

The Dead's Unspoken Cry for Help

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Sunlight filters through the shades,
casting dusty shadows in the empty house
where the unknown woman died, the
windows of which have finally cracked
and given way to her fermented smell

The slightest of winds pass through to stir
the scent of rot and urine undulating through
the air

It slithers through small openings,
breaking free and spreading out;
allowing sinuous tendrils to unwind
and choke unwitting passer-by with
its longing for life

It crashes, smashing through clasped nostrils and held breaths,
disregarding its overwhelming nature
in the hopes of sparking
a memory.

This sickly sweet scent of decay and
death, having drawn the attention it
ached for so desperately, dissipates
finally through the town



as doors are forced in and its decrepit
birthplace is discovered, lamented,
and buried deep down, leaving its
scream to fade away and die.

