Beyond the Murk of Frets

It lurks in corners, hidden from wild eyes,

But the wise are aware where its presence lies.

I saw its form for the first ever time,

When fear had held me and my words wouldn’t rhyme.

There was cold; and a nasty blindness

Where a rattling echoed amidst the darkness.

Then, I saw it appear and glide towards me,

Heading to make me the last of my family tree.

My eyes couldn’t shape out a face,

With a raspy breath, it quickened its pace;

And spread its wings as majestic as an angel.

Thanatos drew near, a maddening ring of wild knell.

This faceless beauty was such a drug!

It enriched my sorrow and I wished my grave was dug.

Haywired nerves caused chaos in my brain.

I welcomed peace so that all my fever would drain.

The devil gripped my sense: What a tough life it is!

You strive so hard but loss snatches all that therein is.

As I let it touch me, I found myself withering

For the scenes of departed time passed before me shivering.

I noticed, winking from the shades were the auras of dawn,

The reasons I could live for, the hope of mine long gone.

They locked their fingers and barricaded my way—

Their swollen, misty eyes begged for me to stay.

Deep, deep down, I felt the heat swell

I fathomed the pain in which my beloveds would dwell.

So, like a receding river, I took a step back

To retrieve my sword; ready to fight for the light that was lack.

It paused advancing; the despair it fed on was gone,

Although the dancing ghosts and bloody rivers wished to linger on.

A tentative sigh of light came drifting in

Right when Death backed out from securing another win.