

Empty

The rain is dancing across the glass of my car. I'm inside thinking of my life in brief images. A lady walks her dog in front of me looking in to see if I am okay. No, not okay. Pain is creeping in like a needle. Pain at first then just a numb feeling. Actually no feelings at all. Numb, I have been this way for so long. Just needing a moment to feel I press the gas when the light turns red. A car has to swerve but still nothing. Not a thing can drag me out. Where will this lead, this need to find meaning? I drive past a diner as a server pours coffee. The cup eventually runs dry and no matter how many times it is filled again dry. Just a dry empty cup.

—*Ashley Irvin*

Empty Eyes

The wind blows through the hair of one so young
Standing without motion by a dark grave
Empty eyes staring down at a stale face
Eyes peering into a deep chilly soul
A soul that even when alive, was iced

Her mother was nothing but a stranger
Loving the bottle more than her own flesh
Never taking the simple time to care
Leaving a child just wondering why
Why she was never deserving of more

Innocence stolen by actions not her own
Here stands a daughter with dark eyes,
Empty eyes searching for more than this life

A tear running down her pale cheek
She whispers a prayer of compassion
Turns and walks away from a stranger she
Barely knew with empty
Dark
Cold
eyes

—*Ashley Irvin*