



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

425

LILY

Soaked in blood,

White lilies turn red.

A pathetic sight,

Occurred in the cruels of the night.

Lily was her name,

And she always had such fame.

Lily was bright;

But she was afraid of the night.

With pretty hazel eyes,

and thick smooth hair.

Every part of her radiated elegance,

Like a throne of diamonds.



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She was like a sculpture,

carved from ivory

Like a majestic picture,

She glowed like a star

She was afraid of the night

Still she loved the stars that shine bright

But in the bright day light,

She soared like a kite

The tales she had heard,

and the pain she had beard,

What could she do,

Without further ado?

Like a lonely nightingale,

there lived the little girl.



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Fox she had eyes and she could see darkness,
She was always frightened, about the horrors of night.

Fox she had eyes
and she could see light,
She ran away from the shadows of people,
and the terrors of night.

Some people shone bright,
but their eyes were dark.

Fox eyes never lie,
and neither do truth.

But is it the shadows
or is it the people?

Fox she had hated the 'people',
but never her shadow.



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She hid him behind her,

Defending him from darkness.

When the sun shone bright on lily,

She hid her pains under her shadow.

She never stepped into darkness,

For she had no strength to harness,

her shadow being dragged

into the cruel depths of darkness

People were sharp,

Like the cones of a pine.

For her skin was smooth like a line,

They did hurt her fine.

She would often bleed,

she would then she would cry and plead.

But her tears were confronted,

By the shadow's warm embrace.



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Everything you need,

forged in gold.

Let me the magic story,

You've been told.

The words of her shadow,

Echoed in her ears,

which made her widen her smile,

and to wipe her tears.

Then one day, out of nowhere;

Lily found her light was slowly fading away,

when she looked back,

she could see the haunting dark horizons.

As she looked back;

she couldn't fight her tears.



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For she saw her lovely shadow,
being dragged into darkness.

She stood still,
in the veil of the night.

They came for her with greed,
and they made her bleed.

She fell into darkness
with her hand hugging tight

As the white lilies turned red,
soaked in blood.

Her shadow was gone
and left her body alone.

Leaving no choice for soul,
but to chase the shadows



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For the shadow too has stories,
which needs to be told.

Chasing the shadows were the only way
to unfold the tales of the told and untold.

Lily did shine bright,

and embraced light,

she still had plights,

which she shared with her shadow

Is it the shadow to blame,

or is it the body?

For shadows are needed,

for the body to shine.

we all have shadows

and bodies that shine.-



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But the shadows we made,
resides in our heart.

And that's why the poets often say:

"The shadow often seems
more real than the body".
