**The Racing Heart**

It shivers in the world of puberty

With memories: lost and found among many.

To err is being humane

And to have purpose is life.

The noises made by moments and skills

That make persons feel the haunts

The words may lack pace,

But the racing heart remains limitless.

**The Colours Of Silence**  
Silence is not like what it describes itself. It is less than absence yet, more than vibrance. It is a vision that softly creeps. Its vibrance can not be dared to be disturbed by anyone. It grows like cancer, but it soothens like medicine. It is where the rustling leaves and raindrops whisper secrets. These colours cannot be seen but, they can be felt. It puts minds to ease. It needs no cure because it helps to cure with peace and tranquility. It has emotions that bloom and thoughts that weave a tapestry. It lets one hear without listening and talk with speaking.

**The Echoes of Forgotten Footsteps**  
Those echoes still live today in the old haunted house. Its footsteps, despite having been forgotten, gives a melody of lives once lived. Dust flickers like stars under the light of the sun, giving a flashback of quick departures and quiet arrivals. Each creak reminds me of laughters and tears of the past. It is all shred within the noise. The faded wall paint, the canvas of those eras, shows the colours of the past. While the empty rooms gave me the hauntingly sound of once disappeared beings. The feeling of loneliness spreads through the air. Every moment of the past is an imprint from the surroundings of that house. These voices would have never been shared otherwise.

**The Wind’s Another Story**

The wind came back to me with a different story. It was not mischievous as the last time. It brought innumerable moments, emotions and experiences. It showed the delicate and most melancholy beauty it has in itself. It gave me a detail of nostalgia and uniform nature of time. It carried whispers that taught me to shape my present with help from the ever lasting power of the past. It may throw books out of the shelf but it can make the silence more vibrant than usual.