

Nothing Remains

Laura Flight

Nothing remains

Of the castle at the end of the trail.

Nothing remains

But crumbling, tortured, vine covered walls,

Met with a lonely and winding stair case

Collapsing from brink to base, step by step.

The trees, both old and new, cover the trail

With soft red, orange and bright yellow leaves

Marking the road to nothing at all.

That old castle at the end of the trail

Sits and waits; it waits to be found again.

Abandoned in darkness, it stands in the light.

Nothing remains

Only the beauty that was left behind

To be discovered by her curious eyes.

The air, crisp and cool on her rosy cheeks,

She walks with amazement in the warm sun

To the castle at the end of the trail.

Her rubber boots full of mud, her black pants

Now grey with the dust of long-fallen stone.

Stepping through holes in walls, overgrown paths.

Climbing the old, trembling stairs in awe

Of the vast wonders before her that rise.

The nothingness of everything left behind.

Nothing remains

Only the tall cascades of stone that loom

And tower, casting the unforgiving

Shadows that creep over her gazing eyes.

Even still, she walks into the unknown

In search of everything disguised as nothing.

She calls to me through the echoing stone
To see the grandeur of nothing at all.
Far at the edge of the still crumbled wall,
Three stories high she closes her blue eyes.
The feeling of wind that blows around her;
Through the holes in the stone, the vines that cling

From the gaping facade, gusting up from
Trees underneath, lifting all the small hairs
That fall around her face from her loose bun.
The carefree, unbothered-ness about her
Mirroring the overgrown grass, the vines,
Undisrupted peace and tranquility.

Nothing remains
Of the castle at the end of the trail.
Nothing remains
But crumbling, tortured, vine covered walls.
I always knew that she was everything;
She was everything disguised as nothing.