

The Anthology

Volume 2019 Article 45

April 2019

Alive In Death

Lyric Knuckles

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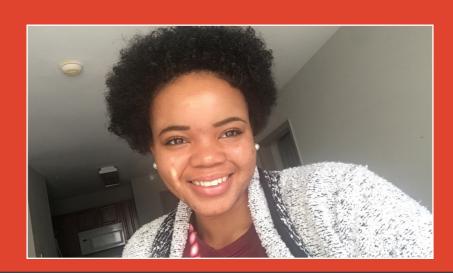
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Recommended Citation

Knuckles, Lyric (2019) "Alive In Death," The Anthology: Vol. 2019, Article 45. Available at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2019/iss1/45

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Lyric Knuckles is an English major who aspires to be an author, educator, and poet. She has enjoyed both literature and writing since she was a child. Lyric also extends her creativity into a community project based in Gaffney, SC. The movement is called Let's Get It! and Lyric plans to spread positivity throughout the city.



Attive in Deach Eyne that

I distinctly remember dying. my body in a cream, bedazzled dress, with flesh as still as streams.

I was a bystander at my funeral, with full intentions to judge the ceremony, I stood as enormous as God before the casket. confirming the end of a prequel, how my epilogue turned elegy the "to-be-continued" turned tragedy, could not be carried further. the crowd was scattered amongst hardwood pews, decked in black staring at my temple made up as this angel. but no. to live like Christ I must die to self. perish mundane desires. smother bleeding flames that ignite my spirit for a moment, then set the dwellings I've built, aflame. I was and am

a professional Arsonist despite the stories pastor relays at my funeral,
The Mother of Burning Bridges except,
"The Witch Doesn't Burn in this One." the wheat that bears much fruit the burial of a life not lived,
I die to sin and live to Righteousness.