

The Glory Field Found Poem

Survive

They were dead men who had sold their souls
Taking him away from the people he loved like merciless thieves
Gone.

He had never been trapped like this before
Terror swelled in his chest and filled his throat
Panic.

Hundreds of ebony masks edged in gold
Bruised and bloody captives
Distress.

Their arms, their bodies, their dreams, lay in the darkness below
Fighting against death from breath to dying breath
Down.

The fear of fading lives taking the form of darkness
Taunting them like a malicious clown
Despair.

Deaths horrid stench choked them
All the while trying to think forward to the end of this torment
Escape?

There was nothing to be seen but water
A last hope to catch the smallest glimpse of land
Useless.

He thought of his mother thinking of him
His eyes filled with tears
Hope.

To see his mother once again
Only one choice

Survive!