

“Inevitability”

Dark and cold

The only source of heat a dimly lit fire

Slowly dying.

The pungent smell of smoke

Lingers in the air

As ash drifts and falls to the ground.

Short conversations appear

Yet fall flat all too easily

And silence fills the air.

A cold breeze passes

Kills the fire

Three figures try to rekindle it.

It doesn't work.

The sunset fades and darkness spreads across the sky

The corner of the eye notices

Something

At first hard to make out

But as the eyes focus

Behold a horse

An old, weak, sad looking horse

It's back caved in
And near death by the looks of it.
Another gust of wind travels by
The trees start to shake
I looked around, saw a field behind I had not noticed
So intrigued was I by that sad little horse
The field closed in on that horse
Oh that poor horse
I wonder why it's here
Will I ever know?
Probably not.

By Shelley Ross

