

be
inspired.

INSPIRED
BY THE
FEAR
OF BEING
AVERAGE

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THE ART OF POETRY

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Waking up in the morning is a struggle,
I don't how I got into this mess,
I have been in denial for a moment,
I have been overwhelmed by constant stress.

Not knowing how to express how I'm feeling,
I look at you in the eyes,
having no clue why can't you see my rotten butterflies.

Silence is my strongest strength
and I know that you despise it.
I feel like the intruder to you story
and this doesn't come as a surprise.

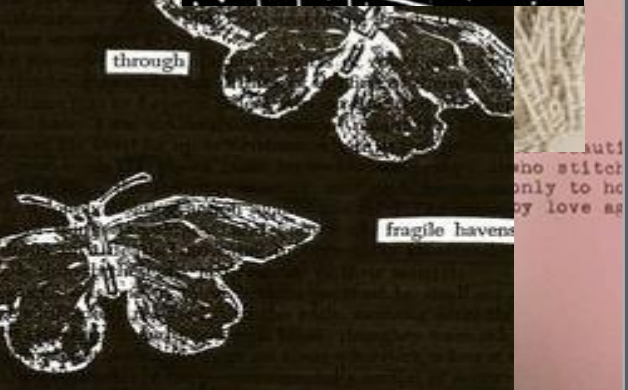
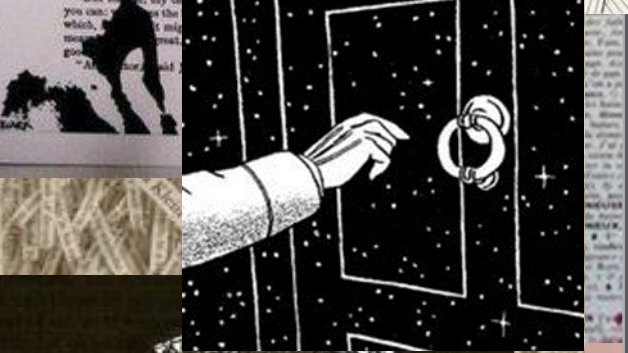
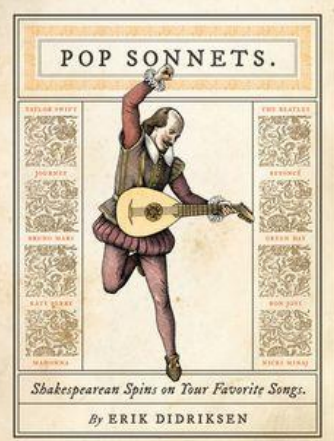
But why bother anyways?
I have been shouting this past week,
feeling lost like the black sheep,
hoping this is just a phase.

Despair is my best trait. The one I have been carrying,
carrying since I met you that day,
a moment I would die to replay.

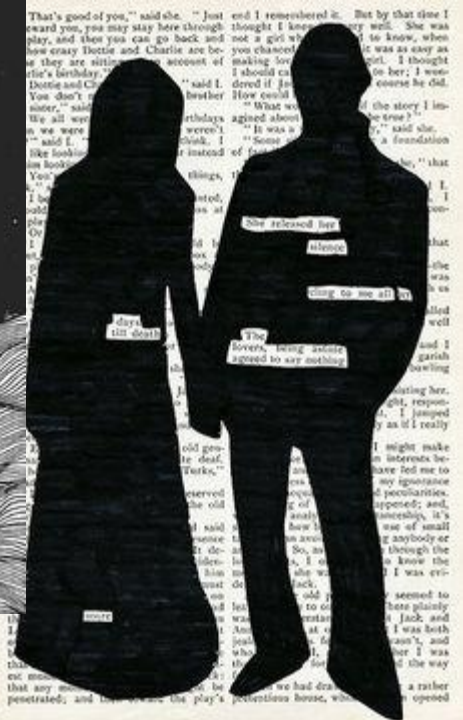
But let's subtract the r and the e to describe
how you've been treating me.

A useless toy I might say.
Teaching me to speak by imitation.
But let me end this my way to finally solve this equation.

