

The Calm Before The Storm

I stand firm, just as I'd practised;
this precise situation rehearsed to perfection.
Of course, I never thought it would ever occur,
no-one ever does – surely it couldn't happen to me?

But sometimes, the cruel hands of fate
tug gently at the structure of our hopes
and pull on a loose thread of doubt
until it all unravels and you crumble.

So I stand tall, feet apart to brace
my quivering bones, fear trickling from
my head to my fingertips to my toes.
Hands clenched into tight fists,
knowledge of deadly crimes tying them tighter.
The same crimes that had previously forced them into prayer.

Not any more; I've no tears left to cry.
My eyes are sore but my vision is finally clear.
Now they stare, daring them to try,
mustering the courage of lost souls
into one icy glare

Then they strike.

ELISE SCOTNEY
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