

Lost Perfection B) Anablephobia

Between the Buried and Me

Clowns now appear

They are all carrying knives and cups of gasoline

"Tonight is our death." The clowns then begin to slash each other

The skies open up, the flames pour in

The world watched in awe

Mesmerized

The population soon follows the clown's lead

Death is in the air

The three adults once again start talking

They ask questions of faith and love

"We shall live past these days, rid of all we've done."

I see what they mean now... but the retched smell has overcome

I am gone

The baby born with the end of the world... awake

The five of us haven't spoken in hours

Sitting alone to our own thoughts

Only we will know what strange things boredom has created