



The Pyramid's Return

Thank You

1936

A Poetic Fantasy

By Kai Nakashima

CHAPTER 1 The Poisonous-Green Beginning

She stepped on the train,
in a wisp of green smoke,
she said, "This is familiar..."
and the future evoked,
strangely, but fitting,
this beginning befriends,
how this story opens,
is the same as it ends.
She stepped off the train,
of sheet metal-gray,
all verdantly poisoned,
and well on her way,
a soldier, civilian,
a man who was black,
he said, "This is my fight,
and there's no going back."
So the two of bright courage,
set off in the green,
the mist of frog-yellow,
and the toxic, dark, sea,
while lily pads blossomed,
in charcoal and lime,
they cast a young shadow,
on her skin of peach-white,
meanwhile children,
in their teens and their twenties,
were brandishing silver,
in big blood-lust parties,
for revenge was their answer,
and they didn't know better,
when a certain young man,
lost a boy's loving Mother,
for humans it hurts,
just evade the pure envy,
a dust-liquid green,
and as choking as ivy,
it was a soldier, civilian,
a boy, girl, and crystal,

that all got together,
on a whim of the wistful,
but to touch that clean blue,
you must put forth a hand,
that blood has not spilt,
but they couldn't pretend,
there was a bruise on his wrist,
but not a speck more,
though Girl was bejeweled,
with a bit of red gore,
as these innocents marched,
in the shadows, revealed,
Young Man was sleeping,
and unconsciously healed,
as a flash-back ensued,
as a night sky arose,
he remembered the stars,
as his eyes remained closed,
the moonlight, the sparkles,
the fireworks gleamed,
as Young Man, a killer,
yes, even they, dream,
and his shaken, cool body,
was stirred just a tad,
as he heard the sweet Girl,
say, "This could be bad..."
She said, "This isn't right..."
The four had awoken.
Soldier reached for the heavens,
but then came wide open,
a flitting blue light,
turned her eyes to glass sky,
she said, "This is not mine,"
She said, "This is goodbye..."

CHAPTER 2 Befitting Pink

And so they journeyed together,
and found an old ship,
saying, "This ought to sail,
or I'm gonna flip!"

But Civilian was certain,
when he took the wood wheel,
of the ship called The Monster,
and he played pioneer,
so Girl and her boy,
took up accents and treasure,
Solider grew weary,
but held it together,
and they crashed it ashore,
in the dark of the evening,
she flashed pretty pink,
and said, "This time, I'm leaving."
Through the sand-scented rubble,
the spaceship debris,
She walked up to the sand dunes,
and continued on, free,
but Boy wanted more,
of what bravery boasted,
and followed her heaving,
with the heart he was holding,
said, "I'm on the dark side,
I'm just like you-"

But Soldier's cold eyes,
of an ice, topaz hue,
said, "Stop it, just stop it,
you're a kid, not a killer,
you ought to be learning,
not turning to winter."

Glorified in his eyes,
burst a rose blossomed room,
warm as a breeze,
in the arms of sweet June,
like petals of cherries,
so honey-milk washed,
over clean, wounded skin,
he was sure he had blushed,

but this beauty was pain,
but its meaning was new,
as he stroked down the waters,
and he could only see you,
he could not trust this place,
tender, pink, as a bloom,
as she woke with a start,
and she left the white room,
"For these wounds are not yours,
though your body is scarred,
you've taken the bloodshed,
and trauma so hard,
the ripple of skin,
once smooth to a fault,
has changed your appearance,
by a violent assault,
you shouldn't have took it,
it wasn't for you,
your scars are not yours,
so despite what you choose,
you can clamber to heaven,
or stay and await,
the justice and mercy,
that came a bit late-"

Flashbacks assembled,
her cake and her weapons,
her sister cut ribs, melon,
and, pickled peppers,
"I pushed her away,"
Soldier said to the boy,
"I'm ashamed of my ways,
and I must be destroyed."

She was broken to sadness,
"I lended no ears,

I'm reckless, encumbered,
I am filled with this fear..."

Boy saw rubies dripping,
the salty tears bled,

"I feel for you Soldier,
but I don't know you yet..."

