

Poetry Series

# Magod Scroef

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**

2024

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Magod Scroef()

Supposedly Oyama Sibidla making life colorful, one paint stroke at a time. Just a goofy potato lover hatching dreams and spuds.



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# They Say We Can't Make It

Proud of me proud of you clearly you arouse my contempt. Starnishing my words clearly to explain myself and explain my heart for what it feels about you I've tried so hard.

I don't know who would speak for my heart because it's marked to be taken by you. If we where in love we would merge our hearts combine them and share it fifty fifty core love.

They say we can't make it but the ruthless start of static feeling despite the shock you sure surprise my smile I promise you I'll make you proud please don't judge me our souls match.

I'm drained by effort to try and explain my Love to you enrolling in stone time's of old age texts didn't exist what do I need to explain oh myself is weary. Your voice is warmth.

Let's breathe to revive our love expectations and silly tales of stories never said to travel to your heart I would use a train a locomotive movement of every heart beat put a clock in my heart.

Magod Scroef

# The Void

Not valid nor is it legal no crime of situation can change a man the stain, is better if it's solitary of me in the bias love if I could scale our love it'll be the heaviest person in the world.

Statistics open up managing factors of benefiting in romance the stained men can speak of his dirt the chocolate smear, probably near brains visting like degrees. contrast of heart, contrast of love.

My soul learnt to love don't cause it as a void but store my determination, intrusive penetration darling sex in acclimate mind in physiological intake. Stay and engrave my heart.

Raining calms the heat and rays expectations apprehend conclusions. Lives driven by design and love explains pain. A Predator ready for its prey between vampire and carnivores(the fangs)

Store me and place me in your heart the void has reached its conclusions 'I love you' do you love me? Why can't I reach your mind maybe because it's a star smart and proud. Do love create love, love someone.

Magod Scroef

# She Like A Pop Star

Her every ecens sparkle in glare glass all my expectations, were set driven to pursue her dented heart enrolling in a romantic character seeds seem to fear growing here and there

You introduce yourself as Pop star you starnishing and stunning in a flood of beauty days to seem and here your screams and mourns how accurate can distance bare love

She like a pop star a singer of exciting melodies you could reach mountain and sky's warriors extract criminals just like you would with my heart entertain my guilt and mind.

Deteriorate hate express your avenue of comfort and happiness stress less about discomfort, assumption of our relationship between war love what would you say could you still care

You all about perspiration, don't reject me. I've been heart less for years forever you fairys cute puppie and rabbit your smile shines like diamonds. I think to be with you fortunate with you.

I stare in your eyes I get lost at sea, captain of my future preparations due to upscale our love increase its tender and care open your arms so I can hug you soothe you to distance.

Magod Scroef

# Nice Time Woc

Other temptation are just written destiny, one you of part stories should be teary-eyed solutions. Di shall lie only one percent. We start every revolution in a day, pray to Saint Jesus Christ the son

Di shall believe in scandinavian mythology at time passive and unity to the General. Raw in the streets of Johannesburg its a annual story they screams of terror is fear they afraid.

We don't get blamed clean my spirit clean my soul. A tray of changes. Stay and arrange the massive necessity to explain my Love. It's no story its God's love make me proudly mindset.

leviathan in Norse mythology was to change movement of the sea and its attention on me. If ever I can be grimacing on moments of truth. Nor fear can stop me courage and destiny driven.

Thought love had to hurt, still she thought love should hurt, your happiness is dependent on a girl. And I in it's leadership some likely like internship. I didn't speak for people less.

Tall shadow a reflection of me I'm blithe topper then a clown of joy and happiness, Di shall see he conspiracy theory Men, the we Oyama Litha Sibidla GENDER making ideological Men

Magod Scroef

# Mosdeng Fraternity

Capital city of Gang Eastern Cape praised to violate standards of the system,  
crazy and they remain raced. Consequences lied in my face probably by now they  
need story lane embrace deliverance.

There drone age page to scribble in write language vampire frequency, determine  
to exist and proceed to expose exclusives and progress punctual and party time  
part of, Nice Time WOC many hands pray.

Baba ruling in the streets prolong to receive a note of agreement to the system,  
of touting fortunate I will write and poetry derived and calm become part. Not  
loosing sight of what is right and I am wrong.

I try to despise but my arms are intrusive and Loyiso never fooled because his  
hood, and rude scroo; the ruthless and aggressive people. Faulty and war like  
story trail engraved on part of his body.

It suits your gentleman hood too only if we could rap and tell. We once in the  
eastern cape theorized miscellaneous and sinister trumpets playing melodies of  
Nordic mythology.

Hup giving ways that don't die I don't wanna lie child make me proud. Stunned  
by your expectation ways that just don't fade and justify the night to the  
military. Some nice things interesting.

Magod Scroef

# To My Lord

To my Lord, I raise my prayer,  
In your loving embrace, I find solace rare.  
You are the sun that lights my way,  
Guiding me through each night and day.

With gentle words, you speak my name,  
Whispering love, erasing all shame.  
Your wisdom pours like a healing stream,  
Quenching my thirst, as if in a dream.

In your presence, I find true peace,  
And all my worries and fears cease.  
You wrap me in grace, like a velvet shroud,  
In your arms, I am forever endowed.

Your love, majestic like the ocean's roar,  
Fills my heart to its very core.  
In your embrace, I am set free,  
A blossom blossoms in fields of glee.

Through valleys low and mountains high,  
In your footsteps, I shall rely.  
You guide me through life's twisting turns,  
With every lesson, my spirit learns.

To my Lord, I give my gratitude,  
For every blessing granted, every hope renewed.  
In your infinite love, I am forever blessed,  
My soul finds rest in your eternal nest.

Magod Scroef

# Joyce Has Limits

In this world of ours, there's a girl named Joyce,  
She's fiery and fierce, a true force.  
But like anyone, she too has limits,  
In this poem, her story, let's commit.

Joyce, oh Joyce, with fire in her eyes,  
She braves the world, her spirit flies.  
But let's not forget, she's human too,  
And even Joyce has her own value.

She conquers mountains, crosses the seas,  
With dreams in her heart, and hope as her key.  
But within her, there's also a line,  
Where strength meets vulnerability, so fine.

In moments of weakness, she may stumble,  
But her resilience in the face of trouble,  
Like a phoenix, she rises from ashes,  
For within her, a strength forever clashes.

There are days when she feels not so strong,  
When doubts haunt her and things go wrong.  
But Joyce, sweet Joyce, always finds a way,  
To rise above, with a smile on display.

She knows her limits, yet she fights on,  
Pushing the boundaries, until they're gone.  
Choosing to believe in her own might,  
Joyce is a warrior, her spirit shines bright.

So let's remember, as we journey through,  
That even Joyce, with all she can do,  
Has limits that shape her as she grows,  
And makes her story all the more cose.

For Joyce, dear Joyce, with passion that's vast,  
Teaches us all that limits won't hold us fast.  
With faith in ourselves, we can surpass,  
The boundaries we face, creating a lasting contrast.

Magod Scroef

# Privileged Cop

In a city of crime, where shadows loom,  
Stands a privileged cop, in a polished costume.  
With a badge of gold and a smile of charm,  
He thinks he's above, he can do no wrong.

Oh, the privileged cop, wearing his cape,  
Blessed with power, but filled with hate.  
He patrols the streets with an air of might,  
Ignoring the pleas of those in fright.

With every step he takes, justice wanes,  
For the privileged cop only knows to disdain.  
He bristles at criticism, dismisses the cries,  
Blinded by privilege, deaf to their sighs.

While the rich are protected, their secrets untold,  
The underprivileged suffer, their rights bought and sold.  
The privileged cop chooses which laws to uphold,  
Leaving the marginalized in a world so cold.

His shield shines bright, a symbol of pride,  
Yet it shields him from truth, from the other side.  
He walks through life with unearned confidence,  
Ignoring his duty, his moral pretense.

But there's hope on the streets, amidst the despair,  
Voices rise together, demanding to be heard and fair.  
They expose the cracks in the privileged armor,  
Unmasking the truth, revealing the charmer.

No longer shall the privileged cop reign,  
For justice must be blind, free from disdain.  
It's time to break the chains of this flawed system,  
And rebuild it anew, with equity as its rhythm.

So listen, privileged cop, to the voices of the wronged,  
Open your heart and listen to their song.  
Step down from your pedestal, break the divide,  
Join hands with the people, let compassion guide.

For in the end, we're all part of this city's tale,  
And only together can we truly prevail.  
Let's strive for a future where justice is just,  
Where the privileged cop learns humility and trust.

Magod Scroef

# Schools Good Education

In halls of knowledge, minds explore,  
Where schools provide a golden door.  
Education, like a wellspring flows,  
Nurturing minds as it bestows.

With eager minds and hearts that yearn,  
Students enter, ready to learn.  
Teachers guide with wisdom's light,  
Igniting sparks, igniting insight.

From classroom walls, knowledge unfurls,  
In books and lectures, wisdom swirls.  
Curiosity is the foundation,  
In schools, it sparks determination.

The math equations, neat and clear,  
Unlock the secrets, banish fear.  
In science labs, experiments thrive,  
Discovery sparks a sense of drive.

The pages turn in English class,  
Unlocking thoughts, like molten glass.  
Through prose and poem, words take flight,  
Imagination soars to great height.

History's tapestry we explore,  
From ancient times to days of yore.  
The lessons learned, we must remember,  
From past mistakes, we grow much tender.

In art and music, souls take flight,  
Colors dance and notes ignite.  
Expression finds its sacred home,  
In schools, creativity roams.

But schools are more than books and pens,  
They foster friendships, build new trends.  
The laughter shared, the bonds we make,  
Are memories that never break.

Yet schools are not just walls and gates,  
They're stepping stones to brighter fates.  
Through education's nurturing care,  
Dreams become possible to dare.

Magod Scroef

# Playing Hard To Get

In the game of love, there's a strategy I use,  
A dance of allure, a whimsical ruse.  
I play hard to get, a skill quite fine,  
Igniting desire, like a sparkling wine.

I'll flutter my lashes with a captivating smile,  
Send mixed signals that beguile.  
I'll be coy and elusive, like a hidden treasure,  
Leaving hearts yearning for a lasting pleasure.

I'll be a mystery, impossible to unravel,  
Leaving suitors enchanted, wanting to travel,  
Into the depths of my captivating soul,  
As I keep them chasing, in pursuit of the goal.

I'll keep them guessing, with enigmatic looks,  
Creating an intrigue that hooks.  
Playing hard to get, a seductive art,  
Stirring emotions, igniting the heart.

But beware, for this game is a dangerous dance,  
For hearts can be shattered with a single chance.  
Playing hard to get, a double-edged sword,  
For love may fade if it's constantly ignored.

So balance is key, in this romantic affair,  
A delicate balance, handle with care.  
For playing hard to get can be a thrilling game,  
But true love will flourish, not go up in flame.

So let love unfold, with a touch of mystery,  
But be genuine and filled with empathy.  
In this dance of the heart, let honesty reign,  
Playing hard to get, yet love's flame sustain.

Magod Scroef

# Consequences For Looking

In a magical forest, so mystical and grand,  
There lived a curious creature, so small yet so bland.  
With eyes wide open, it would venture and roam,  
But little did it know, of the consequences to come.

For in this forest, a rule was unbending,  
To look upon magic, would lead to a tragic ending.  
A warning written in nature, carved within tree bark,  
Whispered by wise owls, sang by meadows so dark.

But the curious creature, with its innocent gaze,  
Would press on, ignore the caution, it would boldly appraise.  
Each rustle in the leaves, each shimmer in the air,  
It followed with fervor, unaware of the snare.

One day while exploring, deep in the forest terrain,  
It stumbled upon a clearing, amidst shadows of pain.  
There stood a river, shimmering with mystical light,  
Calling out with temptation, a breathtaking sight.

Unable to resist, the creature approached with delight,  
And gazed into the depths, in awe of the magical site.  
But as its eyes met the water, a transformation began,  
Its reflection turned monstrous, mirroring forbidden plans.

It grew larger and larger, with each passing glance,  
Its innocence shattered, bound by the forbidden dance.  
The forest trembled fearfully, as its power grew strong,  
Birds ceased their singing, as darkness swallowed their song.

Now a creature cursed, once small and so mild,  
Its curious nature condemned it to be wild.  
With each step it took, destruction now followed,  
Leaving behind chaos, in the forest, so hollowed.

And so the moral of this tale, dear friends,  
Is to heed the warnings, wherever it sends.  
For consequences await those who dare to explore,  
Without caution, without hesitance, forevermore.

Magod Scroef

# Stange Dancer

In a world of movement all so grand,  
There danced a figure, peculiar and unplanned,  
A strange dancer, unlike any seen before,  
With steps that left us begging for more.

No rhythm or reason did this dancer possess,  
Yet their presence filled the room with finesse,  
With limbs that twisted and swayed in rhyme,  
Each movement a mystery, frozen in time.

Their feet would glide across the gleaming floor,  
As if weightless, defying gravity's lore,  
With every leap, they'd soar to great heights,  
A spectacle that ignited pure delight.

Their body, a canvas for tales untold,  
A kaleidoscope of colors, bold and bold,  
A mesmerizing cadence, a story expressed,  
With each gesture, a secret manifest.

Their arms would unravel like ribbons in flight,  
Their fingertips tracing patterns of light,  
Their spine bending in ways unimaginable,  
A dizzying act, both delicate and formidable.

As the music played, their spirit came alive,  
A mystic embodiment, so vividly revived,  
The air around them filled with an enchanting hue,  
From blue to gold, each movement so true.

Eyes transfixed, we watched them spin,  
Lost in the dance, and the world ceased to begin,  
For in that moment, the ordinary found grace,  
As the strange dancer brought magic to this space.

And when the performance reached its end,  
Applause erupted, a standing ovation to send,  
For this strange dancer, with their graceful might,  
Had taken us on a whimsical journey, infinite.

So let us celebrate this dancer unique,  
Their artistry, a treasure we eagerly seek,  
For in their strangeness, joy and wonder intertwine,  
And to witness their dance is truly sublime.

Magod Scroef

# Hello Uncle

Hello, dear uncle, how do you do?  
It's always a pleasure to see someone like you.  
With your warm smile and kind heart,  
You bring joy and light to every part.

From your stories and wisdom, we learn so much,  
You guide us with love, with your caring touch.  
You're a pillar of strength, always there to lean,  
In your presence, we feel serene.

Through the years, you've been a constant support,  
In times of trouble, you're our fort.  
Your laughter echoes, filling the room,  
Dispersing any feelings of gloom.

Your words of encouragement, they inspire,  
Lit like a spark, they take us higher.  
Your gentle guidance helps us pave our way,  
To become the best versions of ourselves each day.

So here's to you, dear uncle, a heartfelt cheer,  
For the love and kindness you always share.  
May your days be filled with happiness and bliss,  
And may the bonds we share never miss.

Magod Scroef

# Crazy Faze

In youth's wild maze, there's a crazy faze,  
Where dreams and thrills collide like a raucous craze.  
It's a time of rebellion, of zest and fire,  
A chapter where hearts dare to climb higher.

Daring souls, with courage ablaze,  
Embark on adventures, eager to amaze.  
They dance with abandon in the moonlit haze,  
Unleashing their spirits in mysterious ways.

They defy rules, flipping through life's pages,  
Experimenting with passion, like alchemists of the ages.  
With eyes wide open, they navigate the maze,  
Chasing euphoria, embracing every blaze.

Some find solace in melodies, soothing their souls,  
Creating symphonies that break free from molds.  
Their music spreads, echoing through the night,  
Guiding lost spirits towards the path that's right.

Others find their canvas in strokes and lines,  
Painting vivid emotions, revealing inner shines.  
With colors so vibrant, they mesmerize and engage,  
Transforming blank canvases into a mesmerizing stage.

And some, in the realm of words they reside,  
Crafting tales of wonder, where worlds collide.  
They weave magic with letters, capturing minds,  
Creating stories that touch hearts, forever entwined.

