

Earth: As A Furnace

Altar of Plagues

A once sacred womb, now more akin to a furnace.
And we watch her bleed, watch the wounds run dry. Bury my hands in the soil
fingers withered and grey
extended like spines
pulling patterns in the dirt Tear the bark from the trees and build a chariot
and watch the earth return to grain,
as it once was.

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