

Cryllia's writing pieces

Alas

Why do I not think first before jumping in

Not working things out

Always thoughtless alas

Suggestions made with gay abandon

Oh what fun, such joy expected

Results not as planned alas

Smiling through the realization, perhaps

Things are not as planned

Dreams shattered alas

Let's move on, everything's fine

Or is it a line?

We know the truth alas

Now in silence, thinking, wondering

Could I make things right

Not all is mended alas

I scribble and write

Making sense of emotions

As I write all is sorted

No more Alas

Opening page of Cryilla's novel:

Angelina Guard walked through the doors of Chelsea Piers and into the lobby of the Current Room. She noted two men flanking the reception desk, the bulge of their Glocks were evident, which could leave a feeling of threat or security for some, she felt neither emotion.

The Autumn sun had gone down and the lights of New York reflected and twinkled across the Hudson River, an impressive sight from the glass wall to one side of the room.

She made her way through the crowds of supporters at the Presidential Fundraiser, refusing offers of drinks and canopies, she had no need for either. She made her way towards the podium, sitting at an angle across a corner of the L shaped room.

There was an excited hum in the room as the Presidential Candidate and his party made their way forward. Leading the way was the main object of interest.

Typical, look how he took the drink being offered without acknowledgement, as usual his wife was left giving an apologetic smile to the waitress.

Angelina watched as his steely eyes picked out those of interest in the crowd, all the while orchestrating each conversation as they moved forward, a hand on the presidential candidate's shoulder squeezing it, his cold smile seemingly fooling all around him.

"How can a man like this, be allowed to have the world at his feet." Did I just say that? Why didn't I keep my thoughts to myself? Oh no, he heard me. Look away quick. I don't to get into conversation, certainly not with a human, even if he is kind of cute. What, have you gone mad!