

## **Garden of a soul**

My Mother loves gardening and she looks quite well after her flowers. She used my soul as a garden and planted a seed of hate right next to a seed of love. It is the dualism of nature within me. Seeds need water to grow but i love to play with fire. i wanna merge in heat while dancing in the flames. i get caught by orange and red and loose myself in the colors. Everything is blurred but i recognize a blinking light far away in the deepest part of my soul. The spectrum whispers in different voices and sings songs of love. I feel disco in the black spot, balancing the borderline between love and hate.

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