

For a kiss in chaos, and how someone.... With a kiss.... Who is in love with you.... Someone, out there....

Someone, who really loves you.... With a kiss....

Can.... Calm life down.... A little.

A Kiss

Too be held is to die inside a vain that sucks life into a hellscape of life, without a knowledge of death breathing into hell to see the end of life.

To be found, that is why we seek ourselves at the end of the tunnel of hope.

To be discovered, that is why we seek ourselves at the end of the tunnel of fears

To be never found, we seek ourselves in a hell of confusion

And massive uncertainty to the future.

A fist full of spikes

Control placed on the avalanche of sorrow

Pouring over the tunnel of hope

Lost to be lost, never wanting to know what it was like to be found

To be given air.... To be given death.... To be given a breath

Wasted energy, to die trying to never see a death

Given well, given poorly without a hollow shell: we have nothing to fill

Where to go, where to go,

I can't see where to pick my legs up and put them down

Where to go, where to go,

I can't see where to put my own carcass down

Rest in a cave

The spring water puts me out

Crown of poison, king dies on throne with a spiked club buried in his head

Thoughts overwhelming concentration, thoughts overwhelming  
penetration

To his body, sexually deprived of lust

Lust in a flower on display of his corpse, reside in a hell of agony, without  
sex or a kiss

No kiss of thorns, lipstick shells are left on his sexual table of health

No kiss of thought, thoughts dead inside a kiss of a shell, used and sped up  
past a point of love

No love, the king is just a nothing of a hollow shell

The crown lies at his knees, wobbling and weak like a failing king in poor  
health

Dead in a Lover's Bed

Pressed into a circle of trust, without the hands to support lust

Sex, wild and carnivorous, eating at the appetites that one lover can't  
reciprocate

Nonsense, there is no sex drive to feel

A feeling of lifelessness, pushed into the ground's water, an attempt,  
foolish, to get something like life back.

A feeling so deep, an island so gray and black, sand can't splash over the  
waves if the waves can't splash naturally over the sand's black gray

The feeling of sex disappeared with what the waves laughed at when splashing

A man and a woman, dead in a lover's bed

### Sun Rabbit

The rabbit of cloth and black

Hides itself from a failing sun, that flows sky into earth

No sun to really see, a black cloak is the greatest defense

Against a soul that knows no light to speak of

A black coat, the greatest defense

When the rabbit has sex with itself and dies in it's disguise

Crying to see the sun once more

A feel, the lovely glow of life

### Fear Liquid

A faltering heart, put dense in a hand of one who knows how to use it well

Control, yes, control

Peace, yes, no peace

The heart is dripping something that is not blood out of the hand

It looks unusual, too strange to be human

An animal? No. Too scary to be natural.

A scary drip, the liquid to tears used to cry the heart into the hand, holding it too dense to ever try to let it go free

Crawl off like a grasshopper and find a room to lock itself in to feel fear, the life it had visions of, once again.

A grasshopper dripping something scary, not human, not animal.

A liquid of fear

The crying tears of holding trust in something that had none

So Lovely Pedestal

Blade of remembrance

Slicing effort to put us on a pedestal, above everyone we can look down on

The pedestal is Greek and solid

Underneath, the crumbling of our true selves

Dying where the pedestal is lying to be grabbed and taken away from us

A dying, solid and knowing it will end

When those below tear us off this pedestal

But with a so lovely hand, a young woman stays on the pedestal.

She can reach out and change the way life flows.

Life throne, in a sky

Looking out at the clouds

The life throne smiles at the mirror

What lets it see where the day passes

Violated, discarded

Blood from a hill

Is too much

To wash away neglect

Hanging off a hill, neglect is a stone

Of treasure

The body empties

The body empties

Where do I empty with it

The mountain is too high to make sense of

Help

Trapped door, no escape

The feeling of being locked inside a mind of hate

Blackout of pain

A miserable life

Can't be cured

Never felt the body of a woman

Never felt the life, of love

Never had a life

Dead and deceased

Water has run out and is dripping,

Without love

A boy so hates life

The cow never knew how to birth itself into heaven

It only fell down, and down again

Ever time it tried to pick itself up, pick itself up

Time and time again

Time and time the cow failed to birth its child

The milk and cheese inside its intestines were a bad lactose for it's life



Dying from the rotten cheese and spoiled milk, it sees itself die more slowly than it wished

Why did it never see the sun

The cow cries on its way to death

The grasshopper chirps and chirps in the night, but death was all morning brought to it

Death was a chore to hold it together, death was a chore to bore it from itself, when it failed to take off into the night

So, so poor grasshopper

Dead at its own morning of arrival, it could have seen sunlight

But this night was its only home

The black flow was a dime, shining and free

To float through the air without a consequence of defeat.

