

Ana Kefr "The Blackening"

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Bent beneath the weight of this pain, in my dying thirst
you offered me
Poison. Your words are but nails to my feet. Now I
comprehend the curse of
Those chosen.
"Eli... a lie..."
So I can not go on waiting.
"Eli, lama sabachthani?"
All it's brought me is grief and aching. I've damned all
you've loved for
It's tainted me, bastard.
"And what is sacrificed for love - procuring, pandering
one's son as a
Harlot? We are disparaged at the hands of the 'good, '
yet, in our ends, we have
Inherited dirt. And what is the cost of love? Did
Pygmalion surrender his own?
I stand in defense of the prodigal son, eclipsed by
horrors cast from the
Incandescent fire of his father."
So I will not go on waiting.
"Eli, lama sabachthani?"
All it's brought me is grief and aching. I damn all you
are for you've
Broken me.
"Eli... a lie..."
Nothing will wash away the stain, will stitch up the
vacancy, will silence
The anguish. There is no redemption nor forgiveness.
After two years of winter,
Two years of trial and shame, I'm ready for the sun to
rise again. I'm ready
For the burning to begin.
If your god is love, then love is fucking dead.
Is this how we end?
Or is this how I begin?

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