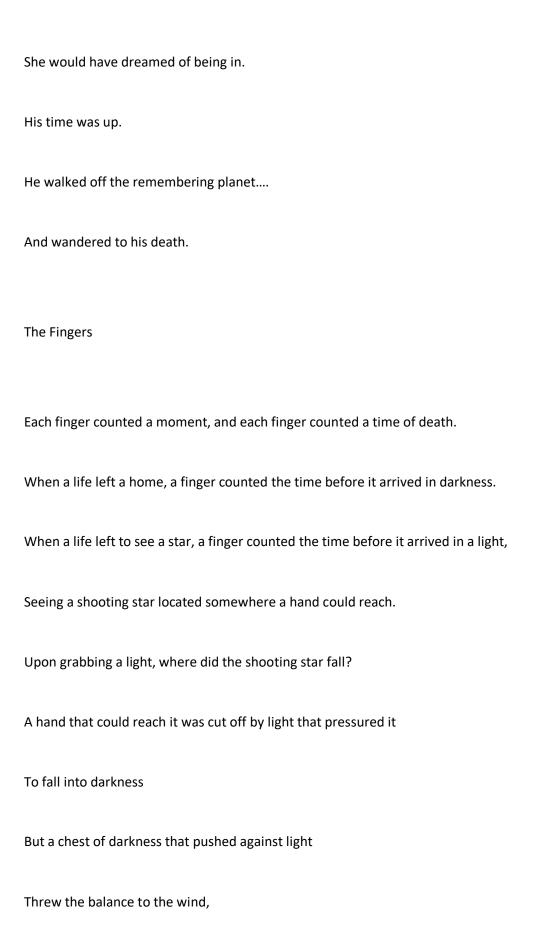
The Sphere (Nostalgia Rain) Raindrops.... One for each moment she lived Fallen down on her, disappearing their memories into her hair, As her mind thought about them. Disappearing into small slashes, As they fell on the ground and disappeared into A wet grass A memory of a raindrop She saw That reminded her of herself A Christmas with her family, Loving their child A Christmas where she would give And receive love, Positioned to love Those who threw their love Her way A raindrop She reaches a hand Out to grab Splashes destroy it on the ground, As she is reminded why the raindrop vanished. There was no love left in the rain.

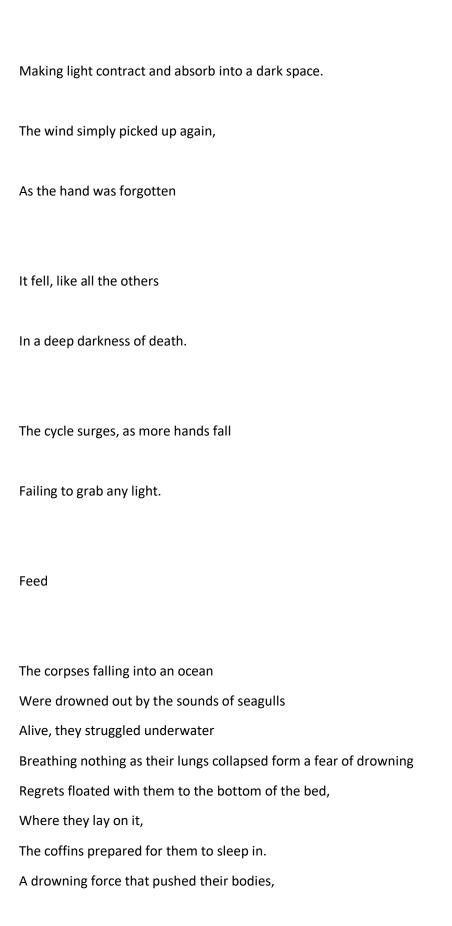
She had abandoned such things to a past,

Hidden in another time,

So long ago.
Her own planet.
Held in the raindrops,
She was in a sphere of mind.
The Planet (Wandering)
After losing both a daughter
And a Samoyed,
A father was taken,
By his sleep,
To a planet
He never recognized.
A planet's surface, covered in white fur.
It reminded him of her white fur,

