

Poetry Workshop I

Circle of Life

Joe Bruner

Void: a vast, empty
expanse stretching from before time
to forever. Never ending. Hallow.
Death, but birth to life.
Life radiates from the cracks:
seeping and oozing, its
golden rays smothering,
penetrating the darkness.
Light and shadow clash,
the golden rays tarnished,
dripping their citrine venom.
The unctuous shadow reaches
out, grinning. A welcoming embrace
to the gates of death. The black
gates burnished with oil.
The light fades,
vanquished.
And yet... yet... a
reverie sounds in the
distance. A shadowy
song, a whisper. Mourning,
mourning what was lost,
a calling for it to come back again.