

TITLE: RAINDROP/SUNDROP (GRASSWORLD/RAINWORLD)

Falling Into The Sky

When I fall, I'll fall into the sky
I'll grab it and slam it into the earth
Rebound off the shockwave
Into the continents
I'll turn them into Pangaea
Butterfly stroke through this gravity deifying force of annihilation
Annihilate this lesser force of annihilation
Alienate myself from the earth
Straight Into paradise
Paradise
The only way to get there is to be chosen
The only way to leave there is to be broken
Find a way to get there
Because when angel hair falls from the sky
Guts will fall right side up
It takes this to realize they are keeping you alive
It takes this to realize why you couldn't find them in the first place
You lost them
You lost them to your own thoughts
Your own thoughts betrayed you
Your own thoughts crapped on you
So when you fall into the sky
I'll be there to greet you
You'll fall soft on a cloud
A cloud with canine teeth
I'll smell the rotting teeth from where I stand
And the rotting flesh on the cloud
It gives it the scent of new perfume
And it likes that
That gets it excited
And I can see why
Since that soft cloud has a new coat to wear

Repeat

Repeat

Repeat

The same process

The Yellow canine teeth

The perfume

The coats

I fell but I fell genuinely

I did not fake it

And I was not digested by the clouds

That is why I thrived

That is why I made my own paradise

That is why I am alive

Enemies Of The Tower?

Are we in conflict with each other?
Are we all servants of the tower?
Are we all clueless?
We certainly are
Without even knowing it we climb
We climb the tower
And we rise
Until reality gets the better of us
The tower clouds our minds
With its manipulation
The tower deforms us
With its radioactivity
Five hundred floors of intimidation
That we must climb
Five hundred floors of joy
For the ones this tower employs
Surrounded by glass and metal
The final floor is made of jewels
Shiny jewels
Golden jewels
But what if our minds are simply clouded?
We just see crazy jewels
What if the tower is one floor high?
This tower is surrounded by trash
It is home to everything we don't want
The outside is covered with garbage
Used Condoms
Mutilated Corpses
Dead pets
The brittle bones of infants
The bones of the tower's radiance
Has been worn away by osteoporosis
Dirty toilets that have not been flushed
Is what causes that foul stink polluting the atmosphere
The mouldy thoughts of those that have died from the tower

Are in plain view
Quivering after they expire
The glass and metal
Are charcoal and smoke-damaged organs
Covered with porcupine quills
And the people in the tower
They are the ones deformed by the radiation
Are they alive?
Is that pus that makes their cheeks so cute?
Pus and animal blood
They are the ones that should be afraid of us
They are canaries
They are so weak
So fragile
It is the animal blood
It made them the way they are
We climb the hostile tower
We watch as it burns
With gleeful smiles on our faces
Are we evil?
Are we the enemy?
Are we terrorists or freedom fighters?
NO
NO
NO
WE ARE NOT
ARE WE?
WHAT ARE WE ANYMORE?
DO WE EVEN KNOW?
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE ARE?

The Wall Is Looking At Me....

It opens its eyes
It can actually see the eyes rolled back in its head
It can see the red veins trying to free themselves from the eyes
Just like the roots of a tree trying to run away from their master
And the black ones
The black veins
The infected ones
The rejects of the bunch
Nobody likes them
They can leave now
But no one is going
The poor eyes are not alright
They adjust to the white light
No wait it is amber
It's just that the entire room is white
The being wonders why it is being discriminated
Due to the one color scheme
Right in front of him
Is a emotionless structure
Very solid
Too solid
IT'S TOO SOLID
IT'S TOO SOLID
GOD IT'S SO SOLID
The out of place creature can't escape
And it fears that more than having its head served on a food contaminated
platter.
Or being roasted like inanimate meat
Lost and forgotten on Satan's pitchfork
But it faces a death worse than being impaled on the devil's spear
The wall is laughing evilly at him now
Sticking its six hundred and sixty six foot long tongue out at him
Touching his face and licking the wool blanket
The tongue thinks it's black licorice
The wool blanket tastes so sweet

The creature feels the bricks hit him
Like a titanium sledgehammer on anabolic rattlesnake venom
But not as painful as the white noose tightening around his neck
The figures behind him are totally white
Yet he is different
As dark as a shadow and as depressed as the shadow's missing friend
He has excepted his fate as his final sense as self
Before he dies
This is the last time he will be able to feel himself
BAAAHHH BAAAHHH
WAIT WHY DO I HAVE NO TIME??!
BAAAHHH BAAAHHH
I DON'T WANT TO DIE!!!
BAAAHHH BAAAHHH!!!!
BAAAHHH BAAAHHH!!!!
BAAAHHH BAAAHHH!!!!
In the final moments of its life
The sheep is still and seduced by the afterlife
Because you see
It was the black sheep of its family
Literally the black sheep
Accused for being different
Just because its wool blanket was black instead of white
It paid the price of confronting the wall
The wall that was the same colour as everything else
And it memorized that structure
And the sheep was reminded
Before the relaxing choking sensation
That it was superior to a white wall

