



*how my mind  
gets rest*



# Silver Sonnet





This book was written by me,  
but I wasn't the reason why this book was written.  
I would like to thank my Dutch teacher from my  
third year in high school.

She introduced me to different types of poetry,  
helped me find my writing style and said I should  
keep writing.

Also a big thank you to my father who told me I  
should make a book of all my poems.

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advice on how to make it better, complimented me  
on my poems and always told me to keep going.

My niece also drew the cover,  
which is stunning and I'm very grateful for.

Thanks to my teacher, parents, family and friends.  
Because of all of you I was able to write this book.  
I can't thank all of you enough for the support and  
love I got.

(all pictures are found either on canva or via google search,  
no AI was used in the making of this book)



# Silver Sonnet



# A world without hate



If the world could just accept us for who we are,  
then what would it look like?

No more war because of religion.

No more shaming of people's bodies.

No more murder because of someone's gender.

No more beating up gay people.

A lot more rest.

More safety.

Happiness, freedom, kindness.

Love. A lot more love.

The world would look amazing to anyone.



# Silver Sonnet





# School reputation

The teacher asks me to talk.  
I try, but I feel a pit forming in my stomach.  
I know they're all looking,  
expecting me to say something wrong.  
My heart is racing and I can't breathe.  
They will laugh. I will mess up.  
My brain keeps summing up things I can fail in.  
I walk out. The shame sinks in.  
I know they will talk about this,  
they'll call me names.  
I'll never be liked by them.  
Forever meant to be alone.  
I'll never be the same.  
Never like them.



# Silver Sonnet





# I can't sleep

I wake up in the middle of the night.  
In my nightmare I saw something white.  
It looked like a human at most.  
I knew it was a ghost.  
It wasn't like my regular dreams.  
It felt real.  
It felt alive.  
It was like I needed to survive.  
I need to get out.  
Out of my dream.  
Out of this nightmare.  
Away from the monster that felt real.  
I woke up crying.  
Feeling like the only way out is writing.

