

That shined on the world
A world that shines an orange glow to find love
On a horizon where there is none.
An orange glow that sings to the moon
Even though the moon can't hear it as a corpse.
A hollow body that can't hear the glowing sunset
As it makes no noise to hear a life from
The ray-shining, orange sunset disappears under the horizon
To leave the night behind
In the night,
There is sounds of life
Another world from the day.
There is no more uplifting orange glow in the sky.
The night wants to cry.

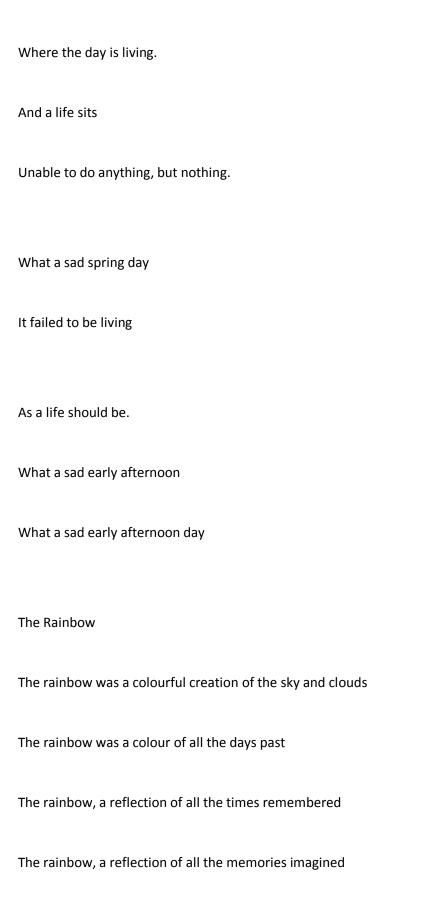
The Girl and The Life
When the girl met the life,
A tree was formed into a colourful shape
With light green pedals and light purples stems
Perfectly clear and smooth at a feel
A feel that feels like her touch of life
A feel that feels like her lift of a night wind
Taking a grip on
His life.
The girl and the life don't know where he went off to.
The girl and the life may never have cared
But the boy did.

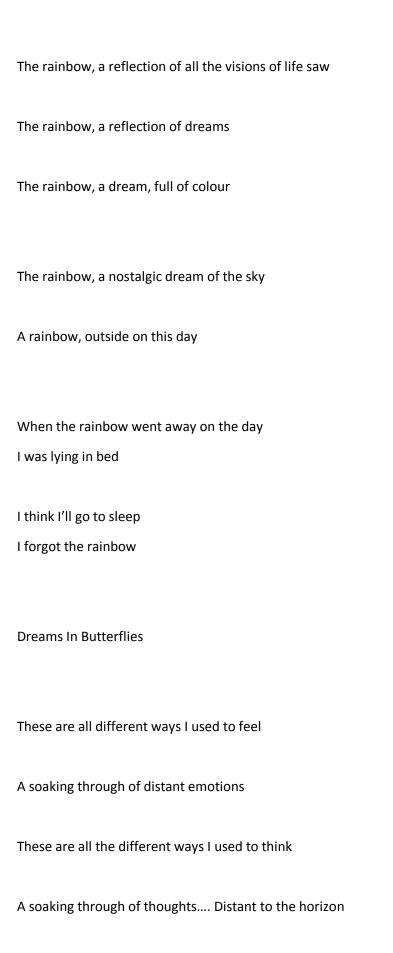
The Night

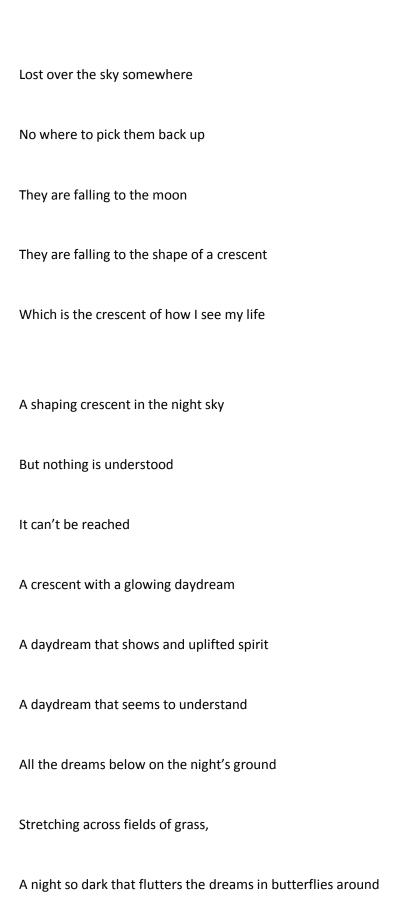
The night was cool
The night was long
The night was quiet
The night was chirping
The night was nostalgic
The night was reflective
The night remembered
The day that had lived before it.
Where was the life
The night had longed for
When light searched for a glow in the dark
The Morning
In the morning