CHAPTER 3 Dark As Chocolate

She let loose a dark smile,
though her garnets were bloody,
Soldier, Boy, went on forward,
into murk, purple, muddy,
a voice of brown satin,
came over man's shoulder,
a smell inter-esting,
like a rich, chocolate smolder,
she was smoking deep violet,
with eyes like a cat,
"I know what you're doing,
and you shouldn't do that-"
With humor, bad humor,
with perfume so darn thick,
it was a struggle to breathe,
to burn out the black wick,
when a memory blotted,
his lover, so hurt,
said, "I cannot do this,
if you don't keep your word!"
A juicy teardrop,
put a pop in her pride,
he says, "Don't look away,
I am always inside,
I love you, there's nothing,
that I wouldn't give,
than to love you forever,
if that's what you wish."
The day break, it smashed,
into dawn, like the waves,
an island of awe,
but they were afraid-
they ran hand in hand,

on the beach, on the sidewalk,
he dragged her through ocean,
through water, the tidal,
but inside planet mech,
Soldier marched to the music,
Boy was in panic,
and she was to lose it,
transfigure her body,
become like an angel,
guiding them gently,
through traffic and danger,
they came slipping down,
a crescent of glass,
Young Man saluted,
but the cat woman passed.
Speaking firmly, but quickly,
"Then there were what?"
A missile blew up,
and it broke up the bunch,
Boy and Young Man,
separated by blood,
separated by wisdom,
beliefs and such stuff,
this was not taken lightly,
a roof-top plot murder,
as Boy forgot everything,
like he mustn't have heard her,
forced under the hood,
the roof of the house,
not a creature was stirring,
but he opened his mouth...

CHAPTER 4 The Red Spectrum

Girl and Civilian,
came across this lit city,
where the lights and the cars,
were so colored and pretty,
they watched a gem circus,
parading its' amber,
its' citrine and pearls,
its' onyx and glamour,
with facets set dazzling,
and twirling through air,
liquid spits heat,
on the jewels so rare,
the sapphires tingled,
lyracized, interlocked,
as a precious-set pony,
pushed rocks, over rocks,
but that's when they saw them,
together, at last!
A red fuchsia bridal,
a crimson-stained cast,
"We are souls, hold our own,
we are living, not dead!"
But pains become banquets,
where the villains get fed,
"We've met the cold-hearted,
we've met the worst fear!"
That of people and places,
of both courage and wear,
and he then told a story,
that went on like this,
"To kill the machine,
well, it would be of bliss,
a wedding white dove,
released of it's cage."
They walked into darkness,
we enter next stage.

CHAPTER 5 Nature Colors

Under ground like the trains,
of a track, dirt, and car,
a mine shaft for gold,
souvenirs from the war,
our heroes walked weary,
down mountains of dust,
leaving footprints in sand,
put their lives upon trust,
that daylight would come,
and escape these cold caves,
of rails and railings,
bolts, tracks, and some graves,
each rock gave a spook,
every lantern, a whisper,
but the group carried on,
in the burn of their blisters,
nothing short of a flicker,
of a fire-lit torch,
lit the path of the walkers,
only faded, sweet-orange,
Soldier held the stick sturdy,
and led the whole team,
down the dirty rock trail,
in their boots, so unclean,
they were dusted, and crusted,
and caked up with mud,
and Soldier's top lip,
held a spot of red blood,
and just when the hopes,
of the walkers, gave way,
a minuscule detection,
of light hit their way,
with a gleam in their eyes,
cast the sunlight's gold wisp,
some even teared,
some leaned in and kissed,

as the sun hit their skin,
the warmth warmed their bones,
they rejoiced as would humans,
though this was, not their home.

Once the party was over,
they looked to the sea,
of grasses, green grasses,
and trees filled with leaves,
silk-brown became mitted,
at what Girl sent her way,
but for the most part,
she was happily gay,
and Girl had a break down-
a revelation of truth,
and every one person,
turned to her big news.
Kneeling down to a lass,
we will call this lass, Flower,
Girl looked at Flower,
and said, "You have the power!
The awesomest power!
To forgive and forget,
a power I'm lacking,
but I, must find it!"
Flower chuckled and smiled,
"No it just isn't so,
for I am good at forgiving,
only those that I know."

