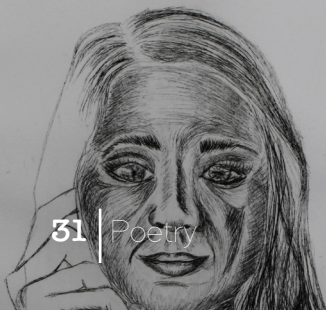


A Renewed Epiphany

● by Madiline Wiggs



Years ago, on January 6th, something peculiar occurred,
The frigid and briny gusts of air caused the ship to toss and sway,
The night sky loomed above and the clouds blocked all visible light,
With each passing moment, Paranoia washed over me in waves,
The ominous black sky left me feeling hollow and bade—
Me no good thoughts, so I ran to my chambers to hide away.

What surprise to hear that whisper from the lips of my own mister
For He had long been gone away, resting in His shallow grave
But surely t'was He who startled me out of my stygian sleep
And since His passing has His mem'ry haunted me day by day.
Many months now have I fought to keep these phantasms at bay, but—
With delusions the mind decays, and I whisper back—go away.

A sudden sensation of stupefaction soon set in,
As I noticed the voice had an intonation that seemed to convey
A sense of urgency and fervid determination.
My intrepidity was suddenly compelled to stray,
Unaware of His intention, I hid in fear and cowered away.



The voice called again, this time louder with such prodigious power
I froze in fear, then like Polydamas, retreated away.
He said, "Fear not and leave your chambers, I only wish to be your savior."
Not knowing why, I did so and peered up at the night sky of gray.
The mirror of sea was fogged over in an eerie sort of way,
And seagulls cried overhead as if they were screaming—run away.

An unsettling fear set in as I bore over the edge,
And my rippling reflection filled me with overwhelming dismay.
I almost did not recognize the girl staring back at me.
The vibrancy in her now doll-like eyes had begun to fade,
Her visage filled with signs of weathering and hoary age.
How foolish was she to have prodigally wasted her life away.

As I continued staring with abhorrence at my reflection,
The voice called out again, asking me to plunge into the bay.
I inquired what for, but He refused to relinquish any more.
My mind was in disarray and my heart unsteadily raced,
As I pondered which direction would prove the better to take.
I vehemently wished His disquieting presence away.



The water rushed over my head as I crashed into the sea,
I lost sense of direction without guidance from the light of day.
Instead of struggling, I let calmness wash over my body,
And I felt serenity, closed my eyes, and began to pray,
I felt gracefully comforted in the black water as I lay.
I pleaded to the almighty God to take my troubles away.

The voice called again and requested that I return to life.
Though I wished to remain, in the water I could not stay,
Sadly I had to abdicate my watery entombment,
I rose up to the glassy surface and met the break of day.
My heart, purified, my brain renewed in every way
The sun was so radiant that I had to turn away.

I discovered that life is a gift not to be wasted,
My hope was restored and my soul repaired with a newfound Faye.
And the chimerical voice that I thought haunted my brain,
Was not a menace, nor one to be feared nor hated,
As in the waters of Baptism, He washed my troubles away,
Now no longer will I let this gift of life waste away.

