

Poetry Series

**Autumn VanBrown**  
**- poems -**

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## Autumn VanBrown(9/17/94)

I have always been a fan of poetry, but recently got into writing short stories. I am hoping that my stories can be read by others out there who can give me some helpful hints.

# ~archangel's Tune~ Pt.1

~Archangel's Tune~ pt.1

~ It was well into sunset when many of the students gathered into the school. The world was silent and still, almost like a storm roaring into the horizon. Lights all over the town were out and not a single soul stood. Trees stood without movement, and pin drops proved the quietness of the world. One girl whose tall structure, wandered around the area as if she were looking for something specific. Her eyes were a deep brown and glowed whenever her power surged. Her body was indeed young, but her mind belonged to one over their time on earth. As she walked into the darkened streets, she noticed that only one place had light and that was a simple school on standby. Not knowing what she would stumble upon, her steps drew near and her body aimed for the opened building.

Inside the school, her dark brown hair stuck to the back of her neck from nervousness and the palms of her hands grew moist and slippery as she reached around the corner of the long drawn out hallway. First step, was short and calculated. Second step, had just enough confidence to clear the hallway. Once the young girl turned the corner with her long tan pants and blue shirt, she noticed that she was not alone.

The learning facility was full of students, each having the same look; blank and soulless. Students all over the school were dressed in nice outfits and roamed the area as if there were not a care in the world. One girl was dressed in a purple and black dress. The black skirt of the dress was made from silk and formed perfectly over her body and the purple silk formed neatly over her stomach. Her heels were large, but easy to walk in and her hair was molded neatly around her tan neck. As the girl walked she turned and stared the under dressed female into the eyes with her blankly, soulless, white eyes. As she turned into the next hallway, the under dressed girl had to find out what was going on.

Each hallway was well defined with students everywhere; all dressed fancy and all with blank stares. What was found strange was the fact that not a single teacher occupied the area and the doors to the auditorium were chained locked as if forbidden to even be entered, but the school was well occupied. Some students made themselves comfortable with large instruments around the area. As the school filled with a wonderful sound, The girl froze at the sight of her one best friend.

Her friend had a wonderful taste in clothing and her hair at the time was bleeding

red and hung as low as the top part of her lower back. Being the only other student in the school without a blank stare, her friend smiled as if in her own land and walked closely to her under dressed friend. Before question and conversation could be raised, the girls mother walked into the the school awaiting for her to leave.

At first, the mother was young and walked with a young and timid pace, then once the mother looked at the girl, her face began to change making her the age of 85, on a blue walker and even more timid than she was when walking into the school. The girl with the flaming hair did not really pay any attention to what had happened to her own mother. Instead she waved a goodbye and walked silently into the night. While she was walking away, the music stopped and every student looked over at the under dressed girl with tears of crystal covering the girl into an orb of sorrow.

Inside the orb was three sides to the girl; Human, Fallen angel, and and angel with wings the size of the earth. Once the girl broke free of the sorrow's curse, she walked aimlessly into the night, watching it turn slowly into sunrise.~

Autumn VanBrown

## ~archangel's Tune~ Pt.2

~As the darkness turned into light, everything that was once hidden in the darkness, came to surface. The tree hung low as if it were in sudden sadness. Cars were scattered all over the town and not a single person occupied the area. It was as quiet as death.

Each step was an obstacle course for the girl. She had to climb trees, cars, and even houses just to get to her house. One of the houses looked as if a tornado hit it and now the debris swallowed what was once a place to live. Taking each step quickly and smoothly, the girl took some time out to look around the area. As she looked up, she noticed how dead the sky looked. Rain clouds circled the area, but there was no sign of rain. Deathly shivers went down her spine and the world was quiet all but her.

A couple of hours have passed and the girl was within reach to her untouched home. The last avenue across from her development was in seconds from her touch. Walking without a care in the world, the girl huffed and puffed her way across the once busy street to her fine development. Reaching the front of the sign, the girl heard a noise which took her by surprise. Two familiar girls stood by the front beside the woods. Looking confused, the girl simply asked why they were there, when they did not even know where she lived. One of the girls was slightly shorter than the other and had long silky hair that was brushed back at the time. Her skin complexion was light, but Indian style matching her silky hair. The other girl was dark skinned and had her hair pulled back at the time. Her face was serious and still, but when she spoke you could tell something was wrong.

