The Darkness   Kaylee Horn

Mud bubbled and spat. Grease sizzled and burned. Leaves

rustled and whistled and I was weathered and worn. The

Darkness was inside and it was ripping me apart. Oh, it

had start. Sharp as a knife, The Darkness was, sleazy

and conniving, it ate away. Until nothing could stay. No

thought or feeling, no emotion nor right. The Darkness

beat and it bashed, it slammed inside and slayed me,

until I went away; broken and bleeding. It clawed and

it maimed, it swept and it filleted until only it

remained. The noise inside was deafening, it brought

tears to your eyes, and you knew it would hurt and hurt

before you died. No one understood what took her away,

but The Darkness knows because it lingered and it

fought, it stayed and it sought; a place to be

so very long and it will never―never―be

gone.