

A Fearsome Frightening Place

The day was bad, the boy was denied, all things were rightfully his.

Crooked rules that twist and turn only serve to swell discord.

There should be choice and freedom here, bed by dusk's no place to be.

Lying wrapped in imagined warmth, he thaws to hard cold judgements.

The crystal glass, light dancing through, was meant to have been touched.

What purpose then do such things have, if it is that they may not.

A flightless fall, a shattered vase, the fault was hardly his.

All soon will pass, he will escape these undeserved restraints.

His breathing slows, shadows lie, thoughts are all released.

He passes into the silent void and finally goes to sleep.

Without the spin, buildings fall, countries fade away.

This realm has no hidden cages, this place shall be his own.

All rules are ripe to pick here, not one more shall ever grow.

Dissent is cast aside, all is claimed here, all is his.

The boy jumps up on mountains and brings them crashing down.

Grabs stars from distant skies, until he's got every single one.

Dances on the ocean floor, splashing until all the waters gone.

Paints the moon in darkened colours, hiding all the light.

At last he comes down from his rant, surveys what has been done.

This is how things need to be, how things should always stay.

Left alone he nods, there's nothing he can't be, nothing he can't do.

But then he finds, there's nothing more he wants to be or do.

There is nothing here, nothing here at all.

He tries to grab onto something, anything to feel secure.

But his desperation grabs nothing but itself.

He's not safe here anymore. Frightened, he screams and falls.

Back to rules and consequence and everything he needs.

Blankets wrap around him. It feels good that he can't move.

Back inside his room, strong hands pull him from his bed.

Held tightly, he knows that he is loved.