

Encounter

At midnight,
She carried the slave's body,
feet shuffling through shadows
her legs wobbling
under the steady, lifeless weight.
Struggling along the corridor
lost, looking for a place to rest
her wiry frame and bony hands
appeared to almost release
their precious cargo of flesh.
The slave had no face.
The woman's distorted visage
revealed neither truths nor lies.
Together, they would quietly move
walking, carrying, hanging
through this ancient pathway.

I do not know
Who they are
Where they are going,
origins mysterious like space.
I can only see that
the burden is thick.
Both have suffered.

Why should I see them tonight?
After years of living in this old place?
There is neither rain nor thunder
silence slides in the dark.
The moon provides beautiful light
for ambling apparitions and broken bodies.

In the distance,
familiar voices begin to chant
"Come to me, my son, come to me"
and then the woman, the slave, their plight
passed through the autumn of my soul.