



A Fallen King  
~By AlleyKat

You sit there, moping  
Throughout your days.  
Wasting and pining  
until the nights turn to gaze.

You pretend to care  
but all that you do is  
sit on your sofa  
and at the TV, stare.

I try to talk to you on a daily basis.  
The words I come up with  
are as blank as your faces.  
Your cold expression and icy tone.  
sitting on your sofa—whoops, I meant throne.

As day turns to night, you complain and fight.  
Everything turn upside-down.  
No ins nor outs of this argument now.

You complain. And complain.  
About your stress and your pain  
while we listen but only listen, since all words go down the drain.

Talking to you would be the same as that of a mime.  
You see us communicating,  
But it isn't worth your time.

But what about my pain, dad?  
That sorrow that I've hid behind a glass wall.  
So transparent, but you chose not to see it at all.