

Mental Internment

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Through the course of my life has been a very deep desire
Exploration is the thing that drives my very self.
An entity that travels through the voids of space and time
Flying through the night sky under the cover of stealth.

Seeking out my missions, search for adventure
Every journey begins with confidence to recite.
Deciding on my goals, working to achieve
Letting nothing step in my way in the light so bright.

But the novelty of continuous adventure
Is starting to slow down and lose its effect.
It no longer excites me like it formerly did
When it had fully captured me like a sect.

Dissatisfaction with my very being seeps in
I want something more than what my body can give.
The body of a powerful dragon can't exert
Never has it given me what it is to live.

Despite a powerful physique and huge wings
It just doesn't feel like enough any more.
Gold scales, beauty, great flight, and looks that can kill
It's not what I want to be deep in my core.

The facility I find myself in when I get lost
Is the perfect chance to find out what I can unlock.
This underground testing chamber boasts many surprises
Rooms filled with more things than can be named in mental blocks.

But one room instantly catches my eye
An experimental room marked as unsafe.
Inside the tubes are very strange beings
Made up of two species slowly blending in strafe.

Instead of feeling frightened, this excites me
Looking more closely, they're turning into plush.
Now I see this is my need, my one true goal
Now I realize, my passion is so much.

I strap myself into one of the vacant machines
And turn it on as my mind frantically races.
I simply cannot wait for this process to begin
Then I feel the electric pulses at fast paces.

My sense of touch is suddenly disabled
Then inch by inch my limbs and torso begin to change.
From scales to the softest plush I am going
There truly is no feeling like it in any range.

The most pleasurable feeling races through my body
It's the most euphoric feeling I've ever seen.
When my touch returns I move my newly formed limbs and wings
A living toy departs from the dragon he's been.

Not another living soul has seen what I've become
Nobody saw me, now I disappear into the night.



The world is my oyster and I will not give up
Now the world will see, perceive and welcome this brand new sight.