

Through Silver Spectacles

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Submitted: December 5, 2008

Updated: December 5, 2008

Poetry of sorts not to be read to the blind, I'm afraid.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/TheForgotten/55031/Through-Silver-Spectacles>

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1 - View Me

See me
Judge me
Tell me
Love me
Work me
Take me
Break me
Fix me
Touch me
Know me
Hate me
Leave me
Kill me

2 - Reflection

He sees the clouded skies and wonders why
Why it only rains upon his side
He sees the roses growing still
But they do not live and he has no will
He sees the books and clears the dust
And oils doorhinges to cheat the rust
He sees the crows and the cat about
But like the flowers breathe they won't
He sees the age taken by the house
And he's doubting and dreaming
Thinking of things from far away
He sees his reflection in framed cracked glass
And states outloud
No one is there but he talks to himself
He asks the image in the broken mirror:
Who am I?
Why am I here?
What is left that I can hold most dear?