

# SNOW

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old, abandoned cathedral.

I manoeuvred up the hill towards the place where my mum and sister were buried.

The wooden slats were covered by dirt and crushed snail shells.

The wind was dry and cold.

I felt my body's temperature plummet as I was met by their graves.

Glacial tears fell down my face.

Brisk snow landed atop perfect white branches.

I was bloodthirsty to just take it out on someone, rage boiled up inside of my heart.

And island of tears covered my feet.

Someone was walking up behind me.

I fell to my knees.

This was the scene that played out in my mind 1000 times.

My life was too much work to fix

I knew it was time.

I had already accepted it.

I would die eventually.

We would all die eventually.

And I would finally be with them again.

They were legends at this point.

Shadows filled my mind.

They were happy.

We were happy.

But.

Everything comes to an end.