

## IN THE WRECKAGE

The wreckage lies all about us today.  
Yesterday it was not here, all over,  
Yet now the floor and walls barely remain.  
Where finely curated works once flourished,  
Now a barren wasteland stretches endless,  
Consuming any debris that remains.

Nothing pure could grow in such a garden,  
Bereft of presently performing life.  
Only hardship finds a sanctuary  
In this place of blasted, bitter estate,  
Though a thing most wicked wakes and stumbles  
From its putrid place of abyssal rest.

Loathsome though it is, you must not clamour,  
For this thing is full of hate for loudness,  
Chirping birds, and ringing bells awaken  
Rage that builds but falters just as quickly.  
And yet this monster once was human too  
Perhaps, one day it may return to life.

Take heed the warning that this creature gives,  
Lest you find your own fate turning sour.  
For when upon you comes the hour of dawn,  
A curse bestowed by spirits may be found.  
In cups it lurks, awaiting weakened souls,  
To drag below their sense of sober mind.

*Zak Barouh*