

The book cover features a white and grey marbled background with gold-colored palm fronds scattered across the top and bottom edges. A vertical gold line runs down the center of the cover. The title 'XIII' is printed in a large, gold, serif font on the right side.

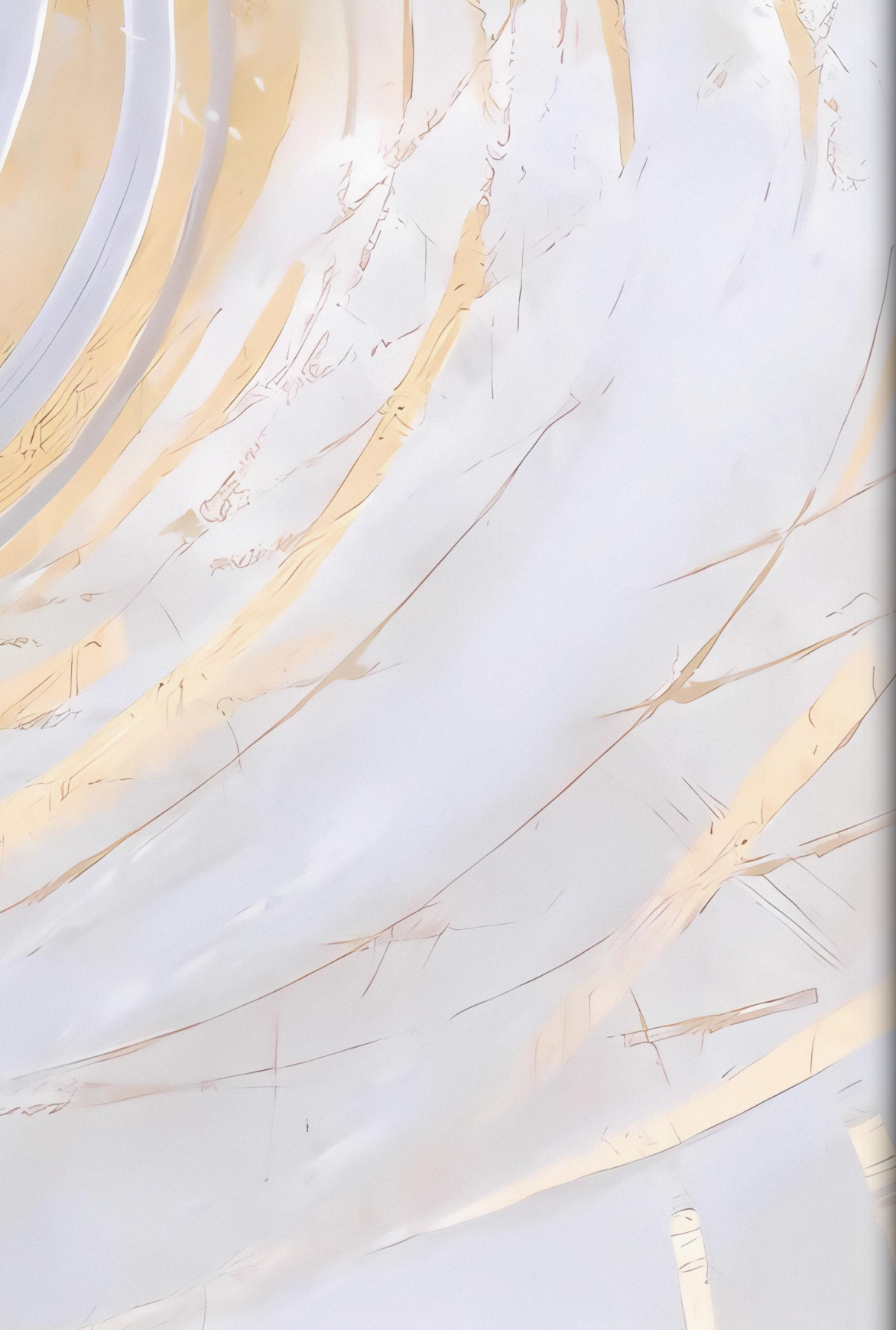
XIII

Anthology
by
Lincoln Jiang



Forward:

13, a collection of thoughts, memories, nightmares, and real-life situations that I had experienced in real life. 13 is the age that all of these thought and events took place, and when you are reading this-I cannot stress this enough-you are literary taking a trip down memory lane with me, expressing these events one by one and seeing the effects that it had on me at the time and with a dash of hindsight. I want this to be a documentation for me as I felt that I had grown during this period, and for whoever is going through major events in their life. Enjoy



For whoever
is going through a phase of metamorphosis, and most
importantly, me



A WHOLE NEW WORLD



As I arose in an unfamiliar forest,
With whispers of leaves and secrets untold,
Nature's canvas, a realm to explore,
In this wilderness, a tale to be unfurled.

