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Death Meets Life

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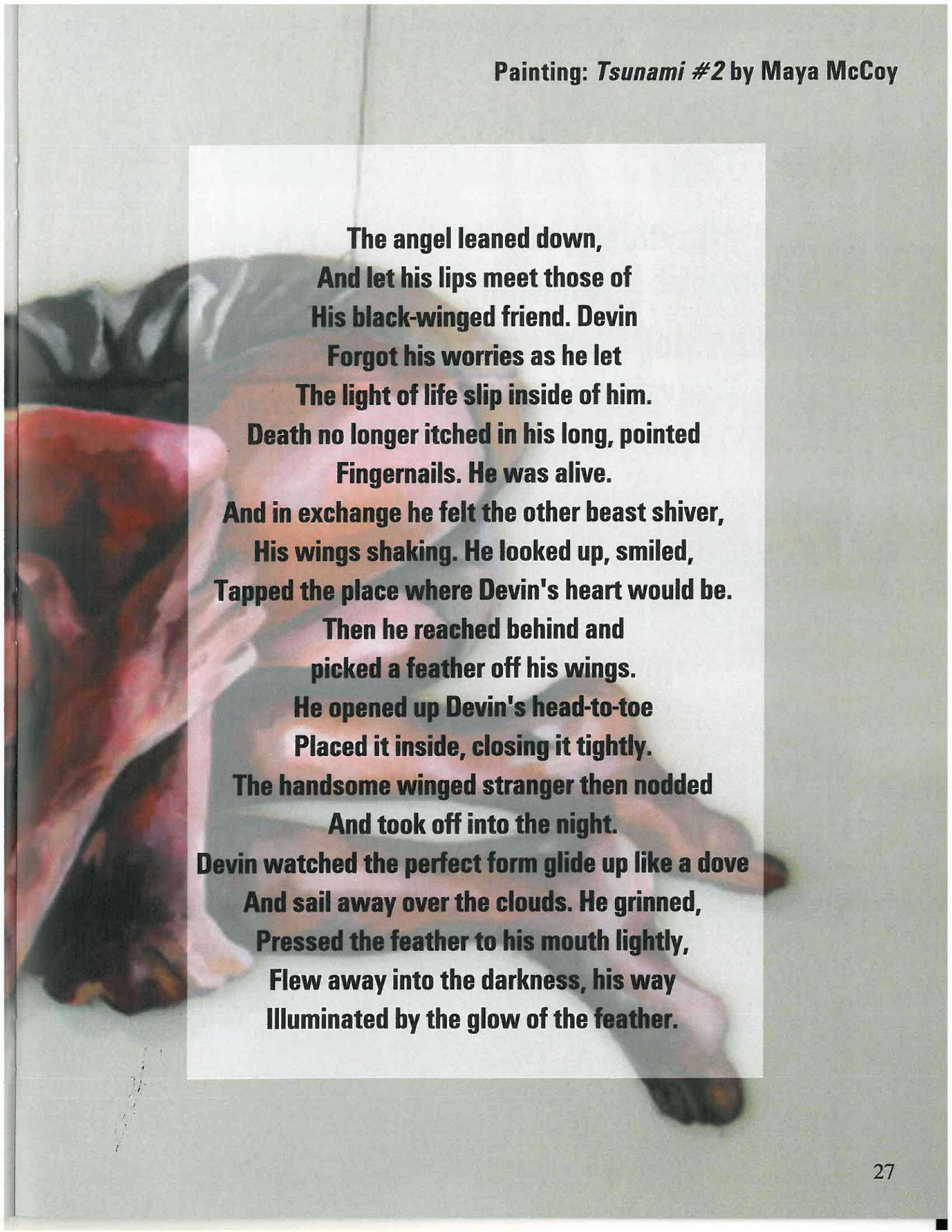
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Death Meets Life by Nicole Wiesenthal

**Devin saw him there,
His feathery, pure, white wings fluttered,
In the pure, clean dark of the night,
The moon illuminated his lengthy body
And Devin stepped forward;
He reached out his pale, white hand.
Devin's midnight wings shivered
In the shadows of the night.
He looked upon the image before
Him. A pale, strong figure standing confidently,
Head held high and warm eyes glancing onwards,
Towards the future.
Devin turned to a pool of water glistening in the light
Of the beautiful white angel. Devin saw himself,
Black hair like coal, feathers like a crow's,
Eyes green like a snake's. The light in the pool shifted,
And Devin turned to face the beautiful beast,
But turned his head away. He had
No confidence in this love. He
Had to destroy what the other brought into
Living. But the light, winged creature took
The dark one's hands. Devin felt hope flicker
In his iron heart.**



The angel leaned down,
And let his lips meet those of
His black-winged friend. Devin
Forgot his worries as he let
The light of life slip inside of him.
Death no longer itched in his long, pointed
Fingernails. He was alive.
And in exchange he felt the other beast shiver,
His wings shaking. He looked up, smiled,
Tapped the place where Devin's heart would be.
Then he reached behind and
picked a feather off his wings.
He opened up Devin's head-to-toe
Placed it inside, closing it tightly.
The handsome winged stranger then nodded
And took off into the night.
Devin watched the perfect form glide up like a dove
And sail away over the clouds. He grinned,
Pressed the feather to his mouth lightly,
Flew away into the darkness, his way
Illuminated by the glow of the feather.