

The Edge

An edge of a building.

One foot off

One foot on

The atmosphere is a dusk gray

It is raining

Human feet, falling with rain.

A Sadness of an Orange Sun

A bright sadness of a dying sunset

A dying sunset dying in the storm from the day

A dead sunset that needs to breath

A dead sky that turns itself to black

A dead moon that hangs in the sky

Without a care in the world for itself

The orange sunset

Is setting with a dead smile

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

Where the day is living.

And a life sits

Unable to do anything, but nothing.

What a sad spring day

It failed to be living

As a life should be.

What a sad early afternoon

What a sad early afternoon day

The Rainbow

The rainbow was a colourful creation of the sky and clouds

The rainbow was a colour of all the days past

The rainbow, a reflection of all the times remembered

The rainbow, a reflection of all the memories imagined

The rainbow, a reflection of all the visions of life saw

The rainbow, a reflection of dreams

The rainbow, a dream, full of colour

The rainbow, a nostalgic dream of the sky

A rainbow, outside on this day

When the rainbow went away on the day

I was lying in bed

I think I'll go to sleep

I forgot the rainbow

Dreams In Butterflies

These are all different ways I used to feel

A soaking through of distant emotions

These are all the different ways I used to think

A soaking through of thoughts.... Distant to the horizon

Lost over the sky somewhere

No where to pick them back up

They are falling to the moon

They are falling to the shape of a crescent

Which is the crescent of how I see my life

A shaping crescent in the night sky

But nothing is understood

It can't be reached

A crescent with a glowing daydream

A daydream that shows an uplifted spirit

A daydream that seems to understand

All the dreams below on the night's ground

Stretching across fields of grass,

A night so dark that flutters the dreams in butterflies around

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

The craters

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....

A pair of her dark, huge, powerful, alert, all-seeing eyes looks up at the glowing moon and white clouds

When she is outside in this passing night

The Desire

A desire that seems flawed

Only in imagination

Desire is seeping through the cracks

But it finds and melts into

The life it never thought it would imagine seeing

A desire of something fresh

Her dark eyes shared with me

Assisted Heart

A hand soothing a fake heart in love

Love, soothed the fake heart with fingers,

Pulling a string with a flow motion

The heart was constructed as real, and was brought to a strong life

Pumping life and blood all over the body's world

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

The boy she gave a heart, tightened with her red string

She wanted to steal him for herself

But she remembered she should have left

Detached Heart

When she left, his heart became detached

Floating in sadness,

He tried to pick it up,

But it just fell apart again

Walking back to him, she saw his sadness, and couldn't help feel his despair

His lover picked up his torn red-heart strings

And stitched his heart back together with her wavy fingers

Looking into his eyes one final time,

He looked back at her huge eyes in a wonder

She left the boy with his stitched heart strings,

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

The 21st

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

Forever

In her brush

She looks up at the sky

Nothing has changed

Everything is as it was once dreamed

Nothing needed to be found in this dream

So.... nothing was seen

Visions of a Past

In the mind of the one who is remembering is a small world

Of their own personal space

Where nothing can touch them

Safe from the outside world,

They are free to experience, imagine, re-live

Blissful visions of their past

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