

Second Death

Becoming the Archetype

Surrounded by darkness.
My body cold.
My spirit weak.
My greatest attempts to start a fire have proved to be in vain.
The flame always fades.
The warmth never lasts.
And the freezing grip of death is at my throat again.
Consumed by despair.
My final breath escapes.
I can hear the sound of a fire burning all around me, yet I see
no light.
I feel no warmth.
I find no rest.