

After

After the fire,
The trees' black remains stand,
Tall and proud,
Forever reaching to the sky.

Ash, cold and broken,
Littering the ground around the
Shining charcoal hands of the
Burnt trees.

Once so full of colour and life,
Now full of blackened death.
Like a blossom, become limp,
And fallen to the ground.

The stars have gone out
For this forest,
The sky turning black as ink—
After the fire.

There is nothing to shine on
But a miserable, cold, empty
Feeling of nothingness
As the trees stand high.

The forest has been withdrawn,
Taken, fallen to the flames,
Until only a thought
Is left.

Like an emptied speech bubble,
With the words cracked and stolen,
So nothing is said
Anymore.

Flames, hungry, once roared,
But when the forest was devoured,
They had nothing to feed on,
So they died down and died.

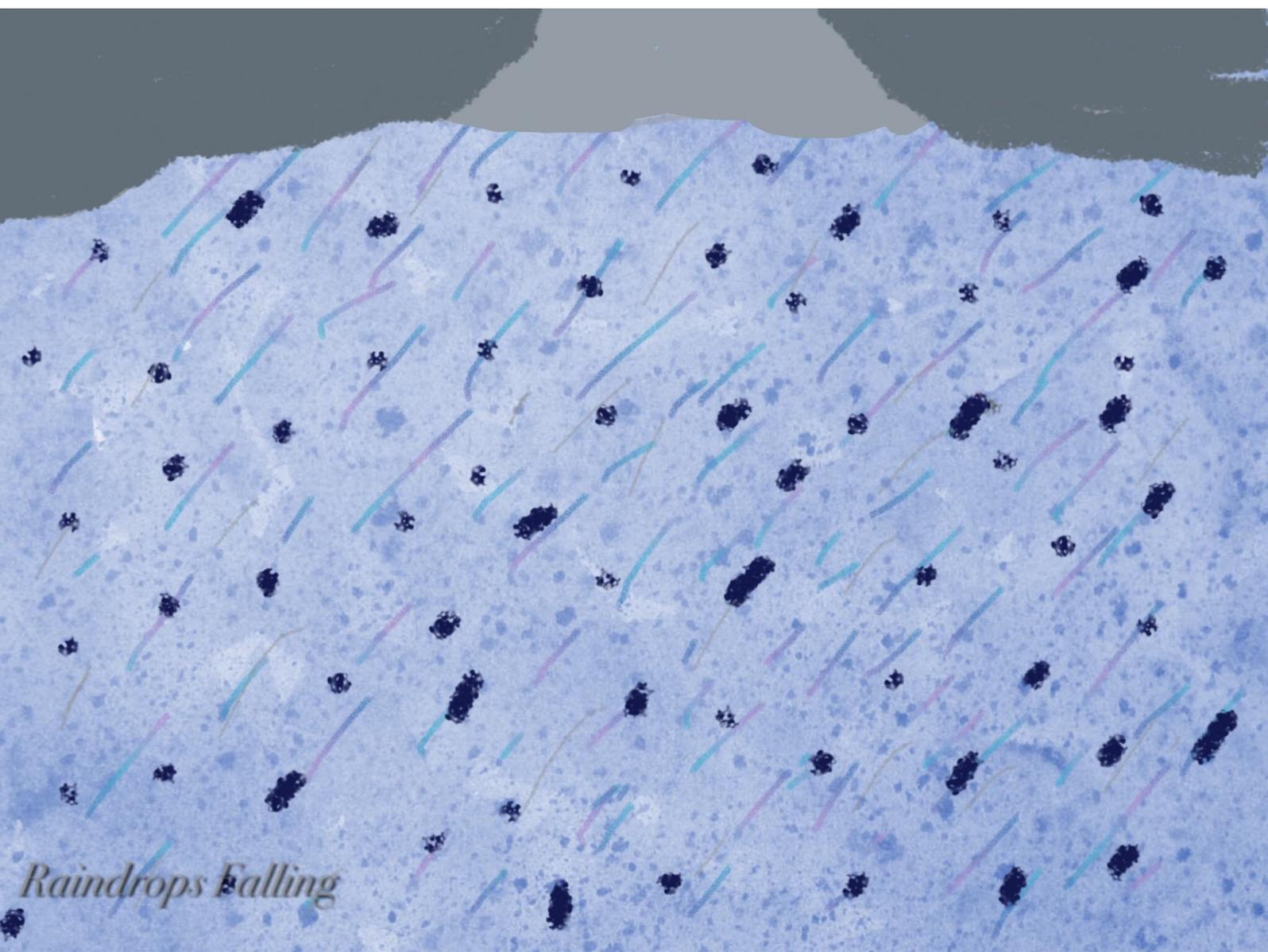
Nothing is like fire,
Which can eat anything but
Water, and leave nothing but
A shell.

After



Raindrops Falling

Raindrops that pound on windowsills,
That fall to the ground, and puddles fill,
Soft raindrops that fly hard towards the earth,
That slip down windshields, and in gutters lurk,
Will you pull me into a cycle as rhythmic and pretty,
As the one you go through, falling quiet and steady,
So I'll always know when to expect the pain,
When I take the form of a drop of rain,
And evaporate once I hit the ground,
And form a cloud, a white, fluffy mound,
So I know when I'll rise and when I'll fall,
And there can really be no surprise at all,
Raindrops that pound on windowsills,
Will you carry me over swooping hills,
In the form of clouds, white or gray,
To travel by night is to fall in the day,
And in a simple beat so lulling and luring,
I'll find all I need to get my world whirling,
And I'll whirl too, whirl round and round,
In a cycle where I forever hit the ground.



Raindrops Falling

Stained Sky

Sunrise comes,
Explodes with colour,
Clouds are stained
Red, orange, yellow, pink.

All fades to blue,
With clouds of white,
But the sun is there,
A golden stain.

Among the orderly
Blue and white,
A leaf is falling,
A moving stain.

Where no stain
Is to be seen,
Cliff rises,
Gray stain.

And last of all,
Hovering for a minute,
A bird seems to hang,
Beautiful stain.

As sunset comes,
And sky is covered
With the colours of fire,
No one notices the stains.

Stained

Sky

