

# Remove your painted on eyes first

SpookieGarnet



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## About the author

The world is deceptive and hides from us a lot. I choose to bring it into the light, as they say those that linger in the shadows must come into the light.

as for me, I'm just trying to live in a place I don't fit into very well. this world is very much in the shadows, the dark forest you travel though, there are noises and things that move silently. there is danger sometimes even death. As a Pagan I choose not to be led but seek my own path that is respectful and truthful. my words here, some are mine some are the places talking though me to bring their voice to this world.

I read a very sad quote once from a blogger, "I hope I get to 1,000,000 followers before my cancer kills me" a least this guy had a goal, what he would do once he got to 1 million I don't know I guess the monster inside of him would answer that soon enough

## summary

Broken sand

The seasons seems to smell.

## Broken sand

It soaks up blood, slowly, with each broken grain.  
Course and grinding, it was, turned to dust almost.  
To sprinkle over the leftovers, after the angry monster  
His temper all exhausted, he broods in the front yard,  
He went too far this time.  
'She provoked me', He tells himself.  
But deep down, he knows it was him.  
She bled, this time, from her nose, mouth, and eye.  
Spilling it as she stumbled  
To get away, to be away.  
But he found her, in the kitchen.  
Under the table; like he wouldn't  
'She was always so stupid', He told himself.  
'How did I end up with her?'  
She screamed a little  
Knew what was coming, It would soon be finished.  
He would be done.  
She bled; her tears made it run.  
Blood in abundance, to the floor  
As he destroyed her, with crushing blows.  
With hysterical angry words  
Gasping after each impact  
Haunting sounds resonating within the walls.  
Into the street, the darkness snatching them away.  
Who would care? Hear?  
Then finally, life gives into the escape.  
The body lived never more, a crumpled specimen.  
"it's all your fault", he said as he stood there.  
The sirens in his head, blue lights pulsing as the door burst open.  
'This time they would take him seriously'.

## The seasons seems to smell.

Inner smoke, with the places you see, the world to question.  
Fingers drawn across the furniture, lines left in the dust.  
Placid interwoven thoughts, some owned most rhetorical.  
You wipe the dust off your fingers with your pants.  
Caring little, for the action or the consequence, just done.  
It's been a while, been a long time since, why are you here?  
To plunder, seek the riches, the secrets of my life.  
I could have told you all this, given you the riches and things you desire.  
I just haunt this place, its walls, the memories now in decline.  
Watching you, exploring and pulling, setting my prettiest things aside  
As you do, muttering away, thinking of the way this will be dealt with  
There is urgency in your work, of guilt, the sense of shame.  
You care little, not a scrap of it, just pushing the flotsam aside.  
Seeking, as you always do, treasure, wealth and worth, my value.  
Not in life it was, not in my words or actions, just my things.  
I hate being a ghost, watching and not able to scream at you.  
Then you start, into the big box, not mine, not part of my house.  
The prettiest of my things, crashing into it, then smashed, destroyed.  
The heart of acceptance is broken, I can watch only in misery.  
Dare you say a word, just one in defense before you depose of my life.  
Raging I rush towards this desecration, my arms out to stop you.  
But then finding myself, passing you and ending on the other side.  
You pause, for a moment and shiver, its summer so this is odd.  
Staring around, startled, and perplexed, what just happened?  
"Is that you?", you ask "leave me to get this rubbish cleared".  
Then smashing something into the box hard as you can.  
I realised, I had been alone, and died but now I was truly dead.