

The End of the Carousel

Amyst

The cracks branch out and blossom with flaking paint, the clock is ticking in circles, the lonely moth is amused, she watched her tear run down her side, her reflection starts flickering on and off, the water stains crawl onto the silver, the lonely moth is drawn to the light, she watched her tear run down her side, for the last time her pretty face sees the light, finally her heart stops beating, she lies so peacefully, she flies into the clouds through the gates of love, a beautiful angel grabs her by the hand, she never woke up to find herself