

"ENCOUNTER WITH AN ENEMY"

I have seen the Devil himself, and I cried and cried,
with so much fear.

With tears dripping down on my pale skin and my
hands and feet, wrinkled like that after a bath.

Wiping perspired blood from my forehead and scalp,
as the "little ants" crawl down my spine from my
neck to my waist.

I'm hearing my conscience begging for me to run, as
though a child is asking me for help.

I am here isolated in this fog of darkness; with enough
dirt for me to stand on so that I would not fall, while a
flock of ravens comes at me with horrible, evil
memories of my own.

Feathers like sharpened steel brushing against my
damp skin, as though I were the stones being thrown
at them.

Pictures, images and flashbacks that I thought I
would never see again, crying even more with
anticipation and hostility . . . so therefore, I have seen
the Devil.

For a moment of peace, as motion comes to still, it felt
like I was being pulled with such force, like North
pushes North.

I began to fill up with so much power and energy.

Oh! and a touch by a storm pouring down with joy,
piercing through and in my chest.

I'm now cheering with laughter and happiness asking
myself, "Where, Why and How?"

I brightened with light, streaming shine that
frightened Mephisto, scared him out of his impure
mind.

What a victorious scene! Fair, I suppose? Not yet.

As the flame builds up in me, I spit onto him with
balls of bliss, as I scold him down with my eyes,
pitiless.

Such contentment with delight and so much gaiety,
elation and great jubilation.

Oh! thank you God for upholding me.

I triumph onto you father of all.

You are the earth under my feet that keeps me from
falling and you are that bright light that shines inside
me, that carries me in the wind, being in your arms
when I need to move in my true direction.

I will see him again and from now till then I know you
will be with me . . . so I also have seen God himself.

By Ledy n Lopez