness keeps swallowing me
Still my dearest lines, I live through thee!

Yes, the World worries me
yet someone else I pretend to be
I guess I just can't accept love
That I'm okay with people tending to
leave

These aren't mere words
but my cries in agony!

As I appear with new grieves
you feel just like ocean waves
Just how the waves awake my wills



Item Code:

Participant Code:

Yes. you are my happy pills

Everytime I be in vain

You never fail to recite my pain

Only you could get close to my heart

maybe that's why you're termed as art

These aren't mere words

but my cries in agony

People pretend to know the feeling

But why only you can see my heart

bleeding

Everytime I wanna change

You help me endure the rage

Eyes are welled, running tear drops

Only you can decide when it stops

Words are kind of hard to utter

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



Item Code:

Participant Code:

If its you, I guess it doesn't matter...

These aren't mere words
but my cries in agony

I am the one who holds the knife against
against my throat
For your good sake, I don't suffer a lot.
Whenever my heart feels like falling apart
You embraces the painful part...

These aren't mere words
but my cries in agony

Previous time it was family
but now I realize it was really me.
Every problems chasing me
The causes are no one else but me.



Item Code:

Participant Code:

I let me sink in the ocean of madness.
If it weren't for you my poems
I'd just drown by myself and die
Some little things ain't so little
That they leave a scar for life

..... These aren't mere words
..... but my cries in agony!

How long will someone suppress the pain.
How long my poems, will I hold on to
you?

Even though there's no limitations to write
the heart out

What if the words stop coming out?

Betrayal from the dearest ones

may not be bearable to weak hearts

Self made storms may vanish the thoughts

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



Item Code:

Participant Code:

But still I can't help but feel.

These aren't mere words.

but my cries in agony!

What shall I do if my thoughts freeze.

What if the dark emptiness covers me.

Whod I scream out my veins to?

Just who would I blend into.

My dearest poems I aint yet ready to leave.

I'm still learning how to put me at ease.

Have I started to cherish the feeling.

my silent cries seems to fade away.