

Anthology of Storm



Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Hidden

Hidden

I am
...nothing but an illusion
...created and made up from your own confusion
...causing you to create your own false conclusion
...the girl you know and love is nothing but a delusion.
The real me is hidden deep inside this mysterious jungle
...where every word I say is nothing but a mumble
...unable to do anything as I watch my world fall and crumble
...alone I search for a way out of this deep, dark, horrifying jungle.
I am like a maze with no eascape
...from beginning to end
...from enemies to friends
...from acquaintances to best friend.
The more you know the more you will see
...I'm just a broken heart constantly replaying like a broken record
...down to my last few stitches to hold myself together.