

Dies Irae, Sculpture Of Stone

forlorn, inert being
on a dessert, placed
in the gloom of feelings
blown away by the searing wind
borne on the breath of hell

a being that shows nothing anymore
desolate, empty as a sculpture of stone
a sign of an end to all that's passing away
emptiness, from bareness into void

all the thoughts and feelings
once enclosed within her
blown away by the searing wind
blustering with wrath

cadaver withered to ash
blown away into the history dust
her own, already forgotten
never written down, unknown

death is a faceless one
no time nor space exist
the forlorn, inert being
waned as an illusion from a dream