

A Monster Seen in the Eyes of Protectors

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Old Donation School, 7th

A Queen's Eye

A queen, made for an image of the people
A *side ruler* someone not so important
With an eye for joy and peace
A role of changing the fear and terror in people to
comfort
That is their job right?

A queen on her daily walk
An autumn day
A crisp and terrorist wind making a screeching
noise
The almost full orange and red sky
Where she rounds her daily corner
To see

An extravagant garden
With nothing more than leaves of gold rolling on
the ground
With only the death of the sun at night to bring the
birth of the moon
With a tree, brighter than any crimson red seen
She peers only to see a figure

A figure!
There was no such at this sacred place
Surely only her imagination got carried away
Yet, then there was movement
A stride.
A *crack* of a branch.
A swift turn.
And a splash to the ground

The queen gazed as she saw a panicked face
With the lightest of tears rolling down the youngest
of cheeks
Reflecting only the pigment of the garden
For the queen then felt hurt
Not yet by the person but the sight of someone
crying for nothing but beauty

But there was another swift movement

A King's Eye

A king, the epitome of all rulers
The one with the power
With an eye for war and struggle
The role of terrorizing and demoralizing
That is their job right?

A King doing his daily business on
A autumn day
A fresh and glee wind making a gasping noise
With an almost grey sky
He hears the yelling and runs toward it
To see

A sluggish garden
With nothing more than crumbling leaves rolling
on the ground
With only the death of the moon at dawn only to
bring the birth of the sun
With a tree, gloomier than any dog with no owner
He peers only to see a figure

A figure!
There was no such at this horrid place
Surely only his hate got carried away
Yet, then there was movement
A stride.
A *crack* of a branch.
A swift turn.
And a splash on the ground

The king gazed as he saw an angered face
With these cardinal cheeks peering back at his
worried face
Only to be looking at another figure instead
A grandiose figure, one that could only make the
king think
For the king felt in powered
Not yet by the person but the sight of someone
crying for nothing but beauty

His wife only the brightest of people

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Another turn.
Another scamper across the ground
And this time a holler was added
For the queen had yelled "*guards*"

Judged a stranger for something like a tree
And yet a figure is seen in different ways
A figure it still is
For we do not understand how beautiful or how
ghastly it could be

The king who is as cold hearted as stone itself
Could not once but judge someone else's
judgment
To find yet a sympathetic path
A way of thought that not many choose

But there was another swift movement
Another turn
Another scamper across the ground
And this time a cry
For the king and queen left
This time in the most contented tears