A Quiet Slumber

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A sad poem

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Chapter 1 - 1

2

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Sunsets of pink and gold, Stars like crystals of the night. As the river sings it's lullaby, I drop ever so gently to slep.

Things of my imagination, And memories from the forgoten past, I begin to have my dreams, As I listen to the shadows whisper in my ear.

I toss I turn, The nightmares from the closet. The a smile comes across my face, The dreams of innocents from my childhood.

As I sleep my room comes alive, the dolls whisper their secrets. And the walls tell their lies.

Shadows creep, As sunlight chases. The moring is soon to come, It is almost hear.

As my mother enters my room, I do not move at all. For I have no more breath, I've gone into the mist. Never to come back home again.