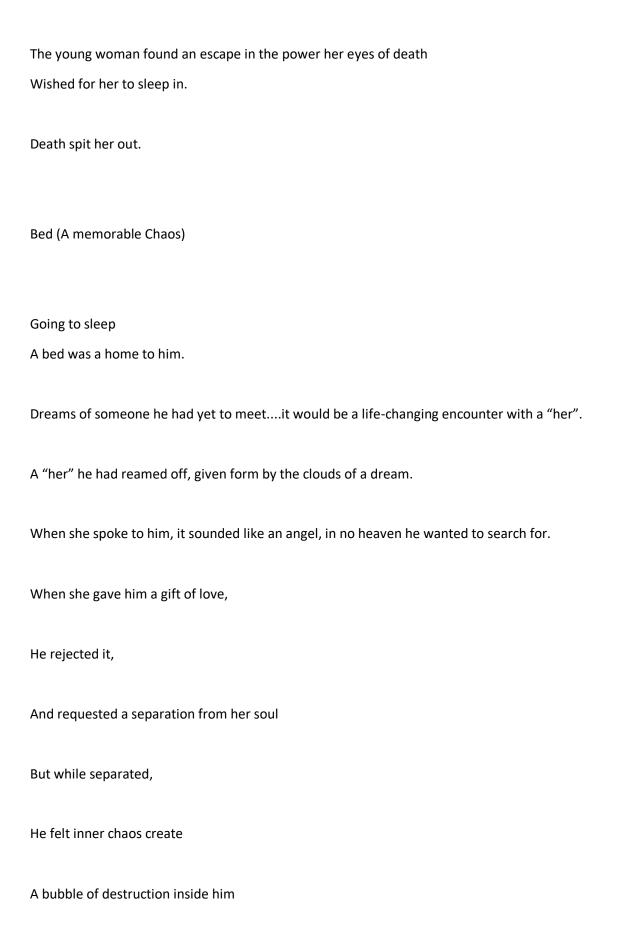
Fully clean and flowing in a wind of her short life. Fully groomed, better than he could have ever done. He wandered on the fur, Looking for his deceased daughter. At the end of the planet.... He saw her. The young woman she had become, filled with hope and energy About her future A future her father was finally seeing again, Witness to how she would have looked, All grown up. A witness to her specialness, He saw her naked, Her bare and soft feet on his deceased dog's fur. "She's fine without me.... look at who she's grown up to be." One last look at her daughter, Snuggling under the fur of the Samoyed planet. In heaven, he wanted to believe his daughter was there, And that there was a "heaven", for her sake. The planet of swaying white fur looked close enough To a heaven

