Death

We are not in a utopia,

Rather a world that’s crumpled to dust.

You feel the rumble under your feet,

They launch death at you from afar,

You know what is coming but not what to do,

You are told to hide but you have always hidden,

You want to see the world.

So, you escape your chains,

You climb up the hill,

Only to sit there,

Counting the casualties.

Derived from:

“Memorial Day” by Sunnylyn Thibodeaux

“The Glory Has Left the Temple” by Kwame Dawes

“The French Revolution as It Appeared to Enthusiasts at Its Commencement” by William Wordsworth