

Earth Crisis, Wither

Near lifeless skin stretched over a prone skeleton.
An image branded for all time within my memory. Pursuit began
seeking pleasure delivered with a price,
though an illusion of instant bliss enticed.
Toyed with what immediately only
overpowered. Chased the dragon thinking that it would not turn to devour.
Steel driven into skin. Contamination forced in.
Jaws of death close together. The haze that surges must not win.
Wither. Body given to the vortex, awake in a synthetic
dream. Time and meaning fades, life drains far faster than it seems.
Drawn to the brink by thoughts of invincibility to give
into what beckons constantly. Pulled back across the threshold.
Loved by the ones who helped bring salvation. The future is
in the hands of a once self-made victim. Steel driven into skin.
Contamination forced in. Jaws of death close together.
The haze that surges must not win. Wither.