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THINGS YOU

O

U

YOU WANTED TO SAY

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BUT NEVER DID

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POEM

The Things Left Unsaid
There is some magic
In the words left unsaid

A parallel universe exists
within those unspoken things

where the limitless open sky
is tempting you
to open your wings,
And fly

the wind blowing through your face
produces music of its own...
Only if you can listen

between all the things real
there is imagination

across all the desires
there are dreams

amid this silence,
there is music
there is magic
there is love.

I WISH I
KNEW
WHY IT
ALWAYS
FEELS
LIKE
THERE'S
SOMETHING
MISSING



HEAVY WORDS
WITH BACON AND EGGS.
TOAST!

I SKIPPED BREAKFAST TODAY.



Robin



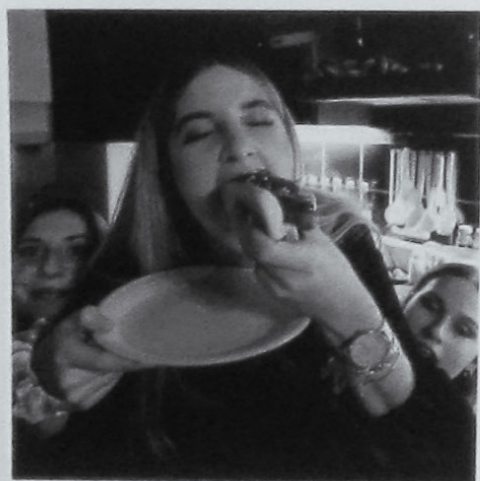
Tildi ♡



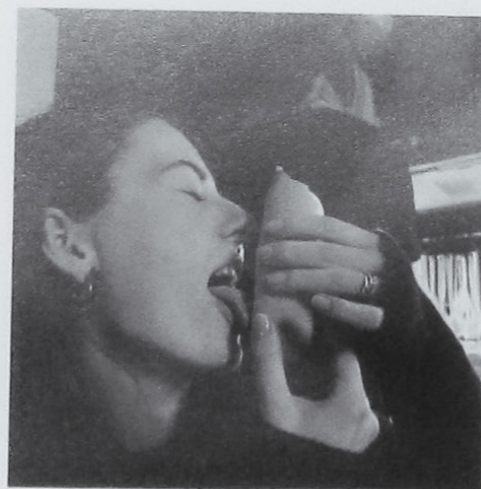
