

first

the leap into
the pool beside
the wooden causeway

surface like a

polished shield, shattered,
shock of winter though
the month was August
and the air was hot

darkness like a

raven's breast
then light welled
faintly from below
from deeper down

flickering like a

rushlight by the door
the flames grew brighter
nearer, flames from
unfamiliar hearths

flaring like a

brand flung high
and shedding sparks
and suddenly I fell
among them, sprawling

staring like a

frightened child, life
essence whirling out
among the swirling
scintillations

glowing like a

spray of bloodstones
spreading out into the water
from my soft throat where
the sacrificial blade had sliced

fading like a

fallen doe's eyes

fading like a

cooling ember

fading like a

plucked flower