

LOST

by Katrina Relf

Tonight, Catherine, you truly walked alone.

I could not share my thoughts with you,

My fears with you –

Nor even let you stay.

How could you bear to look at me?

This soul, tainted with blood,

And lost to madness,

Is not worthy of your love.

I am not worthy to give love –

Only to give pain.

The strangers – the outsiders – were violent, evil –

But were they any more evil than their executioner?

Were their hands more bloodied than mine?

Was there no other way?

Perhaps, yes, until they touched you –

And then I was lost.

Lost to the darkest part of my being,

Lost to myself, even to you –

And you were there

The stench of their blood is upon me –

It abhors me,

It fills me with a shame so unbearable

I can only weep –

Weep for the evil within me,

For the part of me that I cannot control.

I love, but there is darkness in that love –

A darkness that manifests itself,

And feeds upon my soul when I am lost.

There can be no man

That would thrive upon the madness,

That would lose himself to its power,

There can be no man

That would glory in these hands
That can tear a man apart –
When the hunger consumes him.
Therefore, Catherine, what am I?
WHAT AM I?
Until I know the answer
I cannot let you touch me –
Cannot let you touch my heart.
For until I find myself and know what I am,
I am truly lost –
And truly alone.