

Order Me

So, order me your humble servant
for that is what I am here to be.
Let me work for your desires
for it is not me who is free.
Let me do what it requires
For you are the one with power.

Yet still I cannot help but wonder
why you need the keys so bad.
Clinging to them as if they controlled you.
As if they are all you ever had
You are the one who tells me what to do
Yet it seems that you envy me

Your power is your own illusion
The keys the reason to call it truth
It is sad how perfect you want to seem
With your perfect children the perfect youth
For that is what makes your self esteem
Without your illusion you break

I am the one he trusts
The one with the wide eyes
I see the value of his art
I see behind your disguise
I know you saw it from the start
You have reason to envy me

Your status makes you free
Yet your mind is a prison
Ordering me makes you feel strong
Like you are winning a competition
Not realising that you are wrong
So, order me your humble servant

Dear Sister Agnes

Dear sister Agnes
Forgive me for leaving you like this
But I must take part in this symbiosis
Our family is in distress
And as daughter I must help with this mess
For our family is all that we possess

Dear little sister Agnes
Forgive me for ignoring you that day
But to separate my life I must keep you away
Please do not be depressed.
I promise I am trying my best.
At Home I will tell you the rest.

Dear Agnes, please be fine
Forgive me for not being able to visit
The thought of losing you brings me to my limit
I miss you and I will pray for you
I hope my prayers will come through.
When I get back, we will start anew

Dear my Agnes
You cannot yet go through the light
Please just please be alright
You are my sister you cannot die
It is not your time; I cannot give you to the sky
do not make me have to say goodbye

My little sister whom I love
Does haven really exist?
and is there something like a class list?
Did you know that I love you?
Do you know that is still do?
or did you leave thinking that said is not true?

Dear beloved sister Agnes
Life goes on even though its hard
And I will never forgive it for tearing us apart
Our memories are bittersweet, and they always will be
And the thought of reuniting brings me glee
This is not goodbye because I know you will be waiting for me.

The Value of Art

A little girl ran through the yard
Screaming crying followed by pain
It caught up to her tearing her apart
Her running was nothing but in vain.
The moral of the story purely subjective
The discussion behind it will not cease to exist

A cat floating in the river drowning
The water covered with the prettiest colours
a gorgeous painting yet the image causes frowning
"who would paint this" everyone wonders
The moral of the story lost in translation
The discussion behind it will not cease to exist

Can agony and ecstasy be put into words?
For words are not endless compared to a picture
Though is it worth the efforts?
Isn't it worthless compared to scripture?
Million opinions yet no truth
The discussion behind it will not cease to exist

A thousand colours can fuel a million emotions
A thousand stories can be put in one painting
A canvas covered with one's devotion
Hold together with the destined framing
It Can become a mystery valued more than gold
Because the discussion behind it will not cease to exist

Is it mystery that makes the value of Art?
Is it the subjectiveness of the story?
Or is it simply the language of the heart?
Is art nothing but fancy allegory?
No one knows and yet
The discussion behind it will never cease to exist