

# Flipping a Coin

*by Aurora*

The compelling poem about hearing the words from a Seer. A man cloaked with baseness listened and was force to act to savage his own soul.

## The Flip

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The compelling poem about hearing the words from a Seer. A man cloaked with baseness listened and was force to act to savage his own soul.

Fretful, heart-filled worries, at one single time,  
Brilliantly escaped from an old man's tragic soul,  
Shivering, crawling among the crevices,  
Through the crumbling wrinkles above the brow.  
Yet- supplied, completely employed,  
From an another soul, still shuddered the world of one.  
The dazed daydreams of one blind Seer,  
Who witnessed an endless world, full of color.  
What are these effects,  
That are consequently told?  
Genuineness to be distinguished,  
Apprehension to be fashioned,  
Peace to evanesce to Heaven,  
Individual lives to cease?  
In a place, known only to the imagination,  
Before there was an empty, dreary liberty, at one big apple,

Before freedom strides in front of a pond of tranquility,  
A man covered with a grave coat of utter baseness,  
Was told, instructed of a tale, a prophecy of sorts.  
A myth, perhaps, or the honest truth,  
Speaking of a dreaded life to come,  
The destiny to have hands soaked with the blood of another,  
Or to beseeched with a coffin to Hell.  
Spoke of the countless deaths of human's innocence,  
The endless spilling of human essence, of luring blood,  
Commenced with words of one whose life was a mystery.  
Yet saw and emerged into a world of pity and hope,  
That she alone shared, a partnership of one.  
Among, the deeds and ideologies through the night,  
Two names of two little boys, of babies, were spilt.  
A name had to be drawn, for that boy was the leek in the dike,  
Either from selecting a name from a bag of one or from a bag of two,  
One of a pureblood, completely whole,  
Of a life, of a morale different from the man.  
Yet, the other, dirty, some might say,  
Was different from the antecedent,  
For a constant tie was shared,  
A long, unbreakable tie never to be altered.  
The man under the cloak needed to choose,  
A choice between similarity and opposition.  
Comprehension wasn't a clue, nor was a bag insight,  
A name had to be selected to salvage the senseless man,  
From a man of complete self, or from the weaving of three Fates.  
A live had to cease for the cloaked was not to be graved,  
A life of an innocent to end,  
Before the sun began to ascend.  
The man had to select, the man had to choose,  
The flip of a coin couldn't aid that one little boy.