

The Cursed
by Brianna P.

On a moonless night,
Surrounded by the waving grass,
Standing with a single light,
A guide for all who pass.
This is the job of the cursed.

The flame does not flinch,
Nor does this eternal guide,
Move one inch.
Unless to guide to the denied.
This is the chore of the cursed.

As the cursed one guards,
Time has just begun.
And others pick up the shards,
Of deeds left undone.
This is the debt of the cursed.

Rain washes away,
All traces of life.
Only those who were prey,
Will survive his knife.
This is the way of the cursed.

In order to be freed,
From this awful fate,
One must bleed,
Before the cursed gate.
This is the goal of the cursed.

The seasons go by,
And still everything's the same.
Lingering souls sigh,
Wanderers make their claim.
This is the life of the cursed.

He watches the souls.
He helps them on their way.

Only to be freed from his goals
When he saves the one he will betray.
This is the need of the cursed.

He watches the scenes before him,
The scenes of his life.
He watches his love swim,
In her own blood, his wife.
This is the guilt of the cursed.

Unable to save her,
He wept at her demise,
Crying tears that would blur,
Even the clearest of eyes.
This is the grief of the cursed.

She was to die,
But in at that time,
The cursed cried out “Why?”
And was given a sprig of thyme.
This is the gift of the cursed.

All that’s left to remember,
Slowing dying,
To be destroyed by the ember,
Burning and sighing.
This is the herb of the cursed.

The sprig has died,
And brings with it,
The soul of his bride.
She smiles and her eyes are lit.
This is the joy of the cursed.

His life is good,
But his wife does not age,
And was as silent as wood.
He could not keep her in that cage.
This is the choice of the cursed.

He takes her by the hand,
And leads her to the gate.
He gives her his wedding band,

Knowing he would never again see his mate.
This is the woe of the cursed.

She then pulls out a knife,
And proceeds to stab him,
Meaning to end his life.
His blood seeping from every limb.
This is the pain of the cursed.

She watches with no emotion,
Until he is just a soul.
No longer inhibited by motion,
He has achieved his goal.
This is the death of the cursed.

They walk with tightly clasped hands,
Into the realm of the dead.
Happily exploring new lands,
Not a piece is missing, not a shred.
This is the end of the cursed.

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