



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

324

Topic: The shadow often seems more real than the body

From the elysian field's

In empty hall, I wander wide

A solitary figure, side by side

Forgive me for;

I haven't forgiven them.

When the bleeding hands hold the sultry emotions.

Forgive me for;

I haven't forgiven them

When the children crave for loaves

Let us sleep now, sleeping tight

Let us breathe now, clearly

We all are blind with clear eyes.

Made me teary eyed

When the voices turn to a deafening silence

Made me hide shadows

When the ~~sunlight~~ truth fade beneath

the hues of darkness.



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There was a mulberry shell in my heart.

Where the slithered piece of me still present.

I want to celebrate the stepping to my grave

with the music of screams and weeps

Let my tomb be decorated with bees and flies

The lasting scent of a wish on the graveyard

This is what we have to say

This is what we should play for

A day will come when the history

will be rewritten.

A day will come when the judgement

being judged

I am not the wind that blooms

the orchard

I am neither the cloud nor rain.

I am not the face that haunts you

Among thousands.

I am the one that haunts you
on your funeral pyre.



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Let me grow as pines

to guard you forever in heaven.

Let love enter as the wafting smell of peace

where all precious heart rest

I was hard and warm even in monsoon.

what have I got, after you that I have lost!

There is no open windows

So the light stayed

These cracked walls can't reflect my cries.

The tapestry of words

interwine with depth.

I want to sacrifice the sparkling

wings that can hold the tears

from the anagnorisis heart

The vastness of the wave and

the lachrymose of the shore.

The shackles of vein end bet-

ween the heart, the beat of

heart echoes to the world.



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I've risen from the ashes

where others might have gone wrong

The Sweetness of the red seems

like the vulture of the blood.

What about the black? The last light isn't it

when you leave me in the graveyard

Don't give me that white petaled rose with thorns

I hold tight, I am loosing my blood

For they elude as shadows

fleeing leaves all together

My mother, never be in tears

Her smile lit up the night sky

She had a smile that disarmed

all the demons.

I have never heard this much

Silence of the world.