

Borrowed Time

Chloe Piekkola

I tuck myself amongst the pages of brittle books,
stuffing their words within nooks and crannies.

For I fear the only time I will have to create,
is when my bones are frail, and my lungs deflate.

I convince myself: this time, they will only be borrowed.

I'll use the last of my strength to scrawl all I
can but my fingers fall to dust along the page.

Only then, when my body gives out and
I collapse to the floor.

Death will knock at my door.

I'll plead with him not to take me: please,
these voices within me, need to be set free.

I resort to smearing ink on a page and hope
it leaves something to remember me by,

He takes ahold of my ankle.

My heart thumps against his shackles,
I ask him if he wants to make a deal.

His lips curl into a sneer, with a quickly
penned line, between hell and reality,

I take my first real breath of immortality.

Chloe Piekkola, a UND student majoring in communications, enjoys exploring various avenues of creativity. From diving into fiction stories to crafting poetry and tinkering with graphic design, she finds joy in expressing her creativity for others to see.