

Gone Is My Former Resolve

Paramaecium

The dead who crave not life, I know not why they lie there floating. They lie devoid of thought, bereft of life and drown in sorrow. Sometimes they scream as life is deprived of them. Life is no dream and death holds no final end. We all must die. Hacking away with the sword at the earth, at the mounds of soil,

I try to recover the dead but get naught for my toil. The corpses lie around me in various states of decay and no matter how hard I try I can't bring life to their day. Even by touch of the sword they refuse to awaken. And I know they seek life not. And I know they like to rot forever. Even their lives were of no worth if in their eyes they hate the truth even if it sets them free. Now is not the time to revive. My mind revolts at this revelation. How can it be that they lie calmly in their graves, resisting life as it pulls at their heart strings; their cold eyes ever rejecting the truth? I run with naught in mind but to leave that hateful place behind. I enter darkened earth where De-syr has waited for me from the day of my birth. I cross the bridge of grace along a well worn path to satiate my flesh within the one they call De-syr.

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