



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 125

Poetry: The line between Us

During the day,  
When the sun was  
blazing and Apollo  
rode his chariot  
across the deep, wide  
tapestry, painted  
with clouds, you  
talked about light:

You talked about life, and  
the strength of our hearts.  
The muse of our fingertips,  
the paint on your brush,  
And the ink on my wrist.

You talked about, all the  
great deeds of heaven, the  
same love which surpasses  
cosmic bounds and become-

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a part of ourself, oh  
a part we,  
can never loathe.

At night, when  
the stars peeked down,  
from paradise, they  
know all my secrets,  
They hear all my confessions,  
When the sky turns,  
cerulean to dark, in  
a painfull delight,  
You talked about light:

You talked about life, and  
the shimmering of stars,  
you have seen,  
deep in my eyes,  
You talked about life.



Even when, thorns  
sprout up in my way,  
and I bled down,  
from my heels,  
to my grave,  
You always pulled me  
back to life, with the  
string that connected,  
both of us,  
right from the beginning.

Our empathy link,  
was the one line,  
which separated us.  
The same line, which  
united us and kept us safe,  
when the world was frenzied,  
and the night was insenate.



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 125

You talked about light, oh!  
You talked about light.  
Even when I was  
crawling down,  
suffocating by the  
shakes, I chained myself,  
You talked about  
the light you see in me.

I call you home,  
you call me same,  
A place where I can  
make mistakes and,  
still be forgiven,  
A soul which still  
looks at me like, I am  
incandescent, and  
worthy of, staying for.

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I was chained, . . . . .  
to darkness, when . . . . .  
you always . . . . .  
cherished in the light: . . . . .  
Even while pretending, . . . . .  
to understand, every word . . . . .  
you say and every move . . . . .  
you make, I was at sea . . . . .

When I'm with you, . . . . .  
I feel alive but at sea . . . . .  
You are more arcane, . . . . .  
than any beings, . . . . .  
Lord has crafted, . . . . .  
upon this Universe: . . . . .

I never really understood you, . . . . .  
Much less, the line - . . . . .  
between us. . . . .



I craved to  
see your light,  
I earned to  
perceive the life.  
I longed to, become  
Everything you,  
always talked about.

I wanted to cross,  
the line between us,  
I wanted to shine -  
brighter than this.

Oh! true, I don't -  
know many things, but I -  
do know some things,  
For sure, how - ?  
How will I cross that line?



That...line resonates,  
my fear and agony,  
Whatever may come,  
I shall never lose you,  
As you are,  
the ~~x~~ best part of me.  
That line echoes,  
my worries and doubt,  
That is what,  
leads me to you.

In order to overcome  
my fear,  
I need to confront it,  
In order to do that,  
I will have to  
understand it,  
Oh! for that, I shall  
Go through it.



In order to .....  
overpower my fear, .....  
I shall go through it. ....

All I need is time, .....  
time and some time .....  
Then I shall think, .....  
think and think some: .....

But it seems like, .....  
it is never enough, I .....  
find myself .....  
inside this hourglass, .....  
I hold out my hand, .....  
but I reach nowhere, .....  
The clock is ticking, .....  
this hourglass is, .....  
narrowing down, and .....  
inside that, I suffocate! .....



I looked back,  
at myself and I  
gazed at the path

I have walked.

It was me.

Realisation<sup>on</sup> streamed,  
through me, as I  
thought about it.

It was me, who  
crafted my shakles.

It was me, who  
drew that line!

The truth is,  
raw and damp.  
I was afraid.



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I have picked up,  
the shattered pieces,  
of myself, from  
the dust, and  
assembled myself,  
over and over again.

I was never the one,  
Though their sugar,  
and honey taited  
lies stated otherwise.

The thought of being  
crestfallen, might have  
terrified me, Sure, it  
shook me to my core.

My weak heart,  
only knew so much,

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I grabbed it close,  
and shoved it back,  
to the corners  
of my chest.

I saw a threat,  
in every smile,  
I tasted venom,  
in every word.

The line between us,  
was born from agony.  
I drew it myself, with  
my fingers dipped in blood.

You healed a heart,  
you didn't even break,  
You allayed my fears,  
without even knowing.



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I never loved myself,  
never really cared enough.  
But now, I shall  
take a step forward.  
It's for myself,  
I see that line,  
fading away painfully,  
slowly but surely,  
between us:

I rip open my arsenal,  
and wipe clean, my  
dusty, cobweb-kissed virtues.  
I let go of the past and  
now it is where it stays.

At last I have found myself,  
Cause of you, I have myself.



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Participant Code: 125

Now, I see: no line,  
nothing separates us.  
Talk about the light and  
keep talking,  
about the life.

I shall listen close,  
and gather more courage.

The line between us  
was ephemeral, but -  
The life we share is  
eternal!

You are the constant  
positive of my life,  
You are, myself!