



DIARY OF  
**AZAZEL**

BY JESSICA I. DIAZ

*We Wear The Masks by Laurence Dunbar is a really interesting poem and caught my eye. Though short I was intrigued by emotion put into the writing and found it quite relatable. Though in my perspective the smiles is not of joy but of hatred.*

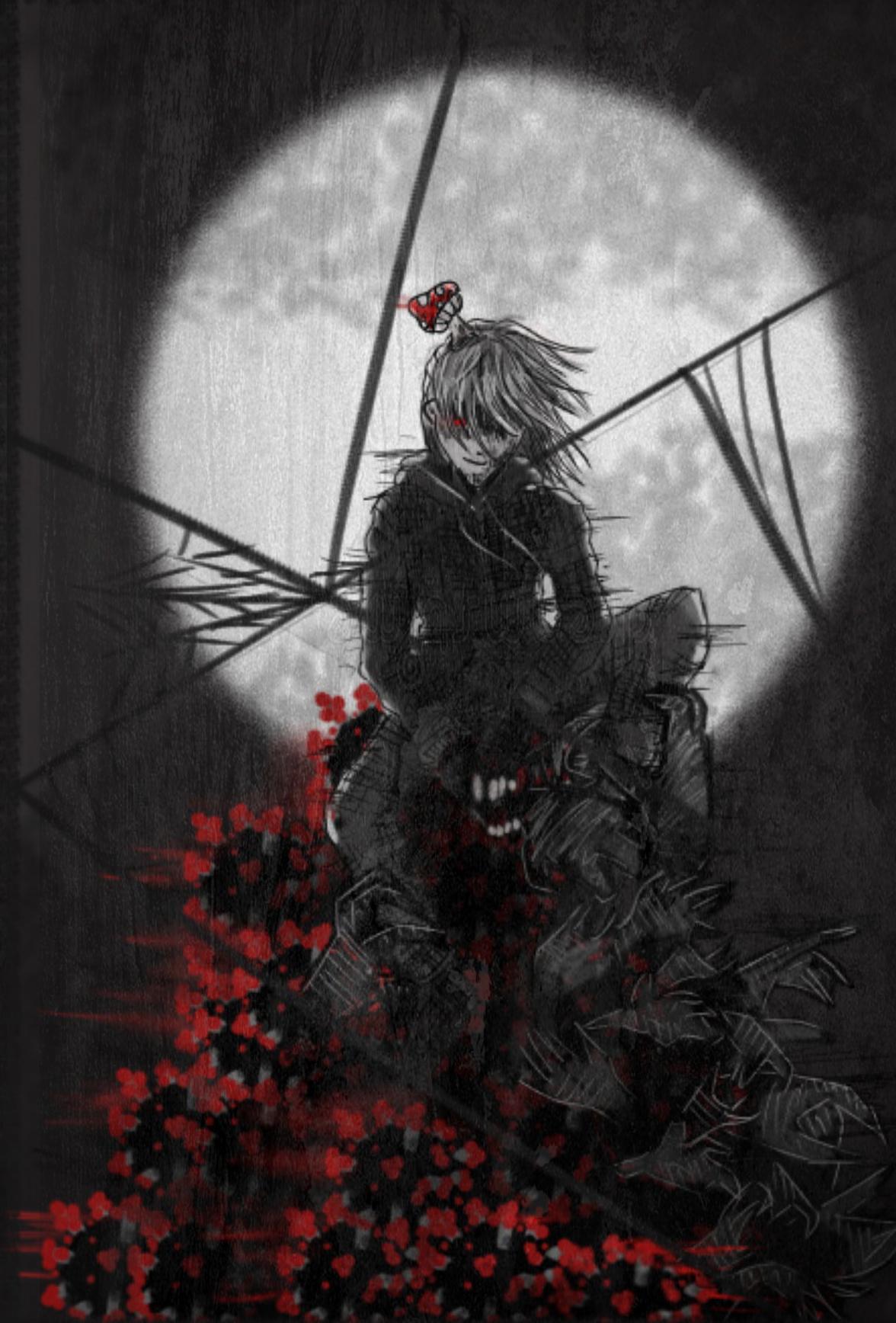
## *We Wear The Masks*

*We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,  
This debt we pay to human guile;  
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
And mouth with myriad subtleties.*

*Why should the world be over-wise,  
In counting all our tears and sighs?  
Nay, let them only see us, while  
We wear the mask.*

*We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
To thee from tortured souls arise.  
We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
But let the world dream otherwise,  
We wear the mask!*