Beneath the towering canopy's embrace,
The sunbeams danced through the verdant maze,
A symphony of life in every step,
In this new world, my heart did race.

The streams sang melodies of their own,
Each ripple, a verse in nature's song,
In this serene haven, I found my place,
Where I could belong, where I'd belong.

With each footfall, I embraced the unknown,
This uncharted world, my heart did unfurl,
Though I missed the world I left behind,
I found the beauty in this whole new world.





THE SIGHT OF LOVE



In twilight's veil, fate spins its refrain,
Two spirits dance, entwined in silent lore.
A gaze, a whisper, love's essence to gain,
At first sight's touch, a fateful amour.

A cosmic ballet, time's thread weaves light,
Eyes meet like stars in the celestial sea.
A spark ignited in the depth of night,
Love's alchemy, an unseen decree.

Whispers in breezes, fate's secrets unfold,
Destiny's touch, a silent ballet.
In that glance, a tale, intricate and bold,
Serendipity's embrace, love's array.

A fleeting promise, air alive with flight,
In dreams, a sight of love.





THE LANGUAGE OF US



Concealed in silence, we dared to dream,
A world of whispers, where nothing's as it seems.
No common tongue, no words to share,
The weight of unspoken love, too heavy to bear.

Love's secret language, we thought we'd find,
Only to discover, it left us far behind.
Veiled in mystery, a code we couldn't break,
Eagering to express, for our love's sake.

Yearning hearts, forever entwined,
Oblivious to the truth, we're not aligned.
Unspoken words, our silent cue,
In the language of love, we can't pursue.



IV



In the labyrinth of life, I wandered on,
Where destinies converged, and paths at dawn.
With a heart ensnared, I ventured through the haze,
While destiny's whimsy laughed, in its intricate ways.

Two roses in life's garden, each with its own grace,
In twilight's tender hues, they found the right space.
One, like a tempest's fire, wild and untamed,
The other, a timeless melody, softly named.

Red Rose, a fervent blaze in the depths of night,
With laughter that could pierce the shadows in its flight.
White Rose, a promise etched in patient grace,
A steadfast anchor, an unchanging embrace.

In whispered secrets and shadows deep inside,
Within the labyrinth of feelings, I could no longer hide.
Red Rose, a lightning strike, igniting the soul's core,
White Rose, an ancient tome, whispering forevermore.

With the moon's gentle counsel, I sought the night's embrace,
Under its shimmering quilt, where stars interlace.
In the tapestry of time, where fidelity and passion blend,
I questioned if this intricate dance could ever mend.

Through verses sung by moonlight, under the cosmic dome,
I weighed the call that beckoned and the one called home.
With metaphors and melodies, my thoughts began to weave,
A narrative of emotions, both beguiling and naive.

In moonbeam's shadows and starlight's tender grace,
My heart discovered the solace of a tranquil space.
Two roses, like metaphors in a poet's quill,
One painted in fire, the other anchored still.

So, within the labyrinth of life, I found my way,
With two roses in twilight, in shades of gray.
In the garden of my heart, where choices reside,
I embraced the narrative of existence, in the ebb and flow of the tide.



WHO DO YOU LOVE ?

V

.....

In shadowed night, we spoke no whispered word,
Yearning for home, your heart's cry went unheard.
The depths of solitude, like oceans vast,
Your tender hand in my hair, a love amassed.

Your eyes confess, a longing so profound,
Yet your body flees, as if truth can't be found.
Do you love me, or him? The question looms,
In this darkness, two hearts become like tombs.

In love's embrace or in cruel fate's hand,
We wrestle with desires we can't withstand.
Caught in this whirlpool, love's tides take hold,
Our tale of passion, in secrets left untold.

Do you love me, or him, the choice to make,
In love's sweet bonds, or in despair to wake.
Do you love me, or him, the truth to know,
In life's tale, emotions ebb and flow.





A LOVE CAN'T GRASP

VI

.....

A love can't grasp, a fleeting, wistful dream,
As shadows dance, it slips through fingers' hold,
Like morning mist that shrouds a gentle stream,
In whispered sighs, its tale of longing's told.

With trembling hearts, we chase its elusive grace,
In moonlit nights, where secrets softly weep,
Yet love remains a phantom we embrace,
A specter's touch, in slumbers dark and deep.

In passion's fire, we seek to make it real,
To bind it fast, and never let it part.
But love defies our grasp, a spinning wheel,
A wayward breeze that lingers in the heart.

