My Life as an Aurora

Do not touch. But admire, for it is not of intent but of desire. Let the light glisten as it shines on strong. But just know, this is where I belong.

Do not interact. But smile, for you have no reason to be hostile. You may judge or you may defy. But just know, even the brightest of stars die.

Do not shed emotion. But express, for their ease could be your distress. They may unite. They may divide. But just know, they cannot run and cannot hide.

Do not speak of such. But hear out, for her life has a free-flowing route. She can follow ahead and always trace. But just know, there is more beyond her space.

Do not curse. But condemn, for you show all but your stem. You bury your pain within the unknown, But just know, do not set your heart in stone.

Do not talk. But listen, for you awe at the aurora that can glisten. If they can paint the dark with their light. Take my advice, before approaching the night.

My Life as her Eternal Captive

Imprisonment, my unyielding fate, Ivory-white manacles cast my wrists, A straightjacket binds my limbs, While shadows of sentries linger, From the rise of the ruthless sun To the quiet debut of the mother moon. My cunning has swayed a few yet gained me nothing, For every deception, every fleeting escape, Has unravelled into hollow triumphs It is never enough. Never enough. Banish them! Cast them into oblivion! Yet they return, a battalion stronger, Echoing through the cursed chambers of my mind, Laying siege to a soul already iron-bound, For even in sleep, I wear these chains, In the wasteland of my dreams, I find no peace My cries, unheard. My pleas, dismissed. My tears, fuel for your cursed laughter. I am nothing, my fears mere whispers in the void. For I am a prisoner, caged by the ceaseless drum, A prisoner yearning for just the taste of release, Yet freedom is a melody long forgotten, A song that will only end When steel proves victorious to the chord of crimson ivory.