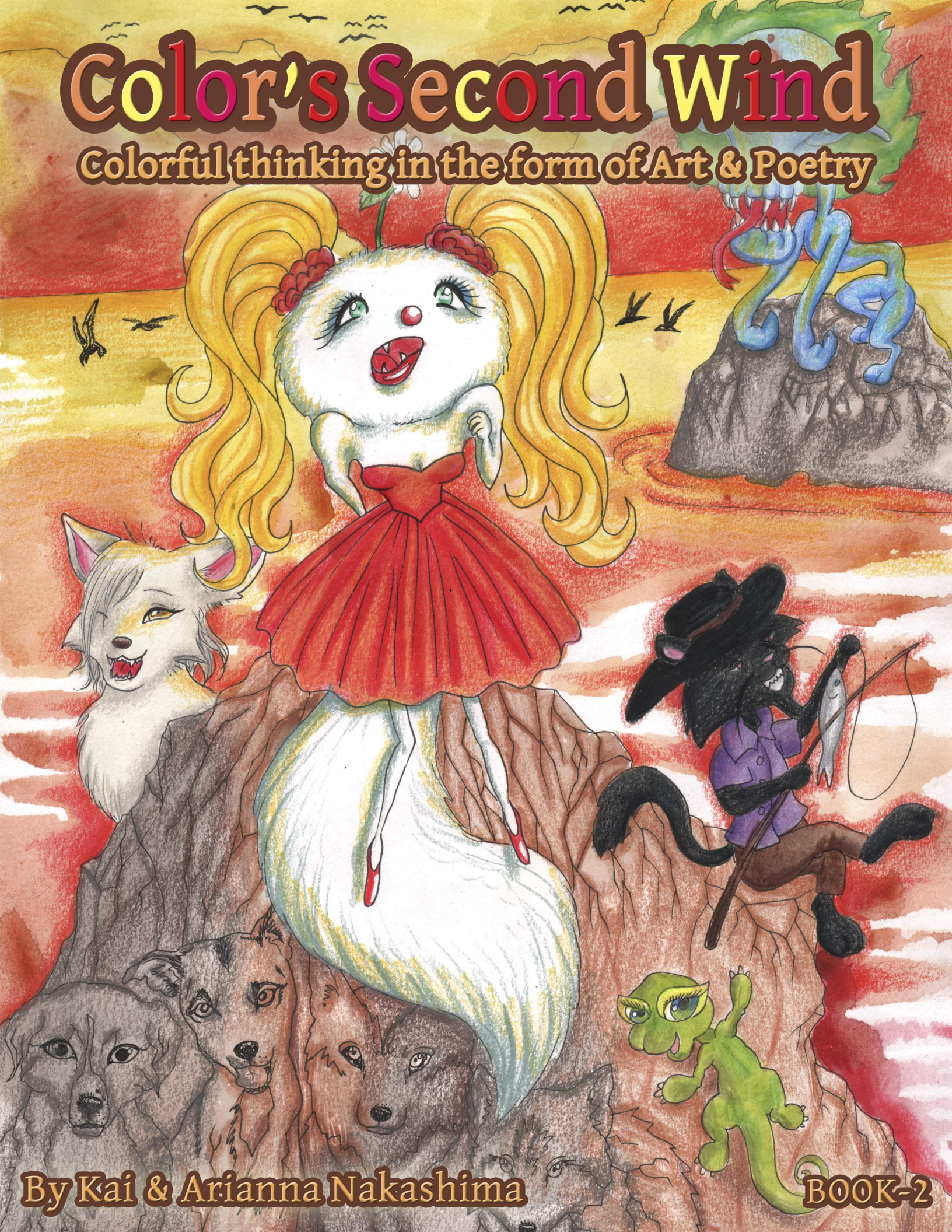


Color's Second Wind

Colorful thinking in the form of Art & Poetry



By Kai & Arianna Nakashima

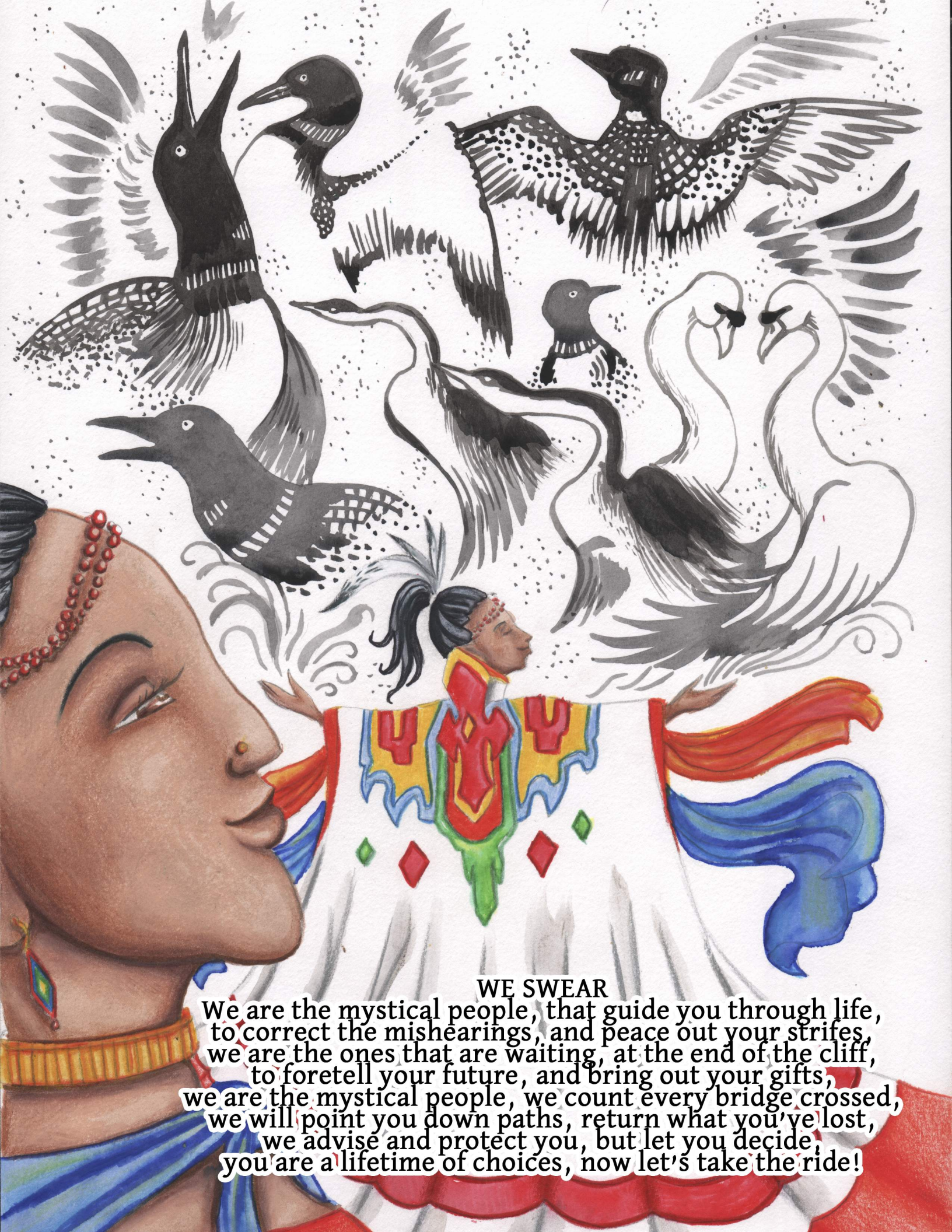
BOOK-2

With so much art and poetry to spare, we gladly present
Color's Second Wind, the companion to
Thinking in Rainbows. We hope you savor it
as much as our first rainbow-colored art book.

CLEANLINESS

What drives us to wake up again,
what motivates our souls?
To make a thought into a noun,
and bring it back as whole,
what pushes us to be our best,
when things are going down,
what keeps us standing on our feet,
what makes us stick around?
Why do we care what others think,
expressions, undeceived,
what causes us to journey,
in our sleep and in our dreams?
Wave good day, or give your seat,
the bus is crowded now,
share the water in the heat,
and when you're up, you bow,
dance in the rain, and you will move,
the world, it seems, is waiting,
make a story, read a book,
and give advice, don't save it,
the kindness in your act,
the good you put to use,
the peace that you will spread,
could never be abused,
magic is around us,
you can't forget your core,
whatever happens next,
has not been done before.





WE SWEAR

We are the mystical people, that guide you through life,
to correct the mishearings, and peace out your strifes,
we are the ones that are waiting, at the end of the cliff,
to foretell your future, and bring out your gifts,
we are the mystical people, we count every bridge crossed,
we will point you down paths, return what you've lost,
we advise and protect you, but let you decide,
you are a lifetime of choices, now let's take the ride!

