

Voices.... Noises.... A Flow

Some voices are created for the one they are directed at.

Some voices are lies for the one they are directed at.

Some voices are truths for the one they are directed at.

Some noises were never meant to be heard. Some noises never knew they could be heard.

Some noises travelled to us when we didn't want them to.

Some voices travelled to us when we didn't want them to.

Why did they travel anywhere?

We do not know.

What was created.... Was something we did or did not want....

In our minds.

And so, life continues to flow, around us....

Reality

Everything accomplished is grand.

A writing wishing for something else so, so bad.

But imagination falters when it doesn't lead to anything.

A writing.... Is it a nothing, no matter how living a sense it had a wish to be born for?

Floating out of a mind.... It's not reality.

Home

Seeing a figure on a hill....

It is a late summer day.

The sun is going down.

A sun set, so reminiscent of past days.

The figure on the hill, finally waiting.

Someone just always believed

They could go home....

A figure on the hill, wishing for a sunset....

Smiled at that hope

Someone was so far away....

Why wasn't the hill reached?

Heartbeat of The Horizon

On the horizon.... All is still.

The birds chirp outside the open window

A clock ticks, in silence.

Someone lies inside the house.... Listening to the silence pulse its heartbeat around him/her.

A horizon that fades into night....

A heartbeat stops.

Hologram of Love (The Then... The Now....)

In the rising sun

The town of houses comes to life

In the rising sun

The valley of hills come to life

The distance is filled with a sunlight

A growing life

Growing inside each house

A growing girl

Growing inside her house

A vision

Someone far has of her

A vision someone sees of her grow

Wandering in her basement

Into the outside sun

Wandering in her basement

Into the outside world

She goes to school

She plays with her family

The sun sets over her life

A passing of time

She feels herself grow more

She feels herself grow into

Someone who sees a sun rise every day

She feels herself become

Someone

She can be so proud of

She feels herself morph

Into someone who seems unknown

To the years before her

A setting sun

As she plays with her friends

A rising sun

As the days begin

A setting sun

As the years pass

She is left with only herself

As she moves away from the basement

As she grows away from her town

She sees the sun rise over her new home

She sees the sun set

When she remembers herself

A fading her

A fading past

As years are spread out

On the balcony she stands

On remembering herself

The longing consumes her

She wants to go back to her young sun rise

Walking to the town she grew up in, she sees it once again.

It's a sun rise day.

The young woman smiles to herself.

She was never lost...

Something was always there for the girl to visit.

For the young woman to come back to....

She wonders what she is seeing

Her far away past is so faded....

Autumn's Shore.... A Season's Passing

On the shore, I, as a figure, stood on sand looking out at the distance....

She.... I.... saw herself floating over the sea.

A faded sight, made real by the fall leaves falling around her.

A fall leaf in the ocean.

A fall leaf, where she can't see.

A fall leaf, for her.

A fall leaf.... Somewhere off the shore.

She finds the fall leaf as it falls into her.... she glides it to the air away from her.

Standing by the shore, she moves back into a row of fall trees.

The park is lively, this time of year.

The park is a life, flowing with autumn leaves.

As the shore lies in front of her.

The sea at the end of the fall park.

She reaches the leaves....

Only to find them vanishing into the sky,

Flowing into the fall sea.

The trees in the park lose their autumn leaves,

As the season comes to an end.

And she goes....

To drown herself at sea.

Her body and face are covered with fall leaves from the autumn park.

A distant season past her.

A kiss for her.... from the lovely autumn season.

The autumn season, I lived in.

A home that left, when the seasons changed.

Having drowned herself at sea,
It was just a natural season's passing.

She lost her home.... I lost my home.

To the end of autumn.

Acceptance (Loving Herself)

When she accepted she was useless,

She felt herself breath.

No more fighting to survive.

No more fighting to be alive.

When she understood she was worthless,

She could smile

She could breathe

Her lungs felt at peace in her living death.

But it was peace.

She was a girl, with nothing ever for her.

Such was the way of her life.

Such was the way she grew up to be.

But, she never stopped wishing to love herself.

A Leaf's Axis

The sky turned to a black

The sea is formed into the clouds colour

The world is spun around the axis of a green leaf

The green leaf floats into the wind

Carrying a cloudy planet with it....

Where it lands

The water dances around it....

Splashing into the sky

The green leaf becomes an autumn yellow, orange, red

The water of the planet spins around its axis

The focal point of the earth as water floods into air....

The air crashes down into the land

Pieces of soil and dirt, forming with sand in the air

The green leaf is the axis where everything tilts and exists

Swirling into each other....

The strong wind swirling and flying over the sea air....

The sky having drowned itself in the seas....

The rock on the beach of one ocean of the world....

A figure stands on the Black rock, overlooking the world's axis

The green leaf is blown to him.... her

And they are sucked into their past life

Memories float around the axis of earth

As the leaf changes green to autumn to summer to a fallen winter.... The leaf turning brown and crumpling....

It moves from bright green to bright yellow, orange, red

It flows into the air, and spins the visions.... a planet's spiraling axis
Around it

The figure on the black rock is swept over with air and waves.

The green leaf stops in a summer,

Bright light shining on an axis that makes everything turn and move

Through life

The black rock is empty,

Soaked and swept out to an airy sea,

Where a bright sunset is rising over the shore of black rocks

And green summer leaves, fallen on black rock, reflecting a shine of amazing sunlight

A day in the future

All of this axis's power is a long-gone vision....

But the black rock on the beach and the life

Of his/ her memories never stopped breathing

Breathing on the leaf's axis

In the centre of this other planet.

Slow Day (A Lost Life)

Time goes so slow

The ticks never count fast enough

Tick, tock. Tick, tock.

Tick tock tick tock

Nothing passes in an empty space.

Time drowns in a one doing nothing

Time drowns in a sorrow of helplessness

Time drowns in a sorrow of helpless confusion

And empty place

Where no one goes.... The valley of slow.... Lost time.

Where do I go from there?

There is no place to go

I'll be stuck here with this ticking clock

Of a slow time....

Forever.

Lost in my own helplessly sorrowful

Time....

A lost life

Stopped Time (A Still Life)

When he sat in a room, still....

She walked into a room, moving.

Still as can be, he lay in his room, rotting like a corpse.

He had never wished to be a walking corpse.

Was this an end point?

She moved freely around her room, full of energetic life.

Time never stopped for her.

She was so alive.

She was so alive.... A long time ago.

He sat in his room, waiting to die.

She was a flow outside.

Gun

Holds a gun to her head....

Pulls trigger....

Air comes out.... when she breathes it in

A scent of lavender-rich air in her lungs.

A fresh bullet, giving her a rich colour.

A breath gift.

Ill Fate (Never)

An empty, hollow inside

Full of bewilderment and peace

An empty hollow space

Full of shock and awe

An empty, hollow inside

No one but her

Can see

A touch

That gives no life

But helps a gift of life

In the most strange way possible

The touch of an ill fate.

Seeking a truth,

The searcher finds a rainfall of empty drops.

A young woman is gone.

There's nothing left to search for.

Her fate was never an ill life.

Kiss

A kiss.

A kiss so soft.

A kiss for you.

A kiss for her.

A kiss for him.

A kiss for life.

A kiss for death.

A kiss for a cheek.

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