the walking dead

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The Poem narrates about a dead man who walked on this earth once upon a timeâ ¦ It was a horror and a symbolic expression of our own psychic phenomena.

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the walking dead

Slept in the deep end of darkness;

Seasons passed;

Never thought of his beloved love;

Darkness was heavy; even consciousness never peeped in.

Moon was up; orchestra of virgin sounds of forests;

Echoed high over the lime light of nature;

A drop of conscious peeped inside the coffin;

Tried to crawl outside where the light rules.

Weight of flesh never occurred on the body;

Senses never crawled; bones where strong;

Made a narrow hole; crawled outside in the darkness;

Light of sixth sense showed the way.

Walked jerking, pounding and leaping all over the way;

Knocked the door, once the palace he dwelled;

Opened the door of happiness, fled all in fury with a screaming voice;

Sat on the favorite seat, pushed the key, the piano jerked with music.

Melody flowed out, sadness where the tone;

Crowd opened eyes in fury;

Trembled with fear on the melody so heartbreaking;

Sound of piano echoed high, the musician was just a skeleton who lived in the past.

His wife never came near nor his children;

Ran away from house; decided to crush the living skeleton;

The moment came when the stones flew;

Inside the house, it crushed the skeleton in to pieces.

A tight coffin was built; carried the broken bones;

Conscious slept inside; but the living never cared;

Threw it into the coffin, and mud was filled;

Placed on a heavy Cross, that is the heaviest ever built.

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