I fly

Crying to howling Murmuring to screaming Heating to burning I lost Control Things are competitive, in a society that keeps improving. I used to go along with the world's step.

I used to have the passion to compete for the best, to keep stepping on other branches to reach the top of the tree. I arranged my schedule " stiff", with not even a tiny, thin crack, I attended competitions and tests continuously. I don't care about how others feel, even if the branches break and bleed, I wouldn't know. As an illuminating fire burnt to its ' bluest' flames, the highest temperature, most enormous size, it exploded, erupted into pieces of nothing, but dispersed as smoke. Slowly, I wandered through life, as William Wordsworth " wandered as a lonely cloud", I floated, without any burden to bear. But what the others saw wasn't me, but the ugly, black ashes I left behind; they thought that's me.

They smirked, look down on me, be so proud as the once champion fell and collapsed. I then let go of all. I lost the control formed by self-consciousness. I lost the control that kept pushing me, surging me forwards to the pointy top. I lost, the competitive me. And so, my heart sang, as the singer Ellie Goulding did," God knows I'm not dying but I bleed now; and God knows it's the only way to heal now." I am escaping before I freeze My soul traveling as a breeze I forgot The thing they called lost But I remember How much more I've got.