

Poetry's
Kisses

Only possible through the support of my sister,
parents, family and friends.
They made me believe in myself more.

Poetry's Kisses

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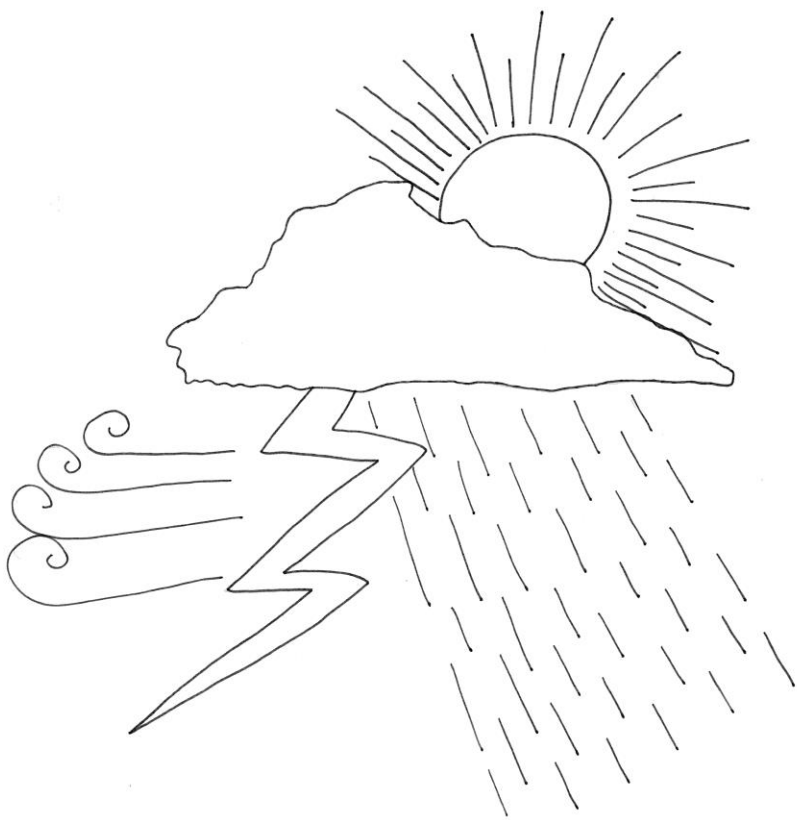


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A poem

A poem is always beautiful
Not because of its words, but because of its process
Finding inspiration, searching for words, putting them
together into sentences
And then writing them down
Your words can be trash, but the poem is magical
Just because of its story

Writing does not only require you to speak
But requires you to feel
Feel everything you want to shut out
Feel everything you can't show
Feel so hard, that you can find words
For the indescribable



Sun, rain, wind and lightning

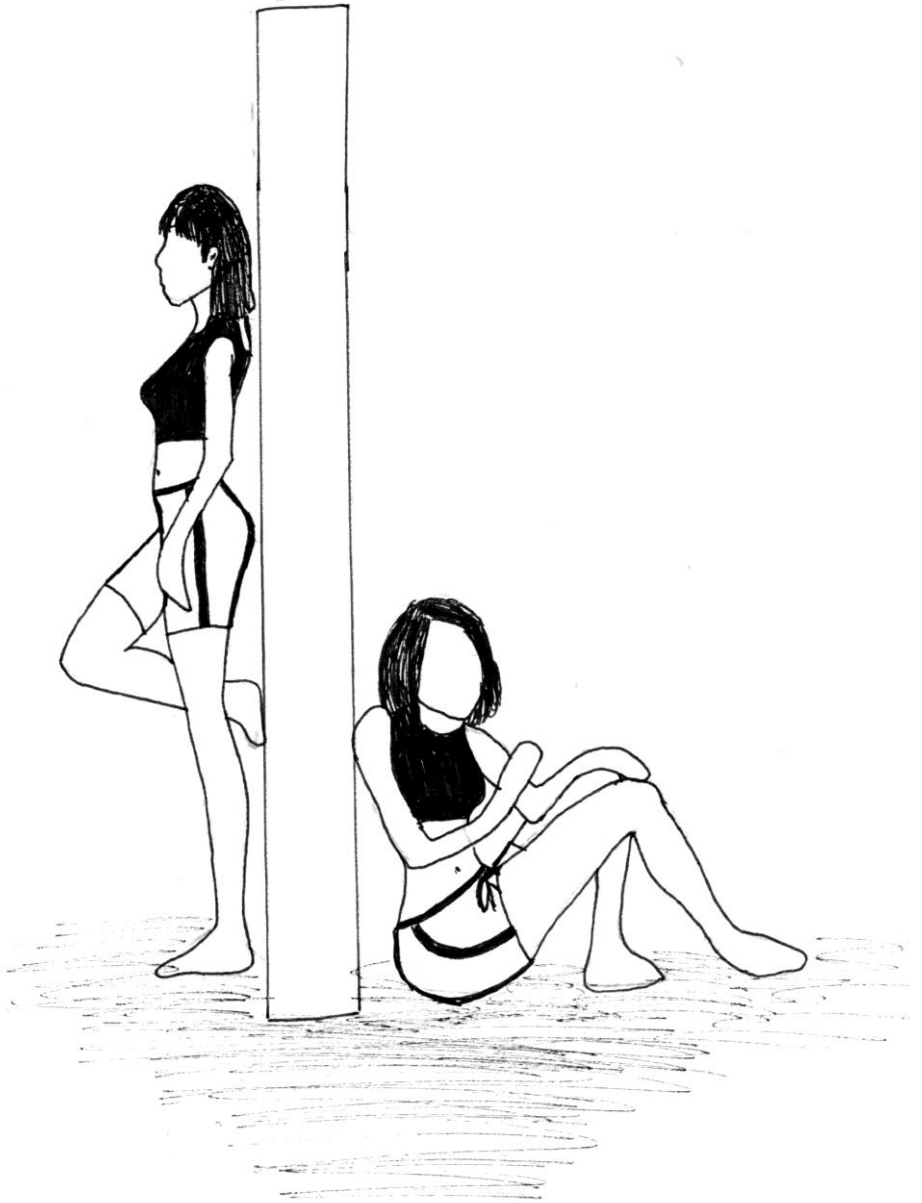
If you were the sun
I would be burned, my whole body red

