

Kneeling at the Edge of Fate

All my life led me to this hour of surrender,
where control slipped from my hands and
destiny waited across a dark river I had
no oars to cross. The waters churned
with lost souls circling, patient and
hungry, whispering that I was next.
I fell to my knees, begging the heavens
to tilt the scale, to fracture fate, to spare
what little remained of me. In the hollow
silence came a terrible clarity: the audience
was divine and merciless, watching for sport,
and I was the spectacle. The flame within me
flickered, thinned, and dimmed... until I was no
longer living, only the fading ember of a soul learning how to die.

All my life it came to this: no reins, no say, no sway,
moments sealed, a narrowed path I cannot pray away.
Destiny waited across the river, dark and overgrown,
I stood ashore with empty hands, no oars, no way home.

Water churned with borrowed faces, pale, wanting eyes,
lost souls circling like prayers that never reached the sky.
Whispered softly, join us, as the current calls my name,
I felt the pull, I felt the cold, within I felt the rising flame.



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