

Survival by Mackenzie Sullivan

I long for the breeze I once felt.

Autumn leaves swirling among the grey sky.

Piercing wind,

Leading through my coat.

Beneath my feet,

A river flows free.

The sky above,

Is calling me.

The stars align each night,

Exactly where they are meant to be.

Accompanied by a world of colour.

This is all I need.

In the distance,

Animals go about their day,

The same way they always have.

Although time has passed,

Their methods of survival have not changed.

Everything,

As it was.

I wonder,

If centuries ago,  
The river below,  
Were to run the same way?

In the moment,  
You are opposed,  
By the coldness of it all.  
But once it's over,  
You miss the dancing breeze.

I wish to return to the northern sky,  
Colours above and below.  
An autumn canvas,  
In which peace accompanies.  
But I remain where I am,  
I survive.