But amidst the madness, they search for meaning,  
For the faze's chaos can sometimes be demeaning.  
They seek the balance between fantasies and truth,  
To understand the essence of their vibrant youth.

And as the faze wanes, with maturity's embrace,  
They look back fondly on that crazy, vibrant phase.  
For it molded them, shaped them into who they became,  
A tapestry of memories, lit by passion's flame.

Magod Scroef

# The Queen Of Paris

In a grand city, where romance thrives,  
Resides the Queen of Paris, in elegant guise.  
Regal and graceful, she struts with poise,  
Through the streets of beauty, she enchants all boys.

With a crown of diamonds, atop her head,  
She rules the hearts, while Paris feels her tread.  
Her eyes, like sapphires, glisten with dreams,  
As she dances through moonbeams, or so it seems.

Adorned in silk gowns, of the purest white,  
She captures attention, day and night.  
Her voice, like velvet, whispers love in the air,  
As her subjects, spellbound, cast her adoring stares.

In the gardens of Versailles, she holds her court,  
Where artists and poets, their talents she supports.  
Her gardens bloom with roses, in vibrant array,  
As she reigns over Paris, in her own special way.

From the Eiffel Tower, she watches the sky,  
With a regal presence, no one can deny.  
She brings joy and laughter, wherever she goes,  
As the Queen of Paris, her charisma overflows.

With a wave of her hand, the city comes alive,  
As she embodies the essence of love and strive.  
She's the heartbeat of Paris, its soul and its core,  
And her reign as queen, only makes it soar.

So let us bow down, to the Queen of Paris fair,  
With her radiance and charm, beyond compare.  
Forever she'll reign, in Paris' embrace,  
A queen like no other, with elegance and grace.

Magod Scroef

# Still Pile

In a corner of my room, so still and low,  
Sits a pile of memories, wrapped like a bow.  
It gathers dust, untouched for quite some time,  
A collection of moments, both sweet and sublime.

Each item in the pile holds a story to tell,  
Remnants of laughter, tears, and long farewells.  
There's a worn-out photograph of a dear friend,  
And a handwritten note with words that mend.

Among the pile, a ticket to a grand adventure,  
A feather from a bird, a symbol of pure nature.  
A small trinket from a place I once called home,  
And a seashell from a beach where I used to roam.

A forgotten letter, filled with love and regret,  
Reminding me of moments I'll never forget.  
A pressed flower from a garden so divine,  
Eternal beauty captured within every line.

The pile holds treasures, cherished and rare,  
Tales of triumph, of heartache, and despair.  
A reminder of the past, so tender and real,  
Whispering secrets that only I can feel.

Though the pile remains silent, it sparks inspiration,  
Igniting emotions and igniting transformation.  
With each item, a memory comes alive,  
Like a symphony playing, how it does survive.

And as time moves forward, stories accrue,  
The still pile grows bigger, collecting each hue.  
For it's not just a pile of things and whatnot,  
But a testament to a life well and truly sought.

Magod Scroef

# Fearless Love

In the land of fairless beauty, where dreams take flight,  
Where the sun shines golden, and fills the day with light,  
There lies a secret garden, where flowers ever bloom,  
And nature's enchantment banishes all gloom.

The fairless roses dance with grace, petals kissed by dawn,  
Their fragrant whispers soothing hearts that are worn,  
Their colors like rainbows, vibrant and grand,  
Painting the canvas of this magical land.

But fairless beauty is not just in the flora,  
For in every creature, it beams with aurora,  
Butterflies flutter, their wings a vibrant hue,  
A symphony of harmony, nature's debut.

Oh, the song of the birds, the melody so pure,  
Their voices echoing, luring hearts to allure,  
Their feathers like rainbows, a sight to enthrall,  
A heavenly chorus, captivating all.

As the rivers gently flow, sparkling with delight,  
Kissing the meadows, soothing day and night,  
A reflection of serenity, a mesmerizing view,  
In fairless beauty's embrace, dreams come true.

And in the eyes of humans, a spark is ignited,  
A sense of wonder, joyful and excited,  
For in fairless beauty, we find our own worth,  
A reminder that we too, are part of this earth.

So let us admire this enchanting place,  
Where fairless beauty resides, full of grace,  
Let us cherish and protect it, with all our might,  
For in its embrace, true happiness takes flight.

Magod Scroef

# Sleepless Love

In the deep of night, I lie in bed  
With a restless heart and a weary head  
For sleep evades me, my mind astray  
In the realm of love, where dreams hold sway

Sleepless I am, with thoughts of you  
A love so fierce, so pure and true  
Like a river flowing, forever untamed  
Lost in the sea, where passion is named

In the silence of darkness, your face lights up  
A constellation of stars, a never-ending cup  
Each sleepless night, I long for your touch  
To extinguish the ache, the yearning too much

My heart beats fast, in rhythm with desire  
Set ablaze by a love that will never tire  
But the night holds secrets, it keeps us apart  
I search for solace, within my own heart

With every passing moment, I feel you near  
A phantom presence, it's you I revere  
My dreams, like whispers, flutter in the night  
Sending hope and love, like wings taking flight

Yet sleep eludes me, as the hours wind on  
Through the dark expanse, where shadows spawn  
But in this sleepless state, my love remains strong  
With each beat of my heart, I'll carry you along

Magod Scroef

# Nothing Nex

In the realm of words, let us explore,  
A theme of emptiness, nothing more.  
A concept so elusive, yet often perplexing,  
Let us delve into the abyss, uncover its essence.

Nothing Nex, a state unknown,  
In its depths, a world of its own.  
A void of meaning, devoid of form,  
An enigma, a conundrum that can't be torn.

In the space between thoughts, where silence is king,  
Nothing Nex emerges, with a silent zing.  
It whispers in the winds, as shadows dance,  
A phantom presence, in a mystic trance.

No boundaries or limits, it stretches afar,  
Revealing a universe, where wonders spar.  
No substance, no substance, just an ethereal hue,  
Nothing Nex is both empty and true.

In the stillness of night, in the hush of the day,  
It lingers, it lingers, like a ghostly ray.  
It paints its canvas with invisible strokes,  
Creating a masterpiece, where all logic chokes.

But perhaps, just perhaps, Nothing Nex is not what it seems,  
A cosmic riddle, a vehicle for dreams.  
For in the absence of something, we find the potential,  
In the emptiness, creativity, so essential.

So let us embrace the void, the emptiness within,  
And let imagination unfold, as we begin,  
To wander through the vastness, with eyes wide open,  
Discovering the magic that Nothing Nex has spoken.

For in this rhyme, in these words we've penned,  
We've captured a glimpse of the elusive trend,  
Of a concept so abstract, yet too real to ignore,  
The enigma of Nothing Nex, forevermore.

Magod Scroef

# Heritage Of South Africa

In the land where lions roar with might,  
A land where history shines so bright.  
South Africa, with its vibrant soul,  
A tapestry of cultures that make it whole.

From rugby fields to diamond mines,  
A heritage that truly defines.  
The rainbow nation, united and strong,  
A place where melodies of freedom belong.

In the rhythms of the African beat,  
Traditions rise and stories repeat.  
From Zulu warriors to Xhosa pride,  
A heritage that can never hide.

The drums of the Khoisan echo afar,  
Celebrating the ancient roots that are,  
A reminder of ancestors' ancient ways,  
Guiding us through modern days.

From the Cape of Good Hope to the Kruger's embrace,  
Nature's beauty shines with grace.  
From Table Mountain's majestic stance,  
To golden savannahs, a wild romance.

The Boer and the Brit, locked in a past,  
Their struggles and conflicts known to last.  
Yet from ashes rise forgiveness anew,  
A heritage that teaches us to value.

Freedom fighters like Mandela strong,  
Inspiring us all to right the wrongs.  
Apartheid's darkness may have cast its spell,  
But resilience and hope within South Africa's dwell.

Through struggle and pain, a new chapter unfurled,  
A democratic tapestry, a united world.  
South Africa, with a heritage so grand,  
A beacon of hope for the whole African land.

Magod Scroef

# Falling Leaves In Autumn

In golden hues, the leaves do fall,  
A tapestry of autumn, vibrant and tall.  
Whirling and twirling, dancing through the air,  
In this season of change, they truly declare.

Eagerly, they leap from their lofty trees,  
Like confetti, floating with gentle ease.  
Crimson, amber, and fiery shades ignite,  
As they cascade downwards, a breathtaking sight.

A symphony of rustling with each step,  
The earth's carpet, where they softly rep.  
Crunching beneath our feet, a melodic sound,  
As we wander through nature's playground.

Their journey, a farewell from summer's embrace,  
A gentle reminder of time and its pace.  
A kaleidoscope of foliage, swirling with flair,  
Autumn's brush stroke painting the air.

The trees stand bare, their branches exposed,  
Yet harboring secrets, the cycle goes.  
Preparing for slumber, a momentary rest,  
Before awakening in spring, renewed and blessed.

Magod Scroef

# Cheep Car

In my little cheep car, I take to the road,  
With its tiny engine, it moves on, behold!  
Its paint may be worn, and its body may rust,  
But it's full of adventure, just for the robust.

Through the city streets, it zooms and it zips,  
With each little bump, it takes joyful leaps.  
A trusty companion, through every mile,  
This cheep car of mine, always brings a smile.

It may not be fancy, with gadgets and flair,  
But it gets me from point A to point B, without a care.  
Its fuel efficiency, oh how it saves,  
On those long road trips, it never misbehaves.

With a humble horn, it sings a cheery song,  
As I cruise along and eagerly sing along.  
Through winding roads and highways wide,  
This cheep car of mine, is my joyride.

It may not turn heads, or impress the crowd,  
But it's reliable and steadfast, never a doubt.  
The memories we make, as we journey on,  
In my little cheep car, until the day is gone.

So here's to my cheep car, my trusted steed,  
For taking me places, fulfilling every need.  
Its value may be low, but its worth is grand,  
In my cheep car, I'll continue to withstand.

Magod Scroef

# Terms Of Service

In the digital age we tread,  
Where terms of service lie widespread,  
Before we click, we must take heed,  
To understand each single deed.

Beneath the veil of fine print's fray,  
Lies the rules we must obey,  
For every app, for every site,  
They set the boundaries, day and night.

They guard our data, oh so dear,  
And often make it quite unclear,  
What they'll collect, what they'll disclose,  
Through endless lines, our privacy goes.

In hidden corners, tucked away,  
We find the clauses they convey,  
The user rights, the licensing fee,  
The obligations that bind us free.

They promise access far and wide,  
But can yank it all with just one slide,  
If we defy their rules and play,  
They have the power to lock away.

We scroll, we skim, but rarely see,  
The terms that bind us, you and me,  
For we just want to use the app,  
Without the hassle, without the trap.

So we click 'I agree' in haste,  
Without a thought, without a taste,  
Unaware of the rights we waive,  
Or the consequences we may crave.

In this digital landscape vast,  
We traverse the terms so fast,  
But let us pause, let us reflect,  
On what agreements we select.

For in this realm of boundless choice,  
Let's raise our voice, let's have a voice,  
To shape the terms, to steer the tide,  
And let our rights and freedoms ride.

So next time a terms of service unfolds,  
Take a moment to be bold,  
Read the fine print line by line,  
And let your choices intertwine.

Magod Scroef

# The Care Of You

Your smile can light bright stars,  
Your laughter is gentle like strands of gold,  
Your words carry weight that can't be clarified,  
Your passion is fierce and can't be sold.

Your heart is so kind,  
Your spirit so strong,  
Your presence is the softest embrace,  
It's a comfort that can last so long.

Every little thing you do,  
From making creations of art to watching the stars view,  
Always taking time for you,  
It's the best thing and the greatest cue.

Your care of you will give you much more,  
Than anything that you could ever store,  
It's for everything you were meant for,  
It's beyond what you've sought for

Magod Scroef

# Fall In Love With Me

Fall in love with me, under the harvest moon,  
Where whispers of passion will serenade our swoon.  
Let us dance in a garden ablaze with hues,  
As golden leaves float down, like nature's muse.

In the crisp autumn air, our love shall take flight,  
As we stroll hand in hand, beneath the starry night.  
With each step we take, our hearts beat in tune,  
Fall in love with me, under this harvest moon.

Like the vibrant leaves, our love will ignite,  
With fiery passion, burning oh so bright.  
Feel the warmth within, as our souls intertwine,  
In this season of love, where our hearts align.

Lost in a love story, written by the breeze,  
You and I, entwined in a web of sweet ease.  
Let the colors of fall be a canvas above,  
Fall in love with me, and forever we shall love.

As daylight wanes and shadows grow long,  
Our love will grow deep, unwavering and strong.  
Through falling leaves and chilly autumn nights,  
Our hearts will find solace, love's guiding light.

So take my hand, let us dance in the autumn's glow,  
Underneath the moon, where love will surely grow.  
In this magical season, where dreams come true,  
Fall in love with me, and I'll fall in love with you.

Magod Scroef

# Ghetto Girl

In the heart of the city, where hustle's the game,  
There shines a diamond, the ghetto girl's name.  
Born from adversity, she's wise beyond years,  
A fighter, a dreamer, who's conquered her fears.

With streets as her stage, she dances with grace,  
A rhythm in her soul, a smile on her face.  
In her eyes, you'll find a fire burning bright,  
Defying the odds, her spirit taking flight.

Her style is bold, a fashion so unique,  
From thrift store treasures to shoes on her feet.  
Her clothes tell a story of struggle and pride,  
A symbol of resilience she cannot hide.

She walks with a swagger, confidence untamed,  
Her voice like a melody, her words unrestrained.  
With every syllable, she paints a vivid scene,  
Portraying her reality, her hopes and her dreams.

Her days are a battle, but she never retreats,  
A survivor, a warrior, she can't be defeated.  
Through hardships and setbacks, she rises above,  
Her determination fueled by a heart full of love.

In her community, she's a guiding light,  
Helping others see the beauty in their fight.  
She spreads positivity, a beacon of hope,  
Inspiring others to rise and cope.

Though some may judge her by the light of day,  
They fail to see the strength that's on display.  
For within this ghetto girl, there lies a power so true,  
A force to be reckoned with, a spirit that grew.

So let us celebrate the ghetto girl's grace,  
Her resilience, her spirit, her captivating pace.  
For she is a symbol of strength and defiance,  
A resounding echo of hope and reliance.

Magod Scroef

# Gangsters Laws Of Paradise

In paradise, where gangsters dwell,  
A world of secrets none can tell,  
Where laws are shaped by shady hands,  
And power reigns across these lands.

Beneath the stars, they lightly tread,  
Where gold is gained and blood is shed,  
With whispers in the shadow's breeze,  
They bend the rules as they please.

In this realm, where danger thrives,  
Laws warp and twist like furious hives,  
A code of honor veiled in disguise,  
Where loyalty is prized the highest.

First law of gangsters in their domain,  
To betray your brethren brings great pain,  
For trust is fragile, hearts can break,  
A sacred bond no man should forsake.

Second law, respect those who rule,  
In paradise, the wise never duel,  
A hierarchy of power maintained,  
By dons and bosses, forever ordained.

Third law, never share secrets you hold,  
Loyalty forged in this world of bold,  
The whispers carried on silent nights,  
Stay locked within, beyond prying sights.

Fourth law, violence a means to control,  
But chaos unleashed will take its toll,  
Strategize and strike with lethal precision,  
To maintain order while avoiding derision.

Fifth law, never trust a traitor's smile,  
A viper in disguise, can beguile,  
Betrayal gnaws at the heart and soul,  
Leaving scars that refuse to console.

In this paradise, both dark and bright,  
Gangsters dance between wrong and right,  
They live by rules skewed and undefined,  
An underworld where power is enshrined.

So take heed, those who dare enter this place,

Magod Scroef

# Hay Street

In the heart of the town, lies Hay street so fine,  
A bustling hub where dreams intertwine.  
A street of enchantment, a bustling parade,  
Where stories are written in sunlight and shade.

Hay street, a pathway of vibrant delight,  
Where merchants and artists paint the night.  
The aroma of coffee drifts through the air,  
As laughter and chatter fill squares everywhere.

