“Kira’s Escape

Wendy A. Bie*
Kira’s Escape

Wendy A. Bie

Abstract

Long furlongs flew I, alone afoot, From larks and trees and precious things Toward bleak despair or freedom’s arms...
Long furlongs flew I, alone afoot,
From larks and trees and precious things
Toward bleak despair or freedom’s arms
As oft fair hearts had tried before.
And running, lunging, halting, listening
For the hurried steps too close behind
I made a way across twisted land
Grimly held by winter’s frigid
Grasp. Agonized, my lungs were seared
By quickened gasps of blue-cold air,
And numbing legs would twitch at rest
Wondering why they thrust at air
Instead of roughened, frozen earth.
On I ran, away from lights
And muffled voices spread far and near
Till aching for the goal I set
I knew that rest or sleep would soon
Make me stop and huddle, blinded
While harsh searchlights passed too close.
Terror swept me while I swiftly
Scooped the snow and dropped from sight.
Frigid hours crept until
My body numbed so that I watched
My fingers move but felt no pain from
Blackened hands that bled no more.
And listened to my heart drum at
Ears that tried to judge how long
That shuffling greatcoat would miss my tracks.
All I felt was what my mind
And senses told me, that danger passed
Somehow and left me tired, waiting
For another kind of foe.
Morning found me rigid, helpless
In the snowbound grip of death.
And blinking at the snowglare all
About me I felt the nodding swoon
of sleep. Sinking vagueness swam
Around me, softening the wooden feeling
Of my limbs and let me settle into
Sleep . . . and deeper sleep.