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My Dreamland Wishes

In slumber's embrace, my heart takes flight,

In dreamscape woven, a realm of pure delight,

Where Ezra and Eden, my cherished kin,

Dance through a wonderland, where dreams begin.

A world aglow with enchantment and cheer,

Where wishes are whispers, so sweet to hear,

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Their laughter rings like a melody divine,

In this magical realm, where love intertwines.

Ezra, my dear, with his playful delight,

A spirit so curious, forever taking flight,

His eyes, like stars, sparkle with pure glee,

As he chases his dreams, so wild and free.

And Eden, my love, a blossoming flower,

Her tender heart, a beacon of power,

With every step, she weaves dreams with grace,

Radiating love, in this mystical space.

In this dreamland, their wishes come alive,

Imagination blossoms, their spirits thrive,

They ride on unicorns through fields of gold,

Paint rainbows in the sky, a sight to behold.

Castles of candy, floating in the air,

Gentle giants and fairies, with love to share,

Ezra and Eden, hand in hand they play,

In a wonderland, where time holds no sway.

They meet talking animals, wise and kind,

With wisdom and tales, they're eager to find,

Each moment, a treasure, cherished and dear,

A tapestry of love, forever woven near.

In this dream, my children, embrace their dreams,

Unfolding a world where joy brightly gleams,

Their laughter echoes, like a lullaby's song,

In this haven of love, where they both belong.

Oh, what a sight, this dreamland so grand,

Where Ezra and Eden, hand in hand,

With hearts full of love, and dreams to pursue,

They dance in a wonderland, where wishes come true.

So, dream on, my darlings, let your spirits soar,

Know that my love for you forevermore,

Will guide your steps, wherever you roam,

In dreams and reality, you'll never be alone.

Balancing Talents and Betrayals: Navigating Internal Conflicts

In the depths of my soul, a story unfolds,

A struggle between ability and traitors untold.

I walk a path paved with silent strife,

Used and discarded, a victim of life.

Oh, how my talents shine, like stars above,

Yet they remain unseen, hidden from love.

I possess skills and gifts, so unique,

But they're trampled upon, like words too weak.

Betrayed by those who should lift me high,

They choose to tear me down, leave me to sigh.

Like a puppet, I dance to their wicked tune,

Manipulated, exploited, left marred by the moon.

I yearn for recognition, a glimmer of light,

To be valued, acknowledged, beyond the night.

But I'm cast aside, dismissed with disdain,

Like a loyal dog, unappreciated, bound by pain.

Yet, amidst the chaos, strength resides within,

A spirit unbroken, fueled by hope's hymn.

I rise from the ashes, like a phoenix bold,

Embracing my worth, my story yet untold.

For I am not defined by the traitors' deceit,

I am a warrior, resilient and discreet.

Though my struggles persist, I won't be confined,

I'll rise above the shadows, leaving them behind.

So let them call me a bitch, if they dare,

For I know my worth, beyond what they share.

In the face of adversity, I'll find my way,

Shining with brilliance, come what may.

In the tapestry of life, my threads may be torn,

But my spirit endures, in strength reborn.

I'll transcend the darkness, embrace my might,

For within me, a radiant star ignites.

Crossing to Tranquil Village

In the twilight's embrace, I ventured alone,

Through a graveyard of shadows, weathered and stone.

Outside a quaint village, where weariness reigned,

I saw men and women, so utterly drained.

Their faces, like parchment, etched lines of despair,

Eyes dulled by the burdens they silently bear.

They toiled day and night, in a town's hectic race,

Lost in the bustle, and life's frantic pace.

Like ants in a mound, they scurried about,

Chasing elusive dreams, filled with worry and doubt.

Their weary souls yearned for solace and rest,

In a peaceful village, where hearts could be blessed.

And as I crossed the graveyard, a whispering breeze,

Swept through the tombstones, rustling the trees.

It spoke of a village, a haven so fair,

Where serenity lingered in the fragrant air.

There, life was a tapestry, woven with care,

Threads of contentment, stitched with love and shared.

The days were like honey, flowing sweet and slow,

Where time danced with nature, a gentle ebb and flow.

The villagers, like flowers, bloomed in harmony,

Nurtured by bonds, forged in community.

They embraced one another, through laughter and tears,

Shielding their spirits from life's heavy spears.

In this metaphorical village, hearts were set free,

Like birds on the wind, soaring wild and carefree.

They found strength in simplicity, peace in the land,

A sanctuary where troubles couldn't withstand.

As I gazed upon the weary souls passing by,

I longed to share with them this tranquil sky.

To guide them to a village, where burdens could cease,

Where their spirits could flourish, and find inner peace.

But alas, I could only walk past that place,

Leaving behind those tired, worn-out face.

Yet, in my ballad, their story I'll sing,

Hoping to inspire the joys that village life brings.

For in crossing that graveyard, I saw a divide,

Between bustling towns and a village's stride.

May we learn from this lesson, as we forge our own way,

To seek out the village where tranquility holds sway.



Dr. A Arun Daves

Dr. Arun is a passionate researcher, educator, and writer with a specialization in English literature and linguistics. Possessing a Ph.D. in English, he has immersed himself in the world of language, literature, and communication. Alongside his academic pursuits, Dr. Daves harbours a deep affection for poetry.

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