

# 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

