Light rain dripping on your face

As you come back to your self

And you open up your eyes

from your quaint sleep

Up above, static, grey clouds

Covering the sky and sun

Filling the dreary air with

Soft falling rain

You roll over, stand and stare

And wonder at the fields

Plains of memories cut short

all around you

But the wind attends you

The end of the gravel path

Bringing your eyes, focusing

On the Chalkboard

The placid Chalkboard, shadowed

The grasses flirt toward it

You drift over curious,

At Bone-white writing thereof

So, as you come close to it

You stare at the dark chalkboard

To divine meaning, it's words:

"Again”, and “End"

So, you take your stick of chalk

Then you touch it to the board

Then the chalk melts into dust

And blows away

But you’re ready to embark

To obtain your life, again

A second chance for success

So, you wake up...