

# Rainy Day

By kuramas\_girl

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*This is just a quick poem I whiped together but the thing is...are you ready for this...IT WASN'T RAINING!!!! Man is that scarey or what!!! lol hope you likes*

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**Chapter 1 - Rainy Day**

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# 1 - Rainy Day

As I sat by the window,  
and laid my head down low,  
I watched the rain drop by,  
as it spoke softly as I lye,  
I wondered when it would stop,  
as I heard the siren of a cop,  
for being such a gloomy day,  
I wondered if kids would go out and play,  
as I listened to the light pitter patter on the ground,  
which barely even made a sound,  
I started to dream,  
but in my dream I heard a scream,  
which woke me up in a flash,  
as I looked out the window in a dash,  
as I heard lightning louder then a gun,  
I looked but found no hint of sun,  
I sighed as I dosed off once more,  
as my body became ever so sore,  
of being on the window sill for so long,  
I got up as I hummed a little song,  
I went up to my room and laid down on my bed,  
as I laid there so still you'd think I was dead,  
I thought of a world that would never be,  
but it'd be the perfect world for me,  
as I think more and more about this world,  
I rolled up in a ball and curled,  
as my body began to twitch,  
I pulled down on a very small switch,  
which made the room grow dark and silent,  
as a small bit of light from thunder was sent,  
I grinned my teeth as I got tighter,  
as the thunder started to get lighter,  
but after awhile I loosened up,  
but then things started to corrupt,  
things had turned for the worst,  
as my blood began to burst,  
as it splattered on the floor,  
I look at the figure in the door,  
I was shocked on who it was,  
but that didn't matter because,  
I was dead before I could say the name,  
as that night of rain came,

no one was found at the scene of the crime,  
and that person never had to do time,  
for the murder they made,  
and I was the one who had paid,  
my family's life will never be the same,  
and they didn't even know my murderer's name,  
as you finish reading this you'll know the truth,  
but you'll never have proof,  
that the murder was indeed myself,  
I didn't have problems in health,  
I was a victim of my own mind,  
which in due time I did find,  
but my parents will never know it was me,  
because this poem was never meant to be.