

The Severed Thread
Wesley Thompson (2022)

Echo of distant chapel bells.
Premonition, omen; the voices warn.
Though blinded was he by noxious smog
Belched from deep within gritty reality.
Blood in the water, a corrupting ache.
Ignorance in solitude, a pariah standing
Silhouetted against monstrous fate.

Revelation from spreading malaise.
Cursed erudition, rage; the downtrodden rises.
His fist clenched against an uncaring world
Seeking to grind all aspirations to dust.
Sick gaze of the charmed, the leper recoils.
Darkened streets, nurturing womb for a terror
Urged on by the cloistered monophonic choir.

Respite in the incessant cacophony.
Brief clarity, conception; the sin takes shape.
Gripped by unbridled fury as he deceived
Himself into believing mercy awaited.
Euphoric rush, voices howl with hunger.
Bodies contort and drop, viscous crimson
Coating the ignored exacting vengeance.

Silence with renewed isolation.
Cold walls, captive; the deathly specter looms.
Uncaring world has passed judgement on him
Forcing the sin's weight onto gaunt shoulders.
Plague ascendant, the gallows erected.
Lament from the doomed, never the chance
To live a life blessed with choice.

Terminus at the end of the line.
Illusion, duality; both paths conjoined.
A spectral hand reaches him through the veil
Clenching a blessing in its pale fist.
Hidden option, a first and final taste.
The sweetness of freedom, severs the thread.