

*When I first set my gaze upon that rose  
I had not thought of all the thorns it hid  
What if I let it fly to where wind blows,  
Could I ever manage to fill this void?*

*And when I took the rose, my wounded hand,  
Afraid of dropping it, I chose to scar  
That sorry hand that could not understand  
It was too late, the thorns anchored too far.*

*And withers, rose I hold too tight, its hate  
Could only be appeased by someone else,  
My grasp would curse us both, it was too late...  
I have to quit, it now looks like a corpse.*

*Alas, preserving its red shine would cost  
Withdrawal from what I wished for the most.*

A very talented TL1 Anon

Romeo:

*"O! Sweet bud, you know my love can't stop growing  
For you, it will belong so dense and deep.  
Please, tell me you feel the same feeling.  
I am still blushing with you lady's hips."*

Juliet:

*"Dear Romeo, you can't go through this bark  
Because I am thorny as a rose  
And dangerous for your life as a shark.  
It will be toxic for you to be exposed."*

Romeo:

*"But Juliet, you are blossoming for me,  
I would never wither my love for you.  
You will be the eternal rose for me.  
Let me be the warden of your garden."*

Juliet:

*"Your love could be the roots of a new life.  
These roots will make grow the tree of our life."*

## Home

*Never do we see the journey with them  
Nor the footprints that were left behind  
Neither fast nor slow, always to condemn  
To our pace as our journey stays entwined.*

*Never do we see of their loving heart  
The smile behind the hand which helps us  
Pulling us out of pain, never to depart  
As they guide us toward our future, thus.*

*Never do we see the same loving hand  
Worn, torn, and blistered from all of the thorns  
And of the blood on their hands, yet still stand  
So that they can build what cannot be torn*

*That when they let go, leaving us to roam  
That they were leading us to home.*

*I am going in conquest of your throne  
It is not a war, I am not a fighter,  
Only the holy walk to your heart and soul  
Like a fortress you protect your treasure.*

*Forests and feudal motte to defend the richness,  
Two blue topaz and your blond silk  
Which build your grace and exquisiteness  
Around this face as soft as milk*

*So many things that make dream  
But you are so far  
I offer you my poor heart that screams  
Following the polar star.*

*Soon I will have the privilege  
Of stocking my hands  
The ramparts of your village  
And taste the fruits of your lands*

*Soon our kingdoms may be gathered,  
And our hearts delivered.*

Constance Bodrero

*"Maybe you should drink some water, my friend  
Instead of this strange and toxic whisky  
I think you'll avoid many problems, and  
It's less dangerous to eat a Bounty"*

*"But I always wanted to be a drunkard!  
My father said it's a good idea  
For a beer I would do travel a thousand yards  
While listening to the last song of Sia."*

*"So you want to be drunk like Depardieu?  
Is that really your choice of life, my dear?  
I think it's time to say "Adieu"  
I'm gonna drown myself in my own tears"*

*"My friend, I wish you would not be as sad  
As now, when the beer will turn me so mad!"*

Simon Olivier

*Deep in the sea, I was alone and sad.  
Was a normal fish, felt like an anchor.  
Some fish in love were making me mad.  
Oh, in my life I was looking for more.*

*I saw a beauty, but who can she be?  
Swimming so slowly and gently smiling  
But why was she getting closer to me?  
To me, an old, lonely and nasty thing?*

*She was a beautiful ginger mermaid.  
Her eyes were shining like a splendid pearl.  
Her skin, with sparkling platinum was made.  
Ah, such a sensational spectacle!*

*A shooting star just passed over the hill.  
Now, let's hope that this beauty will be real.*

Mattéo Savi