

(I hope my verses can help you feel better somehow)

In his sprouts, he made trees
They solely wagger the ground
As a single creature rest around
When the sun still decreases

For immortality, he deemed
That only what isn't petty
It will transpire as vivid as confetti.
So for just pure blossoms, he wished

(- You're such a beautiful writer. You know?
- I refuse to believe in you)

While cycles continued flying by
A thousand seasons attempted to change
Each of his unwanted sides
Because a hapless soul could never arrange

From a delayed time, imp held him in control
He could have fallen in the abstruse edge
As trustful wings were throbbled in crushed goals
Though a birdie evermore believes in the pledge

What is fairy real? What are the impressions?

When life had sunk, the passions of nurture
Were assembled inside a beloved gallantry
Sparkling reflection in his novel personality
New amusing grins will the injury suture



(I can share my optimism with you)

To reveal the presence of a deity

Senseless writers seek a benediction

Furthermore, a absolve to prior illusions with

Bogus shallow words and not a devoted conviction