

## banshee

i sit amidst thick silence—  
silence so complete that i can detect  
the deafening sound of my beating heart.  
thumping rhythmically an age-old primitiveness  
like taut-skinned tribal drums.  
it fills my ears—hot, heavy, pulsing.  
i curse this organ for its steadfast reliability.

sadness ferments within me,  
growing sour, fizzing, and finally, bubbling over.  
i stuff a fist in my mouth;  
a desperate attempt to discourage the sob—  
the great banshee of a wail—  
who threatens to rush forth and free herself  
from the torturous caverns of my soul.  
my whole being shakes and heaves.  
i am utterly defeated in this battle,  
to keep my sorrow as silent  
as the vacuum of hope in which i cry

contorted features.  
blood-red visage.  
body writhing, wracked with invisible pain.  
banshee smothered in a soaked pillow.

i cry until my tear-wells have poured forth their final buckets.  
until my head throbs from exertion.  
until the barrier-lump, my emotional dam,  
has been utterly decimated by torrents of tears.

exhausted, i lie in the now-darkness.  
chilled by my sweat-turned-cold.  
silence resumes his tyrannical reign  
and i find myself wishing for  
not a silent death  
but death by silence.

-E.M.