

The Reaper

Korbyan Chavez

I.

Mom holds back tears while having to
Wake the kids with awful news.
How do you explain to a child
Why the backyard is empty?

II.

Carpet covered in red splats, where he was
Blown back by the force of the bullet.
They will never be able to set foot in their
Childhood home ever again.

III.

The bottle is empty. Her mouth
Foams. The beat of her heart slows
And eventually stops.
Mind, body, family: these, Addiction destroys.

IV.

A crack in the mirror, then it
Shatters, their old reflection no more.

They were toxic anyway,
I think to myself.

V.
The Reaper follows me, his bony finger
Tickling my spine.
A reminder.
I know.

VI.
I begin to smile at The Reaper every time he
Shows his bony face, mocking me
And my past.
I was afraid of you before.
But now, I intend to enjoy what remains
Until it's time, when you end it.
Until it's time, when you beckon me to leave.
Until it's time,
When I'm returned to them.

Korbyan Chavez is an accounting major who also likes to dabble in writing every now and again. She dreams of having a corgi named Ein and maybe even a second corgi named Heracles. She tends to write darker themes by the way, but at least she has a goal of having corgis.