



Item Code: 692



Participant Code: 087

A Tapestry of Sorrow and Resilience

In shadows deep, where silence
softly creeps,
A lonely soul, its weary vigil keeps.
The world outside, a vibrant
bustling scene,
But in this heart, a sorrow sharp
and keen.

Depression's grip, a heavy chilling
hand,
Across the spirit spreads its barren
land.
Humanity, a tapestry so grand,
Yet fractured, lost, gripping a
troubled strand.



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The gentle breeze, through ancient
forest sighs,
Nature's embrace, beneath
indifferent skies.
A solace found, in whispers of the
trees,
A fleeting calm, that momentarily
frees.

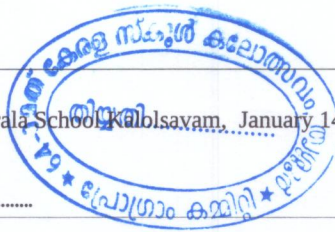
But then the drums, of distant
warfare beat,
A bitter taste, of victory and
defeat.

The cries of pain, across the
ravaged earth,
A testament to man's destructive
birth.



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And rising high, a toxic choking
haze.

Pollution's stain, through all our
fleeting days.

The rivers weep, their waters
dark and grim,

A silent plea, from nature's
fading hymn.

The concrete sprawl, where life
once used to bloom,

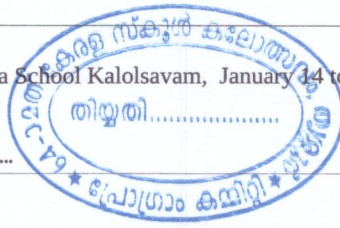
Now stands a monument, to
impending doom.

The birdsong hushed, the vibrant
colours fade,

A heavy price, for choices we
have made.



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A journey starts, as moments
swiftly fly,
through shifting sands of time,
beneath the sky.

The past recedes, the future
yet unknown,

On paths we walk, where
seeds of fate are sown.

But shadows lurk, where violence
takes its hold,

A story gains, in whispers to be
told.

The human heart, a battlefield
within,
where anger flares, and civilities
begin.



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Then minds of steel, artificial and cold,

Awaken now, a future to unfold.

With logic vast, and calculations deep,

What dreams they dream?

What ~~the~~ secrets do they keep?

Yet in our homes, where love should softly dwell,

A different fight, a silent hidden hell.

Domestic strife, a pain that cuts so deep,

while promises of solace, fail to keep.



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The broken trust, the fear within
the gaze,
Through darkened rooms, in
lonely silent days..
A plea unheard, a spirit bruised
and torn,
A fragile hope, that peace might
yet be born..

Can wisdom guide, this complex
winding way?
To mend the hurts, and greet
a brighter day..
To learn from past, and build
a future new,
where understanding shines, and
love rings true..