The air worked in its favour, and let it fly so freely

The air worked to hold it still, and let it breathe so heavily

But no heavy breath could keep its life in

The only thing dying on the inside was its love for its world

A sad tear, a single one that dripped out too fast to see where the star it created landed

A fast land, pushing the earth down below its feet

Where the tear dripped, the air knew it had no place to go, anymore

So it simply stopped in the air, and died there

In the wind it had always so loved

Twisted Intestines

The intestines twisted around the body of the man, acrobatic and alive in feeling, he feels himself become so withdrawn on the inside of his body, hiding himself from his love

The feeling of helplessness, helplessness to death, as his intestines strangle him with his disguise

Putting on a show was death, and he doesn't want to cry anymore about his failure of life

The sex of his intestines penetrates him

And he births a life that was much like his own, to live out his son's day in fear of nothing to life

Sex was a medicine he used to keep himself from feeling sick: Now that his woman is gone, he has no choice put to perform a vasectomy on himself to keep his penis from being used, a lot

But his penis is a hanging mass of bone

Too erect to make any sense of, the direction it sticks is a mystery of life

Too erect to put down, the direction it sticks is too confusing to ever be sure about

So, the man simply cuts it off

He doesn't want to have to have the life-like feeling

Of his erection

Open like a wound, the growling lion feels itself succumb to poison gas

A gazelle was inhaling, seconds before the lion took a hungry bit into it

Poison gas, natural made by the war of nature

Poison gas, natural made by the earth of nature, shown to be spelled as something that was not natural, when earth was cracked open and not put in its proper place

The gazelle defensive mechanism was a hell on earth for the lion; the male lion was choking on the smoke and poison, inhales in death and exhaling the life of sex and love,

Lost to a dead female lion which had tried to eat the male after mating, half black widow spider half safari, African female lioness.

Half betrayal, half instinct, the web she spun choked her to death as the male lion watched her in laughter.

The laughter of one who knew how to take the lioness out, but wanted to see her kill herself by her instinct.

A sorrow, he gave to her, a gift of death, of sorts.

As the gazelle's poison takes route through his spine, he hunches over and feel himself go to sleep

While this male lion smiles within at this wonderful feeling he had never felt, in life.

Mommy's Tummy

Mating loss, a lost mate to run free with millions of affairs and no sexually transmitted diseases

Mating gain, a gain to run free with a lost mate to put her on the right track to life of love, but the love is too confusing to her to understand why love would mean anything to her life.

Instead the other option is simply accounting for all her affairs, and making sure she is never to blame for getting herself pregnant a few million times

All the children in her stomach have to go

She slices her tummy off

The children of no love, run rampant, start crying at their new life

Mommy smiles at her army

A twisted neck, spinal stretch, from down to heaven to see where a young woman gets her cubs from

In her home of a place of gold and fur, she sits on her throne-loved couch and takes sips of her favourite sparkling wine

Soon too drunk to act properly, she wobbles to her living room, near her favourite couch of gold and fur

To do a dance before she dies

A dance that spreads to nowhere, the dance is a place of death, that she smiles as she embraces with her soft and gold hands, letting in air through them as she dies with a smile for her warm fireplace,

Keeping her spirit warm as she passes on

But what a truly waste of a lovely young woman's life  
Her life was so precious, her body so sexually virile

Her smile was a sun, and now the sun has passed away.

The winds of a cool world, so free without a self-doubt that they would fail  
at talking to their crush

The crush, they felt love hard for, a hard love that felt them pour  
themselves into a bottle of love

To open, but they over crushed it when they never showed their true  
colours to her

If only they would have been brave enough to show their true selves to  
her, she would have kissed them for her love, to them, for their crush, she  
saw in their love, for her.

Lovely, free, a spring of fate, as she kissed them and brought hem to bed  
with her, fun and sleep

So wholesome but innocent

She was pure and natural

She was unsullied and full of love for whoever confessed was her crush, so  
much water to pour into their bodies to make them feel alive

An erection, strong so she knows she is doing the best job she can

Her love making free and wild, she can't help but smile widely at how much fun she is really having

Her lover, her partner, serious, as she laughs at them, wondering why they won't join in the fun with her.

Staring into her crush's eyes, she sees his erection through his eyes  
As they, the other males who all have a loving crush on that young lady

Crowd her and kiss her  
All over her extremely lush body, of girly love.

A girl, placed upon a shelf for possession for her boyfriend  
He wants nothing more than to call her "his own"

If she wants to leave him, he'll block the door  
If she wants to kiss him, he'll open up his cheek for her

Either way, he gets what he wants, while his girlfriend is imprisoned on her bookshelf.

Too high to get down from, it can be a real drag  
To have to drag her up there again, after her boyfriend is done using her in his and her bedroom at night

The dusty book of her, used and used so many times, rarely closed by him,  
her boyfriend, leaving her open

As he wounds the inside middle of her legs

Realizing she was crying sadly with the other dusty books on the bookshelf,  
she wants to get out of her prison of love.

He seemed like a kind gentleman, when she had first met him, but now he  
is a ugly ogre, green and with nasty warts to her eyes

She doesn't, she never wanted to give her body to an ogre; it felt horrible,  
knowing his green, warty penis was going inside and out of her

Infested with warts inside herself, she feels herself change into a demon  
she never wanted to be.

Her so colourful youth dead, I think it was time she realized

The girlfriend understood

She never should have been on an old, dusty bookshelf

The air is so slow, it grows without a lung to understand how her own body  
works

Help! Help! I'm air but my breath is purple! This is not earth!

I don't know what I am, and no one can breathe me! I feel I'm

Dying without knowing why!



Help?

Can.... Someone please help the air life loves to breathe?

No.

No one can help you, air.

Die. Nobody likes you. I'm going to get rid of you.

I have a knife, but there's no blade on it. How do I stab something I can't see?

How do I get rid of air that swallows up my lungs and controls me? I need help!

Oh, so you have a lung? I have no lung, and I don't understand how my own body works. Can you help me understand?

I think I feel sympathetic to you, but I have no idea where your body is

Really? But you wanted to kill me.

Ya.

Well, you know, you're in my body.

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