poems

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As a young scientist, I was full of hope and ambition,

Ready to take on the world and make a difference.

I woke up each morning with a smile on my face,

Determined to use my skills and knowledge to change the world.

Every day was a new adventure,

As I explored the mysteries of life and sought answers.

In the lab and in the clinic,

I found true joy and purpose.

Helping others, finding ways to improve their lives,

Filled me with a sense of pride and accomplishment.

I knew that I was making a difference,

And that my work had the potential to change the world.

But as the years passed and I grew older,

I began to feel the weight of my years.

The pain of loss and disappointment,

The sorrow that comes with age.

Yet despite it all, I refuse to give up hope.

For even as time moves slowly, it also brings new beginnings,

And the chance to chase away the shadows of despair.

So I hold onto my dreams and continue to live for the love that fills my heart.

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As the solstices pass, the name 'Blood Witch' becomes more and more feared,

A label given to me by a society that does not understand.

They call me a vampire, an evil sorceress,

Draining the life of their children, leaving them with only illusions for memories.

But they do not know the truth, they do not see the magic that I wield,

The power I possess, the world as I see it with all its wonder and beauty.

They only see the darkness, the fear, the pain that I am falsely accused of causing.

I am not the monster they believe me to be, I am a woman driven by desperation and despair.

I began as a young scientist with pure intentions, searching for a way to extend life and help those around me.

But as time passed, my name and my actions were twisted and distorted by fear and misunderstanding.

Now, I am an outcast, reviled and hated, but not because they know my true identity.

No, it is because the Blood Witch is evil, life-draining, a creature to be feared.

But I cannot help but feel a sense of loneliness, a longing for understanding and acceptance.

For I am not the monster they believe me to be, I am a woman trapped in a role I did not choose.

I will keep fighting, I will keep striving for something better, for I am the Blood Witch and I will always be misunderstood.

9450

As the years pass by,

The memories fade away,

But one thing always stays,

The guilt that never strays.

I was once a young doctor,

Full of hope and ambition,

Helping others live longer,

Bringing joy to their life's honor.

But as time moved on,

I became the blood witch,

Stealing magic from children,

Leaving behind scars that itch.

I thought I was doing right,

Making them stronger in the fight,

But now I see the truth,

I was just a wicked youth.

I can't escape my past,

The guilt will always last,

But I'll try to make amends,

And hope for some happiness to send.

The weight of all these years,

Sometimes brings me to tears,

But then I remember why,

I continue to live and try.

To make the world a better place,

To see a smile on a child's face,

To know that I can bring joy,

Is the reason I stay and employ.

So as I sit and write,

I hope with all my might,

That one day I'll be forgiven,

For the sins I have committed.