

N FM 51

Today, alone, she lays in rain and cold.

Unknown, unclear, her smirk, or where she veered.

Descend, she saw bright lights, *unhinged*— her jaw.

There she laid on the dark wet road, hidden by shimmering dew,

With short brown hair and glowing eyes like honey.

Yesterday, she ran free in a field with a sunlit view,

Running rivers, crossing paths, that split into two.

Who's twisted vision and monstrous sight?

Built with fallen hands, running through wild vines,

Black silent creeks that brightened at night.

Who could have seen this coming, this horrible sight?

Today, they rip the heavy roots, tear the worn-down trees,

Succeeding in burning the grassy seeds using God's given light,

Yesterday, they brought their mechanical beasts,

Outlining the twilight sky.

They are the animals who hide in the night,

Delivering prayers, she lost life to an unfair fight,
Killed with no beauty, her body lays in fury,
With the heavy gusts, let the heavens blow heavy.

Tomorrow morning, when the heavy fog lifts,
When the golden sun pierces through that mist,
Look into that empty field.

You'll find her body on that black peel.