Davina ♡ ☺



Laura ♡



Clemens ♡

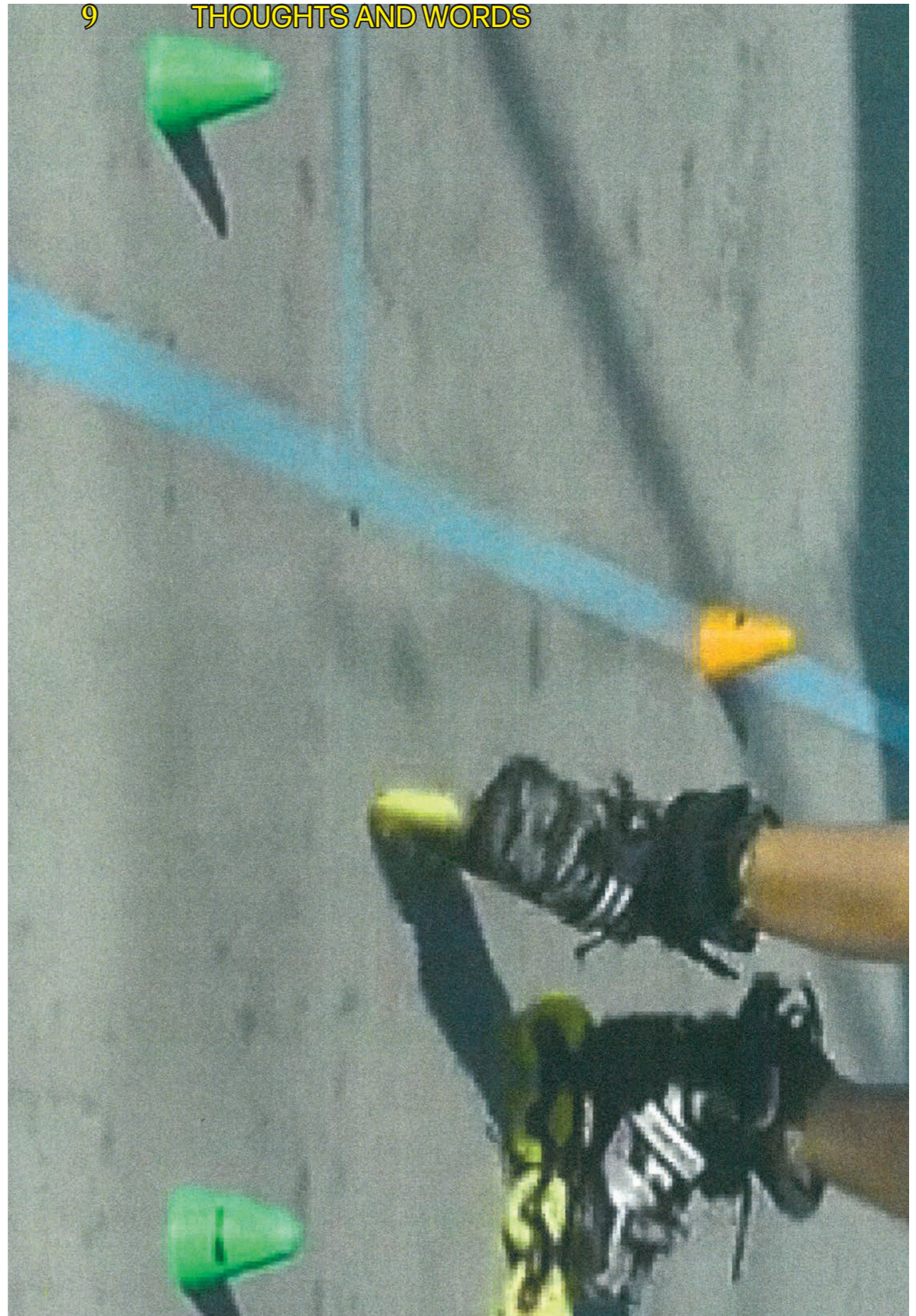


- Hannah



Luna ♡



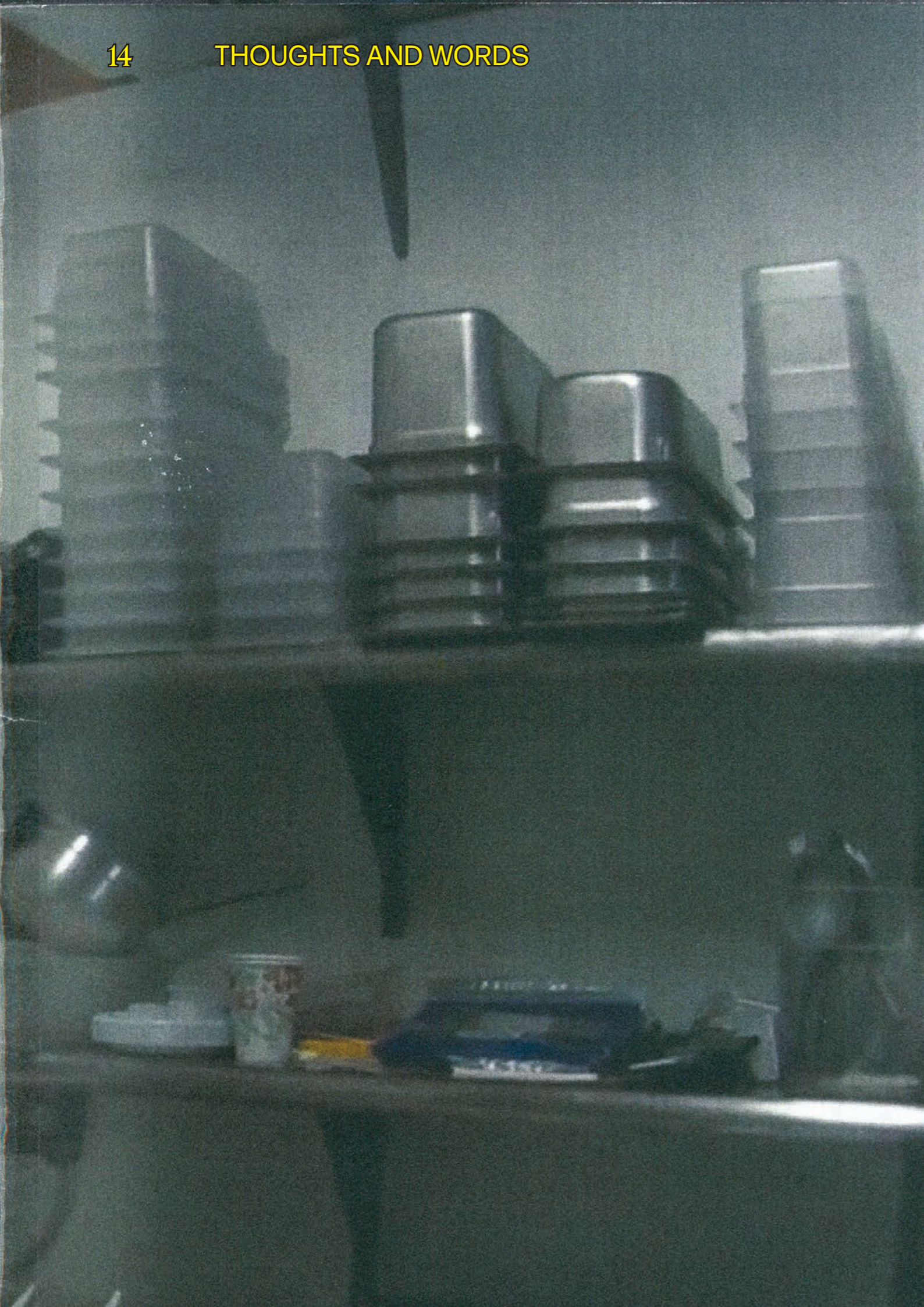


SEVEN YEARS
HAVE YOU PASSED
AND YOU WERE ALMOST LIKE
YOU LEFT NEVER EVEN HERE



SOMETIMES
I OVERSHARE
TO HIDE
THINGS.









ONE DAY THE TABLES
WILL TURN & THOSE WHO INFLECTED TERROR WILL
GET IT ALL BACK.





PLEASE
DON'T
REPLACE
ME.

WHEN
THE LAST
THING
LEFT IS
THE MEMORY,
REMEMBERING
HURTS.





