

item ahead

there are bloodstains
right on the ledge. see? they
drip

drip

drip onto the stone wall with a gently thumping pulse
like a heartbeat - like a soul.
clots of blood contain a person
a life. the haunting visage

a spectral memory circles around the ledge. circling
and circling with thoughts of what lies beyond the towering wall, of treasures not yet
grasped within cold hands.

you can almost see it - see *them* -
reaching out with weather-worn fingertips to just barely graze the fog. it's biting chill
a curiosity beyond words

there must be something just beyond the ledge.

the tower would not end here - surely not

yet:

the myriad of bloodstains

of lives that have long gone, long before our time
tint a scrawled message. two words.

two words of temptation.