

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/4

Raiden E. Stone

Swaddled in the Grim Reaper's cloak

Crunch, crunch, crunch.

With every step I crumble a fading life. I am simply helping them along;
they've fallen from their branches,
and have lost sight of the vibrancy in their breath.

I am not cruel.

The wood under the fallen leaves
Creaks and cries with every shift of weight. The stress of not having
enough arms
To balance the high demands it must meet.

The rope that is my midriff starts to break.

All around me, Things are moribund.

But here I stand, the warm smell of Peace in my mug.

I am not sadistic.

Lives, dispirit but acquiescent fade out around me,

But here I stand,
finding *devotion* amongst expiry.