Stroll down Hay street with a twinkle in your eye,  
Discover treasures that make spirits soar high.  
Boutiques and bookshops beckon with charm,  
As old-fashioned lampposts lend an elegant balm.

In the morning, the bakers begin their sweet dance,  
Fresh bread and pastries, a mouthwatering chance.  
Savor each bite, as flavors ignite,  
Taste the passion and love, each delight.

As noon approaches, the cafes come alive,  
Serving nourishing meals to help people thrive.  
The clinking of glasses and jovial cheer,  
Fills Hay street, drawing everyone near.

In the evening, the theaters open their doors,  
Unveiling tales of love, heartache, and more.  
Actors deliver lines with passion and grace,  
Transporting souls to another time and place.

As twilight descends, streetlights softly glow,  
Illuminating the path where dreams freely flow.  
Art galleries showcase masterpieces untold,  
Elevating the senses, making hearts unfold.

Hay street, a symphony of colors and sound,  
Where people find solace, and friendships are found.  
A celebration of life, a vibrant retreat,  
Where every footstep creates a beat.

So let's dance upon the cobblestones with delight,  
Embrace the magic, make every moment bright.  
For in the heart of the town, blessed and complete,  
Lies the enchanting street, forever Hay street.

Magod Scroef

## Egyptians 2

In ancient days of mystical guise,  
Where pyramids reached for cosmic skies,  
The land of pharaohs, a grand design,  
Egyptians, architects so divine.

From the banks of Nile, a lifeline strong,  
A civilization, thriving and long,  
With hieroglyphs spun on papyrus weave,  
A language immortal, secrets to retrieve.

Oh, Egypt, the cradle of art and math,  
Beneath your scorching sun's fiery wrath,  
Astounding pyramids, marvel of sight,  
A testament to greatness, shining bright.

From Memphis to Thebes, mighty cities stood,  
With obelisks pointing the way they should,  
Valley of the Kings, a sacred ground,  
Where mighty monarchs found eternal crown.

They worshipped Ra, the sun god supreme,  
And Isis, mother, a celestial dream,  
Gods and goddesses, a pantheon vast,  
Their presence felt, through time's woven mast.

In chariots adorned with golden grace,  
Egyptians sailed on the Nile's embrace,  
Trading with lands, from East to far West,  
A thriving empire, that never rest.

And Cleopatra, a queen of allure,  
Her beauty legend, so pure and secure,  
With charm and intellect, she held the throne,  
A woman revered, a legend of her own.

But as days faded and sands covered trace,  
The glory of Egypt, a forgotten grace,  
Yet still, we marvel at their ancient art,  
Their legacy lives on, deep in our heart.

Egyptians, masters of a world gone by,  
Their stories whispered `neath Arabian sky,  
Shall forever be etched in history's tome,  
In awe we remain, longing to roam.

Magod Scroef

# Hood Rap

In the heart of the streets, where the rhythm flows,  
There's a style of rap that everybody knows,  
It's the raw, uncut, they call it hood rap,  
Where beats and lyrics come together like snap.

From the projects to the corners, where dreams unfold,  
Where life's struggles and pain are so bold,  
It's in these dark alleys that voices rise,  
Spitting rhymes that mesmerize.

Hood rap speaks truths, it's raw and real,  
Tales of hustling, survival, and the deals,  
It's the voice of the voiceless, the unseen,  
The rhythm of the streets, a powerful machine.

The beats hit hard, like a punch to the chest,  
As the words flow freely, never second best,  
From the start to the end, it's a lyrical war,  
Every bar and verse, a truth they explore.

Rappers pour their souls into every line,  
Expressing their struggles, and the grind,  
They paint vivid pictures with words that ignite,  
The fire within, making souls take flight.

They spit about the odds stacked against,  
The violence, corruption, and shattered fence,  
It's a tale of survival and fierce ambition,  
A reflection of their city's true condition.

Hood rap is a cry for justice and change,  
A celebration of street culture on the mainstage,  
It's a language that resonates with the crowd,  
In the hood, it's the music playing loud.

So next time you hear the beats that slap,  
Remember the power behind that hood rap,  
It's the voice of the streets, echoing strong,  
A poetic symphony, singing the hood's song.

Magod Scroef

# Rip Friends

In the darkest hour, we gather and weep,  
To bid farewell to friends we couldn't keep.  
Like fallen leaves on a cold autumn day,  
Their memories linger, forever to stay.

Once vibrant souls, so full of zest,  
Their absence now fills our hearts with unrest.  
Their laughter echoed, lighting up the room,  
Now echoes of sorrow replace the bloom.

Their presence, a beam of sunshine and grace,  
Now locked in time, forever in embrace.  
We reminisce on the days gone by,  
As tears of longing fill each weary eye.

We find solace in the stories we share,  
In the laughter and love that once filled the air.  
Through sorrow's embrace, we cling on to hope,  
Seeking comfort, in the memories we grope.

Each loss brings us closer, like a thread in a weave,  
Reminding us to live, to love, and to believe.  
For life is fleeting, fragile, and short,  
And friendship, a bond we must always support.

So raise a glass, as we toast to those we miss,  
To the happiness shared, and the love we reminisce.  
As we navigate life's uncertain tide,  
May their spirits forever be our guide.

Though they may be gone, their legacy lives strong,  
In the hearts of each friend they touched, they belong.  
Forever etched in the fabric of our souls,  
Their memory as eternal as the countless rolls.

So let us celebrate their life's great song,  
And cherish the friendships that carry on.  
For in this journey, as we bid them adieu,  
We carry their spirit, forever anew.

RIP friends, dear ones, gone but never forgotten,  
In our hearts, your love forever unbroken.  
We'll honor your memory, with tears and with smiles,  
As we carry your spirit, across endless miles.

Magod Scroef

# Fallen Gang Members

In the shadows they once roamed, a fallen bunch,  
Gang members whose lives held grip, a fateful punch.  
Through perilous streets, their stories unfold,  
Where pain and loyalty, intertwined, they hold.

Their dreams were tarnished by twisted desires,  
Caught in a web of darkness, fueled by fires.  
Brotherhood they sought, amidst chaos and strife,  
Lost souls searching, thirsting for a different life.

Bravery adorned their hearts, a warrior's call,  
But the allure of power led them to their fall.  
In the depths of darkness, they felt so alive,  
Bound by a code that they fiercely did strive.

But fate spun its wheel, revealing its cruel dance,  
Leaving them broken, never granted a second chance.  
In battles waged, they stood with guns in hand,  
Yet dreams faded away, like shifting desert sand.

Their lives cut short, like stars dulled in the night,  
Unseen tears spilled, hidden from the world's sight.  
Insecurities and scars etched upon their souls,  
Haunted by choices, as fate silently rolls.

Silent streets now hold echoes of their past,  
Glimmers of dreams that didn't seem to last.  
In the silence, whispers reach out through the air,  
Echoes of their stories, their lives laid bare.

They once walked tall, invincible, it seemed,  
Yet lost in the chaos, their destinies deemed.  
Let their legacy serve as a lesson to be learned,  
That the path of darkness leaves no light to be earned.

Rest now, fallen warriors, the battles cease,  
Your souls find solace, everlasting peace.  
May we remember the struggles you underwent,  
And strive for unity, against violence dissent.

Magod Scroef

# Idv Gang

Once upon a time, in a land afar,  
There lived a gang called IDV, they were bizarre.  
A mighty group of friends, united and strong,  
Bringing colors to the world, righting every wrong.

The streets they wandered, with pride in their stride,  
IDV gang, emotions they did not hide.  
Each member unique, with their tales to tell,  
Together they formed a bond, hard to quell.

There was Alpha, the fearless leader to behold,  
With courage in his heart, and a spirit bold.  
Leading with charisma, he commanded the way,  
Guiding the gang, making darkness sway.

Beta, the brainiac, whose mind was a fire,  
With knowledge and strategy, he never did tire.  
Solving every challenge with a brilliant mind,  
IDV gang relied on him, they were always aligned.

And then there was Charlie, the heart of the crew,  
Kindhearted and compassionate, his love for them grew.  
He was the one who brought everyone together,  
Spreading joy and unity, in every kind of weather.

Delta, the enigma, with secrets deep inside,  
Her stealth and agility, she could never hide.  
Mysterious and powerful, she owned the night,  
IDV gang trusted her, she was their guiding light.

Epsilon, the artist, with a vision so grand,  
Using colors and strokes, creating art on demand.  
With creativity flowing through his veins,  
He brought beauty and inspiration, erasing all pains.

And lastly Omega, the one who kept them strong,  
With unbreakable resilience, they could never go wrong.  
His determination and perseverance were unparalleled,  
IDV gang believed in him, their trust never swelled.

Together they roamed through streets and fighting pits,  
Bringing justice and harmony, no matter the hits.  
IDV gang, a family bound by fate,  
A force to be reckoned with, their mark they did create.

So, if you ever see them, walking with grace,  
IDV gang, a colorful presence to embrace.  
For in their unity and friendship so true,  
They bring hope to the world, in all that they do.

Magod Scroef

# Egyptians

In sands of time, where secrets lie,  
The ancient land, where sphinxes cry.  
Egyptians, with mystic grace,  
Unveil their world, a sacred space.

Around the Nile, life's tapestry weaves,  
Pharaohs' ashes watch over their keeps.  
Pyramids loom, like mountains above,  
Guarding the tombs, their eternal love.

Hieroglyphics etched on temple walls,  
Whispers of gods, as nightfall calls.  
Isis and Osiris, deities divine,  
Blessing the sands, with powers that align.

Pharaohs adorned with golden threads,  
Egyptian Queens, crowned on their heads.  
Cleopatra's charm, a timeless allure,  
An empire thriving, forever secure.

Priests and priestesses, in temples pray,  
Offering incense, for a brighter day.  
Ankhs and scarabs, symbols of life,  
Guiding souls past, in afterlife's strife.

The Nile's fertile soil, a gift they receive,  
Harvests abundant, to help them believe.  
Papyrus scrolls, the wisdom they keep,  
A civilization flourishing, so deep.

From Memphis to Thebes, the cities majestic,  
Palaces grand, beyond earthly aesthetics.  
Embracing the mystic, unraveling the lore,  
Through Pharaohs' reign, forevermore.

So let us travel, to that sacred land,  
Where ancient wisdom continues to stand.  
The legacy of Egyptians, forever renowned,  
In history's pages, their secrets are found

Magod Scroef

## Trust You Eye 2

Trust your care, the light to guide  
Through valleys deep and mountains wide  
In darkness, let your heart be your sight  
For trust will lead you towards the light

When doubts cloud your mind, causing strife  
Hold on to hope, embrace the life  
Remember, trust is a beacon so rare  
With faith, you can conquer any despair

When skies are stormy, winds blow strong  
Trust your care, it will keep you strong  
For in the chaos, a steady hand  
Trust will carry you to solid land

In relationships, let trust be the glue  
A foundation strong, between me and you  
For love alone cannot withstand  
Without the trust, it won't expand

Trust yourself, within your soul  
Let your instincts take control  
Believe in your dreams, follow your heart  
Trust your care, it'll set you apart

In life's journey, uncertainties may arise  
But trust your care, and you'll realize  
That every stumble, every fall  
Was just a lesson, to make you stand tall

So trust your care, embrace its might  
And watch your world illuminate with light  
For with trust as your loyal friend  
The possibilities will have no end.

Magod Scroef

# Woh Woh

In a world of chaos, where dreams intermingle,  
There lies a mystic place, with whispers that mingle,  
Where colors dance and melodies flow,  
A realm of wonder, the Woh Woh.

In the land of imagination, where dreams come alive,  
Woh Woh stands tall, ready to dive,  
Into realms uncharted, where magic roams free,  
Where every wish is granted, for you and me.

Woh Woh, the enchantress of this mystical land,  
With a wave of her wand, the beauty expands,  
With every thought, she paints the sky,  
In hues of wonder, as time goes by.

In Woh Woh, the trees sing melodies sweet,  
The flowers bloom in rhythm, dancing to the beat,  
The rivers whisper secrets, the wind carries tunes,  
Nature and music, together, attuned.

But beware, dear wanderer, in this realm of dreams,  
For shadows hide in corners, with sinister gleams,  
The darkness creeps, within every glimmer of light,  
But fear not, for Woh Woh holds the might.

With swift and graceful moves, she battles the night,  
Defeating the darkness, bringing forth pure light,  
She guards her realm, with a heart pure and kind,  
A protector, a warrior, with magic intertwined.

So, come, oh soul, venture into the unknown,  
Let the breeze guide you, let the magic be sown,  
In the vibrant world of Woh Woh's embrace,  
Find solace and longing in every trace.

For Woh Woh, the guardian of dreams we seek,  
Her power is infinite, her beauty unique,  
In her realm, where fantasies take flight,  
Woh Woh reigns eternal, a beacon of light.

Magod Scroef

# Here You Say

Here you say, in echoes soft and sweet,  
Where secrets dance upon the whispered street,  
Through corridors of truth and hidden words,  
Where hearts can find solace like fluttering birds.

Here you say, in breaths of hallowed ground,  
Where honesty blooms, unbound and unfound,  
In the gentle strokes of a poet's hand,  
Where emotions unravel, yet still withstand.

Here you say, with ink that weeps and sighs,  
In verses that leap, embracing the skies,  
Through verses woven, like threads of a dream,  
Where love pours forth like a crystalline stream.

Here you say, as melodies softly chime,  
Where thoughts intermingle, in rhythm and rhyme,  
In harmonies soothing, like a gentle breeze,  
Where words find solace amidst tranquil seas.

Here you say, in whispers of the night,  
Where secrets and stories take their flight,  
With every stanza and every line,  
A symphony of emotions that intertwine.

Here you say, in moments of pure grace,  
Where destinies converge in a sacred embrace,  
In the pages of time, each word engraved,  
A testament to the journey that we paved.

So here I'll stay, in this space of expression,  
Where words are my vessel, my own confession,  
For here you say, and here I'll forever be,  
In the sacred realm of poetry.

Magod Scroef

# Tell Me Why

Tell me why the sky is blue,  
And why the grass is green.  
Tell me why the ocean's vast,  
With secrets still unseen.

Tell me why the stars at night  
Twinkle in the dark,  
And why the moon's gentle glow  
Leaves its ethereal mark.

Tell me why the birds that fly  
Sing each melodious tune,  
And why the flowers in bloom  
Perfume the air in June.

Tell me why the children laugh  
With innocent delight,  
And why a simple act of kindness  
Can make everything feel right.

Tell me why the seasons change,  
Bringing beauty to each land,  
And why love and compassion  
Can make the world grand.

Tell me why dreams bring hope,  
And why hope leads to dreams,  
Tell me why life's mysteries  
Aren't always what they seem.

Tell me why we question,  
And seek answers to it all,  
For in the quest for knowledge,  
Our hearts and minds can grow tall.

So tell me why, dear world,  
With wonders all around,  
For in your endless questions,  
True wisdom can be found.

Magod Scroef

# You Are

You are a shining star in the night,  
Guiding us with your radiant light.  
With grace and poise, you take the lead,  
A source of inspiration, indeed.

You are the melody in a song,  
Filling our hearts with joy all day long.  
Your voice, like a harmonious tune,  
Brings solace to souls and makes hearts swoon.

You are the colors of a vibrant kaleidoscope,  
Painting the world with endless hope.  
Your presence, like a masterpiece of art,  
Brings beauty and warmth right to our heart.

You are a shoulder to lean on in times of despair,  
A friend who truly shows they care.  
Your empathy and kindness know no bounds,  
Giving comfort with every gentle sound.

You are the laughter that fills the air,  
Brightening each moment without compare.  
Your smile, like sunshine on a cloudy day,  
Melting worries and chasing them away.

You are a warrior, strong and brave,  
Facing challenges with a spirit unswayed.  
Your strength, like a mountain standing tall,  
Inspires us to rise and give it our all.

