

Hlengiwe Letawana

10 November 2009

Poem

Grade 7^c class

The Treasure of my soul.

The treasure of my soul
my soul is in sorrow
The soul of my is empty
and it dead while I am alive
I am like a empty pot that
respond or cry when beaten

my soul is so hungry
the only thing that can
satisfy my soul is the treasure
the treasure of my soul is out
there waiting for me to inherit it

Love is a treasure
every individual accord
to search for

By Hlengiwe Letawana