

Holidays and Hollow Happiness

The Cottage

A sea of fog does blot the crops,
From all the world around,
A land in which time seems to stop,
There is naught but one sound-

A cottage rests amidst the white,
Of ancient log and stone,
Inside it, wails of downcast blight,
Thomas, despondent and alone-

At a glance, the boy is young,
His face, fettered with tears,
He cries with loneliness that comes-
With solitude of many years.

When first arrived, he did not mind,
this hollow empty space,
The reeds and woods lay unconfined,
and through the endless crops, he'd race.

But time went on without a soul,
to rightly call a friend,
He felt but one part of a whole,
which didn't have an end.

And so he sits inside and weeps,
in agony until-
the skies grow dark to put to sleep,
this land where time stands still.

Exhausted from his endless grief,
He looks out to the fields-
to find with great shock and relief,
with mouth agape and blue eyes peeled,
Nestled within the corn and wheat,
a figure with their face concealed.

He smiles and laughs, tears now hidden,
despite potential danger,
he bolts out of his lonesome prison,
towards the hooded stranger.

Upon reaching the dark cloaked being,
With rapture uncontrolled,
It lowered its' hood, thus revealing-
A woman, bent and old

She had kind eyes and smiled at him,
with genuine delight,
And spoke with a soft toothy grin-
"Come on, tonight's your night!"

And with those words, a hole appeared,
dark and deep, out of the air-
The boy stepped back, the woman sneered,
"Don't be shy, do not despair"

"The two worlds' veils are old and tattered,
eventually they're hewn,
the inhabitants of each world scatter,
once every Hallowed moon,
But with the sun, the connection shatters,
and you'll be back here soon."

He did not know how deep the hole,
would be, perhaps a mile,
but was glad to leave this wretched place,
if only for a while.
So he stepped through, and bid adieu,
To the woman with a smile.

He found, once on the other side,
that this was a new place,
an age old forest whereby,
moss clung to trees like lace,
the mist and fog of old world's sky,
replaced by night sky's empty space.

He noticed he was glowing light,

and followed the gleam down,
to find with some degree of fright,
that through his feet he saw the ground.

He looked around and he did see,
other kids, glowing like he,
"If I can see them", he decreed,
"Then surely they see me."

He yelled and screamed for them to come,
desperate for a friend,
but they ignored him, faces glum,
and waiting for the end.

For they had come from the same place,
That Thomas had arrived,
with cottage, crops and empty space,
and like him, they once too had cried.

But unlike Thomas, they gave up,
on all but loneliness inside,
So when the Woman arrives, abrupt,
They nevermore will even try,
To speak to others with minds' corrupt.

Thomas gazed below the woods,
Where rows of houses lay,
And in the homes, they gave out goods,
To kids dressed a strange way.

With bed sheets strewn over their heads,
the cloth cut out for eyes,
Or painted green so they looked dead,
and plastic teeth with sharp canines.

He looked at them with some despair,
And felt that he should go,
He thought they all would laugh and stare,
For not one of them could glow.

And so he crept back to the woods,
to see what he would find,

The other glowing kids just stood,
and stared ahead, resigned.

The Hallowed moon above him shone,
its' gleam had let him seek,
an abandoned bridge, all made of stone,
above a quiet creek.

He sat beneath the bridge and listened,
breaking crunchy leaves,
as he noticed in the distance,
a light was glowing through the trees.

As it got closer, Thomas saw,
A girl, same age as he-
He stared at her as if in awe,
Afraid to show his glee.

"Hello", she said, with timid smile,
"Do you like this spot too?"
He didn't answer for a while,
"I guess so. Who are you?"

"I'm Sarah. Nice to meet a face,
That does more than just ignore.
This used to be my favorite place,
in my life that came before."

And suddenly, Thomas recalled,
The woods, the bridge, the homes,
Were pieces of his old endeavors,
Memories of his own.

Thomas and Sarah laughed and played,
the moon began to sink,
They talked and sang the night away,
til black sky became pink.

