



Poems



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.....*Made Of Ink*

*H*ere, what's not white
Is filled with black,
No striking light
No fading black.

*There is no joy
In what I think,
'Cause I'm a boy
All made of ink.*

FLM, 17 December 2014

..... *Interia*

*T*here is no shame in getting lost
What is foolish, is staying frost.
Waiting for things, 'till it's too late,
So find your path, fulfill your fate.

FLM, 1 January 2015