

# Abigail, The Bonehunter

The moonless night sky abandons the sleeping earth  
As terrestrial elements cease for this night  
Now a blood-red (last) quarter moon rises in this stillness  
But in the distance it stirs and awakens...  
This creature of gray scaled armour  
With a tongue like flame and eyes of charred black holes  
It's silhouette of leathery wings  
Blots out the star-stream above  
Jowls slather as it's hardened claws  
They tear at the earth  
A just, a drive, a want, an urge...  
The colossus insatiable frenzy  
Our creature pauses to stare away  
Across to the eastern skyline  
No more stars will rise this night  
The coming dawn will never see...  
Gathering it's trophies  
This bonehunters full awful glory  
With wingspread full it swallows the night  
And splits the faint twilight with flight  
A hoary legend burned into memory  
This creature of imagination...  
But burial stone speaks with clear voice  
Of a creature with gray scaled armour...