CHAPTER 6 Shining

Soldier picked a small posy,
though so unlike her,
and blew at it's seedlings,
and wished to be heard,
Young Man glanced at this oddly,
like a man seeing cryptic,
but ignoring the fact,
he just took her in mystic,
saying, "What did you wish for?
I know you can tell."
Soldier looked to the moon,
in the sky's morning well,
she said "This isn't over,
we fight to the end,
that is, if we live-
will I see her again?"
The team traveled on,
to the valley of cabins,
the hometown of Cat's,
made her shed a one tear,
"Now that's all that yer seein',
git out, now y' hear?"
So we move to the next scene,
and out of the houses,
of broken wood structures,
of windows and gouges,
stepped out the Worst Fear,
with a riddle of wisdom,
"Perhaps you should meet me,
back at the old kingdom."
"It's a promise." Said Soldier,
with murder in eyes,
and he vanished in silence,
in the air of one wise.
Through streets of a city,
on the brink of fine taste,
the glass and the neon,

all the paintings, no space,
all the cars, fancy planes,
all the cabs on the road,
so appealing to be there,
that I may have to go!
But to the castle they're going,
graceful feet of that bunch,
fleet as a mustang,
or a stag of the such,
and they just didn't know,
maybe someone would die-
they rushed to the scene,
and then to their surprise...

CHAPTER 7 Gold Magenta

It was a vibrant magenta,
streaming light, pink, and roses,
a stain glass so strong,
it put sneezes in noses,
the glass was so deep,
in the hue of rich pink,
in a mural of black,
lead-line inter-linked,
to form pictures of women,
a Goddess, a horse,
doves and red roses,
and bright lights of course,
there were humans and creatures,
and bursts of quartz hues,
and these twinkles of colors,
could send chills into you,
have you ever seen pink,
through the eyes of a girl,
who thought not if this color,
could change the whole world?
They went through the hallways,
of strawberry cream,
until a strange room,
had appeared for the team,
cautious, but thoughtful,
they stepped into lightness,
of a pearl-bright blandness,
and a striking-plain whiteness,
Killer, Civilian,
the soldier, the cat,
the boy, and the girl,
and the love that they had,
they fought to the death,
of this thing they called Fear,
when the root came undone,

and the angels were here-
but Cat was confused,
and she dove to the planet,
enshrouded in darkness,
as some would have had it,
a silent goodbye,
whisked to all of their faces,
as they floated to safety,
in a strange outer-spacing.
Back on earth they resumed,
melted from their stone hearts,
“Look at this, what we’ve done,
and we each played our part.”
Soldier kissed Flower,
Flower kissed Girl and Killer,
Killer hugged Soldier back,
and they looked to the pillar,
Shine came running back,
to his daddy, Civilian,
who embraced his good child,
in a warm-hearted willing,
Boy dashed to the arms,
held by both Soldier, Killer,
Girl was lifted by daddy,
like their cat was still with her,
they cried for their loss,
and they cried for their win,
holding hands they walked back,
to where they, should have been,
they were all going home,
except for one cat,
but she still bats an eye,
at the way I said that,
a gold earring spits off,
such a glint that blinds them,
to respond to a query,
heard again, and again,
and if we look closer,
we may get a glimpse,
at our heroes in hiding,
and have been hiding since...

CHAPTER 8 Indigo Iris

Soldier grew older,
and God, she is beauty,
but she still holds a torch,
to the arms of her duties,
and she suffers in heartache,
as she forces a distance,
between all of her friends,
in a blooming white instance,
of silvery knighting,
the wings of great speed,
she's a dragonfly fighter,
in this time of need,
she's spilled so much blood,
in a name she will clutch,
an indigo iris,
that has spilled way too much,
to the sky it will flock,
her wings of raw light,
won't wilt in the winter,
when she's prone to fly kites,
to satisfy cravings,
to fly once again,
a shell in the bed,
and a bed in the sand,
a bed of blue pansies,
butterfly in the stain,
a twinkling dancer,
whom has hectically slain,
a wind-chime in singing,
the girl, she is here,
the woman in flesh,
and her glass drops of tears,
more like diamonds I'd think,
cause they're sure not to break,
you say the word,
and she'll be for your sake,
she battles on surely,
thinking she knows what's best,
while her bloody hands soak,
and her life manifests,

