



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

441

Real Reflections

In a tiny corner of the world,
Where luminence never unfurled,
Abided a solitary soul of sighs,
Yeasning liberatory whole of highs.

Amidst the delicious darkness, she grew,
Mistook the smothering shadows as her brew.
She rasped, she gasped in clutches of suffocation,
Clawing at the door, a doom faced desperation.

Gone, the wooden restriction her limitation,
A sliver of sanity, an awaiting destination.
Out of her abidory, she sprinted,
Far, far away from the tendrils of twisted



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Kneeling beside the waltzing waters, a serene sight,
Tentative, she reached out, a touch featherlight.
A gasp so sharp, at the coldness outright,
And at what sparked within - an epiphany's might.

She wasn't a shadow - of her, of the surrounding night,
Rather the one in the reflection, real real, an insight.
A crisp clarity, against the constraints to fight,
Infinite suns ascended in darkness so tight

She stood up, with a hope unlike ephemeral,
But rather with one of the eternal.
And soon, she set out on a journey,
For she was now, a humanity's trainee.



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She traversed through the moonlit twilights,
Reaching soaring lengths and soaring heights,
Her journey fueled in the name of hope,
Spreading kindness, her only rescue rope.

Pondering this notion, deep and profound,
If each whisper was a plea to unbound,
She would rush, her humanitarian convictions,
A saviour for the real, real reflections.