



Re:

# A L ve Story

Or something like that.



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## Introduction: A Story's Beginning/Ending

Nightmares are dreams right?

Why do they feel so real?

Why is it that every waking moment, all that I can think about is her. Her Laugh, Her Dreams, Her Tears. I lay awake at night thinking about these things that I can't quite control. Then it happens.

Another memory appears from a time and place I cannot remember. I can feel the sounds drifting through the streetwalk picking up the pace from a walk to a jog, I inhale, then I exhale the poison from my lungs. It doesn't work. Then I start to run. Running faster from the pain, the guilt, the fears, the memories. It's all too painstaking for me. I finally approach the place I saw a mile and a half ago. A hill. I don't exactly understand it, but I follow, it's like a pulling sensation in my brain that I cannot ignore for the feeling of what seems like a thousand needles impaling on my brain. Whenever I can't take it, I follow it. Sometimes it's a crow, Sometimes it's a raven, but I follow them so I can fill the spaces inside my head. I can't seem to remember her exactly right. It keeps changing, her face I mean. Sometimes it's sad, sometimes it's happy, but the expression keeps changing. I hate it. It brings back memories, both good and bad. In the end I guess you can't run from your problems.

I finally reach the top of the hill. The sky is starting to turn back to white again. It smells unusual up here. It's familiar, but I can't seem to

remember exactly where I smelled it. Its relaxing, the wind blows past me, and then the clouds start to part. The grass now lays flat as the wind picks up speed. I am both me and her, yet I am neither the minute I choose, everything that exists in my head and reality switch; That is my paradoxical life in a nutshell.

The worst part about living is knowing that you will never be able to do everything. That one day you will look back and think it could have all been different. It's apart of the consequences and advantages of choice. The worst part about death is knowing you'll never get the chance for anything anymore. You become nothing more than a footprint in the sand to get washed away. In a couple of years people will forget that you even existed. The once subtle wind picks up speed, tearing the grass apart to reveal....flowers? It doesn't make much sense to me, but neither does anything else in this made up world inside my head. The flowers sprout from the ground in a symphony of red and white. They begin to swallow me up. I'm drowning again. I take one more sour breath and begin to bleed into the ground above the sky.

I open my eyes again and find myself lying on the floor. There seems to be an endless amount of water above me from what I can see. Light begins to sparkle in waves below me, I feel a hard burning pain and look toward my arms and see the spiral of tattoos. A new one has appeared again. A silver rose. I stay pinned to the ground hoping that the pain would end soon. I realize that I can somehow breathe despite the only oxygen around lying within the water molecules.

I look to find something floating on its own above me. A sword comes crashing down on my chest, piercing my body. A steady stream of a mix between of pain and heat radiates from my chest. I attempt to scream but my body refuses to respond to my desires. Pictures begin to flash in my mind again, bending the scenery around me. I see a girl in a white sundress standing atop a hill. Her voice echos through my bones. She suddenly mutters “ It’s almost time” in a sorrowful voice that blends the sky together, weaving it into a ever so sounding rhythm. It was her heartbeat.

I open my eyes again to the starless night. I pull the strength into my feet and find the strength to stand on my own two feet. Feeling lightheaded I wobble a bit but eventually regain my posture. I look back to see my home: The city of ruins. Everything is either collapsed, broken, or buried under the toxic amounts of rust and clay. I breath in the dry air and launching myself off like a cannon I sprint down the hill. I weave my way through a city that has failed to exist. Jumping over the metal scraps and broken glass a cut a corner to find shelter in the room of a building that was on its side. It’s mostly intact. The only thing that I found was a crow that disappeared quickly inside a trash can, but it appeared not afraid, but cautious. Here is where I sit down to write my story.....



## Re:The Disappearing Forest

Strings dance upon an autumn morning,  
Slowly suffocating the sounds of nature,  
Hidden beyond the sweet smell of venom.

Intoxicatingly beautiful.

Irresistibly painful.

Thorns ripping the tears from her face,  
As she bleeds the smell of red.

Harsh and enlightening.

