

The Pendulum

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A very anst-y poem, yet again, from me to poor Seto's past. Non-rhyming, but separated by AM and PM-read to see. Kaiba fan girls will enjoy.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Michiro-Chan/31606/The-Pendulum>

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1 - The Pendulum

HDtS. (grins) Just like the rest of my fics, I finished this one--about, let's go with--err--*three* months ago? (sweatdrop) But, I never got to posting it up, seeing that I don't have Internet access at my house. >_<0

Malik. (puckers brow) You're pathetic.

HDtS. Why is everyone so disrespectful to me?

Malik. (sweatdrop) How do you show the slightest reverence to someone who doesn't even have their own dignity?

HDtS. (clobbers him over the head) Just do the damn disclaimer.

Malik. (tumbled over in his seat) (raising a hand to the screen) **MICHELLE DOES NOT OWN YU-GI-OH! AND ALL OF US ASPIRE TO GOD THAT SHE NEVER WILL!!!!**

Yami Bakura. I *second* that.

Marik & Yami. (sweatdrop) (nodding somberly) We *all* do, Bakura-kun--we *all* do. (sigh)

* * *

A dreary night at 12:59 AM, I was brought to this world,

Curious, youthful eyes first setting sight to many faces

And at 5:00 PM they took me home,

At 12:32 PM I skipped and played, until my frame grew strong and well-built,

And my hair sheen gallantly beneath the morning sun

At 3:30 PM we left the house,

Mother's womb swollen with pregnancy

And at 10:03 PM, the following day, another child was born

At 5:04 AM, she passed away, face grown pale and body grown stiff

At 9:00 PM, we took him home,

Both swept in dismal silence

And at 2:33 PM, I frolicked with him, and rejoice in re-birth, and I learned to love and smile again

At 8:12 PM, the police arrived at our step, reporting the traumatic death of a vehicle devastation

And at 10:56 PM, they drove us away

My face grown steely in quail, as I stared out the window

11:31 PM we were driven off by our joyous relatives,

Who'd collected the inheritance with eager grins on their glistening orifices,

And within weeks, the generous bequest had been effortlessly squandered

At 12:00 PM, we stepped at the cinder gates,

Two boys chilled and frozen, and bellies snarling with hunger

"Welcome," they said chivalrously, and I trembled with anger

At 6:34 PM, after a full night of eyes jerked open warily

We wait and we wait, in aspiration to watch our savior return

At 11:00 PM, we know we won't leave so hastily

Years pass by in no hurried pace, where we spend the days, perished in hunger,

Exposing the piercing, knife-like bones through my pale, withered flesh

And at 6:00 PM, I lose the twinkle in my eye, and the healthy glow in my cheeks,

Along with every hope in my feeble mind

At 1:05 PM, a burly man arrived at the shabby entrance

And at 2:00 PM I slid that intrepid knight towards the glimmering king,

And claimed my victory

At 3:30 PM, we left that imprisonment of forlorn children

Eyes grown pained with memories, and hearts trouncing with fear

At 4:05 PM, later on, I was trapped in my room with studies to do,

Resembling a confined bird, who luster its colors and still twittered

And at 7:44 PM, I was reprimand, and a fresh disfigurement upon the family

And that reproachful tone was like a piercing, wintry, blustery wind,

That chimed in my poignant ears

At 9:56 PM, I was deprived of my playthings,

And every reminiscent of my former childhood, with another hour of tedious seminars

At 11:03 PM, I am offered another dull textbook,

And tip its cover open to see my deck of playing cards enclosed

Along with an additional three, scribbled blue with crayons

The last sputter of ambition smolders inside me

At 4:33 AM, I'm awoken and fit into suitable clothes

Heavenly white, trimmed with divine gold lace

And I'm beckoned off on my way, at 5:30 AM,

Inquired on what I would do when I was on my own

And I informed him, "I'm following my dream, sir,"

And at 6:26 AM, I was discipline, yet again,

Denied of my empty vision, I was trained rigorously to not love, to not trust,

And only heed for your own sake, around 8:00 AM

And at 8:53 AM, my brother returned, and I shunned him from my notice

For the old man's words, had greatly stirred the depths of my soul

The minutes grew into days, and the days, into months

And at 12:00 AM, when, finally, many moons had wane

I grew insane, insane for vengeance for the affliction and teachings,

And foolish insight he'd poured unto me, I hatched my own conspiracy

At 2:47 AM, I tread down the hall

Chin raised high, and body, as straight and thin, as a sliver of glistening iron,

Extended pompously to its summit

And at 12:51 AM, I grinned toothily towards him, and turned my head

Ajar window, gaping expansively, I swerved my distant eyes fiendishly,

At 12:52 AM, confronting his bitter ones

And at 12:56 AM, he had left us

My only downfall, my only impediment had been released, and I shattered

At 12:57 AM, I gazed icily out the spacious window,

A wintry breeze whipping aside strands of auburn hair from my glacial eyes

Liberating the monster, result of my emotions, within me

"Am I subject to the abnormal?" I think, clock baring an upbeat 12:59 AM

"What happened to me--?" a bead of sweat trickles along my trembling brow,

"Why would such a fine thing take shape into such a power-hungry, cold creature--"

At 1:00 AM, my spirit had depart astray

And I laughed belligerently, finally unfastening my congregated emotions

"No one holds me down now," I smirked towards the fluctuating, taunting pendulum,

And now, more of my existence has depleted, and it's 12:56 AM again,

My fury has end, my wounds have reopened, and I gaze into my reflection

It can't be me, it *isn't* me--

The clock's hand collides with a vinegary 12:58 AM,

And I grimace in fear

I don't *have* to believe it's me--

12:59 AM, I'm sixteen

My innocence was crushed long ago, and I'm still on my own

I realize at 1:00 AM, it's not a privilege anymore--because I can never change it

It's 1:01 AM, and the venomous sequence continues; self-reliance and eschewing of other's assistance,

Allowing myself to hold in this desolate, numb posture

Permitting my insides and emotions to grow so overflowing, yet, so hollow--

I cannot take the sluggish time to mend my wounds

1:02 AM--

Yes... replacing dejection with dishonesty, is so much more effortless than revolution.

1:03 AM--

Goodbye, I hope Seto.

I hope to meet with you again.