

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...