

and this is how it ends

SHEYLA MEDINA

I see you shivering
Hands clasped and facing upward
As if praying for thunder to enlighten
The death out of you

Don't move

You are, in soft whispers,
Recounting all the turns that you made
All the falls that you took
All the joys that you felt
All the hopes that you planted

I see you looking for answers in frozen eyes
Believing that you sing innocence
You hold your breath
Not for fear of letting go
For longing that the next will be hollow
Within your unbroken chest

Don't move

You hear nothingness
But your own heartbeat
Pacing against their clocks
The gut instinct to erase you
Believing that you are danger incarnate

I see you anointed with your truth
That you are meant to breathe here
That you are just becoming
That you are loved

Before you are stunned into silence