

Mother Earth

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Scarred, wounded destroyed. I cannot go back from here.
My creations won't bother to acknowledge my wealth,
they've robbed me off my everything.
My silvers and salts, gone, tarnished.
My clear, harmless rivers whom they believed
had Gods in their stomachs are now inviting hell.
There's rashes in my skin, it burns,
it leaves smoke all over me.
They've pricked and experimented on me,
they've used worse then swift, sharp needles.
They've stripped me bare of my green wreathes and dresses,
I'm all alone and embarrassed.
I can't even breathe, it's all so greasy and warm,
there's a hole in my lungs.
My children of different kinds scream and cry.
Those pretty nymphs were captured and
skinned for their self-serving eyes.
My children look up everyday and
pray for a drop of the clear, cloudy, holy grail.
They've even lost their homes.



I feel empty, I'm being starved,
my riches will never be restored again.
My shoddy creations have ruined me and
I can't rid them all, so helpless.
Can you understand my pain?
Can you understand my sorrow?
You will now brace for battle every night.
You'll scream and run because you cannot hide.
You'll never make it.
I'll play the waiting game and watch you sprint to the,
Church-temples and then Satan's inferno.
The damage is done.
There's no escape until you die.
Scarred, wounded, destroyed.
You cannot go back from here.

Black Weaver Spider

Voracious and burdened, you emerged from your home.

Dreading and waiting, I've been expecting you.

You all seem alike, save the voice and the tone.

'For us do this, there's much more too!'

Draining away and apologizing, my eyes follow bit by bit.

Every refusal washed away by invisible, future tears.

I wheeze a laugh, proceeding and sit.

For it is solicitude-solitude that fills my fears.

One by one, you swarm at me.

I'm trampled, crushed and tattered.

But you smiled, thankless and free.

So none of it had mattered.