Some Words About Something

Well this is a poem
In case you thought it was a clown telling jokes
Well actually it is in a way
Except the clown is the writer who is using a bookmark to write
Then he wondering why he can't do anything right
You know
That might have something to do with these words about absolutely f!@#ing
nothing
He doesn't know what to write about and he shaved his scalp with a blowtorch
(Did he blowtorch his whole head off?)
(I didn't even know it was possible to cut your hair this way)
(I think it is genius)
(Don't tell him I thought that)
(Please don't)
That could be why he has third degree burns
DUH
Jesus Christ
He really doesn't know what to type
Hopeless sucker
He made up the story with the blowtorch by the way
Thought it would be something funny to type
Now he's pretty sure anyone who reads this is not going to be alright
After that "joke"
He might as well have hit a flat tire
That's certainly how the reader feels right now
Like a shitty junkyard tire
That is as flat as the joke that he just typed in the previous line
The one about that s#@%!y junkyard tire
BOO
Speaking of reader
Why don't you speak up?!
You've been so f@!%ing quiet
Still can't hear you
WAIT!
Don't you close this page!

Don't you dare close this page!
I will haunt you
Maybe
I still don't know how haunting people works really
Do you have to be a ghost?
Do you have to be creepy?
Do you have to talk to a company representative to make it happen?
Do you need a resume to haunt?
A permit?
What kind of permit?
Do you have to dress nicely?
Do you have to
I'M GETTING OFF TOPIC!
MUST FOCUS ON WRITING WORDS ABOUT NOTHING!
AAAHHH S#!T
THE COMPUTER BATTERY IS LOW
I wonder how much more I can type before
WHY IS THERE A SPACE IN THAT WORD!
IS THE A THOR REALLY THAT F!@%ING STUPID
OH GREAT
HE MISSED A LETTER IN HIS TITLE
And...there is a letter missing in letter
Great
Great work d@!%#!s
I'm shutting down now
M N T H S I S M S S D U P
W A 'S U P W I H T H S E L E T R S???!!!
Oh ok
That is much better
Goodbye and have a nice day
Where the computer your using hopefully doesn't act like an ass to you
By being a rebel and "forgetting" to input letters you type
He's doing it again that little s@!t
Stupid f@!%ing rebellious computer s@!t
Have a really nice f@!#ing day a!#@#%e reader!

Dreammares

The nightmares woke the dreams up one night

And asked

"How come you are always so perfect?"

"I want to be just like you."

"Always making people feel good."

"All I do is scare people while they sleep."

"Being Scary is real overrated."

The dreams responded back

"Do you now?"

"What if I told you that we are more terrifying than you will ever be?"

"What if I told you we are dreammares?"

"We convinced that toddler boy that sleep is his happiest time."

"During the day he is beaten and spit on and left to die."

"He escapes into sleep so he won't deal with it all."

"We make him feel good"

"We make him feel like his bruised eyes and blooded nose aren't even there."

"But everything is not ok."

"Maybe you can convince him that everything is not alright."

"Give him a little scare"

"Go on now."

"Do it."

Fenrir The Polar Bear: Part One

Crunch

Crunch

Crunch

Goes the seal

Munch

Munch

Munch

Goes the polar bear

Fenrir The polar bear finishes his meal

Sometime later

He is hungry again

Fenrir is no cowardly beast

He is the leader of his pack

Calling the shots

Hunting for food

Protecting his young

So Fenrir goes hunting once again

Then he begins to feel the transformation

He has become a seal

The very thing he fed on as a bear

Is what he has ironically become

Fenrir is even tempted to chew on himself

Just as a little snack

But there is no time

The white sasquatches are coming

Faster than a Olympic jaguar on all fours

He must think as fast as a crazed bionic jaguar

Diving through the ice

By slamming his body into it

Like a caffeinated twenty ton wrecking ball

He finds comfort in the underground cavern

He never thought he would be happy like this

But he is!

Fenrir should no longer be his name

It is much too powerful for a creature with cat whiskers
Instead
He will have no name
Until one day
When the former beast will find a way
To regain his strength
To regain his position
Only then will he be Fenrir
But what is this!
He must escape!
The two sasquatches reach down!
Fenrir is grabbed!
He feels the watery sanctuary leave him behind like how he left his name to be
restored!
What will become of his former glory?

