

A Temporary Bargain

In the dark, scurry little pads,
 quick, not to be stepped upon.
 Holding fast,
 her eyes made for the dark,
 she rules.
 Mine? I might as well be blind.
 Adjusts to movement and only
 So little light, little scene.
 As she follows-stalks
 I hear her behind me
 I move, she holds.
 I moved again and stopped.
 Holding for her prey, she can wait.
 Finally,
 to me she asks-states "are you not afraid?"
 She looks w/weapons, tools of death, sheathed.
 Others, waiting for her orders, ignored
 she sniffs for the tell-tale smell?
 Piss?
 She observes and asks again,
 "Are you not afraid? Most folks when they are about to die,
 have not a clue, just fear, and you?"
 I, my fear hidden, well, almost resting
 my mind in an easier fashion.
 I answer, "fear yes, with acceptance too
 reality, we are all borne to die. Does that answer
 your question?"
 She observes, I see a smile?
 a sneer? A??
 smirk?
 I can't tell in this light, her black masked
 face hiding her, identity, hiding face.
 I think to myself, what she didn't ask is what I fear,
 most is pain. I'm not good
 and what will?
 my brain
 as the energy ceases to maintain
 function and flow?
 She looks at me again, "Let him go. Next
 Time, just,
 when you will

never know, go
 live like the rest,
 fear, immobilized,
 until it's too
 late to ask."

She removes herself
 her minions, and the stench of death
 burning flesh about them ride off
 victims in tow, upon their crosses
 row and row, the river Styx.

Watching the lucky ones
 They know their fate and I?
 Await, among the not yet,
 dead knowing
 face to face I stared, and bargain made:
 the cost;
 the time to ponder, watch and wait.

Anon,
 the fear behind the not dead
 eyes, the fear of life, fear of death,
 the state of fear, a law, falsely controlled.

I awake, shivering in a hot sweat
 The morning radio/news,
 more obits from paid mouths flow,
 the mourning radio as news.

The end