

I Await For Death

by DeathSong

This is a limerick I wrote awhile back. I am really proud of how it turned out. It has three stanzas (if that's the right word for it). It is a poem about death so it's kind of morbid. You have been warned! Read and review!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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UPON a stormy night, I wait
In the graveyard, at the steel gate
He would come, I knew
Would enter my view
In black smoke, on black wings so great
THE thunder crashed, the cold wind wailed
The hours past, my weak heart failed
The beats stopped, life ceased
Now of the deceased
My spirit rises, weak and frail
AT last he appears, comes for me!
And my motionless form he sees
Then my ghost he finds
Released from my mind
He takes my hand and sets me free