



Item Code:

692

Participant Code:

105

Splendid Mixture

An era can be filled with memories
mighty desires, meadows of manifestations
miserable masks, unpredictable uniqueness
the way I became a warrior of consequences
The consent of grieves, the contentment of miseries
I taught the lessons of life to my soul
The dispositions of depressions ^{of} and the way departures
and the way of infinity that made me on clay
Being an infinitesimal human
beyond the values of oceans
I can see the commitments
I did with me and emotions I emitted
During the journey of life
I tried to look back with
the endless enthusiasm of a child
through the infinite bogies of train
I tried to find the first and last
I saw the minute images of childhood I lost
in quest of my future I tried to look forward

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beyond my memories its a vast dream of success.

All memories carved me bold
stronger than a burning sun

the brightness of memories

took me to a real ritual of life

From birth to death the choices of passion

hugged me with the hands of hope.

the power of past that I can't tear up

matured me to a present human

I couldn't cease and enjoy the present

when I lived in my past memories

now I rejected and recieved the life I need

the necessity to laugh louder and cry

Unbearable memories, the burden of life I lived

the sweetness of moments I followed

the bitterness of back up I lost.

the smoothness of love I declined.

The courage of a novice to clear all memories

the fate taught me like a veterant

the difficulty of leaving behind

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the path of verminous spot.

The delightful dedication of soul.

that become tired while rapidly beating

the consequences of a courageous conqueror

emerged from the half of living breath.

From the magnified heat of sun of life

the dangerous rays that writhed me through my veins

the cool shadows of delightful memories

made me mad enough to rest in creeping shadows.

Voices of views saw me through my past.

I didn't allow them to declare my failure.

the rejected hands turned to restless applause.

the apologise of the predictions of preventions.

Like a drop of nature manifested by whole colours.

I reflect and create a rainbow in me.

that was colourful in my mesmerizing memories.

till the last song of my heart and last breath of my soul.

The energy to move on, the lessons to listen.

the third thoughts of wise.

the investment of endless invisibilities.

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and the intervisibility of true
The experiments of eagerness
and the burning of boiling mind
the refiller of rethinking and
the eternal love of mystery are in memories.
Memories are not the past
it is the fuel for the fearness
the lost lessons and cheat but
they all are in me and are mine.