The Flow of the River

In life, just like the jungle, life must always continue

Whether or not you are in the ripe sunshine of it, standing proudly by the mangroves… or perhaps in darker areas, in storms of deception and lies

You must always continue to live, regardless of your weather.

Thrive where the worm dies… and perhaps learn to be able to live and resist the cayman of circumstance who bites at you for nothing

All that live in the river of life choose which meander to follow. But which one will you choose? The options are endless, yet you must be hasty or the river will then decide for you

Now, you are a large fish, you know all of these waters by heart, as you tell descendants of your journey, you still continue to forge it

Then down by a side of the river, the green anaconda of disease and death approaches, you know, just like all the great fish in the river's history that the anaconda will get you, so you say your goodbyes

And that is the river of life, where the fish lives, thrives and dies, each leaving the river in a slightly or greatly better or worse state

Which state would you like to leave it in?

If only...

One day you will look back on life.
See the regrets in the past, knowing there is no way to change them.
People may turn back, sadly, frowning at their past.
The full outcome of some of them may still be uncertain.
But you need to be grateful for the good choices you have made.

Regrets.
Many people reflect on them with annoyance.
Annoyance will not help your past choices
But there is no reason to be annoyed at your past choices.
Be inspired to make the right choices.

Looking back through your life is a rollercoaster.
Through the hills and dips.
Recalling past fears and sorrows.
All helps you grow into a caring, thoughtful and kind person.
Be the best person you can be.
Despite your regrets.



Rocks of life

Alone I stand, tall and grey,
Nothing left to do anymore.
While there are others, standing or laid,
On the damp and grassy floor.
The sky, the vast, unending expanse,
The horizon far, below it.
Each glaring eye open, as if in a trance,
Everything turns moonlit.



And as this poem comes to an end,
The black clouds are gathering,
Closing our eyes we will pretend,
And go the travellers travelling.

Choosing your path

Walking by yourself, thinking about which path to take
One alone and one with company
To make your own decisions.
Go with the majority.
Learn new things.
The decision is yours alone.

Think, have you made the right decision.
Or is it too late to turn back?
Do you choose to go up the steep hill and enjoy the adventure of reaching the summit
Or walk through the same old road.

Churning round your brain is in a twist.
There are too many things to think about.
Do you stay with others or go with the few?
The decision is all up to you.

No matter how young or how old.
Nor what happens in the future.
The fear is great, But so is pride.
What will be the outcome in the other side?

All coming to the end and you're on your way.
Is the decision right,
Or is this too think about another day?



A new day

Each step a gamble, each leap a risk

Clouds of mist flowing,

The clouds pace was brisk.

The pebbles lay in the sun, shiny and bright,

Like liquorice packed nice and tight.

The pebbly mosaic gleams as the world begins to wake.

When the sun starts to bake,

The mist like a blanket covering a confectionary banquet

The black clouds retreating providing the perfect view

As the sun starts rising the people do so too

Regret

One day you will take your first step,

And one you will take your last.

Once that is done you will look back.

And see all the decisions you have made,

And the challenges you have faced,

Some may be good decisions.

But some may make you regret.

You wish to change the regrets,

But you will never get to,

As these regrets are what make you stronger,

And what make you you.

Journey into the Unknown

In life you will have to pass through storms,
Storms with unknown outcomes, and unknown destinations. Sometimes it will be right infront of you other times not.

You cannot run forever from storms. There will come a time when you Just have to face them, walk through the hardest parts, and re-appear at the end. Storms leave you with scars you will have to carry silently, others for many to see.

This storm of life may not just pass once; it may come again and again and Again. But as you grow older, you can learn and find ways to keep your chin
Up and walk through the storm even when the seem like they will just carry On forever.

The roads ahead may be steep and at times you may feel lost, but if you

Take the leap and commit yourself then you will fly.



Life is Like a River

Life is like a river;
Sometimes its easy, a straight line flowing smoothly,
But sometimes twisty, turning through the rocks crashing through;
The river will never stop.
It must keep moving forward, no matter how hard the path looks;
Nothing is ever simple and smooth;
Not for anyone, nor anything.

It may look difficult, but it won't be forever,
The rocks will slowly disappear, and the river will flow smoothly.
Nothing ever lasts forever,
It won't be hard forever,
But every time it is;
You become stronger and learn to push over the rocks;
Like a river.

Life won’t pause and stop for you.
Life can’t stop
Time can't freeze.
A healthy river will never stop.
A healthy river will never freeze.
A healthy river won't wait for the rocks to disappear.
It can’t wait for the easy paths to appear.
It must keep flowing

Even in the hardest times, when you want to just give up,
When people get in the way
The river will never stop;
Life must go on.



Looking Back

Sometimes in life you must look back,
You must see yourself in the past
Of all the stuff you have done,
Whether it is good or not

Sometimes you have to be alone and reflect
You have to get away from the noise
And put yourself in a calm, quiet atmosphere
Knowing memories and your past don't hurt here

Everything you look at sparks different solutions,
A new pathway for your mind to follow

You see your footprints in the snow
You think to yourself
'I am unique'
Its good to be different, like all the leaves



Serenity within

As water cascades down
Like the happy times of life
As serenity spreads through cold air
The calmness floats in your mind

When your life threatens to anger
Remember this place
As a memory block to return
Being here can heal you

Everywhere you look pain disappears
Only calm enters this secluded place
But is a place lonely if it is warm in heart
This place brings freedom

Maybe one with pure peace of mind
Is just wounded inside
But all I remember
Is to come back to this place



Memories as we Move On

Moving on from when you were young,
New friends and new things fun,
A small school with limited students,
To a large school with hundreds.

Breaktimes and lunchtimes,
Full of endless laughter,
A friend group with countless memories,
Have to move on.

A drastic change to make all alone,
All by yourself,
Finding your way round the corridors,
A small fish in a big pond.

From the first assembly together,
To the last,
From the first sports day,
To the one where you needed to win for the last time.

The last Move-Up Morning together,
Excitedly chatting about the new year,
But now it has stopped,
We all have to move on.

Everyone being in one class,
No rushing every time a lesson ends,
No more passing notes,
At least we're all on the same trail.

Doing homework together,
Revising together,
Laughing together,
We all have to move on.

It's all memories,
Just sparks of warmth,
Good thoughts,

Now, just to look back on.