Soldier is older,
her topaz, and roses,
still has angel skin,
but I don't think she knows it,
if she ever wakes up,
can you tell her what's wrong?
The God that she loved-
He is not the same one...
So does it stand true,
that when she is asleep,
is she as contagious?
Is she nearly as deep?
As she was before,
just like, is the sea,
on the wall of brick red,
but as green as could be,
so will we dig far,
back before, when her eyes-
were as red as dead seas,
and had been crimsonized?
A secret lie waiting,
and you're dying to know,
she fell asleep one cold spring,
and awoke in the snow...

CHAPTER 9 Metal

He said "Drop this cold key,
into the shores of this time,
and watch every-thing,
change in blinks of the eye,"
He said, "Go to the garden,
where Flower lies waiting,
and learn what you can-
and if you're worth saving."
Drenched in gold jangled beads,
clinking ivory gem,
shaking bells to the bone,
glittered glory, this man,
dressed in silks and fine satin,
shiny tassels and chiffon,
could make someone awkward,
kinda freak out and stiffen,
no, he wasn't Worst Fear,
he was better than that,
he was more like a hero,
with a villainous trap,
but he walked into lightness,
the island, her being,
and convinced her of something,
she couldn't believe in.
"We will change the whole world."
But he said this to Flower,
and Soldier nods gently,
"You have that great power,
questioning wrong and the right,
every good, bad, and sick,
it was Flower and Salem,
the prince of mys-tic,
who said, "Drop the key,

into shores of this time,
and then watch as all,
change in blinks of the eye."
Salem held up his wrists,
whirling fingers in smoke,
conjured magic-mirrors,
as they stepped into hope,
a map so distorting,
an atlas to follow,
navigation completed,
pick up pieces tomorrow,
but when the rules they foiled,
put their hands in the air,
Salem dropped every weapon,
whispered: "This is no where."
Wrap it up for the spastic,
hunting graveyards eternal,
he said, "Keep it together,
I'm not going nocturnal."
Then we see Boy a-gain,
only older, like Soldier,
he remembers all things,
even what Killer told her,
Boy then shows the future,
because the future is now,
he says, "We are just flickers,
of a time that was bound,
a new meaning, dear magic,
a twisted new fate,
we all have grown older,
we've done so, at the stake."

CHAPTER 10 A Lime Path

We see visions like facets,
of jade, emerald green,
like azaleas so pretty,
we will meet the young queen,
the queen of El's castle,
His stone painted muck,
and if El tries to kill you,
just dip down and duck,
in the old, orphaned garden,
they fought sword to chest,
"So that's who El is!"
Boy coughed on his breath,
"And whom are you, too?"
We forget and forgive,
and we do this in knowing,
that forever, we live,
yet we glimpse the worst case,
but if we do it with mind,
a lesson well-learned,
will come back and be mine."
They traveled through sunscapes,
and apple fields, blooming,
the sweet smell of summer,
but a tale, I'm assuming,
"It's Killer! He's back!"
It is Killer, I swear!"
Flower raced to her man,
a man of blue stare,
savory, sure,
he was so very real,

that fiction is far,
from the way his breath feels,
"Flower and Killer,"
Salem lapped tongue-in-tune,
"Sitting in a tree,
in the middle of June,
first came the kisses-"
She slapped him in shoulder,
"I think this is why,
we all kinda grew older."
"Yeah, yeah," Mumbled Salem,
he turned to the jungle,
"now let's find that glimmer-"
but before he could, stumbled,
over roots they went walking,
juicy-fruit, bobbing vines,
tickled past their salt bodies,
caressing each of their spines,
and the most deep and green,
covered tree after tree,
in the jungle of jewels,
like an emerald, lime, sea.

CHAPTER 11 Obsidian

“To the desert!” He pointed,
to the grasslands of dry,
fly falcons of winter,
run the dogs, civilized,
fight the dragons of black,
see the light of the sun,
then watch a cold killer,
disappear from the hunt,
take a break in the shadows,
force a smile to lips,
have fun at a party,
put a hand on your hips,
see the image in crystal,
fortune teller betold,
skip a rock through the water,
see a city of gold.

