

# Paynes Of Glass

By : unoticedchloeee

A short descriptive piece about the torment and loneliness that she had to endure... please raate and let me know what you think ~chloe~



Published on  
**Booksie**

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## Authors Note:

*I hope this is a good descriptive piece of writing, although personally I don't think it is very good, although quite short I think I have used my extensive vocab to the best of my abilities and added a lot of description. Sorry if the formatting gets messed up blame booksie, and any grammatical errors or spelling I apologize for. But please rate or leave comments on your opinion or view and criticism is definitely needed. I hope you like it and if you have any questions feel free to ask.*

~Thumper~

## Payne of Glass

*A world through a window is clouded and framed, the cut out picture and wasted beauty from the glass hinders my wandering eyes. Every detail i captured in motion, the waving of dainty flowers in the slow summer breeze dancing and swaying to an infectious melody, the white whisps of clouds that travel the shy indigo sky, burning amber sun, setting in the not near distance. The rays of light stream through the panes of glass and caress my face with such delicate warmth, that the light itself seemed to cling to my graying deathly skin, like irridesant gold glitter, thousands of tiny little kisses that seem so beautiful, magical and enticingly enchanting. Eruptions of laughter and joy, bounce off walls and linger in the stale dusty air, trapping me like a mellow butterfly, wings flutter silently under the watch of glass bell jar, screaming for its stolen freedom. Silhouettes and shadows of forgotten belongings stain the walls in stolen memory and lost recollections. The petite darkening outline of my old dressing table still remains and i remember the way the flowered lining of dainty chartreuse forest vines and delicate pink rose and amaryllis twist and entwine the elegant ivory legs.*

*The mirror, reflects such beauty of its own design but now cracked and broken, I delicately trace the shadowed outline of the mirror, the pieces of dark, vague shards of glass deepen into detrimental cracked imperfections, that had long awaited the tentative attention, it had died without. The emptiness of the room, begged to be filled with what it had missed the most, the love that made its deepest foundations awaken with its liberation of life. The walls seemed to breath around me, silently contracting with ghostly movements, trapping me closer and closer to the seclude window, looking out the twilight sky now was inky black and dotted with glittering silver stars, as if the angels themselves were crying for me, and nothing but the darkness remained around them, eating away at any light that remained, both pure and divine. I sink to the floor in desperation and cling to myself, crying out to the lord to heed my suffering, for so long Iâ ve had to endure this pained and lonely life, and at what cost?, only to descend into nearing madness, to have my sanity taken away from me when i had nothing but?. Numbness seemed to fall over the pain and lulled me into a hushed slumber. Pure white light burst through every wall, and the window breaking through each pane so forcefully it was as if virtuous god like hands had destroyed the prison walls of my vivacity, saving me. I plunged deeper and deeper into the comforting uncertainty that awaited me, falling forever but feeling freedom at its best, and at that moment I knew that my prayers and cries had finally been answered that the peace, my heart, mind, body and soul had ached for was given to me in all its astounding glory. That the panes of glass had been broken and I had finally been set free.*

By Chloe John :)

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