

# Dead

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The emptiness approaches  
winding down the path  
knows the direction  
it has been here before

I can feel it lay down to slumber  
This time it will stay a while  
Not even a straw of hope is spared  
for me to cling to

I have searched  
through endless nights  
with the bare moon  
as my guiding light  
to find someone  
of my own kind

Am I doomed to walk my path in solitude

My blood freezes  
red turns to black  
this is dead  
this is me

In earth  
I find quietness  
which I so long hath seeked