Outside shined sounds of a new vision
Born from the day and night before
To stay with the memory of the one lying
Beside you on her bed
Morning Wind
The morning wind coming in from outside,
The bed sheets over you and her are blown in waves
Sheets flapping over your bodies in her quiet bedroom
Reaching out a hand to touch her, sleeping
A coolness of air swept over you
Fingers touching her
A morning that looks and feels just like her
You can feel yourself again

Clouds Early Afternoon
The clouds moving slowly over the afternoon sky
Light blue surrounding their fluff
Dark spots and light spots
Light blue, medium blue, darker blue
No dark blue
On the horizon, in the distance, near
Stretching over the distant buildings of a city
In the far distance
Shapes of city buildings lying in view.
Lined up in a cloud's line
On a faded and soft blue skyline
Some city life disappearing into the clear blue
It is a spring day, an early afternoon







The grass fields And keeps them there until morning Alive and flying like they had just been born Yesterday. The Moon and Stars The moon and stars of an evening world, Starting to show in the night, to an evening gaze A hopeful message, as the evening gives itself up A hope that those gazes will have something pleasant to look at In the night A moon that is full and glowing so bright The craters present themselves in the sky As holes for stars to fill So unlike reality, but this is a dream.... Anything can happen to them So unlike the way the planet rotates.... It would throw off the stars from

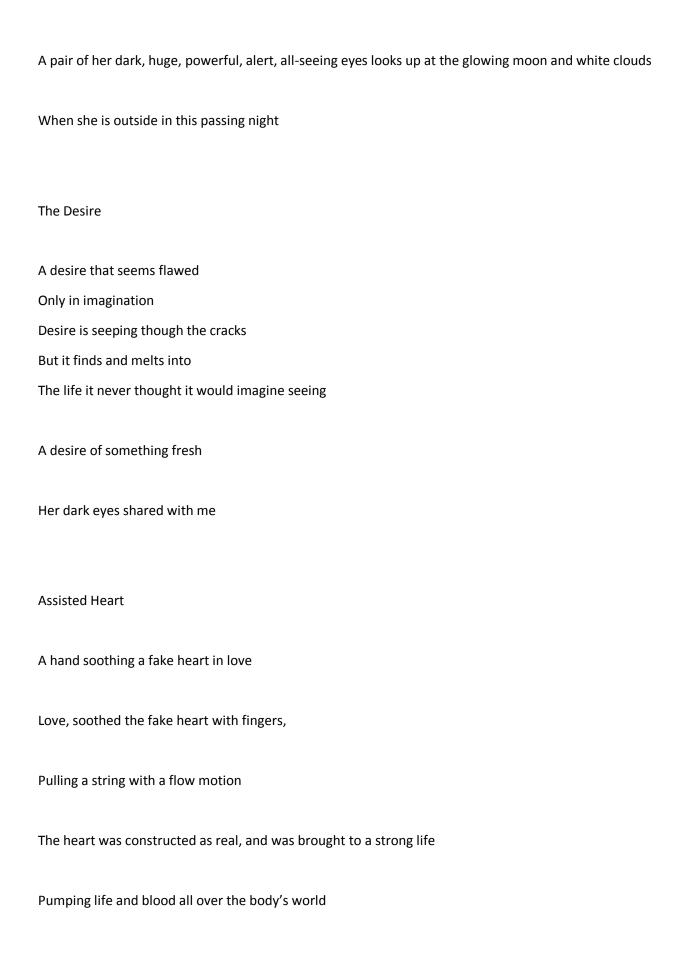
Sunlight from the day that just left is dripping out of the moon craters

