

Just some thoughts

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None really, made this for english but then I put most of my heart into it on accident.

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Chapter 1 - Hero

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1 - Hero

Somewhere laying within the depths of my being is a girl who can, and hopefully will, someday be released. Tears of sorrow, tears of dreams, she has them all. The only thing is it's not like she doesn't want to be free, she just doesn't understand how to open the doors to her own cage. Does she need someone to open them from the outside? Or will she become stronger than the bars that bind her soul behind the grasp of fate? Perhaps it's difficult for her to even *want* to be unbound from this providence. If someone is not handing her everything that once was, how is she to survive on her own?

A heroine is something as far fetched as a god at this point and time. Could her silk enveloped wings expand into the milky heavens that live so far? Emerald hues downcast to the bottom of her dark steal cage, an echo of silence crickets back. How is it that she could reach such high standards when she was so habitual?

In a world of populace so hefty, this is who she is... but is it who she wants to be? As day dawns and turns into yesterday, now a corpse of memories, has tomorrow shone a sliver of hope into her grasp?

Placid walls build up around her seething heart, as her orbs entranced within her own will blind her from the reality of the outside world. Skin covered flesh grips tight into the floor of the blood-borne animal within. Is it okay that she feels remorse for her own wounds? Can pain be only felt when a cut is administered to the surface? No, there's no way.

Scolding tears drizzle soundlessly from her pale chin as they hurl themselves onto the murky undergrowth. Is it possible that an idealistic heroine could break from this enclosure? I guess the real question is 'Is she ready?' But will she ever be?

Homesick feelings drift back and forth, in and out, or so does the space so dense within her hopes, but the question still remains, where is home? Scattered within her own broken heart, she begins to loose any faith. Is there a place where she can dry her eyes and find her own self motivation? Is there anywhere anymore, should she do it alone?

Too many questions vibrate and tremble within her to figure it out on her own. Sentences soon drift off into rhetorical questions, answers either unavailable or unable to find their own way back, even if the desire is to be unbearable. No, leading them astray was the path that she had chosen tonight. Will she turn out an angel or perhaps a devil within this cage of purgatory on this chill night? Would these wings realese and reveal an angelic heroine figure, or would they disappoint all of the kin without anything but letdowns? As the star light warms her skin and the dawn lays in waiting, she wraps her arms firmly around her knees as she brings them up to her cold naked chest. Her emerald hues flickering once more as she set them down upon the horizon line, how will this day break?

Empty thoughts of the meaning 'hero' brew within her head. The word courage and nobility wither into

the depths of her head. Could that be what she lacks? Has her many small talents not have equaled enough for her to be anything besides atypical? Heavy eye lids begun to fall upon her jade pools, as she cocked her cranium down upon her knee. Had she just been so tired that her brain had run away with her thoughts again? Or could half of this incoherent rambling been the breakthrough to her inner self? As her eyes closed off the day break she felt a heavy object lift from her back. Were her wings about to transform into the angelic heroine wings she hoped to obtain? Or would the opposite crush her dreams of pleasing her kin drench upon her life?

As she peered back into the breaking light she noticed nothing. Was this all just a bad dream? Why hadn't she seen any wings at all laying on the cuspis of her spinal column? Had this meant that she was not privileged enough...or was it that fate hadn't tied its own knots as of yet? She felt a heavy burden begin to lift, a new hope peeked its way past the time limits of this world. Perhaps it still isn't too late? She still had time to become who she may have wanted to be... her own heroine.