

# Healing comes in many forms

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*My poetic Side* 



## summary

Dark stars

Dreaming of peace

Burnt out

Blank paper

It just is

Sticks and Stones

## Dark stars

Even blackholes were once stars  
burning so strong  
they exploded  
the universe wasn't ready for them  
so they lost their flame  
but not their power

## Dreaming of peace

War is never won,  
A world drenched in blood  
Chaos across seas  
Burned down to ash  
Peace is a dream  
Close our eyes  
Escape the noise  
Walk across an ocean of bodies

## Burnt out

The world has a way of burning out the brightest flames  
Stomping us down till we no longer burn,  
Making us apologize for being ourselves  
Exhausting us with the drag of the everyday  
We withdraw back behind the walls we built long ago  
But once your flame has been doused it can not be restored to what it once was  
No matter how hard you try

## Blank paper

A blank page is full of possibilities  
Until it's blank for too long  
Then it becomes a reminder  
Of how stuck you feel  
The emptiness of your heart  
The blankness of your brain  
But sometimes it's peaceful  
Thinking nothing  
When my brain is never quiet  
A storm of thoughts finally reaching the eye  
A blank page is full of possibilities  
And sometimes it's a brake from it all  
Finally able to breathe

## It just is

Darkness is the absence of light  
Cold is the opposite of warmth  
In sadness we wish for joy  
But before there was light there was darkness  
Without cold there is no warmth  
If we don't feel sad there is no joy  
Without simplicity there is no complexity  
Without night there is no day  
We can't push away the bad  
Because without the bad  
There is no good

## Sticks and Stones

Sticks and stones may break bones  
but broken bones can be fixed  
it takes time but soon your as good as new  
words on the other hand  
break the heart and hearts  
don't heal so easily