'Run and do not try to save us, we are here to protect you. Do not use your inner power'. A confused look crossed the girl's face as she wondered what was going on, until a screeching sound caught her attention. This sound was unlike any other sound. It was blood curdling and sounded terrifying. As she turned around, the sight made her feel as if she were in hell.

Behind her was an entire army of pale skinned demons each who were once the people she grew up with. Their eyes were red with black pupils and they had a scream that could scare an entire world. Quickly examining the terrifying faces, she noticed that most of them were the same ones who had the soulless faces in the school. Putting her hand up, the girl hoped to use her inner power to rid of the demons. With a fierce look in her eyes, her hand was ready for use, but

nothing happened. Not only she was now powerless, but now she was about to die. The two girls pushed her to run away. As her steps paced quickly, all that was heard in the background was the screams of her two friends dying. She wanted to help, but deep down she knew that there was nothing she could do.

Her house was quiet and she was able to lose the demons in their tracks. Knocking frantically on the door, the girl awaited for her mom to answer. Once the door opened, the girl ran to the back of the room, shut the door, and began to pray. In the middle of that prayer, was another blood curdling scream crashing into her house. As she walked out of her room she saw her only mother being slain by the horrible beast. Cuts and blood covered the body. A slice above the stomach was what gave the mother the horrible death that she bared. Looking up at what the demon did, she began to lose her mind beating it to a pulp. One hit sent it flying into the kitchen and another sent its head straight into the glass and wooden table. As she reached over to pick up the knife her mother was using to make dinner, the demon slashed her straight in the stomach far enough to break two of her ribs. After coughing up blood from the pain, the girl quickly stood to her feet and stabbed the demon straight in the neck. She tackled the thing on her living room floor and began stabbing repeatedly until she was sure the demon was dead.

Stumbling to get up from the amount of blood that was lost, the girl made her way out of the door of her now broken home. Her blood smeared over the furniture and walls and every step she made was filled with blood. She walked a block before she felt the effects of her body giving out from lack of blood. Finally after five minutes, the girl made her way to the entrance to the woods outside of her home. As she made it through the thorns and to the center of the woods, the beaten girl laid her head on a rock and allowed her last breath to pass.

Before she fully died, she saw a memory of her best friend with the flaming red hair, but now she was wearing all white. The girl whispered in her ear, 'Do not ever give up. You can do this. Never lose hope remember I believe in you'. Hearing the words of her very true friend, the girl got up and began to make her way out of the woods. Making it out of the entrance, the girl saw a white light that covered over her. Her power was restored, and her wings grew large enough to cover the earth. Looking up into the dead sky, she smiled as the pain and scars went away. The outfit that was once under dressed became an all white and holy uniform. Her true form, an angel.

She looked up at the sky and heard the same scream again, but only this time when she looked down, she was surrounded by demons with red eyes and black pupils. Looking around herself, she knew that they out numbered her, but she

was not afraid. The girl just simply stood her ground. Soon enough, the girl looked up at the sky and smiled as each demon ripped her to shreds.~

Autumn VanBrown

## ~archangel's Tune~ Pt.3

~The ground beneath the angel crumbled as she was dragged along, her captures laughing as if she were a joke. Their dark snickers filled the mind of the angel girl, 'Ha. What useless holy trash. Not the most powerful now, are we? ' but luckily she found relief slipping into slumber.

It did not last. When the girl awoke she found herself in an old theatre. It was Victorian, colored burgundy and gold, with a balcony inside of the auditorium. The girl looked up and grimly thought, 'what a great place to die in'. her body was wrapped up in chains, each of them were sealed to perfection to keep her from escaping. As her wings fluttered slightly, she closed her eyes, waiting in solemn peace.

