

Hannah Ludlow 2019

My goal is to describe the concept of death in a poetic way

### **A journey I Would Like to Take:**

I would love to be with Her. Sometimes I sit back and imagine what my life with Her would be like. The long nights talking about anything and everything. How we would share our deepest truths, our hopes, our goals, with each other while I in Her trusting arms. The warm mornings with me feeling Her skin on mine, Her soft but comforting embrace. Her lips, oh Her pink lush lips touching mine. At night, I long for Her to join me. Long for her to see me, but she never does. But oh, if she did.

If Her and I were to ever meet, I would explore her, inside and out. I would graze on her thoughts like a deer eating a snack on a nice summer day. I would climb her curves until I have discovered every last perfect imperfection. I would know everything there is to know about Her. If only she would notice me.

She has been so close to me, so close to seeing me, to grasping me. I have bled and cried and jumped to try and get to her, but she still ignores my pleas.

But nonetheless, just the thought of Her brings up my mood. She enlightens me, and I am whole around her. Even her name is beautiful. So elegant and promising. Oh, what is it? Well that is easy, Her name is Death.