

Bonfire Pickets, Withering

They never sought him out to let him know
Withering, he stayed, growing weak
As if his flesh would burn out their eyes
His voice, wrench the ears from their heads,
And shatter their hollow skulls!
What hath he done, this creature, unknown
In character and stance
To be inflicted with such rage and fury?
Ah yes, to be unknown is to be frozen in
A barren vault of loneliness.