

Sapphire Eyes

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For interested Seto Kaiba fans, this is just a deep poem about his coldness and how Mokuba provides him with his only strength, etc.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Michiro-Chan/31609/Sapphire-Eyes>

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1 - Sapphire Eyes

Michelle. Because I love Seto so much, I've gazed past his stunning looks, and that masculine, sleek bod--

Sarah. (raises a baseball bat, and swings at the back of Michelle's head) Get to the point!

Michelle. (rubbing the back of her head indignantly) Okay, okay, I've written a poem. Based on his coldness, and how Mokuba provides him with his only desire to prevail along the rough journey!

Seto Kaiba Fangirls. (all sigh admiringly in unison) Kaiba's just so sensitive that way!

Michelle. (angrily) Yeah, yeah, yeah... (frowns at the fangirls briefly, and smiles sweetly) Well, I don't own Yu-Gi-Oh! or any of the characters or tragic pasts, etc., etc., it's not my property. Even though I came up with it first... (scoffs)

Sarah. (shakes her head sadly) I *told* you to write the manga before someone stole your idea... but, *no*, you said *NO ONE* would find out an idea *just* like it... *foolish mortal*...

Michelle. Wait a second... I would've only been 6 at that point. (both sweat drop)

Hillary. (leaping out from nowhere) ***beep*** REVIEW, YA HEAR ME?!!!

Michelle. Um... (glances cynically back to her, and swallows an entire bottle of Pepto-Bismol, along with several other medicines.)

People used to compliment on my beautiful, shimmering eyes

But, now they don't see through my stifled emotions and lies

Such a gorgeous color, harmonized with lovely browns and blues

And through my silence, it's those sapphire, glittering eyes I lose

Caught and tangled in regular life, not able to notice it anymore

But unlocking those secrets, you try, I'll swipe the key and ignore

The moaning and screaming clouding and piercing my insides

My friends left awhile ago, and I won't love or learn to act kind

Because I now think with my mind and never follow my heart

And no matter how I follow my path in life, it's not how it had start
I turned along the twisted road, no matter how dubious it seemed
But I lost that armored faith, and I can't help but feel skeptic and fiend
And now I speak coldly, not like what I've really felt and always have
I know if I tell you the truth, tears will fall, and you'll suppose I feel sad
But I don't, because I've hidden 16 years of mourning and regret
I've been waiting for years, watching the time, and I haven't broken yet
I still glare at the clock with my masked teenage eyes, trembling
Flashing back to my losses, and how I never wept, always remembering
The only thing I have left after all, the carving and slicing of my soul
My brother, who I'd never change for even all the happiness of my own
I've already completed the deal, and signed out my soul to the demon
I have a lasting tremble in my spine, and a despair that isn't leaving
In exchange for my bliss, my little brother stays cheerful and content
I hold back my tears, heart hammering, and to my losses, I won't relent
Because I'm a big brother, and big boys never cry and never should
And I'd never give my obscurity away, or shed a tear, even if I could
I guess it would seem to you like a jagged, gloomy, dark-lit road
It's difficult to cross, fraught and astray, watching your blood run cold
Heart of chilly stone, innocent, smiling face growing into an icy stare
Only one to hold, a lost guardian of the night, and only one to care
And those sapphire eyes still flicker and pierce me like flaming arrows
I gaze out the window, searching for self-recognition like an adrift sparrow

Lost from the swarm of others, soaring and gliding alone in the skies
Sometimes I lie in bed alone, scowling at the mirror, wishing I'd die
But, when I glimpse into my brother's eyes, I grin, and know it isn't true
Swirling streaks of hazel, strands of glossy, black hair, set fact in all askew
I wish I could walk hand in hand on my brother's path, but my time's done
I feel like I'm carrying the globe on my shoulders, and it weighs a ton
Gashes slice my rough skin, and sweat and blood blemishes my cheeks
But, I keep walking and trudging the dusty road, even when I feel weak
To everybody else, I look like I have it made, and I've been blessed
You don't understand, you don't have a venomous smoke in your chest
Building by the days, no way to release it, only to notice constant neglecting
Embracing onto that only treasure, and hiding that throbbing dejection
When your eyes lose their twinkle, and grow into a malicious gleam
Only smiling when eyes set on little brother, a coldhearted, ruthless teen