

Deep Breath of Contentment

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Deep Breath of Contentment,
long has it been since I've drawn you.

Allusive peace, sense of well-being,
darkest dreams block my escape to you—
life so fragile

I cannot tear down shields raised between us.
Daggers parry, thrust and slash, snatch a mind-box prize
from my wheel of dreams—realer than life, it's sure to seem—
give praise to God your death-rattle wails loud, and
flogs you limp into the fog.

Reaper groans and moans—teeth clinched near.
Life Giver, bestow your merciful breath now—
one gasp more that I might live to plead your mercy
yet again—and live, to live again.

Fallen. Sacrificed. Gave their lives. Dead.
Old-young men swept away—gone—Taken.

I was meant to be with them.

I cannot change it no matter how I rewrite lies
to change all to a happy ending.

I cannot fix it; remorse and lament my companion.
I cannot replace a Name on The Wall and
lightly sidestep as rippling-finger braille along countless
letters etched in stone, and feel their stories . . .

Deep breath of contentment, you failed them all.