

Can I accept myself in the future for who I am today?

There are endless shores
Of rugged cliffs, along sun-swept beaches.
In summer, they are worn by photos,
The background of wild wishes.

Winter nurtures these cliffs,
Weathered by wind and wicked waves.
The mist wets the walls with tears,
Dripping, dripping down.

The struggle of stubborn succulents
Proudly shines on the sharp stones.
Do cliffs dream of shattering?
To scatter like sand, spread by the sea?