Come destruction — it’s El.
He has come to entice,
with a bit of mistreated,
sweet lemon, fresh spice,
but that’s just his smell,
cause he wears that perfume,
as the bridge falls to pieces,
and his queen is consumed,
now she lies in the arms,
of a man not her own,
she says, “Don’t worry Salem,
I shall leave you my throne.”

He cries in-to grape eyes,
and they dive into tech,
machines silver-lightning,
but they don’t know it yet,
computers and math,

equations to solve,
chemical coffins,
then the data dissolves,
but El didn’t die,
no, he’s waiting for them,
a man unto hiding,
and so much a friend,
with neons and blackness,
a turn of torn pages,
Salem falls with relief,
in the strangest of places!
Eerie bright silence,
singing, “How can I find-
Oh why can’t I find you?”
They sit down and cry.
Then Salem saw blood,
the obsidian angels,
pyramid’s cages,
and from them, bones dangled,
but they both saw her sister,
cause Soldier was sleeping,
and one more remark,
would send the goddess home, weeping,
sudden coppers, and bronze,
it was a man dressed in violet,
like hummingbird feathers,
the night became sky-lit,
in a battle intense,
with the sense of a friend,
that we won’t see again,
not until the true end...

CHAPTER 12 Animal Print

They were spilled into Eden,
created of stone,
“So why is this heaven,
if you’re so damn alone?”

The battle goes on,
it even bruises my eyes,
because each step that’s taken,
con-cerns somebody’s life,
but he fights like a mustang,
and he fights like a stag,
swears an oath to be present,
as a true, human man,
he’s a lion, a ram,
a jaguar, a tiger,
but best of all yet,
he’s an outright plain liar!

What an elegant being,
what a smile on face!
But a fibber for certain,
he’s a graceful disgrace,
he says, “Salem, do face me,
I’m not on your side.”

And the battle goes on,
striking out in the blinds,
it was a lie, do believe-
all he wanted to say,
“Please believe all my words.”

For this was his last day,
the last day on this earth,
he said, “Treasure me well,
I am King El the first,
and my story, they’ll tell.”
Salem hit the ground running,
Flower flies on her feet,
to the ships in the sky,
where the aliens meet,
he said, “What, I what?!”

Do I say that to Flower?
Do I have to say that?
It’s against my will power!”
But it is written in ink,
Salem says to his right,
“Flower, I love you,
oh this just isn’t right!”
But she smiles at this,
and it’s too good to see,
the most wonderful eyes,
they were staring at me,
a warm, icy purple,
a cool, liquid-gray,
a pair of white diamonds,
and a blue if you may,
but a motherly stare,
was the only caress,
Soldier gave to her sister,
on her last honored breath,
but we argue, you know,
because God, she is glory,
glory, set fire,
to a whole, brand-new story.

CHAPTER 13 Blood

The ticking of time bombs,
the goddess she stands,
above one more world,
with a clock in her hands,
golden light freezing,
the chandelier's glow,
a fight with the killer,
of who-has-to-know?
Soldier is nothing,
like she was before,
she's sturdy, angelic,
but a goddess at war,
and she's looking for something,
to quell this world's pain,
Boy reads from the books,
and he's leaving blood stains.
Send the beautiful Soldier,
back down to the streets,
where the city is fire,
and all good does sleep,
but the people despise her,
a threat, they throw shimmers,
voodoo doll in the nooses,
but the real thing- it glimmers.
The man playing witchcraft,
my God! It is Salem!
Soldier follows the crimson,
past all who do hate him,
a phone booth, a fruit tree,
a dream about living,
about shedding her skin,
shedding fears, so she's giving,

her true self, her sister,
that blossom breaks free,
sends Soldier to spirals,
not sure coffee, or tea,
her child, her heart,
leaves gifts of deception,
not in Soldier's eyes,
rather truth of correction,
so while Soldier walks on,
the king, whom is Killer,
bemuses his past,
leaves the dust on her feathers,
the child, the keeper,
the keeper of peace,
tells the goddess almighty,
she is far out of reach,
from the people she loves,
and the ones of the world,
that Salem predicts,
won't be saved by this girl,
gives it up to the natural,
divine nature's hold,
runs wild enchantment,
corn fields, made of gold,
yet in perfection she finds,
a drop of blood here,
yet perfection is still-
due to the things we most fear,
but the purpose is simple,
we'll nurture this scar,
we'll clean up the blood,
like we did in the war,
but we are distracted...
When we creep through our veins,
as Soldier did then,
as she searched for the saints.