The Woman had appeared once more,
and spoke: "Time to go back."
Thomas began to cry "What for?"
But Sarah answered that:

"This place was never meant for us,
to stay more than one night.
We'd only waste away, and thus,
we must go back, it's only right."

"But don't despair, cuz now we've got,
each other to look forward to,
which makes the time go by a lot,
faster than when there's just you."

He thought this through 'til he agreed,
the night was almost over,
He swallowed hard, and did proceed,
but looked over his shoulder,

"Til next time" he bleat with dread,
She saw a tear run down his cheek,
"The wait may seem long now", she said
but we'll meet up next time at this creek!"

He nodded and stepped through the hole,
back at the well-known pasture,
with fog and crops, he were alone,
But now time crept a little faster.

Firefly on the Fourth of July

Fred the firefly said that he was fed up with his friends,
Their noisiness annoys and their lack of light offends.
"There's no use lighting up", they'd say, when Fred would ask them why,
"The omnipresent, luminescent glow balls in the sky,
Shine and share their shimmer to the world without us asking,
So why should we deliver? That would just be multi-tasking!"
"That's incorrect!" Said Fred, in a semantic-fueled thirst,
"To multitask you must be at least doing something first!
Warily will we do any more other than feed!
We get our fill then move on 'til we're home under our tree!"
"If you don't like the way we live," his fiery friends all said,
"Then buzz off, boy, cuz' we're annoyed of how you see us, Fred!"
"Fine!" said Fred, with fury red, antennae in a furrow,

As he took flight into the night, out of their wooden burrow.
The open sky was stunning; it was all that Fred had needed,
And with naught but his own cunning, he had happily retreated.
The nighttime glowing floating orb reflected off Fred's eyes,
But it seemed the higher that he flew, it never grew in size.
He didn't care, he'd only stare ahead, failure unsightly,
When out of nowhere, fire appeared and lit the sky up brightly,
Red, white, yellow, purple, blue and gold were these strange flames,
They flickered fast and faded just as quickly as they came.
Fred found the lights enchanting, their fierce glow to be commended,
And soon more lights appeared near where the other ones had ended.
A hulking haze of highly heated, hypnotizing hues,
Painted the sky with multicolored captivating views.
Fred followed them with fervor, knowing this would be a trek,
That would lead him someplace where his high ambitions held respect.
He tailed the trails of luster to what must have been their source;
A plain old plastic smoking box that filled Fred with remorse.
He tried to get in close but soon nearly singed his wing,
As one last shot of light erupted from the sad old thing.
A man's voice shouted "Dang, Dale! Those Wisconsin fireworks fly!
They sure know how to make one crazy Fourth of July!"
The rough voices drew dimmer as they both retreated home,
Leaving Fred, with growing dread, to roam these strange woods all alone.
He took in his surroundings and he amped up his five senses,
His thorax was ablaze with blinding bioluminescence.
He sneaked through creaky woods, sensing malice in the maples,
Thinking every brittle branch should block the way if they were able.
He struggled not to panic and to think of a good joke,
Finding dread instead for as he crossed a creek he heard a croak.
And with the croak, a ribbit, and with that, two dark cold eyes,
Dug into Fred like drill bits that froze him with fear inside.
"A Lightning bug!" a voice said, "How fortuitous for me!
To have one come across a toad turned recently hungry!"
Fred stammered, "Umm- I'm not a- wha'd you call it? Lightning what?"
For I'm a hawk, you see! Most toads find me fright'ning, but;
I commend you for your courage to stand up to mighty foe like me,
And as such, I grant you, sir toad, a pardon! My consent to leave!
The toads' dark cold eyes flickered with a glint that scared the fly,
As it croaked without a hint of hesitation, "No! You lie!
You look not like a hawk, for you haven't a bent beak! And tell me!
How many feathered fledging's nestle fire in their belly!?"
"My mother took my beak, when once I acted in defiance,