I JUST WANT TO
GO SOMEWHERE
WHERE NOBODY
KNOWS
MY NAME

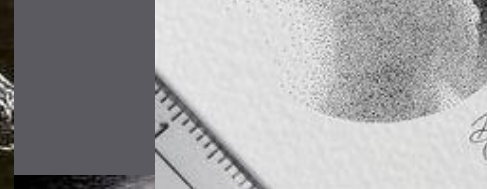


Butterfly

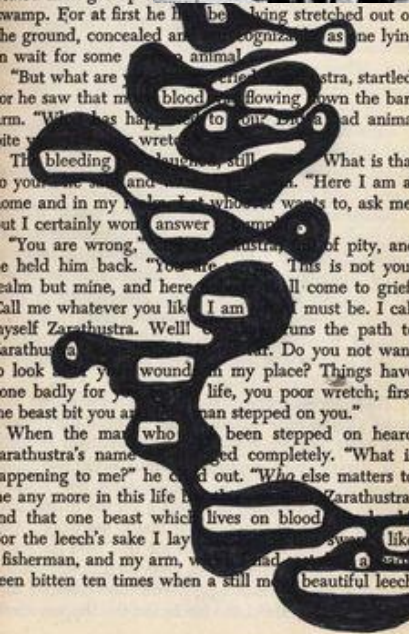


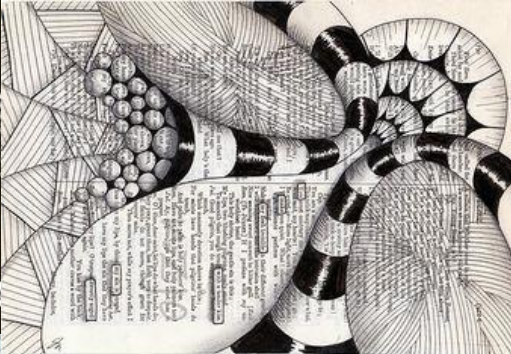
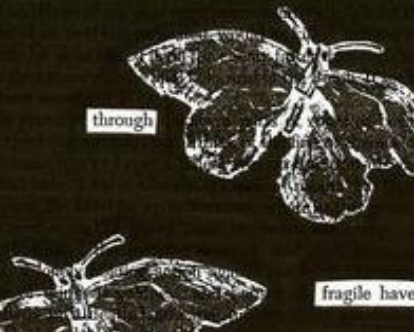
Treat me like a jersey
Don't get me dirty
In autumns rain day

Whoever you may be
Angry, or
Only your foot. After
The man got up a
Swamp. For at first he had
The ground, concealed an
Wait for some animal
"But what are you doing
Or he saw that blood was
arm. "What has happened
to one of our animals
ite you wrote
The bleeding animal is still
What is that
to you, and
"Here I am at
some and in my place
but I certainly won't
"You are wrong," answered
of pity, and
held him back. "You are
This is not your
alm but mine, and here
I will come to grief.
Call me whatever you like
I am what I must be. I call
myself Zarathustra. Well,
runs the path to
Zarathustra. Do you not want
to look at my wound in my place? Things have
gone badly for you, life, you poor wretch; first
the beast bit you and then a man stepped on you."
When the man who had been stepped on heard
Zarathustra's name he was completely. "What is
happening to me?" he cried out. "Who else matters to
me any more in this life than Zarathustra,
and that one beast which lives on blood
for the leech's sake I lay down like
fisherman, and my arm, which had
been bitten ten times when a still more
beautiful leech



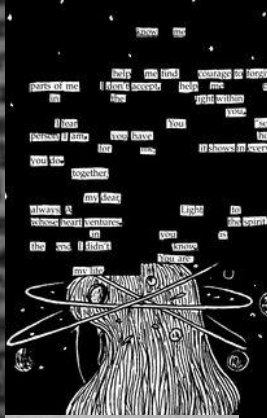
Players on the field,
Swift feet move the ball in play,
Football artistry





I JUST WANT TO GO SOMEWHERE WHERE NOBODY KNOWS MY NAME

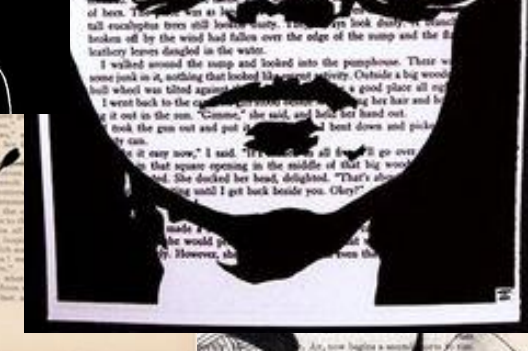
A pretty face doesn't mean a pretty heart



Cherry blossoms bloom, Softly falling to the ground, Springtime melody



"Idiots!"



THE DISORDERED AND DISTURBED COME TO THE TABLE

your pardon," the doctor said since you use your language not with us of both languages the threat of the danger is over," the doctor told me about the sea and tell those gods and

how beautiful are the broken, who stitch themselves up, only to hope to be torn apart by love again.

Crisp fall morning air, Excitement fills the schoolyard,

New year, fresh start here

