

Meathook Seed, Famine Sector

A shuttering retired widow,
Overlooks....a land condemned.
Persecuted sun has fled
Eternal midnight banes,
Winter of discontent
Surrounded by haunted rows of brittle dead crops
Farmers perish.
A multitude of children and of women and of men,
an army of none.
The weak will not succeed!
Death Drums Beat.
Uncounted heap....led aimlessly,
Towards a slit in the side of a dune,
several fall....the way is paved,
with slabs of human flesh,
A flock recoils....
Helpless masses,
scattered like unborn larvae.
He pulls his terror throttle
A flood of muticoloured shame,
Fills his shallow pit,
Bonfire
Smouldering
Expressionless, emotionless
Expressionless, emotionless
Expressionless, emotionless
Expressionless, emotionless
As he analyzes his mummified treats
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The last sunspots of a surrogate dawn.
Famine Sector...
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