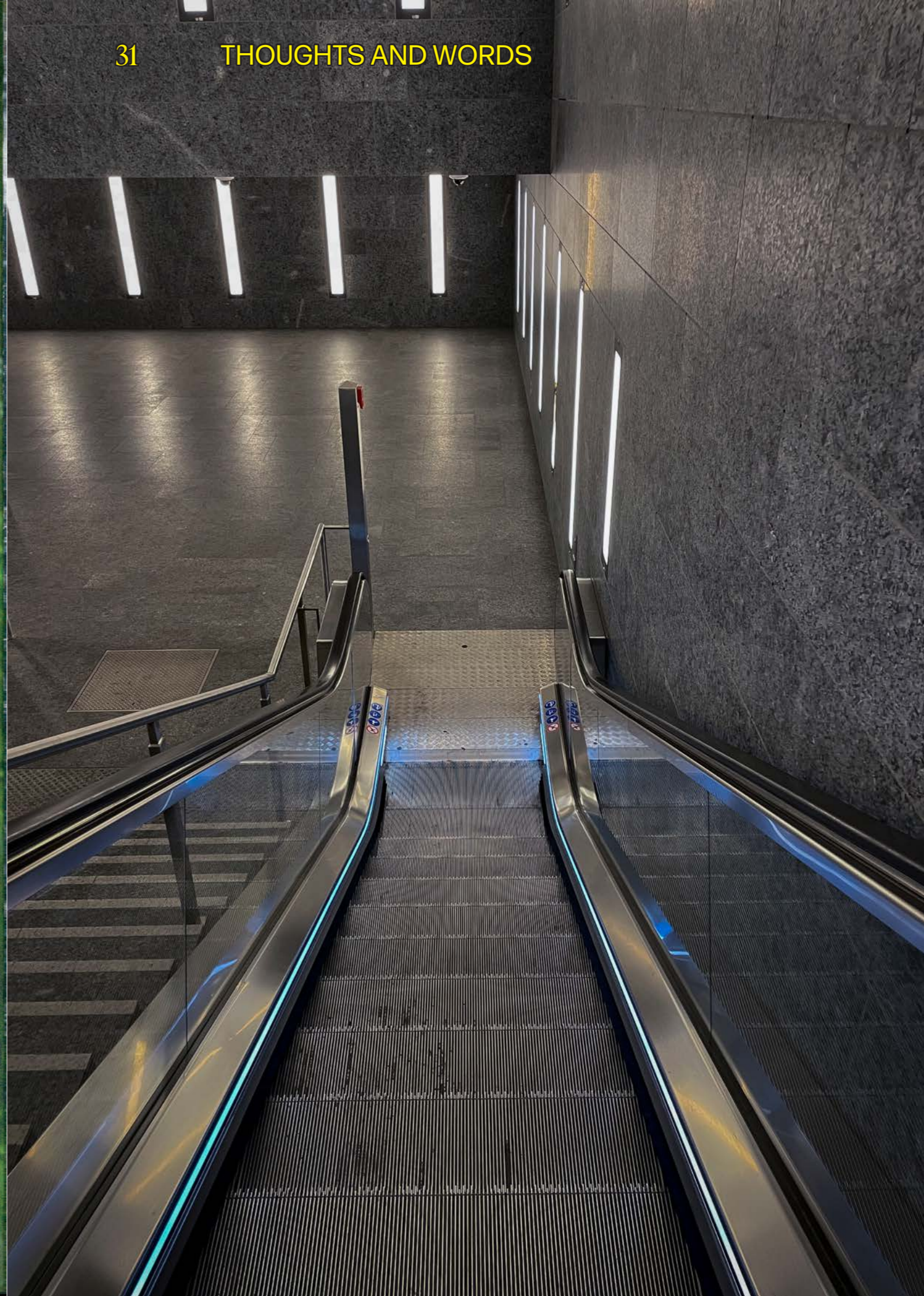
I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO ANYMORE
BUT LET YOU CAN'T EVEN MORE
REMEMBER YOU ANYMORE

B

WE
ARE
ALL

RECOVERING
FROM
SOMETHING.

WUNDER
BAUM





The Unsaid

The unsaid is silence.
 The unsaid makes everything so tense.
 The unsaid shows that I'm just dense
 In the head with no consequence,
 Except for being held inside the fence
 Of the unsaid, and its silence.

The unsaid lingers overhead.
 The unsaid comes back alone instead.
 The unsaid makes my eyes turn red
 When I can't seem to find comfort in my own bed

Because the unsaid kills all that
 is sacred.

The unsaid is regret.
 The unsaid is falling with no net.
 The unsaid is pain met
 With endless time endlessly wet
 From the tears over the unsaid and
 the regret.

The unsaid is me.
 The unsaid is her, not we.
 The unsaid is not meant to be.