That to did not last. As a sound reached her ears, she had to wonder, could it be that someone has come to save this angel? Maniacal laughs answered that thought, insulting her, and everything she stood for, and she stared into the face of the mocker, the one responsible for so much evil.

He stood over her, tall and muscular. His red eyes and yellow pupils glowed into the gist of night. his skin was pale, and his black wings showed that he once never had wings. As he moved closer, pulled the girls head up by her hair. 'Well well well, if it isn't Anthriel. I see now my army was able to bring you down to your knees'. As he smiled, teeth filled with blood stained the angel's view until she realized who it was. Andras the demon of Discord and her one opposite with the power of the Book of Enoch on his side.

Laugh full of mock, Andras called for one of his minions. The one who came had been one of Anthriel good friends. Her eyes glowed red and her evil will grew strong. It was almost like she knew what she was doing. In the girl's hand, was a towel dipped in heel fire and brought to the angel. The girl placed the towel on Anthriel's back as the angel pleaded for her not to do this. Sure enough it was placed on the tattoo the read fearless on her back.

Removing the towel, the tattoo pulsed and felt violent on the angel's skin. Slowly it became a mark from hell. Quickly trying to rid of the marking, Anthriel broke the chains and began frantically running into the walls of the theater. Bombarding each demon, the angel screamed and bashed her head into the side knocking the images out of her head. Suddenly she heard a voice one that seemed familiar and loving. It was the love of her life now evil and now ready to kill her.

Looking up into the lost eyes she realized that it could not have been her love for he was off doing a mission. A smile occurred from the face. It belonged to Andras. Horrible memories filled her eyes as she chased the demon of discord from the theater and to a sandy abyss where her true love was held beaten to a pulp.~

Autumn VanBrown

# ~cradled In Madness~

an original poem by Autumn VanBrown

The images I see with my eyes and all that is around me  
How could I have the eyes noticing the hell bound tree.

They say seeing is believing for some call me insane,  
I am watching others long gone and feeling their pain.

The good ones want help out of their wounded souls.  
For heaven is their wish and heaven is their goal.

At night they scream, scratch and play.  
It is almost like they want the living to pay.

I toss and turn and wake at night.  
Still they try to come for a fight.

When worse comes to worse I rock back and fourth.  
Praying to God asking for help and asking him to come towards.

They see me with their claws and evil smiles.  
Demons of hell and their terror goes on for miles.

Is there a reason I can see and feel the spirits of game?  
They are there to try and scare you although they need to be tamed.

Am I crazy for the thing I hear?  
No you are only crazy if you indeed feel fear.

When I yell people look and stare.  
'Take her to a place with meds and care'.

I AM NOT CRAZY GET OUT OF MY WAY.  
Shut your mouth and get ready for the day.

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?  
Because unlike the others you can see.

Are you real or are you fake?

Your mind talks a lot when your life is at stake.

Is there no one to help me, my mind?  
Help yourself by grasping all that is left behind.

I can do this I know I can.  
Stop rocking back and fourth for now you have a plan.

Use my eye to help and protect?  
No use your eye to correct.

Go to the place where the screams come from the most.  
Get what you need and be careful for they want you as a host.

The things you see were never real in that place.  
They just wanted to mess with your mind and get in your space.

This place is full of people dead and alive.  
You cannot possibly think your crazy they are souls with a strive.

They do not know of what they do.  
Just the thought your here is a clue.

Run little ones and feel the shiver down your spine.  
Now you run, but yet you can never hide.  
Just live and learn for your power is your pride.

Autumn VanBrown

## ~rainy Day~

~Her arms wrapped around the body as he lay dying in her arms.

The storm came down with just enough force to keep the two in the car. One whom was sick to the point of death held on to his love with every inch of life. Knowing that the girl could not do anything about what was going on, she simply held him tighter as his life slowly left his body. In the back of her mind, she was convincing herself that everything would be all right when she knew she was wrong.

Her tears called out to the dying boy and her sadness ruptured into fear. Fear of never seeing the one she loves anymore and fear of if he were to come back as something else. Something more vibrant and hollow. As the thoughts roamed through her head, she began to pray. She prayed for him to be safe and prayed for the sickness to pass.