NOT SO SMOOTH IS GOSSIP

Not so smooth,
not so chic,
gotta have it,
gotta keep,
the la, la, las,
I didn't know,
I didn't notice,
you've been so-
So la, la la,
I'm hiding this,
behind the screen,
behind the bliss,
it's not so nice,
but hey, it's fine,
la, la, da, da,
I think it's mine,
and you can't stop me,
la, la, la, la,
a wisp of flame,
is all you saw,
so dunk the head,
and fill your tongue,

with water too,
amuse your lungs,
lick the wound,
I raise my brows,
to something worse,
that's happened now,
but not so smooth,
is not so sweet,
oh la, la, la,
admit defeat,
I get it now!
It's attitude,
that gets me in,
that gossip mood,
to la, la, la,
you'll never know,
it's satisfying,
to the bone,
but doesn't get me-
anything,
I hope you know,
why you can't win.





LUCIANO

Burning cold on green,
pale and flawless,
hopeful sight,
resisting the heat,
silky red on twine,
braided,
glowing green on dead pan-white,
steely silver was his bones,
never caught me off guard like that-
until now.

THE LITHIUM QUARTZ

Mystic myth,
but I believe,
everything he says is true,
magic in the stone I saw,
one sip,
and then I'd know for sure,
where my hands then disappear,
no mystic myth may not be untrue,
unless one cannot,
but I do,
so yes, I can believe in he,
the lithium,
the crystal in my disappearing hand.

A COMPLEX SUMMON

Look at me! I can dance,
I can spin and smack,
down this foot,
down this heart,
a picturific statue,
I can whip, whirl, flip, twirl,
summon, curl,
fingers around the open deck,
number 1 then correct-
I can draw, I can throw,
monsters in the great below,
try, a beauty flashes,
sunshine splash, the only one!

FANCY JASPER

Fancy jasper, do I dare,
to play you right, and play you fair?
Fancy jasper will you fight,
me, into the dark of night?
Fancy jasper, what you do,
may only take away from you,
can I be open to that world?
Of dignity? Let them be heard-
I will try to see this, so,
play me right? I just don't know...



YEAH X3 (Passion)

**Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh baby, yeah,
a fire burns tonight,
Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh baby, yeah,
a stinging fire-light,
every one, and everything,
catches to a flame,
now let's dance the night away,
in a raging fire game,
let's burn this,
let's singe that,
we'll burst the night away,
and we can burn our houses down-
we don't need them anyway,
we'll snap the water, light the trees!
We'll send passion on the breeze!
We'll fry these embers in a pot,
dance until our feet get caught,
from heat of friction, on the drive,
we burn our hearts to feel alive!
We'll feel this passion to above!
If it's not hot, then it's not love!**

THE WEATHER'S RAGE

Emotions sweep across your face,
across your lips, and in that place,
sadness blooms, and grieving slips,
into your heart, where it slow-drips,
anger rages, madness grows,
like grimey corn in solid rows,
embarrassment, it flushes forth,
into your cheeks, now what's the source?

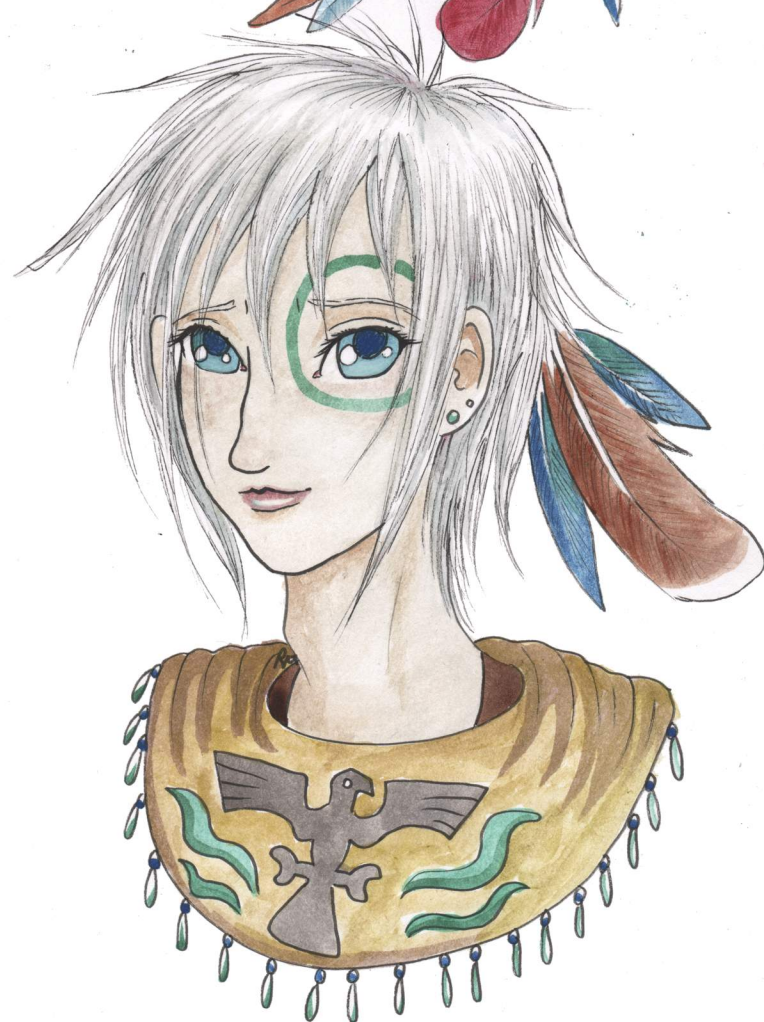
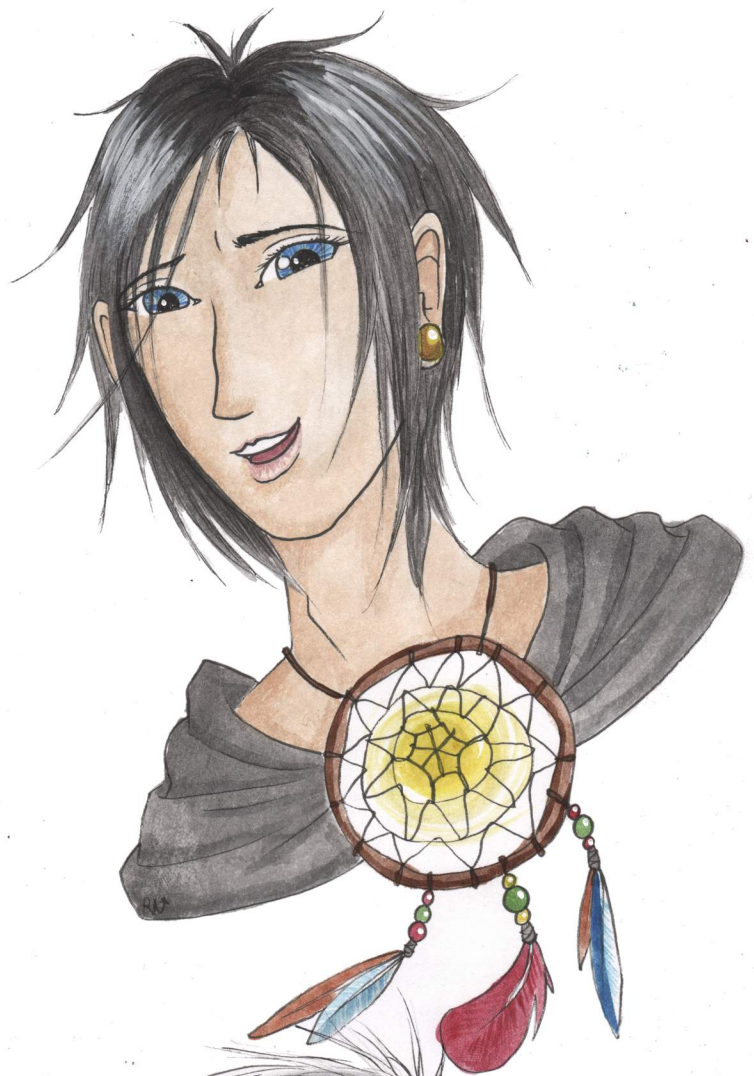
Curi-o-sity, it flies,
it gets you into lullabies,
so when your mind, it flowers so,
it is alive, it wants to grow,
a bud, a wick, it wants to melt,
in remorse, our feelings, felt,

a blossom fades when we have sought,
and so it wilts to our response,
what will it take to taste the joy,
of something you, tend to avoid?

It's not my fault you can't find love,
you must receive, and you must trust,
that you will shed this madness soon,
and take back every piece you threw,
into the sea of uncontrol,
I'll see to this, that you are whole,
when you learn to shape your face,
and put emotions in their place,
the weather, it won't be the same,
and you will play a different game.



GIVE ME PERMISSION
Give me permission,
to listen to yours,
a story, a story,
yet so many wars,
share it, just share it,
you know what you liked,
and now you avoid it,
like it threatens your life,
I'm giving, I'm giving,
giving all that I got,
translucent you seem,
as I take my best shot,
so I'm done, never mind,
I can't be dragged down,
give me permission,
to not make a sound,
silence was silence,
and speaking up, spoke,
and change is what happens,
what I felt, when I woke,
I'm a soul to the core,
I'm a passionate ego,
I dreamt up a dream,
so big, that I feed those,
enlightened by song,
and the very same things,
that they feed me back,
with most remarkable drinks,
so give me permission,
to cut our ties loose,
I've suffered to show you,
but it's really no use,
when I don't have permission,
to listen to yours,
a story, a story,
starts so many wars,
a problem? A problem?
Well it wasn't, but now,
there are so many things,
we just don't talk about.