You are a bright spark in this world so vast,  
Leaving footprints that will forever last.  
Your impact, like ripples upon a serene pond,  
Touches lives far and beyond.

You are a beacon, a guiding light,  
A source of love and goodness, burning bright.  
In our hearts, you'll always have a place,  
For you are a gift, a true embrace.

Magod Scroef

# That Way

In a world so wide, from day to day,  
I wander and wonder, searching for that way.  
A path unveiled, with mysteries untold,  
To find my purpose, bold and gold.

Through meadows and valleys, I set my sights,  
Glimpsing the stars and their guiding lights.  
That way, oh that way, where dreams unfold,  
A journey surreal, yet eternally bold.

Along winding roads, where secrets lie,  
I follow the whispers of a distant sigh.  
Through forests thick, where shadows play,  
I press on, unwavering, toward that way.

Through trials and tribulations, I persist,  
For within my heart, hope does persist.  
That way, oh that way, I hear it call,  
A beckoning melody, enticing, enthralled.

Through stormy storms and tempest's rage,  
I brave the battle, for a future to gauge.  
For that way lies treasures, waiting to be found,  
For a heart that's willing, a soul unbound.

Through deserts of doubts, scorched and dry,  
I face the fire, as passion stands by.  
That way, oh that way, calls out my name,  
A destiny calling, daring me to claim.

On mountaintops, where eagles soar,  
I'm closer now, to what I adore.  
For that way reveals a truth so real,  
In the pursuit of dreams, I finally feel.

Through rivers and streams, where waters flow,  
I'm guided by a current, gentle and slow.  
That way, oh that way, I'm almost there,  
Where dreams converge, and souls repair.

In the end, as I reach that sacred space,  
I find solace and embrace the grace.  
For that way, the one I've chased so long,  
I discover my purpose, my true song.

So into the unknown, I continue my quest,  
For that way, oh that way, I'll never rest.  
In the pursuit of destiny, I shall not sway,  
For in finding that way, I find my way.

Magod Scroef

# Hard To Get Her

In a world of romance, she's a rare sight,  
A captivating woman, a captivating light.  
With a heart guarded tightly, she keeps at bay,  
A challenge to pursue, every single day.

Her beauty captivating, her smile so warm,  
But breaking through her walls, an enduring storm.  
There's an allure in her mystery, a captivating grace,  
Like an enigmatic puzzle, impossible to chase.

Her charm eludes, like a flickering flame,  
Leaving hearts longing, for a taste of her name.  
A Sisyphean task, trying to catch her eye,  
Yet the desire to conquer her, refuses to die.

She dances through life, with an effortless sway,  
Leaving admirers speechless, in disarray.  
Her laughter intoxicating, her wit so sharp,  
Leaving men mesmerized, falling heart over harp.

She's aware of the power she holds in her hand,  
The spell she casts, on every woman and man.  
But to win her heart, oh, it's a treacherous quest,  
A labyrinth of emotions, where only the best.

For those who dare, to traverse her intricate maze,  
Must prove their devotion, in countless ways.  
Patience and persistence required, unyielding verve,  
To show that they deserve, every ounce of her reserve.

Though hard to get, she's worth the chase,  
A breathtaking treasure, a vision of grace.  
For those who are relentless, bold and true,  
They'll find a love so profound, in her rendezvous.

Magod Scroef

# Can Be Anything

In forests deep, where spirits roam,  
A tale unfolds, a secret tome.  
Of love and loss, of dreams and fears,  
Of joyous laughter, and silent tears.

The sun shines bright, the birds do sing,  
As flowers bloom, in colors spring.  
A symphony, of nature's grace,  
Whispers secrets, in this sacred space.

A river's flow, with gentle sway,  
Carries us along, on its watery way.  
Like life's currents, it ebbs and flows,  
Through valleys deep, where no one knows.

Amongst the trees, golden leaves fall,  
Whispering secrets to one and all.  
Of hidden treasures, yet to realize,  
The wonders awaiting, from distant skies.

In darkness deep, a moonlight gleams,  
Casting shadows, like haunting dreams.  
A canvas vast, for constellations to blend,  
A heavenly dance, that shall never end.

Through mountains high, our spirits soar,  
Embracing freedom, forevermore.  
In every challenge, we find our strength,  
A journey of courage, of infinite length.

With open hearts and minds so rare,  
We find new paths, without a care.  
Together we stand, united as one,  
By love and compassion, we have won.

In this world so vast, yet so small,  
We hear its whispers, its tender call.  
To live, to love, to dream, to be,  
To explore the vastness, eternally free.

Magod Scroef

# Close Your Eyes And Breathe

Close your eyes and breathe, my dear,  
Let go of worry, release the fear.  
Inhale the tranquility, let it revive,  
Exhale the tensions to keep you alive.

Feel the rhythm of each breath you take,  
As you delve into stillness, let go of ache.  
Let the darkness behind your eyelids fade,  
And embrace the serenity that your soul has craved.

Breathe in the scent of dreams untold,  
Exhale the burdens that your heart holds.  
In this moment of silence, let your spirit soar,  
To places unseen, where you can explore.

Through each inhale, find your inner peace,  
Release the thoughts that cause you to cease.  
Breathe out the chaos, let it dissipate,  
Fill your lungs with clarity, your mind elevate.

Allow the air to dance within your chest,  
As your worries fade, you'll feel truly blessed.  
With closed eyes, see the beauty deep inside,  
Unlock the wonders your heart wants to confide.

In the stillness, secrets will gently unwind,  
Revealing treasures you've always wished to find.  
Let the rhythm of your breath guide you through,  
To a place of harmony, where dreams come true.

Magod Scroef

# Missing You: Drive Me Crazy

From the moment you walked away,  
I haven't been the same, I must say.  
Every day feels like a haze,  
As I navigate life's twisted maze.

Missing you, it's driving me crazy,  
My mind is tangled, going hazy.  
Each passing second feels like an eternity,  
Without you, I'm overcome with uncertainty.

Your absence creates an empty void,  
As my heart aches, I feel destroyed.  
I yearn for your touch, your gentle kiss,  
These memories, in my mind, persist.

The nights are the hardest, without you here,  
I toss and turn, consumed by fear.  
The warmth of your embrace, now just a dream,  
In this sea of loneliness, I feel extreme.

Every place we used to go,  
Now feels empty, devoid of glow.  
The laughter we once shared, a distant sound,  
I'm lost, my love, without you around.

The days drag on, I search for your face,  
In crowded spaces, but it's a fruitless chase.  
The thought of you, it haunts my mind,  
Your absence, it's mercilessly unkind.

Missing you, it's driving me insane,  
My heart cries out, begging for your name.  
I long for the day when you'll return,  
Because without you, my love, I truly yearn.

Until then, I'll hold onto our memories,  
Hoping that you'll come back to me.  
For love like ours can never fade,  
In this torment, its strength will not fade.

Missing you, it's driving me crazy,  
But I'll hold onto hope, never feeling hazy.  
For in my heart, our love remains,  
And through this pain, it still sustains.

Magod Scroef

# When You Coming Back

When you coming back, my dear,  
I miss your presence oh so near.  
Days go by, nights are long,  
Without you, everything feels wrong.

The clock ticks, the time goes slow,  
I yearn for the moments we used to know.  
Your laughter, your smile, your gentle touch,  
I long for them all, I miss them so much.

The sun rises high and sets below,  
But my heart still aches, it can't let go.  
When will you return, my love?  
To fill the emptiness, the void above.

In my dreams, I see your face,  
A fleeting glimpse of our love's embrace.  
But reality sets in, and you're not here,  
Leaving me longing, shedding a tear.

Every day I pray, and hope it's true,  
That soon, my love, I'll be with you.  
For distance may separate, but love perseveres,  
And our bond only grows stronger with the years.

Magod Scroef

# Between Us Love

Between us love, a flame that ignites,  
Burning with passion, through days and nights.  
A connection so deep, a bond untold,  
In each other's arms, we find our stronghold.

Together we dance, a waltz of the heart,  
In sync and in harmony, never to part.  
Through laughter and tears, we navigate,  
Love's tempestuous journey, our souls elate.

In your eyes, I see a universe unfold,  
A reflection of love, more precious than gold.  
With tender whispers, our secrets are shared,  
In this sacred space, forever ensnared.

Hand in hand, we walk through life's maze,  
Finding solace and comfort, in love's embrace.  
Through the highs and lows, we remain steadfast,  
For our love is unbreakable, destined to last.

Like a symphony, our emotions crescendo,  
Melodies of affection, forever, we echo.  
In your arms, I find solace and peace,  
A sanctuary of love that will never cease.

Between us love, an eternal dance,  
A connection so profound, a hypnotic trance.  
With every beat of our hearts, we intertwine,  
Our love story, a masterpiece, divine.

Magod Scroef

# Come Back Love

Come back, my love, I beg of thee,  
For in your absence, I am not free.  
Like a bird without its wings,  
My heart without you, it never sings.

I search for solace in the midnight air,  
But your absence leaves me in despair.  
The moonlight's glow, once so enchanting,  
Now only reminds me of our love's waning.

Come back, my love, I long to hold,  
Your tender touch, like purest gold.  
In your warm embrace, I find my peace,  
Without you, my heart knows no release.

The days stretch on, endless and gray,  
Without you, the colors fade away.  
The laughter, the joy, we used to share,  
Now replaced with an empty, hollow stare.

Come back, my love, and heal my soul,  
For without you, my heart is cold.  
Our love, once a flame that burned so bright,  
Is now but embers, flickering in the night.

I yearn for the sound of your sweet voice,  
To once again make my heart rejoice.  
Your laughter, like a gentle melody,  
Has the power to set my spirit free.

Come back, my love, let's start anew,  
For I cannot bear a life without you.  
Together, we can conquer any storm,  
And breathe life into our love, reborn.

Come back, my love, and let's begin,  
To mend the wounds, to wash away our sin.  
For love, my dear, is worth the fight,  
And with you, my love, everything feels right.

Magod Scroef

# We Are New

In a world so vast and wide,  
We embrace our journey with pride,  
As we step into the unknown,  
Together, we have newly grown.

With each passing day, we explore,  
Discovering what lies at our core,  
Like a canvas, blank and pure,  
We paint our lives, bright and sure.

We are new, like a morning dew,  
Sparkling with endless possibilities too,  
Unfolding like a budding flower,  
Gaining strength, hour by hour.

In our hearts, hope starts to bloom,  
As we chase dreams that consume,  
The fire within, burning so bright,  
Igniting paths that feel just right.

We are new, like a butterfly in flight,  
Shedding old skins, embracing the light,  
Transforming, evolving, oh so gracefully,  
Unveiling the beauty that's within we see.

With every step, we strive to be,  
The best versions of ourselves, you see,  
Unafraid to take risks, unafraid to fail,  
For it is through mistakes, we set sail.

We are new, with stories untold,  
Finding courage as we unfold,  
With boundless energy and zest,  
Leaving footprints as we progress.

So let us embrace this journey we tread,  
With open hearts and minds widespread,  
For we are new, with endless devotion,  
Creating a life of love and emotion.

Magod Scroef

# This Feeling Beat

In the rhythm of my heart's steady beat,  
There's a feeling, ineffable and sweet.  
It pulses within like a drummer's tune,  
Guiding me through days, from sun to moon.

This feeling beat, it fills my every thought,  
A rhythmic symphony, a melody untwought.  
It taps on my soul, casting a spell,  
A magic rhythm, only my heart can tell.

It dances with me, in each step I take,  
This feeling beat, no words can break.  
Like a metronome, it sets the pace,  
Leading me through life's intricate maze.

When sadness strikes, and tears start to flow,  
This feeling beat, it begins to glow.  
It whispers solace, gentleness, and care,  
Comforting me with its tender air.

But in moments of joy, when laughter is heard,  
This feeling beat, it soars like a bird.  
It lifts me up, it makes my spirits fly,  
Filling my whole being, reaching the sky.

This feeling beat, it knows no bounds,  
Embracing me, in its rhythmic surrounds.  
It's the heartbeat of love, that pulses deep,  
Connecting us all, in a bond we keep.

So cherish this feeling, let it guide your way,  
For it brings harmony to each passing day.  
Listen closely to your heart's sweet refrain,  
And let this feeling beat, heal every pain

Magod Scroef

# African Oxygen: Dream

In lands where sunsets paint the skies so wide,  
Where vibrant colors dance upon each stride,  
African soil whispers tales of dreams alight,  
Where hope and spirit take their soaring flight.

With lungs like stars, African Oxygen breathes,  
Fueling dreams that carry on the gentle breeze,  
From bustling cities to the Serengeti's heart,  
A symphony of dreams begins its vibrant start.

In the rhythm of the drums, dreams awaken,  
Echoing across the plains, they're unshaken,  
From the mountains high to the valley low,  
African Oxygen nurtures dreams that grow.

By moonlit riverbanks, dreams weave their tales,  
As whispers in the night, like ancient sails,  
They speak of unity, of strength untold,  
Of dreams as precious as the purest gold.

From Cairo's ancient pyramids so grand,  
To the whispers of the Sahara's endless sand,  
African Oxygen fans the embers bright,  
Igniting dreams that soar into the night.

In markets filled with vibrant hues and sounds,  
Where dreams are bartered just like goods and pounds,  
African Oxygen breathes life into each dream,  
For no dream is too small or so extreme.

From azure waves embracing shores of gold,  
To savannahs where mighty tales unfold,  
African Oxygen wraps dreams with care,  
In a tapestry of promise, beyond compare.

With each breath taken, a new dream takes flight,  
To conquer fears and reach the highest height,  
African Oxygen, a guardian unseen,  
Fuels dreams that thrive in lands so lush and green.

So let the dreams take flight, like birds in flight,

Magod Scroef

## My Dear Love 2

In a world of love, you're my shining moon,  
My dear, you make my heart swoon.  
With your touch, my soul takes flight,  
In your presence, everything feels so right.

Your eyes, like diamonds, sparkle and gleam,  
A testament to love, a recurring theme.  
Your smile, so radiant, it warms my core,  
With you by my side, I want nothing more.

Each day spent with you is truly divine,  
Like sipping sweet nectar from the finest wine.  
Your laughter, a symphony that delights my ear,  
Your voice, a melody I long to hear.

My dear love, you light up my days,  
Guiding me through life's winding maze.  
With you, every step feels like a dance,  
A whirlwind romance, full of love's true chance.

So here's to us, my dear, forever true,  
Embracing love, in all that we do.  
Together we'll conquer, side by side,  
With you as my love, my eternal guide.

Magod Scroef

# Something To Remember

In memories we find delight,  
Moments cherished, shining bright.  
Through the laughter, tears and pain,  
Something to remember will remain.

A summer breeze, a starlit night,  
With loved ones gathered in delight.  
The warmth of hugs, the tender touch,  
Forever etched, they mean so much.

A whisper in a lover's ear,  
Feeling their heartbeat, crystal clear.  
Passion's flames that burned so bright,  
Will flicker softly in our mind's sight.

Through challenges we bravely fought,  
Dreams pursued with fiery thought.  
We faced the storms, we braved the weather,  
Something to remember, binding us together.

A triumph won, a goal achieved,  
The relentless spirit, never deceived.  
With perseverance, we soared so high,  
Leaving echoes in the sky.

The melodies that made us sway,  
The lyrics that held our fears at bay.  
In songs, emotions will forever be,  
Something to remember, a sweet symphony.

In nature's gifts, we find our peace,  
The mountains tall, the rolling seas.  
A breathtaking view, a vivid hue,  
Nature's wonders forever anew.

The love we shared, forever strong,  
A bond that time can't ever wrong.  
Through years and distance, hearts connected,  
Something to remember, never neglected.

Life's tapestry we will retrace,  
Each thread a story, a unique embrace.  
Through ups and downs, joys and strife,  
Something to remember, a precious life.

Magod Scroef

# Smother Then Hearts

In a world where love is prone to smother,  
Where hearts are shattered, never meant to recover.  
We tread cautiously on the paths of affection,  
Each step taken with fear, mindful of rejection.

