Words

Your words froze my heart with your cruel icy spell

At that moment I heard Death’s bell.

Grasping a sharpened blade your words still ring

Clear.

You were the man I once held near and

Dear.

Steel blade pressed to my skin I try

To block your hollow voice.

It seems I have a choice.

I could simply end the pain of it all.

With one swift move my soul would

Fall.

Gazing at my reflection your eyes still haunt me;

However it helps a blind girl see.

This will not be my end!

Through the air my blade flies

It lands on the floor with an echoing clatter.

My own words are all that matter.

All that matters is that I am alive.

Even against all odds I will survive.