Small, thin beams of light in a moon's white, pumping out more and more

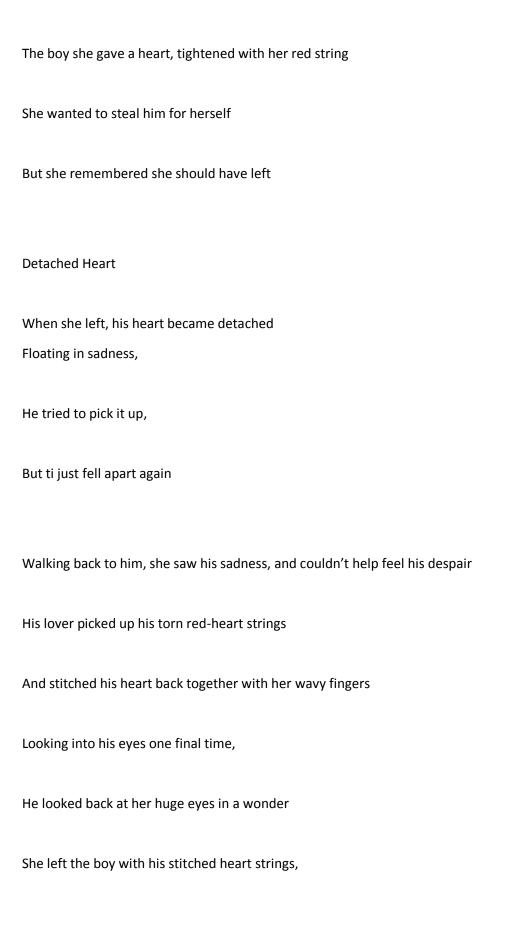
The lava runs below the volcano

In the night moon and stars, so close to the earth....

The craters



Previous a dead gray with a fear stuck inside	
Now a pumping gray with a love to hide inside	
The body's world is made into a throbbing red	
Filled with a loving scent of perfume	
From the hand who made its strings human love	
She smiles at her creation in the boy's world	
Tightening the strings	
So his lungs can breath	
The boy is gasping for air in his world	
As his chest is closed and held together with ruby-red strings	
She gazes upon her creation	
A deep, smiling gaze	
Remembering she only had so much time until her work left her,	
She walks away from the boy's world	



Filled with a pretty red to stop his heart from breaking
And walked away from her boy,
A satisfied love from what she had done for his heart
He felt so good
Without her holding his heart
Of red strings in her palms
This boy smiled at her
His heart was complete
The red strings she had given him dangled over it
But the honest truth was
They had been separated
A connection had been lost
But still,
The deep red strings on the heart
Stayed together

Spring comes

Fall leaves disappearing through the season

A somewhat cold air is heated up to a cool feel

The leaves having grown-up

Summer is waiting for his younger sister.

When his young sister graduates on the 21st.

The Fear of Being Taken Away

A fear that the world

Will take you away from yourself

Leave you not knowing who you are

A mind manipulated and controlled by others

You feel yourself slip away

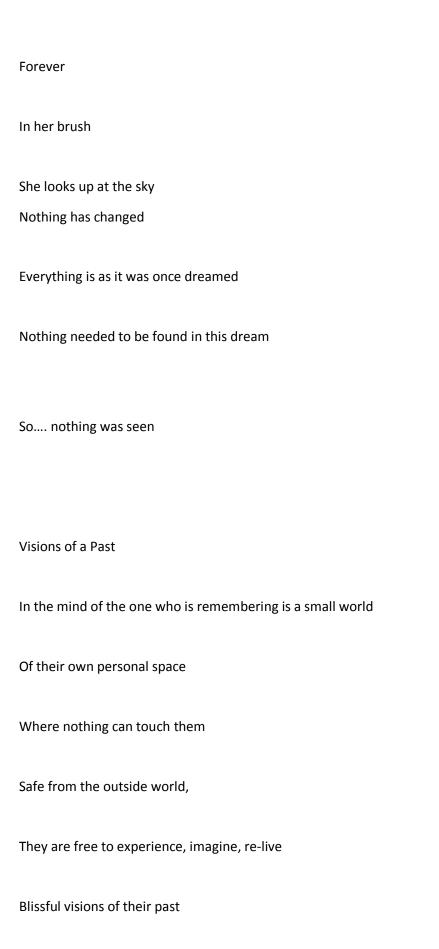
All you dreamed of being is lost

You will now conform

But that is not your heart

A life, that never forgets what it could have been.

A Fear of Losing Colours
A fear of being taken away
Leads to a detachment from others
To keep your colour to yourself
A colour that was born with your life
Finding something or someone that makes your colour swirl
A colour swirls around a world
In their eyes, a colour can never be forgotten
Colours that are held in the rain
Making the paint wet as they splash
The heart is coated in wet paint
While she paints it
Leaves it to dry



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