Detonation: Paradise

The Sleeping

Screaming through ghostly whispers. Crying out. Breaking through impatiently. Puzzled and alone. Attempts to hold together are letting go. I have let go. Figures scatter the pavement, eyes half closed. Breathing turns to shaking. Wake me up.
Can you wake me up? Wake me up before it's over.
Now clouds scatter with a purpose, black and low. Wounded rain consistently, puzzled and alone. And I can't seem to bare hoping for...
Ghosts in the wind.
A white light, deeper than bullet wounds, pulling me close. Help, I can't enter. Please let me return.

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