

# ◆◆ 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  
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