

Executed

Rooted in place before the wide, oak, double doors,
Struggling as I fight for breath.
Acid waves of expectation threaten to pull me under.
The weight of my white satin gown, covered in lace and virgin pearls,
Keeps me from running toward salvation.
The doors are flung open, clanging loudly in my ear.
My last shield of defense crumbles before my eyes.
"The March" reaches my ears as a cruel directive,
Calling for me to come.
Icy fingers of stale tradition grip my throat,
And I lift my chin as I am propelled forward.
The spectators will not see me falter.
I walk steadily down the aisle,
Refusing the eyes of the firing squad that walked before me.
Swirling auras blended together of guests I will not face.
My feet are no longer cold as the liquid flames of a destined hell lick at my satin slippers.
Defiant eyes meet his as he stands upon the gallows,
The executioner of my independence.
Freedom gives me away with a cold kiss on rouged cheeks.
Silent words of outrage scream to be heard.
The golden noose slides in place.
Shackles cinched as his calloused fingers hold tightly,
As if to keep me still,
I am rooted in place.