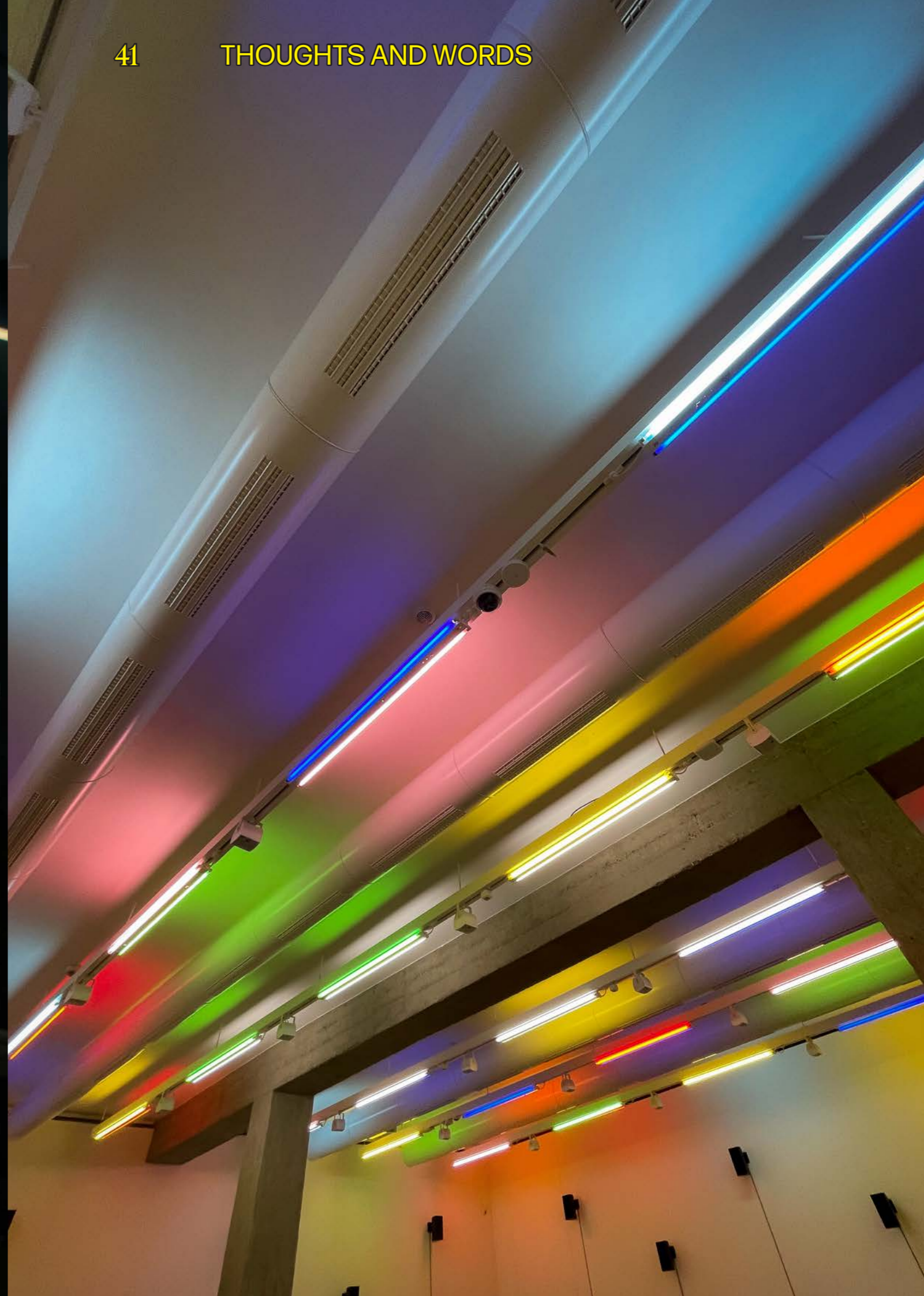
IT'S BOTH
A BLESSING
& A CURSE
TO FEEL
EVERYTHING
SO DEEPLY.





OVERTHINKING
KILLED

A LOT OF
OPPORTUNITIES
FOR ME.



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black long-sleeved crop top and black pants, stands next to a white teddy bear. The bear is positioned against a light-colored brick wall. The bear's back is to the camera, and it has the words "I MISS WHO I WAS." written on its back in black marker. The woman's hand is visible near the bear's head.

I MISS
WHO

I WAS.

THE PAST IS JUST A TERM
FOR THINGS THAT ARE NO LONGER
HAPPENING AND DON'T EXIST.



THINGS
YOU
WANTED
TO
SAY
BUT
NEVER
DID.

