

# Anthology of Lita

Lita



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*To the experiences and world that collide in one.*

## **Acknowledgement**

Everyone, no matter the degree.

They probably impacted me in some way - either subconsciously or consciously.

## About the author

I'm Lita; I don't do much, but writing is a really cozy home in an expansive, space. Truly freeing, and scary.

## summary

Medjay to No One

Incessant Stalls

A New God

A Mother?s Undying Dying Love

## Medjay to No One

On the way to help a poor man,  
Are the ways you'd remember your grieving soul.  
On the same sizzling sand that made your feet dance,  
Now make you run away in hopes of fleeting purpose.  
A man of no title? a man of nothing,  
Becomes a mere ghost when forgotten.  
Digging up the feedings from the past?  
Ghost villages enforced by no man.  
No man but you:  
The Grieving Soul.

## Incessant Stalls

you tell me you'll just fall  
but don't just  
fall.  
on.  
me.

and you have me on call  
but asking to dial back feels cold

so bitter,  
fly down,  
sky's down,  
stomachs drop?  
on the floor

where we go?  
in every end,  
ends in stall.

## A New God

**CONTENT WARNINGS:** This piece contains graphic depictions of **violence, disturbing imagery,** and explores **themes of darkness and psychological intensity.** *Reader discretion is advised.* If you are sensitive to such content, please be mindful before proceeding.

You're sick.

Sick of the years of mutilating mistreatment from your neighbors.

At the behest of the voices in your head, you decide to go on a killing spree.

You're a villager, nothing less, but you can be something more!

You're not sure why, but your inner mind tells you that they'll reward you with a better life?

Ridding this village of its putrid sinners,

Through their innards.

To the left of your room, a shovel. To your right, an anvil.

And nestled next to it, is a large, rusty butcher knife.

You make your way to the crude item, so disfigured, so useless?the iron handle cold to the touch.

"This shall do," you think to yourself.

With that, the devoid of light, the darkness within the night, the white behind your pupils reflecting the moon in the sky, you grab the weapon by its handle. And it molds, entwines in your fingers like young vines.

You can't let go even if you want to.

You proceed to stab the villagers one by one as they sleep. To keep going until there's no one left alive.

The entrails spill over your palms, gripping the weapon tightly,

As you twist!

And pull?

The knife from each victim you cross.

You've mastered the ritual, the cadence in your head.

You take care to avoid the eyes, though.

Eyes are too important.

As the Sun rises and dawn begins to break,

You realize what you've done.

With only wisps of air meeting your flailing blade, you look around,

Realizing that you have slaughtered every single person in this village.

But this simply is not enough.

The emptiness you felt has yet to be filled.



You look upon a corpse of a youthful boy whom you recall previously gutting and gutting a mere few hours back.

You make your way to the cadaver before suddenly bringing down the knife, gilded in crimson, refracting the Sun's light into the boy's glazed eyes and onto the deceased body.

Blood,

Splatters all over the place,

Some even landing on you!

This was supposed to happen,

The voices told you so.

The boy's blood drips off your hands,

You stare at it, its velvety texture pouring into your eyes.

And you bring your gaze closer to it before noticing your vision filled with the Red.

As your hands meet your cheek, the swirls of the texture consume you,

There's a warmth your hands bring?like a flame.

Melting away the candle wax with a consuming ruby hue,

All of it?gone

Left with a rich, vibrant opulence marked on your hands.

The blood drips off your fingers,

Your hands drip, tugging down from your rosy cheeks,

Painting it all red.

"I am a new God,"

you whisper to someone as kind as yourself.

## A Mother's Undying Dying Love

She prays every night to God?there must be a way.  
Your putrid face makes her eyes bulge in pity and pain.  
In the morning, she's so loving and immovable just for you.  
But in the night, she sheds tears tearing down her frail face.