

Locked

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Trapped in time.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/locked.aspx>

It is a windswept house; yet still. The windowless walls are impenetrable; the lone tenant doesn't bother to try the door, any more than she would aim a camera at the sky to make sure it's there. She has grown so used to this place she can remember no other; nor does she want to. She does not hate the darkness, but turning off the light would be like murdering the sun. When she stands naked in front of her mirror she trembles with desire, yet knows not whom she craves. She speaks only to herself, yet she hears nothing; her voice falls dead like poisoned sparrows onto carpet. Her study has many books. Through the long nights, like tedious prayers, she floats on a grey mist, her eyes incandescent as she confronts the shadows. She drifts there like Botticelli's gods, self-conscious and almost alive. Her rooms are hung with maps and tapestries; her hands are tied. Death, O Death...rather than this slow dying.