

CONFLICTION

I think I'm conflicted
To this place I think I'm addicted
But time must pass us by
Even if all the truths were a lie
Time will forget
And this might make you regret
All that you've lived and left
So, No more saying words
And no more singing songs
All that was before is no longer here
So no more crying tears
And no more feelings to feel
All that was before slowly passing by
And now, silent lips are dry
And broken hearts are dry
There's no other chance to try
And there's no cancelation
Cause you've entered the door

Of eternal damnation
Midnight sun is glowing dim
And sunset is burning out
Just what the fire is all about
Silent nights are long
Silent nights are cold
Now I know I'm so conflicted
And to this place I know I'm so addicted.

Poem by: Riman Kotaish

Grade: eleven

Section: seven

DON'T THINK TWICE

Moon so white

Stands alone in the dark

Night so fine

But darkness is meant to be mine

I try to reach, try to touch the moon

But I always fall and I regret it soon

I race the wind

But I always stay behind

Then I fall inside the black

And slip in the cracks

I try to seize the day

But then misery seizes me

I stand out for the light

But it turns into darkness

So don't think twice

Life is worth every single thing we pay

Life is a one-time shot

But my life is a short time stay

So misery, torture, tragedy

Gloominess, grief, and agony

Are enough and would really suffice

But not for me cause death will catch me
Death is a thief in the night to come and grab me
It can creep up inside to consume me
It's a disease in the mind that can control me
So I stay chained up in heavy chains of pain
And never become free
So risk your life and don't be afraid
Life will not continue and it'll finally end
Risk it and don't be scared
Because you'll lose it if you cared.

Poem by: Riman Kotaish

Grade: eleven

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WINTER MISERY

Sun sleeps

Wind blows

Bare trees shiver

Time slows

Rain falls

Trees become brittle

Sadness flows

Snakes slither

Fears grow

Dreams become bitter

Death walks around

Tears hit the ground

Hopes become litter

Birds try to flitter

But they can't fly

Because they're cold to death

And they're about to die

People walk around

Under the rain

They don't make a sound

Even though they're insane

They endure their fears
And they got no one to blame
This is winter and it's not the same
It's the season of death
And it's driving me insane.

Poem by: Riman Kotaish

Grade: eleven

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