

Monuments to Absence

Fen

Architects of what we sow
Architects of what we reap
Architects of what we know
Architects of what we seek

Look around
Cast a bloodshot, stunned gaze upon
a midden-strew woescape
And know emptiness
And know ennui
and know the bitter sorrow of
all-consuming abandonment.

Resplendent
Empty
Megalithic
These colossal, tragic monuments to absence
That cast feeble shadows onto
the lifeless wastes around them

What once were shining temples
Now debased by a fathomless hunger
Strangled in decaying and warped spectres
Of wisdom long since befouled
The besmirched wreckage of prophecy
Stifling...corrupting...choking...

And again, I implore thee
As stagnant, sanguine ichor fills my eyes
As bleak tears stain a wretched visage
As if holding a mirror to this vignette

Guardian tombs to shepherd the meek
Palatial vaults to avarice speak
Glittering realms - hubris and disdain
To ash and dust and waste - revelation's stain

Look upon
These sad bastions of emptiness
These colossal, tragic monuments to absence
Stood unmoving - a ghastly facsimile of stoicism
Steeped in the echoes of pride now collapsed
And growing fainter with each dying
second towards blessed oblivion