

New Life

By Richard Paul

The singular despair was a siren's call to him
And swiftly he made for its fading source;
Laid on the road beyond the city's edge, he found her,
Shed blood spreading beneath her youthful skin;
In moments her eighteen-years life would have run its course,
'Too soon.' This one fact, 'in shock, she muttered.

He took her pallid right hand in his lifeless own
And bade the seconds to slow around them
So all that must be done could be done ere she died,
So he could take her soul ere it had flown,
And thus he gave his name and told his tale and when
The girl had heard it all she would decide.

She would die upon this road in the prime of her youth
And her soul would journey who can say where?
Unless she agreed to swiftly bind it to his.
He told her not one thing besides the truth,
His demon-twisted body their combined souls could share,
Till the day her soul was consumed by his.

From him she would take something greater than mortal years,
From her he would receive youth's vitality,
The passionate fire long-lost in his ancient past.
Through a century of adventure their course would steer,
But this century would cost her eternity,
For he could not help but to break his fast.

But what a creature would be born from their twinned natures
With the fury of youth and powers arcane
And a living heart not half so frozen any more.
They would burn their way into the future,
Till the final years when the girl's soul must start to wane
Inevitably, to nothingness she'd be gnawed.

Be it Heaven or Hell or some afterlife unknown,
She must sacrifice it to stay on Earth,
And even the slowed seconds gave her scant time to choose.
Into mortality's maw she had been thrown
And in panic saw her shortened life as only dearth,
So eagerly she bound her soul to his own.

He bared his fangs and sank them in her near-bloodless neck,
But took her soul and not the nourishing red,
Then a far different creature stood up beside the body.
With youthful stride and jubilant laugh they trekked
Directionless through the streets till the night had fled;
They would have one hundred years of revelry.

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