

“Beacon of Light”

Feeling weightless,
Having no idea what is up or down.
Senses distorted and muffled,
Screams and cries of agony
Unheard, even by those who seem so near.
Unable to reach out,
Unable to grasp a lifeline,
No buoy able to hold you.
Ice begins to become a part of you,
Seeping into bones, into the soul,
Into the very structure of your being.
Life is killing you,
Smothering and choking,
Never letting up.
The hand you cannot feel, cannot see,
Reaches out blindly,
Seeking something, anything to grasp.
Burning sensations begin to run along
The outstretched hand.
You scream in silence,
Trying to jerk back your hand.
Too late; something clamps onto it;
A hand of death, never letting go.
But as the burning dulls,
As the shock recedes,
Warmth flows throughout your body,
Chasing the dark away.
Light blinds your newly awakened senses.
You realize that this hand,
Holding yours,
Leading you out into the light,
Was spreading warmth through you,
To your very core.
Still trapped in life,
But seeming less oppressive,
Because the hand never goes away,
Forever holding tightly onto your own.
It doesn't let the light go out,
In fact, the hand is your beacon
In this dark abyss called life.
Sometimes all that's needed to keep life
From killing you,
Is for someone to hold your hand,
Through all life's complexities,
Staying by your side;
Bestowing the light back into life.

- Ashley Odell