“I never was there?”

It was an endless sight of

The sunrise sky filled with

Purpleness that fade

As darkness waded to pink

With visions of me

That isn’t myself

Now, my eyes slowly opened

From a forgotten

Dream I would call it

In my white master messy

Bed, with a person

Staring at me while

 Looking over me, I would

Soon know that is mom

Calling me to get

Ready for school, “Get up! now”

I lazily stumbled

Upon my bed though

Something was off, there was a

Clear glass Chime besides

My room window that

Kept ringing calmy, “ did you

Get that glass chime, mom?”

“Are you okay?” Mom’s

Voice squeaked up, worried along

Her standing still while

My mom asked with blank

Concern facial expression,

My face wrinkled with

Confucian with shock

My eyes squinted, with present

“Huh, what do you mean?”

I answered to mom

“Sweetie there is no glass chime.”

I  then looked again

The wind chime was gone

“I am still sleepy.”

I tireidly said

I suddenly got

A striped pleated dress With

black tennis shoes then

I quickly than change

Grabbed my yellow backpack

And ran to the bus

Though when I entered

The bus, there was no one in

Sight until I closed

My eyes and opened

Again to see everyone that is there

Once again gone yet

I sat in brown seats

In the very front of the bus

Just to feel it move

In a black tunnel

With snow forming onto the

Windows with the ring

Of the chime of glass

“Earth to Dutch, where have you gone-

To?” a white shadow

appeared with lostness

“What?” I questioned with unknown

Emotions that stir

My heart with rotten

Feelings that sanity will

No longer be that

I began to run

From the brown seat I was in

To the black alley

That separates each

Brown seat to the front exit

To notice it won’t

Move one single bit

While the bus kept moving

Made me grab the seat

Though black liquid dropped

Onto my hand and I thought

That was strange as more

Of that liquid drop

Onto me and everywhere

The roof was covered

Complete blackness as

I looked up and everything went

Pitch dark and all I could

Feel was liquid and

Smell was gas, I need to go

From this mess I made

Or what someone else

Created, as toxic minds

Of the world’s wrong deeds

I knew what then “next”

Would be like when I started

To feel everything

To escape this place

I now find myself in as

I lose sight what is

Truly real forever

In this pit as it was made

While I am not here

Physically as I

Realize all things is melted

Inside of the bus

But the bus is fine

As a whole outside but soon

Hear silence, ringing

As I feel very

Tight as something grabs me now

That is the moment

I left that bus but

Was still alive and sleeping

You don’t need to know

How I escaped yet

Or where I am truly at

And that is of me

As I am insane

When I left the bus in black

It was still snowing

I began to run

For minutes to the same spot

With the bus moving

Away and I looked

Up to see a reflection

Of everything to

Like a mirror that

Is a portal clearly as

Like a clear lake of

a reflection of

            This world which made me find ways

To the other side

Which I looked around

To find many ladders but

When I went jog to

One of the ladders

The world starts to fade of things

When I first see them

I began to pick

Up my pace to running and

To feel my throat for

Gasps for oxygen

As stomach feels sharp pain the

Cramp has made

I managed to get on it

To feel it disappearing

From the bottom to

The top and feel the

Wetness as I go to wade

The mirror to the

Endless gloomy sky

And find myself back into

My home of brown desk

My mom uses for

Work and I closed my eyes to

Her squishy white chair

 and lay there asleep

with t-pose stance to hear mom

Yelling at me with

No hint of anger

“Dutch come over and help me .”

I pushed myself up

And walked lazily

To my mom but she isn’t

Her, which makes me quiz

Myself where is she

exactly , which made my eyes

Open wide with shock

“What’s wrong? You aren’t well.”

Mom has freckles and red hair

With blue eyes along

Wearing light clothing

That isn’t heavy or ones

That aren’t baggy or

Dark colored but this

New person has brown hair and

Clear skin with blue eyes

That wears baggy clothes

And heavy clothing with warm

Fuzziness with some

Sweaters or jackets

With sweatpants, I know I need

To have my life back

Suddenly my mom

Put her hand on my forehead

“Oh you’re sick sweetie!”

My mom stated in

A feeling of gentleness

And she quickly ran

To get medicine

And a cup to put the right

Amount of liquid

Medicine, which she

Did and gave it to me with

Sadness in her face

I drank the sour

Feeling that the liquid gives

You for an after

Taste which made me sleep

But when I woke up my hands

Were gone with fears in

My heart that someday

I need to get back my mom

And my life I had

That I forever ache.