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Fallen

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Fallen

Mona Shah

Fire dances in her eyes.
A moonlit spotlight against her back
From her back sprung two white wings
--silver-white in faded light
She gazed up into the darkened sky.
As heavy rain fell like shattered glass from a shattered sky
She cupped her hands as if to capture the falling drops
Pale, cracked lips gently parted
And a pale pink tongue popped out to lap up the water
The rain, her savior, hiding bitter tears from prying eyes
Her arms spread out to her sides as she leaned back her head, a symbol
of submission
Silent, frustrated screams echoed through the still, dark air
As sadness was replaced by an eternal bitterness
Against the world that had torn her still-beating heart from her chest
And left her with nothing else to live for
Piece by piece, the world that ripped her apart
Faded into oblivion within her own warped mind
Reveling as she watched the dark night sky falling to her feet
Her wings unfurled to their full length as she took to the air
While little by little, she broke apart
And the once brilliant white feathers turned an ugly gray
Like Icarus, she climbed higher, invincible angel missing her heart
Until her wings molted, leaving her bare
Like Icarus, like the rain, and like the broken sky, she dropped to the ground
And let out a cry of anguish at losing something yet again
Arms outstretched, still reaching for the endless black sky
She closed her eyes and succumbed to her fate
Crashing to the ground, her last wish was that the world would come crashing, too.