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Alive in Death

Lyric Knuckles

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Lyric Knuckles | Poetry Editor

Lyric Knuckles is an English major who aspires to be an author, educator, and poet. She has enjoyed both literature and writing since she was a child. Lyric also extends her creativity into a community project based in Gaffney, SC. The movement is called Let's Get It! and Lyric plans to spread positivity throughout the city.



I distinctly remember dying.
my body in a cream, bedazzled dress,
with flesh as still as streams.
see,
I was a bystander at my funeral,
with full intentions to judge the ceremony,
I stood as enormous as God
before the casket,
confirming the end of a prequel,
how my epilogue turned elegy
the “to-be-continued” turned tragedy,
could not be carried further.
the crowd was scattered
amongst hardwood pews,
decked in black
staring at my temple
made up as this angel.
but no,
to live like Christ
I must die to self.
perish mundane desires,
smother bleeding flames
that ignite my spirit for a moment,
then set the dwellings
I’ve built, aflame.
I was and am

a professional Arsonist
despite the stories pastor
relays at my funeral,
The Mother of Burning Bridges
except,
“The Witch Doesn’t Burn in this One.”
the wheat that bears much fruit
the burial of a life not lived,
I die to sin
and live to Righteousness.