Unable

by Celtic Spirit

A dark little tidbit about how life can be difficult when your soul has already given up.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The dead have told a tale,

About the living death.

They found the darken pale

And the elapsed breath.

His skin was washed-out,

His gasp left long before he knew,

Yet his life remained hidden about

In his body it lingered & grew.

His life grew strong enough

For him to get up & stand,

To him was painfully tough

His verve he did not understand.

He was a tired warrior

Looking for the everlasting meadow

To bravely cross the translucent mirror...

Now, he is a mere shadow.

This soldier's soul gave its last breath,

Yet, his body denies to usher

To the young was rebuffed death.

But, it is not he it is she.

The dead have told a tale,

About the living death

They found a youthful female,

That thought of her last breath...