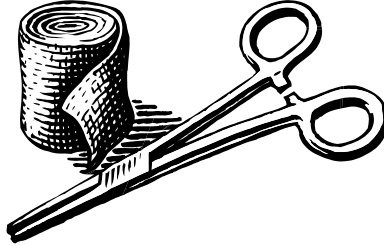


Another Ode Poem: *Wounds Will Heal, Scars Will Last*

*The word "Scar" is a metaphor for everyone is scared in their lives, either physically or emotionally*

*For me, I was figuratively scared when I was twelve years old:*



*You are beautiful  
Even though you are stained with a scar  
A scar that bears a painful memory, a scar that will never fade  
You were cut open by doctor  
You were saved by doctor, the needle escaped  
Precious, minute hand, you are a fortress  
Strong, as The Great Wall of China  
Beautiful, a rich sunset  
Golden rays calm earth to sleep  
Hand, you are loved even though  
A scar still taunts you  
Faded, yet still visible, the pain has fled  
But comes back again as you remember the painful past  
Now, you can act and behave like Joy,  
Like a normal hand  
Gracing the floor of life like eloquent music  
You can now hold true what you could not  
At twelve years old  
You thank me each day  
For if I did not go to the man in white  
You may not be here, nor I  
I thank God each day for my life  
HE has saved me from poisoning of the blood  
No more are you to feel the anger or coolness of steel  
Now, you are free  
Like a wondrous dove  
Floating from tree to tree  
Sprinkling messages of hope and joy  
To all hands of the world*