

# Such is Sorrow And Nothing More

By TheForgotten

Submitted: December 18, 2007

Updated: December 1, 2008

*Poetry describing my life... Nothing that would matter to you...*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/TheForgotten/50412/Such-is-Sorrow-And-Nothing-More>

<b>Chapter 1 - The Fallen Angel</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - Death</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - Left</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Chapter 4 - The Heavens Cried</b>	<b>5</b>

# 1 - The Fallen Angel

Plunging through the clouds down to earth  
Hitting the ground, hard, and wet with tears.  
I vanish at the moment true,  
A dark red puddle then appears.  
It takes a form,  
Heavenly wings were ripped off, torn.  
Grew instead were the wings of demons  
When I attempted to fly once more.  
I tried to show Him that I belong  
I did my best to prove Lord wrong.  
But Heaven rejects me  
My wings don't work in the Realm of God.  
And my true place Hell denies me having never sinned.  
The victim of a tragic mistake,  
An angel who fell out of Heaven for sins not committed  
And denied by Hell for the reason same,  
He remains on mortal earth forevermore waiting for nothing  
Questioning these events and their meaning.  
What is to become of Dante?  
Will he remain this way?  
That, nobody knows.

## 2 - Death

Mother and Father  
Perished by the Sea.  
Aunt Vicky's house set aflame  
The day Mum and Dad went to see her,  
What happened then, what a shame.  
Dante stood, weeping over their three coffins  
Ever since that day, he cried very often.  
Barely of age to be all alone,  
He continued to live in the manor called home.  
Yet soon enough he died out of grief  
Though, let me tell you, his death was not brief.  
Then there shone a light  
From the skies, it was bright.  
To go to the Heavens  
He put up not a fight.  
But, to his dismay  
Was not allowed to stay.

### 3 - Left

Left all alone  
In the place called home  
Wondering,  
Did I die?  
Or was it all just a dream?  
Was I even alive to begin with?  
Finding only nonexistent answers,  
With foolish means.

## 4 - The Heavens Cried

The Heavens cry always.  
Since the day I've died.  
Perhaps I am missed?  
Or am I mistaken?  
Do they cry for another?  
Do they cry, perhaps,  
For still-live lovers?  
Or close friends who have gone  
To a dead world far different?  
They don't cry for Dante,  
And that is that.