

The Raven by Nneoma Prudence LaMarche

Wandering, lost and lonely

Wishing for a heart to call home

Young and vulnerable

Like a babe without his nurse,

She lingers and loiters among the lowlives,

Through the night.

"Go home to your parents."

"My parents are not home," she cries.

Pondering the present situation,

and attempting to appease the gods,

He leads her lonely heart into

A life of lust and pointless love.

Hovering through the air,

Her mind has transcended,

She glides home like an apparition to no one who cares.

Wondering what is next,

She dares to think,

"Maybe he will show himself again to me?"

"Nevermore," cried the Raven.

She buried her heart within her mind.

She closed the eye of her feelings,

and hovered through time.

"Nevermore," cried the Raven.

She sat alone,

and the girl within died.