

# CARPE DIEM 2023

BY NEFERTIRI & ADRIJAN



## DUN WARD

BEING FREE IS LIKE BEING A CHILD,  
INNOENT, CAREFREE AND WILD.  
NO WORRIES OR STRESS TO HOLD YOU DOWN,  
JUST LIVING LIFE WITHOUT A FROWN

TO SPEAK YOUR MIND WITHOUT REGRET,  
NOT WORRIED ABOUT WHAT OTHERS THINK  
OR EXPECT,  
NO NEED TO PROVE YOUR WORTH,  
JUST HAPPY TO EXIST ON THIS EARTH

DEGREES, SCHOLARSHIPS, MEDALS AND MORE,  
THOSE THINGS DIDN'T MATTER BEFORE.  
LIVING IN THE MOMENT WAS ENOUGH  
FEELING THE WIND AND SPEAKING YOUR  
THOUGHTS.

I MISS THOSE DAYS, THOSE SIMPLE TIMES,  
WHEN THE WORLD WAS FILLED WITH LULLABIES  
AND RHYMES.

I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO RELIVE THOSE  
MOMENTS AGAIN,  
TO FEEL THAT CHILDLIKE JOY AND FREEDOM  
AGAIN.

BUT STILL, I HOLD ONTO MY CHILDLIKE  
MENTALITY,  
EMBRACING LIFE WITH JOY AND VITALITY.  
FOR BEING FREE IS A STATE OF MIND,  
AND THAT CHILDLIKE SPIRIT IS SOMETHING TO  
FIND.



# TOUGH LOVE

It's hard

It's hard to be in a generation where  
the only words through his mouth are  
“fit check” and “do u send”

And instead of conversations that  
mend and befriend you say things that  
offend.

the words love, darling, and babe do  
Add a little bit of body  
not exist

Instead, they are replaced with the  
words you say to make me feel  
dismissed

I hate that you whine while spitting  
out the words “you are mine”  
While I see others saying it to their  
girl like it makes their whole day  
more divine.

Is there something wrong with me? Or  
is love just not what it used to be?

Written by: Amna Babar

# Scrap

Grass grows slowly through the decaying track  
Sitting unmaintained, the rails start to crack  
The giants stand silent, not a word to be said  
Everytime I look back, the thoughts float in my head

Once this railyard was ruled by the power of steam  
When you look at it now, it seems like a lost dream  
For the roundhouse is demolished, & the turntables gone  
And the yards filled with diesels, of which I'm not very fond  
They feel emotionless & bland, unlike their predecessors of coal  
Who had personality, & character, like a true living soul

Now those engines sit rusting, on sidings they reside  
Even old number one, once the pride of our line  
Not a steamer is spared, it is now far too late  
For the cutting torch has become their final fate

Dun Ward



# Love

Amna Babar

I love my mom and dad. The way they listen to me rant for hours on end, having me switch to english and then back to urdu. I love how they comfort me and my endless shopping trips which my dad supports but my mom judges. I love how my brother bullies me but never lets anyone else pick on me. I love my brother's friends for always being there for me like a pack of wolves always behind me ready to attack anyone that hurts me. The way they all surround me and try to embarrass me everytime I talk to a boy and the way they stare at the poor boy. I love the way he tells me to call him when walking alone no matter what, knowing he will never be able to date me. I love the way an isf 250's engine roars and how a R1 looks and sounds. I love the thrill that comes when racing away from the cops at the car meets. I love my team and I love my eyes in the sun and my lips when I smile. Today I love, love.



# Dirty Rooms

Every room...

From the living room to the kitchen is dirty  
Clothes on the Floor  
Stains on the walls  
Every room is dirty  
I'm not talking about a house  
I'm talking about something more important than that...  
It's what He sees everyday  
It's something that can deceive  
Something that can be hard  
Something that can be cleaned  
And something that can be fixed...  
I'm talking about the heart...  
Something so small  
Something so fragile  
Can cause a lot of damage...  
Have you heard the saying?  
Blessed are those who are pure in heart, for they shall see God?  
Am I pure?  
Clothes on the floor represent shattered pieces!  
And stains on the wall represents blood from the crushing...  
The outside don't matter while the inside is crumbling!  
Me cleaning on my own is causing more destruction!  
Charm is deceitful and beauty is vain...  
True beauty flows from the heart once it's cleansed  
There's only one that can clean my rooms top to bottom  
And make them whiter than snow  
His name is Jesus!  
Help me clean my rooms...

# UNIFIED STATE OUTSIDE OF TIME

I awake in another silent night  
My brain still rendering reality from dreamlike  
sequences  
I turn over,  
Admiring my solus in the serenity of my own room  
In the midst of this stillness,  
I think about the extremes of this world  
Roaring waves,  
Howling winds,  
The restless Arctic,  
Birth, Death,  
The sun, the stars,  
Everything is existing. Everything is in their  
respected place.

*What is this world outside of our consciousness?*

The human experience seems almost comical  
We do everything in a universe that is unresponsive  
We built so much, took away, contemplated over  
a world that is uncertain, undestined  
I lie there and wonder what nothing would feel like  
If I hadn't been born by some mere chance  
Nothing would feel timeless  
Nonexistence would be an eternal peace.

WRITTEN BY ZION BARRIOS