As you tumble in the water, 
doubting you have what it takes. 
Neither the hero nor the rotter, 
but owner of chronic mistakes.

Holding on for dear life, 
ever knowing where it leads. 
Crashing rapids cast you aside, 
hands grasping at the weeds.

Not far off, you hear the rumble, 
and the mist begins to rise. 
Breaking bones as you tumble, 
fearful of your own demise.
White foam is all you see,
dodging the rocks in the river.
Gasping out a desperate plea,
safely may you be delivered.

Soon the falls come roaring down,
in all their grand, ferocious fury.
Under foam, you start to drown,
ghosts of the past now a jury.

In the darkness, you begin to sink,
warm nothingness hugs you tight.
Bitter regret a final drink,
in an embrace, you give up the fight.

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Ryan Nightingale has had five short stories published in both print and digital formats. He has also had several digital paintings published. He has just finished writing his debut novel. In his spare time, Ryan enjoys painting and other creative pursuits.