DARK JOURNEY

Terri Librande

The strength, the pain
I would not lose my heart's companion
Just when I had found her.
The dread, the peace
My spirit trembles
When I recall my Catherine
Bleeding on the ground.
I feared I carried a dead woman that night
But her courage never faltered.
Yet scars remain
From that savage, mad attack
And from the scream when she first saw my face.
But magic was saved
The night I found her
That bound our hearts together.
When I think of life
Before Catherine
And how much easier,
And how much lonelier.
The strength, the pain,
The cry.