

BANSHEE OF REGRET
by Nikki Renee Nafziger (DBA Nikki Nash)

Like a banshee wailing in the night
I cry, but, there's no death in sight.
No mortal form will meet its demise –
no warm pink flesh will turn to grey ice.

No hooded figure will wield his scythe –
no soul will from its body writhe –
no man will a cadaver be
no one will know eternity.

For, it is I, crying loud and shrill
with a quivering cadence that emotes a chill;
a mere willlowsy feminine silhouette
that cries for what might have been and can't be yet.