



# *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*