

The Bonehunter

Abigail

The moonless night sky abandons the sleeping earth
As terrestrial elements cease for this night
Now a blood-red (last) quarter moon rises in this stillness
But in the distance it stirs and awakens...

This creature of gray scaled armour
With a tongue like flame and eyes of charred black holes
It's silhouette of leathery wings
Blots out the star-stream above

Jowls slather as it's hardened claws
They tear at the earth
A just, a drive, a want, an urge...
The colossus insatiable frenzy

Our creature pauses to stare away
Across to the eastern skyline
No more stars will rise this night
The coming dawn will never see...

Gathering its trophies
This bonehunters full awful glory
With wingspread full it swallows the night
And splits the faint twilight with flight

A hoary legend burned into memory
This creature of imagination...
But burial stone speaks with clear voice
Of a creature with gray scaled armour...