



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 092

Amogh Fati

Under the sky painted with the hue of my dreams,
I sat beneath, my gaze upon it with my eye glinting
with its beams.

They say I shouldn't be cooped up in my little shell
But for me, the world out there is a living hell.

I've seen and heard enough for me to the point that
now, only silence is what fills

I've tried so hard to be heard but how I stay still
I was looked at, but wasn't seen

All because they thought I was all rude and mean

But do I look bothered? I'm certainly is not.

I'm not born yesterday to still have that in my thought.

I write, so I can breathe

But why're they looking at me like I'm wearing
a wreath?

All I do is give so much and get nothing in return.



I just stood there, watching them turn their backs on me.
When it was my turn.

You don't know what's the next chapter holds, until you
turn the pages.

But they stood back and looked at me like I'm some
weak little birds in their cages.

The world beneath this gloomy figure is hidden.
And the girl beneath is a young writer who's
never shaken.

A young heart of hopes and words, who don't speak
up 'cuz she know there's no use.

Who realised how cruel the world is, even in it's
breathtaking hues.

It's just my love of fate, not rudeness.

And I've learned to embrace this poor self with
ink and a mere piece of paper, making my own happiness.

I could hear the raindrops whisper my name.

This young soul is just craving for some comfort and
peace of mind, not fame.



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And yes, I'm a writer, darling. I don't cry, I bleed on paper.
So don't pretend to act like you care and promise
me forever.
For I've become a dreamer but never a dream.
Just a bag of flesh and bone, as it looks and seems.
I have always been a beautiful poem, but none of them
were a reader.
So don't pretend to be my happy ending, cuz I'm now
old enough to realise a fake and an actual existence.