

Melancholy Of The Falling Monuments

Clandestine Blaze

The great signs stood tall in breeze
Monuments from the past
Outliving the failing memories
Reaching state of divine gateway to consciousness
In awe would man watch towards the skies
Seeing rough edges of monument
As firm silhouette against decaying world
Himself standing in cold shadow, meaningless and
forgotten.
All man made to be crumbled
All turning into dust blown away by winds
Erosion consuming dirt
Manifestation of Iconoclastic power of natural might!
Melancholy of the falling monuments, dirt road towards
the void
Melancholy of the falling monuments, echoes of connection
slowly silenced.