

Poetry Series

Lim Renae
- poems -

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Indifferent

i cant show what
i desperately try
to hide

i'd rather view the world
through a veil of haze
than be me

I'd learnt my lesson
learnt it real well
through it i school my expression

not angry,
not scared,
that will be me?
-most probably

i see, hear,
but all i can say is

(silence)

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Reborn?

Reborn from the earth
Torn from the sky

Why tease me with wings that don't fly?

These false hopes for freedom-
They bind

Its like being a prisoner
In my own mind

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Torn Dreams

a girl in the meadows played,
as laughter trickled from her.

yet under that innocent face,
lies no little girl.

pain masked her features,
where it should not be.

oh why should this fall,
upon a girl not of three?

i look at her and see,
who i was, my history.

she caught my glance,
held it, and i saw,

glances of torn little dreams
and a tattered little soul.

a white piece of paper
now tainted, with flickers of blood

it should not go
there, it should not be

she is but so young,
she does not have to

go through it.
She must.....
- for that's how it has to be

Lim Renae