

Phaistos Disc

Giant Squid

Record what transpired
Don't let those who follow,
deduce in strain
Let the disc illustrate,
why our children's bones are flayed
Our axes fell not in vein

When the water retreated,
star shaped stomachs remained
Digesting those too slow
The rest were simply maimed

Sadistic spines on hellacious hides
A sting would mean,
extra arms growing from your sides

Ceremoniously,
we severed each ill placed limb
And buried them deep,
so as not to crawl again

Let the disc serve as warning
Never unearth these graves
For I fear our progeny,
would sprout from the remains