# Poor Mortal Lost

## This Ascension

run swiftly, silently
heartbeat deafens
drowns the human
body tense, tinge of fear
blood rushes, no stir
camouflage, safety, ease
down into the ground
not a breath, and not a sound
dashes under and around
mother's arms
she wears the crown
in the plush
of earth she lies
alone forever
with these cries
feels not hunger
feels not thirst
doesn't she know
she's not the first
endures her lot
the bitter frost
poor little girl
poor mortal lost
poor mortal lost
save your mind
save your soul
beware of her
a charm of old
as innocent
as night's cold
the bell has its
untimely toll
poor mortal lost
poor mortal lost

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