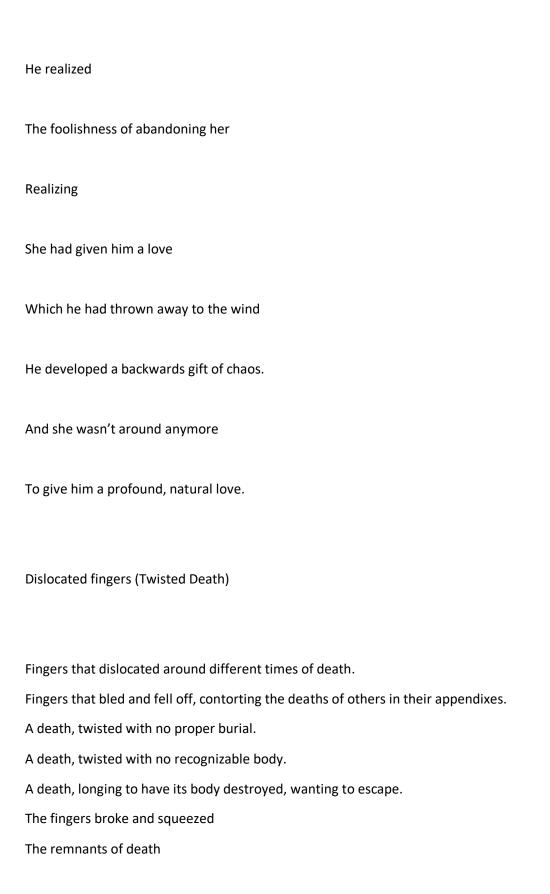


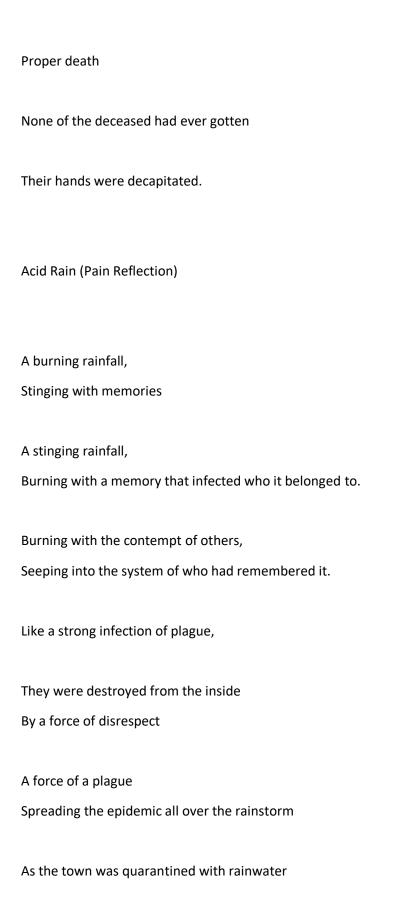


Until they drowned on their own corpses A decomposing process sped up under the ocean's waves That sent them into a panic Fragments of a past that ran away from them Fragments of bone, flesh, decayed skin that ran away from them Somewhere far, everything that was once them vanished. Death fed. Regurgitate Spitting out rotten food, a lone soul smacked into a sudden air pocket of her bed. Powerful eyes that spilt a sea that tried to make death out of her. Power that surged through the surges of time passing underwater.... The analog clock of this home ticked like a bomb, never going to explode. Animals and humans fell under the waves, turning into the young woman With the powerful eyes The surface was black with forgotten memories, Neglected to bring her back to life, Reborn in something else, Who would share her thoughts together some day. For now, she faced her dark eyes, All over the bottom of her bed. A death that stared back at her, eyeing her with instruction on how to feast.

But closing all the darkness around her,





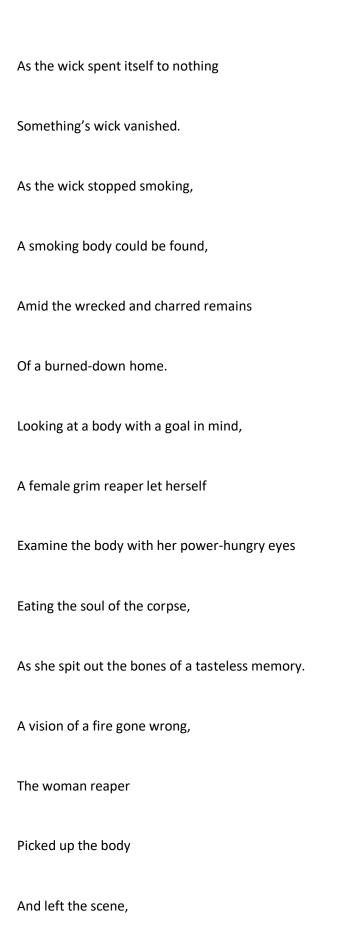


A long woman walks through the streets
Trying to avoid the rainwater
As her brown hair, thrown over her left shoulder,
So soaked in rainwater
She is immune to the plague.
Somehow, she has learned how
To fight against contempt.
She smiles to herself
A tight smile of respect,
Proud of who she is,
And leaves the town.
Reflections of pain
The rainwater was a failure
To touch her
Gold Grave
Lowered into a resting place, a luxury grave awaited her.

Bright and reflective, a sun could be seen in this summer.

