

The Final Twist

by Scarlet Crystal

A poem about what you have left when there is nothing left.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The quality of mercy is always tear-stained;
It droppeth in torrents from the angels above,
Whose angular shapes are never soft enough.
Behold, says the wise young lady,
My friends have left me here to think.
I have long thought, says the lady,
That I perceive the world smaller than it is.
It was Generosity, my steadfast friend,
Who first left me here, alone.
She claimed I was not worthy
Of her golden redemption.
She'd offered it to me before,
And I, being young,
Saw it for what it should have been.
Then my good friend Patience left the scene,
For I had crumpled over myself
Like an ancient temple past its prime.

When I needed her most, she moved away.
So now I have no time for people like me.
And I, being desperate,
Tried to force the doors to heaven to no avail.
The next friend to desert me was Forgiveness,
Who has often set me straight
On shadowed evenings at my desk.
I had forgotten her presence,
The value of which is lost on me now.
And I, being wary,
Trusted no one, not even myself.
The only friend that still stands beside me is Faith.
I've already beaten myself over the head with it
Three times, to make up for my losses.
She is the most generous,
most patient,
most forgiving friend to me.
And I, being bitter,
Cannot fully rejoice in her existence.