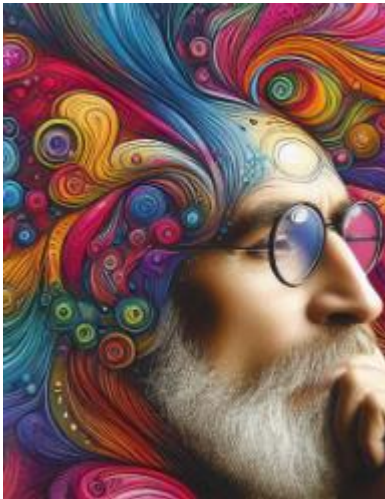


Soul



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Sunkuwriter Movement

#SunKuWriter

In nights like this,
I wandered, seeking my soul's hollow core.
Empty echoes filled my being.

Thoughts flow endlessly, yet the air I crave stands still. I suffocate,
drowning in the act of breathing.

In endless time, I linger here,
No place to be, no light appears.
A shadow whispers, "existence unclear."

Lost in shadows of appearance,
painted, altered, no coherence.
Mind adrift, a sound so deep,
where thoughts dissolve, and silence speaks.

Shattered fragments fall,
Ideas drift like fleeting clouds,
Life runs, unseen path.

Figures and shadows drift,
In the silent night they shift.
Moonlight whispers afar,
Darkness dances with a distant star.
Cold yet warm, the night's embrace,
A paradox in this quiet space.

Words drift like leaves,
Lost, unanchored, without roots,

I am inkless pen.

Writing unseeing,
magic cloaks my every word—
shadows light the page.

Dreams of ink, fleeting, fading, smudged. Scribbles of chaos, restless
mind, no line to follow.

In the garden of time,
Memories bloom,
Past whispers forgotten,
Future awaits its tomb.

A shattered mirror,
no image, no reflection—
I vanish within.

The poet doesn't write verses, they weep ink, morphing into unseen
words, whispering to the soul.

Ah, the soul unseen,
Felt by all, yet none can touch,
Exists? Or a dream?

Running backward fast,
madness fuels my still footsteps,
reverse paths I cast.

In the void of silence,

words weave without restraint,
a reverse march to nowhere.

In shadows I drift, unseen and alone,
A starless night, a universe unknown.
No moon to guide, just silence grown.

Echoes of silence,
Voices pierce my mind, unheard—
A scream without sound.

Lost in time's embrace,
No past, no present, just flow,
Chasing now, I'm gone.

Words take to the sky,
wingless, drifting with visions,
a lone thought wanders.

May my words soar, wingless in the breeze,
Chasing images born of no dream,
A stream adrift, a thought alone, yet whole.

My shadow guides me,
a light without detail, fleeting,
sometimes not at all.

Words left unwritten,
thoughts hum in silent verses,
mind flows without pause.

In the silence deep,
Echoes whisper, words take flight,
Unwritten dreams speak.

In the realm of words,
letters meet for fiery kiss,
love's sonnet echoes.

The empty soul hums,
Night's piano whispers low,
Melodies of self.

In my soul, no soul resides, just a shadow—
An absent being pulling me into the abyss of night.
A perfect void whispers within.

In the crowd I scream, yet silence is my sound.
Voices echo, truth unfound.
Whispers of the night, thoughts unbound.

Words are pieces of me,
letters my very soul.
The paper, my universe.
Without writing, I am bare,
a whisper lost in the wind.

In shadows I dwell,
whispers weave through fragile minds,

madness finds its home.

The pen, my madness, dances on paper,
Ink flows like tears, burning vapor.
A dreamer's tale, where worlds are born.

Without words, I am still,
Frozen in time's quiet grip,
Letters lost in void.

Sometimes I die
In a single gaze, years drift by
Feelings weigh the soul,
Minds deceive,
Eyes pierce deep.

In the ocean of words, where drops create the cosmos, I'm enchanted
by letters— their siren songs hypnotize me, pulling me into their
endless tide.

Sailing endless seas, No port, just the journey's call, Worlds within
worlds gleam.

Preparing my ink for the battle, My blood, my words, my war, my
rattle. Endless phrases, I never win, For battles in words never truly
begin.

Lost in a place unknown,
Beyond the bounds of the mind,
Craving thoughtless void.

Lost in time, found in space,
Ideas spin, a fleeting trace.
Forward, backward, endless flight,
Seeking meaning in the night.

I am all I feel,
yet I empty myself in bits,
words adrift, waiting—
to form senseless phrases,
felt in the void of meaning.

