

The Ruins

Traveling the uncertain vast,
the creeping crawling of the past,
the waters deluded tides,
were once prides' guide.

The frown upside down,
was once the light of a town,
the grin full of giggles,
was sadly coated in tingles.

The now melancholy heart,
was once but a gift of art,
the tatters of memories,
were once living centuries.

The triumphs of past glories,
lay forgotten in quiet quarries,
the jubilant stories of the past,
were always thought to last.

The value of things never ceases,
But perspectives are like leases,
the beauty of things never die,
as long as you don't turn a blind-eye.

Her Reflection

The errors of her body seemed to be crafted into perfections,
Her once noticed flaws were now unblemished collections,
It's as if societies judgements were erased,
And she became sharp with a grinned stoned-faced.

It's as if her sad facade was all a lie,
And her happiness justifiably was sly,
It's as if all her insecurities were evaporated,
Like all of their burden was no-longer weighted.

Her reflection looked like a different person,
But she looked happier in that version.
Her worlds drifted as she longed to be her happy self,
She wished she could put this sad version on a shelf,

She wished she could wear her reflections mask,
And throw out her insecurities home of a worn-down flask.
With the new identity she wanted,
She had hoped she would finally be accepted and not daunted.

However In the midst of her desire,
She lost who she was prior,
She didn't realize her true worth,
Will now forever be buried in the earth.