At my lowest ebb, betrayed by one held dear,
Love's fleeting grip dissolved, and left me here.



FACADE

VII



In shadows cast by daylight's gleam,
A mask adorns, a subtle scheme.
A facade of smiles, laughter's art,
Concealing tales from the deepest heart.

Beneath the guise of normalcy,
Whispers echo, a silent plea.
A dance of masks, in the masquerade,
A game of charades, a choice to evade.

Yet, within the soul's quiet chamber,
Truths are held, a heartfelt labor.
Yearning to break free from the masquerade,
To shed the mask, a choice to be made.

Layers of veneer, delicate and thin,
Hiding the battles that lie within.
Behind the laughter, behind the cheer,
Lies a narrative, crystal clear.

But do we dare to let it show,
To let authenticity freely flow?
Or do we cling to the comfort worn,
A facade, in solitude, forlorn?

In the quest for acceptance, we wear,
Masks of joy, masks of despair.
Yet, in unity, let truth be embraced,
For authenticity, no mask can replace.

So let the facade, in time, give way,
To the genuine self, come what may.
In vulnerability, strength is found,
And authenticity wears a golden crown.





IN MEMORY OF JOY

VIII

.....

In days of old,
a spirit bright,
Now in memory's gentle light.

They danced through life,
a radiant grace,
Time's touch brought change,
a slower pace.

The laughter fades,
a soft refrain,
Yet joy's legacy forever remains.

In honor of the days now past,
We cherish memories that forever last.





VEILED REVERIE

IX



In shadows cast by the moonlit beams,
A silent dance with elusive dreams,
Beneath the guise of a cheerful glow,
A tale untold, a current below.

Behind the facade of laughter's art,
A canvas painted with a fragile heart,
Expressions worn like a silken thread,
Yet truth untangles in whispers unsaid.

Pretending to be happy, a delicate charade,
A masquerade where true feelings evade,
In the masquerade ball of life's masquerade,
Unseen sorrows waltz, in the masquerade.

Behind the eyes that sparkle and gleam,
Lies a world unseen, a hidden stream,
Pretending to be happy, a clandestine ballet,
In the enigma of smiles, emotions sway.



WHISPERS OF RESILIENCE

X



In the shadowed realm of whispered jests,
Where laughter weaves a tapestry of tests.
A tender spirit, frail and thin,
Dances in the tempest of disdain.

Words, like arrows, pierce the air,
A symphony of mockery, a cruel affair.
Yet within the storm, a resilient bloom,
A heart's defiance in the face of doom.

Mocking faces, twisted and unkind,
Their laughter, a storm, a relentless wind.
But in the silence, where shadows play,
A quiet courage, a rebel's sway.

Petals fall with each cruel jest,
Yet from the wreckage, strength is pressed.
In the garden of resilience, spirits rise,
A dance of defiance, beneath the mocking skies.

So let the thunderous laughter peal,
In the face of torment, a spirit's zeal.
For within the pain, a story unfolds,
A tale of triumph, as the heart beholds.



7 AM

XI

.....

I have arose in the morning,
I fear,
I cry,
I confess,
I ate words,
I “betrayed”
I went back to bed.



THE PHANTOM'S LAMENT

XII



In the mist of the night, a specter stirs,
A faceless wraith, whose presence blurs.
Moonlight weaves through the midnight air,
A dance with dread, a silent affair.

In dreams, a voice, a siren's croon,
A haunting murmur, a ghostly tune.
Whispers echo, secrets they keep,
In the hush of night, where nightmares seep.

"See me in the shadows, in twilight's bane,
Bearer of omens, of impending pain.
I am the silence in your sleep,
A clandestine pact, your soul to keep."

The witching hour, a canvas of fears,
Footsteps echo, drawing near.
A mirror reflects a face unknown,
A void of eyes, a visage overthrown.

Through the looking glass, a visage hollow,
A chilling dance, a macabre waltz to follow.
A person unseen, a voice untold,
In the tapestry of terror, their story unfolds.

As dawn's breath dispels the night,
The phantom fades, out of sight.
Yet, in the echoes of the mind, they linger,
A haunting refrain, a spectral singer.



WHISPER IN THE SHADOWS

XIII

.....

In the quiet murmur of shadows' play,
Whispers call, elusive as the day.
A name, a secret in echoes spun,
I chase through memory, on the run.

In the garden where secrets bloom,
Metaphors dance, shrouded in gloom.
Moonlit waltz, a spectral tune,
I remain elusive, in shadows strewn.

Footprints fade on the shores of thought,
A dance with echoes, illusions sought.
In the tapestry of time, a name embraced,
A mystery whispered, in dreams retraced.



