

The Glass Girl

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Blah, just a poem, not much...

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

2

1 - Untitled

The Glass Girl

Fragile, pure, untainted and sweet,
A glass rose on a stand of pearl
Till one day did it's tragic surmise meet,
Whilst the petals had begun to unfurl.

Twas the tiniest thing, a simple white stone,
Shimmering in palest moonlight
It lay cupped in her hand, she stood all alone,
Her heart beat with excitement and fright.

She hurled the white stone with all of her power,
She was guarding the glass rose from harm
It hit not the intruder, but the crystalline flower
That had once glistened with fairylike charm.

It shattered the instant the stone touched its petal,
The girl gasped in horror and fright
For the rose darkened and hardened into solid metal,
Such was the defenders plight.

Suddenly her whole body stiffened,
Became transparent in the depths of the night
The young girl she gleamed and the young girl she glistened,
Turning into glass in the soft starlight.

She waited until another took pass,
By the statue guarding the steel rose
But she could not call out, she was nothing but glass,
Stiffened in eternal pose.

A thousand years paased, the glass was fragile and old,
The years had left it worn and battered
The hallway was dark, forbidding and cold,
When the girl made of glass finally shattered.

A thousand shards, one for every year,
The girl had mourned over the glass rose
When she had at last broke, the people could hear,
A voice, carrying tears of which nobody knows.

Then I awoke, only to see,
The glass girl was real, the glass girl was me...