A ward is an adventure   
A touch is a written thought   
A sight like wry mirror of the sun   
It may be broken   
Like a crystal glass on the princes head   
Noble past dominates   
in genetics of events   
Harsh like from not cut pages   
Reading the blinds poem   
  
Colours describing wont be his attribute   
The result will prove faulty   
Because the matter didnt get the pain   
And mixing wine with blood   
She forgot about glasses