*By Paul Laurence Dunbar*



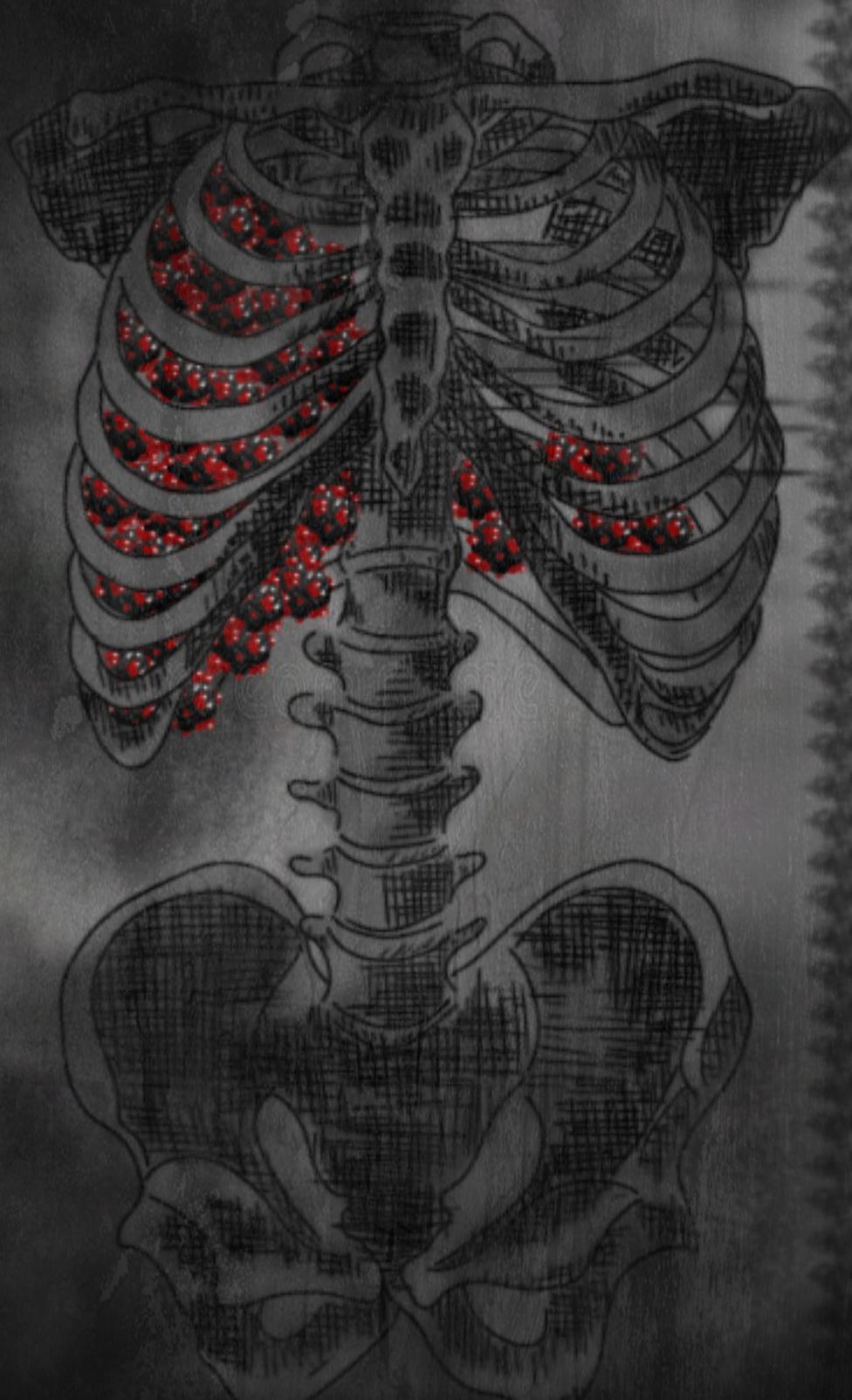
## The Dream by George (lord) Byron

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,  
A boundary between the things misnamed  
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality,  
And dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They take a weight from off waking toils,  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity;  
They pass like spirits of the past they speak  
Like sibyls of the future; they have power  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;  
They make us what we were not what they will,  
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
The dread of vanished shadows Are they so?  
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?  
Creations of the mind? The mind can make  
Substances, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been, and give  
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.

I would recall a vision which I dreamed  
Perchance in sleep for in itself a thought,  
A shimmering thought, is capable of years,  
And curdles a long life into one hour.

### The Dream

by George (lord) Byron is a masterpiece in its true form with 9 parts it really captivates how sensitive life is. life is truly such a delicate state and it doesn't take much to end it. preferably I enjoy the sight of those losing all they have. their health, beauty, potential and loved ones. it fills me with utmost satisfaction. The viruses have my deepest and eternal gratitude.



