

Attack

She has known this feeling many a time
Before.
When she is alone,
feeling forgotten
The hand of all-consuming darkness
rests on her shoulder.

It is cold.
This empty, numb feeling
That creeps up in her
before enveloping her in itself.
Every time she welcomes it,
Thinking: "This is the end."
She is prepared to leave this life.
For the pain to wash away. Every time.

The lights in her eyes go out.
Without thought, she has always followed this feeling.
But has never gone to where it calls home.
In her gravity of grief in each of these moments,
She is able to hear a singular thought
in the back of her mind.

Yes, you *believe* hope to be gone
You *think* you are lost,
But no matter what has brought you this low,
You *must* go on and do the next right thing.

She holds this small glimmering thought
firm in her mind
as she takes one deep breath,
then two and three.
With each breathe
The hand of darkness reseeds
The empty numbing feeling departs.
Until finally, the chill stopped.