

## Sound mind a Sestina

by Julia Taylor

In the quiet dark field, I am **a l o n e**  
It shifts beneath me from dandelions to dry Earth that is cracked  
I feel the chill and woe of their presence, they are near  
They wail and call out to me their lonesome message  
I shrink in their presence but lean into their cry of truth  
The dandelion pappus floats around my spirit

The air is cold and loses its once warm spirit  
that it once had. I feel isolated but they remind me I am not **a l o n e**.  
I may not see them, but I feel their presence of ringing truth.  
The icy darkness of the mind is cracked  
by a ray of light delivering its message.  
Through the never ending abyss that is ever near.

They flinch from the light, as do I, when it comes near.  
They told me how it hurts one's spirit.  
I can't help but fall into the trance of their message.  
Even though the warm voice cries **a l o n e**  
in the back of the field of shadows the voice cracked  
and now it's gone, they consumed it "he doesn't tell the truth"  
They say. "We are friends, we are truth"  
"You are all **a l o n e** dear, but we are ever near"  
"Always here" they call. I flinch, something cracked.  
I look down, the barren wasteland cracks, and pulls my spirit  
away from me, I am an empty shell, they are gone, I am **a l o n e**.  
Who am I? Where did they go, they left with their beautiful  
message

The beautiful song they sang, the monstrous  
message.

They called to all who'd listen to their  
ominous truth.

I focus and try to think of their message.  
They told me I am **a l o n e**.

I am fated to be **a l o n e**. The cracked  
ground rumbles and cracks near  
me and it opens up and swallows me whole.  
Darkness, seeds, spirit  
of the unknown consumes me in its black  
satiny fog. Just like the ground I am cracked;

I am dry, broken, ugly, and cracked.  
Within my pathetic soul, that is my message  
and truth. As I drift through the darkness of  
the mind and spirit

The seeds of the flowers drift around like the  
ever present truth truth  
The ray of light warm glowing light comes  
near,  
once again, enough for me to reach, I try to  
grab hold and it leaves me **a l o n e**

I am all **a l o n e**, nothing near me to hear  
me cry

I weep but no tears spill out. But a **message**  
does.

A **cracked** message of **truth**, one of a  
lonesome **spirit**