

# No title for this one

By Sliver

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*A poem...About me.. Kinda..Not really...Nevermind. >.>*

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**Chapter 1 - No title for this one**

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## 1 - No title for this one

I am the digital snow  
I am the pollution  
Through the river I flow  
My heart will glow with the radioactivity of myself  
I am the slime  
I crawl the earth  
I am the lime  
I sit on the edge of your drink  
Pour your drink down the sink  
I won't scream, I won't blink  
Because I am the lime and I don't need to think  
I am the student who skips school  
I am the teacher who makes the rules  
I am the wolf that stalks its pray that is my ideas  
I am the chatter that rules the halls  
I am the building that never falls  
I am the thing that lies in the field  
I am a fighter who lost her shield  
I am the dark  
I am the light  
I am blind  
I have no sight  
And yet I can see  
What's wrong with me? Will I be all right?  
I am the crow that circles your head  
I am the monster under your bed  
I am the black and white spiral worm  
I am rock, hard and firm  
I am the soul that has been lost  
I have paid the ultimate cost  
I am the madness that swims in your brain  
Making you crazy and causing you pain  
I'm not always the thing that you think I am  
I lurk in the back of your mind  
I am the dragon who goes to his graveyard to save the hearts of the others  
from thieves  
I am the mechanical angel  
There are a lot of things that I am  
And things that I'm not  
Things that I know  
And things I forgot

Some of these things are a disgrace  
But here I am filling up space  
And boring you out of your sleep  
I am the last tree on the hill  
I am the dangerous life-taking pill  
Take me with a glass of water and don't spill  
Cause this pill can kill  
Or make you ill, you know the drill  
So follow the side of the box  
I am the ghost  
I am the rat  
I am the host  
I am the cat  
But now I'm just rhyming words  
See, look at that! I've done it again  
I'm drowning in my own spine  
I am the human  
I am the demon  
I am the girl who rides on the feather  
I am the rain; I am the weather  
I am the snake who crawls up our leg with a devilish grin  
I am sin  
Love me; fear me, for I am power  
I am weak  
I am the hour that slips through the glass  
I am the minute, humble and meek  
I am the girl who died in the river  
Painting paintings with blood and liver  
With my brush made of wood and scales  
And a sliver of bone to make you quiver and cry  
I am dry  
I will try  
I will lie  
I sway from the old rotted roof  
Of the house that never existed  
I even have proof. So you thought that you missed it  
Inside this photograph taken with a disposable camera  
Its black and white with a little bit of blue  
I saw right through  
I am the stew  
I have been eaten by the shrew, so now I am that  
That's how I travel, just watch me fly  
I am the sky  
And when I cry it rains a rain of pain  
I am the vampire that has been slain  
Now I am the plane. I'm a plain colored plane, I roam my terrain  
Until someone else takes it over.

I'm not lonely  
I need to discover  
I am the manuscript  
I am the mother  
I am like the kite, lifting in flight, I soar into the night  
And then I fall  
My voice will call out to the darkness that lives in the corner of my heart  
that hides myself from the rest of the world  
But I will soon take over  
Because I am the river I drowned in  
The blood and the liver washes from the dirty hands of the sliver  
And I am the girl who mourns the loss of her paintings  
I am all these things and I am more  
But now my hands are getting sore  
So put me away on a dusty shelf  
But be careful, don't break me, this is myself  
I am weak yet I am strong  
But this poem is far too long  
I am the blood beading up on your lips  
You wipe me away with your fingertips  
Now I am you staring down at me in my hands with eyes wide like dinner  
plates  
I scream  
Cause there I am like some red cherry flavored disease  
Oh, what a scene  
I sponge the blood that is me off with a napkin  
And fling me into a filthy garbage can  
Then I drop the match, I burn  
And now I am the flame