

Ramblings on Chapel.

By : **Blackdragon99**

I got bored and sad while I was at dinner so I wrote this story that I couldn't stop thinking. I don't know why but I'm emotionally invested in the characters, despite i know so little of them. I hope this view touches some hearts, invokes some thinking. Enjoy, I know I enjoyed writing it despite its negative style, and the near tears it caused me thinking it.



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Shady woman walking down South Yarra's side streets. Brown trench coat blending her white stained nose as she passes the graffiti covered station walls. Side barriers are broken and bent from another car hitting its unflinching steel.

Flashing Neon signs. No entry sign as his voice raises with the frustration of been lost. Unfortunate. White car, turn the corner to the subways bitter gloom. No, white car takes the opposite turn to a small parking lot where families walk child at foot as they walk to the old lambs on beautiful chapel street.

An angel faced yet devil smiled man. A gentleman's pose in commoners' clothes as his fingers dance on a new phone so new and crass in a once proud old street steeped with artistic history. Now ignored for newer brands oppressing the designed independent and so desperate to fly.

Dresses cut to short and heels too high. Once a king's reflection shown in windows. Each passer by leaving their filth from cigarette smoke on the old closed sign. None aware of history passed in such an elegant old building screaming with a voice from times dead. It is to be demolished no respect for craftsmen with more love in their artistic hearts. To be replaced by a building designed to hold more brands, respect is non-existent.

Old souls are drowned by the yellow vested security in their supposed glory. Glory worth less than the services of the slender legged woman with shoes larger than her face, now drowned in makeup. Blank eyes as another dirty man hands her the dollars she needs so desperately for attire to warm her exposed skin. No shower can wash away her horrors. Her suffering. Her diseases. Her sin.

Abandoned street as lights change. Tread marks on her old jacket. Dirt across her chin. Her leggings torn as she looks lonesomely at the cars passing by ignoring her tear stained face for the workings of women with better legs. None see the beauty masked by desperation for that high. Escape from a world crushing her soul, judging the scars across her arms.

No one needs her. No one wants her. No one cares. Still she walks onwards across the road. Once across the danger, sweet suicides tempting call she walks on. Her goal unknown and her heart perfectly beating with the heart of this history steeped, but yet uniquely beautiful location. Like this location her age shows as she is slowly demolished, piece by piece.

Kind eyed old woman walks too slowly for the merciless crowd. The worn wheels on her new walker jarring. She is too blind to see the wheels she bends down to fix with tears in her once attractive, sharp blue eyes. A

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young two faced boy offers her help with a friendly smile. One hand goes to the wheel, the other to her pocket. Money his only goal. Out of all the passers-by no one says a word. Cowards, each and every passer. Perhaps their hearts are closed to the homeless crime of a ten year old orphan refugee.

The wheel fixed the old lady walks onwards smiling with the hope todayâs youth is not all lost. Her mind changes when she discovers months of a lowly pension are in youths pocket along with the cocaine he is soon to snort.

Young girl, neither child but not woman either by touch or age sitting in that beautiful old lambs. Her eyes once so beautiful and joyful now shining with sweet misery at the scenes before her. Scenes she cannot change, help she feels unworthy to offer yet obliged too. She is a soul among the lost yet with each passing day she feels even their kinship fade from her grasp. The doubts drug her all too sharp mind. Is she insane?

Amazing friends, fairy-tale life to outside view yet the darkness in her heart. Slowly sickening her. Trust is lacking in both her heart and mind since she grew up too fast. Occasion however lends way to her childish heart, so rare in a darkening society, a dying world.

Imagination. It rules life with a fist of iron yet the visibility of a foggy sea. The educated rubbing shoulders with those too poorly to afford such fancy schooling. Some abandon their dreams and join the masses of frowning faces and muddy hearts, become poorly themselves. Others rise above their dreams and status in mind alone, becoming more bitter as time ticks. They are trapped within their failed hopes. Some truly fly, at the cost of jealous eyes. It is all in the eyes of the beholder.

What words can shape the world for but a few moments of the readerâs time? Any. I have held you long enough as my writing ends so does my immediate influence. What resides in your mind however is what shapes the worlds reality around you.

Freedom, love and light. Traded for judgement, cruelty and the darkness of doubt. The dank air of failure passed to others in spite.

The ability to dream forever drowned in the white nosed woman so harshly judged yet so unnoticed as she takes her final breaths. Her heart given so willingly to save a child unknown to her. She has sinned, served time in jail yet to that one girl she was a guiding angel. I would pray such a woman would find peace in her afterlife. She should if god has a heart as strong as hers.

But she served the devil for 20 years, the other 5 she served her own nature. She will go to hell, forever punished for her 5 years of light. Especially for saving that little desperate girl and donating her earthly possessions to helping others. No wing in a hospital will be named after her, no peace shall she find. I tear as I realise that godâs hands, should they exist are bound against her.

The cocaine addict hooker had more heart than the doctor who took her life. She truly was a golden soul in a brass world.

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