Oh, how swiftly love can turn to hate,  
A sour taste that lingers, that seals our fate.  
Once vibrant hearts left feeling numb,  
Lost in the darkness, longing for the sun.

Words whispered, promises broken, trust shattered,  
Emotions churned and scattered, all tattered.  
We try to hold on, to salvage what remains,  
But the scars run deep, flowing through our veins.

Yet, amidst the chaos, hope still lingers,  
A seed of possibility that gently stirs.  
For in the smother of hearts, there lies a chance,  
To find a love that withstands life's cold dance.

To mend the wounds and heal the soul,  
To let forgiveness and understanding take control.  
For true love knows no bounds, no limits, no end,  
It strengthens, it uplifts, it helps hearts to mend.

So, persevere, my friend, in the face of dismay,  
For love's vibrant light will drive the darkness away.  
Smothered hearts shall find solace once more,  
In the embrace of a love worth fighting for.

Magod Scroef

# New America

In New America, land of dreams so bright,  
A land where hopes ignite with endless might.  
A melting pot of cultures, colors blend,  
Where new beginnings find their sweet ascent.

From coast to coast, the heartbeat rings so strong,  
A symphony of freedom's sacred song.  
With hands entwined in unity and peace,  
We build a future where all strife shall cease.

In New America, dreams take flight and soar,  
As diverse souls illuminate the shore.  
From rural towns to cities tall and grand,  
The spirit of progress sweeps across the land.

In open fields, where amber waves extend,  
The harvest of hard work, the labor friend.  
In bustling streets where skyscrapers stand tall,  
Ambition thrives, embracing one and all.

With innovation as our guiding star,  
We weave the fabric of success, afar.  
In labs and studios, ideas unfurl,  
Unleashing wonders that will change the world.

New America embraces every creed,  
A haven where compassion and respect shall breed.  
For in diversity, our strength is found,  
A tapestry of voices that resound.

We honor those who came from distant shores,  
In search of freedom, knocking on our doors.  
Their rich heritage now intertwined,  
In New America, the promise is defined.

So let us march towards a future bright,  
Igniting hope, dispelling fear's dark night.  
With every step, a new chapter unfolds,  
In New America, where dreams take hold.

Magod Scroef

# Cia

In secret chambers, they gather and conspire,  
The guardians of our nation, fierce and dire.  
Silent warriors, cloaked in darkness they roam,  
The vigilant defenders that we call the CIA.

With sharpened minds and piercing tales they weave,  
Unraveling mysteries that few can perceive.  
In shadows they dwell, concealed from prying eyes,  
Their duty to protect, as the truth never lies.

With intelligence, they navigate the unknown,  
Spying on foes, seeds of discord they've sown.  
Our nation's secrets, they hold close to heart,  
Seeking to outsmart enemies, playing their part.

In covert missions, they swiftly deploy,  
Striving for justice, resilience they employ.  
With gadgets and skills, they wield with finesse,  
Precision and strategy, their constant success.

From foreign lands to the home front we dwell,  
The CIA safeguards, stories they tell.  
But with trust comes caution, a double-edged sword,  
For power unchecked, can strike a discord.

Yet undeniably, their task is immense,  
To counter threats and provide a defense.  
Guardians of liberty, in shadows they roam,  
The vigilant defenders that we call the CIA.

Magod Scroef

# Every Breath I Breathe

Every breath I breathe, a gift so precious and vast,  
Inhaling life's essence, exhaling memories of the past.  
Each inhalation fills my lungs with hope and possibility,  
Exhaling doubts and fears, embracing life's diversity.

Every breath I breathe, a rhythmic chorus of existence,  
Drawing in the melodies of nature's graceful persistence.  
Inhaling the scent of blossoms, kissed by the morning dew,  
Exhaling gratitude, for each moment I get to renew.

Every breath I breathe, a symphony of joy and strife,  
Inhaling moments of triumph, exhaling shades of life.  
With each inspiration, I absorb the world's vibrant hues,  
Exhaling dreams and wishes, to chase what I choose.

Every breath I breathe, a bond between heart and soul,  
Inhaling passion and love, exhaling what makes me whole.  
Each inhalation fuels the fire that burns within my core,  
Exhaling compassion, spreading kindness even more.

Every breath I breathe, a reminder to live fully each day,  
Inhaling life's lessons, exhaling worries that may stray.  
With every inhalation, I gather strength and grace,  
Exhaling negativity, embracing life's embrace.

Every breath I breathe, a testament of life's ceaseless flow,  
Inhaling experiences, exhaling what I've come to know.  
With each inhalation, I seize the moments that define,  
Exhaling regrets, embracing the beauty that's mine.

Every breath I breathe, a journey of discovery and more,  
Inhaling confidence, exhaling what I was before.  
With every inhalation, I embrace the endless unknown,  
Exhaling doubts and limitations, as I've surely grown.

Every breath I breathe, a chance to truly be alive,  
Inhaling dreams and possibilities, ready to strive.  
With each inhalation, I cherish life's sweet embrace,  
Exhaling gratitude, for every breath I get to face.

Magod Scroef

# Hood Mental Illness

In the depths of the hood, a darkness resides,  
Where mental illness silently hides.  
A symphony of whispers, haunting the streets,  
An invisible battle, where pain discreetly meets.

In a world of concrete walls, and shadows cast,  
Lives unraveling, memories fading fast.  
A symphony of broken hearts, beating out of tune,  
As minds collide, lost in the depth of their own cocoon.

Depression prowls like a predator, waiting to consume,  
Sadness suffocates hope, leaving empty rooms.  
Anxiety dances, its rhythm erratic and wild,  
Choking on panic, like a frightened child.

Bipolar swings, a pendulum's sway,  
Between euphoria's high and darkness's gray.  
Schizophrenia paints illusions on the wall,  
A kaleidoscope of voices, a never-ending call.

Yet amidst the chaos, a glimmer of light,  
Supportive souls emerging, shining so bright.  
Strong hearts filled with empathy and care,  
Lending a helping hand, showing they're there.

Therapists and counselors, healers of the mind,  
Guiding fractured souls, bringing peace they find.  
Medications and treatments, a lifeline they provide,  
Breaking the chains of stigma, casting it aside.

For in the hood a battle is fought every day,  
Against mental illness, they won't let it stay.  
With compassion and understanding, they strive,  
To rebuild broken spirits, and help them to thrive.

So let us remember, in the depths of every hood,  
Lies resilience and strength, misunderstood.  
For mental illness may try to hold them back,  
But in unity and love, they will never crack.

Magod Scroef

# Holo Gun Shorts

In a futuristic world, where light converges,  
There exists a weapon, technology emerges,  
With holographic sights and power so immense,  
The Holo Gun Shorts become their defense.

In the blink of an eye, they appear on the scene,  
Gunfighters equipped with a radiant gleam,  
A symphony of lasers, rapid-fire and swift,  
Their foes left bewildered, unable to resist.

From the barrel's end, a kaleidoscope display,  
The Holo Gun Shorts, painting colors in their way,  
Each shot a vibrant burst, mesmerizing to behold,  
Leaving trails of light, a story yet untold.

In the darkest abyss, they shine like a star,  
Defying the laws of physics, cutting through the mar,  
No bullet or shell, just pure energy released,  
The Holo Gun Shorts, an exquisite masterpiece.

With precision and grace, they pick their targets well,  
A dance of light and shadow, a captivating spell,  
Their enemies tremble, feeling the electrifying hum,  
For when the Holo Gun Shorts fire, it's a battle won.

But with great power comes responsibility too,  
The wielders must heed the call of what is true,  
To protect and serve, to fight for what is just,  
For the Holo Gun Shorts, in the right hands, a must.

So let us marvel at this wondrous creation,  
The Holo Gun Shorts, an instrument of salvation,  
As they combat evil, glowing in the night,  
A symphony of lasers, chasing away the fright.

With every shot they take, hope ignites the air,  
For the Holo Gun Shorts, heroes do not despair,  
In this world of tomorrow, where darkness may seek,  
These holographic warriors bring solace and mystique.

Magod Scroef

# Together Is Firm

Together we stand, side by side,  
A bond so strong, it cannot hide.  
Through thick and thin, we never waver,  
In any storm, we'll find our favor.

In unity we find our strength,  
A guiding light, no matter the length.  
Hand in hand, we march ahead,  
Facing every challenge with no shred.

Together is firm, like a mighty tree,  
Roots entwined, as deep as can be.  
Through the seasons, we'll withstand,  
Growing taller, hand in hand.

With each passing day, our love does grow,  
A love that's solid, and forever will show.  
Through laughter and tears, we hold each other near,  
Our connection unbreakable, crystal clear.

No mountain too high, no ocean too wide,  
With you by my side, I'll reach the other side.  
Together is firm, in every endeavor,  
Our love unstoppable, now and forever.

So let us remember, through all we may face,  
Together is firm, our eternal embrace.  
With faith and trust, we'll conquer all,  
Bound by a love that will never fall.

Magod Scroef

# Score A Scene Of Love

Score a scene of love, with passion bright,  
Where hearts are aflame, in the depths of night.  
Let the moon's gentle glow, like a guiding light,  
Illuminate the path of these lovers in flight.

In the whispers of wind, their secrets confide,  
A symphony of desires they can no longer hide.  
Their eyes, like stars, twinkle wildly with delight,  
As they dance to the rhythm of their love's excite.

In their embrace, a melody softly plays,  
A tender duet, on love's harmonious waves.  
Two souls entwined, like a perfect rhyme,  
Their bodies move together, in perfect time.

As the music builds, their passion unbinds,  
They lose themselves in the melody of minds.  
Their souls, like notes, crescendo to a peak,  
As they lay bare their vulnerabilities, so meek.

Together, they create an ethereal tune,  
A sonnet of love, that will never wane or swoon.  
Their hearts beat in rhythm, hand in hand,  
As they serenade the heavens, across the land.

Score a scene of love, with words and verse,  
Let the essence of passion be beautifully rehearsed.  
For love's sweet symphony shall forever ring,  
Only in the hearts of those truly belonging

Magod Scroef

# Do It Babe

Do it, babe, let's go for a ride  
Where the stars align and dreams collide  
In each other's arms, we find our escape  
Creating moments memories will drape

Do it, babe, let's chase the unknown  
Dive off the edge, into the great unknown  
Together we'll conquer mountains high  
With love as our compass, we'll touch the sky

Do it, babe, let's dance in the rain  
Where worries fade and there's no more pain  
Spinning and twirling, hand in hand  
Lost in the rhythm, we'll understand

Do it, babe, let's explore new lands  
With sun-kissed skin and grains of sand  
Discovering cultures, stories untold  
Our hearts intertwined, forever bold

Do it, babe, let's embrace the night  
Wrapped in each other, burning so bright  
With whispered promises in hushed delight  
Our love story shines through moonlit light

Do it, babe, let's live without fear  
For life's too short, let's make it clear  
With every breath, let's savor the taste  
Of a love that's boundless, never to waste

Do it, babe, let's seize the day  
Carpe diem, in our own unique way  
For with you, my love, anything is possible  
Together we'll conquer, unbreakable and unstoppable.

Magod Scroef

# Extreme Care

In a world where caution is rare,  
There's beauty in extreme care.  
With every step and every leap,  
We find grace in being discreet.

Like a tightrope walker so fair,  
Balancing with utmost flair.  
One wrong move, they know beware,  
Their skill and poise beyond compare.

In delicate moments, we dare,  
To handle fragile things with care.  
A baby's touch, gentle and light,  
A flower's bloom, so exquisite, bright.

When crafting words, we must prepare,  
To choose them wisely, with great care.  
Each syllable, each line we choose,  
Crafting a masterpiece to amuse.

For those who love adventure true,  
Extreme sports they must pursue.  
From rock climbing to skydiving,  
Every move, with caution thriving.

In medicine, where lives repair,  
Doctors and nurses always there.  
Precision and attention's key,  
To mend the wounded, with expertise.

And in matters of the heart's affair,  
Extreme care is shown with utmost care.  
Whispering soothing words of love,  
Protecting hearts, like a gentle dove.

So let us embrace extreme care,  
In all we do, love and share.  
For in the details, we find the art,  
The beauty of life, where love imparts.

Magod Scroef

# Comfort Zone

In comfort's gentle realm I dwell,  
Where self-doubt's voices faintly yell,  
A cozy haven, free from strife,  
Where I can breathe and embrace life.

Within these walls, my fears subside,  
My heart is nourished, soul does glide,  
A sanctuary, peaceful and true,  
A place where dreams take shape and brew.

I'm wrapped in warmth of solace's embrace,  
Where worries fade, troubles erase,  
A refuge found within my zone,  
Where I feel safe and completely known.

But comfort can become a snare,  
A tranquil sea that hinders dare,  
For growth lies not in stagnant plains,  
But in the risks that life ordains.

So though I cherish this gentle nest,  
I know that there's a world to test,  
To stretch my wings and take the chance,  
And break free from my comfort stance.

So let me roam beyond my abode,  
And face the challenge on my own,  
To learn and grow, expand my sphere,  
And overcome the doubts and fear.

For true freedom cannot be found,  
Within the safe and guarded ground,  
It lies beyond, in uncharted zones,  
Where courage blooms and greatness shones.

So may this comfort zone I leave,  
With open arms, I will perceive,  
A vast horizon, ready to explore,  
And embrace the possibilities galore.

Magod Scroef

# Sex Is Sex

Sex is sex, a passionate art,  
Where bodies collide, igniting sparks.  
With skin on skin, we dance and sway,  
Exploring desires in an intimate display.

In the darkness, our bodies entwine,  
Lost in a moment that feels divine.  
The whispers of pleasure, soft and low,  
As our hearts race, a rhythm to follow.

Lustful gazes meet, in a fiery embrace,  
Unleashing desires, craving embrace.  
Moans and sighs fill the heated air,  
As we explore each other, without a care.

Sensations surge, waves crashing high,  
Bodies tremble, as ecstasy lies.  
A symphony of pleasure, pleasure profound,  
As we indulge in passions, uninhibited, unbound.

A dance of pleasure, a union of souls,  
Where passion and intimacy take their tolls.  
Exploring desires, indulging in dreams,  
In this universe of pleasure and extremes.

So remember, my love, as we entwine,  
Sex is sex, a divine art, so fine.  
No matter the form, the gender, or race,  
It's a celebration of love, in this intimate space.

Magod Scroef

# Open Arms Front Love

In this world of chaos and strife,  
Where hearts seek solace in life,  
There's a beacon shining bright,  
Open arms of love in the darkest night.

Like a gentle breeze that stirs the air,  
Love's embrace is always there,  
With arms wide open, it invites us in,  
To a sanctuary where true joy begins.

It knows no boundaries, no limits imposed,  
Love's warmth and tenderness are duly disclosed,  
It transcends language and breaks down walls,  
In open arms, love's power enthralls.

From the moonlit nights to the sunlit days,  
Love's embrace comforts, in countless ways,  
It holds us tight when we feel small,  
And lifts us up when we stumble and fall.

With open arms of compassion and care,  
Love offers solace, love is aware,  
It listens and understands, never demands,  
Love's touch is healing, love's grip is grand.

So let us spread love with open arms,  
Enveloping hearts in its soothing charms,  
For in unity and love's pure grace,  
We find a world of harmony, a hallowed space.

Magod Scroef

# Destroy No Love No Feelings

In a world where hate consumes and steals,  
Where hearts grow cold and loss reveals,  
A pleading voice within me speaks,  
'Destroy no love, no feelings leak.'

For love, a fragile bond we weave,  
A treasure to cherish, never cleave.  
In tenderness, our souls unite,  
Embracing warmth, igniting light.

Yet some, blinded by anger's flame,  
Strive to tarnish love's gracious name.  
They wield destruction as their aim,  
Leaving sorrow in their ruthless game.

But let us hold our love steadfast,  
Beacons of hope that ever last.  
For empathy and kindness thrive,  
When love is nurtured, kept alive.

Though pain may test our weakened hearts,  
We'll shield our love and play our parts.  
No vengeance, hatred shall we breed,  
As we rise above, plant seeds of peace.

