

Patterns of Life

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Eh...I was feeling suicidal and depressed here. Boo hoo, whatever.

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Patterns of Life

2-25-06

The raindrops fell in tune;
What tune I cannot say:
It has no name,
Playing to each persons heart, soul, identity.
We cannot speak of who we are,
So we cannot tell what our song is.
But I know mine.
I have figured it out after so long!
Oh please, please!, let me be right.
I've worked so hard...

The raindrops fell into step,
Matching my tears,
Falling so eagerly.
No one is there to hold them back.
No one is there to cradle me.

Raindrops play to my heart,
I hear them singing to me as I play;
as I work, cry;

as I scream.

The water simply follows the steps
I lay for it,
And this will lead to the disruption of
the pattern.

I cannot stand it, I tell you!
Will not, cannot, should not have to!
I should not have to listen to what you say--

Life!
I scream your name,
you turn your head!
I cry out for help,
Your act as though I am one mute.
Help me... please...

The flowing, roaring river,
So fatally dangerous.
The quietly crouching tree,
Just waiting to come to your aid.
But the river sweeps you by,
Drags you under;
The lifeline does not catch you.

This is my life,
It keeps me just out of reach--...
Just out of reach from finding myself.

If I had wings,
I'd fly away.
If I had love,
I'd run to it.
If I had a dagger,
I'd die.