

My Most Loyal Friend Of All

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I had the idea for this piece when I found myself in a sad time where I had no friends, its about how we don't really have anything or anyone to count on but death

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I am trapped in a world unique to me
A terror and plague that only I can see
I stare across the horizon at the blank barren plain
It is so silent here, but the sound of the silence slowly drives me insane
No matter where I turn or how far I travel
I find nothing, no plants, trees or people, only more gravel
It seems this is a land so empty and lonely
That not even vulture are present to keep me company
Not even a beast that feeds on the rotting corpses of the dead
Would want to make use of my flesh instead
A sudden terror begins to find its way into my mind
I am the last being alive in this world, last of my kind
But with no one there to confirm or deny
Am I really even there? Did I already die?
Terror turns to panic
As I run through the nothingness ever so frantic
In a hopeless search for anything at all
But of course, I am alone, and too my knees I fall
Time does not exist here but I wonder how much time has passed
How long will I continue to suffer, how long will I last?
Just as I lay upon the ground, with no reason to live or try
I see something from the very corner of my eye
Against the empty background of grey, he stood
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A looming silhouette, dawning a robe and hood
Desperate and with no thought but to run to this soul
In hopes that he while have a way out of this hell hole
Or if anything, at least join me while I rot
But as I approach him I see, it is not as I thought
This is not another prisoner of this sick delusion
But those empty sockets and pale white bone are no illusion
I stare into his empty face, and yet without lips or flesh
It seems, he is smiling at me, giving it his best
And can do nothing but give my best and smile back
From his robe he pulls out that fabled scythe but not to attack
Instead he points the blade at me, as if for me to hold
A grab it, put it to my lips, and down the liquid oh so cold
I look at the empty mug that sits in front of me
I look around the bar and for a second, am delighted to see
The usual sights and jolly sounds
Of the many drunkards voice, howling at women like hounds
Enjoying life and living in their self created cheer
Whether it be for friends or just more beer
But I soon come to realize, it is no different from my nightmare
The horror here, is the same as there
These people might as well not be present at all
Hollow shells of men, empty husk, like leaves in the fall
This was just a change of scenery
Just the same though, I am still all alone, that is the reality
But as I order another drink, I realize, this isnât reality, this is the dream

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Because from the corner of my eye, like a tearing seam

In the fabric of this world, in the corner table at the end

I see him, my one and only friend

With his feet up on the table

With a mug in hand, though to drink he was not able

He lay his scythe on the table and raises his glass to me

I smile and raise my glass to make a toast

To live out this miserable existence for the most

To the one always by my side, my most loyal friend of all

Death is always waiting for us, standing by us proud and tall â ;

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