

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.