Once the prayer was complete, the grip of his hand loosened and he became still without breath.

The girl never once let him go because deep down in her heart she knew that he would not be just a memory, she knew he would come back. Although her knowledge consumed her, the girl still held on to the boy, crying, singing, and praying the storm away. Simultaneously, the girl looked out of the window where she saw his smiling face in the drops above. Every dropp of rain just became a tear on her face.

Suddenly, the girl became frightened because of a noise she had heard. With reapers surrounding the area, the girl quickly prayed again until they all disappeared. She thought they were there to take her love away, but they were there to let her know he would remain living. Gasping for air, the boy began to cough, letting the girl know that everything would indeed be all right. Slowly, the boy opened his eyes and stared into the girls. As the warmth of his body slowly came back, the girl hugged him as if never letting him go.

Letting him find a way back up, she whispered 'I Love You', and got out of the car as the rain poured onto her tearful face.~

Autumn VanBrown

## ~the Forum~

As the darkness clouded the mind of the girl, a light formed from the back of her weary head. First came sunshine skies and grass the color of the purest green, then came darkness shadowing the beautiful sky. It was pure deception.

The forest was warm with cool winds and the grass flowed just before the wind was known in the area. Surrounded by tress, the girl went closer and closer to the middle of the sunny forest. Making her way past the hard obstacles of the land was easy at first, until she made her way closer and closer to the middle.

In the middle was a rock that looked more like a podium and shined against the sun. The tress were placed in a perfect circle and the area spoke out in purity. As the girl slowly looked around, her vision began to change into what was parallel of the wonderful, heavenly place.

The silky, green grass turned into dust and the tress all died around her as if the place became her personal graveyard. The rock in the center glowed black as she tried to pry herself away from the terrible nightmare which was once a dream land. Before she fully disappeared, a face kept flashing before her eyes as if it were a warning of some sort, but she has no idea what. The face was ghostly white with deep black eyes. The circles that surrounded the eyes reminded the girl of death. The face was old and ancient like with long stringy hair. Flashing over and over in her mind, she fully awakened herself from the nightmare. Panting in sweats, she had no where else to go so she grasped her pillow and began to forget the horrible scene that was once there.~

Autumn VanBrown

## Archangel'A Tune Pt 4 (The Complete Remastered Ending)

~ Looking at the now limp body of her one true love, the girl tried to unleash the chains that bounded her heart and soul. Once Anthriel free near the chains, it was then she realized a burning sensation oscillating her skin and screeching into her soul. The chains were bounded by the Angel's Book of Enoch which held the holy Alchemy spells to bind an angel to hell. Feeling as though she were already in hell, what could have been worse? Gargling sounds filled the air of her true love and Anthriel remained powerless and destructive. Anger filled her eyes as they went from ice pure blue, to a deepened emerald green. She bore such an unearthly power, that it shook the ground into an earthquake of destruction. 'Damn them', she cursed upon her lips. 'Damn them all'.

It was then she realized that evil has fulfilled taking over and she was not only alone, but she was ready to die a reckless death. A smirk drew upon her face, teeth bore the feeling of anger and hatred upon her soul. Her wings changed as her power surged. One wing was a deepened charcoal black with red tips that created a sudden darkness, while the other was a pure heavenly white with gold tips. The balance mixture of her true power showed the truth of who she really was. In mundane form, still Anthriel could go into a fearful raze. What was the difference between reality and spirit? Did that even exist?

Hearing the same blood curdling sound, she quickly turned around. A whipping sound crept upon her face, sending her flying into the ground creating a full 360 turn. Pain struck upon her as acid drew from her lips. Blood smeared her face and the scar of lightning stung from the tip of her jaw to the brink of her lips. As Anthriel stood to her feet, a weary look had sprung. The blow to the jaw was enough to make her gaze slightly, but was not enough to stop her. Staring; staggering, she saw her loves limp body standing in front of her. A smile perched upon his face as two black and red wings, matching one of hers sprung from his back. Feeling bewildered, she asked what was going on. 'This whole time you never knew I was behind this. I figured now it was high time for you to know the truth'. She looked puzzled, 'What truth? You mean the one where you have been plotting to steal my wings? Or the one where you used my ancient book against me? ' Her eyes went from sorrow to pure hatred.

