

"Blank Canvas"

I am whatever you decide.

You decorate me with whatever images your imagination chooses.

I can be happiness, sorrow, anger, hope.

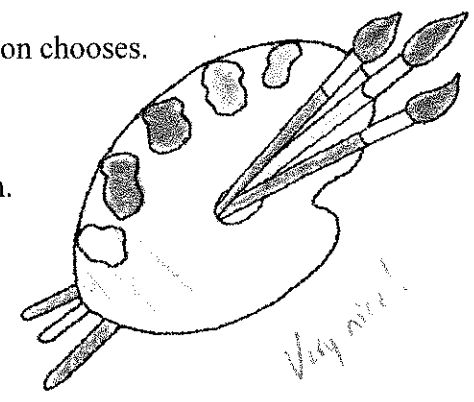
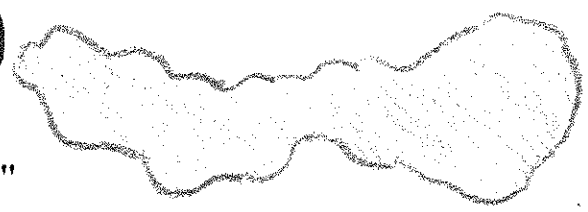
I am whatever emotion and feeling you wish.

I describe as much or as little as you want.

I can be vague or tell an enchanting story.

For I am blank.

I am empty until the artist chooses what story I hold.



"Clocks"

I am steady.

Like a constant beating drum.

But quiet.

My steady tick is heard in near silence

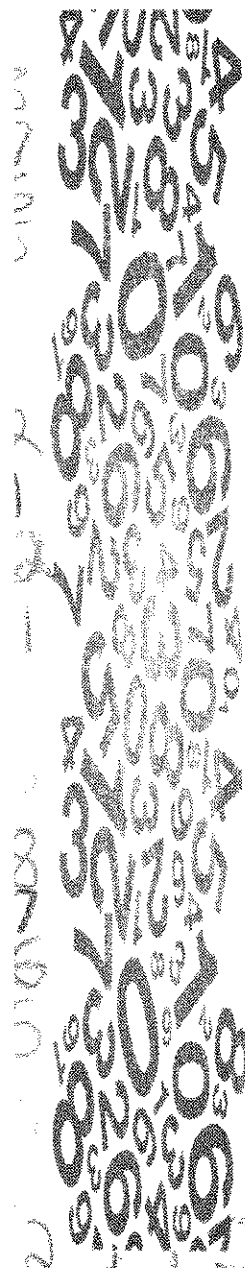
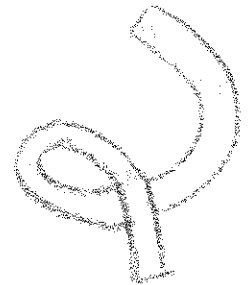
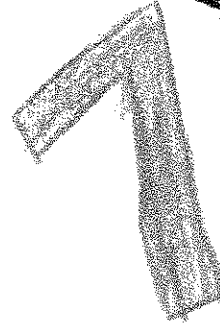
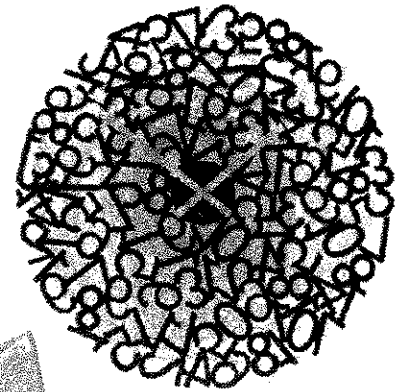
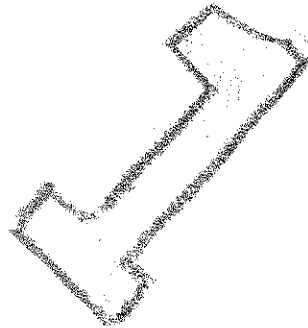
When you realize

That what I tell you cannot be stopped.

Staring at my hands

You see

That what I tell you consumes all.



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