

Colour

The beginning of a day

While a colour of bright golden shined over a hill

Green with clouds facing them

A pair of two, sitting on the hill

Looking up at the clouds with wonder

A spiralling sky

Clouds that call out to them

Clouds that say their names together

As they hold hand under them

And laugh together

In the middle of the field

Just them, alone together in the day

A sunny afternoon

Filled with bright clouds

As they speed up

When the day starts to pass

Their lives fly on

Coming to a lovely standstill

When they see each other across a bridge in the sky

Surrounded by summer's clouds

An empty air

As their words float to each other

They see each other fly away

When the clouds fall down with them into a past

They remember together

Their feet on the ground

They can think of themselves in the summer clouds again....

The first day she saw him

She was so appreciative

Of his love

Before he flew away into the clouds

Leaving her alone

With her colours

Evening City (City Walk)

Driving by a condominium high into the sky

The city surrounds it with a force of man

The sky is a dim gray

A dark, late evening

Filled with slow moving clouds

As someone walks in and out of the building

Wandering far into the big city

They get lost in the crowds

By themselves, they can wander to some place they have never explored

They can wander to some place they can find themselves

With the city in their minds

In on their feet

As they wander down an empty alleyway

Abandoned for their discovery

They find someone lying against the wall

Sleeping, slumped against the alleyway

A chain-link fence separating the city behind them

They look so tired

The someone who wandered

Push something in front of them

It doesn't matter what it was

But the slumping figure was grateful

Later in the evening, almost night,

The wanderer goes back to her condominium.

Back in the city's alleyway-the figure dies.

Two Side of The Same Coin

Flipping over a coin,

Two colours are present.

One a colour of white

One a colour of Gold

Through their white and gold eyes,

They see their own version of life

The Bottom (A Hand's Rise)

Destruction imminent blown-up outsides of life.
Sounds of life outside can't be heard anymore
A hand is drowning in the sounds of a dead silence
Taken away from them when they lost grip on the world
A menacing mind, crushing an existing grip of the world
A hand, that flows in a water of shallow air
Head is submerged under hell
Demons dance above in the air without caring
They crush her mind beneath
A force-a manipulation of consciousness
She feels her strong grip on self weaken
Under manipulation and psychological torture
She isn't sure who she was born to be, anymore
The damage to her was already done so long ago
Feet stomping on her head, the demons dance without a care for life
Her head repeatedly smashed and broken before being repaired to be
Tortured and destroyed again
That nagging voice, somewhere quiet in her mind
It is there, telling her to stop resisting against demons
"Let yourself be crushed. It's no use resisting. Accept you cannot do anything."
A voice, annoying with hate.
Letting herself reach up to a demon's foot, she smashes and screams his head into
A brick of air
Soaking an ill-coloured blood unto her body, she sees her eyes in its life.
A demon, much like her, who had dark and powerful eyes.
A destruction of bright colours that occur inside her
A fluttering eyelash
Floating away in wind
The air wants part of her face to name it a human

Two reaching hands out of air
A demon bites her neck and swallows her shining colours
Choking on the amazingness, he swallows a shade of her
That was an angel
Spinning around without control it falls to a hellish death when she pulls it under the air to kiss him
A kiss makes him slump into the air and fall back down to an empty planet, far past earth
The wind claims his kiss from her, jealous of her soft-pink lips
The air wished to have her, but it can't stand seeing her kiss a demon
Like that demon was more worthy than it
Her brown hair
Long with a wavy straightness
Pops up from the air
The earth pops up a little beneath her,
Shifting a power of gravity a bit to pull her down
Her hair is rising, a failed gravity to destroy her
She intimidates an air and is spun out of its hands,
Dragging a demon down with her and she tries to kiss off his head
A breaking neck-snap, snap, snap- something ugly to her eyesight that falls on top of her as she starts
To ascend otherworldly heights
Bringing herself
Her crème, so close to gold-colour flesh
Her brown, straight but with a wave hair
Up to a rise in air
With a demon left
She lets him be
As she stared down the air's pit she came from,
Watching it with a force of power and dark eyes
She walks to the demon, who is trembling at her sight
.... She blows him a kiss, before giving him a soft kiss on his cheek

Her pink lips, so soft and naturally alluring
He faints, too overwhelmed with her essence
Dropping to his knees as he fades his consciousness out,
The demon begs to serve her
She tilts the demon's eyes to look at her dark eyes
Iris and pupils so huge, he is paralyzed from gazing at his
As he hangs his mouth open, full of amazement at her, eyes filled with an
Experience of something wonderfully special
His breathtaking throat shuts off the oxygen supply of his breath, and her breath she is giving to him
She gives him a warm kiss on a cheek again, before pushing him down to
The bottom of the air she ascended powerfully from
Existing in the clouds, she floats to her throne, covered in the flowers of her colours
Taking a seat
She finds a new planet, never discovered for her
A childhood, reborn again on a throne of flowers, made for her discovery of the planet
Dark and powerful eyes watch the world from the ascent of clouds,
And her ruling position floats and flows huge, alert eyes across the country
Seeing what the girl held dear in her life
No longer crushed by air or manipulation, trying to conform her mind

A bottom of air, she would ascend from

Houses below her air

Reversed Day

The houses reverse themselves in time

A day that goes backwards in it's light

A darkness spreads to float away from

Suburban homes

Satellite antenna spread light on metal, forming away the darkness

The fields in the distance are removed of night....

The hills in the distance

Are sunk without a dark

A light replaces them

Light spreads on hills, light spreads on fields

As it becomes a morning again

So early in the day. So up and ready to wake up in the morning....

A new day,

As the suburban neighbourhood wakes up....

