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Friend-Heart

by Samantha Scaduto

She stands brightly at my side

Soft as a caressing hand

But callused as one that has seen too much labour

She is cold, my friend-heart,

Icy from her brokenness,

Her jagged edges crusted with hoarfrost

She stands by me

Though invisible, so steady

A guiding hand in my world, fraught with destruction

The whispered words say to follow her lead

That she will take you to Elysium, the place where there is no pain

But I cannot follow her, for she pushes me to places I cannot deign to go

And though Elysium is kind to travellers,

I cannot stay

For though she guides me and whispers in my ear

My friend-heart will take me to places I fear

And cold are the moments when she touches my skin

She leads me to peace, but I fear to begin

For the traveller's life is as cold as the stone

She stands with me here, but here I stand alone

She is pleasant sometimes

A warm draft from lands I long to court

A soft touch brushing past me with the grace of the stars

She is angry, though why we cannot fathom

And she whips us with joy in her eyes

But she does not serve a master

She stands by me

Like the promise of an old friend

But my friend-heart has seen too much death

And all my friends have gone yet to Elysium

To greet the stars with their stories

And greet their lost ones where we cannot dwell for long

And though the stars are a harbor of tales

I cannot read

For though she guides me and whispers in my ear

My friend-heart will take me to places I fear

And cold are the moments when she touches my skin

She leads me to peace, but I fear to begin

For the traveller's life is as cold as the stone

She stands with me here, but here I stand alone

I wish for you to take me, to feed me to wolves

To match me to strangers, to fire the coals

To run and to hide, for the night is not done

To call me and whisper to follow the sun

To guide me and touch me, and lead me towards home

And though I stand here with her,

Here I stand, alone