Through empathy, we'll heal the hurt,  
Releasing love's power, its strength exert.  
No walls will stand, no division remain,  
As love triumphs, breaking every chain.

So let us vow to never stray,  
From love's embrace, come what may.  
For in each heart, a feeling dwells,  
That love's the potion, the magic spells.

Destroy no love, let feelings bloom,  
A symphony of grace, dispelling gloom.  
Together, hand in hand, we'll rise,  
Creating a world where love never dies.

Magod Scroef

# Care Front Tears

In a world of care and endless fears,  
Where hearts are heavy, burdened by tears,  
There lies a place where solace appears,  
A sanctuary to dry the soul's own biers.

In the care front, where anguish is sown,  
We find a haven, a love all our own,  
A gentle touch erases tears that flow,  
A tender word that whispers, 'You're not alone.'

With a comforting hand and open heart,  
We mend the pieces, a delicate art,  
We wipe away the tears that freely start,  
Finding strength in unity, never to part.

For in this care front, compassion abides,  
Empathy weaves a tapestry of ties,  
We lift each other, side by side,  
Creating a sanctuary where darkness subsides.

So let us gather, arms intertwined,  
With love and kindness, our hearts will find,  
That in the care front, always aligned,  
We soothe each other's tears, leave none behind.

Magod Scroef

# Capture Your Eyes

In a land where beauty is in disguise,  
There lies a secret that I'll baptize,  
A spellbinding tale that truly defies,  
Capture your eyes, oh how it implies.

Through colorful hues, like a painter's stroke,  
Nature weaves a canvas, mirroring bespoke,  
From vibrant sunsets, to morning mist cloak,  
Capture your eyes, nature's love spoke.

In the ebon abyss, where stars twinkle bright,  
Celestial wonders, a majestic sight,  
Galaxies dance, as if taking flight,  
Capture your eyes, celestial light.

In a poet's words, the rhythm unfolds,  
Each verse like whispers, secrets untold,  
Emotions cascade, like a river bold,  
Capture your eyes, poetic gold.

In a melody's charm, notes intertwine,  
Embracing your soul, its rhythm divine,  
Musical symphony, like vintage wine,  
Capture your eyes, melodies align.

In a lover's gaze, that speaks without sound,  
In tender moments, where hearts truly pound,  
A connection ignited, forever profound,  
Capture your eyes, love's sweet compound.

In a child's laughter, innocence pure,  
With a smile contagious, love will ensure,  
Tiny miracles, hearts can't ignore,  
Capture your eyes, love's essence secure.

In life's precious moments, fleeting, yet grand,  
In beauty's embrace, where wonders expand,  
Within your own eyes, as you understand,  
Capture your eyes, grasp life by the hand.

Magod Scroef

# Details Of Love

In the depths of the chest, where emotions ignite,  
Lie the intricate details of hearts, shining bright.  
Each beat, a story whispered, a tale to be told,  
Silently unfolding, mysteries yet to unfold.

Like delicate labyrinths, deeply hidden within,  
The secrets of love, where passions begin.  
Every fragile heartbeat, a step on the path,  
Concealing desires, like a tempting aftermath.

Love's enchanting melody, in the rhythm it weaves,  
Tracing the contours, where true love achieves.  
In the tiniest veins, where ardor resides,  
Where compassion grows and affection abides.

The delicate structures, woven through and through,  
Carrying affection's whispers, old and anew.  
Like a patchwork quilt, with patterns of devotion,  
Love's intricate details, etched in every motion.

Every scar, a reminder of love's stormy weather,  
Yet each one a testament, binding hearts together.  
The fragile intricacies, a tapestry of emotion,  
Crafted with tenderness, and heartfelt devotion.

The laughter, like bells chiming, harmonies so sweet,  
The tears, like drops of rain, washing the heart's beat.  
Each breath taken, an affirmation of life's grand art,  
As the details of hearts intertwine, never to depart.

So let us cherish the marvels, that within us reside,  
Celebrating love's symphony, with hearts open wide.  
For in these intricate details, lies life's greatest treasure,  
The beauty of the heart, a timeless endeavor.

Magod Scroef

# Honestly Love

In a world filled with deceit and lies,  
Where hearts are broken and trust unties,  
There exists a gem, a heavenly dove,  
A beacon of light, it's honestly love.

In a sea of pretense and hidden desire,  
Where masks are worn, masks that tire,  
There thrives a flower, fragile and pure,  
A force that endures, it's honestly love.

In a realm of superficial charms,  
Where beauty fades and loses its arms,  
There blooms a rose, vibrant and alive,  
A love unfiltered, it's honestly love.

In a universe of selfish craving,  
Where love is scarce and constantly wavering,  
There shines a star, guiding the way above,  
A love transparent, it's honestly love.

It speaks the truth without a sound,  
Gentle but strong, forever bound,  
It's not a game, not just a bluff,  
A love unfeigned, it's honestly love.

It knows no boundaries, nor any fears,  
With laughter and tears, it perseveres,  
It touches souls, soaring like a dove,  
A love unadorned, it's honestly love.

So let us seek this truth, this grace,  
In every smile, every warm embrace,  
With open hearts, we rise and be,  
Exemplars of love, honestly.

Magod Scroef

# Unjust

In a world of judgments and deceit,  
Lies a tale of injustice hard to defeat.  
Oh, the bitter taste of a life unkind,  
Where fairness and truth are left behind.

In courtrooms of bias, with gavels pounding,  
Innocence silenced, truth confounding.  
The scales of justice, unbalanced and skewed,  
Leaving the oppressed feeling subdued.

From the streets of the oppressed, cries arise,  
For equality, where justice never dies.  
Yet, the powerful continue to oppress,  
Denying the voice of the weak, no redress.

In the corridors of power, they conspire,  
Burying the truth, fanning the fire.  
Their greed and corruption set a cruel stage,  
Affecting lives, fueling rage.

But still, hope lingers even in the haze,  
For righteousness to dawn, lighting the ways.  
The warriors of justice, they march on,  
Voices united, till the battle is won.

Through protests and movements, they strive,  
To break the chains of injustice, revive,  
For every soul that's been silenced so long,  
Their stories told, their pain made strong.

For in unity, lies the power to change,  
To amend the wrongs, rearrange.  
With compassion and empathy by our side,  
Injustice's fortress, we shall not abide.

So, let us raise our voices strong and clear,  
Demanding justice, without fear.  
For in this battle, we shall find,  
A world where unjust is left behind.

Magod Scroef

# Can Help

In times of trouble, when despair is near,  
A helping hand can wash away the fear.  
A gentle soul who listens with care,  
Can heal the wounds that seem too much to bear.

When dark clouds loom and skies turn gray,  
A helping friend can brighten up your day.  
With open arms and willing heart,  
They guide you through, never letting you apart.

A neighbor's burden, a stranger's need,  
A helping hand completes a noble deed.  
It takes no much, just a moment in time,  
To lend a hand, to make a life sublime.

From everyday chores to heavier loads,  
A helping hand lightens stress that corrodes.  
Together we stand, strong and upright,  
Can help in ways that ignite true delight.

In times of sorrow, when tears overflow,  
A helping friend can make happiness grow.  
They wipe the tears and offer a smile,  
Bringing warmth and kindness mile after mile.

Be the beacon that lights someone's way,  
A helping hand can turn dark nights to day.  
With compassion as the guiding star,  
We can help and heal, no matter how far.

So let us remember, in this world so vast,  
A helping hand can forever last.  
Through ups and downs, when we lend our care,  
We make a difference, showing love everywhere.

Magod Scroef

# Lil Patrick

In a land of dreams and magic, far away,  
Lived a little boy named Lil Patrick, so they say.  
With freckles on his cheeks and mischief in his eyes,  
He had a spirit so bright, he could touch the skies.

Lil Patrick loved to wander, explore and play,  
In the fields and meadows, he would spend his day.  
He would chase butterflies and catch fireflies at night,  
His laughter filled the air, bringing pure delight.

With his trusty dog, Charlie, by his side,  
They would adventure together, far and wide.  
Through the forest they would roam, in search of treasure,  
With Lil Patrick's imagination, there was no measure.

He would build sandcastles on the sandy shores,  
And sing with the birds, a melody that soars.  
In his playful world, anything was possible,  
From racing cars to flying high like an eagle.

But Lil Patrick's heart was filled with kindness and grace,  
He would lend a helping hand to anyone in any place.  
He would share his toys and offer a warm embrace,  
Spreading love and joy, leaving smiles in his chase.

Lil Patrick, a little boy with a heart so pure,  
Through his innocent eyes, the world was a grand allure.  
May he continue to wander, explore and inspire,  
A beacon of hope and love, setting hearts on fire.

Magod Scroef

# Justice Mountain

In a land where fairness truly reigns,  
Lies a place where justice firmly remains.  
High above the clouds, tall and grand,  
Stands mighty Justice Mountain, we understand.

Its peak touches the heaven's divine,  
A symbol of justice, for all to align.  
Its towering presence, a sight to behold,  
A beacon of hope, unwavering and bold.

Within its valleys, secrets are kept,  
Of trials and verdicts, where justice is adept.  
Lawyers and judges, their wisdom displayed,  
Seeking truth in every word and every shade.

The mountain's slopes echo each case,  
As justice unfolds with steady pace.  
Like a flowing river, fairness streams,  
Carving pathways through the realm of dreams.

Grievances melt amidst granite walls,  
As the weight of truth in their hearts falls.  
Blindfolded Lady Justice, holding the scales,  
Balancing right and wrong, as her duty entails.

All who climb Justice Mountain's peak,  
Find solace in the truth that they seek.  
For behind the peaks, a wisdom resides,  
To dispel darkness with truth as their guide.

Yet this mountain, fair and true,  
Cannot carry justice on its own through.  
It is our duty to uphold its might,  
To seek truth and ensure it shines bright.

So let us climb this mountain steep,  
To the summit where justice safely keeps.  
And may its legacy forever endure,  
A reminder to all, of fairness so pure.

Magod Scroef

# Rare Love

In a world so vast, amidst the despair,  
There blossoms a love rare, beyond compare,  
A love that weaves tales of enchantment and grace,  
A love that defies odds, in its own mystic space.

Like a shooting star, it lights up the night,  
A celestial love, a brilliant sight,  
Gleaming in hues of passionate delight,  
This rare love casts away the shadows of midnight.

In a sea of hearts, it stands apart,  
A love that ignites the flame in every heart,  
With tenderness it blooms, in touches so tender,  
A rare love, magical, an emotional splendor.

With every heartbeat, a symphony unfolds,  
A tapestry of emotions, never before told,  
A love so deep, like an ocean untold,  
This rare love, a treasure, worth more than gold.

Through hardships and trials, it remains unfaltering,  
A love that's everlasting, unwavering,  
Through stormy nights and tempestuous weather,  
This rare love binds souls together.

In whispered promises and vows so true,  
In stolen moments, love's essence it imbues,  
A love that's priceless, a love so rare,  
It heals the wounds of life's despair.

Oh, rare love, like a precious gem,  
You penetrate hearts, like a radiant diadem,  
In your embrace, all sorrows unwind,  
You are the truest love, that one can find.

Magod Scroef

# Gare Nine Nine

Gare 99, a place of wonder and thrill,  
Where dreams are fulfilled, and hearts are filled.  
A haven for souls seeking adventure and fun,  
Where memories are made under the golden sun.

The clatter of wheels, the rousing sound,  
As the trains arrive, huffing and bound.  
Passengers hopping on, their spirits high,  
Embarking on journeys to touch the sky.

Through the bustling crowd, I make my way,  
Exploring the maze, a city in a day.  
The haphazard lanes, a delightful maze,  
Leading me to surprises, with each new phase.

The aroma of coffee, the chatter of friends,  
Gare 99, a place where time transcends.  
Musicians serenading with melodies so sweet,  
Filling the air, creating moments to meet.

The colorful murals, splashed on the walls,  
Narrating stories of heroes and their falls.  
The vibrant graffiti, a visual delight,  
An artistic panorama, capturing the light.

Gare 99, a crossroad of cultures diverse,  
Faces of strangers, exchanging a universe.  
Eyes that speak languages, words cannot convey,  
Celebrating diversity, in a harmonious display.

Leaving behind the platform, I step outside,  
Into a city that never truly divides.  
Gare 99, a gateway to endless skies,  
Unveiling secrets, beneath its disguise.

So let us embrace this enchanting place,  
With arms wide open, in a warm embrace.  
For Gare 99, a haven of pure delight,  
Where every soul can take its flight.

Magod Scroef

# Spirits Cadets

In a world of wonder and bravery bold,  
Where dreams take flight and stories unfold,  
There exists a company, strong and true,  
The Spirit Cadets, a courageous crew.

With hearts aflame and spirits high,  
They march forth beneath a bright sky,  
United together, a force of light,  
Guided by honor, they shine so bright.

In their souls, valor dances and gleams,  
Their dreams weaved with courage, like gold seams,  
Through trials and challenges, they persist,  
Unyielding in their quest, their spirit kissed.

A cadet's spirit knows no bounds,  
But dares to ascend where glory resounds,  
They wear their badges with unwavering pride,  
For in their hearts, the hero resides.

From sunrise's embrace to twilight's peace,  
They march on, their strength shall never cease,  
With each step they take, they inspire all,  
To rise above and answer destiny's call.

In their fellowship, a bond does thrive,  
Brothers and sisters, united, alive,  
With unity as their battle hymn,  
They conquer darkness, their spirits never dim.

Through thick and thin, they stay side by side,  
Sacrifices made with courage as their guide,  
For they know that the call of duty demands,  
A spirit that perseveres, a heart that understands.

So raise your voice, let the spirit resound,  
For the Spirit Cadets, forever renowned,  
Their legacy lives on, their story untold,  
Written in the hearts of the brave and bold.

Magod Scroef

# Old School Music

In the days of old, when music was pure,  
The beats and melodies would endure,  
The crackle of vinyl, the soulful sound,  
Old school music, a treasure that's found.

From Motown to jazz, the rhythm and blues,  
The tales of love, they would never confuse,  
The smooth crooners, voices like silk,  
Old school music, a remedy for life's ilk.

In smoky clubs, where legends were born,  
The trumpets blared, the saxophones torn,  
The piano keys danced, the bass thumped deep,  
Old school music, a secret meant to keep.

The ladies swooned as ballads were sung,  
The soundtracks of life, so perfectly strung,  
With heartfelt lyrics, they touched every heart,  
Old school music, a universal art.

From Ella's scattling to Sam's sweet soul,  
The power of their voices, beyond control,  
Their music transported, a time machine,  
Old school music, memories pristine.

In a world filled with noise, chaos, and strife,  
Old school music brings peace to life,  
Its timeless magic, a melody divine,  
Old school music, a treasure for all time.

Magod Scroef

# Unique Child

In a world so vast and wild,  
There's a child, unique and styled.  
With a spirit that's wild and free,  
A wonder for all to see.

Unbound by ordinary ways,  
This child seeks to blaze new ways.  
Their mind, a kaleidoscope of dreams,  
With colors, brighter than moonbeams.

They dance to their own melodic tune,  
In sync with the rhythm of the moon.  
Their laughter, a symphony of delight,  
Bringing joy, even in the darkest night.

Their eyes, windows to a world unknown,  
Reflecting wisdom they've always known.  
They see beauty in every little thing,  
From a butterfly's fluttering wing.

Their heart, a vessel filled with grace,  
Empathy shining from their face.  
They embrace difference with open arms,  
Seeing the value in all life's charms.

A beacon of light in a sea of conformity,  
A symbol of pure authenticity.  
The unique child, an inspiration to all,  
Guiding us to rise, whenever we fall.

So let us celebrate this child, so rare,  
And nurture their spirit with love and care.  
For in their uniqueness, they show us the way,  
To embrace our own, and live life our own way.

Magod Scroef

# Exclusive Mind A Women

In the realm of thought, she does delight,  
A woman with an exclusive mind, so bright.  
A force of nature, her intellect so rare,  
Challenging ideas with a tenacious flare.