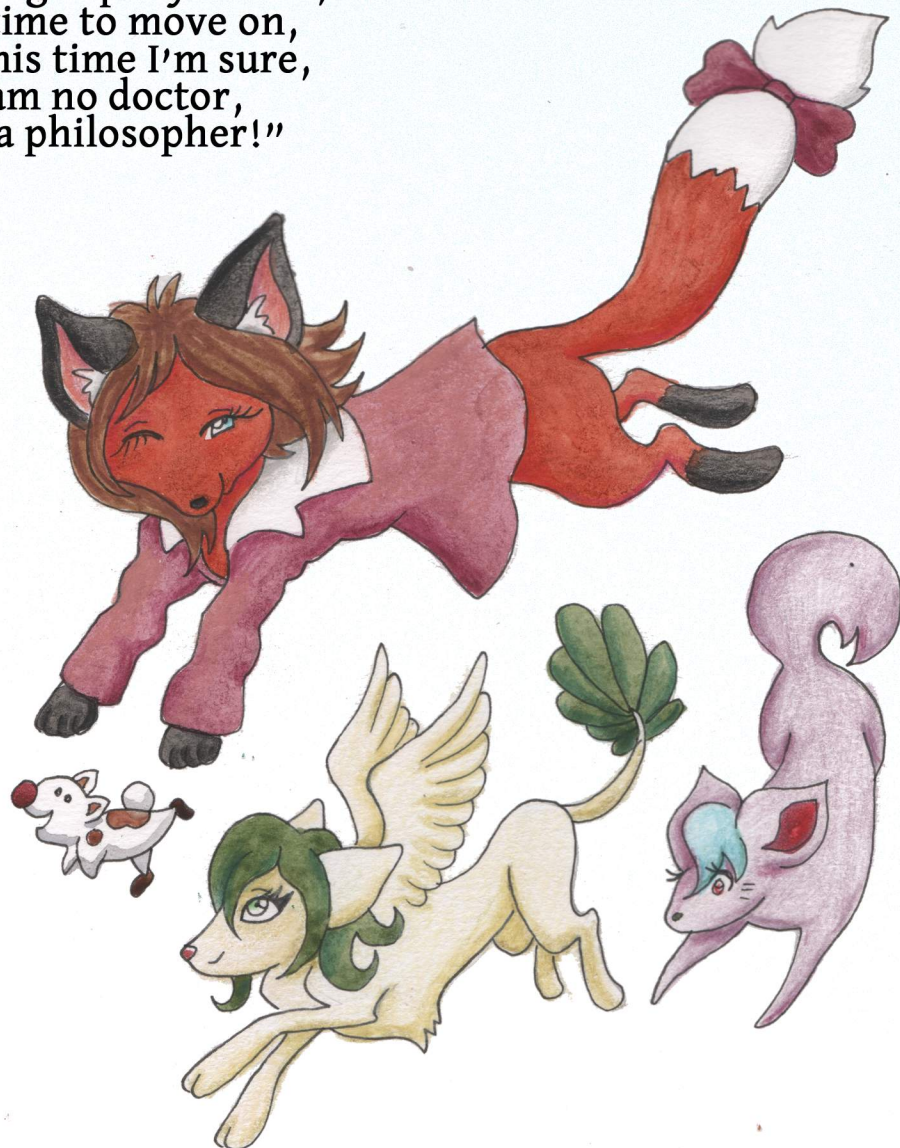
WOLF FACE

Say I wasn't gonna do it,
cause I wasn't so attached,
but I wrote a poem for him,
even if this comes to pass,
like a wolf behind a T-shirt,
and a pair of denim jeans,
I wonder what you've been through,
and I wonder what you've seen,
calm-collective consciousness,
and honor to your members,
wonder what your pack is like,
or if I'd be offending,
tell me if I'm too star-struck,
cause maybe that's the case,
eerie, weary, careful looks,
from me, to your wolf-face,
your sanity was stunning,
yeah, I know that sounds real bad,
please don't think that I'm too crazy,
I'm just artistic-mad,
maybe I'm just paranoid,
and you'll always be a stranger,
and I'm thinking I'm just wacky,
but you did do me a favor,
you shocked me out of marble land,
and zapped me back in place,
you tricked me into sanity,
that kind, and cool, wolf-face,
will I ever read this poem,
out loud, into the air,
or will it stay within my notebook,
safe and sound and never shared?
To the one who ruined my safety zone,
the one destroying fences,
you don't seem like the violent type,
but you took down my defenses,
the one under the human skin,
and I sat in the dirt,
inside my muddled, mucky head,
of silence that still hurt,
me, to the point of irony,
dishonest, and unhumble,
which is the reason that I quaked,
and to the car, I stumbled,
oneness in a mere machine,
is that because I'm split?
A spirit in a body,
that just never really fit,
say I wasn't gonna do it,
cause I wasn't so attached,
but thank you for reminding me,
my mind and body matched.



PHILOSOPHY MY NEW NAME

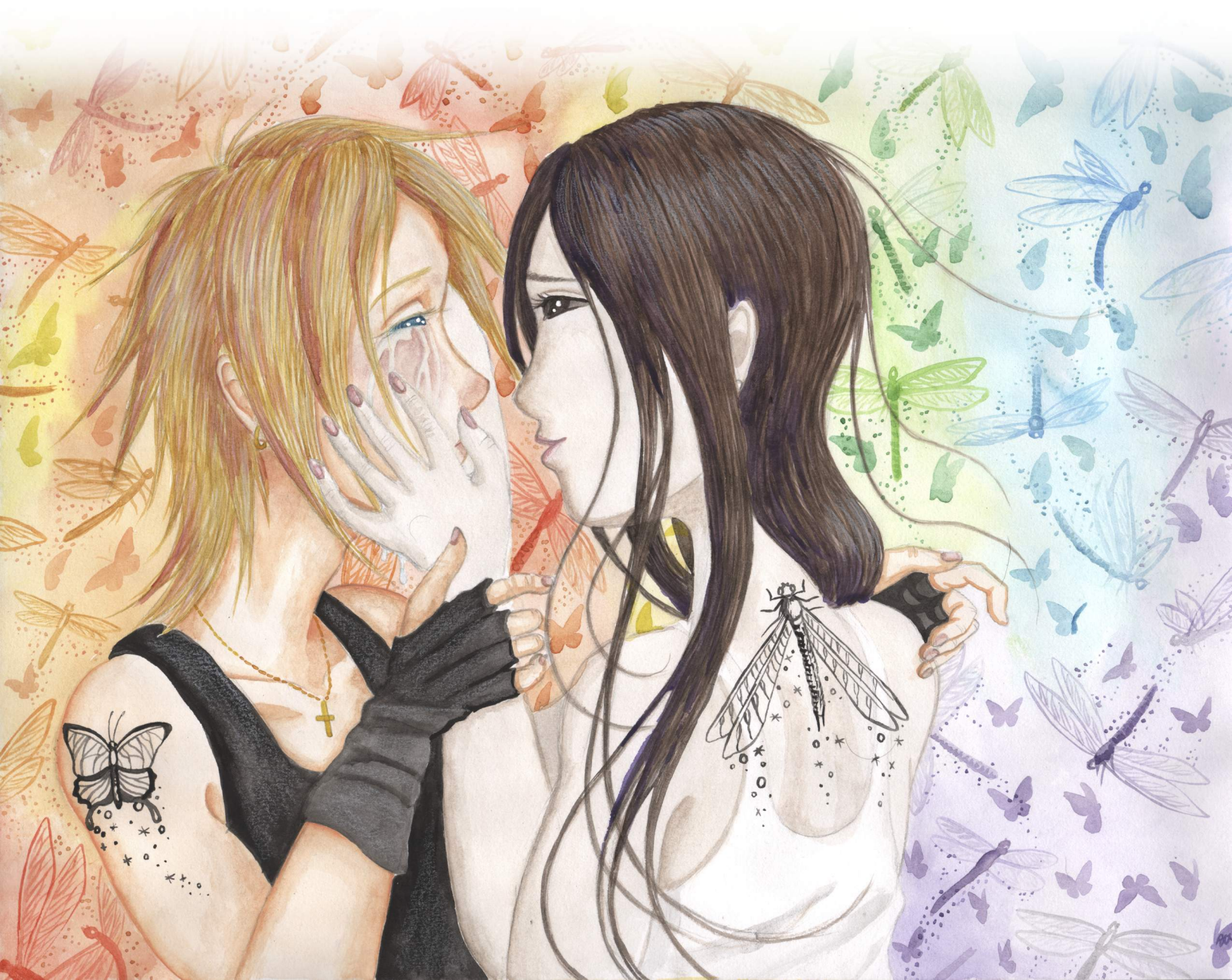
"Oh no! I was wrong!
How could this be true?
How could I be wrong?
I thought I knew you!
When I look in the mirror,
it's not what I thought!
Where did I go wrong?
Or was he forgot?
The man in the mirror,
that good-lookin' face-
How could I be wrong?
I feel so disgraced!
My destiny waited,
right here, in my fist,
a burning-smart soul-
a psy-cholo-gist,
but alas! Such a fool!
I was, to believe!
For now I know better,
the things up my sleeve,
it is time to move on,
and this time I'm sure,
I am no doctor,
I'm a philosopher!"



