

# Twist

By: Kevin Ren

Trevor's laptop,

It calls to him.

*Queue for co-op.*

*Obey your whim.*

The boy, at age seventeen,

Locks himself in quarantine.

Ever since the dawn of teen,

He has loved that one machine.

Trevor keeps a labyrinthine room,

With soda cans and sticky tissues.

His habits ignite his father's fume,

Just one of many household issues.

The Francesco name,

Ever-so tarnished.

The ambition flame,

Always extinguished.

The pillars of time align at nine.  
Trevor cares not to drink or to dine.  
Through ten, to twelve, to three, they march,  
His mind, at last, begins to parch.

From reality, he must depart,  
Deep down to the crescent land of dreams.  
Here, he can fully live out his heart,  
Everything exactly as he deems.

Tonight, however, marks the beginning  
Of a tumultuous ride, head spinning.  
To a new world he goes.  
Watch it, boy, watch the toes.

Void of warning,  
He sinks and drowns.

*What is this thing,  
Cascading Down?*

*Another wet dream, perhaps?*  
Trevor sours the very thought.  
Opening his eyes, he gasps!

A pool of red, fresh and hot.

He's bleeding bad, no doubt about it!

Biting down his leg, an alligator!

Trevor tries to awaken, to quit!

To escape this nightmarish predator.

Tightening his muscles, clenching his teeth,

The boy tucks his worst conclusion beneath.

Regardless, it attacks, unabated.

What remains of Trevor's hope has faded.

Rising from comfort,

Subduing the beast,

Trevor guards his fort,

Denying its feast.

The animal seems all but bothered,

So the boy strikes with all strength gathered.

At last, feeling it loosening grip,

Trevor leaps away, tries not to trip.

A wounded soldier,

Trapped in No Man's Land,

Trevor seeks closure,

Reaching for God's hand.

In return, God did not reach for him,

But a Goddess, pretty, soft, and slim.

Her hair, angelic, her eyes, sparkling,

The boy smiles, his senses darkening.

In less than a day's time, Trevor wakes

And finds a bandage around his aches.

Is he still dreaming, after all?

Or, has the boy reached heaven's wall?

Regardless, he goes to thank the girl.

She blushes, says, "It's nothing, really!"

He asks for her name. She replies "Pearl."

His worries dissipate gradually.

"You're very beautiful, you know."

"I wouldn't say that, but thank you, though!"

"Don't be so hard on yourself, I mean it!"

"I'll fall for you, now, pretty boy. Stop it~"

“So where the hell are we?”, he questions.

“I haven't got a clue.”, the girl mentions.

“And just how long have you been here?”

“About a week, lonesome... with fear.”

“Are there any others around?”

“Besides you, I've not heard a sound.”

“Is there a way out of this cave?”

“There's just one, if you are so brave.”

“North of here, a waterfall,

Standing mighty, standing tall.”

“Does the water end deep or shallow?”

“For that question, my mind's gone hollow.”

“Can't know unless we try.” says Trevor.

“Yeah! You couldn't be more right.” replies her.

“Will you take the leap of faith with me?”

“But of course, love! I wish to be free.”

Beneath the fall lies a glamorous land,

Covered in trees, flowers, grass, soil, and sand.

They reach the cliff's very edge, hand in hand.

Ever-so proud and courageous, they stand.

Trevor turns around, asks "Are you ready?"

Pearl smiles and replies, "As I'll ever be!"

Now, they must leap, like lions to sheep.

Hoping to seep in water that's deep.

Closing their eyes and prepping their feet,

They jump from over a thousand feet.

As fortune would have it, the two survive,

They swim up together, ready to thrive.

The boy exclaims, "Let's fucking go!"

She, in response, kisses him slow.

Life could not be better than right now,

For the once reclusive, useless cow.

From beneath the ground to atop the skies,

The magic surrounds.

Be one incredibly naive or wise,

This nature astounds.

The years pass by in harmony  
As they live their lives carelessly.  
Swearing love for eternity.  
Feeling no sense of urgency.

Apples, they gather from the tree.  
Honey, they collect from the bee.  
Amuse, they give to one another.  
Love, they transpire on the regular.

Time flows quicker than ever before,  
All they want of each other is more.  
Impeccable affection and joyous laughter,  
This is what they cement for now and forever.

Yet, as always foretold by nature.  
Appears a most villainous creature.  
The man, along with his band of minions,  
Cares not for Trevor and for Pearl's opinions.

They capture the girl, having their ways.  
Trevor, tightly restrained, shouts for days.  
Screaming, sobbing, and screeching for halt,

The boy plans with fury, his assault.

Trevor is taken to the man's kingdom,

From there, registered to the slave system.

He receives a plow and a plot of field.

The many guards with spears force him to yield.

Rumors spread around town, telling of the King,

Adding to his palace, a pretty plaything.

“She's an absolute angel!” They all say,

While Trevor keeps silent, day after day.

The boy gets assigned a specific task,

“Turn the wheel that provides to earn your bask.”

And so he does, again and again.

Feeding the chickens inside the den.

That singular motion, left to right,

Trevor performs each day and each night.

Never disputing, never in fight.

Only ever working, day through night.

At first, the task was impossibly hard,



Now, it's as easy as folding a card.

He begins to enjoy this routine,

Calm and collected became his scene.

One day, Trevor spots a guard close-by,

With a smile, the boy turns and says "Hi!".

"What do you want?", the guard replies.

"Friendship, that's all. I tell no lies."

Trevor asks the guard how he arrived,

The guard tells him he's been 'revived'.

"What were you before?" Trevor continues.

"A nobody, on the street shining shoes."

"That's better than me, I was jobless!"

"Well you're different now, regardless."

"Yes, indeed, this world is very strange."

"Amen to that, I preferred a change."

For the next day, week, month, and year,

The guard would come to lend his ear.

Oh, the many tales of old they told,

An irreplaceable bond, they hold.

In his twenties, he continues to work,  
Rotating the same old wheel like clockwork.  
The guard comes by to share his meal.  
There's bread, milk, tomatoes, and veal.

Casually, Trevor requests a favor,  
“My friend, will you please become my life's saver?”  
“Of course, man, I'd do anything.”  
“In that case, bring me to the King.”

“What for?” The guard became curious.  
“I wish to serve him. I'm serious.”  
“Alright, then. I'll go see what I can do.”  
“Thanks. I'm forever indebted to you.”

A month before the meet,  
Trevor continues turning.  
A week before the meet,  
Trevor continues turning.

A night before the meet,  
Trevor continues turning.

An hour before the meet,  
Trevor continues turning.

Through much noise and much hassle,  
Comes the day.

Trevor enters the castle,  
Cuffed and gay.

“Greetings, my glorious King.” the guard bows.

“This slave is worthy of service.” he vows.

“If he’s truly what you claim him to be,  
Then very well, you may bring him to me.”

Trevor walks up the golden steps,  
With a pair of bulging biceps,  
Finally face-to-face, again,  
Trevor turns the King’s head. Amen.

The royal dome drops like a block.  
Women, in panic, guards, in shock.  
Trevor takes off in search of Pearl,  
He loves none other than that girl.

In the bedroom, they reunite.

Drugged and beaten, she yet shines bright.

Pearl smiles of heavenly delight,

Held once more by her handsome knight.