

The Banshee

Maria Cortez

Above the suffocating mist of the mountains
Stood a lonely house by the sea
In which a man gazed out a window forged of sleet
Towards the mourning of rainy heaps.
Contesting with the heavens, the ocean pleaded:
“Herra minn, fyrirgefðu mér! Must I be at fault?”
It is a sad thing to see
For it is not culpable at all,
But the man and his enervating past.

Such stark precipices of dark muddy hues
Formidably erected, encroaching his very being,
Were adjacent to the low bed of black sand.
The sea of murky marble-green waters
Swirled restlessly in question:
Where has the life gone once joyfully springing?

The man looked back at his meager viands,
A few pieces of rye bread held by his thin hands
Alongside a stinging liquid of tea.

“Vinsamlegast, ég er einfaldlega maður.” said he,
“I am a man, wretched and hapless,
Living unfathomably in nightmarish realities.
Whereof the daemons watch me quietly,
Beholding insanity,
As I slowly watch my soul be wrenched from my chest.”

Stepping away from the alcove,
The man gingerly yielded a candle flame
To light away a path of shame,
And put an end to his fetters of regret.
Hastily, he dressed warmly,
And started quietly towards the door
A slight creaking of the wooden floor
Trailed behind him.
An icy gale entered the parlor
Sundered as its foe set off.

The crunching of the mountain’s path followed in rhythm.
Approaching the muddy bed of sand,
The man saw a stretch of carcasses strewn about the shore.
It was the life of the sea, countless decaying fish
Entwined in plants crudely embellishing the agony.
Horriying boulders of mammals

Strangled by the inescapable tar.

A sight such as this would stifle the breath of Nature.

The man waded resolutely towards the sea,

Quivering from the derisive breeze,

For forgiveness.

“What have I done to your mystical creatures?” inquired he.

“It was not my intention to such causation,

What will become of my life, but most importantly,

That of yours?” shouted he vehemently.

Shivering, the man proceeded home

To be a hermit again.

But he was quickly impeded

By a malignant thing in front of him.

It was an inscrutable being crouching timidly

Holding two hearts:

That of his own and that of a fish.

“What are you, wretched fiend?” his voice quivered.

“Why must you dispel me, for I am you.” it stated.

“That is unfathomable, I hold no resemblance to you.”

The thing disregarded the man and continued to warn.

“O’er your emotional despair,

It is the poignant orchestra of your pathos
That shall follow you
From life to death.”

In utter disbelief, the man had lost his voice.
Tears streamed from his cold blue eyes
Like a rushing waterfall.
He staggered pitifully to his home
And enclosed himself to everlasting desolation.
He looked back from the window,
The thing no longer visible but the forthcoming storms
And pleads of the sea still present.