

## Poetry

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Email:  
[rosalia.dewi.2201119@students.um.ac.id](mailto:rosalia.dewi.2201119@students.um.ac.id)

Many things I have learned,  
Nevertheless, not all do I understand.  
Many joys I have discerned,  
Nevertheless, not all fully grasped by hand.

Many things come quickly by,  
Nevertheless, still remain unseen.  
They come and go, reluctant to lie,  
Disappearing like a dream.

I see, but do not stare,  
Nevertheless, I still hold hope.  
I breathe, though in thin air,  
Nevertheless, I wish to cope.

Am I truly here?  
Nevertheless, I'm uncertain.  
Though in doubt, in tranquility I'm present,  
Mindful and secure.

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