

Verses

The truth about people is
They can't be pure.
They aren't poems.

People,
Scarred beauty.
Honest deception.
Two opposites.
Twisting and turning,
Not having a destination.

Poems,
Array of emotions unveiled.
Caged inside their hearts.
Wanting to break free,
through the tip of a quill.

Boiling up inside,
Locked in to long
Emotions getting the better of them.
Snap!
Truth is,
This is all they wanted to do.
Break free,
but why wait?

Turns out people
Poems.
Not that different after all.
They show aspects.
The deepest of details.

Now let your heart express what it means to be a person.
Pick up a quill and write a poem.

