

## Creative writing - Lemons

The rhythmical chime of birds, leaves and flowers.  
Sounds familiar,  
Just don't know how  
I look up for the sun.

The bushy and evergreen trees,  
Greenish-yellow leaves encircling,  
Forming a light translucent wall  
All around the tall yet crooked plant

Small fluorescent yellow things with slightly striped lines around it,  
Round but oval,  
Clinging onto the thick hickory looking limbs.  
Seems familiar,  
Lemons!

Thick trees shading,  
protecting the ground like treasure,  
away from the bright, blinding white star.  
The glowing star finding,  
ripping through the loopholes of the leaves to reach its treasure like a spotlight.  
Seems familiar,  
just don't know how.

The strong strike of the wind,  
the trees dancing back and forth to the flow.  
The greenish-yellow leaves fly to the tempo,  
rubbing onto the rotten and dead branches.  
Making crying and rustling noises,  
The leaves are so delicate and fragrant.  
Smells familiar.

A drop of water from the sky hitting my nose instantly  
Not knowing where to go,  
just slips inside my mouth  
Refreshing and clean  
Softer than cotton  
Tastes familiar

The ground darkening,  
the rushing and stygian clouds.  
The magnificent turning to nothing,  
leaving no spec of light.

Dark and only dark.

A hint of dry expanding smoke taking over,  
smells familiar like it had happened before

The smoke growing,  
My head hurts and burns.  
My legs slowly dropping,  
Not knowing what to do.  
My heart's pounding and stabbing.

Sounds familiar.  
Smells familiar.  
Seems familiar.  
Tastes familiar.

I sit,  
sensing something bad.  
Don't know how or what.  
The world turning darker,  
the green and alluring trees turning black.  
Everything is lost,  
including Hope.  
All in a blink,  
all so familiar.

The drooping and blurred sight,  
the green and yellow turned sizzling red.  
Seems familiar.  
My eyes open to see trees crying in vain,  
people screeching in pain.  
In the eerie and abandoned place,  
fire dancing and stealing people's souls.  
Fire creeping everywhere.

My heart squeezing,  
pumping blood faster than life  
The pressure,  
like a dagger ripping through  
The pain traveling through my body  
Faster than light

All the past and present held in that lemon so far,  
The memories  
is now peeling and dying  
revealing the heat.  
The heat,  
I know this  
the scorching and torturous memory.  
The neverending memory.