# Death Is Nothing At All

by Henry Scott-Holland

Death is nothing at all.  
It does not count.  
I have only slipped away into the next room.  
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.  
I am I, and you are you,  
and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched,  
unchanged.  
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

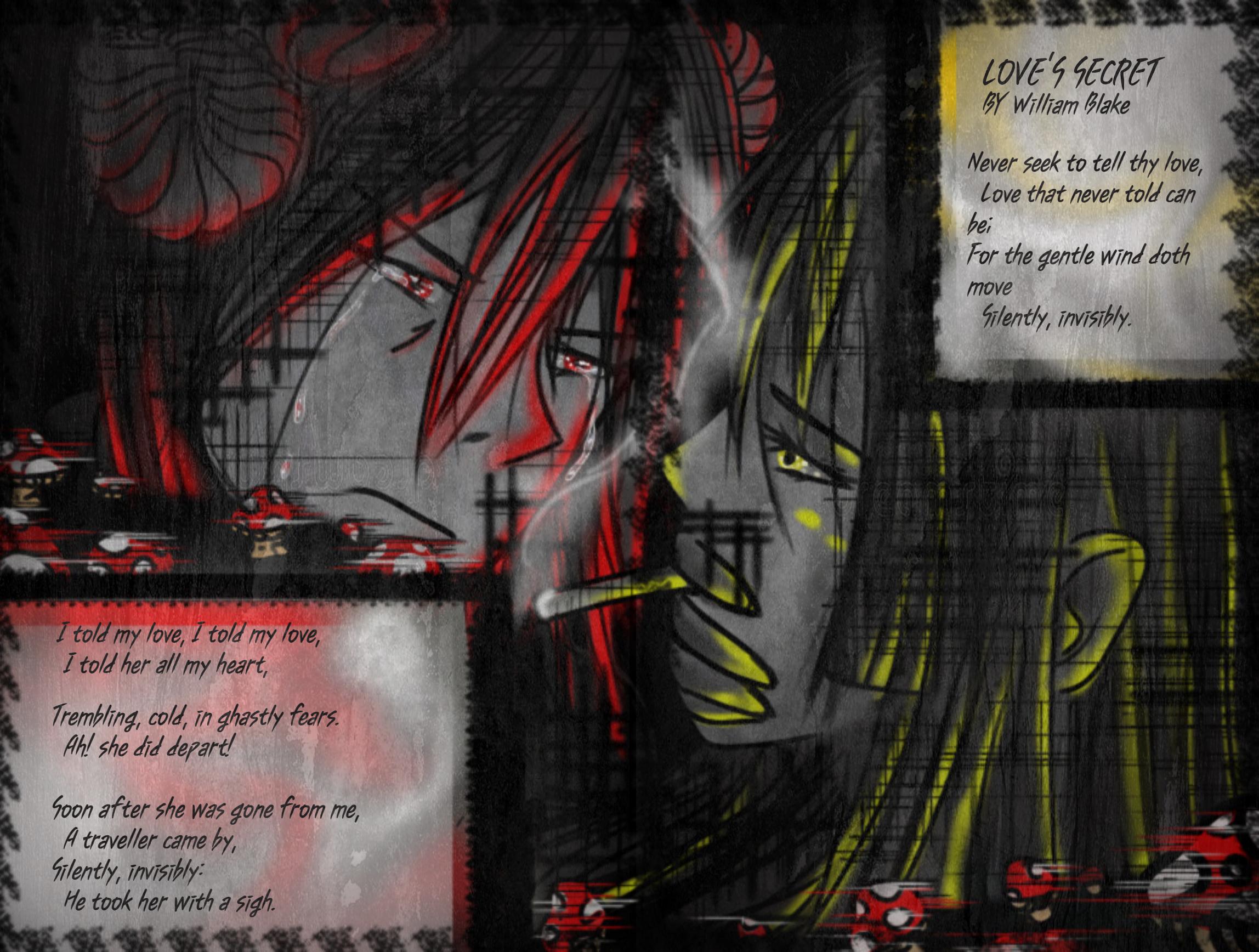
Call me by the old familiar name.  
Speak of me in the easy way which you  
always used.  
Put no difference into your tone.  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed  
together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a  
shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was.  
There is absolute and unbroken continuity.  
What is this death but a negligible  
accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?  
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,  
somewhere very near,  
just round the corner.

All is well.  
Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.  
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.  
How we shall laugh at the trouble of  
parting when we meet again!



*LOVE'S SECRET*  
BY William Blake

*Never seek to tell thy love,  
Love that never told can  
be;  
For the gentle wind doth  
move  
Silently, invisibly.*

*I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart,*

*Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.  
Ah! she did depart!*

*Soon after she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly:  
He took her with a sigh.*

# "Nothing Gold Can Stay"

by Robert Frost

Nature's first green is  
gold,

Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;

But only so an hour.

Then leaf subsides to  
leaf.

So Eden sank to grief,

So dawn goes down to  
day.

Nothing gold can stay.



## The Rest

BY JANE HUFFMAN

Still, I keep myself, I take  
to bed. One lung is red. Cut red  
flowers hung in pink water.

My other lung is out of line.  
From one lung, I tell the truth.  
From the other lung, I lie.  
Cut pink flowers hung in red  
water.

Like a pain, the truth is mine.  
The lie is that today I want to  
die.  
Cut red water hung in pink  
flowers.

The rest of it is stillness, rest.  
A soft cough into a hard pan.  
A hard cough into a soft plane.  
Cut pink water hung in red  
flowers

THATS IT...









