

The night heat is thick,  
 my breath raspy,  
 I say, "goodbye,"  
 sounding like a banshee song.  
 I run into the trees  
 beside the darkened water.

I see the moon,  
 just a sliver of silver,  
 an eye peeking at the world.  
 It barely lights my way  
 to a lost path  
 littered with flowers  
 trampled into the dark earth.

I feel bittersweetness here  
 as though a love was lost  
 somewhere in the wrinkled trees  
 the wind whispers to me  
 "this path is not for you;"  
 the tone is ominous  
 and I imagine Death  
 himself behind me.

The deep blue shadows  
 bend a little, hiding the way.  
 I wish for Death to find me.  
 "Feed me to the forest,"  
 I pray quietly,  
 the ache taking over.  
 I sit, waiting for his song.  
 Then his eyes find my soul.  
 "No," he hisses, life escaping  
 from his pale lips.

I shiver at his touch  
 but feel that corruption leave.  
 In the half light of morning  
 I return from oblivion  
 dewy tears of thankfulness  
 running down my dirt streaked face.

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