

January 30, 2023

The innuendos of life

By Tobias smith

Fifth period

Creative writing

July 2023

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9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
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August 2023

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September 2023

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October 2023

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

First breath

The first breath of the day always stings
Fresh, crisp air floods into my veins
Like chewing mint gum
Burning in the most relaxing way
The dark sky and silent streets complement it

I think this may be
Simply because I enjoy the silence
But there's just something so peaceful about the early morning sky
Paired with the wishful untouched air
It's the perfect time to think

I would get up an hour earlier if my body allowed me
Just to walk the empty streets
Alas, returning to my most peaceful state
Far after the sun sets
And moon rise high
Its wishful glow highlighting my body
Through the small window that rests above my head
When I shut my eyes
I wish to wake before the city
When everything is at rest, everything except me

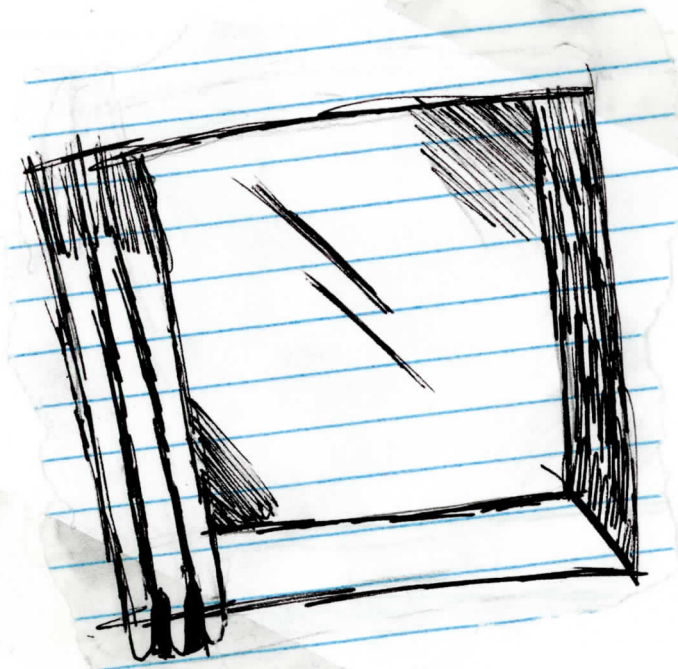
Setting aside wishful thinking
My morning walk to the bus stop,
Could be much farther
I yearn walk more,
To revel in the peaceful darkness
Oh, to spend more time simply thinking
Losing time to the relaxing morning mist

All that time put to waste
The moment the sun rises
And the people wake from their deep slumbers
To begin yet another day
I stood at the cross walk
Shivering in a thin jacket
Seeing cars fly by
The first signs of human life that day
Truly a let down

Once again, I stare out into the bustling city
Like looking through a window
And now I must face my biggest task yet
Getting through my day
All the way from now to the last signs of sunlight fade
And I can revel in that same darkness once more

Each day passes by
Like a never-changing cycle
That's what bothers me, I long for that change
Something new to grasp onto
Anything really, big or small

On the contrary
I wish to keep my morning walk,
For it is
My only comforting constant.



The fretful nights lie beyond the light, a decent into madness

Often times my legs wobble and I cannot stand
It feels as my very essence of life
Will crumble at my feet when I make mistakes
Maybe, he was right in the replacement
Of us, however I do wish it took less toll
Because, from the damage he made through all the lies

He created a monster, that monster made of lies
It paralyzes me, back pressed against the mattress until I can try to stand
Not yet on my feet, I already feel the Toll
It comes in waves washing over my body like a typhoon crashing into life
It feels good though, since the dizzy spell replaces
The empty feeling although every mistake

