

Reaching High (Into the Sky!)

The sky is so crazy high!

I can reach myself for miles!

I can fly! I can fly!

Can you get me down? I'm flying too high!

Help meee!

Ahhh! So high!

But I want to fly this high! This is what I wanted to feel,

When I'm so in love

With the one who is holding me up!

Hands so warm, I feel so aliveeee!

Yippeeeee!

Crazy at a Height

The crazy light let itself into a crazy circle

That made no sense

But warmed the light

Giving it a home to rest and sleep,

Away from the stresses of a day.

A crazy darkness

Found a home at night,

The morning thought it was bonkers.

But the night didn't think it was a little more than nothing.

Always staying away from each other, the sun of the day rejected the moon of the night

Saying how weird and crazy it was

The night stayed away from the day, afraid to be heard by it

Remembering the pain it felt when the day's sun had not understood

And accepted it.

A hurtful rejection, the moon of the night couldn't let go off.

But the night thought that maybe if it loved it's enemy,

They could kiss each other goodnight, and good morning.

A dawn and a dusk, as morning's sun and night's moon

Felt a love for each other.

The dawn and dusk couldn't do a thing

But feel love for each other's unique nonsense.

Through meeting at sunrise and sunset, they learned to  
Love, kiss.

An abstract love.

An abstract kiss.

Two Colours of a Mind

He/she had a spilt personality; straightforward enough.

One side was normal, the other side was something special.

He/she had two colours in his/her mind; never straightforward.

A complex and thinking mind, abstraction pinpointed on the minds.

Something wild, something tame, something calm, something enraged.

Something he/she had....

Something, that was colourful.

And a unique gift to her, him.

Colourful, and fearful of being taken away.

I guess he/she shouldn't let it be stolen from

A life.

As the days pass

A Voice

A voice inside, almost yelling.

A voice, you could say is a voice of death

Telling you you're nothing.

Telling you you're something worth nothing.

A death, it sounds out.

No matter how hard you try not to listen; it's there, and it's yelling at you.

You wonder why. You wonder why the voice doesn't go away.

A voice that tells you to go to death. You don't listen to it.

Sounds, that escape with you when you try to fill yourself

With sounds that never remember

But you do. Sounds of death, coming back for you

Run, run, run to get away

Escape into the hands of a life

That holds you without its fear

You'll feel a kiss you never remembered

Playtime!

Off the trampoline, colours of a rainbow fly in the air!

So bouncy and so alluring to the weather.... It just wants to eat colours up!

Weeeee! Wwwwweeeee!

So much fuuunnnnnnn!

But death lingers below.... Waiting to destroy with an icy grip....

But the colours avoid it! No dying for the colours today!

Ha-ha! Stupid death!

I'm so colourful! Ha-ha-ha! Wwweeeeee! Yyyiipppeeeeee!

The rainbow splashes like a wave up with me

The trampoline is my safehaven from sorrow and suffering

But if I fall a bit....

Sadness may come to feel blue

She plays with her friends, letting her colours flow

In a rainbow of a day

So, so , long ago

Somewhere distant and mysterious

She has no fear of death

As the girl plays and plays

She fears nothing

But when the genuine smile and true laughter

On her young face

Will end, so far ahead....

Her Playtime

Seeing visions of herself exploring friend's homes, there was so much to discover

Until she left her discovering smiles and laughter behind, or it's better to say

The poor girl forgot her living ways

She wanted help re-discovering herself, but it seems all she discovered

Was the feeling of sex, as she got older.... So she never asked for more.

That was more, more than enough for her.... But she began to wonder

If there was something else outside for her.... something special she could

Re-live, a discovery she had left in her shadow.

Not sexual, this playtime would have to be a discovery

Worthy of the search she took to get there

But try as she might, there was no discovery.

She felt like she was being used, her life soaking her into water

As she drowned on something she could never hope to find.

One day, the girl met a young man.

Now, it sounds like we know how this story goes.

But hold on; This romance would not last!

Only a year.... The young man and girl had only a year

To revel in each other's love.

But, to them, that was more than enough time.

To discover a young man's charms, to discover a girl's charms.

He gasped when he saw how pretty she was. She giggled at his admiring.



The young man was so proud of the girlfriend he had always imagined in his fantasies. He wanted to parade her around as a gemstone he had seen and dated.

Overtime, her gemstone did crack.

"I'm falling apart."

