

Tomb of the Lost Files by Eric Hills

A Tomb of lies, a tomb of exploration,
A tomb that has trapped my hard work and creation.

Nothing can decipher the hard drives walls,
An impenetrable pyramid of dead men's calls,

It started on Tuesday, the day my world changed,
The day all was lost, a day so deranged.

An average normal Tuesday with a sunrise and dew,
And the birds that sung colours, of green, yellow and blue.

So I woke up as usual, a day to day task,
And stumbled and bumbled to a breakfast at last.

And as I sat down, to enjoy my small feast,
I remembered, with pain, what was due this next week.

I attended my desk, with inspiration and charm,
Not knowing this task would cause so much harm.

With strength and with purpose, the button I pressed,
That ignited the beast, and caused sudden death.

No lights rendered red, no beeps blurted out,
No response at all, I started to doubt.

So I tried and tried to bring her back to life,
But I couldn't save my laptop from the digital knife.

What dreadful, evil act has occurred to create,
This failure in equipment, so much to hate.

Circling round my head, were thoughts of sheer panic,
Filling me with angst, a situation so tragic.

"Please," I pray, "give life to my computer,"
But no-one heard; god is just a rumor.

But through the clouds of sadness and fear,
Gentle hands reached out, an answered prayer.

My mum and my dad, here once again,
To rectify my wrongs, to make amends.

Two valiant knights of equal code,
Both eager, both fearless, both on the same road.

As they travel great lengths to save me from doom,
My demons and enemies, swept up with their broom.

And from pain to love my guardian angels,
Guided me through life's labyrinthine tangles.

And my plight was over, a solution was found,
And just like that, all was safe and sound.

As the sun returned to its final resting place,
Bursts of orange hues burnished my face.

And the whole world now free of strife,
Bathed peacefully in the colours of life.