

It begins.

by Melacka

Pretty pictures, colourful words, concealing a complex meaning.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Pretty pictures, colourful words, concealing a complex meaning.

AN: My thoughts on high school. I wrote it a few years back while I probably should have been paying attention to what was happening in class.

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It begins,
droning voices drown my thoughts,
thoughts,
of places I have long desired to see.
Snap of her fingers,
clap of her hands,
flash of her eyes.
She foolishly demands an attention,
I, myself, refuse to give.
She turns her back,
resumes her frivolous activity.
Pretty pictures,
colourful words,
concealing a complex meaning.
My attention wavers,

my mind begins to struggle.
Struggle,
with the overbearing touch of reality.
The Dragon roars meaningless instructions,
throws me an unconvincing glare,
sits in her seat of importance,
surrounded by inferior creatures,
begging for an answer.
Eyes of fire drive them away.
She sleeps.
Contempt contorts my face,
I cover quickly.
She means nothing, I
cannot care.
Defiance shapes my features,
I look away.
My eyes flutter shut,
I am lost.
Whoops! The dreams I dream,
reorganise to reality.
Loud dreams, embarrassing reality.
She is too close to me,
the Dragon wakes.
Fire scorches my skin,
reprimands stomp through my head,
setting up shop,
somewhere that doesn't matter.
Clutter clogs my brain,
leaving no room
for the parroted information
thrown on deaf ears.
A useless carcass,
of once revered knowledge,
turned to nothing
by my foolish inattention.
Outside,
the wind howls its revenge
on the neatened rows
of recently raked leaves.
Captures my attention
like no dragon can.
Trees dance their confusion,
showing no intention
of exercising control.
The winds coax the trees.
Outside,
the dance of life is never ending.

Inside,

it begins again.

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AN: Please review.