

Gives life

Kayla McVeigh

Glimmering scales of lapis lazuli
He spits at me from under the moaning ice
“And if I hooked your lip next?” he mocks
His lustrous shine illuminates the depths of the lake
Or is it the northern lights?
“I want to live,” I cry, yanking the rod
Swiftly circling the hole in the ice
He is a blinding flash of light
“And if I made you bleed?” he taunts
Ribbons of blood coil around him
I pull him closer to the surface
His light crackles
Static sparks sting my hands
My hair fades
My eyes cloud over
My joints and bones resist me
The line snaps
The fish says:

“Would sleep be so bad after a time of unrest?”