“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.