



The Border Line

Straight rows and columns of flora,
All confined in a small patch of soil.
Stone walls surround them, no escape.

Stuck in this place, no room to survive here,
Wish to leave, wish for some freedom.
Not much to do, just look up at the light.

Free; just beyond the border line.
Free; but the blinding reality hits...
Free; so close, yet so far away.

~Emily Zhou