



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 086

THE PARADISE WITHIN HIMSELF

The sky worn all blue,
until he heard a hush,
now the arch of heaven began to pour,
so as his heart.

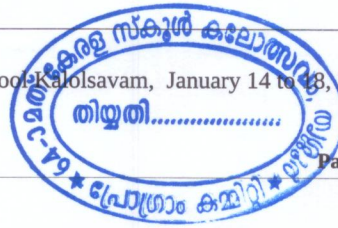
A breeze now became his solace,
making him remember the ashes of yesterday.

The ashes of yesterday wasn't an ill-omen,
it was his whole world,
now the world within himself,
for him - these ashes melt like pancakes and
peaches,
the yesterdays where his sight was laced with
daisies and dafodills.

His soul craved for the yesterdays,
the yesterdays with his granny,



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the pancakes made with care not just cranberries.
He knew if only his magic spell worked,
he could see the paradise,
he could feel the paradise within heart again.

The warm light traced it's way back,
he saw the roads ahead him.
His fleeting paradise still had a room.
The ashes, his paradise,
they hugged his ribs and spine,
he couldn't help but smile,
it made him breathe in this melancholy:

It's past the dusk,
his soul craved for a solace,
he made a pancake with peaches,
he knew he couldn't make like those,
those pancakes were his paradise,
it was the paradise within himself: