

Locust Swarm

Falconer

There's a sign from the barren soil,
dysfunctional ecology.
Cycles soon in turmoil.
Tomorrow's promises die
by an ancient golden deity.
Udders, one by one dry. Another conscience join to the funeral feast.
Another sacrifice thrown to the beast.
Hearken to the tolling bell
of a worn out world's last yell. Who is the bringer of the coming storm?
Who is the last victim that we shall now condemn?
Who is the demon there in human form
that's kneeling down in worship to the requiem
for the locust swarm? There's a rotten smell to the mound,
a bitter taste of mortality.
Fertility gone unsound.
The recipe to our grave,
unnecessary necessities.
Human kind now enslaved.

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