

## 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

She would have dreamed of being in.

His time was up.

He walked off the remembering planet....

And wandered to his death.

The Fingers

Each finger counted a moment, and each finger counted a time of death.

When a life left a home, a finger counted the time before it arrived in darkness.

When a life left to see a star, a finger counted the time before it arrived in a light,

Seeing a shooting star located somewhere a hand could reach.

Upon grabbing a light, where did the shooting star fall?

A hand that could reach it was cut off by light that pressured it

To fall into darkness

But a chest of darkness that pushed against light

Threw the balance to the wind,

Making light contract and absorb into a dark space.

The wind simply picked up again,

As the hand was forgotten

It fell, like all the others

In a deep darkness of death.

The cycle surges, as more hands fall

Failing to grab any light.

Feed

The corpses falling into an ocean

Were drowned out by the sounds of seagulls

Alive, they struggled underwater

Breathing nothing as their lungs collapsed from a fear of drowning

Regrets floated with them to the bottom of the bed,

Where they lay on it,

The coffins prepared for them to sleep in.

A drowning force that pushed their bodies,

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,

The young woman found an escape in the power her eyes of death  
Wished for her to sleep in.

Death spit her out.

Bed (A memorable Chaos)

Going to sleep

A bed was a home to him.

Dreams of someone he had yet to meet....it would be a life-changing encounter with a "her".

A "her" he had reamed off, given form by the clouds of a dream.

When she spoke to him, it sounded like an angel, in no heaven he wanted to search for.

When she gave him a gift of love,

He rejected it,

And requested a separation from her soul

But while separated,

He felt inner chaos create

A bubble of destruction inside him

He realized

The foolishness of abandoning her

Realizing

She had given him a love

Which he had thrown away to the wind

He developed a backwards gift of chaos.

And she wasn't around anymore

To give him a profound, natural love.

Dislocated fingers (Twisted Death)

Fingers that dislocated around different times of death.

Fingers that bled and fell off, contorting the deaths of others in their appendixes.

A death, twisted with no proper burial.

A death, twisted with no recognizable body.

A death, longing to have its body destroyed, wanting to escape.

The fingers broke and squeezed

The remnants of death



Proper death

None of the deceased had ever gotten

Their hands were decapitated.

Acid Rain (Pain Reflection)

A burning rainfall,

Stinging with memories

A stinging rainfall,

Burning with a memory that infected who it belonged to.

Burning with the contempt of others,

Seeping into the system of who had remembered it.

Like a strong infection of plague,

They were destroyed from the inside

By a force of disrespect

A force of a plague

Spreading the epidemic all over the rainstorm

As the town was quarantined with rainwater

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.

As the wick spent itself to nothing

Something's wick vanished.

As the wick stopped smoking,

A smoking body could be found,

Amid the wrecked and charred remains

Of a burned-down home.

Looking at a body with a goal in mind,

A female grim reaper let herself

Examine the body with her power-hungry eyes

Eating the soul of the corpse,

As she spit out the bones of a tasteless memory.

A vision of a fire gone wrong,

The woman reaper

Picked up the body

And left the scene,

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.

Hell (Inferno of Souls)

The burning of those there....

It was a day and night.

The souls burnt to a crisp in a day,

To be revived at night as a whole body.

A terrifying fate

More intimidating than trying to prove there is an afterlife

More scary

Than the ones there

Flowing over a fire,

Roasted at a spit of flames,

Where they were charred and thrown

Into a trash dump

At the edge of hell.

Mosquitos fed on them,

As they soaked black colours of evil

Unto the trash's heap.

Burning up in the Satan's atmosphere,

He saw her among the dying trash heap,

Remembering he had burnt her crème-coloured body at a spit

Still in flames, her curves where ruined

A charcoal body,

Removed of any heaven's paradise of gold.

Burn Victim (Rain Comfort)

Wandering out in the rain, he sees a world filled with a claim to take away him pain

Burning on the outside, his feeling on the inside help him to feel to sensation of rain

On his comforting body

The rained sky opens up

As a voice could be heard from the clouds



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 begins.

The grass dries.

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