Laughing at her whim, his voice growled slightly as a mere smirk rosé upon his face once more. 'Did you honestly think that you were safe? We have been at war for many centuries. You see Anthriel, you have something that belongs to

me.' She looked utterly disgusted at the words he bore. 'Oh and what might that be? Don't you think that you have taken enough?' He looked through her before simply stating, 'I want my other half of my soul back, which is the only reason you live now.' A long swoop swung across his neck which sent him hurling into the earth so hard that the earth's crust cracked underneath his arrival. A large wind followed after as his limp body was risen above the ground. Hanging from his neck, he dangled trying to release his neck to breathe. Taking her fist, a large blow creased the brink of his face as she cracked his jaw. Just before picking him up again, her words drew in a harsh way. 'Look like to me you'll have to try and take it from me. That is if I don't take yours first'.

As he tried to smile, his mundane body tiredly moved to lift a hand as he smiled slightly looking into her face. 'Looks to me like you are finally ready then'. The girl's face looked puzzled as his words came out. As she opened her mouth to speak, the demon's lips parted as he slowly disappeared from her grasp turning into dust to match the earth. Before fully becoming the earth's crust, his words departed into the drum of her ear. 'In time we will meet again'. Anthriel fell to her knees as the souls of those upon the earth lifted into the sky. The evil around her faded as the sun cleared into a pulchritudinous ray of light. Her wings faded as she held her hands up to her face feeling the lightning scar around it. Realizing her test, Anthriel then knew that everything, even her love was an illusion. Straightening her back to the Victorian arena, she looked over her shoulder to grasp the memories of that year. Mournfully, she faded into the light, never looking back.~

?? A couple of years has passed since the battle. The girl sat neatly in her chair with a cigarette hanging from her mouth. Her hair was short and neat and her eyes restored to the deep brown they always were. After it was all over, the girl locked away her abilities to match those of a mundane. She figured that it was high time to live a normal life and so she began. The girl had left her old life to start a new one. Her new life was well structured, yet challenging. Sometimes she felt like she did not belong, other times, she knew that belonging was the only thing she had left. Taking another drag from the cigarette, she blew the smoke into the air looking up towards the sky. It was then she saw a reflection of herself, a reflection of how she wish she could be; normal to the world and normal to herself. Of course we all know that was not the fate she has in store. I guess only time will tell. Time will always tell.??

\*Originally written in 2011. Finished in 2014. All four parts are available here on . Thank you for your time and support of reading this passage. I hope you

enjoyed it! \*

Autumn VanBrown

# Death By Multicolored Thoughts

Twice is dawn but into the night,  
Life lived to the fullest when the day is bright.

What happens to those who say things they will regret?  
Thoughts of taking back the words they once bet.

When in thought, does your mind think alike?  
Storms are rages with lightning and a horror spike.

You kill yourself happily with a smile as heavy as a pound.  
You are begging for joy and laughter in this God forsaken crown.

Pure evil thoughts roam through your brain.  
Now a killer with a slight taste of pain.

What do they want am I crazy or am I sane.  
Nothing is crazy about conducting the everlasting Hell Train.

You fool, pathetic and sick piece of thought.  
Seek the death to others you have brought.

Anti everything and sing all of the things within.  
Like my thoughts for I am the only one crazy enough to shed my skin.

Dirt speckles like shine how ironic.  
My thoughts in a corner and my only friend, my healing tonic.

The things within this head colors like a rainbow.  
Darkness bring whatever is inside the black crow.

When can I get my freedom? When will it end?  
Laughing and smiling because my faith will never bend.

Back where I started such a long time ago.  
Now it is you who dies my friend now go.

Hate come in words meant to remember.  
Words as cold as ice in the late December.

Am I heartless because you did this to me?  
No I now sit in my room rocking silently.

Hanging in my dreams with a rope and a tree.  
Is my new bound hatred my plea?