HAVE A BEAUTIFUL NEW YEAR

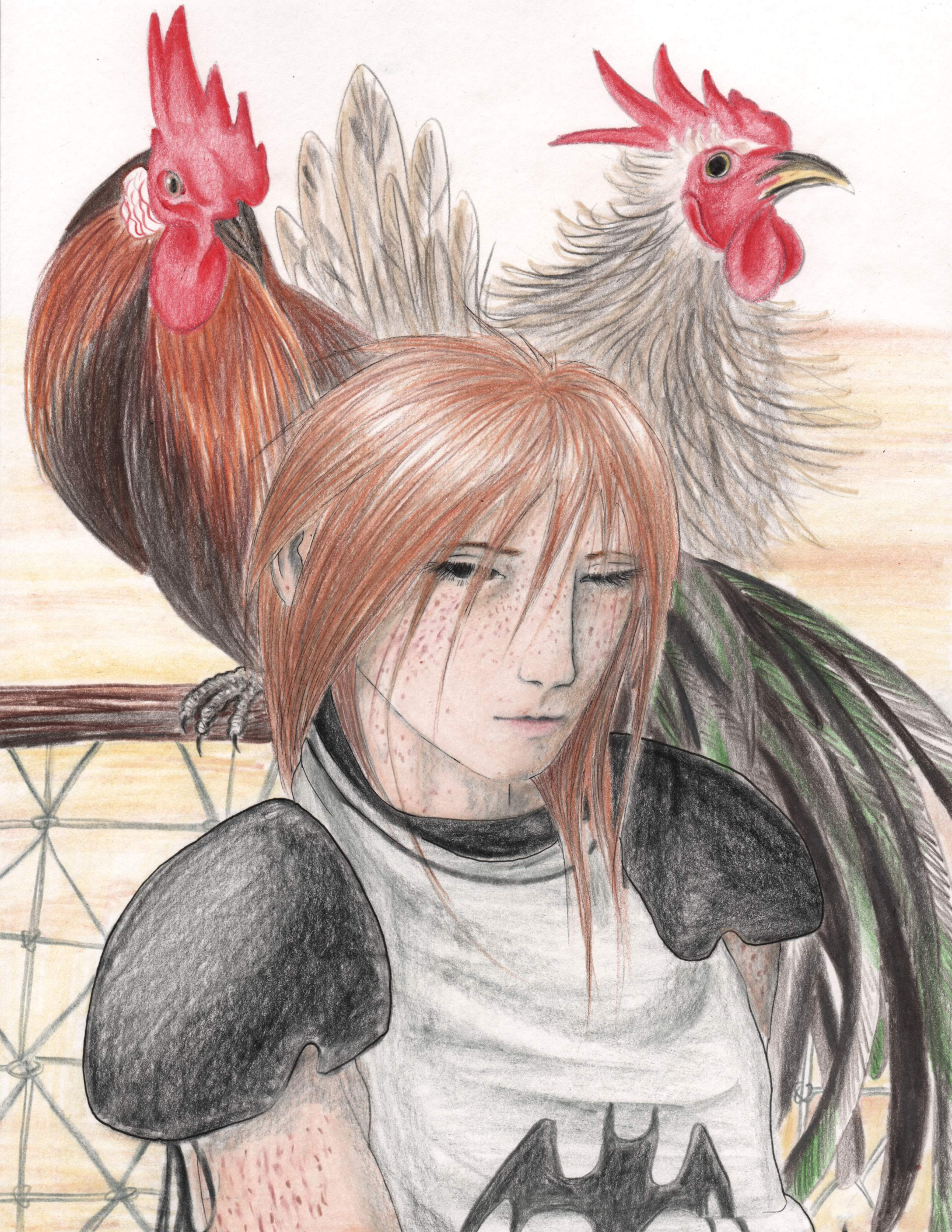
There's no where that I'd rather be,
than here on Earth, with you,
no heaven would be good enough,
to hold this ocean's blue,
there's nothing that can take the place,
of all these grasses green,
the colors of these blooming beds,
is like nothing I have seen,
the snowflakes falling from above,
the untethered touch of you,
the songs I heard before they came,
the music from the womb,

each crystal stone and monument,
each portrait, photo, sculpture,
each fashion made with soul in mind,
each creature, every culture,
the strange sensations all around,
the cold of this one Winter,
will never satisfy my taste,
my crave for bold, and bitter,
There's no where that I'd rather be,
than here on Earth, with you,
no heaven would be good enough,
to be this grand, and new.



HAD ENOUGH

parked I the back, the rear view mirror,
on leather seats, with loads of fear,
you knew you're gonna drive away,
cause I this place, you cannot stay,
you turn the key, the engine starts,
and so does one in fifty hearts,
your mind is pumping, blood is gushing,
slam the gas, and hear the rushing,
gears are twisting, fingers shaking,
in your palms, the wheel is snaking,
lights blackout, you see the street,
moving forward in the heat,
your mind is winding, breath is blowing,
brain in tongue-ties, inside, snowing,
the car is inching towards the road,
thoughts come dumping down, in loads,
your feet are pressing, faster, harder,
in the back, the dog, your partner,
in this crime, you're racing free,
you went high, to that degree,
drive it kid, yes drive it far,
drive that thing like a race car,
break the bends and break the signs,
rake the asphalt, strip the pines,
you had guts to free the lost,
risked yourself, and paid the cost,
won the race to make a change,
broke the rules out of range,
hell you're good, yes you did well,
now live your life, there's more to tell.

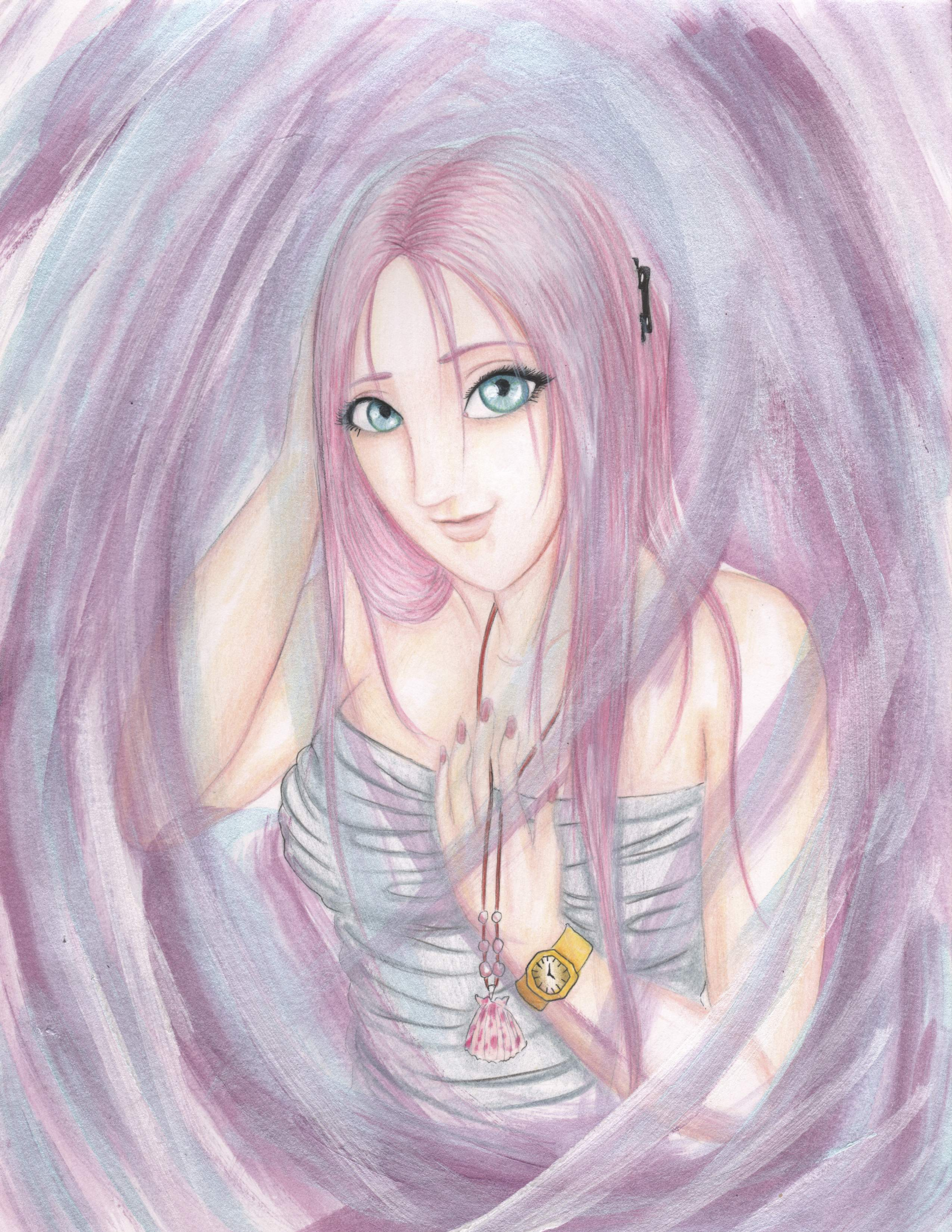


FIRE I SEE

The priest and the priestess,
the storms, and the calm,
the beings that queer,
we had nothing in palm,
not a fear to behold,
not a fear to have flowed,
we were helpless as ghosts,
but we knew where to go,
when wild, we flourished,
when civil, we grew,
when baptized and blessed,
all the sudden, we knew,
when gifted, as gifted,
when given, but has,
we bathed in sunlight,
not trouble, or wrath,
we wept in mishearings,
we laughed in great joy,
mistakes in the making,
but nothing destroyed,
hundreds of plenty,
of things can be said,
but broke down to one color,
that color was red,
if he who believes,
it is he who becomes,
becoming is gracious,
but one is all one,
alone you can prosper,
alone shall you do-
and no one can make,
but a fool of you,
they say fire became us,
say fire was blood,
say fire was flaming,
atop but a bush,
come into this life,
and tell us your plan,
who is among us?
Is it really God's hands?

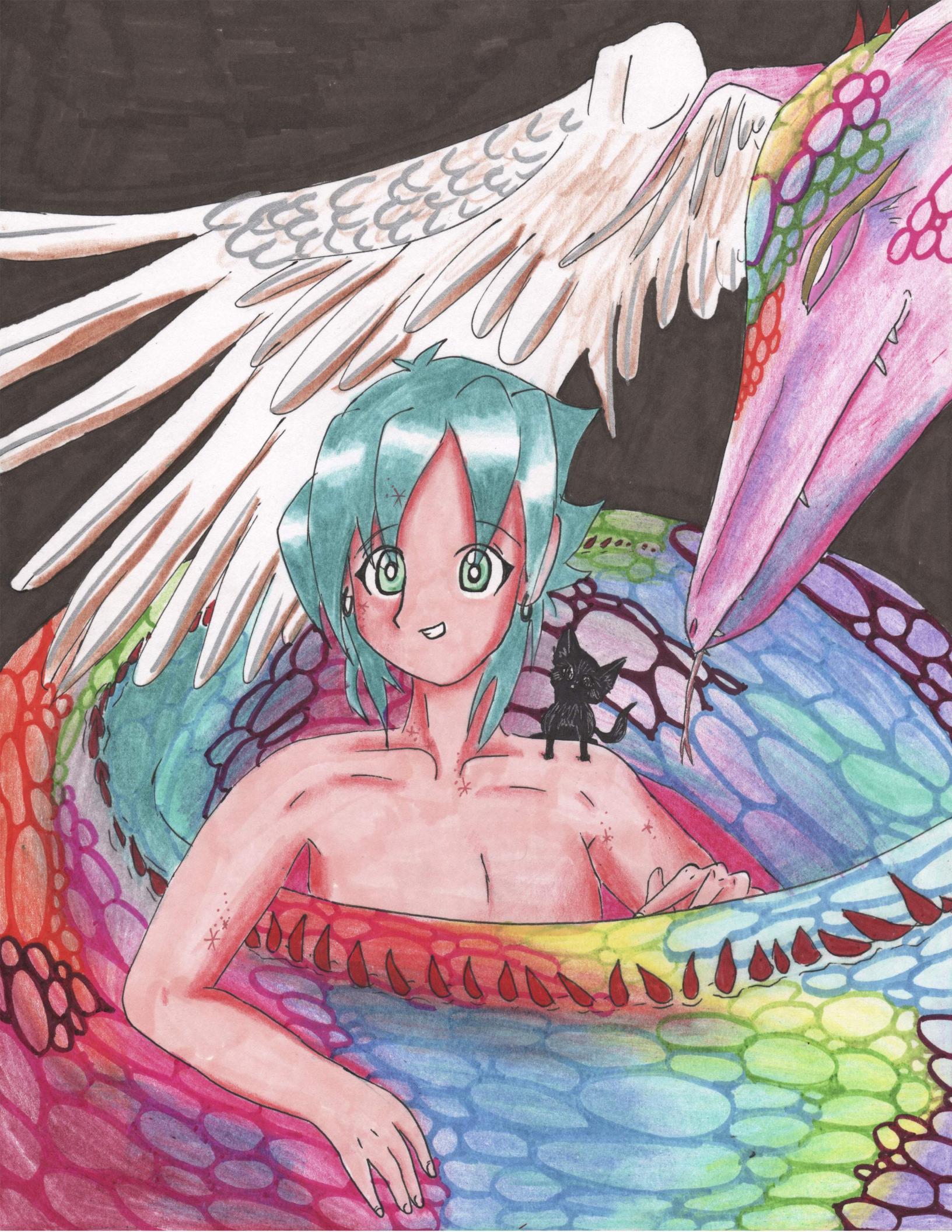


HE TAUGHT HER TO SAY NO
Girl, you're guilty all the time,
so won't you share this pain?
Boys like me won't shut you up,
so tell me out, what stains?
I see it in those pretty eyes,
the tears don't touch the faults,
you'll only understand it then,
when you unlock that vault!
Girl, one day you'll get it straight,
and you will have to lose,
you will have to be the one-
the only one who'll choose,
thin that you may snap again,
let bullies pick your bones,
Dad is on the phone again,
and you have to go home,
all this weakness interferes!
Your freedom so unspent!
I can't believe that you're not insane,
the way you're pushed and bent,
learn to say that bitter no!
Learn to say it good!
No is just another word,
so use it like you should,
I will try, she meekly said,
but months did carry on,
trying, trying, by the truth,
since by it, she had gone,
but she is getting good at it,
and better all the time,
I try, she said, he smiled big,
well that's okay, listen,
I love you just the way you are,
when even that, is missing,
but hey I think I want to ask,
it's perfect, it's all cool,
so can I do the best for you,
and meet you after school?
Aren't I just the bitterling,
the weak one head to toe?
You tried to make a stone of me!
She smiled, that's a no.



3 BOYZ

He burned you,
he bit you,
he put you to flames,
he hurt you,
he killed you,
he played your old games,
but he wants you,
he scared you,
but now he's afraid,
that if he comes back,
you will put him through pain,
he's your friend,
he's your friend,
you will fight to the death,
you'll go in for the kill,
and then back to his chest,
he'll hug you,
embrace you,
and do you know why?
He loves you,
he needs you,
he can't say goodbye,
his heart aches,
his back hurts,
he can't take much more,
until you come walking,
and fly through his door,
he's waiting,
he's watching,
he wants you to see,
he wants you to stay,
but he wants you to be,
loving, and singing,
and facing the breeze,
he wants you to know,
he's now living at peace.



DREAMING OF THE CAROUSAL

I dream into that cloudy day,
I dream into that mist.
I dreamed about a carousal,
that may or not exist.

My chocolate marble pony,
and the bold, metallic steed,
the mare of blue and silver skin,
the stallion, bronzed and green.

Emeralds sparkling vividly,
and rubies flash their color,
studding every bridle,
and enhancing one another.

Eyes of glass and diamond,
each stare holds you in rapture,
as the carousal holds magic grip,
upon each creature captured.

The stag with moonstone antlers,
and his hooves of ivory,
he stares out of the circle,
that he runs eternally.

A cougar clothed in copper,
and a panther, pearly black,
the swans float in a lovely pair,
behind these gorgeous cats.

The gold and silver bridles,
shining ancient and ornate,
with roses, vines and angels,
set in curves and vibrant paint.

The intricate, elaborate,
the twists, the curls and dots,
intertwining silver lines,
and eternal Celtic knots.

I remember touching all of them,
those beings of glass and gem,
I beheld them in their deepest form,
I touched them as a friend.

But from afar, their jewels sparkle,
like a dream I've not forgot,
it was a moment and a mystery,
emerging from beyond...

-Arianna



PICKING UP THE PIECES WITH YOU

Maybe together,
for she is not alone,
showing only the bad,
in her innocent bones.

Maybe together,
the future looks bright,
as she breaks from the past,
and stares into his light.

Maybe together,
their kindness will win,
she will claim her own,
and the choirs will sing.

Maybe together,
their visions will tear,
through the darkness they live in,
the gray and despair.

Maybe together,
the alchemy stuns,
but can a thief and an angel,
linger as one?

Maybe together,
a healing exists,
between the hearts of two people,
and all life that lives.

Maybe together,
the future looks sweet,
as she pulls from her soul,
a great flowering queen.

Up from the ashes,
from the alleys of Earth,
summoned by a man,
with a vision so pure.

And maybe together,
they'll find something real,
to transfigure the poison,
into something that heals.

Maybe together,
the girl with the mirror,
that reflected this man,
had she summoned him here?

So maybe together,
it will finally end,
as their alchemy stuns,
and a new world begins.

-Arianna



LUCKY COIN

I fell into the wishing well,
like a copper penny's daughter.

My gown sent off the ripples,
as I collided with the water.

I fell into the wishing well,
with each breath I failed in counting,
I dropped beneath a liquid shield,
of the pressure, cool and mounting.

Turning, swirling in my veils,
in the shade of dimes and nickels.

I was sentenced to the bottom,
as I heard the fountain trickle.

I fell into the wishing well,
headfirst into the drink,
dropping like a shooting star,
too late for you to think.

I shut my eyes, I closed my mind,
I fell into the well.

Blessed by many wishes,
as the water softly tells,
of the coins, of all the treasures,
hiding miles deep below,
a token of one's gratitude,
a prayer, a wish, a hope.

I smash into the atmosphere,
my hair unfurls, I'm free,
I fell into the wishing well,
because that's where I can breathe.

-Arianna



INTO FREEDOM

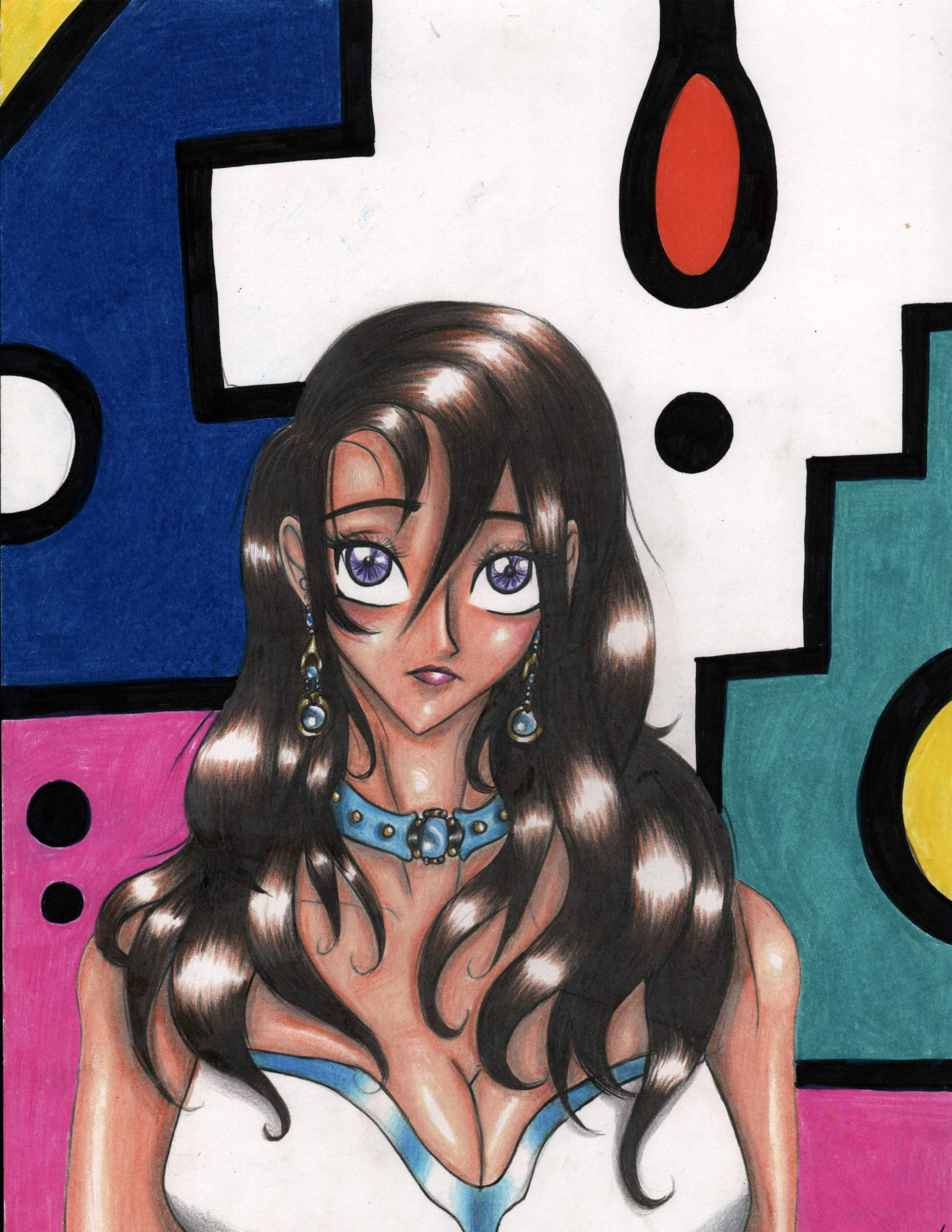
The spirals, the circles,
a sea of butterflies,
makes its way through the heart.
Freeing, loosing threads and ropes.
The anchors fall away,
away...
into the spiraling circle.

-Arianna

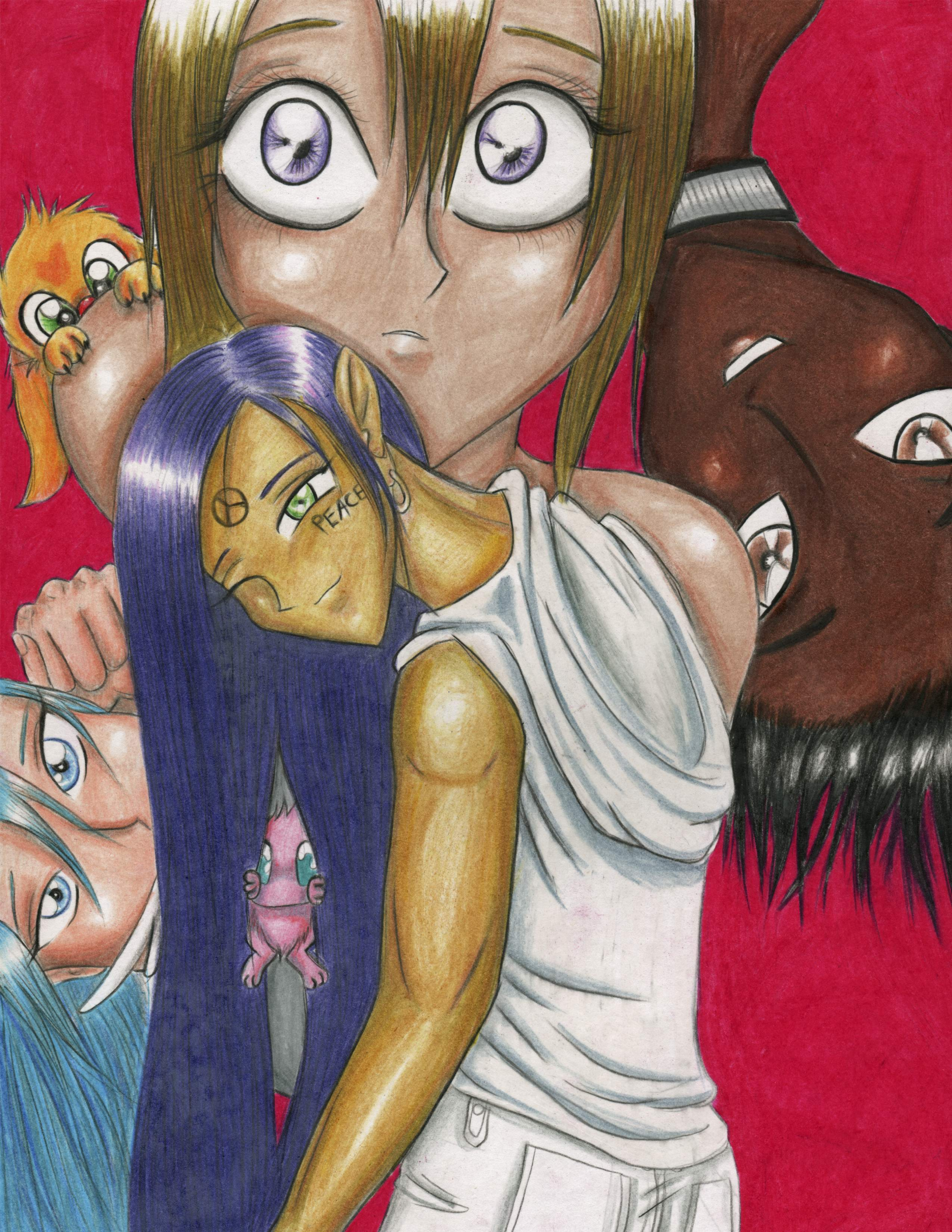
THE COURAGE TO

Double doors and hole-ish floors,
with trapdoors every inch,
are never good for walking on,
as your life hangs on a hinge.
Try walking through the shadows, boy,
with two eyes firmly closed.
For those holes and pits you must avoid,
well guess what, you won't know!
If your foot is going in the hole,
it'll do no good to crawl.
You'll step right into a trap door,
you'll sink one foot and fall.
But you just smiled, I watched you dance,
with hands over your eyes.
And somehow you missed every single hole,
and reached the other side.

-Arianna



SHOOTER
White light,
black night,
blue day,
hang tight,
I said,
you did,
no ma'am,
you did,
I scream,
we flew,
I know,
we knew,
don't stop,
I won't,
you brag,
I don't,
she said,
she did,
did not,
look, kid,
I'm not,
you're not,
hey there-
you stop!
Shoot this,
shoot me,
run fast,
let bleed,
we are,
we stand,
like queens,
hold hands,
just pause,
just think,
just eat,
just drink,
make up,
we're fine,
find out,
we're kind.



A LULLABY FOR ALICE

Be all right, baby,
and sleep for the day.
It's okay to be broken,
but not to stay that way.
You want to forget,
but you have to forgive,
so just think of the life,
you could possibly live.
Be all right, all right, baby,
and sleep 'til the dawn,
but please let me inside,
even though you're not strong.
And we'll pick up the pieces,
as many as we can,
so we can finally see,
we're still in Wonderland.

-Arianna



CANDLE

From where did they come?
From what wounds were they born?
From what blood did they bleed?
From what skies were they torn?
The pain may be deep,
and it cuts through my heart,
so I lit a candle,
from inside the dark.
A light for the better,
a light for myself,
for him, for my family,
and everyone else...

-Arianna



GO FORTH

I spent many moons,
with my feet in the snow,
with the ice in my hair,
and the years coming slow.

Philosophical angels,
and demons alike,
they would sit on my shoulders,
enjoying the ride.

And if life gives you plenty,
you get quite enough,
quite a taste of the world,
a bit of hate and love.

So I take contemplation,
in bits I can chew,
for when I've pondered my questions,
they lead back to you.

I spent many moons,
in the gold sands of time,
I spent many days searching,
and wondering why.

I can't be replaced,
not by you or by he,
by them, it or her,
tell me how can this be?

Well this is my soul,
not my face nor my name,
but for sure my real purpose,
and for sure my real place.

I spent many Suns,
looking into my heart,
knowing some piece of me,
would never fall apart.

There is only I,
with my feet in the snow,
with a smile on my face,
for I finally know.

Philosophical angels,
and demons alike,
they look on with their grins,
I'm enjoying the ride.

-Arianna



IF YOU WISH

Thy script is just a paper,
why this is just my word,
I think this is redundant,
why, this is just absurd,
thy lectures are in favor,
thy poetry is nigh,
corrupted we've become,
could this mess all be of thine?
Do I accept the presence,
of all who try to climb?
Yes all will be of justice,
we'll justify this crime!
We'll try to keep this moving,
and not take our sweet time,
I swear to be of service,
I swear to now be fair,
I'll swear to now be kinder,
I swear to truly care,
let the aura be so young,
let's not waste a vain time,
the idle in the ticker,
the ode within the rhyme,
'tis on the contraries,
the promise in the books,
does not reflect our future,
we'll have to take a look,
and if dispute should follow,
a spite so unbecoming,
a hate in suit of hating,
a fight until the numbing,
I now proclaim this war,
a wrath hath been reborn,
this is now my battle,
here comes thy heavy storm.



GROWL LIKE YOU MEAN IT
Growl like you mean it,
I'm not talking about beauty,
humming in the distance,
when you thought the scene looked ugly,
I don't mean that it's perfect,
it is far from being pretty,
it's more like having sanity,
when all was getting dirty,
bring me to the alpha,
or the king that set you here,
the mind that was mistaken,
but to which you're now aware,
growl like you mean it,
what's your problem with my style?
If I am purely truthful,
and if your in pure denial,
does honesty remain,
or am I work-ing too hard?
I'm looking for a way on out,
and if you have a heart-
I don't want to be here,
and I don't mean in this room,
I don't want to be here,
I am talking about doom,
I am talking about scenes,
that are near to perfect, ugly,
growl like you mean it,
cause I don't know what you want from me.



TOOK THE GIRL

My son he sat in front of me,
I asked him what was wrong,
Dad, I've lost another thing,
I've worked on for so long,
in his eyes, the midnight blue,
the stars amongst the dark,
the colors of the milky way,
and no way to get out,
cliffs of auburn burning red,
the sunset on the sand,
the crippled rock of vivid gore,
was fire on this land,
from blue, to rust, and back again,
the night sky curled fro,
the twinkle in the star dust,
was something to behold,
platinum silver on the stairs,
a chain link to the sky,
he swam so softly on the steel,
of metric lullabies,
buildings of an unknown source,
a planetary castle,
whipped the tires of his bike,
and yanked the leather tassels,
riding through the plumes of war,
a desert rose might be,
a beauty of a love so sweet,
or smoldered tragedy,
the wick of dry land, soon ignites,
the wind it blows so cold,
the heat of day begins to melt,
and then full moons unfold,
when fragrances you used to know,
get swept on breezes, past,
you knew your senses very well,
that this love wouldn't last,
deep skies over desert shores,
all wonders come to close,
the world could not hide anything,
unless the future goes,
unreal worlds in his blue eyes,
it was a fathomed plea,
my son this is a troubled time,
but such beauty, jealousy.



CAUGHT BLUE-HANDED

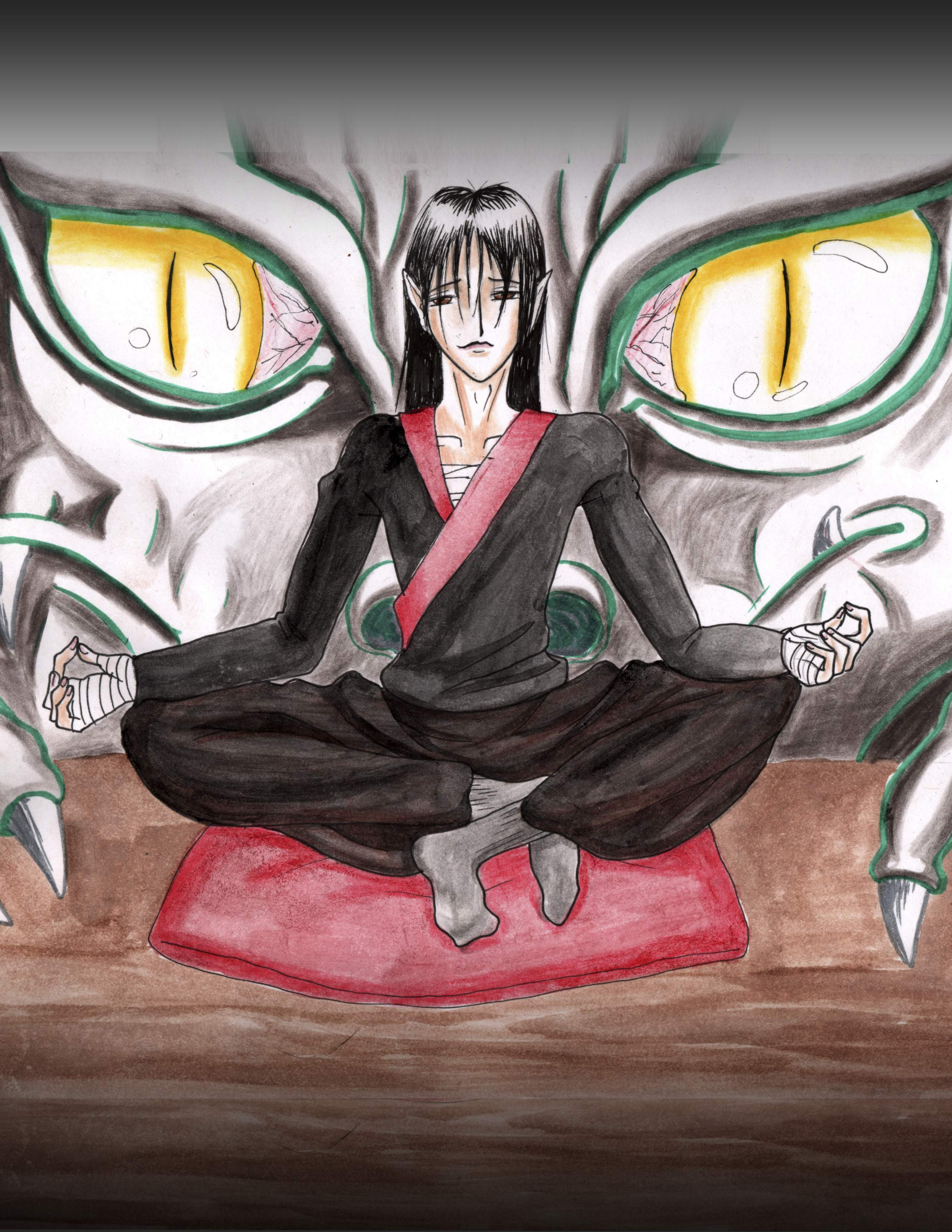
One side stands for red,
and the other stands for blue,
like a line in the grass,
I wouldn't stop them from you,
but the devils scream tall,
and the angels shoot arrows,
but the monsters drag blood,
like the healing gold pharaoh,
they scatter the ashes,
and the pixie dust billows,
on winds of poison,
the soft clouds of pillows,
the red rises crimson,
and the rich halo blue,
draw a line in the sand,
but it wouldn't stop you,
swear the red dragon's sword,
and the sapphire's shield,
spread the bat wings of fire,
and the dove feathers, healed,
snap jaws of the angry,
rush the cold of the bitter,
hear the mumble of beasties,
and the blue birds-a-twitter,
scarlet reds rush to flag,
as the tear-soaken, fall,
to the rock and the brick,
of this old broken wall,
was the line in the earth,
was the dip in the dirt,
as a stick barred the path,
in an all out rage war,
the red fled to black,
and the blue turned to night,
in the chaos in pain,
and yet nobody fights,
we will live to the death,
not one finger here,

