Maximum Brevity Series #8

Upon a normal evening,

One had a sad and heavy heart.

One made a shocking discovery,

My beloved had succumbed injuries in a spar.

She lay motionless on the ground,

So one held her in my arms.

How I wish I’d been there to save her,

And protected her from harm.

A few ribs were badly cracked,

Repairable once a medic would arrive.

But she had suffered worse,

And was struggling to stay alive.

We waited for the medics to come,

To the medbay she could go.

The sword that had shanked her in her side,

Caused her breathing to drastically slow.

The scarlet blood was seeping out,

Faster than one could conceal.

Knowing that one was helpless,

Was a dreadful thing to feel.

I’d waited my whole life to meet her,

Who’s life was slipping away.

Whispering ‘I love you’,

Was all that she could say.

One grasped her hand tightly,

And uttered ‘I love you too.’

One begged her not to leave me,

Deep inside we both knew.

One could see medics in the distance,

One prayed they weren’t too late.

We couldn’t change the past,

Now we just had to wait.

Her black hair with purple tips,

Now streaked blood red.

Her chest moved up for the final time,

Kookimarissia Mimosa was dead.

One sits here alone each night,

Wondering why my lover had to die.

But she’ll in be the place she loved most,

And be the brightest star in the sky.