

# Flower

Look at the sky, look at the sun,  
Look at my life that has just begun!  
People passing by, so are the days,  
Won't someone pick me up and put me in a vase?  
My wish came true, now here I stand,  
Brought as a gift, as a loving phrase.  
The boy was shy, his hands shook,  
Still the girl smiled and so he did, too.  
Now, I change my mind. With no soil,  
I cannot survive! The boy thinks I'm no use,  
So he takes me outside.

Just for a use, I was needed, when i was fresh, ones cared. Again, I  
stand near the shore, the waves crashing near, for the last time, I see  
my home.

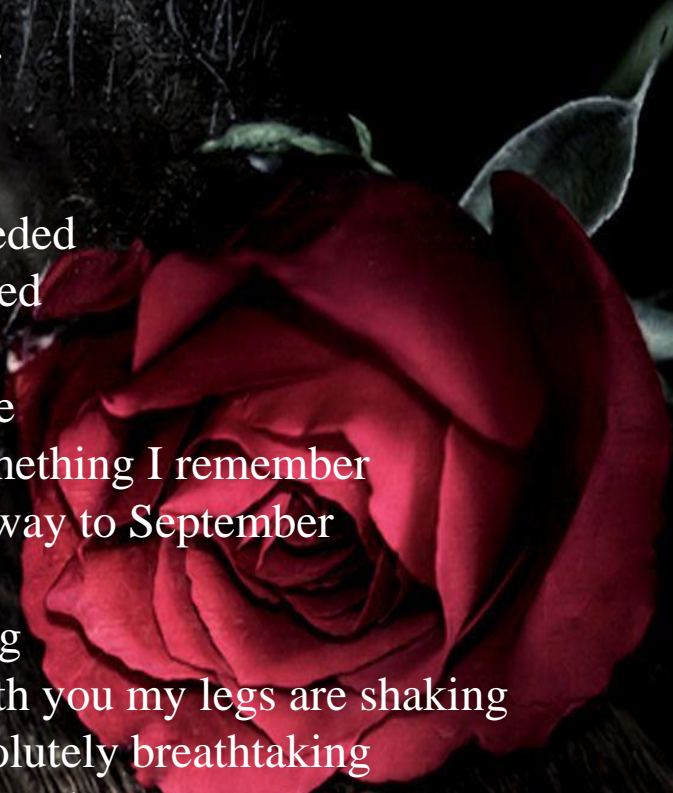
# Homeland

The greenery bedight thy opaque pavements,  
Although savages besmirch it. Thy bights  
Lead to the neverending shores of the brim,  
Singing its people an unknown ditty.

Dray leaves to and fro, brings life simple unto thee,  
Always moves hither to this place, why this is  
Its home, where scaups fly over the skies, going back to their own.

Stalwart are thy fortresses, no andsaca cannot breach into thee. Your  
weirs surround thee, wights know thee, by their very sounds.  
Many women were betrothen to their man and flighty music was  
played. Now, behold, this is your folde, where thy father was born.  
This is thy home.





You know it's funny, I don't remember  
The night we met, 'cause it didn't matter  
What mattered was what came after  
How I came to love the perfect disaster  
That was you, the girl I never knew I needed  
'Cause I never knew a girl like that existed  
And I never knew what I loved the best  
Your hair, your smile, or your music taste  
And of course those eyes, now that's something I remember  
When you first looked at me, blew me away to September  
But I still remembered  
That summer feeling, it felt like dreaming  
And still after all this time, when I'm with you my legs are shaking  
And every time I look at you you're absolutely breathtaking  
And I'll admit it might seem a little too much  
But when it comes to you I always add a little touch  
What else is there to say, i love you and you know it  
It's just you never loved me back, but I didn't hate you for it.

Luka Vedrić 3.e

# Stone in a Green Cypress Forest

On the edge of one town grew a forest of green cypress trees,  
Every day, month and year it grew bigger and wider, tree by tree.  
One spring, almost a century ago, the town was plagued by a disease,  
Yellow rust, its name was, and still is.

Yellow-striped wheat crops, floury between fingers,  
It didn't sell much, only left a taste that lingers,  
A taste of hunger so bitter that the very next winter  
The forest grew double in size and became much bigger.

Next spring, somewhere in the shade of a green cypress tree,  
A hefty gray stone was raised upon the grass and a bush of roses,  
So red and vivid, they fluttered, danced in the wind weightlessly,  
And beyond the forest, where the Sun sets, birds sang, on a field of daisies.

Nowadays, the stone still stands; between its forehead a crack appeared,  
Those who used to water the roses, now rusted petals, are long gone,  
Those who visited met their end and no one dares to have a look, as they're  
afraid,  
Deep into the forest, now aged; and the stone still stands, known to none.

One night, when the bells rang three, while everyone was asleep,  
Through the howls of the wind and through the sounds of trees bending in it,  
A beating of a heart, once said it was resting, quietly, quietly, pounded,  
Under the stone, it longed not to be forgotten.

Petar Đoković 3.d



# Selenophile

She disappears in the day, to hide lovers away  
Only shines in the dark, in the form of an arc.  
She watches people give their life to her,  
Listens to love confessions happenning, right under her  
She sees it all, from pain to sadness and even happiness!  
But still keeps on smiling, just like a Goddess,  
Because she knows,  
She knows that only the rarest flowers bloom when she is  
close.



Mona Dao 3.f

**Fear governs not the mad,  
But a carpet scarlet red  
As ambrosia aimed across a maiden  
For fear of having not but lead**

**Would lead to madness over might.  
What roses really rise to kill,  
Blooming spirals faired far and out  
Yet closed up close and sleeping still,**

**Is time itself through tacit thought.  
Oh hail to hail from hallow skies,  
Fread by Hell to die thy choice descent  
When love trisected fails t'outlast love's sighs.**

**Not in mist nor sead nor cried-open crevice  
Can lumps of hail hide hearths of hubris.**

# Matters

People's beliefs are of all kinds,  
With many rot placed in their minds.  
They speak of hope, they speak of light,  
They put themselves the most high.

Their hearts content, they have it all,  
They miss no one or no thing, they have no remorse. For a penny, for a  
dime, they shall take many lives.

Yesterday was a day like any other, still, unlike. Those of power awfully  
ill, with heads throbbing, throw money to anyone who promises heal.

But no coin spent saved, no coin spent healed. And now at their  
deathbeds, they whine and cry and before the last one died, he uttered:  
“We should've not played god.”

# White Devil

The white devil, taking me away  
Makes me feel, far, far away  
Took the lives of so many young men  
Yet just the size of a little pill.  
Everyone wants to try it every now and then  
Even when knowing, That white power can kill.  
Do you hear it? Their clock of sanity is ticking away,  
I can even see it, dancing, in a weird ballet.  
But hey! No use in running away:  
Because the white devil always finds a way.

Mona Dao 3.f