If you were the rain
I would not open an umbrella but enjoy each drop on my skin

If you were the wind
I would let you breeze through my hair and fly with you

If you were lightning
I would get as high as possible to be in contact with you

Even if that means I catch fire

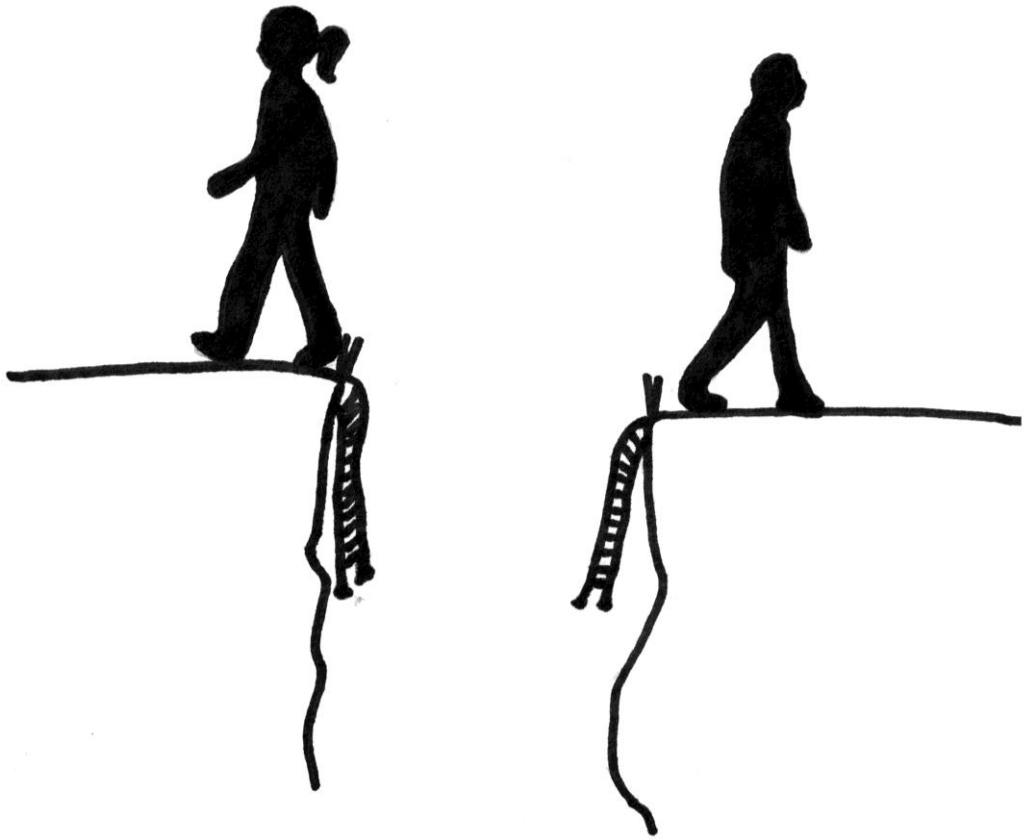


Distance

When my sister returned home
I never paused to ask her about her day
But rather urged her to simply go away
I never whispered
I'm genuinely proud of you
Though deep down, I truly knew it was true
I ignored to embrace her tenderly
Claiming I was too busy, you see

Now, gripped by guilt, I witness her grow
Our conversations shallow, just "What's up?" in tow
Time slipped through my fingers, unbeknownst
As if each moment were but a ghost
If I could rewind the clock and engage
In playful banter, or comfort in her rage
I'd seize it, without delay
Regretting the moments flew away

I loved the days she was my teddy bear
When we were a duo, a pair beyond compare



Dad

We act it's always okay
But we know both there's no way
I just counted to ten
And I'm waiting for the fight to start again
About my grades, there is no satisfaction
When you yell, I don't give a reaction
For I fear the words I might let slip
In the heat of the moment, a painful trip
I wonder if I'm good enough
I always acted really tough
But behind closed doors, tears freely flow
Upon the floor, I lay low
But I can't keep handling these pressures
I'm always trying my hardest
At silence I'm an artist
It's just killing my vibe now
And I want to make it better
But don't know how