

Cry From the Abyss

By Michele Dutcher

My dark Lord,
My desire for the taste of your skin
Chains me to you,
I stand here watching against my will
As your glance becomes the only sunlight my flesh can bear.
I sit her watching, waiting,
Trading slices of my spirit for the passing thought that
One night you will come to claim my body.
Upon a cold, metal slab I lie, searching with eyes closed
For clues on how to quench the fire that pumps inside my veins.

My Dark Lord,
I know better than to approach too closely.
There are many eyes aflame within this misty void.
Those who would keep me from you line the watchtowers
As I scurry, frenzied, at the rim of the glow of their torches and bonfires.

I remain here, just surviving, On the border of your existence.
I remain here, just surviving, On the border of your existence.

How I long to feel your blood filled fingertips pressed against my face and palms.
My Dark Lord, come to my side, come to my slab.
Your night becomes my day,
Your emptiness becomes my completeness,
Your shadow becomes the only light I need.