

Heaven Here

Shudder to Think

King in my dream town says, "Here Ye: pride is gone." Then he has his thrown throne to the ego-birds who fly with wilted wings and die of broken things like hearts. Heaven is here if I'd adhere to the King's rule; he says, " a stranger's heart is raw, its vulnerable so do let your own heart thaw, or live lonely like the broken ego-bird whose lone stone heart's strings weight was more than its two sad wings." Heaven is here...Nervous glances dance like darts around me. Faces find each other and then won't look. Avoiding looks so's not to look quite human, when human's got looks likely to find love in. The end.

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