

Ouroboros

Blood stained red in leather black
A beloved to be made sacrifice
I struggle to breathe
Your second life
 never the same as your first.

Silk strands, black as night
Grasping, at that which is no longer there
I fight against the impending darkness
A second chance is given.

Crimson shawl, I shall be safe again,
Peace within a silver trinity
I shall upset the eternal night
I will to live again.

Marveling at the blindness I see
How one soul can bring to light
A pit of darkness
To remember the past
 anger and rage.

As I confess to you these last words:
I died once.

-Kristina Umberger