



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

104

Epiphany

As I'm listening to the seatherny of birds,
the psithurism caused by the zephyr,
and witnessing the moving dandelions,
as if it had something to let me know,
I had mixed feelings in my buoyant heart,
'cause the irenic moment was ephemeral,
and I had an epiphany,
that a dream must come true.

A home of thousands were felicity existed,
is nothing but a memory now.

The violence of the war of ruthless people,
as if the Ares is awaken and triggerred,
and the silence after the battle,
spoke louder than words.

And then I had an epiphany,
that a dream must come true.

(Note: Graded Items may be published in **Schoolwki**. So write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf)



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

104

Dreaming to feel the ataraxia again,
and the mellifluous melody of my mother,
who got stelled near the moon during the battle,
might look absurd in the eyes of many.
'cause achieving freedom seems impossible.
But then I had an epiphany,
that a dream must come true.

The metanoia I'm feeling now,
is definitely not worthless.
'cause in this galactic universe,
all of us are equal.
Believing one is mightier than the other,
is nothing but a mere reverie.
But a sea of impoverished people,
with hope in their eyes,
is mightier than those people,
with weapons and greedy mind.
Was the statue of liberty non-existent?

(Note: Graded Items may be published in **Schoolwiki**. So write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf)



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

104

No, it wasn't, and it gave us hope,
that a dream must come true.

When feeble-minded people shed their blood for greediness,
honest people shed their blood, sweat and tears for freedom,
'cause they're aware of the fact,
that they're unstoppable and invincible.

When the honests smile through pain,
and the blood flows through those eye wrinkles and flag,
to get soaked in the soil by the heavy rain,
I could feel the petriochor mixed with the blood of the poors,
and only one thing flowed through our veins,
it's the desire for freedom,
'cause we all knew,
a dream must come true.

The group of the poor dead ones,
lying in a ground once a verdant existed,
looked like a syzygy of stars,
that couldn't shine.

(Note: Graded Items may be published in **Schoolwki**. So write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf)