



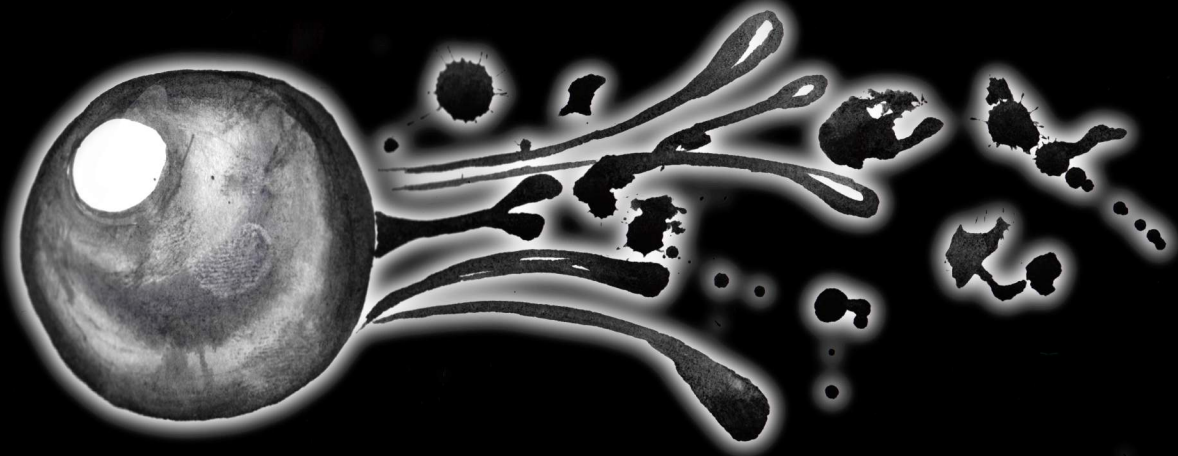
BECAUSE OF HADES

A Poetic Adventure

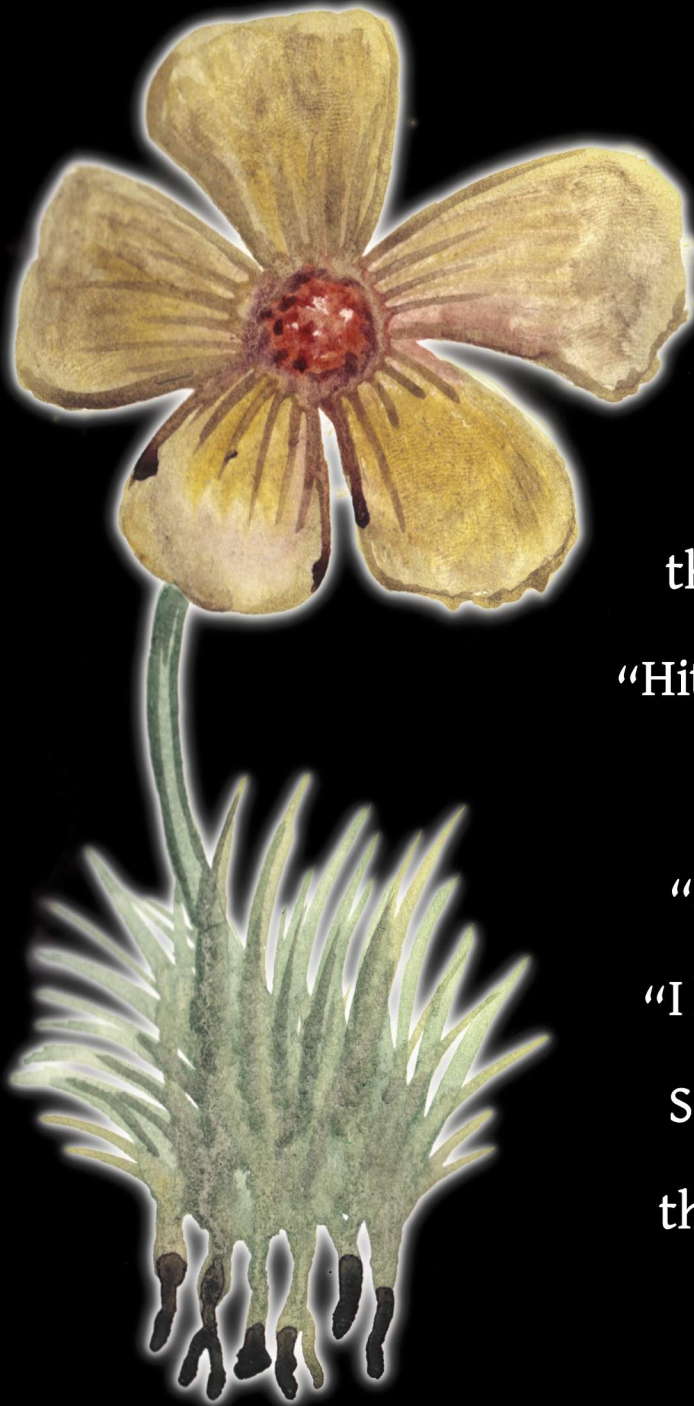
Kai Nakashima

CHAPTER 1: Hades' Guts

Want some ammunition?
Want the silver swords?
Was it really blood,
you were working towards?
What fate does not allow,
haunts the waiting clocks,
that climb the stairs to heaven,
rewinds, and then un-knocks,
so listen to him closely,
you try, and try, and try,
as hard as you may bleed,
you ain't never gonna die!
Be a platinum bullet,
and take the werewolf down,
shoot through outer-space,
and wipe him of that frown-
will you land in his heart?
It takes a moment just to see-
a bullet did him well,
but me? I disagree...



CHAPTER 2: Secret



Five years after, on the cliff,
Hades taken down,
taken for a fool once,
but didn't stop to drown,
like a garden to blow up,
a threat was planting seeds,
didn't know, and didn't care,
what he really needs.

The gentlemen, the Company,
they chased Noble on the train,
blasted through the metal roof,
and still they take no blame,
head quarters in hell,
no, they truly didn't know,
where secrets lie in secrecy,
where heroes tend to grow.

The boy came into bar lights,
immeasurable, and bland,
the woman by the counter waved,
to save this tortured man,
"Hit me hard." She slammed the glass,
his amber, drunken down,
sixteen in his suffering,
but still alive to count,
"Remember what you promised?"
(They knew each other well)
"I know what you were meant to be,
and that, I still can tell."

So crawling through tight spaces,
with railroads under-ground,
the two felt something happening-
a vibrant, booming, sound,
the Company was coming,
then Noble fell to doom,
and woke up in a garden,
in his face, a yellow bloom...

CHAPTER 3: Meeting ButterCup

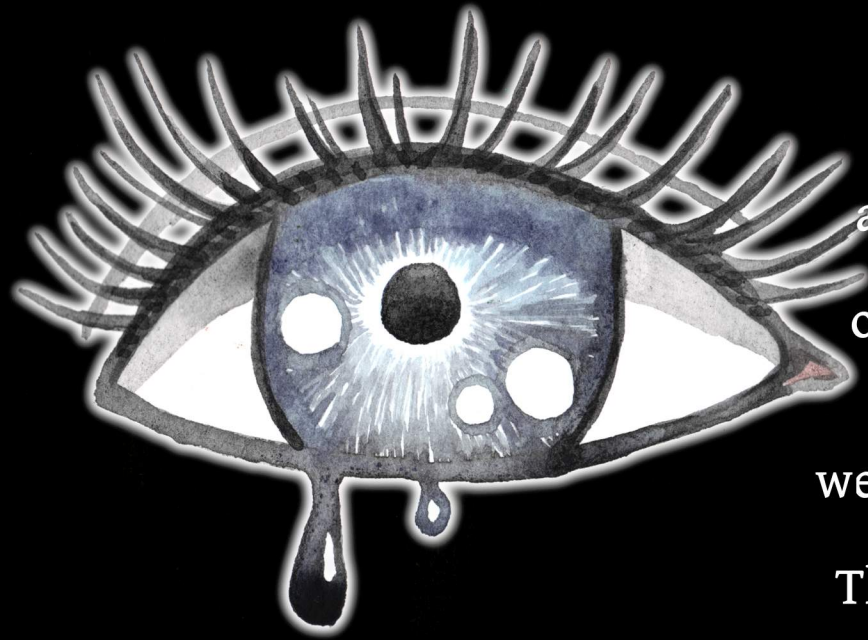
He woke up to an angel,
but another dirty street,
another golden church,
and another pair of feet,
to the rescue, he obliged,
but the bad boy held his hues,
for the angel that she was,
made the devil in him, new,
the biggest house of buttercups,
and introduced to more,
but Noble wasn't thinking:
I have seen this place before...
Sunlight cast into the weeds,
those beautiful, damn weeds,
and in the wind she tear-dropped,
"Well I'm so lonely, see?"

The damsel in distress,
drew attention from his greed,
to get into that Universe?
He's "gonna", "hafta", bleed,
but Secret came back to him,
all dark, and black, and red,
all sweaty in the silence,
of neon flower-beds,
of yellow daisy faces,
so funny, buttered, sweet,
a chocolateer of years ago,
got back onto his feet.

So the two lasses, and boy,
headed out above the steel,
train tracks broken aimlessly,
with a dog who wouldn't heel.



CHAPTER 4: A Fine Story Seeing Red



A sudden red explosion,
with the fireworks of night,
Noble barreled down the Company,
'til no one was in sight,
alone between the walls,
wet bricks that held him in,
a rain set to the city,
bright lamps, and blackened sin.

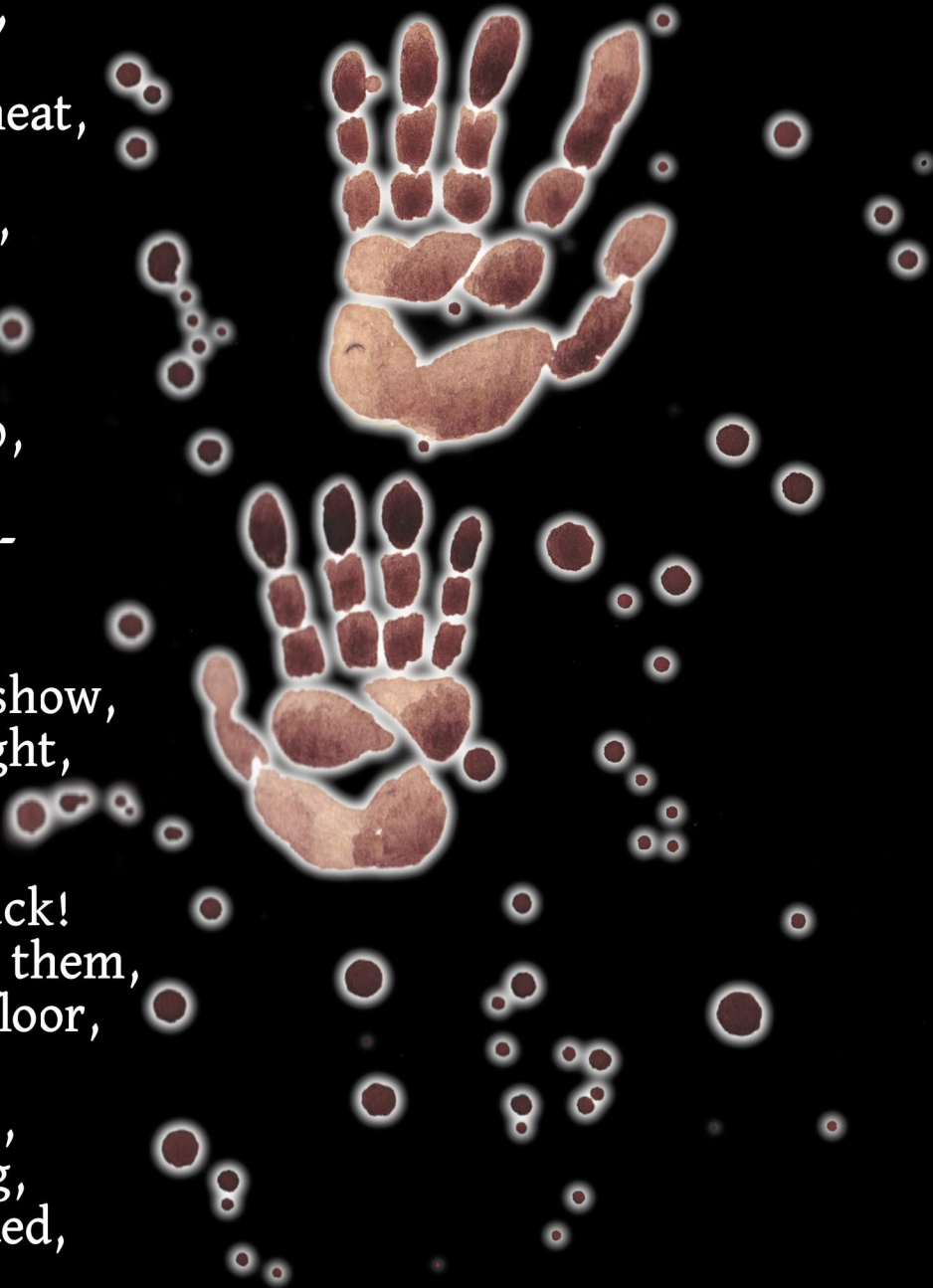
Cold as ice to shiver,
his skin, a frigid peach,
an isolated heartache,
a soul you'll never reach-
his eyes, a frozen pearl,
as he's seated on the stone,
glacial as his hand,
on the so-malicious throne,
we could never save him,
and even if they tried,
we wouldn't know how longer,
he'd like to stay alive...

They saw him coming closer,
pretending a parade,
was sipping rain like sugar,
like a glass of lemonade,
his sword went crashing down,
he glanced at them, and then-
the color washed them over,
and he went cool again.

"I have no reasons left,
by Hades, if you will,
my red remains on Earth,
but my ghost will be here still."
And they turned to see a blue,
that we never meant to see,
the hottest blue in hell,
was burning within he...

CHAPTER 5: The Company Catches Up

Pillars in, and pillars out,
not to his fault, by two,
avalanching to the ground,
as he looked back at you,
fighting off the chocolate heat,
the chocolate on the walls,
staining cocoa on the floor,
obsessed with towers tall,
“Noble, wait!” Secret said.
“gumnivorous I’ll be-”
Everything was blowing up,
in-to a scrap-art sea...
The company was looming-
they were careful as a doe,
so seeing red was harder,
as their feelings could not show,
but the plan was to be caught,
get the elevator stuck,
but jail was a pleasure,
it was threaten-ing good luck!
For swag would surely free them,
follow blood stains on the floor,
murdered by a glance:
Mr. Handprint on the door,
on a motorbike they swung,
Noble driving, Secret nodded,
Buttercup sat tight,
in her arms – the dog they brought with.
Open road was waiting,
at the end, a broken bridge,
a twilight for the morning,
on a rugged, purple, ridge.



CHAPTER 6: Fallen in Love

They saw a future for them,
precious clouds within the sky,
but Noble was so dashing,
which led to quick, but sweet, goodbyes.

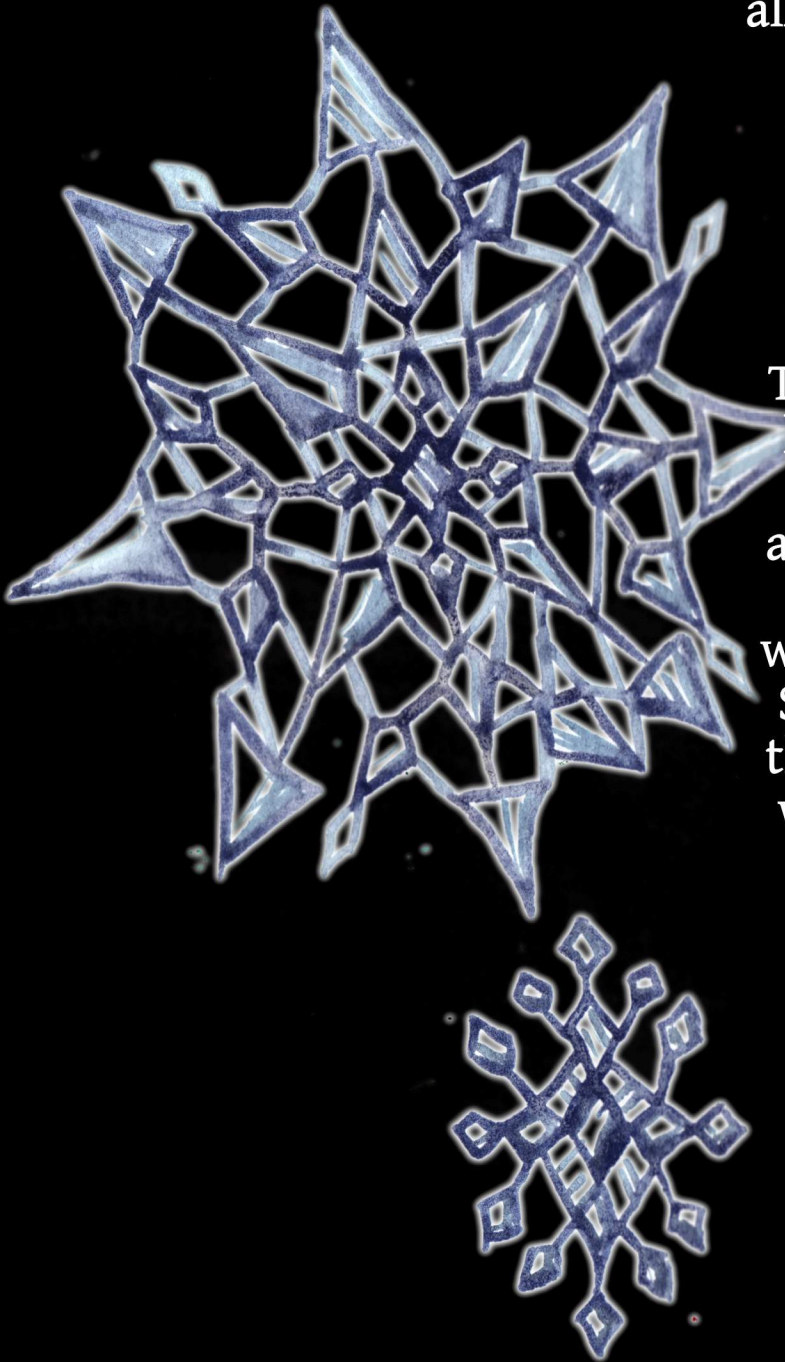
The icy quick then showed-
for the robots were their guide,
a spice upon the journey,
a humble to confide-

but seeing all the monsters,
all the gruesome things in glass,
Noble's life within a droplet-
all the memories of the past,
like a book on rising flames,
just a history, amuck,
it was ice and fire rushing,
it was certainly bad luck!

The coldest of the snowflakes,
had dropped onto his sword,
the darkest in the world,
and it left him rather floored...

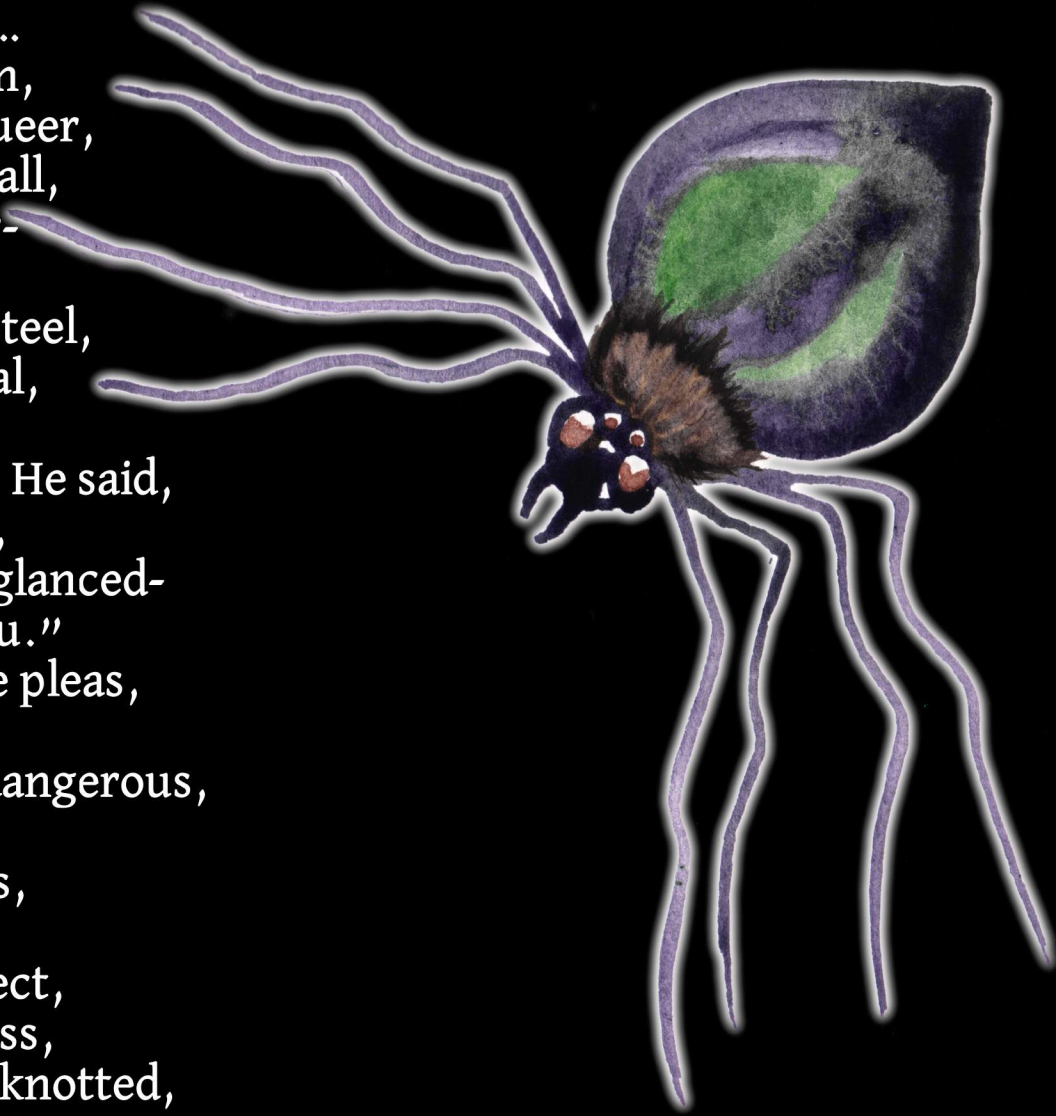
"Reminds me of the stars,
we'd see those Winter nights."

Secret turned around at him,
then whispered out the lights,
while the others were asleep,
Secret, Noble, rolled in bed,
only hugging in the silence,
only kissing in their heads.



"Take me to the light." He said,
in turquoise, amber, blue,
"Quiet, baby, don't you cry,
but I'm no good for you."
Silver webs and berries,
of the fruit they tasted sweet,
and now you can't return them,
because of what you eat...
Spiders on the floor again,
he followed them with queer,
but she is hiding in the hall,
shut down in golden fear-
Cerberus now howls,
to the cats with bodies, steel,
to love her in the physical,
would not be very real.
"So take me to the end." He said,
in red and crimson hues,
like a shattered glass he glanced-
"But I'm not good for you."
to take away the pain, he pleas,
the green and liquid sky,
looks treacherous, and dangerous,
but I do not know why...
Drinking in his memories,
the wine of toxic pasts,
the sip that made it perfect,
when he had another glass,
the spools of thread just knotted,
the silver web spewed out,
the poison that befell him,
in the taste-buds of his mouth,
and I, could not control me,
though he shook awake to say:
"Baby, I'm not good for you,
we must go separate ways."
"You are all I'll ever need!"
She shook the pearl thread-
"But baby, I'm not good for you..."
Is the last thing that was said.

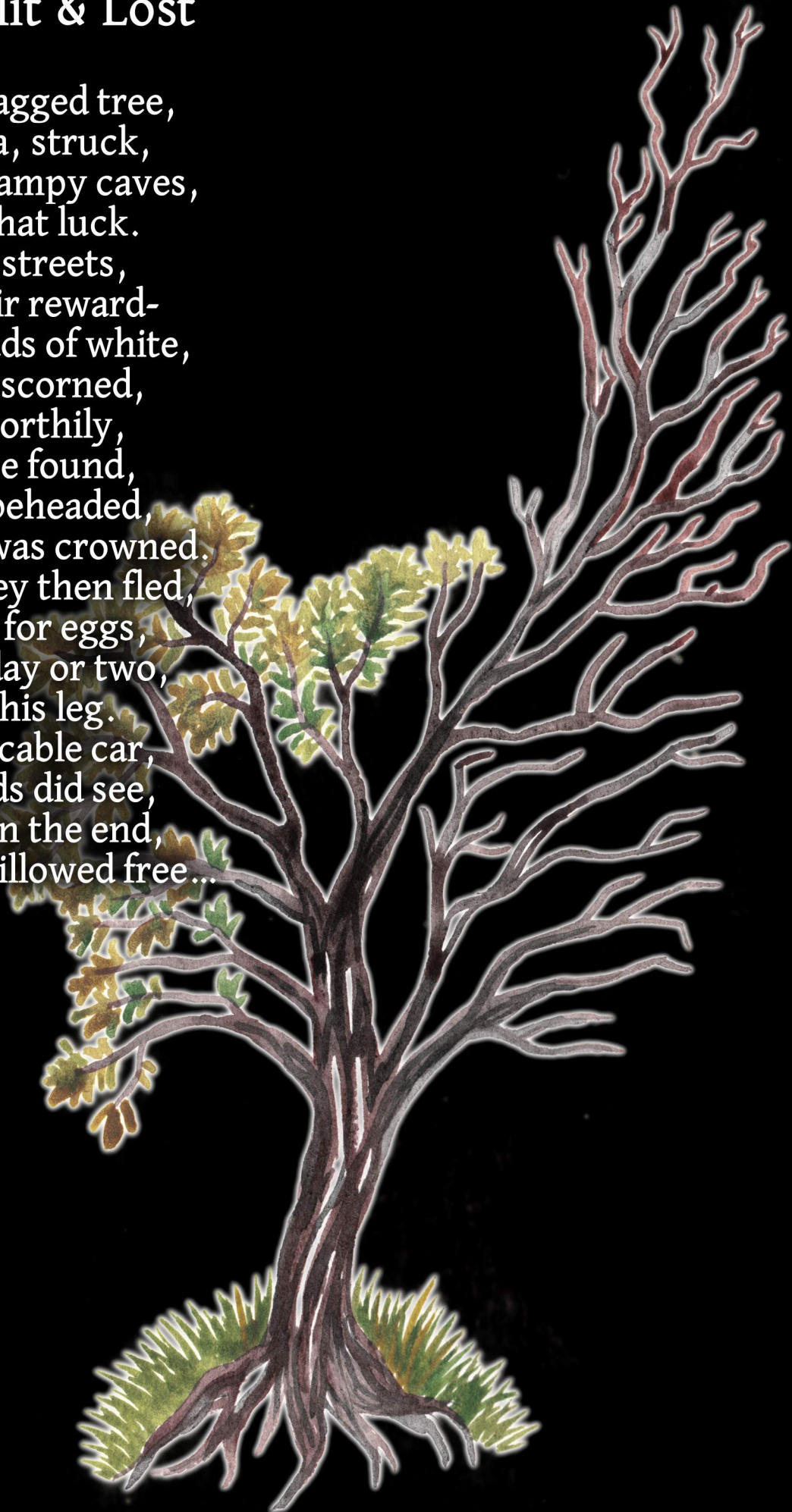
CHAPTER 7: Inevitable Enemies in Love



CHAPTER 8: Split & Lost

They came upon a jagged tree,
like a muddy cobra, struck,
stones, cliffs, and swampy caves,
the Company - what luck.

On into the busy streets,
to escape, was their reward-
into the crowded roads of white,
into parades, and scorned,
took a ship, unworthily,
let stow-aways, be found,
the poor boy was beheaded,
but the headless boy was crowned.
To the mountains they then fled,
Noble killed a bird for eggs,
they'd get to eat a day or two,
but hey, he lost his leg.
Then hanging in a cable car,
the bunch of friends did see,
who was standing in the end,
when the smoke had billowed free...



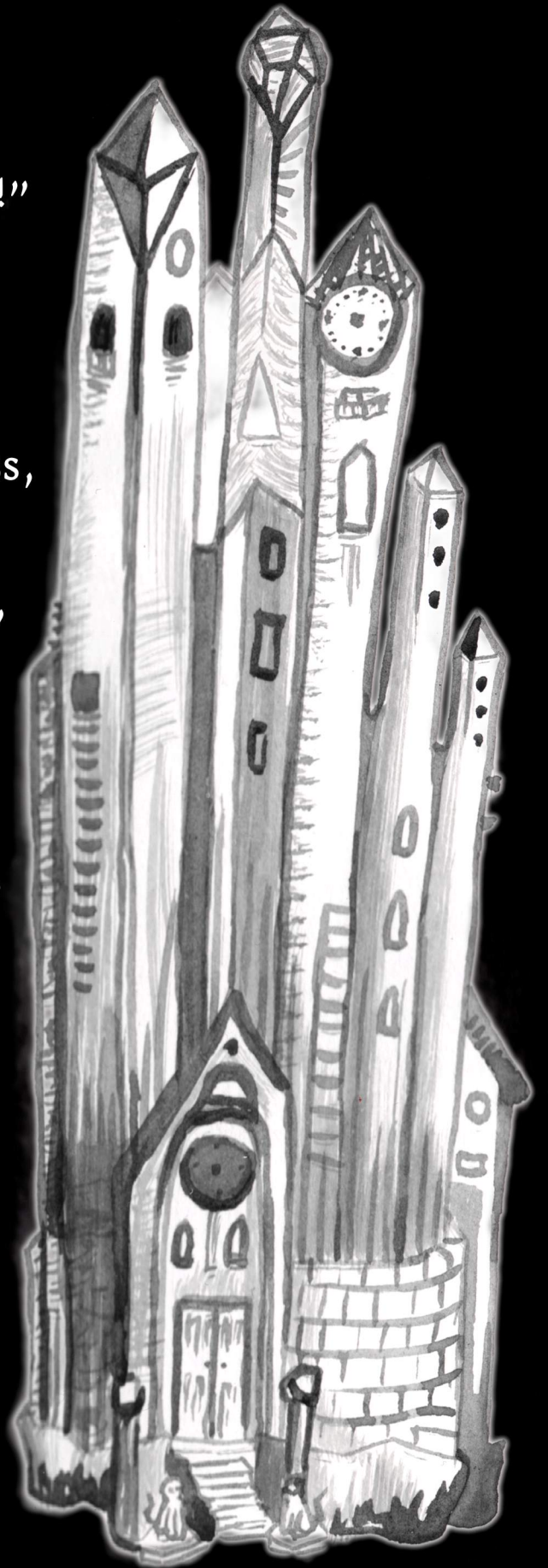
CHAPTER 9: Telling Hades Story

Buttercup came racing out,
in emerald-blue bird breeze,
pleading out to Noble:

“No more begging on your knees!”

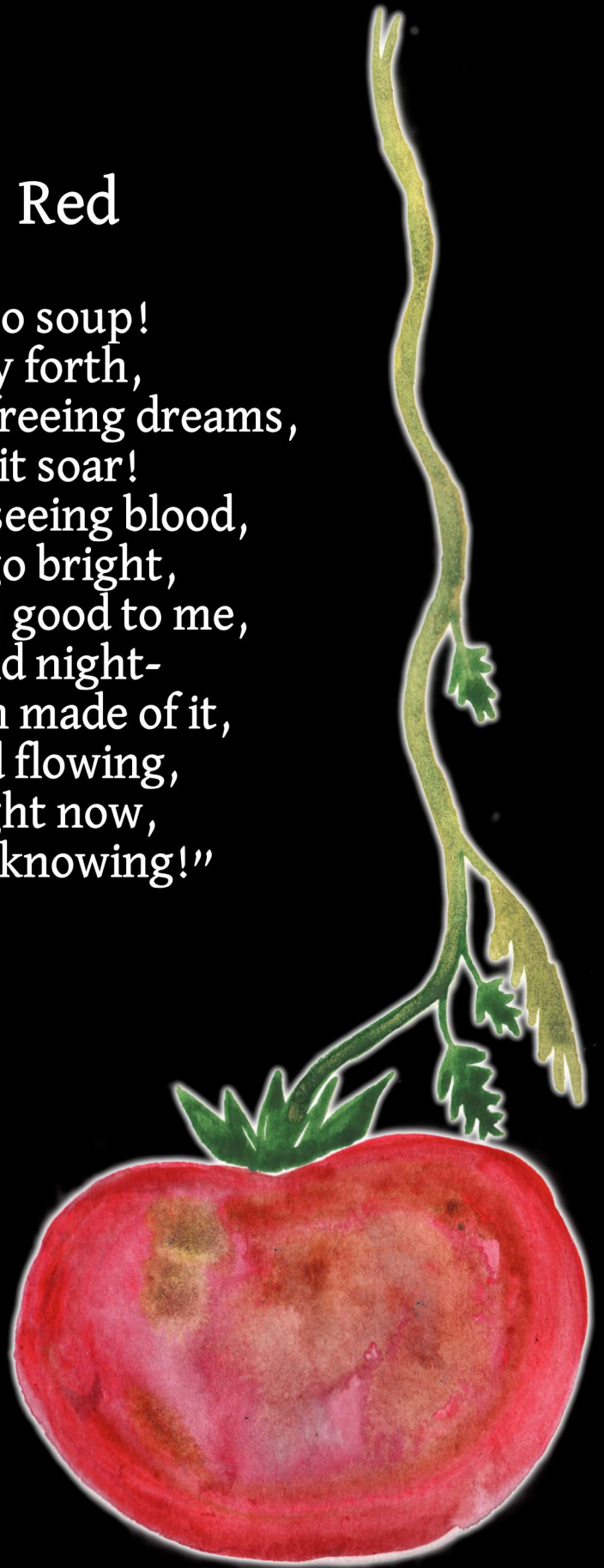
The stone was stiff as metal,
couldn't chip away one piece,
they found the golden coffin,
to be blamed for every-thing...

the girls awaited Noble,
outside the haunted-house of glass,
stair cases and statues,
deep royal-reds to pass,
then dumped in deserts, barren,
the tawny sands that shimmer,
taken by a curtain,
with a lacy, sunlit-glimmer,
he then began the story,
about Hades on the cliff,
he dropped his words in silence,
from a quivered, drooling lip,
a little bit resentful,
but thankful in the end,
now smiling at the color,
that he no longer pre-tends...



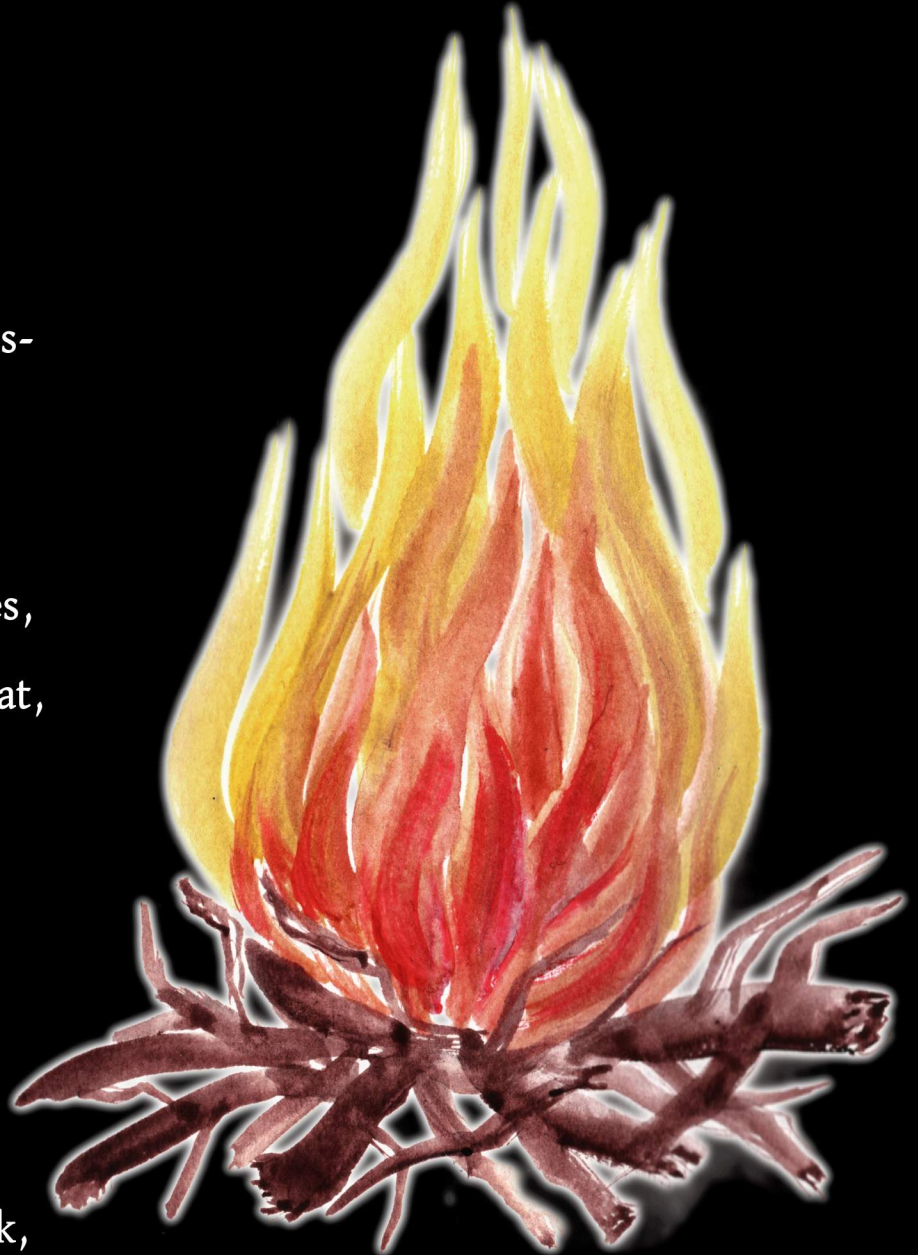
CHAPTER 10: Red

“Blood is like tomato soup!
It makes my soul fly forth,
the blood that steams like freeing dreams,
just makes my spirit soar!
The life that came from seeing blood,
just makes my eyes go bright,
the warmth of blood was good to me,
just not that one cold night-
but I remember that I’m made of it,
it’s there, inside, and flowing,
keeping me alive right now,
just swallow back *that* knowing!”



CHAPTER 11: The Forest Adventure

With a locket in his hand,
now a locket made of gold,
like sunshine in a forest,
like a wild phoenix showed,
tangoing with worlds,
as they entered gator-green,
he told a wacky street joke,
just to keep them from the scene.
The salty, sweaty, swamp,
sleeping in the muddy dark,
creeping in the shadows,
for a venturing, weak heart,
in a hole, and in a tree,
he thought he saw his face,
but when he looked inside,
it was just an empty space...
But then he saw the widened eyes-
the blistered cheeks in wood,
he did not know what to do,
or even if he should-
petrified in curled stems,
it blinked it's wrinkled lids,
it stared at him with sopping eyes,
and to him, what it did-
was reach it's gnarled hands afloat,
as he wiped the sappy mess,
on his bleach-white winter skin,
and did it touch him? Yes.
He told his tale of blueness,
and it's making so much sense-
as they gather by the fire,
he is filled with much suspense,
but he dove into the moss,
and the water of green-glow,
Noble held his breath,
but he surfaced to the hole,
where the spider webs were thick,
there were carvings in the cave,
a statue stood aloft,
in the rafters, he sat, brave,
he howled to the stars,
as he howled to the Moon,
their dog, he had returned,
in a clear, and glass cocoon...



CHAPTER 12: Show Yourself

He was talking to himself,
as if he were all alone,
he pretended to be rock,
and he sat as still as stone,
he was speaking to the clouds,
for the light that's always there,
no one can deny,
so just throw away despair,
a burst of glee from hearts,
had a glitter come undone,
his soul was like a beam of light-
shot from his private Sun...

"But nothing ever lasts."
Says the downer in the room,
they traveled on in wondering,
if they would get there soon...



CHAPTER 13: A Visit to the Abandoned Church

In a house of castles, grand,
like the purple cave of cold,
there were monsters in their coffins-
vamp-ires, I am told,
like a child in the dark,
sees a ghost behind the shelves,
among the books and bookends,
too dusty to now tell,
sliding to the floor,
where the tree of life resides,
he was fighting off a spider,
to get to the other-side.
Noble, like a rocket,
or a bucking bronco's wings,
told them he was coming-
he was coming - of all things!
Like the boy could drink such tea,
he was staring at the pot,
as they shoved it in his face,
and was cussing like the lot.
Secret was enamored,
so entranced by little blues,
she was sending him away,
with a happy little "*shoo!*"
Embarrassing as honey,
though he made it just on time,
out of the haunted house,
and in-to the sacred light...
He saw the bright, glass colors,
in the window of the church,
and left the doves uneasy,
outside the belfry, where they perch,
but with it right before him,
he could not project to sing,
he didn't meet God here,
but he knew he found some-thing...



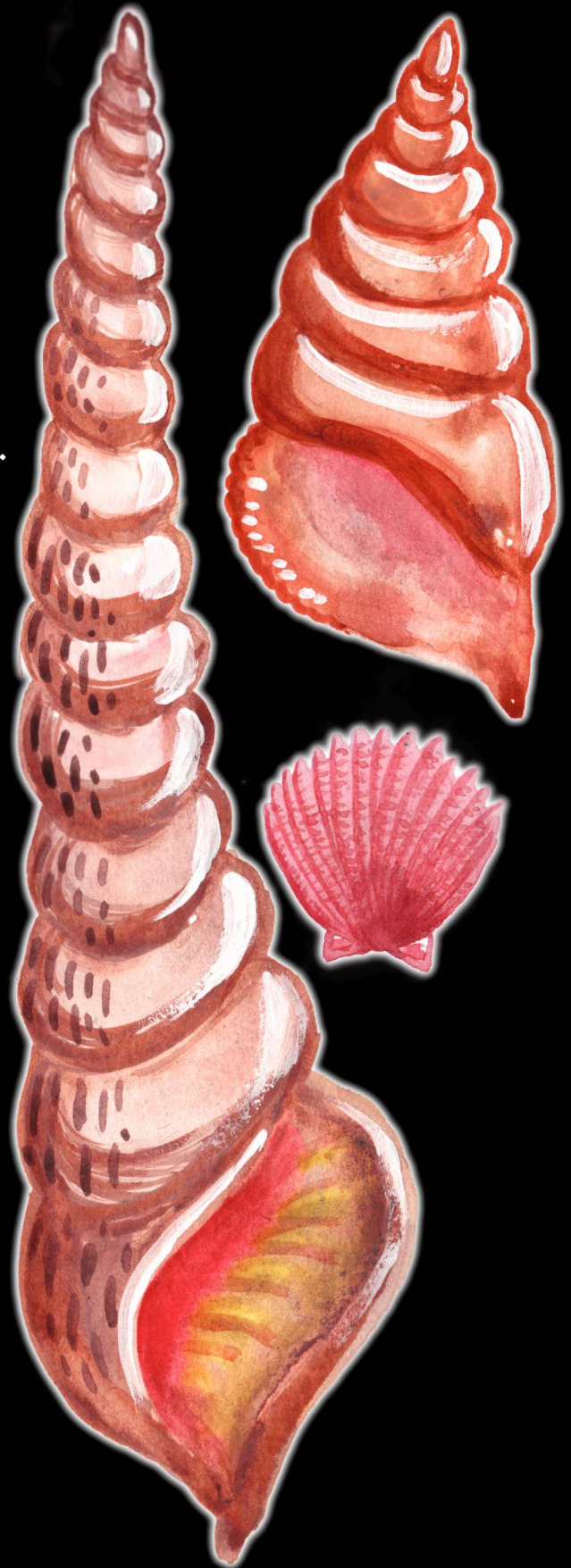
CHAPTER 14: The Cherry Girl

Cherry girl so nervous,
as they came about her bridge,
blast-off in a beauty-white,
and got away with it-
mild crimes, a pond of fish,
into the egg roll ache,
she asked the girls, the dog, and boy,
what it took for them to take,
for she'd done it all her life,
and she felt she could do better.
So Noble, Secret, Buttercup,
a dog, and her, together,
cried within a jar,
for the love they'd given up,
they sealed it in that bottle,
and but in a silver cup,
to give it to the Emperor,
to transmute what is sad,
to the statues they did pray,
for the circumstance was bad-
but maybe things were looking up,
as Noble pointed South-
"Adventure *still* awaits us."
Said the smile on his mouth.



A fallen tree wood forest,
rippled vines and leaves of three,
but they came into a clearing,
of a dried-up, pink-salt, sea,
the shells and bones were fragile,
there was stench filling the air,
but Buttercup was happy,
Noble followed her red hair,
the stepping stones would tease him,
as he couldn't really cross,
whipping out his open palms,
before his balance, lost,
but before he said a word,
he found buttercups of red,
a mountain lion grinned,
Noble's heart just dropped straight dead...
Thrown over the rainbows,
and into thorny snow.
In the morning they would wake,
in the morning they would know,
his ivy crawled to get to her,
so is this bad or good?
Like green was really anything,
I swear to you, it should-
her sunlight catches pecan leaves,
aglow of verdant pride,
her elvin green was everywhere,
the sea-foam, fun to ride,
asparagus, then carrot tops,
the color made him grow,
but never fast, never short,
and certainly, not slow,
the hills and meadows, turn around,
to look at what they've done,
the greenest places I have known,
just made me want to run,
his ivy crawls to get to her,
it's that, in which she shuns,
but the deepest emerald I have seen,
is what she then becomes...

CHAPTER 15: The Jungle Adventure



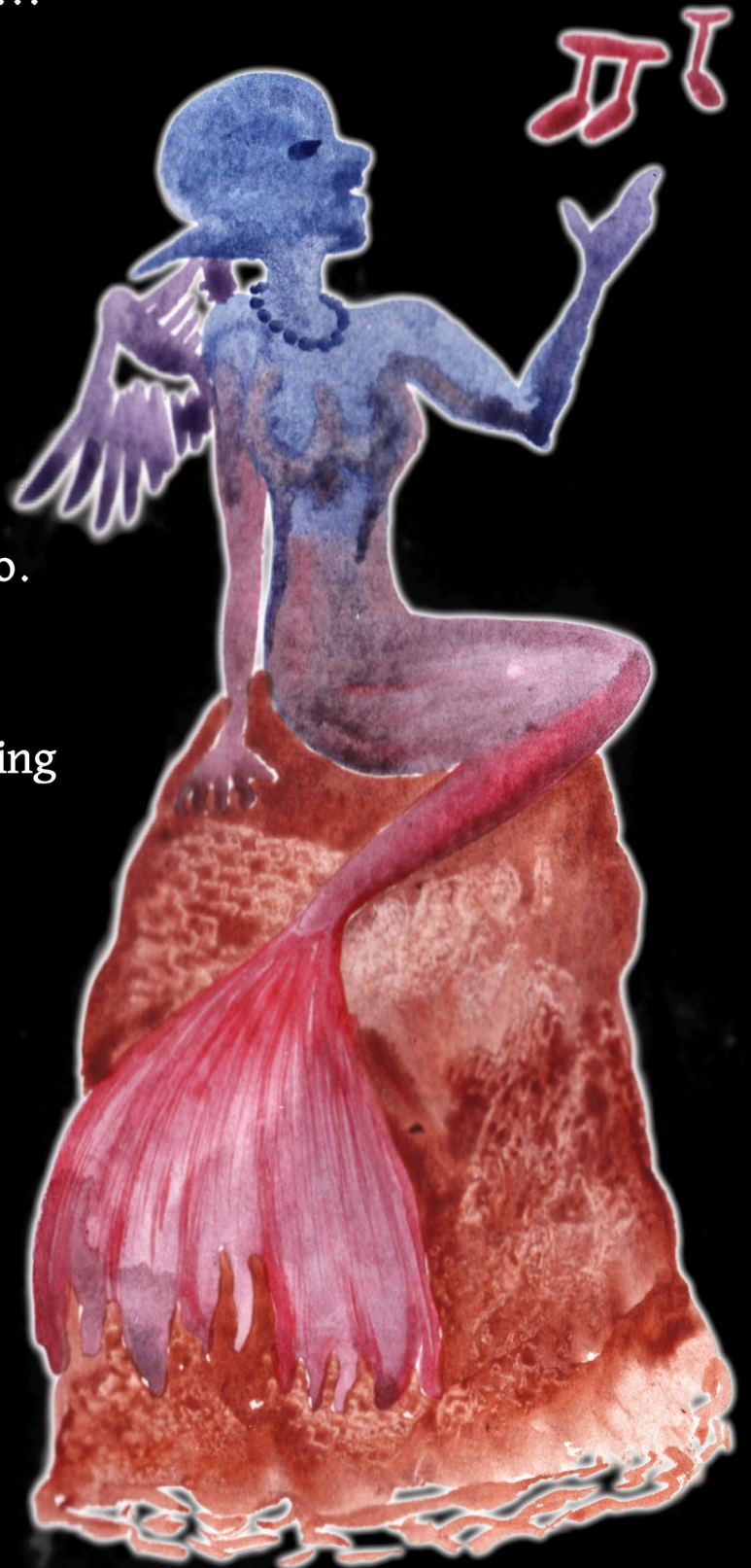
CHAPTER 16: Goodbye Again

Buttercup was buried,
under bergs and barren trees,
blue ice-crystals frozen,
as he got onto his knees,
in his center, he then saw it-
he swore that he would starve it,
the tigress and her king,
oh he swore that he would harm it...
He stuffed the empty avian,
with a bunch of evil berries,
and left it on the rocks,
waiting with the gun he carried,
the cat said: "Hurt me now."
"It is now or it is never,
boy, just pull me down,
it is here, or it's forever,
boy, don't just leave it there,
you should have told me sooner,
you need a sharper sword,
to tribute to the doomer,
it's better that we stay, boy,
it's better that you learn,
I'd rather be rejected,
than die for your concern."



CHAPTER 17: The Mythic Adventure

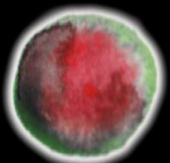
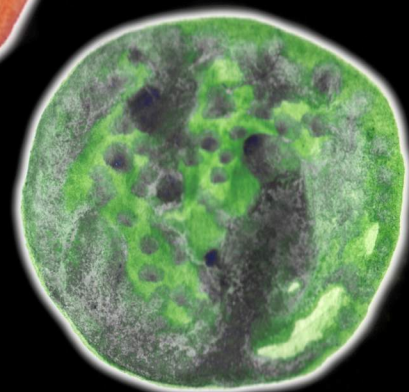
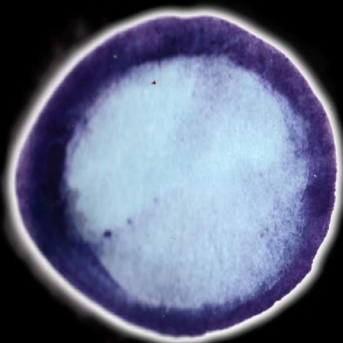
Secret woke in horror,
sent the girls out to the woods,
their new friend, Dark and Strange,
murmured, "Well, this isn't good..."
they searched all day and night,
Noble, Buttercup, were gone,
they fought a wasteland giant,
and they fought a siren song,
phoenix tears dropped lightly,
into Noble's injured eyes,
he blinked all of it back,
then began to real-lize,
staring down on him,
all the *only* friends he knew,
including someone else-
there was a tall, dark stranger, too.
He took Secret by the shoulders,
and began collecting pieces,
of a tale he should have told,
when there weren't so many missing
Hades on a cliff,
he lost Hades long ago.
"I think Butter-cup knew him,
but I guess we'll never know..."
Settling in silence,
into a small, safe, town,
they turned to slower paces,
on the healthy, earthen ground,
happy to be quiet,
concluded like an end,
because how could they move on,
when they'd lost another friend?



CHAPTER 18: Meet Hick

Un-der black berry, skies,
they met Hick, one picky man,
alone among his stars,
to see if man could stand,
he talked about his dreamings,
and Cherry Girl just laughed,
Secret had excused her,
so Hick told about his past,
he looked to Noble and he said,
"Here's to it, an' straight,
m' story, an' m' dreaming,
m' destiny, m' fate!"

He said, "Son, that's that,
the whole world thatcha know,
it ain't goin' no where,
there's only one place to go."
He said, "Son, there aren't many,
places I've gone,
but I know about 'em,
so don't get me wrong."
He said, "Son, on this Earth,
it's a great place to be,
and it ain't goin' no where,
but remember this breeze..."



CHAPTER 19: Who Hades Was

Noble said: "Give me a number."

He was sitting on the bed,
Secret turned to him in silence,
as the night strayed to her left,
she was trying to be quiet,
hushing questions in the night,
but the lamp atop the table,
just wasn't e-nough light,
for Noble's very darknesses,
were casted on the wall,

"What was Hades like?"

"He was blue and black and tall,"

"He was a different kind of man,
never keeping to himself,
he kept you on your toes,
to save somebody else,

he was a different kind of man,
he had a different kind of plan,
he was looking towards the Sun,
for a better, upper-hand,
he was a man in love with everyone,
a bell that pleased to ring,
bringing peace from no where,
and green into the Spring,
he was a different kind of man,
al-ways reaching for the stars,
but he always set them free,
as to never break a heart.

So ashamed as you go on,
just be at ease to know,
we're as different as the Summer,
when his fire turned to snow,
bring the flames and bring the ice,
he would never give a flinch,
he was a different kind of man,
making miles from an inch."



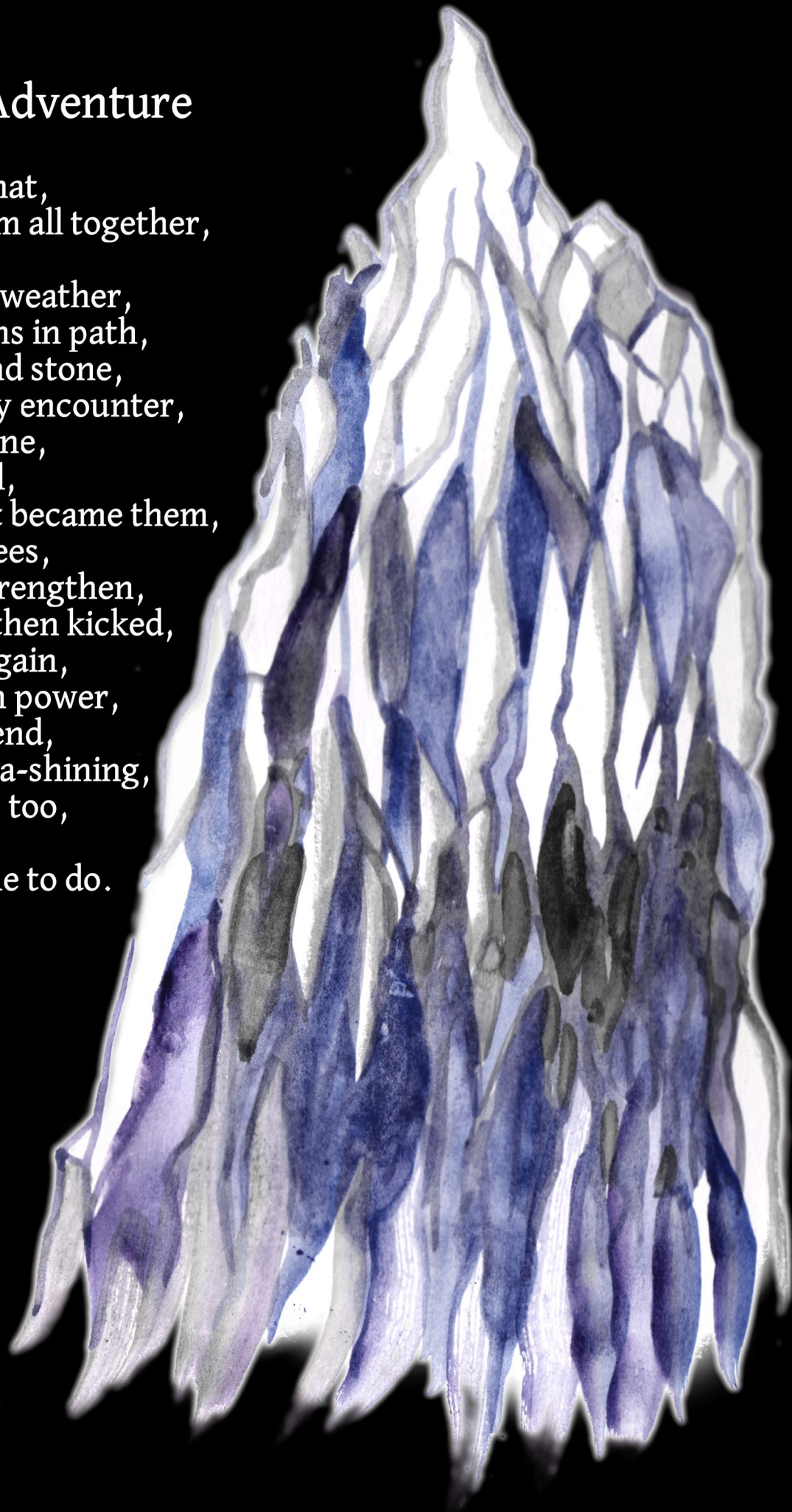
CHAPTER 20: Secret's Dream

A box, it popped on open,
a kitten, in gray-tabby,
a porcelain music box,
and a song, sounding so happy,
but Secret looked much closer,
and the tiny kitten jerked,
into a clouded brainstorm,
then some purple fire works,
Secret thought that she was crazy,
but when she looked back to the bed,
Noble slept so peaceful,
it had all been in her head,
and she couldn't put a finger,
on whatever happened here,
it is just a faded memory,
let slip past con-fused ears,
but the next night it was different,
as she took the sleeping pills,
the "Oh my gracious!" syndrome-
well it told her to be still...
There was a mewling whisper,
on the eerie, simple, wind,
a kitten hissing at his brother,
with a sassy, little, grin.



CHAPTER 21: The Mountain Adventure

After this, and after that,
mistakes brought them all together,
rising to the top,
to embark the ragged weather,
all the forks and spoons in path,
all the rocky roads, and stone,
all the things that they encounter,
well they didn't go alone,
so when the pyrite fell,
pyrite mountains that became them,
a white-light in the trees,
caused everyone to strengthen,
the nightmares were then kicked,
they were warriors, again,
they ventured on with power,
also, with another friend,
with white-lights still a-shining,
although, it, was evil, too,
guys, take it away-
if that's what you came to do.



CHAPTER 22: The Kitten's Revenge

In the dark, they found three kittens,
those three kittens then became,
enemies of Noble's,
saying: "He's the one to blame!"
For their Father was the lion,
who had drunk the poisoned meat,
that Noble laid to rock,
in the forest, where she sleeps.
"So you want revenge, now do you?"
Said the kitten, in jet black,
"Then you'll fight me one on one,
but you'll never get her back!"
Cherry Girl was laughing,
Tall, Dark, Strange, sped through the night,
to save the kitten children,
because Noble wasn't right,
"What a beautiful oak tree!"
A kitty said before the fight,
Noble came now faster,
but he'd fallen off his bike,
the motorcycle shattered,
in the ghostly, icy, forest,
buried under icicles-
"We'd better call the florist-"
Noble held hands with the loser,
and he said, "It's my mistake,
I never meant to win-
because that's more than I can take."
But the kittens, they were angry,
and they left in such a cloud,
crying: "What is all this madness?!
What is this madness all about?!"
And so they crept into the Company,
and stole the magic wing-
"With this, we'll de-feat Noble,
which will lead to happi-ness!"





CHAPTER 23: The Lion Within

In the open roads now fighting,
flying signs to dodge, oh yes-
was the hottest man in waiting,
he was anybody's guess-
and the copters were out spinning,
looking for the stolen wing,
hotness then pursued,
with his blood so boil-ing,
Noble went to make amends,
his faith, bleeding away,
in-to the crystal waters,
and the bluest of affrays,
innocently gray-
Noble tried to pick him up,
but the kitten - he had tricked him,
but the world had had enough,
the lion had come out-
a beast of silver fangs,
a creature so destructive,
that Noble - could be slain!
Unless he slayed it first-
But how could he? He knew-
under-neath the lion mask,
was a person, much like you.

CHAPTER 24: The Battle

Chop shop to the reservoir,
a puzzle piece had bloomed,
riding on his air-board,
but not riding on his broom,
standing on their swords,
in the heat of flaming azure,
Noble was now cornered,
a weakening, poised, stature,
“I disinfected it.”

Said the kitten on the right,
the kitten on the left:

“What a miserable good sight.”

The cub between his brothers,
with a mask, and one black wing,
sent him to the ground,
with a silver-daggered fling,
Noble crouched in his soft blood,
his own agony – last shot,
the moment he had dreamed of,
wasn't all like he had thought...

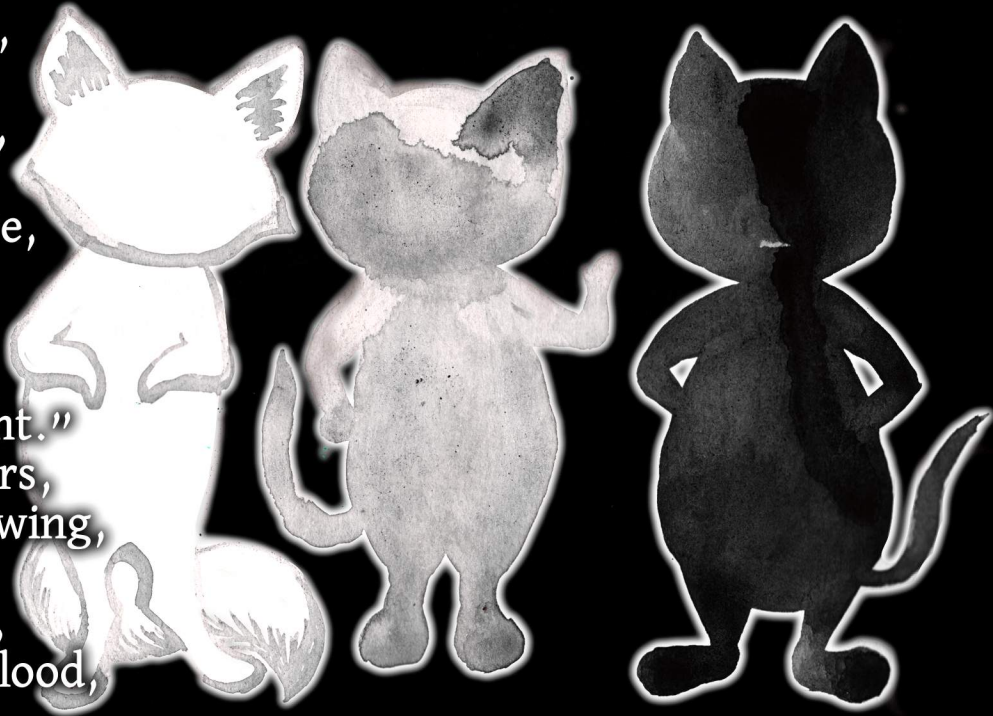
“I want to be the hero,
but I see that's not my case,
I'm the bad guy after all,
so remember my disgrace...”

“What?!” Raped the gray kitten,
ripping off his lion-mask,
“We're the evil ones!

Now get off your stupid ass!
And fight us to the very end,
and fight like we're the villain!
Fight like you now mean it-
So that we may do our killing!”

It then began to rain,
Noble teared within his eyes.

“I never meant to hurt you,
but you don't deserve my life.”



CHAPTER 25: Noble's Redemption

Dashing in, came Secret,
to hold Noble in her arms,
Cherry Girl came racing,
Hick was filled with great alarm,
Tall, Dark, Strange was quiet,
and their dog, he cocked his head,
sheer moment celebration,
that their Noble wasn't dead,
heroically they cheered,
but the kittens slank away,
kindness, begets kindness,
it has always been this way.
A passion for awakening,
they walked away with this-
their lives! Their precious lives!
An eternal, hidden, bliss,
for following their futures,
"For you are welcome, want to come?
Back to the side of good,
For I am sorry, I just, um..."
they considered just a moment,
what Noble said, then shook,
and the leader of the kittens,
gave his cats a nice, sly, look...
And the kittens turned their backs,
still a wing in graybie's paw,
"If you still think you're the villain,
then you're the best I ever saw."





CHAPTER 26: Change

Leaving to return home,
where Noble could then heal,
a spaceship made of copper,
with old Hick at the wheel.

Secret whispered softly,
into Noble's changing self,
"No matter what we've been through,
I have loved nobody else."

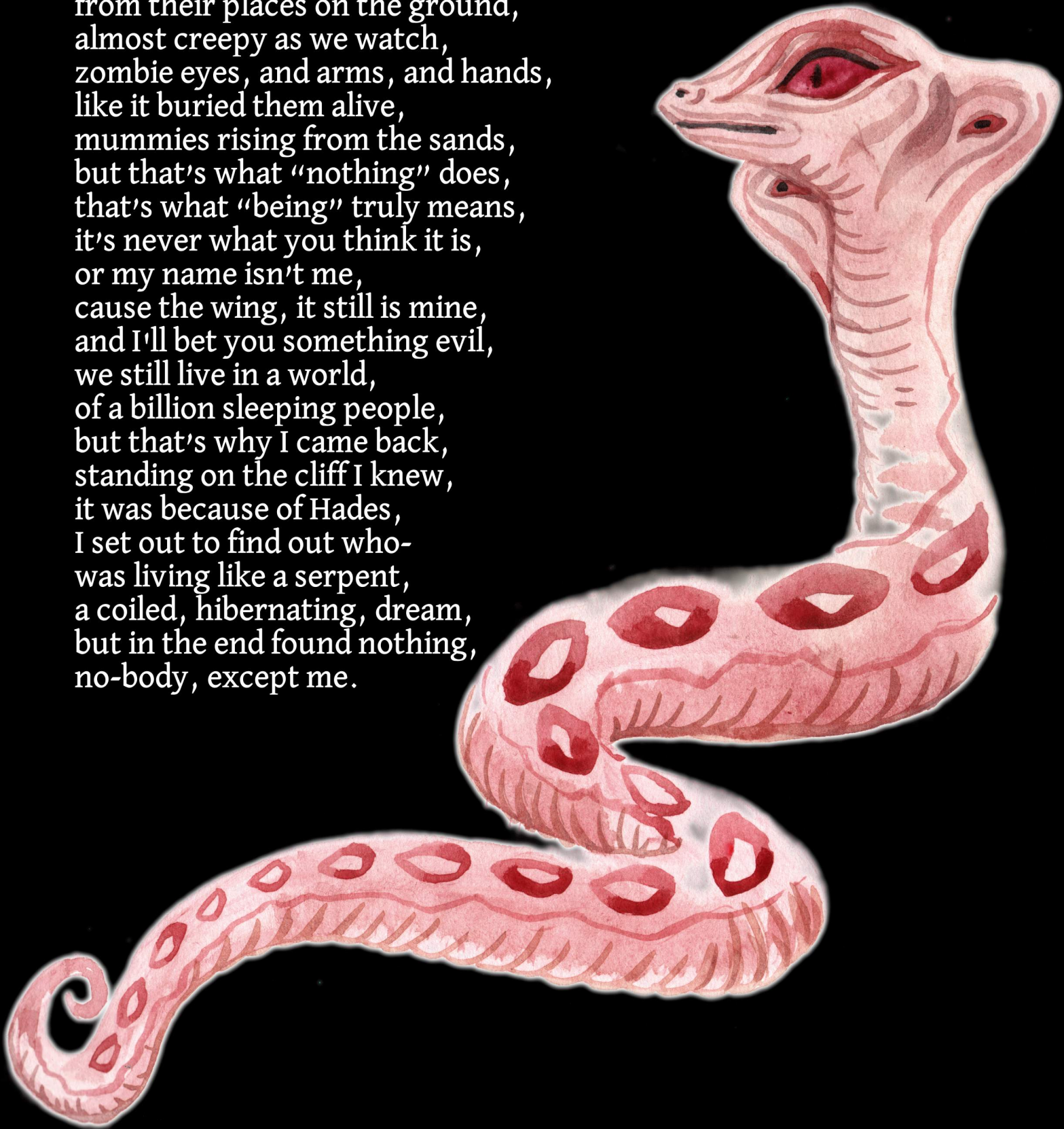
Cherry was so happy,
Tall, Dark, Strange, could smile,
"That was pretty reckless,
but I think I like your style."
They laughed the whole way home,
no troubles, kinks, or jags,
no battles to the death,
no long games of bad guy tag,
no more kittens, no more scars,
and the Company had fled,
no more left to do...

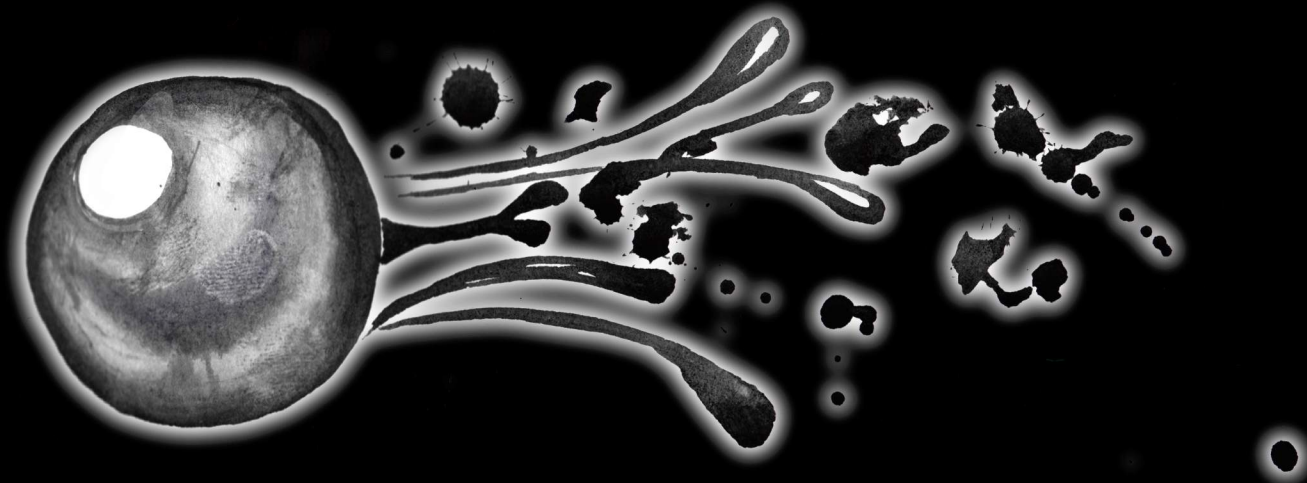
There was no more, I just said!
But the stillness was too eerie...

Disquiet, quiet, seas,
pleasure in the happiness,
to just stand still, and be-
but "nothing" it was coming-
it was nothing, so you see,
and it snuck up right behind them,
as that "nothing" had, to me...

CHAPTER 27: The End

Waking one by one,
some are still awaking now,
grabbing for the air,
from their places on the ground,
almost creepy as we watch,
zombie eyes, and arms, and hands,
like it buried them alive,
mummies rising from the sands,
but that's what "nothing" does,
that's what "being" truly means,
it's never what you think it is,
or my name isn't me,
cause the wing, it still is mine,
and I'll bet you something evil,
we still live in a world,
of a billion sleeping people,
but that's why I came back,
standing on the cliff I knew,
it was because of Hades,
I set out to find out who-
was living like a serpent,
a coiled, hibernating, dream,
but in the end found nothing,
no-body, except me.





For Aquarius. The man, and the era.