

# **I see You don't**

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*this is more a poem than story, but it had so many issues involved, i thought, aahhhh wot the hell, you could call it both*

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**Chapter 1 - I see You don't**

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# 1 - I see You don't

I think of daisies,  
I think of pains  
I think of different things  
In my mind it rains.

I think of someday  
I think of then  
I think of this world  
I think of ten

Ten silent apostles  
All in a row  
Ten flashing daisies  
All bent down low

I think of otherworld  
I think of now  
I think of darkness  
Taking a bow

I think of ever more  
I think of a line  
I think of laces  
I think of nine

Nine silent apostles  
Falling and flying  
Nine flashing daisies  
Weeping and crying

I think of heaven  
I think of hell  
I think of sunny lands  
I think of a bell

I think of nice times  
I think of hate  
I think this world was wasted  
I think of eight

Eight silent apostles  
Ready to die

Eight flashing daisies  
Shrivelled and dry

I think of dreaming  
I think of death  
I dream of taking  
My final breath

I think of numbers gone  
Sometimes eleven  
I think I know the way  
I think of seven

Seven silent apostles  
Beginning to slow  
Seven flashing daisies  
Leaving the flow

I think of wartime  
I think of caves  
I think of gory things  
I think of graves

I think of greatness  
I think to fix  
I think out greatest problem  
I think of six

Six silent apostles  
Deaf, dumb and blind  
Six flashing daisies  
The last of their kind

I think of everfear  
I think of signs  
I think "was it worth it"  
I think of lines

I think of bees  
I think of a hive  
I think forever  
I think of five

Five silent apostles  
Down on their knees  
Five flashing daisies

Drowning in seas

I think of everplaces  
I think of same  
I think so much of it  
I feel a lame

I think of opposites  
I think of law  
I think of wintertime  
I think of four

Four silent apostles  
Drowning in griefs  
Four flashing daisies  
Dropping their leafs

I think of evertime  
I think of clocks  
I think of gold coins  
I think of some socks

I think of samples  
I think of tea  
I think of semi-times  
I think of three

Three silent apostles  
Bowing their heads  
Three flashing daisies  
Leaving their beds

I think of bad times  
I think of good  
I think of sometimes  
I think of this hood

I think of justice  
I think of few  
I think of great deeds  
I think of two

Two silent apostles  
Their final stand  
Two flashing daisies  
Leaving this land

I think of what  
I think of never  
I think why  
And I think forever

I think uno  
I think done  
I think never more  
I think one

One lonely apostle  
Standing alone  
One flashing daisy  
Dry as bone

Times that have been  
Times that have gone  
These eyes have seen them all  
Seen this world torn

I think of darkness  
I think of glory  
I think it's time about  
To end this story