In the void of thought, I choose not to think. A vacuum pulls my ideas,
yet among them, I find myself floating in space.

The essence fades,
slipping through my grasp.
I seek to know,
yet capture nothing.
The essence flows away.

My heart stands still,
Trapped in the air it pumps,
Love, a distant hill.

Lost in rhythm's void,
Words no longer mine or yours,
Air holds what remains.

I roam untied, bound to freedom's chain,
My own misfortune, tethered in pain.

A paradox of self, where I remain.

Ink flows from my veins,
flooding the void of paper—
waiting to vanish.

Thoughts drift like sea breeze, torn by the tide of letters. In the magic of words, I find solace. Simple phrases to complex, they exist without reason.

Words collide,
unbidden, they rise.
I ask them to fly,
to vanish in skies.

Across distant horizons I wandered,
Seeking love that seemed afar.
When I paused, there you were,
Right beside me, my guiding star.

I soared near the cliff of my soul,
The madness of falling took its toll.
When I fell, I rose no more,
Only the echo of vertigo's roar.

Loneliness, give me your hand,
A brother divided, united we stand.
In the silence, we find the way,
Together we'll conquer the gray.

In your gaze, I saw the sea of love,
Leapt from the boat, sank to rise above.
Swam and swam, yet found you not—
A dream adrift, a heart untaught.

Wrapped in ink,
stained by letters,
words collide,
silently exploding
from my mind.

Echoes of silence,
fading fragments
of my being.

I am the voice of silence, my words scream in stillness—lost in the
noise of another restless echo.

In the dance of words, I drew out its soul, stripped it of meaning.
When I sought its sorrow, it vanished like mist.

Words stripped of their skin,
emotions bleed from within,
pressed, they ache and spin.

Not sure what to write, I let it flow,
Yet I hammer on the before, the after's glow.
Feelings just feelings, they come, they go.

Amidst fragmented thoughts, a cloud appears. I ponder the blue sky,
open my mouth, blink, and there I find my god.

I am not what I write, yet I embody the words. Writing is my duty, though I'm unsure of my purpose. Ink spills on paper, a dance of meaningless meaning.

Words take to flight,
meet stars, the moon whispers soft,
love in stillness blooms.

The poet's soul aches,
waking to life's cruel torment,
words free the sorrow.

Streams of thought flow,
Alone, more alone than before,
Misfortune whispers.

Filling the void, emptying the full.
Full of me, empty within.
Exhale, inhale—
The dance of existence.

The pen dances,
curves, rises, falls—
lines emerge,
moments breathe,
to exist is to feel.

Sword of ink in hand, poised to slice through silence. In the stillness, a cigarette burns, and the pen strikes again

In the rhythm of my pen, stories tremble,
Words quake, emotions assemble.
Anger fuels each letter's trail,
Yet some tales refuse to unveil.

The same pen spills ink of love and hate, venom and cure. It can
embrace or drive away, a race without a finish line.

The same pen spills ink of love and hate, venom and cure. It can
embrace or drive away, a race without a finish line.

Poets hold the truth,
In love, reason fades away,
Heart speaks its own way.

Longing blinds my path,
Yearning for the impossible,
Saudade whispers.

In the vast pathways,
together yet so alone, we
wander infinite.

On the journey to mystery,
absence of secrets unfolds,
simple yet profound.

The words are the silence,
the mouth does not speak, yet feels—
whispers of the soul.

In the whirlwind of fear,
Glory hides like a flame's ghost,
Invisible spark.

The pen no longer writes,
tears the paper, ink collapses—
silent cries within.

Alone I wrote,
words like whispers to you.
Yet, lonelier I became.

Words and verses soar,
Grammar fades, weightless like air,
Poetry takes flight.

In words I find,
What the soul hides,
And the heart shields.

In the sea of tears,
hidden depths of words emerge,
dive into their soul.

Fell for writing's charm,
It walks with me, yet carves deep,
Lonely company.

Paused to think,

but when I stopped,
no words remained—
just the pen in my hand.

Time flows swiftly,
chasing fleeting words that run—
written in the now.

In the clouds of writing's alchemy, we breathe life, we feel deeply—
only then do we write, weaving magic into words.

Lost in the void,
a wanderer of songs and words.
Yet, oh joy!
The written whispers,
they hold me close.

Lost in writing,
I find in my soul the words,
Not just written—felt.

In the absence of words,
I dwell in the dark abyss.
Let their strength guide me.

Lost in the mystic,
eyes open yet blind to truth,
life's veil whispers deep.

Winding paths twist,

Curves of fate, collide and spark.
Eyes meet, hearts shatter.

