

## POEM

# Vergissmeinnicht

What lies beyond this last breath,  
But emptiness and regrets?  
Those memories, hard to catch;  
Those petals... still as my Death.

In the echoes of church bells,  
So many tales yet to tell –  
Of the times before I fell,  
Of the times when all was well.

Triumph wilting at the Gate,  
To rest gently as my Fate.  
Daydreams, laughter of an Age...  
To be forgotten today.

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