

# **paper umbrella**

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*A poem about love and the loss of innocence, in a nice, clean, colorfully creative way. :3*

*Not about sex. D:*

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# 1 - Paper Umbrella

I will sail my paper umbrella, like a boat, to your door.  
Over rampant unwind, salty tears, to safer shores.  
Before the flush pink clouds, of the backdrop above the sea,  
Above all that we once knew, pure and free you shall see me.

Pastel pink, and flaked with gold, luminous and bold.  
Wrought by pained confusion as the lovers fail to hold.  
The unrequited meet to translate lust into sounds,  
And instead shudder painfully in misery they have found.

Their flesh has become steel, rough and cold yet burning hot.  
Hearts have become lost, tightly wound, one beating knot.  
Moaning. Crying, they sell their bodies to desire.  
Burning in the fire, painfully they embrace barbed wire.

If you could open your eyes, just once, to weather the storm,  
If you could see through the flood, the pulsing living forms.  
Below them all you would see a trace, of despair.  
A hint of remorse that has become very rare.

The families bound tight by a past, unforgiven,  
The children lost at night, with their minds fully driven.  
Innocence so cruelly stripped away by love, and care,  
With impulses chained. To live on dreams, none dared.

I made a vessel out of a tiny umbrella you saved.  
Something so simple, so simply depraved.  
It was Sunday, I remember walking home with you.  
Across the galaxy, through the stars, coated in morning dew.

You were talking about love. Your love, your everything.  
Not me. She with a garden of razor blade roses, and rings.  
She with the spirit of mournful youth, and sad optimism.  
One of many with soul bound burdens, and masochism.

You spoke of me, a dreamer. You praised me, to my dismay.  
You embraced me, a friend, and in your arms, I slipped away.  
A thousand passing headlights illuminated a mere second,  
A thousand lying moments, heartbeats, played a conduit.

Drunk with stardust and moonlight, something changed, and something broke.  
With blood in my veins, and your hand around my heart, I barely spoke.

“Goodbye.” And I swear with that word, something shattered,  
But Sundays came and went, and nothing I could say ever mattered.

The clouds came crashing down, the thunder trembled through the heavens.  
As we trembled beneath sheets, counting down with lucky sevens.  
Our fingertips met and played a song across our throbbing heartstrings.  
That Sunday morning, as the world waged war outside. We lived like kings.