

Death
Demands us all.
When it pilfered her from him
The color faded away;
he's a lightning storm now
Thunder in his eyes,
wolves lying beneath them
The hostile glow shimmers in the moonlight
She
Never meant to wrest his heart from him.
With her vibrant hues of varying hair colors
and tempered spirit
How could he not make her a home.
She can never make reparations
For the damage death has done.
All these grave stones, but all he sees is her ghost.
His soul
Is lamenting, but make no mistake
He now only speaks sharp, malicious words
designed to cut deep.
She formed his constellations
There now isn't a star in his midnight sky.
She may be the one that's dead,
but
He's the one lying in the grave.

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