Her thoughts dance with grace upon the stage,  
Crafting wisdom, page after page.  
In her mind's sanctuary, she finds solace,  
Exploring the depths of life's eternal promise.

She delves into realms, both old and new,  
Seeking answers, pondering what is true.  
With each question she poses, her mind expands,  
Unraveling the mysteries held in her hands.

Within her thoughts, a kaleidoscope unfolds,  
Where creativity and reason expertly molds.  
Ideas blossom like flowers in full bloom,  
Filling the air with a sweet, intoxicating perfume.

She wanders through the corridors of her mind,  
Unveiling secrets, leaving no truth behind.  
Her thoughts are her fortress, her refuge strong,  
Where she unravels the complex, and makes it belong.

In her exclusive mind, she's a brilliant fire,  
A beacon of inspiration, never to tire.  
With each revelation, her spirit ascends,  
Touching hearts, influencing those she befriends.

So let us celebrate this woman of wit,  
Gifted with an exclusive mind that won't quit.  
May her thoughts continue to fly and soar,  
Guiding us towards knowledge, forevermore.

Magod Scroef

# Tall Shadow Me

In the depths of night, a tall shadow looms,  
Mysterious and enchanting, it consumes.  
Unseen and unnoticed, it dances with ease,  
Casting its form upon the moonlit breeze.

Tall and elegant, it stretches high and wide,  
Like a guardian, watching over the divide.  
Silent and serene, its presence commands,  
Awe and wonder in those who understand.

A silhouette against the starry sky,  
A figure that captures every passerby.  
Its elongated shape reaches for the moon,  
A constant reminder of secrets it could croon.

Its enigma intrigues, like a puzzle to be solved,  
As it dances through the night with grace involved.  
What tales could it tell of the darkened hours,  
Of love, loss, and extraordinary powers?

A sentinel of the night, it wanders with grace,  
Leaving traces of its presence in every space.  
Whispering breezes carry its unknown name,  
A cherished secret, forever in the night's game.

Oh, tall shadow, so elusive and free,  
A captivating mystery to endlessly decree.  
With every moonrise, you captivate anew,  
Oh, how I long to understand you.

Magod Scroef

# Dear Old Friend

Dear old friend, it's been so long,  
Since we last sang our favorite song.  
We danced through life with joy and cheer,  
And shared our dreams, year after year.

Through thick and thin, we always stood,  
With laughter and tears, we understood.  
You were my anchor, my guiding light,  
Together we fought through every fight.

The memories we made, forever etched,  
In the deepest corners of my heart, stretched.  
From childhood mischief to teenage dreams,  
In every moment, you were as real as it seems.

We explored the world, hand in hand,  
Unraveled secrets of a distant land.  
Adventures and escapades, we did pursue,  
Finding solace in the moments we knew.

But time, my friend, it moves so fast,  
And those carefree days, they couldn't last.  
Life took us on separate paths to roam,  
Yet our friendship continued to blossom and grow.

Though distance separates us, my old friend,  
Our bond remains unbreakable till the end.  
In each other's hearts, we'll forever reside,  
For our connection is one no distance can hide.

So here's to you, my dear old friend,  
May our friendship never cease or end.  
No matter where we go or what we do,  
I'll always be grateful for having a friend like you.

Magod Scroef

# Care About Friends

In the realm of friendships, care abounds,  
A bond that transcends, where love resounds.  
Through laughter and tears, we navigate,  
With hearts entwined, we celebrate.

When nights are dark and problems arise,  
Friends stand like beacons, lighting up the skies.  
They listen and embrace, without judgment or fear,  
Their kindness and compassion, always near.

In times of sorrow, when sadness prevails,  
A friend's gentle touch never fails.  
They lend a shoulder, a comforting hand,  
They understand the languages of the heart, unplanned.

Through joys and triumphs, they rejoice,  
Elevating every moment with their voice.  
They applaud our victories, no matter how small,  
Their encouragement, the greatest gift of all.

In moments of doubt, friends lend their belief,  
Their unwavering support brings relief.  
They remind us of our worth, of our true essence,  
Inspiring us to reach for our highest presence.

Friendship is a treasure, rare and divine,  
A symphony of souls, a gift so fine.  
So let us cherish and care for these bonds,  
For true friends are the ones where love responds.

Magod Scroef

# Strange Wisdom

In lands of whimsy, where peculiarities bloom,  
Resides a wisdom that escapes the common room.  
For strange minds wander, unbound by rules,  
Imbued with insights that defy the earthly schools.

Oh, strange wisdom, you hold secrets untamed,  
A tapestry woven with threads unnamed.  
You see beyond the surface, beneath the facade,  
To ancient truths that make the ordinary applaud.

The owl hoots wisdom in the dark of night,  
Guiding seekers towards a mystical light.  
Its eyes piercing through the thickness of the haze,  
Revealing truths that leave wonder ablaze.

A jester's laughter, mischievous and cunning,  
Holds more wisdom than scholars' endless punning.  
With each jest, a lesson in the absurd,  
Provoking minds to question the assumed word.

Whispered tales of mermaids in the midnight sea,  
Unveiling the depths of vast possibility.  
Their oceanic songs, a melody of strange lore,  
Teaching us to explore what lies offshore.

From the stars above, strange wisdom may descend,  
As comets streak by, their message they send.  
Cosmic whisperings, echoing through space,  
Unlocking mysteries in their ethereal embrace.

Mysterious symbols etched on ancient runes,  
Conceal wisdom that transcends the worldly dunes.  
Deciphered by the seekers who dare to delve,  
Unveiling truths that make the soul palpably swell.

So embrace the strange and peculiar, my friend,  
For therein lies wisdom that cannot bend.  
Explore the realms where ordinary fears tread,  
And discover the truths that lay unspread.

For in the realm of strange wisdom, we find,  
A wealth of knowledge that transcends the mind.  
So let us roam, with curious hearts aflame,  
And drink deep from the cup of the strange untamed.

Magod Scroef

# Contact Us

Contact us, we're here to serve,  
Ready to help, always preserve.  
Whether by phone or email, we're connected,  
For any questions, we'll stay collected.

Our team is dedicated, round the clock,  
Solving problems like a key in a lock.  
From technical issues to product advice,  
We'll guide you through, oh so precise.

Send us a message, we'll swiftly reply,  
No inquiry too big or small, don't be shy.  
Customer satisfaction is our aim,  
We'll go above and beyond, extinguishing any flame.

On the phone, we'll lend an attentive ear,  
Listening intently, removing any fear.  
Warm and welcoming, our friendly voice,  
Assisting you with every single choice.

Contact us, with the click of a mouse,  
No matter your location, your needs we'll espouse.  
Distance doesn't matter, we're always near,  
Assuring you that help is finally here.

So don't hesitate, reach out to us,  
Contact us today, without a fuss.  
Your questions, concerns, we'll address,  
With our courteousness, you'll be impressed.

For contact details, visit our website,  
Where assistance awaits, shining bright.  
Remember, we're here, standing tall,  
Contact us now, we'll answer your call.

Magod Scroef

# The Liberation Team

In a world where darkness casts its spell,  
There shines a team where heroes dwell.  
They fight not with swords or guns,  
But with compassion and freedom's run.

They are the ones who brave the night,  
Guided by a beacon of light.  
United in purpose, strong and so bold,  
The liberation team, resolute and bold.

Their leader, a symbol of hope and might,  
With wisdom and courage, shining bright.  
A guiding force, unwavering and true,  
Leading them to skies of vibrant blue.

First, there's Luna, the moonlit dancer,  
Gracefully fighting evil with every answer.  
With a flick of her wrist and a radiant smile,  
She enchants the darkness, turning it worthwhile.

Next, there's Phoenix, fierce and aflame,  
A phoenix rising from the ashes again.  
Burning with strength and raging desire,  
He ignites the spark of liberation's fire.

Then there's Echo, the voice of change,  
Whose words resonate through every stage.  
A poet warrior, wielding verses like swords,  
Inspiring hearts, breaking oppressive cords.

And there's Storm, the tempest storm,  
With power over nature, she performs.  
Summoning winds and bringing the rain,  
She washes away tyranny's cruel pain.

Together they stand, an unstoppable force,  
Fearlessly battling each obstacle, of course.  
They fight for justice, for truth to prevail,  
Setting free oppressed lands, ensuring they sail.

In towns and cities, their legends bloom,  
The liberation team dispelling gloom.  
With unity and love, they break down walls,  
And watch as freedom's anthem softly calls.

In every land where oppression clings,  
The liberation team spreads its wings.  
With bravery, spirit, and unity strong,  
They rewrite the lyrics of freedom's song.

So let us celebrate this noble crew,  
The liberation team, valiant and true.  
May their legacy forever inspire,  
A world adorned in freedom's attire.

Magod Scroef

# Journey To Omgimaru

Embark upon a journey, oh so grand  
To a place called Omgimaru, hidden in this land  
A realm of whimsy, where dreams come alive  
Where the sun shines brightly and hopes do thrive

Through deep valleys and towering peaks we'll roam  
Discovering secrets, making Omgimaru our home  
With eager hearts and curious minds, we shall tread  
Embarking on an adventure where no path has led

Omgimaru, a mystical land of unimaginable sights  
Where stars twinkle brighter and illuminate the nights  
Magical creatures with wings of shimmering gold  
Dancing amidst rainbows, a sight to behold

As we journey further in this enchanted place  
Our spirits are lifted, burdens we erase  
Surrounded by nature's beauty, a symphony of sound  
Melodies from birds and streams that astound

Oh, the colors that paint this incredible scene  
From vibrant flowers to meadows so serene  
Fields of lavender cascading in the breeze  
Whispering tales of tranquility and peace

We wander through forests, ancient and wise  
Where legends of old echo in the clear blue skies  
Trees standing tall, their branches reaching high  
Guardians of wisdom, stretching up to touch the sky

As twilight descends, we find ourselves near  
A majestic waterfall, cascading crystal clear  
Enveloped by the mist, a moment of bliss  
In Omgimaru, where magic exists

With hearts full of wonder, we bid farewell  
To Omgimaru, a place where dreams dwell  
But in our memories, this journey will remain  
An adventure cherished, in our hearts forever engraved.

Magod Scroef

# Big Bang Spark

In the depths of the cosmos, where shadows reside,  
A universe wakes with a bright, fierce pride.  
Within the vast tapestry of celestial art,  
There's a tale to be told of a big bang's start.

With a single spark, explosive and grand,  
Creation ignited across time's endless strand.  
Particles danced in a cosmic ballet,  
From the smallest quark to the giants at play.

Billions of years unfolded their grace,  
As galaxies swirled in a cosmic embrace.  
Stars were born, ignited with fire,  
Sending forth their light, a celestial choir.

Nebulas shimmered like heavenly veils,  
As stellar nurseries birthed cosmic tales.  
Planets emerged from the primordial stew,  
With continents forming, and oceans so blue.

Life appeared, a miraculous sight,  
From single-celled organisms to creatures of might.  
Evolution's dance, a symphony so grand,  
Adapting and thriving, life's courageous band.

From the depths of darkness to the heights of the sky,  
The big bang's spark continues to fly.  
Through every atom and every quark,  
A reminder that we are all a part of this spark.

So gaze up at the stars, let wonder unfold,  
As the story of creation continues to be told.  
For in the vastness of space, we can all find our mark,  
Linked together by that magnificent big bang spark.

Magod Scroef

# Heroic Action

In a world of peril and strife,  
Where darkness casts its shadowed knife,  
There arose a hero bold and true,  
A beacon of hope, a soul anew.

With steadfast heart and courage pure,  
Heroes valiantly endure,  
They face the challenges that arise,  
Paving the way towards clear skies.

They rush to aid, without a thought,  
To save the helpless, as they ought,  
Their selflessness, a guiding light,  
Ignites the world, banishing the night.

In fiery battles, they stand tall,  
Through raging storms, they never fall,  
Their actions noble, strong and just,  
Inspiring us all, in them we trust.

Through treacherous mountains and wild seas,  
They forge a path, overcoming pleas,  
Their valor tested, souls admired,  
Their triumphs everlasting, never tired.

With every step, a purpose clear,  
To vanquish evil, dispel fear,  
For every act of kindness shown,  
Seeds of heroism are softly sown.

With resolute hearts and swords ablaze,  
They navigate through darkest haze,  
Their actions ripple, touch the masses,  
Like whispers carried in wind's passes.

So let us honor those who fight,  
Injustice they defy with might,  
For in each heroic action taken,  
A legacy of courage awakens.

May their bravery forever inspire,  
Igniting sparks of courage higher,  
And as we face the battles ahead,  
May their noble spirits be our thread.

Magod Scroef

# Mule Is You

In a land of rugged terrain and dusty hue,  
There stood a mule, strong and true.  
With a coat as smooth as morning dew,  
Oh mighty mule, how we admire you!

With hooves that chiseled through the earth,  
You carried burdens, proving your worth.  
From dawn till dusk, steadfast and sure,  
Your strength and diligence, hard to ignore.

Oh Mule, your endurance never waned,  
Through scorching heat and freezing rain.  
You toiled away, day after day,  
Content to serve, never seeking a fray.

Your eyes, so wise, spoke volumes untold,  
A silent wisdom we longed to behold.  
In your presence, tranquility would ensue,  
As if the world paused, just to admire you.

Through mountain trails, you led the way,  
Navigating through challenges, come what may.  
Your noble spirit, an inspiration to all,  
Teaching us to persevere, never to stall.

In fields of green, where wildflowers grew,  
You pranced and played, unaware of the view.  
With joy in your heart, and a spirit so free,  
You reminded us of how life could be.

Oh Mule, a creature of strength and grace,  
Your presence brought solace, at any pace.  
Whether pulling carts or roaming wild,  
You left impressions that still beguile.

So here's to you, majestic mule,  
A creature so rare, so strong and cool.  
May your spirit forever live on,  
In the hearts of all who've crossed paths with one.

Magod Scroef

# Forgive Me

Forgive me for the pain I caused,  
For the tears that fell and dreams we lost.  
I truly never meant to hurt you so,  
Please believe me, it was never my goal.

In moments of weakness, I lost my way,  
And let my emotions lead me astray.  
But now I stand here, with remorse in my heart,  
Begging for forgiveness, a brand new start.

Forgive me for the words left unspoken,  
For the promises broken, and trust that was forsaken.  
I now see the impact of my careless deeds,  
How they shattered our love like scattered seeds.

I kneel before you, with a repentant soul,  
Hoping forgiveness will make us whole.  
For I am just human, flawed and prone to mistakes,  
But my love for you, it never breaks.

Forgive me for the sleepless nights I caused,  
For the battles fought, and the patience lost.  
I vow to learn from this, to grow and to change,  
To rebuild what's broken, to rearrange.

Let forgiveness be the bridge between our hearts,  
A healing balm to mend all the shattered parts.  
For life is too short to dwell in regret,  
Let's move forward, embrace the love we once met.

Magod Scroef

# Abase Boy

In a place so low, where shadows creep,  
There lived a boy, his spirit weak.  
Dictated by others, he obeyed their will,  
His dreams suppressed, his hopes distilled.

Abase boy, with eyes cast down,  
His worth diminished, his spirit drowned.  
They belittled his dreams, mocked his strife,  
Yet within his soul, burned the fire of life.

He saw beauty in every whispered song,  
He found solace in words, when all went wrong.  
Abase boy, longing to break free,  
Yearning for wings to soar and see.

Through countless trials, he endured the pain,  
Seeking liberation, like a silent refrain.  
He nurtured his dreams, held them tight,  
Igniting his spirit with unwavering might.

With each setback he faced, his determination grew,  
Transforming into strength, anew.  
Abase boy, his spirit now unfurled,  
Discovering the power within his world.

From the depths of despair, he rose with grace,  
Embracing his worth, filling every space.  
No longer confined by others' disdain,  
He found his voice, and broke the chain.

His words became armor, his pen a shield,  
Abase boy, with wisdom to wield.  
He painted the canvas of his own salvation,  
Brightening his path, with fearless dedication.

