

Those Not Chosen

Perched atop her cloud that day,
The angel sat, wept, and prayed.
She felt a chill echo throughout,
Felt people suffering from drought,
And wanted out.

A dandelion, pure of sin,
Rested before her.
Before she knew, it bloomed,
And in that instant, she felt no gloom.

She held it,
She felt the world growing colder,
So she reached inside, and the seeds flew.
The dandelion was left bare,
But she held her hopeful stare.

As the seeds floated down,
One flew higher over the town,
Came to rest atop the mountain's crest,
Overlooking all that was left.

The seed settled, rooted in place.
It sat, and grew,
A red hue lit the plant;
Its pollen infected a few.
Just not you.

As the crimson peak glowed,
The black pit absorbed.
You lay, beside its shifting petals,
Cold iron, Piercing your heart.

As darkness takes you,
Death's steady hand pulls you in,
Ensuring you've met your end.

As your petal drops,
Time doesn't stop,
Your light starts to dim.

As you fall,
You see crimson,
what was waiting for you
Outside your prison.

You let life destroy you,
Fell for fate's ploy,
Let it tear you apart,
And didn't care.