

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.

Of Pens and Clouds

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,

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.