Now, this abase boy, no longer bound,  
Inspires others, his voice profound.  
He reminds us all, through his story's sway,  
That even in darkness, we can find our way.

So let us not judge the abase boy's plight,  
For within him lies a spark of light.  
In his journey we find a universal truth,  
That from the depths, emerges our greatest proof.

Magod Scroef

# Catalyst

In a world of life's catalyst,  
A spark ignited, a fire amiss.  
For in the silent depths of the soul,  
A force emerges, seeking to console.

Like a whisper in the darkest night,  
A catalyst arises, shining so bright.  
It stirs the spirit, awakens the mind,  
Leaving no traces of the ordinary behind.

With a flicker of hope, it unveils the way,  
Guiding us through darkness and gray.  
A catalyst, a catalyst in every turn,  
Revitalizing dreams, causing hearts to yearn.

It dances with passion, paints the sky,  
Breathing life into souls as days go by.  
No matter the struggles, the battles faced,  
A catalyst emerges, embracing grace.

It breaks through chains, shatters fear,  
Empowering hearts, making the path clear.  
For in the presence of this magical force,  
New beginnings arise, old wounds endorse.

A catalyst, a catalyst, oh how it inspires,  
Fuels the dreams, ignites fierce fires.  
It turns obstacles into stepping stones,  
Leading us towards our desired thrones.

So cherish the catalyst that stirs within,  
Harness its power, let the journey begin.  
For in its wake, miracles will unfold,  
Transforming lives, making us bold.

Magod Scroef

# Intelligent Oyama Sibidla

Oyama Sibidla was thinking about Emily wright again. Emily was a smart hero with pretty legs and sticky spots.

Oyama walked over to the window and reflected on his idyllic surroundings. He had always loved magical South Africa Johannesburg South Turffontein with its puny, powerful park. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel worried.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the a smart figure of Emily wright.

Oyama gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was an intelligent, spiteful, port drinker with pink legs and hairy spots. His friends saw him as a leaking, little lover. Once, he had even saved a wild Women that was stuck in a drain.

But not even an intelligent person who had once saved a wild Women that was stuck in a drain, was prepared for what Emily had in store today.

The rain hammered like loving toads, making Oyama confident. Oyama grabbed a weathered rock that had been strewn nearby; he massaged it with his fingers.

As Oyama stepped outside and Emily came closer, he could see the uninterested glint in her eye.

Emily gazed with the affection of 9866 courageous glorious gerbils. She said, in hushed tones, 'I love you and I want Love.'

Oyama looked back, even more confident and still fingering the weathered rock. 'Emily, I love you, ' he replied.

They looked at each other with puzzled feelings, like two friendly, fine foxes shouting at a very giving birthday party, which had R & B music playing in the background and two daring uncles sitting to the beat.

Oyama regarded Emily's pretty legs and sticky spots. 'I feel the same way! ' revealed Oyama with a delighted grin.

Emily looked stable, her emotions blushing like a nice, naughty newspaper.



# Creative Crazy 'cc'

In a world of chaos, she's a dazzling star,  
An artist who's known for pushing the bar,  
Creative Crazy, the one with a flair,  
With a mind that's wild, limitless and rare.

CC, the queen of colors and dreams,  
With limitless passion, bursting at the seams,  
Brush strokes on canvas, creating with might,  
Every stroke she takes is a breathtaking sight.

She dances with words, a poet at heart,  
Crafting verses that tear the world apart,  
Her rhymes and rhythms, a melodic sound,  
In her realm of words, she truly is crowned.

CC, the maker of melodies divine,  
Composing tunes that make the heart align,  
Her fingers on keys, music comes to life,  
A symphony of notes, cutting through the strife.

She weaves tales like magic, from dusk 'til dawn,  
With characters and plots that make us fawn,  
Imagination running wild and free,  
She conjures worlds that will forever be.

CC, the master of all things unknown,  
Unleashing her wild mind, she's never alone,  
Her imagination, a fiery blaze,  
Creating wonders with her unique ways.

So here's to Creative Crazy, the one we adore,  
With her limitless creativity, we couldn't ask for more,  
A beacon of inspiration, shining so bright,  
CC, the epitome of artistic might.

Magod Scroef

# Pure Delightful Love

In the realm of hearts, where angels fly,  
Where love's pure essence fills the sky,  
A story unfolds, a tale unmatched,  
Of pure delightful love, forever hatched.

Like blossoms blooming in the morning dew,  
Love awakens, vibrant and true,  
A symphony of emotions, gentle and kind,  
Two souls entwined, forever bind.

With every touch, a fluttering beat,  
Two hearts in rhythm, their love complete,  
In every secret glance they share,  
A precious bond, beyond compare.

Together they dance, hand in hand,  
Exploring a world, both mystic and grand,  
In every whispered word they say,  
A language of love, that never shall fray.

In tranquil nights, under moon's embrace,  
They find solace, in each other's grace,  
Their laughter, like songbirds in the air,  
Fills their world, with love so rare.

They conquer hurdles, with love's pure might,  
In each struggle, they find the light,  
For in their hearts, love's fire ignites,  
Guiding them through even darkest nights.

Pure delightful love knows not of pain,  
It blossoms forever, like a fragrant rain,  
In their love's garden, flowers rise,  
Every petal, a love that never dies.

So let us cherish, this love so bright,  
Like stars that twinkle, in love's sweet sight,  
May pure delightful love forever endure,  
Its magic and beauty, forever secure.

Magod Scroef

# Streets That Race

In the heart of the city where dreams embrace,  
The beating pulse of streets that race.  
A symphony of engines intertwined,  
As restless souls chase their piece of mind.

On asphalt tracks, they come alive,  
The fearless drivers, ready to drive.  
Engines roar, tires screech and squeal,  
As they slice through the air, with speed so surreal.

From the neon-lit boulevards they depart,  
Their spirits ignited, a fire in their heart.  
Their foot on the pedal, their eyes on the prize,  
They navigate the chaos, as time flies.

The asphalt canvas becomes their stage,  
As they weave and dance in a daring rage.  
Like daredevils they skim, with grace and zest,  
Through narrow lanes, to prove they are the best.

The city lights flicker like a spectator's cheer,  
As they blur into streaks when the racers appear.  
Through tunnels and bridges, they dash with might,  
Every turn, every corner, they conquer with delight.

Adrenaline pumps, emotions run high,  
As the racers push limits, reaching for the sky.  
Their hearts beat fast, their souls intertwine,  
As they race against time, as if it's a crime.

The asphalt expanse becomes their domain,  
Where limits are tested, boundaries they disdain.  
They fly like the wind, leaving trails of dust,  
With every rev of the engine, they earn their trust.

But beneath the thrill, lies a yearning deep,  
For freedom and purpose, they tirelessly seek.  
For these streets that race, they hold a truth,  
That life is a journey, not for the meek.

So let the streets echo with their symphony,  
As the racers embrace their chosen destiny.  
For in this dance with speed, they find release,  
On the streets that race, where bliss finds its peace.

Magod Scroef

# Carnivore King Stomach

In the wild jungle, there was a king so fierce,  
His stomach growled, a sound that pierced.  
A carnivore, he devoured all in his way,  
His hunger unyielding, day after day.

With jaws of strength, sharp teeth like knives,  
He ruled over his kingdom, where danger thrives.  
His stomach, a cavern, craving a feast,  
For it hungered for flesh, a primal beast.

Through the forest he hunted, a predator so grand,  
No creature was safe from his ironclad hand.  
He stalked through the darkness, a vision of might,  
His carnivorous nature igniting the night.

From deer to zebra, from antelope to boar,  
His appetite grew, craving more and more.  
The stomach, a ruler in its own right,  
Guiding the king across the darkest night.

Yet, his kingdom was not without its pain,  
For carnage and chaos left a devastating stain.  
The balance disturbed, the ecosystem shook,  
As the carnivore king's stomach yearned to look.

But perhaps, in this tale of the carnivore king,  
An understanding we can certainly bring.  
For hunger, like fire, can consume and destroy,  
Or it can be harnessed, a symbol of joy.

So, let us hope this king in the wild,  
Will learn to protect, be gentle, and mild.  
May his stomach be satisfied, never in vain,  
And harmony restored, from jungle to plain.

Magod Scroef

# People Of The Stars

In galaxies afar they shine,  
People of the stars divine.  
With stardust in their veins that glow,  
A universe in their hearts they show.

They walk with grace, celestial beings,  
In ethereal realms they're seeing.  
Their eyes like constellations gleam,  
Reflecting dreams through cosmic beams.

They dance amidst the Milky Way,  
Their movements like a cosmic ballet.  
With each step, a supernova ignites,  
Creating celestial symphonies of lights.

Their voices carry celestial tunes,  
Mesmerizing like a thousand moons.  
Their words, like comets in the night,  
Illuminate the darkness with cosmic might.

Their souls aligned with cosmic art,  
They paint the galaxies with their start.  
Each stroke a burst of vibrant hues,  
Creating new worlds filled with muse.

They hold the wisdom of the spheres,  
For they've transcended earthly fears.  
In cosmic libraries, their minds roam,  
Unraveling mysteries yet unknown.

People of the stars, so rare and pure,  
Their love and light will endure.  
For in their presence, we find solace,  
Guided by their cosmic grace.

So let us join them, hand in hand,  
Explore the cosmos, vast and grand.  
For we are all connected, you see,  
To the people of the stars, you and me

Magod Scroef

# Hence You See

Hence you see, the world's a tapestry  
A mosaic of moments woven gracefully  
Each thread carrying a story, untold  
As life's mysteries steadily unfold

Hence you see, the sun rises high  
Painting vibrant hues across the sky  
Colors dancing in harmonious glee  
Reflecting moments of pure beauty

Hence you see, love's gentle embrace  
A symphony of whispers, no words to erase  
Two souls intertwine, hearts aflame  
Bound by a passion only they can claim

Hence you see, the seasons come and go  
Nature's theater, a mesmerizing show  
From sprouting buds to autumn's sigh  
Each chapter revealing life's lullaby

Hence you see, the stars gleam above  
Guiding us through the darkness we so often love  
In their luminous glow, dreams take flight  
As we chase our desires, embracing the night

Hence you see, life's triumphs and trials  
Weaving a tapestry of laughter and smiles  
Through tears and laughter, we find our way  
Navigating the unknown, day by day

So take a moment, let your vision clear  
Appreciate the tapestry that is held near  
For in the grand scheme, we all play a part  
Creating a masterpiece, the world's work of art.

Magod Scroef

# Love As Roses You Glare

In a garden of love, where roses delight,  
Their beauty so captivating, a heavenly sight,  
Petals like silk, in hues so rare,  
Love as roses you glare, with a tender stare.

The crimson bloom, a symbol of desire,  
Like flames of passion, burning higher,  
Each delicate petal, a sweet embrace,  
Love as roses you trace, with gentle grace.

Whispering secrets, the rose's perfume,  
A fragrant reminder, love's sweet bloom,  
With every breath, love fills the air,  
Love as roses you share, with tender care.

But beware the thorns, concealed and sharp,  
Love's journey may sting, leave a lasting mark,  
Yet still we pursue, with hearts so brave,  
Love as roses you crave, with passion engrave.

For in love's garden, both beauty and pain,  
Merge together, a dance to sustain,  
From tender buds, to blossoms fair,  
Love as roses we wear, with souls laid bare.

So let love blossom, like roses so rare,  
With petals caressed, in the fragrant air,  
Embrace its thorns, let passion ensnare,  
Love as roses we dare, in this love affair.

Magod Scroef

# Church Street

In bustling town where stories unfold,  
Lies a street famous, a tale untold,  
A place where solace and faith convene,  
Church Street, oh, heavenly serene.

With cobblestones worn, by time's gentle touch,  
Churches stand tall, their steeples a crutch,  
In harmony, melodies softly chime,  
Hymns sung with hearts devout and sublime.

At dawn's first light, as the world awakes,  
Believers gather, for solace they seek,  
Through hallowed doors, they enter with grace,  
Church Street, a haven, a sacred space.

Whispers of prayers rise to the heavens above,  
Beneath stained-glass windows, God's eternal love,  
Candles flicker, casting a soft golden glow,  
Guiding lost souls, through darkness they go.

Oh, Church Street, a tapestry of devotion,  
A sacred journey, a spiritual motion,  
Here, the weary find solace and peace,  
Their burdens lifted, their worries released.

Through joy and sorrow, the faithful unite,  
In fellowship, supporting one another's fight,  
The hymns they sing, a melodic embrace,  
Revealing strength, in this sacred place.

And when the sun sets, casting shadows wide,  
Church Street remains, a beacon, a guide,  
To remind all who pass, of faith's undying light,  
Ever-present, in the day and the night.

So let us honor this cherished street,  
Where souls find solace and hearts entreat,  
For Church Street, a sanctuary so true,  
A testament to faith, for me and for you.

Magod Scroef

# Sinister Hights

On Sinister Heights, where shadows loom,  
A chilling tale begins to bloom;  
A haunted place, where darkness thrives,  
And evil whispers through the lives.

The moonlight dances upon the eaves,  
As midnight's cloak begins to weave,  
Through cobwebbed halls, and creaking floors,  
A sense of danger, fear, and more.

Beware the shadows, lurking near,  
As chilling whispers reach your ear,  
Their twisted laughter fills the air,  
A haunting melody of despair.

Within these walls, secrets reside,  
From ancient tales, the truth they hide,  
The sins committed here, unbound,  
Echoing screams, a haunting sound.

The spectres roam, their souls unrest,  
Bound to this place, forever blessed,  
Lost souls seeking redemption's light,  
Trapped in torment, eternal night.

But amongst the darkness, hope remains,  
A flicker of light, where evil wanes,  
From haunted halls, brave hearts shall rise,  
To banish evil, where darkness lies.

With courage as bright as the morning sun,  
They'll face the darkness, one by one,  
With sacrifice and love as their might,  
They'll conquer Sinister Heights, in the night.

Magod Scroef

# Love Internal Beauty

In a world obsessed with the external guise,  
Where beauty's judged by color and size,  
There lies a gem, a rare divine grace,  
Love finds its home in an internal space.

For within the depths of a gentle soul,  
Resides a beauty that can make us whole,  
Beyond the shell where judgments may reside,  
Love sees the beauty that cannot hide.

No flawless face or perfect symmetry,  
Could ever match true inner beauty,  
For radiance shines from deepest within,  
Where love's pure light forever has been.

A heart that's filled with empathy and care,  
With compassion unyielding, always there,  
It holds the power to heal and to inspire,  
To ignite love's flames and set hearts on fire.

For love's not blind, it simply understands,  
The true essence of beauty that expands,  
Beyond the surface, it effortlessly sees,  
The spark that ignites eternal ease.

So let not the world define what's true and real,  
For love knows that beauty is what we feel,  
It resides in kindness, in tender embrace,  
In selfless acts that leave no empty space.

Embrace the beauty lurking deep inside,  
Let love's light shine and never be denied,  
For in the end, it's what will truly last,  
Eternal beauty, by love's light so vast. a land of freedom and dreams,

Magod Scroef

# The Citizenship

In a land of freedom and dreams,  
Where liberty's torch always gleams,  
Lies the heart of a nation, bold and grand,  
Where citizenship proudly takes its stand.

A country built on diverse embrace,  
From different backgrounds, we forge our space,  
For citizenship knows no distinction or tie,  
It unites us as one, under the same sky.

With duty and honor, we proudly swear,  
To protect and serve, our land's welfare,  
To vote and engage, in the democratic's fight,  
For citizenship empowers us with might.

Through challenges great, we stay strong,  
Together we rise, harmonious and long,  
For citizenship knows no borders or divide,  
It brings us closer, side by side.

With rights and freedoms, we are blessed,  
To speak our minds, to pursue success,  
For citizenship grants us the power,  
To shape a nation, in each passing hour.

So let us cherish, this sacred creed,  
The privilege to serve, the will to lead,  
For citizenship is not just a name,  
It's the flame of unity, that lights our aim.

Magod Scroef