

Left Untitled

A veil of ash wraps the wounded earth,
Snuffing the breath of fire and mirth.
The heavens weep in muted tones,
As dust descends like whispered moans.

No dawn will break, no sun will rise,
Beneath these mournful, frozen skies.
The wind, a ghostly, hollow scream,
Chokes the remnants of a forgotten dream.

Mountains crouch in shadowed dread,
Their peaks draped in the cold of dead.
Rivers stall in their icy veins,
Locked in the grip of endless rains.

The forests bow, their branches bare,
Skeletons swaying in lifeless air.
The fields, once gold, now choked with soot,
Cradle the bones of fallen fruit.

Yet somewhere deep beneath this frost,
In secret places long thought lost,
The seed of life curls in the womb,
Awaiting a light to pierce the gloom.

And though the sky forgets to burn,
Somewhere, the stars in silence yearn—
For through the dark, there always flows,
The fragile hope that stillness sows.
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