

Wings

I wish I had wings
So I could soar to the skies
To take in the freedom it brings
Yet I'm taken by surprise
I wish I could soar
So I could watch from a distance
Do I need to say more
About what it has in store
For me

I wish I had wings
So that that freedom
Was not just freedom
But a kingdom

Forecast

Who knew that your touch would turn
From a burning sensation into an icy touch?
When a love bite turns into frostbite
And my fingertips now burn in pain
And not from a spark?

Would there be a weather report on these emotions?
"From the chest up until the fingers
There will be a harsh decrease in feeling love?"

What answers would there be
If the questions are thrown out?

Rose-tinted glasses

Sometimes it is hard to differentiate
Between what is beauty and
What these rose-tinted glasses
Show, with the colour they radiate

Blowing their bubblegum and popping
While they gently sit on their painted chair
Like a rabbit, they seem to be hopping
Between the elegance and flair

The world could use these glasses
While not to turn a blind eye to what is wrong
Yet it cannot possibly be bad for the masses
To give all the colour of fuchsia, just not as strong

'Pink, because it's pretty and makes things pretty too.'