

All I have to show is a poem. If this is not adequate as an example, alert me and I will fetch something else that I have written. I am hoping this will suffice, as I believe I proved my ability, to an extent, by explaining what I disliked about '*Wisteria Forest*.'

The cold has always been there,
Comfort that shivers during rest.
A bitterness that comforts in despair.

A harsh gust of air,
Toppling the hill's crest.
The cold has always been there.

Blood retreating, say a prayer,
Something murmured to be blessed.
A bitterness that comforts in despair.

Even when birds do repair,
When they return to their nest,
The cold will always be there.

The biting breeze that no soul could bare,
The void that causes arrest,
A bitterness that comforts in despair.

Though warmth will rise and love may flare,
Its pointed teeth still manifest.
The cold will always be there;
A bitterness that comforts in despair.