

A wave can make an ocean

I see a world perplexed by shadows' game,
Where brilliance hides, without a name;
A girl, unseen, her spirit's iteration,
Yet willpower falters, a slow degradation.
She deems her ideas obscene, unsought,
Avoids the mirror's gaze, battles self-doubt,
If only she could grasp the grand design,
The bigger picture, where her light could shine.

I see a painter, haunted by the past,
Whose brush refuses to create, held fast.
Hurtful words, like stains upon his soul,
Have turned art to hate, a bitter toll.
Believing he lacks talent, deep within,
He shuns the canvas, where dreams could begin.
But should he dare to brush the strokes of fate,
He'd find that criticism only bestows its weight.

I see a poet, words locked within her chest,
Fearful that her verses won't pass the test.
Silenced by the weight of doubt's cruel sting,
She keeps her treasures hidden, never to sing.
If only she could trust her poet's heart,
Release her words, let them soar and impart.

I see dreamers, visions etched in air,
Whose aspirations falter in despair.
The world's cynicism, a heavyweight,
Crushes dreams before they fully inflate.
But if they'd dare to chase the impossible,
They'd find that dreams can be unstoppable.

These poor souls, burdened by the world's strife,
Seeking purpose in the labyrinth of life.
Lost amidst the chaos, yearning to be found,
Yet blinded by uncertainties that confound.
If only they could glimpse the truth untold,
That within themselves, lies a story to unfold.
Know that with enough determination
A ripple can cause a wave and a wave-
can make an ocean.