

HOPE OF PEACE

Tis' dark, tis' cold
Further I walk
Find meself drowning, suffocating within,
Where is thy moonlight, shining at my sheath;
Why am I, that lonesome star with none magnitude

Pray begins to God above, minute, hour, after day
Awaiting the heavenly voice- flowing river, blowing breeze;
Answer, cannot be found
For thy gloom engulfed;
Embrace to find the galaxy
Milky way, beyond

Space between spirit and soul
Blue print, imagination
Tis' where to put thy thoughts
And I shall borrow to keep my dreams alive...

Grace SE Kim Y12