

Scenery



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As I sit on a wooden chair by the fire place
Concentrated on the ashy flamed logs,
The rain begins to tremble and fall on the cold external platform
Falling in rhythmical notations, heart throbbing connotations,
endothermic exclamations

My eyesight slid across the room from fire to water
While I watched my heart flutter
Reminiscing about past accusations and forgotten lovers

The cold front blown from the other room brings shivers to my spine
The room is almost dark and lifeless with the seated fire as the only
light source
Condensed at its origin

It gets warmer while the falling rain gets heavier
But with each drop that hits the window pane
The colder I get, the deeper I fall
The less I feel, lifeless I become