

Fallen

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Seven days ago, I held your soft hand until you gripped no more

Seven days ago, I saw your chest exhale the final breath

Six days ago, I saw you one last time in the Temple

Six days ago, I kissed your forehead so cold

Six days ago, you were lowered into the frigid soil

Your mom is crying by your resting place

boiling tears steam down her face

I will never again feel your warm embrace

my knees ached begging Mother to greet you by the gates

I screamed at Father, who for you now waits

Torrents of tears fell upon the slide I did rack

cursing Father with my last breath

barrel pressed against my temple

hammer slammed

I painted my walls a crimson stream

Mother turned me away at the gates
Azrael now guides my dark descent
the fallen angel of light, who for me now waits
fire begins to lash my body
sulfur chokes my throat

6 feet under is where my corpse lays
6 days ago, I emptied out my skull
6 days ago, I painted my walls