

Upon My Head

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This poem is just about how I feel the world is. I feel like if I make one single mistake, I have committed a sin of some major atrocity. But in the end, I always know that God has me in his grasp. So yah, that's the story of Upon My Head...

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/deathbycandycanes/41336/Upon-My-Head>

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1 - Upon My Head

The rain fell down,
heavy as sin.
Was it me
whom caused it all?
Now the sun slowly
turns her back to me,
not to the world.
To deserve all this,
what have I done,
so wrong?
Carries I,
all of it upon my head,
not my shoulders.
But collapse,
I cannot.
For if and when I shall,
what will you
think of me then?
The rain,
please cause me
not to fall.
I cannot fall,
it seems.
But human am I,
so I cannot go on.
So for now and all,
a strong arm gently
reassures me,
relieves me
of my pain.
How could this all
end up so okay?