

Día de los Muertos

It floats above the marshy and murky mud.
A thick — encapsulating — stream of fog suffocates the air,
Choking that — which is alive.
A silhouette of a tree can be seen,
The drooping — lifeless — branches, the hollow — forgotten — trunk,
Which holds a story — that'll never be told...

A will-o'-wisp!
Gliding through the foggy skies,
No place in mind — no mind to begin.
It's milky, translucent body, touched with a glazed-like effect,
It's orb-like heart — bursting — with brightness,
Chained by the darkness it's surrounded by.

Each step, each beat, each breathe, or what looks to be a breathe,
Expands into the air, like sudden shockwaves.
The stillness of the vast ocean — as it echoes the beat of the world.
Thump after Thump, beat after beat, inhale — after exhale,
All vibrations of life but no life to be seen.

He wonders and ponders about what he never had,
She wishes and wishes about a life she could've had.
They pray and pray to be living... again,
Taking life for granted — was their biggest regret.

Days and days,
Weeks to weeks,
Months after months,
All conspire... to a single insignificant day.

The life of the dead is a forgetful one,
No plans to make, no Thanksgiving to be had,
But when have we — really — celebrated Thanksgiving?
Truly.

I ask everyday what life is to me,
But it just comes back to living free.
Having this life is all I ever want,
No qualities, no differences from you to me,
Me to her, maybe just an Elon Musk.
Here and there.

Now you ask me again,
What qualities do you possess?

And my final answer — is none that I wouldn't forget.
I'm you, you are me,
There's simply no difference — between you and me.
I'm grateful to live, grateful to be free, grateful for everything life has given me,
And I guess — that's the difference between you and me, Mr. Wisp.

So I hope you find the place you had in mind,
But the time's running short so I have to find,
The little things in life,
The little things that I'm grateful for.

So, so long mister wisp!
I wish you the best,
To be remembered,
Is a tough test.
I'm grateful to be living,
Living as a human,
Unchained by death,
Chained like a will-o'-wisp.

Xie, Braedy
GCHS
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