Anas Ashraf

Professor Thomas Collins

English 110 - D2

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*Out Out, Brief Candle*

In the shroud that has me consumed

A prisoner in my own flesh

Darkness of a premature tomb

My only purpose is to protest with a thresh.

A beacon of hope, a fluttering of light

An eye quivering with resolve

To control the vista to my delight

This fruit renders my hubris absolved

Even sisyphus would hang his head in shame,

Given an eternity for his trivial duty,

His task is naught but tame,

Tis the threat of death wherein there can be beauty

And from the echoes of prayer I make out their breath,

It is for the precipitate of my death