

I'm a self-proclaimed poet
Writing my daydreams on the sky
I get lost in my own feelings
So instead i make them rhyme
I've just recently learned the difference
Between body, soul, and mind

My brain is like a book
Every thought perfectly etched in my head
I get lost in my pages
With no exact end
My literal character has no time
For a world full of pretend

I've been living my life through photographs
Funny how time moves so fast
Photo after photo, and i still can't get past
How i loved something i knew wouldn't last
-illusion vs reality