

she walks in nothing

Dew sprinkled in her,
The misty fog rests over the valley like a blanket.
The fresh cool grass soft beneath her feet,
Her skin, cool to the touch.

Her long silver hair floating down her bare back.
Her tiny body glides through the forest like
The wind beneath dove's wings.

She stops, breath catching as she
reaches the groves edge.
A shadowy figure just ahead.
His voice like a whisper.
His touch like an angel.

She asks his name,
He gives none.
He asks hers,
She has none.

Shivering, she leans into the warmth of his body,
He accepts.
Her body melts into him,
Like a home who was missing a piece.

The sun peeks through the clouds,
drying the mist with every moment.

The valley is empty.
The spot where they stood void of any occupants,
save the warmth they shared.

The idea I originally had for my poem was to have my subject come through the forest toward a dark and shadowy figure to her death but as I wrote the tone changed kind of organically. I have written poems for classes before, but I never entertained any biblical or higher authority figure before but as I wrote my Villan turned sympathetic and helpful, and the next logical move was to make my poem resolve the journey of death through earth to heaven but in a reimagined way. The traditional story everyone hears is, "He met me at the pearly gates". I had a different route in mind. The thought of God meeting me where I died to carry me through the clouds with him seems like a beautiful and more personal take on the typical process of dying and going to heaven and see God for the first time. I have very little knowledge as it is on The Bible and Bible stories but from what I studied in school through art and literature, I took my best guess and interpreted the stories I've heard into a new kind of story.

The Gothic elements I used come from the tropes of young dead women who find their comfort in God. I rather enjoyed the darker themed books we've read and imagined the setting to be cold and misty, always with a dark ominous tone or figure. There is always a twist to Gothic literature, and I liked the fact that my poem started sinister but ended abruptly but resolved. It has the elements of a Gothic story or Poem for the way that the character's meet and come together, never in a typical way. Usually, it's a lover or master or father figure but I wanted the figure to come from a tender and good place in the end. He meets her and saves her. The reader notices that she is alone and naked and has no name, alluding to the brief Monet tin death when you are nobody and you belong to nobody and are released from life's earthly responsibilities. I like subtly rather than directly pointing out the meaning of a poem that I write but this was my thought process.