



A slice of life

2029.
Code Number : 9

The forever cherished

Let me with your consent
Take you through the slices of my life
Slices, yeah Slices, that's what they are
Cut into each with the knife of time.

Let me with your consent
Take you there where I was when
nothing but a little bloom.
Tornial and escatic, the apple of each one's eye
Though pampered, I dreamt
of being the fruit, full and ripe
of whom each valued.

Let me with your consent
Take you there to the little orchard
Where grew I into a flower
Cherished and cared, the comrade of each
Though to growen a bit, the thirid in me
Reclained for more.

Let me, with your consent
Take you to the garden
where I turned into a fruit
confused and restricted.

Time was hard
But I fought up, for the
thirst in me still pertained

Let me with your consent
Take you to a valley where ripened I
into a fruit, full and bright

Those red tints climbing upon me..

Ah! thrilled I was with the flaming desires ^{lighting} ~~burning~~ me up
cherished I the feel of it, quenched my thirst
in the stream of fire

But Alas! Still I grew
'cause the thirst continued
Nah, not mine but of its

The ticking grandfather clock's.

Let me, with or not your consent
'cause stopped I scowling, for the fruit I was
left all alone, half chewed in
the acides of drought, waiting for someone
To take me whole

But as for the

But as for the fate.

The threat of the falling leaves and sprouting seeds
I must say still pertained.

Come with me 'cause you or me
must come across the darkness of graveyard
Where I stood, haunted and shovelled
Ready to embrace the soil, through the petrichor

And in my last moment
Saw I a bloom, cherishing my life.
Dark ~~to~~ Black lips widened, tears-fell
But before I could wipe ~~tears~~
I was there, dark and deep
In the maize of sleep

And I saw it, ~~saw~~ I
saw the knife of time
slicing the bloom off
and the bloom cherishing its growth.
