



## poetry isn't dead

You might consider it  
as a thinking  
outside  
the  
box

A  
more or  
less dividing,  
provocative and,  
maybe selfish thought

But poetry isn't dead.

It's underneath your skin,  
inside your deepest breath,  
in the rhythm of your heartbeat  
between your little toes  
you love to hide in the sand  
at the beach where you  
collect seashells like precious  
memories of faded verses

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