

“The Dead Season”

A Poem by *Mary Margaret Park*

the dead season had arrived
everyone had fallen into sleep
 an eternal
 sleep

*and so the moon rose
and so rose the dead*

from shadowed graves

*you sat in the middle
surrounded
by dead souls*

*you were
the last weary traveler
the only one left*

and so the dark had swallowed
everyone’s soul into an endless void
the void went on and on

and you saw it

suck them up

and when you awakened

it was only a dream

mary@mmp-publishing.com
<http://www.marymargaretpark.com>

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