

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