

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

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We Come to a Daunting Place

Away we drift, along a steady stream
No ridge nor rift, nor shadowy nimbus
Threatening the Sun's gentle gleam
Floating upon peace and serenity
That may only exist in a dream

Somewhere along the way, something once stable trembles
And we begin to feel the jagged rocks
Scratching and scraping as the journey carries on.
Our minds and our hearts, our blood and our bones,
Tirelessly ache and long to be soothed,
These malevolent stones are the first things we feel that are not smooth,

Suddenly there comes a rush,
A quickened pace brings us to a daunting place
And we find ourselves pleading for anything but haste
But our pleas are unanswered as we approach a bend
Little do we know just around the corner,
The once hushed water, comes to an end

We meet a barren cliff
Where no longer we drift
Instead, away we fall

Downwards we go in a waterless fall
Reaching and screeching, but there's no one to call
No one, no one at all
We're unsettlingly alone,
And then, we plunge

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A teeming ocean
Rapidly tugging in contending directions
We do our best to sort the mess
But the deeper we dive
The harder we're pressed

Resistant are some,
Hesitant are others
Bleeding, are all
From the scratches and scrapes of the rocks,
And the perpetual pain of the fall

Some can't stand the sight
Of their once steadily flowing blood
Stolen from its home,

Some don't want to fight
Blind to the delight
Of knowing we aren't alone

Some choose life
Some choose death
And the ghastly difference between the two, is merely support