Oh how the blood makes my mind see blue.  
It is the blood of that shed for you.

Selfish needs kill those with eyes.  
If looks could kill they would be limitless skies.

I end your breath with this knife in my hand.  
Heart is breaking and now I myself cannot stand.

Sick and tired without something to think.  
Death in their eyes and on the edge is their brink.

How I laugh at the soil underneath your feet.  
Covering it up six feet is indeed my treat.

Again I ask do you think I am sad,  
Of course not for this death makes me glad.

Crazy, rocking and trying to feel normal.  
People dressed in white and I the only one who is formal.

Lies told and truth put on hold.  
I feel like striking again as I laugh feeling bold.

What can you say to this medieval line.  
Multicolored death and blood as thick as it is fine.

Autumn VanBrown

# Fear

~ Thunder smacked the side of the house like men going into war. Children, outside crying and tears fell without guidance as the ground's warmth quickly covered with the salt of sadness. Doors outside hitting hard and making a statement. Cora stood out on the porch watching as the world around her crumbled. Cora was a sweet and tender girl who was tall and slim. Her hair was bleeding red and hung low like a closed curtain on a cold winter day. Her eyes were focused and just, being the color of sunshine skies and early evening clouds. She was wearing an old pair of blue jeans ripped just above the knee and a summer tank top; black being the color. Lace covered just the rim of the black spaghetti strapped shirt. Her face was perfectly defined and sharply discovered around the neck. Her arms flimsy, but also matched her not yet developed body. She was what you would call a typical teenage girl.

As she sat on the porch, she pondered over the past events.~ \*A tall handsome boy with hair as dark as the sky in it's evening of highest pleasures. His face was as flawless as a drawing as it's best. His stance was as perfect as a cat stalking against the fence ready to pounce on the nearest mouse. Perhaps she was this mouse, or perhaps her mind was making her this mouse. Nevertheless, his stature scared her. As he stalked his way to the double doors, his long and spiny hand extended to the tall cathedral door. The door was unlike any other door that belonged to a church. It's glass was formed perfectly like a med evil Camelot store. The top of the cathedral was castle like and pointy, which reminded her of death. After reaching for the door, the boy turned his angular flawless face, facing the girls direction. Looking into his eyes, the girl was instantly afraid. His eyes were the color of blood boiling to the highest temperature as knives piecing into human flesh. Noticing that the boy was not human, she instantly shied away, ducking herself in a near by bush. As she curiously looked up, she saw as the boy reached for the door, burning his skin until his hand reeked of blood and trash. He was a demon.\*

~ Coming back into reality, Cora noticed hat her hands ached like bone was cutting her skin. As she looked down, she noticed that her hands were marked with warm stinging blotches of blood. where her nails dug deeply into the soft flesh. The memories of the demon boy trying to pry open the cathedral door stung the back of her eyes. She often wondered why she would see such vulgar images. Perhaps her mind drew weary. Or perhaps these images were real. Nevertheless, there was one thing she felt that she always welcomed and that was 'Fear'.~

Autumn VanBrown

# Where Is The Joy?

The things that taint your mind.  
Horrible memories you may find.

Though you should not care.  
For the enemy is always there.

So leave me to my broken heart.  
My mind splits far apart.

I do not wish to see your pain.  
Leave me to my feelings I may tame.

Go somewhere let me go.  
For in the end you are nothing but a show.

I use to love the things of you.  
Now you are someone I once knew.

Let my heart grow out of touch.  
For my life is long and you are far too much.

Leave me to my destiny.  
That does not involve money or a pretty penny.

Let that crushed little girl cry.  
For her feelings are closed and are far from a pry.

Let the rain kiss my skin.  
Let my light and soul search begin.

You have let me down many times before.  
GET OUT OF MY MIND AND SHOW YOUR FACE NO MORE.

Free me from your heart's beat.  
Now you are nothing but an empty seat.

My life a carnival, you the ticket holder.  
\*laughs\* Who would have thought your heart could be colder.

So Now I leave you with this little note.  
You are dead to me and that is all she wrote.

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