CHAPTER 14 Welcoming Chocolate Back

Blackness and red lights,
a nightful of clouds,
the poppy-bright glimmers,
of fireworks, loud,
yet fortune loves Soldier,
or maybe just gods,
though this one is stingy,
just a woman who's lost,
a human in space time,
a human who sees,
in a physical place,
how to recognize she,
but Boy takes her back,
"You're not ready, not healed,
you'll need a new weapon,
to proudly have wield."
She glances, one flower,
that blossom, that bloom,
and cries to her sister,
as she leaves the room...
No silk, and no fruit,
no evident juice,
no wine to grind,
what an elegant truth!
The cats and the flutes,
the posies for you,
the violin plays,
but none of it's true!
The symbol of darkness,
the face of the moon...
Thinking like pink,
cause she's still in the womb,
laces and dresses,
the soapy sud-shine,
a headful of hair,
but it is not the right time-
don't cut it or braid it,
don't pin it up, yet-
let it fall to your heels,
and step o-ver it.

One castle too many,
when she faced the divine,
not a goddess, no glamour,
no grapes on the vine,
heal it, just heal it,
is it roses you seek?
The makes of a woman,
but it's not what you see...
No make-up or lipstick,
no one, can emerge,
from a few complex items,
and one, simple word,
but there's still people waiting,
they hand her twelve dollars,
a kid under glasses,
he fixes her collar,
sends her marauding,
a twister, back skyward,
and flew the whole desert,
and she wasn't tired,
she reaches a hand out,
to a cat in the heatwave,
a friend of dark chocolate,
a woman she must save,
burnt brindle on pied,
cocoa satin, or silk,
gold bangled glitter,
and has a bottle of milk,
a voice of sweet umber,
a song of smooth smoke,
a smolder of carob,
and a creamy, warm coke,
with eyes of a cat,

so green it might sting,
with humor, perfume,
and five golden rings,
she came back to this planet,
and she saw someone else,
before she could listen,
to for-give herself,
but they clashed in the tomb house,
the mosaics, screamed,
the puzzle was broken,
and now we can all leave!

CHAPTER 15 Graveyards of Steel

She sets out on a steed,
the horse rears in gunmetal,
the goddess, bright silver,
to which nothing belittles,
this powerful being,
that she wants to be,
through fields of tobacco,
and fields of green tea,
to the knowledge that's due,
in the vehicle graveyard,
where nothing but sadness,
was fervently savored,
for shining on airplanes,
dead trains on dead tracks,
exhausted black trucks,
and the ways of the past,
sit dying in oil,
sit caking in mud,
smells like, gasoline,
in their own kind of blood,
trades herbs for a number,
gives a hand to a dog,
but he doesn't bite it,
cause he knows she's a god,
she stumbles through tires,
skel-e-tons of old cars,
the gore of old motors,
and other junk parts,
where these alien beings,
yet so full of wisdom,
bear nothing but kindness,
amongst their trash kingdom,
and sent her off, full,
no, not empty handed,
where into the ocean,
is where she next landed.

The ice was so cold,
but the blue heaven, warm,
below her was blackness,
above her, a storm,

the platinum fish swim,
past her body of white,
as she poked past the water,
and in-to twilight,
full of pearls and stars,
which she seeks to retrieve,
so that under the ice sheets,
we can break free and leave,
because this is her soul,
when we're looking away,
and the blue eyes of Killer,
well, he is astray,
astray he has been,
trapped under his sea,
but Soldier came back,
and she did, purposely,
because the desert distorted,
the picture in eyes,
where a man grieved of loss,
yet had not lost his life,
it tells us that something,
inside of us, still,
wants to be breathing,
on top of Hope Hill,
where we can, see miles,
and miles of stone,
sand in the graves,
of the girl we called home,
so we watch as the sun,
slipping down to the earth,
in a blanket of red,
covers all of the dirt,
and Soldier remembered,
the power to live,
lurked in the shadows,
of death's honest grin.

