

A Path of Virtue

By: Gary Han

She sought to fight, to find the bright in dark
A light, a path that led to glade
Yet as she aged, her rose slowly began to fade

The bugs whom crawled her still couldn't see
How they ate through her heart, her blood, her veins
How she couldn't stand like her younger self
But she crawled on her bare feet through dark

Her icy spine began to melt and drip,
She began to choke as smoke reached her throat
Her fevers and tremors shook the bugs and they do exclaim,

“Oh! Awful this is. How awful it is”

Yet nothing changes, no.
The blood of her still drains,
The icy spine still melts slowly
The smoke continues to choke.

Then, past 100 winters, one bug began to see
They started to see, the abode was dying
They saw a light that could still shine

With one or two,
possibly three
They began to act, to heal her.
To let her stand and run away,
Past the forest of darkness
And to the glade far away.