

# A Waning Solace

## Fen

Nothing that breathed disturbs this enclave\*  
As the monolithic cosmic millstone  
Grinds ever onwards  
Crushing meaning beneath cold stoneIt is here that I lie  
At one with the darkness  
Where timelessness breeds tranquillity  
And the ravages of frailty thrash  
Against the walls  
Of a reality long ago  
Fractured and scattered  
And yet... so slowly  
It starts to slip away  
(draining, sinking)  
My strength weakens  
With each shuddering breath  
With the fading of the mists  
And the dying howls  
Of the withering wilderness  
Wreathed in decaySolitude is torn away  
My cries pierce the silence like arrows  
As this refuge is rent asunder  
The fragile fabric collapses  
Realisation wracks the spirit  
And I stare into the glittering eyes  
Of yet more unbridled sufferance  
Rending me  
As this solace wanes, the wind grows colder  
This once-verdant landscape now stands  
Stooped and alien, stripped of spirit  
Nothing remains to soothe a lamenting soulWhat was once mine is no more  
Ripped open and naked, I bleed  
Beneath the wanton iron skies  
That pour misery onto a hapless thrall  
My nothingness exposed to all...(So little now still stands  
Scorched earth and desolation and legacy of shame  
For which I now pass judgement through the vessels  
Of a new and forlorn Epoch)

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