



When the picture of you becomes a blur to you, do not fret.

Your photographer is standing across from you
waiting for you to focus on his lens and stand still.

Be still.

Let your nostrils consume the portion of air that was meant for you,

Breathe in, breathe out and live.

You are the only one that was molded.

The clay that was used on you

was created for you

and exhausted on you,

You are no one's clay.

Take your eyeballs off people's life and let your eyes be your life's scanners positioned at the two cardinal points of your face.

Let them be the torchlights to your dark sides

and colors to your silhouette.

Shift your lenses from people's actions,

Place a camera Infront of the mirror,

Stand beside the camera and look into the mirror.

Adjust Capture your every action. Zoom!

Crop the unnecessary parts that fill the frame with the unreasonable activities you do,

Use the Lightroom,

Lighten your life's room.

Don't Photoshop

Else, you'll get the picture of someone else, not you.

Don't let your mind be poisoned by people's thoughts of you,

Their thoughts are just like the zodiac signs you believe.

When you let them find their way into your vein,

you'd forever believe that they make you live.

And by the time you will finally find you, you must have been dead and buried by the thoughts. When it




seems like you've stopped becoming you, don't stress it! Just behold the image of your creator and find you.

When the black curtain in the sky stops producing the twinkling lights over your head, Don't fret!

When you think that the path to finding you is so scary, Be still!

The stars are right there in your eyes and someone is trying to hold your hand, let him!

When you finally find him, You'll find you!

 This content has been Digiproved © 2019
Acknowledgements: Written by Favour Asuelimen Isi. AFI

5 (100%) 2 vote[s]