



*W.A.L.J: making a poem on emotions including our senses: sight, smell, taste, touch, and hearing.*

*The world is my window all I see is the cold frost that has stained my heart*

*I hear nothing but the cold wind calling for its love*

*Fear enriches the air of the prison that holds me hostage*

*I feel others pain as if it is my own*

*I am scared that I will never see the light of day again*

*I smell death; death from the decaying bodies from those who have given in*

*But I know the sun will rise and I will not give in to the Pain that holds me*

*By Callum*