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In the Death of a Phoenix

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► In The Death of a Phoenix

Many moons have fallen
Beyond unreachable horizons
That I've last felt the earth fall so still,
Once again I find myself awoken
All my senses asphyxiated within
The familiarity of a nightmare,
They are here,
They have come back for me.
Shadows gather together
Between the cracks of the sunlight's rays
Slithering past the ivy covered walls and boarded up window panes
That I was sure could hold back their approach this time,
Catapulted into the paralysis of sickening nostalgia,
An ignited arrow shot across the blackened sky,
My breath runs off before me,

And I am left reaching out
Desperately trying to grab hold
Before it escapes me for good,
But just as water finds ways to dance away from one's grasp
The strength of my will drips beyond my fingertips
And falls victim to the hardened gravel
Whose thirst grows beneath my feet,
Like in a storm cloud's final moments
The rainfall softens,
Leaving behind transient pools of fluid
Of whatever substance it was
That once powered the light behind my eyes.
Their presence grows stronger
Recharged
Replenished,
And from my ashes
He is reborn

