

Lycanthrope Legionnaire
July 17, 2011

A torch so bright

Another soul among everything alive
He's young of age and strong of heart
A man with a house and love that thrive
He goes about his days, playing his part

One day it all comes to a stop
Too much liquor and not enough time
Fate didn't want the parties' places to swap
The man's soul is snuffed, so foul a crime

The man is now gone, his time complete
He leaves behind a boy who grieves
Though wished to stop, the boy's heart gives a beat
The despair falls upon him like the season's leaves

Years pass and all but one forgets the man
The boy carries a torch to keep the soul from being lost
Dutifully, the man is never lost throughout the span
But with time there comes a cost

The flame knows not friend from foe
Though cherished and loved the fire burns its holder
The good and bad of the light mix in a jumbled glow
A conclusion comes to the boy now that he's older

A solemn mind and burdened heart make it tough
But with a kiss and a prayer he snuffs the flame
The fire recedes and dies with a final puff
Now all of the man is lost except a name

The boy looks over his hand so charred
The decision made, he's determined to move on
The predicted pain isn't quite as hard
To the boy, not a bit of the man is gone.