

## Poetry Workshop I

### Circle of Life

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The vast, empty expanse,  
blackier than fresh obsidian stretches  
from before time to forever.

The void never  
ends, never  
is filled.

It is death, but  
gives birth to new life.

Life billows from the cracks:  
feathery wisps flowing,  
golden tendrils itching,  
creeping through  
darkness.

Light and shadow  
clash, the golden rays  
tarnished, dripping their citrine venom.

The unctuous shadow reaches  
out, grinning. A welcoming embrace  
to the gates of death. The black  
gates burnished with oil.

The light fades,  
vanquished.

And yet... yet... a  
faint reverie can be  
heard. A shadowy song,  
a whisper. Mourning,  
mourning what was lost,  
a calling for it to come back again.