

In Our Sights

# In Our Sights

By : **AemmaBella**

Why do we allow people to hurt one another? Why do we not intervene? Stop the fight before it goes too far...  
We watch in silence as the cackles roar. The victim is hurt... the victim chose death. Think about it.



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/AemmaBella](http://booksie.com/AemmaBella)

Copyright © AemmaBella, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

# In Our Sights

We observe the young girl  
Sitting on her bar stool  
Looking into dreams in which are cruel  
For no one else sees but us two here, as her eyes gaze in to  
her own sacred duel,  
Her lonely dreams which no one can see  
Will die in her- her astound seed.  
And those who do see do not allow  
light, for their only goal is to torture her plight during their prowl.  
Rolling...  
Slivering- jerking in the moon  
These howling wolves do move  
Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!  
They laugh at her battle,  
For instead of benevolence  
They chose malevolence.  
The young girl plots in her internal rain  
The storm is here devouring her grain  
Her dreams dematerialized in dreary remains.  
No longer does she seek the kindly heart  
We watch her muse her untimely might.  
No one else sees this... just you and I  
We see the rain fall, the wolves'cackle- the storm,  
yet we do not start,

## In Our Sights

We let the rain fall... and fall again

She stands to leave and we know where she goes

Despise in her eyes- she will soon keep her bed.

Why were we not there to heed in her sorrows?

She was so sweet- so kind.

Yet we still sit here for the time.

## In Our Sights

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-25 20:31:56