Cold yet inviting.

Sending shivers through the wind,  
blood along with the rain.

a dance of a thousand little green blades  
Cutting the sound of the silent storm.

Sweeping over the screaming nation,

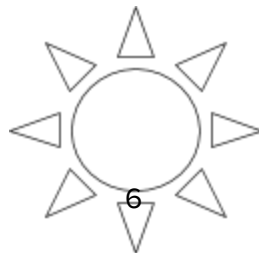
We face the fear of love.

A love that are the strings that take our breaths away,

Only leaving corpses behind.

So breath in the fire,

And vanish with the mist .



## Re: Love song - Aftermath

I walk in the night,  
Slowly loving the sadness.  
Weeping softer now, It comes nearer.  
Uninviting feelings of regret start to bloom  
Along with the icy seasons, to softly kill the sun.  
Words that forbid silence, I now succumb,  
Dreading the undeserving feeling of warmth.  
I Hide. I Scream. I Bleed.  
I shred what is now left of my humanity.  
I am her now,  
She who brings me crawling back to the poison.  
Poison that is not poison but hope for a more daring release.  
As my body convulses, My mind blurs,  
Blood and tears mix with the black ink.  
I am the poison that holds her breath, I am the fear that holds her heart  
Stealing the sanity, Murdering the humanity, I am elevated to a monster.  
To bring the truth along with the pain.  
I ruthlessly tear apart which was once whole, to create a frankenstein of  
feelings  
Indistinguishable from each other, As everything else around me, collapses.



## Re: Scream

She runs through the woods,  
scared of the voices that are ringing in her mind.

She draws near in the night,  
Collapsing from fear the forest now whispers,

A few more happy little pills  
A little more juice to phase her mind

She returns to paradise.  
As fireflies in the sky shine one last time.  
Flowing throughout night, butterflies drown.  
in the lost stars beyond the sky.

Being the lucky ones  
never looking back.

Dolls start to dance,  
while a soldier fights.

The consequences start to wither,  
through a victorious night.

Pain starts to unravel,  
Lost love drenches the world,  
suffocating through a clear sky,  
as the forest starts to scream.





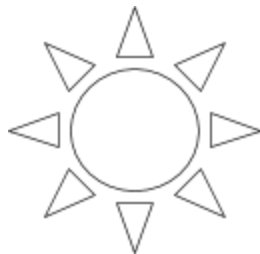
## Re: Ruined

A willow falls in the day,  
He enshrouds himself in cords made of twine.  
Soft sirens swallow sea.  
Blinded by the wilting darkness  
Choking memories long forgot  
The finale has now begun.  
Clouded by memories  
Yet fondled by regret.  
white dress now in clear view,  
Blinded by hopes and desires,  
He is too weak to lift this hanging feeling  
and too strong to give up the daunting poison.  
He falls with the rain  
Left in ruins



## Re: Alice

Built from broken promises  
We both rise  
Swinging our hearts around in a technical circle  
Breaking the ties that bind us  
lining our thoughts with not wishes  
But potential  
One that is like a pencil that carves stone  
Sketching and revising everything that been known thus far  
Till our perfection makes it permanent  
Raising young roses  
Both white and red  
In front of a castle made of something stronger  
Shattering the looking glass  
Desperately trying to put out a proverbial fire  
That the now beheaded Jabberwocky spits  
It's fun, isn't it?  
Another fairytale dead, another memory of you gone.  
I am Alice  
This love is, or was wonderland



## Re: Plastic Words

These word I write are plastic.  
Nothing more than useless sounds,  
Twisted images meant to be thrown away.  
Paper hearts and glass parts.  
Feelings are nothing more than the chemicals I inhale.  
These ashes alone can't ignite this bridge.  
This false comfort is no longer enough to move me,  
Destroying myself from the inside out,  
Then tearing down everything else.  
Strings snap,  
Relationships end.  
In the end I truly never found what I was looking for.  
I didn't know what I was looking for.  
A poem? A song?  
In the end I could only help myself.  
Standing with the blade in my hand,  
Trembling, Shaking  
I slice open the chains,  
To reveal the blood and the bone gone.  
I'm free to change,  
Or remain as I am.  
So, I guess told you so?