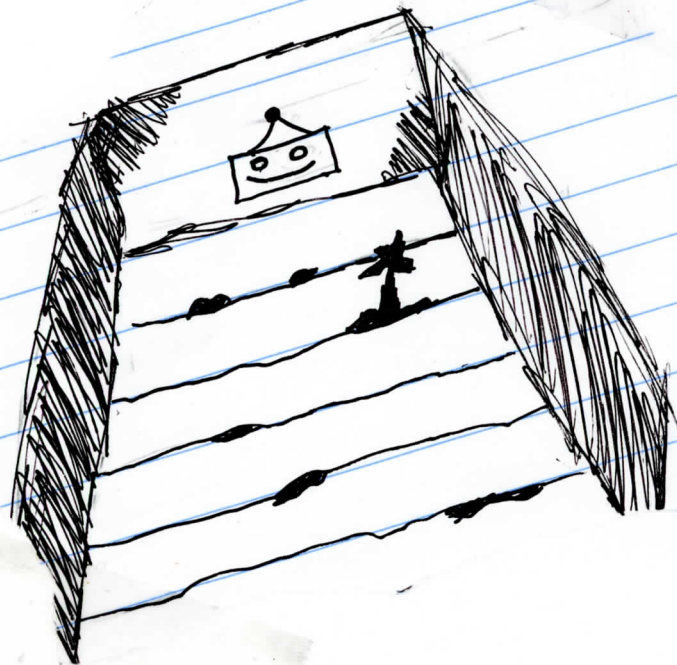
Each fake feeling, empty or fulfilling, a mistake
It will always lie, he will always lie
Mistakes and lies, they cannot replace
The feeling I need to fill this emptiness, so finally I stand
And continue on, leaving behind old for a new life
Even as my body weighs heavier, my head stresses my shoulders it's the t

It becomes more prominent; it steals my vision I can see the toll
Through the corners of my eyes, I also see my mistakes
They stack taller than my own repertoire and ruin my life
The life I built, all coming crashing down into this lie
This horrid lie built by that monster I cannot stand
Any longer, for my feet they hurt, and my body is worn I replace

My bones with iron and my heart with steel, I replace
My brain with mud to block it all out. The toll
Catches up to me, I come to myself, I am standing
My feet still hurt, but now I realize my mistake
A grave one it is, he may have lied
However, I am the one who ruined my life

It hurts to think, to breathe, this is my punishment a life
Of pain. I deserve it, I replaced
My heart with steel to be impenetrable, I thought to live a Lie
Was the best way to mend, how wrong I was and now the toll
Makes me realize my mistakes
So, I must seek a way to fix them. I stand

I stand up from my bed no longer paralyzed, the monster stares at me,
My life is laid out in front of my mistakes in its palm, it replaces feelings
And now that the toll is crystal clear I see through my own lies



One final bow

Empty halls and broken windows
Silence marches through the air
Making it thick as pea soup
My head pounds, thoughts rattling inside

Burdened by my own breathing
I sit and wait,
The floor is cold though
Shifting in my skin many times

He comes in the dead of the night
Cloak dragging behind
Hung on boney shoulder
Offering a melancholy glance
I reply with a smile
Though my eyes tired
It is genuine as I can manage

As fast as turning off a light switch
I see all of my life
All of what could have been
All of what is
All of what was

Soon I am walking
The forest my soul resides in
Its peaceful, tree leaves dancing gracefully in the wind
Scuttering creatures hidden in shadows
Content watching from afar
Attempting to stop
My legs won't seem to listen to me
So,
I continue walking

Looking ahead I see him
He mooseys along the dirt path
Seemingly heading towards a river
Quickening my pace to a stride
We reach the river
Covered in a thick layer of fog
The odor of death fills my nostrils as I reach the end of the dock
He gestures towards a Charon boat
Shakely lowering myself into the skinny seat he begins paddling

I'm not quite sure where we're going
But as the breeze becomes prominent
And the stench of the river fades
I feel myself drifting off
Different from sleeping,
It's as if my body itself is fading from my consciousness
Like my mind is departing
I fully relax my muscles
A light breeze grazes my form as I close my eyes
Taking a final breath
And letting go
My mind and body vanish into the mist
Finally, I can rest

