

SYD IN SPACE BY FLEET GRIFFIN

The piper was not easily won by the world. He came and found friends who could connect to his music. Making sounds with his guitar that polarized the mind. The mirrors that reflected the lights shot across the room as he strummed away like a tireless beast. His friends fell for his hypnotic charm as they followed him. Without a beat skipped, the piper stared into the void unlocking the mysteries in his head. Nothing stopped the sensation of his band. He had the troublemakers daring enough to walk with him. The piper walked with untied shoes from place to place. The silent jokes he told were delivered in wild laughter. The life he felt was that of a child, pure. His independence brought up the mystic fantasies.

The world preyed upon the piper with madness. Like a disease it spread and consumed him slowly. His friends could only watch and see him dive deeper into a pit of darkness. Nothing could cure the damage done to him. His music was altered by his hands as they struggled to hug the strings. His guitar didn't shine with light, because he sat in the shadows.

His band mourned for him. They called out to him in the void, but it was too late, he was gone. The loss of the piper inspired them to move on and continue on without him. With all their sounds combined they created a portal inside the head of a madman. The world heard and was put into a state of ecstasy. The songs expanded the ears of the people who listened with wonder and widened horizons.

The piper hid away from the reality that cursed him. He dwelled into the infinity of his imagination, the last refuge. He blurred the way to the outside that surrounded him. His cigarettes burned down to the filter and left a stick of ash. His absence from his body made him a statue in his temple of seclusion. The world killed the child inside him.

As the ways of time purged the past the piper remained. The world had long forgotten him and he was truly alone. No one could hear him or even recognize his face. His memories had long faded in his sick head. The sun was gone from his view, but he could see the moon shine down upon him. The light of night reflected off his pale skin like diamonds. The stars surrounded his mind as he floated away.