

# My Poetic life

Ferjohn Timung

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*To the whispering winds that carry my thoughts,  
And the silent nights that lend me their muse.  
To every fleeting emotion, every tear unshed,  
And the dreams that dance just out of reach?  
  
This is for you.*

*To the hearts who dared to listen,  
And the souls who stayed to feel?  
Your presence made the verses breathe.  
  
With deepest gratitude,  
I pen these lines not alone,  
But with all the love that once found home  
  
In every word*

## Acknowledgement

With humble hearts and ink-stained hands,  
We thank the muses who whispered stanzas into our souls.  
To the poets of the past who lit the path with verse,  
And to the readers who find meaning between our lines?  
This space breathes because of you.

Gratitude to the creators, the dreamers, the unseen hands  
Who shaped this haven for words to bloom.  
To those who believed in beauty, in rhythm, in quiet revolution?  
Your support built these pages.

This website stands as a tribute  
To every heart that beats in metaphor,  
To every soul that seeks refuge in rhyme.

Thank you for making poetry a shared journey.

## summary

My Lazy Shadow

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THEY HAD JUST BEGUN

## My Lazy Shadow

### MY LAZY SHADOW

It follows me, yet walks alone,  
A part of me I've never know.  
It drifts through life without a care,  
No weight to feel, no cross to bear.

It doesn't strive, it doesn't cry,  
Just lingers softly, passing by.  
While I must fight to find my way,  
It fades beneath the light of day.

But still I sense it holds a truth-  
A tired ghost of restless youth.  
Perhaps it know what I ignore,  
That rushing life won't make it more.

So now I pause, and in its shade,  
I find the peace I Once betrayed  
For even Shadow's, slow and still,  
Can teach a heart to bend it will.

..... Ferjohn Timung

## A THREAD TO LIFE

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Air, Water and Food-

Everything we need to life is at risk.

The Climate change is not just about the planet:

It's about us.

Heatwave steal lives, floods wash away homes.

And drought leaves field barren,

But hope are still remains, that if we protect the nature we protect to ourselves.

The choice is ours" Survive or Suffer "

..... Ferjohn Timung

## THEY HAD JUST BEGUN

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She wore the red, he wore a smile.  
Their hearts has danced just for a while.  
A mountain breeze, a peaceful day.  
Then hate came down to steal away.

Their hands still warm from wedding rings.  
Still full of dreams and gentle things.  
But fate was cruel, and bullets spoke-  
A vow was crushed, a life was broke.

She cries alone where joy was lay,  
A bride, a widow in a day.  
Yet in her heart, he won't be gone.  
For love, though short, still lingers on.

,..... Ferenson Timung