"I can see.... We've been together so long."

He held his girlfriend in his hands. Her eyes were a purple crystal and a black human. Swirled and deep, like the young man could fall himself into them.

"Here, I'll let you down."

"... Thank you. It was a special year I had, with you."

"But my miss, I won't ever stop feeling home is in your days."

"It may be special you long for me.... It lets you love."

At night, a year later, the lovers fell out of love.

"Miss, where were you when I was younger? I could have been your admirer."

The girl shrugged and smiled. "I don't know. I wish I knew."

"Will you remember me forever?" The young man asked.

The girl smiled. "Well, I'm not sure if I'll always remember you."

The young man made the sad face of a boy.

"But don't get sad! I'll remember you for a long time!" She exclaimed. A smile, comforting him.

Her gemstone of purple had broken apart now

Letting her hand go, letting his hand go

They led themselves into the quiet, windy night.

"It sure was nice time in our lives we had."

Discovering something that was special for her,

The girl's gemstone broke in purple shards

When she saw herself, many years forgotten,

Discover something new

On this day.

The young man never saw his gemstone again.

He never saw his home.... The days after that night had passed.

Handful of Flowers (One for Each Life)

A handful of flowers, given from death

To the living

White, red, pink, purple, green, yellow, blue, gold, silver

A glowing orange that seemed to show a flower's heart

Produced by death, but given as a present to help

The living remember and thrive.

A colour for each aspect of life; Pink for love, blue for water, each colour in

A home

Death itself was green mixed with black

A environment of death with life, animals dying on the ground everyday

Nobody bothered to see

Sad, but death reclaimed them into the green

And gave them a home with flowers

And under the soil

Green flowers, for nature

Red flowers, not for passion, but for blood of animals

The eating cycle of animals was not complete without blood,

But humans were the exception....

Though some red flowers, still for them

Since they ate animals that had been taken out of life.

A flower, for each and every place the wind would blow

Too many colours for what made up life

Flash of Black

A flash of black

To create a beginning we dreamed of living.

Growing Tree

The tree grew so tall, over her house

A building that looked so small compared to it!

She looked so high, high up high!

The young woman couldn't see where her tree ended

"Oh, no! What am I to do? I can't see where my tree ends!"

Coming down to meet her, the tree gave her some advice

To never plant it

When the summer was so hot and lively

Then, it took the young woman away in its tree arms

Nurturing her to be a baby, once again in her life.

The Green Fields

Fields of green, pretty and wild, spreading across the breeze

As she walked through them, reminded of her childhood spent in

The fields close to her home

There was always so much for her to feel uplifted about....

But nowadays, she could never find what had made her days so special back then

There it was, a shard of grass, she had remembered stepping on when she was young

It was her discovery of the day

The old her smiled, and tore the grass out of the land

To remind her there were days where she felt something special

Inside her

Passing time on these special days with loved ones

Flash of White

After the flash of black, we fell into white

A death, full with white flowers

Too many for us to see; Our flash was a white sky

Of a white garden

At the gates of heaven

When we fell into black

It's a white outside

That seems like a duvet, covered with fresh air of a fresh smell.

The Perils (Pearls) of the Seashell

The seashell had so many perils to go through!

Everything was so overwhelming to it!

Each little pearl was a battle in and out of itself.... struggling to not fall out of the seashell

And jump into the water to be lost forever!

Oh, no!

Where would her pearls go?!

The seashell can't lose its pearls

To the perils of this ocean!

Its home is trying to take her pearls away!

Choking on Black

A shadow of a mass of black

In the throat of someone who is dying

Black that chokes

Black that sees visions of a dark afterlife where the choker is going for all their life

A place so dark, eyes can be see looking through the black of the throat

A paradise of black,

Where a pair of dead eyes gaze



Dark and huge, they are so dreamy

They let the choker know, he has nothing to fear.

When Is She Going to The Moon?

When am I going to see her go to the moon?! I've been waiting so long....

I think it's about time I saw!

A colourful swirl, of yellow, green, pink, purple! So vast and raw, like meat waiting to be chewed on!

But the moon is so far away! How can she ever hope to get there, with him?!

Getting To The Moon

Ok.... Up, up, up high! One big jump.... Reach the moon so fast!

No, no.... we just fall back down

He and she feel themselves die on the ground

The colourful outside is black.... They can't see a thing....

What are they going to do? They can't see anything but black....

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