



Spirit Song

It started out quiet, hidden.
No one noticed the silencing
of her Spirit Song,
so subtle was its demise.



The fire, the Light
that burned so bright within her
dwindled to a flicker of flame.

Her essence could be
extinguished with the breath
of a butterfly.

Alone in her thoughts
she wallowed
in suffocating sadness.

Day blurred into night into day into night,
liquid companion helping her become
comfortably numb.

She sought solace in her friend
again again again
each time drawing closer to the edge.

Please, let me die, she cried
as oblivion settled in.



But the sun did rise
and she remained
destined to repeat her pain.

Original Poem by Barbara Lawrence
info@empoweredcoward.com