Glass shines off a neighbourhood

When the day wakes itself up.... Taking out it's alarm clock

An alarm clock that echoes through the neighbourhood.... Lively and awakened.

The light of morning, the dark of night

It makes this environment on the planet....

Bustle with life, coming to a

Reflective sunny life.

Then, everyone leaves their homes

To go

Somewhere

So far....

When a rain hits the planet

Demon

A mirror. A pair of feet. Standing. A look. A touch of glass.

A breaking person. A breaking room. A breaking eyesight.

Strange. No one should look like that. A sight of cruelty.

Everything looks alright. Not perfect. Just alright.

But that was enough. For a time. When everything that was alright....

When it saw a mirror.... No, no. It's all wrong. The glass should be breaking.

Not I. The mirror should be the one to shatter. I am not made of glass.

But a shatter I feel in me. A shatter I see in you. You, looking anywhere but at me.

Why won't the glass shatter? I'm not the cause of anything.

Everything that looks at it is so wrong. Glass doesn't want to shatter when there's not enough force to apply to it.

Everything seeing the glass has no power. Splitting apart, everything that sees a reflection wants to turn away.

Make everything better, or seize looking at a reminder.

Not sure whether to do one or the other. No way to do the first and put enough pressure on the glass.

No way to do the second and not feel pity for not leaving a lasting mark on the glass mirror.

So, a sleep. A sleep will cure everything. I go into a deep sleep.

A glass mirror shakes its head and sighs at me. There is no power pushing against its reflectiveness.

Everything that retreated into sleeping escapes, needs to wake up and crush that fragile glass.

The glass will break off into them. That is the point. A pressure that's a strong wish.

Broken-away sleep and aimless rest

Glass breaks at my long-naked feet

Everybody but You (A Flowing World)

Everybody sees her

She's in her own flowing world

Every pair of eyes looks at her, seeing a wonder

Every wonder is shown in her

She's in her own bubble, floating through life

Not trying to lift herself up; Everybody who sees her wonder in the flowing world

Does her lifting for her

Spreading wings and catching air,

Every pair of eyes on the ground

Notices her otherworldly face

The ethereal eagle of clouds.... Of air.

Everybody sees you, floating over your life, nobody bothers to see a wonder, you hold

You haven't seen the clouds yet, no pair of eyes can be bothered, to touch you

Wonder, floating through air, hardly with feet off your life, a planet's stony ground

.... the stone makes your feet cold when they touch....

.... Floating up into the air, lying beyond the ground....

You see her, floating through her life, letting the air pass her by.... When she flaps her wings gently in a soft breeze....

Looking your eyes up at her, you realize everyone's eyes are admiring her, as she takes a glide in the air.

A world flowing around you and her.

A Blow of Kiss (Lost to a Cool, Fall Wind)

Blowing him a kiss, she opens her eyes wide at him.

Feeling an effect of love, she feels himself flow out of him, inside her.

He's hers now

He has formed himself into her life

A desire he wonders if he wished for all along

She doesn't take her stare off him

She is looking at him, trying to figure him out

Something, she gets from him.

But it's too late.

He doesn't need to figure her out, anymore.

He wants to consume her.

He wishes to feed on her.

Bringing his teeth to her neck, he chews on a soft, edible flesh

Pleasant with an aroma of sex

Sinking teeth into her flesh as she breathes under his breath

A chewy, yummy texture

He chews a love into her

Holding her hand, he pressed it against his heart.

Feeling his heart, she realized he was dead.

In sadness, he lets go of her chewy neck.

Not wishing to let go of his hand, she firmly squeezes his heat tightly.

“Do you have to go?”

He never gave an answer. Feeling the taste of her flesh on his lips, he waves a sad goodbye to

Her life.

Leaving somewhere far, she never got a chance to watch him go.

She only thinks where he is now....

Never a sight.... Again.

Blowing in a fall wind.

When it gets cool in a season

Maybe it's better if she doesn't think of such things

She walks in a cool, fall wind.... Too

Something around her is missing.

Reversed Clock (Ticking Fantasy)

The clock ticks and ticks,

But it doesn't bother to move

Ahead in time

Moving slowly backwards

It only stops

When it cannot move behind

Anymore

It has run out of time

As the clock sputters and breaks

The time sputters....

And skips ahead

To a point

Where time speeds

Up

Too, too fast to

Understand

What is going

On

A confused mind

Lost in time

Lost to time

Confused

And

Falling

Apart

Somehow

A mind

Dies

To sacrifice

Its time

To give

The planet

Some time

To live

A reverend ticking

Of the clock

But still,

A nostalgia for the past years remains

A ticking clock that

Destroyed

Something that cannot ever

Be brought back to life.

The clock ticks a time, backwards to forget about whatever it never remembered.

A wish that was lost to time.... A forgetful fantasy

Of a passing time....

The Hole (Death Pit)

Having shoved ourselves into a hole, we can not get up

Having shoved ourselves into a pit, we wish to lay there and

Die.

Having tried for so, so long to get out of the hole, we just fall back in,

Sliding on the sides of the dirt.

As we scream our way back into the black.

Is there no end to this nonsense? Will we ever find our way out? Is there a way to escape and grab hold of our dreams?

Our dreams are buried under the dirt of the pit

Our dreams are buried under the sand that creates the sky of the pit

Even if we climb up, the sand buries us in it

Even if we suffocate while pushing our heads in the sand, we will die a slow and painful death

So, what is the way to create an escape out of the pit's depth

And let us finally.... Finally.... Finally.... Reach our dreams....

So, so, so far up above the very highest reaches of the sand and

It's dead suffocation?

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