My dear, old skeleton
climbing agelessly
beyond the ground
from which you sprang,
reaching beyond the limits of this earth
that defines your existence,
how do you stand,
patiently enduring
the persecution of death’s
icepick probing your being,
dismembering the love
that embraces the sky?
Why do you persist?
From where do you draw your strength?
The northern boreal
stripped your spirit
of the drapery
that shrouded your youth,
leaving you bare,
vulnerable to the reaper
that visits during
the darkened months of wonder.
The soil offers no condolences,
merely frozen nutrients
you struggle to extract
hoping to find enough sustenance
to carry your body
through the torment of night.
Sleep is only a dream
that fails to find reality
amidst the tumult of elements
that rattles your spine.
A ghostly sigh tainted by offal
shudders across your breath,
whispered from the door
of the empire of worms.
Surrender relieves you
from a frozen death bed
feeding you to a grave,
but struggle rescues your heartbeat,
even if that heartbeat
is only a memory
of the mystical orb that births hope.