

## The Gate of Hell

By Kristina Arrambide

Orange walls glow as the night darkens  
And the wind whispers her name.  
Her imagination is the only companion to keep her sane  
Through the suspenseful gate of hell.  
Fire portrays her hope in absolute silence.  
Walking steadily she goes with no one  
But her own voice that haunts the peace of the night.  
All she can see is the red light at the paths end  
With no fear, she walks into the gate of hell and enters her eternity.

© 2011 Kristina Arrambide