

Creators of Diversity

By : **Flowless**

A short Eassay/poem i wrote back in the 9. grade.. it was for some home work where we had to write about grafitti writers.. i thought it was a bit borreing so i made something that made a bit of sence to me that still related to the subject at some point instead.

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Graffiti Writers Strike Again

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In shades of grey they wander, seeing no contradiction, no creative experiments are at hand, just wandering in their own mind, while sorrow and emptiness slowly consumes them from beneath, like the all eating flames of purgatory.

This constitution of nothingness, calls upon creators of the abstract world. The grey world it self has by this made a contrast. In the force of nature this wilderness of non-figurative art is concealed.

Young stains of this force sparkles as stars in the dark night, even with their head hidden under the dark hood, in shame of what the world has become, they sparkle as bright as ever. While tags of proportions are flying through their inner universe, they express their art as a gift to those who wander in the shades of grey.

But nothing but negativity is left to feel, as the authorities crawl along. The wounds never became scars as the soul couldn't heal. Screams of hate were long forgotten before they ever reached the tips of their bleeding lips.

The fate of this world has been destined, and yet dictators of anger aren't willing to sacrifice a bit of their comfort to make a positive change, of mind and in the world.

As these thoughts runs through his mind, the hooded artist grabs his can, and takes of too make a difference in the shades of grey.

As his colours spreads like a plague of rainbows, he senses a bit of gratitude from the naked railways, witch slowly turns into a world of diversity. Once again he swells in the colours witch have spread from his mind. As he takes of, the world starts to spin, a siren breaks the silence, and flashing lights blinds him in the night.

By instinct he seeks into the darkness, the ground is shaking beneath him; he falls upon nothing but emptiness. He feels no pain, but corruption has sat it spores in his soul, and as his flesh starts to rotten, he feels a cold wet hand upon his shoulder, slowly pulling him up.

He follows like the sheep that came from the sky, like born on new he just follows the hand of the wind, it is leading him towards dark water, he hears it dripping. As he goes down on his knees he feels the freezing liquid surrounding him. Like a mass of silver, it penetrates his skin, filling his mind, and as he slowly starts to dream he feels like a robot, programmed only to fall from grace.

He feels something inside him starting to warm, like divine bumps of life, riding through his body, he opens his eyes, and before stands white surgeons, looking like angels, and through them he has returned as a lion.

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