

Gone

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Submitted: November 29, 2004

Updated: November 29, 2004

I wrote this when I was 11. It's one of those question poems. I actually kinda like it still.

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Silent_Chaos/9204/Gone

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1 - Untitled

Gone

I don't know if you drag me down,

I don't know anything about you.

I don't know who you are.

You slow me down as if you are a thick ocean of snow.

When things are going well, you change that.

You confuse me with your quick actions,

How things turn out so different because of you.

You frighten me with your cruelty.

But you're always there when I turn around, as if you stalk me.

I try to get away from you.

They only thing I can do is run.

You'll soon catch up.

You're like a nightmare I try to forget, try to get out of my memory,

But in the day, you come back.

It is driving me crazy, and with that I yell for you to go away.

That did it.

Now you are gone.

Now half the time I feel free, I have awakened from one long nap.

The bars of my prison have been taken away.

Gone.

I feel the relief; you have left me at last.

But then,

Something more is gone.

I have lost something else.

Still, how could I feel this way?

All my life you have been a weight on my back.

But when you finally left,

Something changed.

And not for the better of it.