

Palace of my dreams

Walls painted by my blood. Ceilings as high as the dreams I never accomplished. Wooden floors that creak as I dance, as proof I had been here for decades. Pictures of the people who believed in me, who I let down by not being enough.

Windows stained with frost, keeping me away from the outside world, trapping me in my misery. Doors forever locked, without keys to open them. Every drawer I look in is full of my works, that were never finished, never realized. Never build. They weren't good enough.

Hands cold as ice, no matter what source of warmth I try bringing in my lonely palace. I tried to burn them, once or twice, maybe even too many times to count. Never succeeded.

I was told I couldn't escape, by the silhouette. I was told the closest town is months away. Sorrow may keep me immortal within these walls, but as soon as my hand touches the doorknob, I'll be set free to freeze in agony, walking in the high snow without an end.

I tried to dance my pain away. Tried to scare it with my singing, with my screams that echoed by the walls. It told me how beautiful my voice is. How strong it can be heard from the belfry of the palace. How much emotion it's holding. Yet it refused to ease my pain.

I tried to write it off, hoping there was a book that could change my destiny. In every novel, between every song in the poetry books that were once organized neatly, there is a sentence I wish to come true. I was told I wrote beautifully. It praised my creativity, and my imagination, but told me my wishes were too big to become true.

Chased by the silhouette made of my dreams. Who haunts me since the day I failed. Who dragged me here, yet told me I was the one who walked in by myself. There isn't much I remember, yet I don't believe I was a fool who chose this by myself.

I don't remember how long it's been since I got here, but I don't seem to get better. As I come to terms with my fate, it throws another setback at me that I had forgotten about. Even though it had been written in the books I destroyed searching for the right one, and even though I apparently screamed the same thing over and over loud enough to be heard from the belfry of the palace, I couldn't remember the movement of my hands or the strength of my voice.

This will remain in one of the books I took from the floor. I'm trying to keep it a secret. I wrote in cursive, messing up the words, leaving splotches of ink, yet I already knew I couldn't hide a thing from this house. It will praise me for the beauty of my words, for the realization that will be taken away from me, not letting me protest. Only this house knows when I will get a hold of this book again, when my hands will flip through its pages, searching for answers I wrote for myself knowing I would desperately try finding them.

Until I find this again, I won't gain any new experiences. The only thing that will change is the day on the calendar that I am forbidden to see.

Lars

Salvatore, Lana Del Ray