And we eat stars out of the sky! We young hawks have strange diets!"
In truth, Fred's mother loved him and had taught him not to lie,
But just this once, to save his life, Fred thought she wouldn't mind.
"At first I had grown angry with my mom, but fair is fair.
"Because," Said Fred, "Instead of eating stars, I ate a bear!"
The toad let out a yelp of fear at Fred and fled away,
The firefly cackled at his calculating canny game.
Fearlessly through the forest Fred flew thinking, *Wow! What luck!*
I can't believe he fell for- lest he finished, he got stuck.
Sordid silver sticky seams of silk had snared him strong,
A figure with ten eyes, two fangs, and eight hairy legs, long,
Creeped and crawled across the web to meet her quaking victim,
She put her fangs right in Fred's face; their venom almost kissed him.
"You may have tricked the toad" she said, "that's hardly a surprise,
And I am not so hungry yet, but that'll change by sunrise!
So sit here, dear, no use despairing, get comf'torable- or try!
I'll be back later for a snack! Happy Fourth of July!"
She crept away, thus leaving Fred left for dead and thinking:
If only every single thing out here wern't trying to eat me!
If only I had stayed away from woods I've never flown,
If only all my friends were here, If only I were home,
If only I did not insist on being so alone...
With certitude of coming doom, Fred found he had atoned.
Peace trickled through Fred's mind, he was glad his life had texture;
"At least I get to leave this world by having an adventure."
"Is that you, Fred?!" A faint voice said, "Did you guys hear it too?!"
"I thought I heard it!" "So did I!" "It sounded like a firefly!"
A dozen glowing light'ning bugs glided through the aspens,
Fred answered with a yelp, not believing what had happened.
"I'm here!" yelled Fred, "I'm in the web! Hey friends! C'mere! It's me!"
They found him trapped, and did react, to try and set him free.
The twelve of them picked up a stick off of the woodland ground,
They thrust its' tip into the web and flailed it up and down.
The malefic mesh was breaking, the fireflies were devout,
When web was weak, Fred took his chance, and fin'ly struggled out!
"Friends", said Fred, "I'm sorry, for the way that I have acted,
I promise that I'll have my sense of wanderlust redacted!"
"No!" They responded, "We have not felt this alive in years!
Let's explore this wondrous world, but do so with your peers!"
So it was, the lightening bugs, explored the Earth with vigor,
And even through the hardships, all their lives became the richer.
Fred found he had the greatest friends a fly could ever ask,

And his friends learned not to be stagnant, and instead, to multitask.

Stagnant

I sit inside this empty room,
With future prospects dim,
I sulk restlessly in the gloom,
Wishing life would begin.

A frequent question comes to mind
Again, to haunt my soul,
“What’s wrong with me?” I cry, and try,
Not letting it take toll.

Why is it that my brain forces
itself to be oppressed?
A dark and dreary river courses
Through me with unrest.

It sounds melodramatic,
But I’m not going to lie,
When your whole life is static,
It’s preferable to die.

You’re only sucking up the air,
That useful people need,
So they can make and do and share,
While you play games and read.

You need a pill to feel no pain?
You’re doing something wrong.
You let a shrink look in your brain?
Others just get along.

The chemicals your mind will mix
Will make your grin turn green,
Until you find a pill to fix,
The levels of your dopamine.

Don’t forget the oxytocin,
Or the serotonin,
To mask the pain, endorphins,

You have much to fix within.

It's hard enough to live a life,
In such a bitter way,
But focus on the things you like,
And take it day by day.

Judge life not by your "followers"
Contentment's not on Twitter,
One hundred forty characters,
Can't satiate a winner.

Don't look at Facebook every day,
Watching the highlight reel,
Of other lives afraid to say,
The same things that you feel.

We're more connected to mankind,
Than all who came before,
But while we envy posts and Vines,
Our minds are all at war.

Look at the things in front of you,
That isn't on a screen.
Your mood comes from your point of view,
Not Reddit or BuzzFeed.

Focus on things *YOU* have in life,
YOUR family, job and friends,
YOUR projects, hobbies, mental strife,
They're all means to your end.

Indeed, that's right, it ends someday,
Your life will be no more,
But won't it be better to say,
Life wasn't all a chore.

Good or bad, which one's more real?
You pay the world your dues,
But in the end, life's what you feel,
The world all ends with you.
So look at it with some appeal,

Someday you'll make it true.