

A Monster Known as Relapse

Tiny and delicate,
But never frail.
She stands taller than gods.
Her strength is rivaled only by Atlas
As she upholds the burden of a world
Never meant to withstand a being such as her.
Her eyes hold endless swirls of the ocean,
Too dark and deep for any joy to pierce.
Her soul – though it still glows with gold--
Is hopelessly cracked,
For it is continually struck by a recidivous monster.
Twitching with a wide depraved smile,
It looms over her.
She fights tirelessly,
Indefinitely enduring her own demise.
But it is never enough.
From behind blackened teeth
Comes a villainous, victorious howl.
The monster has won once more.
Razor thin claws sink deep into her skin.
Venom ignites her bloodstream.
Life looks so far, now.
Climbing higher and higher,
Beyond the clouds and into the stars.
She dangles on the veil,
So light and lofty.

The gilded cracks of her soul widen
Until it crumbles,
And she slips into the unknown.