

"The Child of Time"

By **lost_broken_confused**

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really long and good poem (probably my best one)

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1 - "The Child of Time"

The water falls down,
The mountainous gorge,
The pen in her hand,
Drives forward with surge.
She rests in this land,
Where the birds fly free,
Looking for her place in life,
A place where she can see.
She relaxes so often,
You are envious,
But from her point of view,
Life is treacherous.
For she is trapped,
In the midst of time,
In a land of song,
Literature and rhyme.
She reads and writes so often,
Her hands shall always hurt,
Because of all of her stories,
Her poems and exerts.
She talks to herself,
Very often, because,
She has not seen feeling,
Passion or love.
Only her reflection,
As it shimmers off the lake,
Only her presence,
Is at the stake.
Her very beginning,
Is crystal, clear, and timed,
She is the only sign of life,
Yet she is of no specific kind.
Any pain will condense,
The moment it starts,
The only thing she hears,
Is the beating of her heart.
She is all alone,
Sitting on a rock,
Her hair falls in her face,
It is a curly lock.
The lock is very long,
For it has always grown,

Her mind is the same,
For it has never known.
The wonders of,
The outside world,
She is trapped,
This poor little girl.
She tries to think,
Of a time she was free,
A time she could leave,
A time she could see.
But she can never finish the sentence,
"I am really happy when..."
For she cuts off,
Because there is no way it can end.
This is the mystical sentence,
That portrays her life,
But can we even call it that,
This pain and this strife?
Her life has been sad and somber,
From the moment she was born,
She never had a mother,
She is lost and forlorn.
She was born through the mysteries,
Of things we cannot speak,
For they are lost in our world,
In the middle of days and weeks.
In the middle of a lapse,
A lapse we now call time,
To us it is only a rhythm,
But to others it is their life's line.
The sentence she cannot finish,
Is filled with a space,
A space that cannot be filled,
With a time or a place.
There is no way out,
For her, except to die,
So she finds a sharp stone,
And with a sudden cry,
She tries to commit suicide.
But no one will hear,
No one will see the tears,
Of this trapped little girl,
With the long thick curls,
Whose complexion was fair,
But to which none could stare,
Because it was she,
Who would never see,

A stopping moment after,
No sounds of laughter.
No towering cities,
To which she could pity,
But she sits on her rock,
For her heart shall never stop.
After she found,
She can never drown out the sound,
Because she cannot die,
Her life is but a sad lie.
And she sits on her rock,
As the clock ticks and tocks,
In this land of song,
Literature and rhyme,
She is,
The child of time.