

A Child in a world he should never have known

PART ONE

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A room full of darkness and bare walls

The young child sitting in a corner

Hidden from the storms

Lightening still crashes from behind the door

From the tornados last meeting

The child's face worn and cold like ice

As his little body shakes and trembles

But not from the cold winds

That we can hear on the streets

His eyes swollen and dry

Not even a drop of childhood

Could have been seen

Just emptiness of a child without dreams

The boy's two small hands in tiny fists

Fighting 1,2,3 he's out

As he sits and waits

Holding onto what little he has left

In his life of cruelty and punishment

The only thing he knows and understands

Are doors slamming glass breaking

And a loud angry voice screaming

Come here

And when everyone is asleep
The young child counts the only thing that
He knows won't hurt him
His weak heart beating fast but silent
The child's skin so rough from the tornadoes
That have hit over and over
From behind him out of surprise
The boy mostly never sees them coming his way
Or understands why they keep coming back
Why the tornado can't leave him alone
As there are never signs of danger or damages
Until it has hit the weakest area of his room
The boy no knowing anything
But darkness and storms
Nightmares and horror movies
Rocks himself to sleep in a
Cold and shadow less room
Not even getting a chance to catch his breath
As he awaits the next high winds that
Will be coming his way
The child prays he has the strength to
Breathe his last breath
The young child loses his battle against the tornado
Then finds himself wandering around
Along white hallway

He hears a soft and warm melody
Playing over and over
But he does not understand
He only knows a wild and angry person
The small boy stops and looks around
And sees no sign of hurt or pain
He thinks
I wonder if this is what heaven looks like
The boy feels safe for the first time in his life
Only he is not sure of
What's happening to him?
Then the daydream becomes a nightmare
He sees a black stream of light
And he hears the tornado
So he reaches out for it to stop
But he knows he is too little
To beat it
He knows that he has never won before
Oh no, here it comes
Just stop
But the tornado still spins towards him
The child takes a breath
Closes his eyes
And feels everything
The high winds glass breaking walls trembling

And then it hits
Grabbing him like he was a piece of trash
Tossing him around
Like he was not even human
The tornado goes on for a few minutes
And then finishes
Disappearing into the night
The young child fearing for his life
Bleeding helplessly shaking not holding on
As he slowly gives up and takes
Takes that last breath
He prays
Please help me
Then closes his eyes
A tear falls
As it hits the ground it shatters
From the cold helpless world he had to live in
To survive his own
The young child slowly passes away that night
Not ever knowing
What it was like to be a child
But finding out how to survive a
Tornado over and over again
The tornado comes back to
Strike beat and do what it does best

Hurt without even listening
When it finds the boy's body
Cold and huddled in a ball
Not moving
Not breathing
Not even alive
The tornado falls to his knees
What have I done?
The young boy's lips are blue
And his eyes rolled back into his head
But his face looked so calm
So peaceful
Even through all the cuts and vbruises
The tornado picks up the little boy
For the last time
Sits down in the corner
As he rocks he says
I never meant to hurt you
I love you
Good-bye
The tornado stands up
Sits the boy down
Covers him up and walks away
Without a sign of sorrow
He turns out the light

Closes the door to the little boy's room

And never looks back

Wipes the memory

Of his young son away

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PART TWO

In heaven there are no tornados

Walking through the white hallway

He heard a soft sound in his ear

And thinks that it's just another nightmare

Then the young boy sees some more children

What are they doing?

What are those things they have?

He wonders what kind of game this is

The little guy is shaking and scared

But a part of him feels free

So he continues to walk towards the children

He can hear them talking

There are pictures of

What he knew around him

Hanging on the hallway wall

The tornado

He starts to cry looking at the ground

As he realized that it's him in the pictures

His tiny body went numb

Motionless

As he got a little confused because

He was looking at himself and

Not feeling anything

No high winds any angry voice
Then he heard a voice he did not know
The young child freezes
Stands as still as a stone
It's ok that tornado can't hurt you anymore
That is your past you see
You will be free from all of the pain
And the tears and will be able
To learn how to be a child
Where am I?
Why did you take me here?
You are in heaven
You came here so you could not be hurt
By the tornado anymore
Little children are to play and sing
Not hide away and
Fighting for a breath of life
There are more little children here
That you can play with
And these things you see
Are toys!
You can play and run
You can sign and laugh
There are no tears here
Only smiles and hugs

Any questions?

Yes

Why me?

There are a lot of children with tornados

Some are stronger then others

You had just too much to handle

All on your own

No more worries ok

You can just leave the tornado

Down there

He can't hurt you anymore

So you can be a kid

Anytime you want to see what's happening

You can look through this window

It will show you what you want to see

So go play be a kid

Here you will learn what

Love is

In heaven there are no tornados