Poetry Series

Anw Sbr - poems -

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Anw Sbr()

The Terrain

I'm more settled
Let it flow
River, slurping torrents
It crumbles hard
Can't you see?
Still flowing

Anw Sbr

Untitled

I wake at dawn
I only see yesterday
lost
forgotten
cold
Never pushing forward
Living a year past present
The days have lost their constance
Tomorow will never come.

Anw Sbr