PROSE

Everyone around me thinks that my life is simple. They are so mistaken. Yes, it’s true that my life is an open book but what they do not realize is that my story on that book is written with two different inks. The first ink is the simple one, visible to everyone. The second is not so common, rather a very unique and extraordinary one. This ink dances on the pages in such a subtle and mysterious way that it conceals enough content to lead people astray!

~sadaf

*POEM*

*‘Your life is all about rainbows and unicorns,’ that’s what they say,*

*and I tell them to be in my shoes just for a single day.*

*They say that my life is like an open book,*

*it hits me like a cold breeze; but the breeze quickly turns into the warm chinook.*

*I smile and tell them there’s something they do not realize,*

*the story on that book is written with two inks, one that is normal and the one that can’t be seen by their eyes.*

*The second ink dances on the pages in such a subtle and mysterious way,*

*That it conceals enough contents to lead you astray!*

*~sadaf*