Chilled words bound tight,
heart's chains hold the soul captive,
sorrow's verse takes flight.

Chained words, bound tight,
Freedom in their flight to write,
Read, and hearts take flight.

Whispers in the breeze,
frozen moments drift through us,
time's fleeting embrace.

The time that kills
is the same time we live in—
yet not the same now.

Love ignites my soul,
yet loss shadows the bright flame,
heartache's quiet song.

Drunk on clarity,
words vanish as I write them—
blind, yet I see all.

Lost in the present,
words soar, feelings take their flight,
calm in clouds of thought.

How to write sadness,
when it hides in silent pain,
felt, not spoken.

Drenched in salty sorrow, yet the vast sea whispers hope.
A calm tide carries dreams afloat.

Words, not lifeless,
Awaiting hearts to breathe them—
Sadness turns to life.

In a single word, we pour a thousand feelings, yet in that moment,
we've said it all.

Words dwell within us,
teaching meanings as we grow.
Yet, the perfect word,
like a fleeting shadow,
always escapes the now.
Something unsaid lingers.

Infinite echoes,
Truth whispers to wake our souls,
Do you hear their call?

Feelings are whispers,
etched in time's eternal flow,
hearts leave their echoes.

In the realm of words,
some never pause to read them—
yet, they guide us all.

Amidst the night's mist,
Between longing and dawn's glow,
I sit, lost in thought.

Today I write,
feeling the essence of feeling,
sensing the sense.

Alone I wander,
In the solitude of one,
Echoes of myself.

In the depths I dive,
bitter heart, rare soul will rise,
float where dreams survive.

In the depths within,
Alone, I found my purpose true,
Mission's light shines through.

Stars take flight above,
Clouds drift, fleeting like our time,
All things come and go.

Here I sit, tangled in the beast,
to simply be, to simply feast.

Life flows wild, no need to tame,
just be present, play the game.

In the shadow's embrace,
clarity finds its quiet home.
Darkness keeps me whole.

Building, breaking,
Fall to rise, creation's loop—
Life's endless rhythm.

I am but me, just me, without the me that makes me all of me.

Eye sees, heart wonders,
Are you truly here with me?
Truth whispers softly.

I sit and ponder,
a thought slips through my fingers,
forgotten whispers.

Heavy thoughts linger,
like clouds before the downpour,
weight dims the bright mind.

Feelings flow like streams,
You make me feel what I feel,
Feeling you unseen.

In the dance of feet,

I chase the wind, lose myself—
freedom in each step.

Sometimes it's not easy,
if not for countless times,
and countless, countless times again.

In the stillness, thoughts twist,
Strangers within the mind's mist,
Odd yet they persist.

Strange thoughts arise,
invading the soul deeply—
oddness everywhere.

To be without will,
Complicated, yet commanded.
Lost in silent winds.

In the dance of life,
eternal whispers we hold—
never truly void.

Mix thoughts, dissolve, divide,
then merge again—perhaps,
creation will arise.

To create is to weave worlds where nothing exists, for imagination is
born from its own absence.

Melancholy's weight, a destined path we tread. Yet, within the shadows, light flickers.

Lost in illusions, we find our truth. The path grows as the dream deepens. Illusion is the art of living.

Crushed thoughts linger,
Shattered yet they rise again,
Strength blooms from within.

Entwined thoughts linger,
Eyes locked in timeless echoes,
Whispers of the past.

Lost in the vastness,
Where space is never lacking,
Yet, space is missed.

Lost in my own self,
I wander, seeking nowhere,
Found in the unknown.

Wandering through words, I lean on the perfect one, and it flows out like a stream.

In the realm between imagination and truly imagining lies the art of flight. Embrace the full sensation of soaring; it's the finest masterpiece.

Liquid thoughts, solid whispers,
Flowing still, no wild rivers.

A quiet pulse, a gentle art,
Life's essence, a poet's heart.

Each dawn, rebirth unfolds,
Minutes and seconds whisper,
Time drifts, a fleeting mirage.

Joy of living, yet a restless heart. Fulfilled, but never truly apart.

Free soul dances,
shadows bathe in sunny glow,
lightness bears the weight.

Whispers of cold winds,
restless minds in their journey,
light chases the light.

Ethereal light shines,
Presence of the boundless soul,
Reflections unfold.

Thoughts spiral 'round words,
Words twist 'round the mind's deep dance,
Reverse flows wisdom.

Words whisper softly,
weaving threads, magic sparks bright,
poetry takes flight.

Sadness takes flight,

freedom in the return's embrace,
wings find solace.