RESILIENT REVERIE

XIV

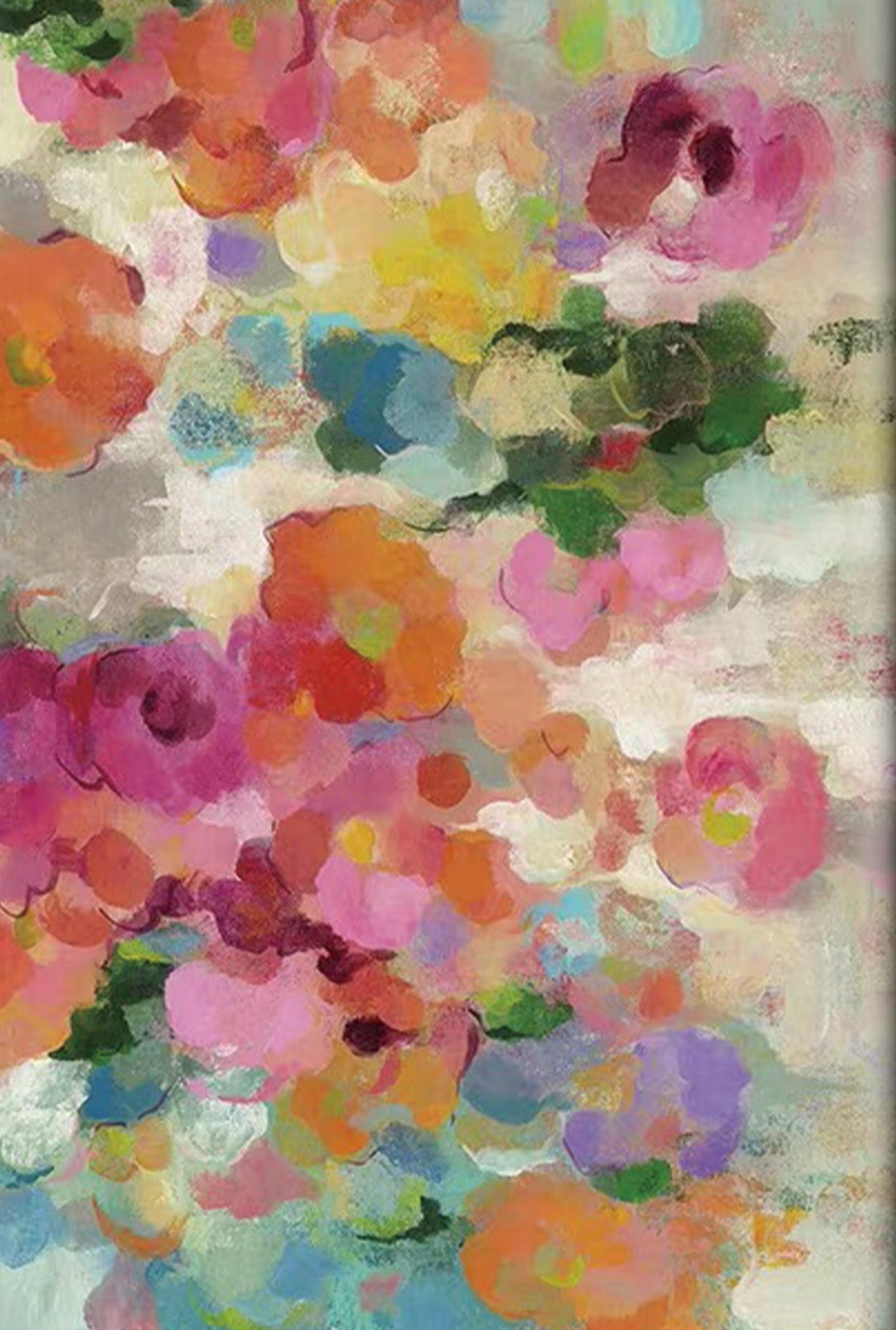
.....

In the crucible of time, a heart confined,
Through tears like gentle rain, strength defined.
A journey's road, winding and steep,
Yet from the hump, a soul does leap.

Wounds may linger, leave a trace,
But wisdom blooms in sorrow's space.
No longer bound, a spirit free,
Dancing in life's symphony.

From depths emerged, a wiser soul,
Over the hump, a story told.
In every stumble, every fall,
A masterpiece, standing tall.





BUT, WE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

XV

.....

I survived,
You too,
Everything is all over,
I see that some have frowns,
Some have tears,
Some were angry,
But, we all lived happily ever After.





If you have finished reading this Anthology, Please consider giving it some feedback by scanning the QR code:

