

The Artist

Lily Gold

She stalks her prey like a hawk in the night
Encircling it until it cowers under her power
She twitches
This is not the moment, she says
This is not the one
And like that she retreats to the comforts of her house
Where her husband waits under warm sheets to inhale her
She is tense
All that fills her head are the failures she has acquired over the years
Small mementos of marriage, jobs, children that won't let her escape the past and see
the future
She is so bogged down by her nightmares and constant darkness that surrounds her
Can she pull herself out of this?
Is this just a phase like last time?
Will she be a failure?
And slowly, almost invisible to the human eye, a piece of her dies
She no longer carries the zeal and robust sense of confidence
Her mind withers away until it is non-existent

