

The Last Days

by Anonymous

The last days
These are upon us
But first the past days are behind us.
Looking up to the sky
Clouds hover overhead
In shapes of figures and harps
That make music for our ears!
These days are in motion
But also start beginnings of other days
So the last days are the first!

Pennies

by Martha Abel

You hide behind the
Couch and chair,
Upon the steps and
Between the stair.
You seem to never
Wake or sleep.
Your dreams would be
Too long and deep.
I rescue you from
The porch and street
To make a plea where
You can keep.
You like your home
Below the stars
Instead of mason and
Cookie jars.

Pain

by Simran Sahota

The four-letter word that every human goes through,
Either it being within their life, people, love or desire.
A cure one may ask for this, so called disease,
There is no cure because it is a life experience called pain.
Pushed off a bridge, rejected by the one love, betrayed from a companion,
Are all factors of pain.
That for some is nothing more or nothing less,
It is just a life experience or some may say bad luck.
Whatever happens is for a reason,
Never neglect your pain.
Be moralistic and learn from it,
By being able to face it.
The world comes with all sorts of emotions,
A simple rule one could say.
A balance of life between happiness and pain,
Endorse it, hug it, love it and never call it pain.



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&
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