

Dripping Down

Staring down while sliding, drowned inside a place where fire burns.
Children playing, parents praying, paying doctors to seek cures for senseless games.
One having crossed the rubicon a thousand times, opening a box of chocolate.
Then it starts again, to count the pets that ran, away to find a better place,
inside, while sitting on the throne.

Alone, a home inside a living maze, a past, a place not yet erased.
The drops just slide there, staring down, before being asked to part from time,
again, and you, my child? Are you now fine?
When drops of rain keep staring down, while dripping past the window of your room,
where fire burns in gates of hell, where smoke goes up through pipes of stone,
towards the clouds, further than you'll ever tell, for that alone,

you can have a comfy home, where doctors play, your siblings die,
which you don't like to stay.

And no one ever knew you took the cookies from the jar so that your younger brother died, in that place so far,
far away, where kids don't play, instead of that, they rot away, in gates of hell, but you're just fine, with you all
things go well.

While drops, hating you, just keep dripping down, down along the window of your comfy, empty shell.