

Breanne Mc Ivor

Apathy

I could die here, I think.

I know now your real name.

I could fold my shattered wings
And speak the word too mundane to say
And expire with the curse of your name dribbling from my lips
And clotting on my neck.

I know now you walk as a man angel hunter.

I could vomit
Blood and water upon my feet
And say never, never forgive him
He knows, he knows what he is doing
Again.

Men are too foolish to fear you,
I suppose.

I will die here, I think.

I know not if this is an abyss,
A joke,
Or the place I used to know.
All I know is that the age of legends is reduced to droplets of pity wept by the few that can see
your footsteps in the stone.

I will die here.
I know.
But not yet.
Each step is pain
With wings too heavy to fly
Drenched in the love that screamed from my veins
When you pierced me with your unseen blade.
I will see you before I die
Face to face.

I do,
I suppose,
Still love you.