

In the Hand of Darkness

by Olivia Varney

In the hand of darkness I lie awake
And wonder, which pain is worse?
To wither like a bud deprived of sun
Or to simply die forgotten, like a seed
Unplanted, and unsprung?

I little know which road to take
Am I blessed, or am I cursed?
For I have no memories to hound me
But neither have I hope, or tender thoughts
To keep me company.

Need is a thirst I cannot slake
But oh! the way it burns!
It's one relief the very thing that fate deprives me of!
While all around me sweethearts flaunt
Their undeserved love.

With dawning light I hide the ache
With each dusk it returns.
I wonder, is it my fate to be ignored?
In the hand of darkness I fear I'll die alone
Untouched and unadored.