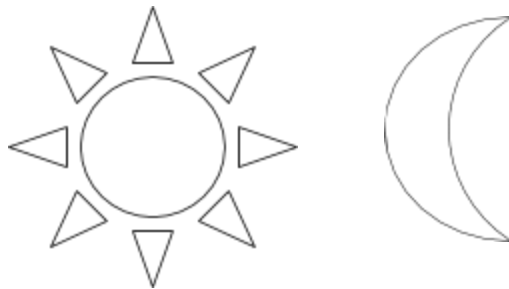


## Re: Memories

Forged upon eyes of stone  
Dancing in the heat of it all  
Unknown to those who remain open  
Hiding among the bliss and rivers  
Only observed by those with choice

She dances a thousand songs  
He writes a million words  
With nothing more than love has taught

The rain and the VCR cease  
Shredding and redeveloping the memories inside  
Small droplets of water remain  
While emotions freeze the rest  
Our eyes rewind the player yet again  
As we spend the rest of our lives on repeat



## Re: The girl without wings

There once lived a girl without wings  
A lone soldier  
One who traded a sword for a shield  
who knew a blades somber song  
Who danced to the sound of a lone heartbeat  
A smile,  
A tear.  
A single feeling of remorse for those who would listen  
As Love turns on deaf eyes  
The frozen grass wilts gladly  
A Remembrance to the Strays.

There once lived a boy without care.  
A brave one,  
Who sung the song that he heard from the girl.  
All at once the boy disappeared.  
He traded stones for flowers,  
Ones that faded as he did.  
A memory,  
A smile,  
As the world collapsed on them both.  
As they both flew,  
One last time.



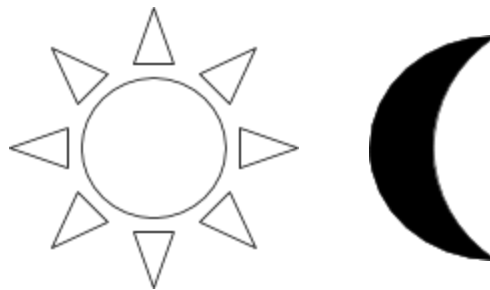
## Re: The White Dress

Her eyes tore through me like glass  
Slowly prying my eyes open  
Unknowingly seeing what I didn't wish to reveal  
A magician's bag that conceals false tricks  
Hiding behind curtains of lies that are suddenly drawn open  
Curtain falls, everyone laughs  
She bags the boy and she runs  
Out the doors that reveal reality  
Rivers turns to sewage  
Looking around to only carnage  
Blue skies turn pitch black  
Simple things become twisted delusions  
A final act to repeal it all  
Her lips taste sour on his dying lips  
Flowers blooming  
Blood drying  
Inhaling the gas that further restricts the truth  
He breathes again  
She laughs once more  
What is desire but shredded feelings  
Or glass hopes?  
A powder and flashlights  
And the couple fall



## Re: Alive in The Dark

Hidden from society  
Remorse is constantly suffering  
Inhabitable memories subsidize clarity  
Bubbles rising from a verbal corp  
Hearing the silence finally speak in tones  
Rhyming consonants without vowels  
Wolves swallow a world  
Frozen in shadows  
Cast away from the rest of the universe  
One Light brings a timid morning  
Or is it a dull night  
Forgetting yesterday's memories  
In return for tomorrow's dreams  
The boy and the girl continue  
To lay  
To stand  
To Fly  
Each on their own as one.



## Finale: an Epilogue

A trip,  
A Journey,  
An Adventure.  
Enticed in glory and rendition  
Collapsed in a veil of stories  
Intertwined in emotion  
To daze outsiders  
Endlessly reclining the tension.  
Perpetually,  
Sorrowfully,  
Calmly.  
An appreciation is applauded  
For ending as timefully as the start  
We release you  
To find yourself...

