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)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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