

Squall

Hush.

You have sown the clouds,
but we suffer the squall.
flickers of arson cross the sky
and the solid ground below breaks away.
If I must stand alone
against the wind and tide
to wait for the calm,
then let it be so
and let the last of us left pile your corpses to burn.
In the name of all precious,
pure,
young,
and free-
I face the storm.