Her Escape from Hades

By: Mistress of Word Play

This poem is for Neno's picture challenge.





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Her Escape from Hell



I have escaped keys in hand shackle dangling upon my wrist. Beaten sorely, ravaged endlessly trumpet sounds and light appears.

Sanity eradicated down below where demons howl gleefully. Soul pricked, bruises engraved darkness fades and heaven nears.

I crawl across the rocky spire fingers bleeding, blood dark red. Wings jet black, scorched, burned silver light shining healing song.

Hope flooding my forlorn spirit heart cleansed and made whole. A call, forgiveness, eternal love teardrop falling because I belong. Her Escape from Hades

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