

Slow Down

By Silent_Chaos

Submitted: November 30, 2004

Updated: November 30, 2004

Sad poem I wrote when I was 11. I had this big obsession I was getting old too fast.

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Silent_Chaos/9219/Slow-Down

Chapter 1 - Untitled

2

1 - Untitled

SLOW DOWN

As she looks back on the days when,
Things were bright and the leaves were in blossom,
Blotches of green exploding from small twigs of rough skin
When the creek was full, singing to the silver streaks below
Sitting, throwing stones into the everlasting clear water.
Skipping down the dirt road barefoot,
And falling waist high into the meadow,
With no worry about what hid behind the tall grasses and wildflowers.
Just laughing with the winds cheery call
The days when it was easy to turn the clouds into anything,
When she could run as fast as she could imagine
And she remembers too, the day when the face of worry and fear
Swallowed some joy.
She could no longer do these things.
The trees, shriveling smaller each day, are as crisp as a burning log.
Brown over brown, an endless swarm of boredom
Roads paved with repeating black.
Snakes and ticks crawling in the field
People deserting it as the plants die.

Clouds, hidden I a massive waist of gray.

Running, never again

As she grows older things start to change

The world is not what it seems to be.

Home is no longer home.

She longs for the day she will never have

and can not get ever again

She wishes to go back and erase the thing when she rushed days

to grow up.

She discovered her life has an end, that those days made it closer.

Never will she get them back.

Think about your life.

Enjoy it while it lasts.

Slow down.