CHAPTER 16 Flashing Lights

Cat isn't laughing,
her milky-black silks,
flow down to the ditches,
as they often will,
hide knowledge and beauty,
but steal precious time,
one pat on the shoulder,
and Cat will be fine,
she whispers, "Civilian,
your Shine is still bright,
I've woke him from sleep,
but it's your turn to fight."
El begins brewing,
and Girl begins chanting,
Boy says goodbye,
and the goddess keeps dancing,
the teardrop cathedral,
the gypsy we'll see,
controlling surrender,
and therefore, can't be.
The show-down, the toll bell,
the sword in the tower,
the craze of the moment,
the last chance to save Flower-
the pain of the ice,
in which melts off the heart,
to uncover the beauty,
of that most secret part,
which transmutes into snowflakes,
and drifts into color,
revealing the fact,
that Soldier is covered,
in blankets and bandage,
and wounds from this fight,
showered in crystal,
yet offered her light,
a light in the darkness,

a chance to be whole,
as this goddess is nothing,
but a mere human soul,
we once had revered her,
the people, the creatures,
the mystics, magicians,
the children, the teachers,
so take one last look,
at the limbless, bright crimson,
what once was a goddess,
is now just an innocent,
with no way to reach us,
just battling on,
yet her death so inspiring,
the war was still won,
this goddess goes home,
no trophy, no medal,
upon the cold ground,
which her dead body settles...
and this is a story,
but one meant to be,
a fist clasped in prayer,
just for whom we can't see,
for a hero is someone,
who just doesn't die,
they go out with a flicker,
and force us to ask why?
Just because we can't reach her,
just because we can't see,
doesn't mean she is gone,
or that you cannot be...

CHAPTER 17 The Hue of Sleep

The outside of El,
we see strength at its' finest,
not a king to the people,
but a king to his highness,
but he sleeps like a baby,
for too long it seems,
a man into waking,
from a villainous greed,
he sees what he's done,
becomes heaven inside,
and we'll know him better,
if we just give it time,
for he is still sleeping,
with the sleep we are cursed with,
an impeccable blindness,
that, al-most didn't sur-face,
that indescribable language,
it was a muddle of words,
a ridiculous tweeting,
of babbling birds,
saying sayings and scripture,
po-etry in reverse,
endearings and lectures,
and swear words and worse,
he is awaiting a-jingle,
as he foretells of death,
like we whispered last words,
on a good, healthy breath,
documentary nonsense,
choirs and plays,
you don't know what's coming,
in-to his next phrase,
but it is soon over,
when you hear him yawn,
to the early of morning,
to the breaking of dawn,
he'll open his eyes,

and continue to walk,
like he had said nothing,
within his sleep talk.
That it becomes-
he recalls what is true,
he was our Worst Fear,
now it's time to be new,
anew in the fragrance,
that this world, is changing...
And what Soldier did,
to upbringing our self-saving,
was written in stone,
like it was long ago,
for every world after,
this is how the tale goes-
Soldier came back,
because El changed his ways,
which changed the cold past,
in a numerous fray,
of choices, decisions,
and a bit of truth-seeking,
so all was put right,
when we started believing...

CHAPTER 18 Seeing the Light

She stepped on the train,
in a wisp of green smoke,
she said, "This is familiar..."
and the future evoked,
strangely, but fitting,
this beginning befriends,
how this story opens,
I cannot pretend,
was now up to us,
in this time of great need,
Soldier says to us softly,
"We must act to succeed,
we must not fear Worst Fears,
we must not forget love,
we must overcome hate,
we must rise up above,
for what made a hero,
or someone like me,
is the same way we drop,
to our hopeless, ached, knees,
give up and give in,
or get up and stand proud,
there's a future awaiting,
and it's ours to take now."

Although it was not written in this year, this poetic short story is dedicated to the year of 2020.