

RAGE 'N' FATE

"My place of rage" is now
like so far, but yet so near...

Spittin' and sprayin'.
As the moon rises,
the sky dies, and I know how it feels.

With I undone,
it's "my place of rage" --
nowhere near cloud 9,
it's rage on reality, not just actuality.
Just so real --
too real for me to handle.

Stuck on this damn planet.
I get on my spaceship
And
Soon
Fly away...

I'm high about the clouds
Until, that is, gravity pulls me down.
I'll look around and I hate it.
I am just ungrateful and hateful sometimes,
Never appreciating anything.
Except when I'm above, like on a ladder.
I can see for wonders.
And Skyscraper will ask me what I see.
I dare not tell them, for its my place,
Not theirs.

I laugh in the Tower's face.
Because, well, that's just the way I am.

One day, they pinned me
Down, straight to the ground.
I look below me:
All I see is fire, hate, rage, and fear
In what was once so kind to me.

But ashes are what's left:
So what now?

I fly around and miss the traps.
Claws try to pull me towards the plants,
But I say No!
Don't you dare!
I'm in my own world,
So let me be!

Free as a bird and
Happy as a clam.
All of a sudden
BOOM!
I awake.
I've crashed to that deep thing called the
World
and know
it's just a dream.

– *Michelle G.*