

**As if**

... and he crept forward,  
exposing his wicked fangs.  
leaning against my bare throat,  
he nicked at my pulse point  
and whispered slowly;  
*i could kill you if i wanted...*

ha,  
so could any wild animal,  
tiny insect and miniature bacteria.  
so could every single storm  
and every other height.  
so could I.  
you aint that special.

## **Paper**

They say that once a piece of paper has been crumpled,  
it can never be perfect, and smooth, and flat again.

It has been ruined -- practically forever.

So what?

You can still use it as a fire starter.

You can blow your nose with it.

You can crumple it even more, make a well with your left palm, place the piece of paper over the opening of the well, push it just a little further into the hole, then smash your right palm over it in order to produce an extremely loud and jarring sound.

You can even try to straighten it between two large, heavy books.

Or

you know,

you can just uncrumple it and write on it.

And keep writing on it.

Paper is not that weak.

**Profile**

You

are just some pathetic random guy,  
rejected by his oh-so-many wives.

You

are an unloved-by-its-mother child,  
so you bought a gun and escaped into the wild.

You

are a blinded-by-rage obsessive father,  
the child escaped, now you are looking for another.

You

are but a worker - weak, and poor, and tired,  
about to ruin those who got you hired.

Listen here, you nothing.

You are not a king, a god, the future.

You don't decide

who gets to live,

who gets to die.

The plane fired downwards,  
obedient only to the pull of the Earth.  
It was flying around,  
handled by the air, until the  
swinging was too much, and so the  
swinging halted, sending the  
plane to a certain death.

It crashed and burned,  
unraveled,  
sent millions of people  
into a frenzy,  
caused chaos like  
no other event in the  
eventful year.

It crashed and burned,  
set the prisoners free,  
and filled the prisons to  
the brim.

Killed the rich and fed  
the poor.

Took the system and

gave it to the people.

Let the people rule.

It set the nation free,

it opened its eyes,

let it breathe and walk

and talk and fly.

It crashed and burned.

And brought destruction.

And from the destruction

it brought rose the creation

and with it came

the free and the good.

See?

This is what happens

on every street,

at every corner,

to every person, who

reaches down,

kneels, and takes

the plane,

## **Of Pens and Clouds**

unravels it,  
and reads it.

(\*\*\* The title is supposed to be in the middle of the text to the side.)

## The Unseen Ones

So I survived through the icy wind and  
reached the frozen stairs on time, and  
stopped at the bottom of the stairs, looked at  
the mush of petals on the ground, and  
thought, because it was *so* early, and  
*everybody* knows that carnations are for the  
dead,  
for the graveyards and the graves.

I stood there and thought about a little  
wrinkled woman, falling into eternal sleep in  
her shivering room.

Another woman, rushing through the crowd,  
clutching something yellow, complaining of  
the cold, hurrying to meet her dear friend for  
one last time.

Or an anniversary, of a car crash perhaps.

Siblings were there too. I had them, why  
not.

A ruined sister, kneeling in front of polished  
stone, in front of her little brother,  
trembling hands placing a handful of  
flowers, cursing away at a certain driver,  
wishing he was never born.

Maybe said driver survived,  
guilt eating at him for days, so he stands  
there, shaking over marble,  
shivering hands placing whatever is  
affordable on the cool surface,  
wishing for an equal exchange  
right about now.

Perhaps it is a mistaken lover,  
a foreigner even. Someone, who sees these  
pretty flowers, sweet and gold,  
buys them for their beauty and charm.

What a gift that could make!

A pure soul with good intentions,  
placing a piece of death in a vase,  
waiting for a loved one, unaware  
of the following reaction.



It might be a slap, a yell, or maybe not,  
because said person does not even care.

They are only flowers.

Their beauty and fragrance matter.

They could have been a symbol, a cry,  
affection and warmth, a plea and a promise.

Obviously, they cannot be any of those, for  
they were laying on the ground of the metro,  
wasted.