

The Winner

By Tyler P. Fick

When life turns

I tend to turn with life.

It is without a doubt like the rain-

Washing something upon my face

like the whisper of a tear...

like the diamond of an emotion.

I am still a baby, fresh from the womb... the first taste of breath
upon me.

I watch the rain tumble-

tumble down on the roof of his hands.

The moon with its evil eyes shoots its stars at the enemy she likes
to call- the sun.

It rises.

it rises still.

The horizon suddenly becomes dim. The rain suddenly becomes
dry.

Enemies win.

He wins.

I succumb.

I turn with life. It is without a doubt like the rain.