

Group of hands (Dying Will)

A group of hands came as one

To forget to lift a dying body

Out of a fountain

A group of hands

Lifted colours out of a colourless corpse

To create the seeds needed to take out the death from the corpse

A method extreme

Violent and death-like

Causing death rather than repairing what was wrong.

Rather than giving life, the method the hands used was to take away the death by killing the corpse with no colours.

No colours to have given it life, no colours to have taken away a life for the approach of a sad death.

A sadness in life, where there was no happiness to be immersed by telling the living corpse "you are alive."

No sadness to be given to something already lost and destroyed while living.

A descend of green, over the fountain by the hands of life.

Failing to give the life to the corpse that it would have received.... If it possessed colours.

Failing to do anything to change how the corpse thought. It was just a dead corpse, rotting from swallowing no colours to awaken it to the outside world.

The hands scream at a foolishness and try to retreat, but a retreat lacking life.

They fall with the corpse in the fountain, dead and rotting a deep, darkly deceased gray of a sudden suffer.

And so, the corpse rises.

Its colourless insides receive life from the fallen hands that suffered to bring something great to something barren

.... a dry fountain.

Holding Hands (Force of Dying)

One finger entwined with another finger. Nowhere to run, as a whole hand comes down to intertwine a spirit with a body that never wanted it.

Nowhere to force the body to go away into a sky.

It goes somewhere no flowing day can reach it.

It goes to a place no existing scrap of force can find it,

Where it floats in a cloudless sky with nay purpose.

The hands break their fingers, as the fingers turn to something so crooked,

You wonder how it was ever alive to begin with.

A loss of force, floating in a cloudless sky.

The Hands (Force of Visions)

A hand that gave lightning to a soul that wished to see

What they thought was "beauty",

Whatever that ever meant.

An empty word, full of a tongue, but a nothing feeling.

An empty word.... a vision must be shown for reality to understand why someone would want to see what comes before death.

A vision that makes someone lose sight of if they are an animal, as they are surged through with electricity of life.

They discover themselves.... An animal they wished they had become.... But it was too late. The deciding factors of being human were already set into place.

The hands of visions reach down to seal an animal away from how they feel.

A hand is a powerful tool-making many things, destroying many others.

Spinning the electricity of visions in its fingers of old age, the surges that make a memory

Are what matter to the human seeing their visions

A surge of gray and gold....

It is surged into her,

The miss he longed for

A desire of lighting,

Making her glow

The hands of visions

Splash her out throughout the soil's dirt.

She smiles as she squeezes the hand

That shows her

A lover she thought never existed

As a child

Thrust Hand (Wrong Visions)

When a hand was thrust

To grab a memory from a mind

The mind didn't want

It let the hand have it

As it ate the solace it felt

From being removed

Of the unpleasant memory

A vision of sunshine

Put into the mind

To heal its wounds of salt

A salt that infected with a spread of love

Into the open wound of the mind

Healing what could not be visibly seen,

The mind felt connected to a dream

The mind felt connected to

Something far,

It wanted to dream about.

Without any salt clogging the mind

The hand took advantage of the peace

And inserted salt back into a closed wound,

Spreading the unpleasant memory to hurt

The barer of the mind

The wound closed,

Only a few grains of salt made their way

Through

It was enough to through

A mind into a panic

But not to pierce its inside

With fear

That fear was reserved

For the hand

Who suddenly felt shame at trying

To hurt a mind

Brushing salt out of the way with fingers

Careful and gentle to not cause damage to a mind,

The hand retreated back

To a comfort of darkness

A sad fate

It held in

Its palm

Naked with exposure

To the air

Unaffected by the salt,

The hand that spread hurt unintentionally

Apologized

By realizing what it had done

Realizing it did not want to do that

The something which it did....

It moved the salt

Out of the way

The wound closed beneath it

Sealing itself away

Hands of Wishful Thinking (Fate)

A hand reached out, to grab a space in life

Through the grab, the hand slipped, and fell into a nothing

Space of "fate".

A hollow space, filled with visions of life

That would never come true

If not for a hand

That tied strings that would made

A future

A possibility

When it was tied, a future became real

When it was tied, a future seized being a fake

It became a real, held together with something

Not able to be seen....

So it seems like something was set in motion

What is called "the hand of fate" made sure

It run its correct path

Towards who knows where.

But what if the “hand” is a lie?

Something made up by people

To understand and make sense

Of what they can't

Is there any point

To laying trust

With something that may or may not exist

And “happen”

When you never expected it?

It may be

Such a power

Was created by animals

To make sense

Of a natural

Life.

... a sense that something is wrong,

... That our lives can be made....

... Right.

A dream we made up for ourselves

Our hands were

“fated”

To exist....

Somehow else

So, the clock ticks

What exists

Is a mystery

The Flower

A plant ready to grow.

An environment beginning to feed.

A bloom of golden.

A sight of the spring season.

A foot.

No one remembers.

The flower is buried in a heavy rainfall

The next day

No funeral

No one remembers.

Earth Flower

Re-growing a flower in its place

The earth forms with dirt

A form shaped like a plant

Who died

Living in the dirt for a day

The next day

The rainstorm came

Washing it away

An empty flower

Dirt couldn't made it feel alive again

The next day

No rain

In a spring

The dirt flower grows again

Resurrected from the rain

Nearing a completion of life, a small yellow bud grows beneath pedals of dirt

Whole and complete....

Blooming before, the grown flower remembered it.

The Wanderer (Nowhere)

In a mountain of sand, a figure left home

Going somewhere, it didn't have a destination

Wandering through.... Empty hills of a gray grass

Wandering through.... Empty valleys of a gray cement

Wandering through.... Gray neighbourhoods, having lost their colour

A hand touches the houses that the wanderer walks through

Her hand is soft and caressing, moving the world in her fingertips

When she watches the wanderer go

To a destination of nowhere

When he tries to fight his pointlessness

She is there

With her softly commanding voice and pink lips

To remind him

How much he wanders aimlessly....

She puts her hands on his head

And strokes his hair,

Kissing him gently with her soft

And pink lips

After wandering a while,

The wandering boy dies

In her strong arms,

Smooth with femininity

When he is reborn,

She has left him

Leech

On a death bed, an old man cries of his family

Feeling the pain of his natural disease, he wonders why

The human body was such a fragile machine

To begin with

His daughter,

Grown up and twenty-eight,

Holds his hand as she starts to die

“The nurses told me I don’t have much time left.”

The old man says

Gripping his hand close to her chest,

She kisses him goodbye,

As the leeches from inside his disease

Begin to feed on his life,

Spilling onto her as they bite

“Ahhhh!” A scream of terror, as they try to eat her

Shaking them off her golden skin,

She sees they have destroyed

The smooth glow of herself

Her flesh is lost

In its smooth, soft place

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