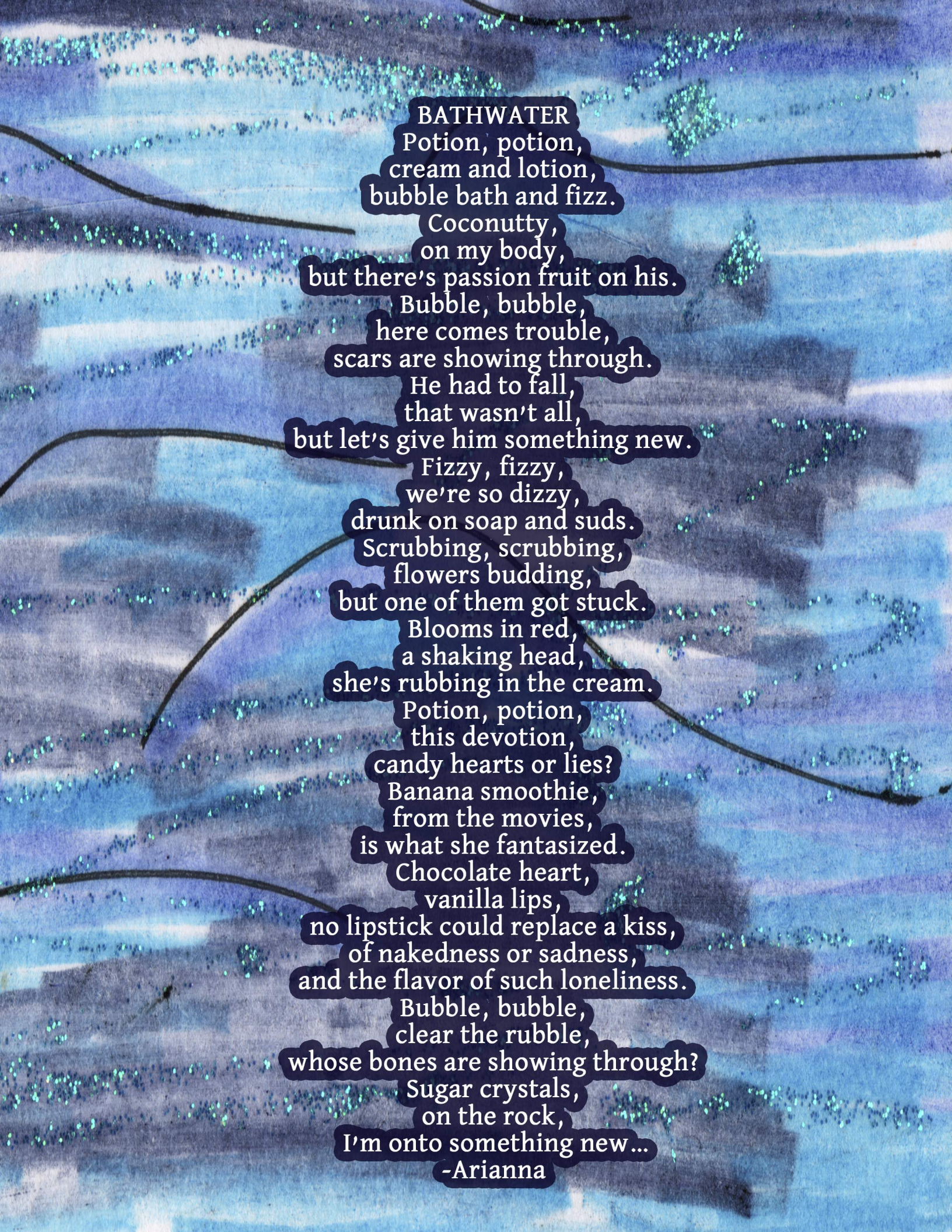
have you no weapons held,
can you not be so clear?
Because the chaos inside,
is what wages the white,
the canvases blank,
splattered with darkened light,
but I will live to the death,
because that's who I am,
I am life itself,
and I'm all Wonderland,
I don't care who must leave,
I don't mind who must go,
I don't see the disaster,
just so long as they know,
you must make your own choices,
you chose to be here,
to be vivid crimson,
or to be crystal clear,
to be bright as blood,
or to be as a blue,
or to be that lone stick,
cause you chose to be you,
and I am a branch,
I'm as simple could be,
I drew a line in the sand,
I'm in the middle with me.



AN EVIL

The savior of beauty,
from the scales of iron,
the monster of mecha,
from the rose-silver tiger,
the spaceship from space,
but turned inside-out,
it's a frightful machine,
and it's being built now,
in the chaos we broil,
in the chatter they bask,
while the strongest are captured,
and put behind glass,
as we brush it so slight,
fossils running up roots,
revealing the bones,
as we shake in our boots,
he'll choose his sick servants,
and begin to build towers,
to help build himself,
yes, he has that much power,
we'll be doomed to his might,
and before you can blink,
you'll be doomed to the curse,
but that's just what you think,
as he only takes hearts,
in the form of a clay,
to sculpt them to be,
what he wants you today,
so heed this prewarning,
before you may leave,
he can only destroy,
should you choose that belief.





BATHWATER
Potion, potion,
cream and lotion,
bubble bath and fizz.

Coconutty,
on my body,
but there's passion fruit on his.

Bubble, bubble,
here comes trouble,
scars are showing through.

He had to fall,
that wasn't all,
but let's give him something new.

Fizzy, fizzy,
we're so dizzy,
drunk on soap and suds.

Scrubbing, scrubbing,
flowers budding,
but one of them got stuck.

Blooms in red,
a shaking head,
she's rubbing in the cream.

Potion, potion,
this devotion,
candy hearts or lies?

Banana smoothie,
from the movies,
is what she fantasized.

Chocolate heart,
vanilla lips,
no lipstick could replace a kiss,
of nakedness or sadness,
and the flavor of such loneliness.

Bubble, bubble,
clear the rubble,
whose bones are showing through?

Sugar crystals,
on the rock,
I'm onto something new...

-Arianna





AN UNFINISHED COFFEE FOR FAITH

Heavy metal,
cursive poems,
liquid scarves,
in the midnight zone.

Big dark glasses,
a T-shirt on,
the dead-end bike,
and a head of blonde,
A century,
before his time,
his crooked nose,
and sharpened lines.

Half a coffee,
put it back,
for bad is bad,
is that a fact?
A stolen name,
is given to,
her lonely eyes,
so what to do?
Heavy metals,
are her chains,
a century,
before the pains.
Before the stains,
before the lanes,
before the rain,
before the name,
before the name,
before the name.

-Arianna

ALMOST AWAKENED

You showered me with hourglasses,
starfish, blood and sand,
anger and its pretty friends,
my shoulders in your hands.
Your yelling voice, a singing voice,
you rip my eyes from trance.
Refuse the words, refuse the world,
and ultimately, the dance.
Your rage, it rattled me inside,
it made me feel like glass.
You stormed onto the sand in heels,
as I considered going back.
Maybe your hatred was to me,
but I'm suddenly aware,
of something, somewhere, calling me,
and maybe,
maybe I care...
-Arianna



PEACEFUL PASSAGE

Of anything elaborate,
your colors, they confused me.
Flashing eyes on lacy wings,
they almost saw right through me.
Opals in their wing-ed form,
I watched them all take flight,
silently, into the Sun,
they stole away from sight.
I beat my breast in grieving now,
in the metallic dust, I've seen,
him fighting through the salty wind,
across an angry sea.
Rainbow dust, an opal in,
its truest cut and style,
you flashed those eyes at me again,
now there is no denial.
You're everything elaborate,
I indulged your one sweet form,
but lost you in the starting of,
the most beautiful of storms.
The swarming, all the fragile wings,
we did nothing but obey,
as the beauty and confusion,
tried to wish us both away.
All the colors took us under,
in a storm of butterflies,
and as I looked over my shoulder,
that was the last I saw those eyes.
But you turned in all those paper wings,
and began to walk away,
and as you disappeared in silence,
I was calling out your name.
But in a moment, every butterfly,
was blotted out by tears,
as you smiled at me one last time,
before you disappeared.
Where you went, most of us know,
but how peacefully you died,
carried on the wings you loved,
the wings of butterflies.

-Arianna

