

Death by Season

by Niamh Estrera

Fall

The leaves turned gold as summer fled,
Her heart grew heavy, full of dread.
A whispering pain she couldn't ignore,
The start of a year she feared much more.

Teachers talk, but her mind drifts away,
To doctors' words she can't keep at bay.
Friends laugh, but her smile is thin,
The weight of fear is where she's been.

Her friends laughed loud in the schoolyard,
But her smile was cracked, the world felt hard.
Her life, once bright, now dimmed to grey,
She knew the light was slipping away.

Yet still she trudged through each new day,
Pretending everything was okay.
But in her heart, a storm would swell,
As fall's cold hand rang the warning bell.

Winter

The first snow fell, and so did she,
Weaker now, it was plain to see.
Her laughter was lost in the frosty air,
A fragile echo of despair.

The school felt foreign, distant, cold,
A place where memories grew old.
She watched her friends, their lives so bright,
As hers faded slowly from sight.

The winter's chill bit through her veins,
A cruel reminder of her pains.
But in the quiet, still of night,
She found a sliver of pure white light.

For in the dark, she saw it clear,
The truth she'd tried so hard to fear.
Winter's breath would steal her last,
But peace would come when all had passed.

Spring

The flowers bloomed as she grew thin,
Her body frail, but strength within.
She found a calm amidst the bloom,
As springtime danced around her room.

Her friends would visit, bring their cheer,
But in their eyes, she saw the fear.
They spoke of plans, of years to come,
But knew deep down her time was done.

And yet she smiled through the pain,
Accepting now what was in vain.
Spring's sweet scent, it filled her soul,
As she prepared to let life go.

No longer scared, she'd found her place,
In every flower, in every face.
Spring had brought her final grace,
A gentle ending to the race.

Summer

The sun blazed high, the days stretched long,
But her breath grew faint, her pulse not strong.
Summer's warmth, a fleeting kiss,
As she neared the edge of the abyss.

She'd made her peace, her fears allayed,
In the golden light, she softly swayed.
Her heart was light, her mind at rest,
Knowing now this was for the best.

Her friends gathered, held her tight,
As day turned softly into night.
They whispered love, they shed their tears,
But she was free from all her fears.

No longer scared of what's to come,
She's danced her dance, played her drum.
And as the days grow long and bright,
She lets go, knowing it's alright.