

To her own world

The trees stand bare, their branches stark and cold
like spectral fingers reaching for the night.

The once green-fields, now lie in frozen bands
beneath the sky of steel, devoid of rains.

In my little hut, where the woods are still burning
I gazed upon the sky, to feel my last light display.

Through frosted panes, the world outside aglow
the aurora danced a celestial show.

The aurora light, blasting through my window
flew to that corner, dark and dusty.

That granny mirror, untouched for years
reflected the emerald light, back to my inner self.

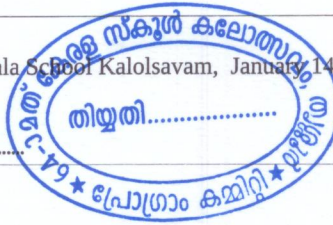
I sat on a chair, to the mirror in front
as if I expected some deep old wounds...

There I saw a ten-year old with
golden hair, almond eyes and scarlet lips.



Item Code: 957

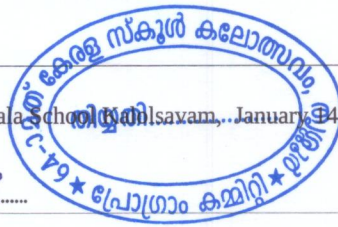
Participant Code: 085



she ran through every lawn and land
The world around was very vibrant
Her yellow skirt, patted the sand
Her kind gaze, doothed the souls
Even nature rejoiced in her smile...
"These ages" I wondered...

The mirror shone bright into my eyes
In a grayscale canvas, I saw her,
wounded, worried and vulnerable
A naked girl with trembling hands and teary eyes
Painting roses in a monochrome canvas
Each stroke stained with sweat and blood
Each line carrying the weight she holds...
Still she painted, she remained!

One last time, the mirror glimmered, or so I felt,
she was standing under the sky
Each cloud drifted like a fleeting friend
soon they left and shadows blended



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The sky a blue slab, long and wide
reflected the loneliness, that she held!
~~The clock struck~~

The clock struck three, and doorbell rang
The angels came, I received with warmth
The infinite worlds within me,
splashed through the mirror again,
But she had left,
~~left~~ From a world with in her to her own world