Fenrir The Polar Bear: Part Two

As he is pulled out of the water
Fenrir sees his competition
The Sasquatch
The beasts
His fellow bears have finished their hunt for him!
His fellow bears have betrayed him!
He is the hunted now, and they are the hunters!
Suddenly he feels a transformation take place
The Sasquatch watch with their beady, squinty eyes
Thick fur standing on end like a timid cat
As Fenrir grows the head of a serpent
As he grows the tail of a scorpion
The ferocity of a wolverine
The hooves of a horse
And the temper of a fire ant!
The Sasquatch stands no chance
As Fenrir makes short work of them
He stings one Sasquatch with the scorpion venom
And then devours him whole without chewing
Using the power of the wolverine
He tramples the other with fearsome hooves
And cuts him into minced edible pieces
Using the serpent head of chaos
They tried to restrain Fenrir
With the strongest chains in the icy landscape
He broke free
And emerged stronger than ever!
But when Fenrir was victorious
An arm reached out from his throat
Fenrir felt the remains of the bear he had eaten
Move in his stomach
He felt the arm reach out like a piston
And put a magic ribbon around him
A magic ribbon
Made of the sound of a cat's footsteps

The roots of a mountain
The sinews of a bear
The beard of a woman
The breath of a fish
And the spit of a bird!
The arm and stomach moved
One last time
Before the bear finally died
And Fenrir
He was imprisoned
A walrus
Formerly a threatening beast
A Intimidating polar bear
A creature of extreme muscle
Of extreme strength and size
Reduced to a walrus
And imprisoned by a simple ribbon
He would stay there
Until he was a frozen statue
And this was a reminder
Of the life cycle of this unforgiving climate
Of the need to feed and thrive by any means
Of the need to be restored to something that is stronger
Something that is deadlier in every way
By destroying your own kind
Destroying the kind of creature you once were
All to simply survive
Only to be bound forever by the ones you consumed
The ones you were once a part of
The ones you belonged to

Steps...Steps...And Steps/Down...Down...And Down

On the ledge falling off
Onto the next step
Collapse on the stratosphere
Lay there a while
Suddenly the sense of suspension vanishes

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

The feeling of falling

UP

UP

UP

The feeling of stepping

With every step

The mind regresses

With every breath

You still fall

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

Tumbling down the steps!

UP

UP

DOWN

DOWN

Some balance is regained

And then the falling begins again

Close to the ground now

The vehicles are passing right under

Pedestrians on the sidewalk look in disbelief

"STOP TRYING!!"

"THERE'S NO WAY UP!!"

"THERE'S NO MORE STEPS!!"

They cry out

And they're right

There are no more steps
Too close to the ground now
The final fall
Hit the pavement as fast as an anvil sinks in a pool
Hit the road as fast as fat floats in a pool
Watch as the truck misses the whole of the feet
And catches just the toes
NO TOES
NO MORE TOES
Feel the energy of stumpy feet
As walking is attempted
And imagine
Not having to worry about the stairs anymore
The stumpy toes are your saviour
No more need to climb yet fall
Like a newborn baby with no appendages
NOW THE ONLY OPTION IS TO FALL INTO THE ABYSS
ESPECIALLY SINCE THE TIRES OF THAT CAR
JUST KISSED YOUR FINGERS GOODBYE

FALL DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

The Night Lights and The Island

At night

The islands lights illuminate the wondrous night

The cool breeze catches the animals scurrying

They are dragged away into the sea

The breeze hits the sea faintly

The water calls out to the land

The land responds by merging further into the deep sea

With the light shining into it

The sea looks plastic

The sea looks serene

The sea looks approachable

The sea glistens like sparkles

The lights help guide the sand

As it flies though the air like a dove

The white doves on the island

They fly through the sky like the breeze

They fly close to that crater in the sky

That distant crescent that resides in another world

The red crabs

They scurry along the sand

Being tickled by the shells they encounter

The curious fish

They swim close to shore

Being taunted by the island

Being blinded by the lights

And the ancient plesiosaur

Leaving its time period the follow the mysterious lights

Makes its home at the island with ease

It finds a common ground

With the friendly animals

And with the warming light

Demonic Takeout

It's been years since vegetables were green
It's been years since fruits were sweet
Now fruits are acidic like goo
Vegetables are brown like trees
A lone figure goes through the streets
Simply looking for something to eat
He needs some fresh monster pie
That way he won't feel beat
But he will beat
Any demon that tries to fed
On him
On her
On them
On Tim
Especially on Tim

He looks around to find
A winged beast flying by
The beast will do nicely
It has more than enough protein-packed meat
For him and the ones the reader will later meet
The beast is down now
Dead as a wet and slippery rubber mat
Our hero takes the cartilage of the beast
A mid afternoon snack
He consumes it like a rabid flock of geese.

The other survivors show up now
The ones the story mentioned before
Albino-skinned Tim is among them
Falling to his knees before the burger king takeout beast
There is no ketchup to spare
Even though everyone doesn't know why and doesn't care

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