

*From my cards*

We love to watch  
Beautiful loves stories  
Those perfect faces  
Handsome characters  
Happy ending  
Help us forget ourselves  
Imperfect and sorely  
With nothing much but pain.

Wish that the rain would not stop  
And rivers would not drain  
My love will not end  
As in my silent thoughts  
Thunder breaks its name

Rain slanted  
By winds across  
Hits my face  
Ruffles my hair  
And leaves  
Me in despair.

Poems are mere words  
Decorated by intentions  
Hide away emotion  
Suppressed by consciousness.

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