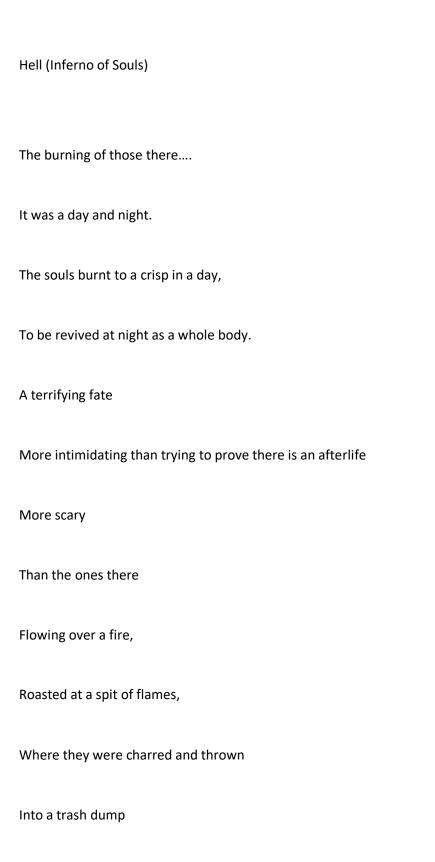
A funeral, attended by herself, as she lowered herself in the coffin
Without a regret of death
She felt no sorrow or pain
As she accepted her death
And let herself die in gold
Her body matching the casket she had decided
To sleep in
Under a Gold Grave (Luxury Dirt)
Under her gold grave,
She lay,
As she slowly felt herself
Fade.
As she felt herself go,
The expensive dirt that was home to worms,
Served as her pets on her journey to a
Dark place.

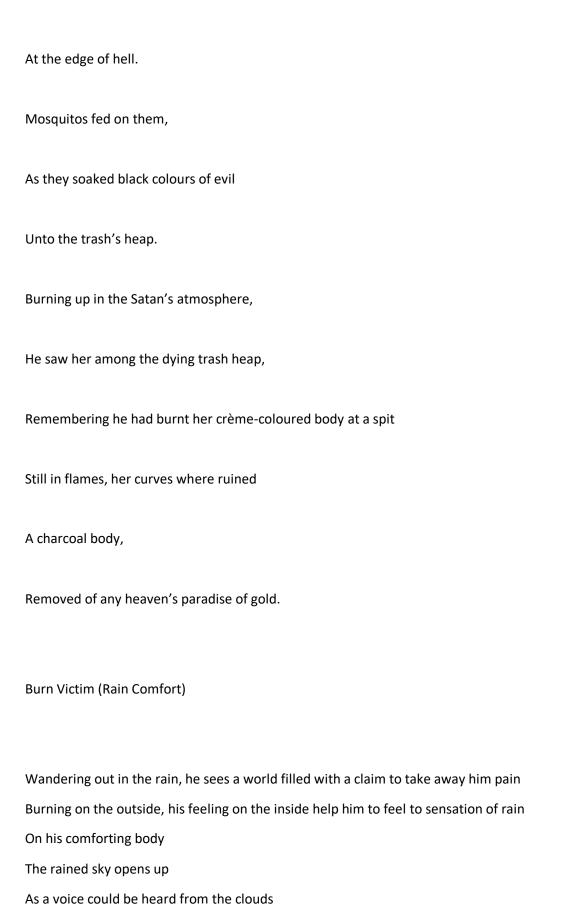
The gold let her forget her long life
A princess,
Being buried in a bed of flowers
As a royal treasure
Of all the days and nights that had passed her by.
Every night shined with her gold reflectiveness.
Her body was the light
Of these night days
She remembered.
Too long ago,
For her to forget.
Burnt Candle
As the candle burnt, a life was fading.



Going to find the owner
Of the home.
Culprit (Happy Burning)
Filled with joy at the home being destroyed,
The culprit of the fire fled the scene,
Escaping in the sirens and havoc
Getting to a gas station,
He was robbed and shot by
The owners of the station,
Recognizing him as a soul
That had burned down the house that
Had previously been the station's grounds.
Laying dying,
He had no regrets.
He had burnt a family to death
For the hell of it.
He welcomed hell

Where he would burn.





A woman's voice, strong and deep, feminine and sweet
High-tones show through the clouds,
As she seems to give a wide smile to the burn victim,
Reaching down to touch him for healing pleasure
Lying on the grass, as rain hits down on him,
He feels his flames burn to a water's crisp
Her speaking tone, powerful and loud with energy,
Is telling him he's ok.
The rainstorm will heal him, so she says.
The rainstorm will be as powerful as her voice
As soothing on his skin as the femininity of her voice
She told him
She was right
The female speaking voice seeming to come from a goddess in clouds
When away,
Leaving the end of the rainstorm
To heal a burn victim on the grass.
Sun approaches.
The day having
The day begins.
The grass dries.
The Brass artes.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- > Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

