



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

423

An Ode to Solitude

As I lie here

above the tender grass;

dew drops kissing my skin,

my mind wanders, like a madwoman

recklessly,

to the paths

I have once walked home.

My home,

where the roses smiled at me;

red as the dawn,

and the cuckoos sang for me,

the sweetest songs.



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Sometimes

the thunders rolled
endlessly and tirelessly,
echoing the four walls.

I found her then

within me, watching me
the shadow of me
in the corners
when I was a scared little girl.

I followed her;

for the joy of company,
for the comfort of touch.

I ventured further

till the stony path to my once home
became long forgotten.



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I carried with me,
the heavy shackles of iron
in which,
my heart is safe within.

She watched;
as I reached my hand upto the sun;
let the body burn.
And when the fire died down,
I hope my father was proud;
for I was the brightest flame.

She still watches me
dreading through the journey of life
with blisters and burns; hoping for
a shoulder to cry on
a soul lean on.
The mirage of love still leads me forward.



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My longing
flows like a mad river,
twisting and turning;
while the silhouette of time
walks away.

I limp forward,
until I can no more.

My body aches against the cold, hard stones.

December nights
when the moon is idyllic,
I let my loneliness embrace me
passionate as a lover.

In his arms,
I finally find bliss
and sleep.