

*Through the biggest storm  
I survived, but I wasn't truly living,  
This isn't supposed to be me, a girl who's drowning,  
I didn't really have the chance to be a child,  
I was more burdened by adult worries and fears,  
All while keeping their hearts safe from hurt and guilt,  
Broken into pieces that I couldn't talk,  
My silence is a heavy, unbroken block,  
Life revealed the reality of what living in pain looks like,  
Had to climb,  
My way up to the mountain,  
And found myself drained at the fountain.*

*By Alazne Bugeja*

*Our source of light with the old generation  
Grandparents,  
Grandparents are the happiness of our souls,  
The love we crave and everything that lies in between.  
They were given as a gift,  
When the world is dark,  
And faith seems far,  
We look for our grandparents,  
Our shining light,  
Our brightest star,  
Our guiding light helps us escape darkness,  
Day and Night.*

*By Alazne Bugeja*

*The language of love  
Love is when you're accepted,  
Imperfections and all,  
When you can be your genuine self, without feeling fear and fall,  
It's a hard-wrenching feeling, a deep joy,  
Someone you rely on, found at a second glance,  
A beautiful, shared, and joyous dance.  
It's not about seeing perfection,  
It's about someone who'll love you despite your affection.*

*Written by Alazne Bugeja*