

Meditations on Death by Donovan Barrier

Owner
[Pick the date]

Hell (18 lines)

I felt the chill against my spine
as she braced my wrist on the iron wall.
She shackled my ankles and shut my lips
with a piece of sheepskin soaked in vinegar.
“It’s all your fault,” she hissed in my ear.
“That you are here in my dungeon cell.”

She plunged the blade real slow and steady
and with an almost gentle touch.
She tore it out after a minute
and cackled as my soul escaped.
She kissed the wound and drank the blood
and smiled as I tried to scream.

I saw my soul rise from the spot
and realized what she had said.
It’s true! I brought myself down here!
It is my fault I am in this place.
My only hope for escape now
is that my soul can find its way out.

Untitled (8 lines)

She fell in my arms like a mighty tree
but crumpled in like broken glass.
She pushed my hand into her chest.
Her heart beat fluttered before it ceased.
Before she breathed her last she said,
“Promise me that you’ll live for me...”
But how can I, I implore you how?
When you’re the one who gave me life?!

Untitled (16 lines)

Sometimes, I stare through my bedroom window.

Waiting, waiting. Quiet, quiet.

I hope for something good to happen.

Feeling, feeling. Wondering, wondering.

For some strange bird to say hello.

Pretty, pretty. Chirping, chirping.

Or a squirrel to come and say a prayer.

Chitting, chatting. Courageous.

But all I see are darkening clouds.

Booming, booming. Thunder, lightning.

An omen for the day to come.

Overwhelming. Exacerbating.

And so I crawl back to my bed.

Waiting, waiting. Quiet, quiet.

And it isn't even lunchtime yet.

Waiting, waiting. Quiet dying.