

Don't blink or you'll miss it, the finale.

Don't breathe or you'll interfere with the journey.

What once was a sign of power,
falls on its own sword,
ends amongst the flesh and blood of friends and foes alike.

The only destiny now,
is to be swept away with agents of the tide.

Never even given a chance to

grieve

or

say goodbye.

Hollow of man

Raw hands stripped, flesh still warm with blood, thou cannot speak.
Therefore sin,
hunger abides within.

Eyes hollow, full of regret
confess sins,
evoking desire.

Remorse bound to iron cages,
taste of remembrance,
lingers on their tongue,
yet felt nigh.

Fire burnt, heaped high with bones,
no beast walks the earth,
no fowl in the air,

Nothing.

Though, flesh of man remains,
store of bodies slowly diminishing,
Consumed souls discern the signs.,
Hunger: punishment of god.
To drown in appetite.

Two poems

By Katie Meijer

Seven sins

Trembling on the edge of a blackened midnight the world hangs,
cracking through sky,
seven sins unearthed
final Doom,
there shall be no more.

Shattered mirror reflects a broken crown, towers tall, crumpled in
ash and rubble,
sun scorched, blinding with its own light beneath an endless sky forever nightfall.
Empires fall, pride turned bare,
ashes swirl with arrogance.

Coin taken by quicksand's embrace,
Golden dreams swallowed by earth's cold grasp, treasures lost, forever forgotten,
beneath the labyrinth
devoured by unrelenting hands,
sand pulls cities
as greed devours the last sublime.

Beneath a blood moon, a bleeding rose,
forces of lovers' hunger grows,
chilling fevered bodies underneath the endless moonlight, flames ignite, scorch light,
passion burning the fragile earth,
hope consumed, destroying birth.

Green slowly lost,
to the depths of spreading frost,
Slowly hushing life where joy once stood.
Fields, vibrant lush, full of emerald,
now dead beneath envy's claim,
Yearning eyes, hearts that steal,
Turning gardens cold and real.

Overflowing bowls, full of spoiled fruit,
A feast full of decay and bitter root.
Earth's prize wasted, spilled,
fertile heart forever gone, killed.
Hunger looms over death at grip,
Gluttony's curse in every corner.

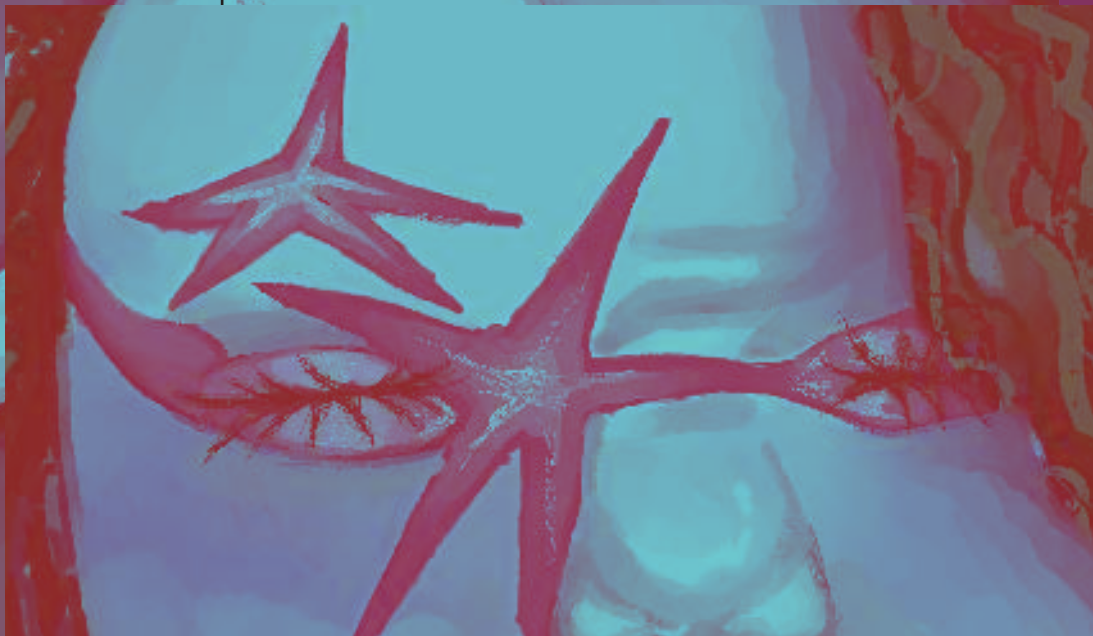
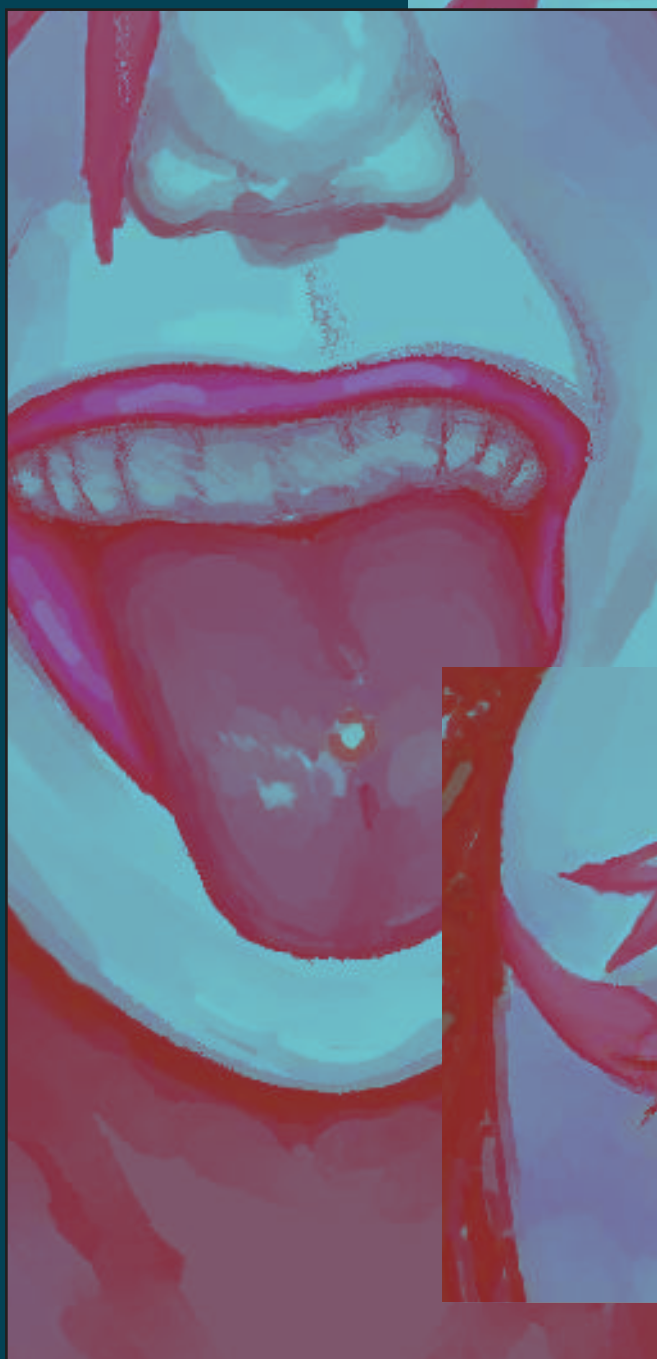
Earth cracked bleeds molten lava rage,
firestorms roar and skies darken,
trembling mountains, rising oceans,
wrath devours those with burning eyes,
world shattering, torn apart,
wild fury breaks the heart.

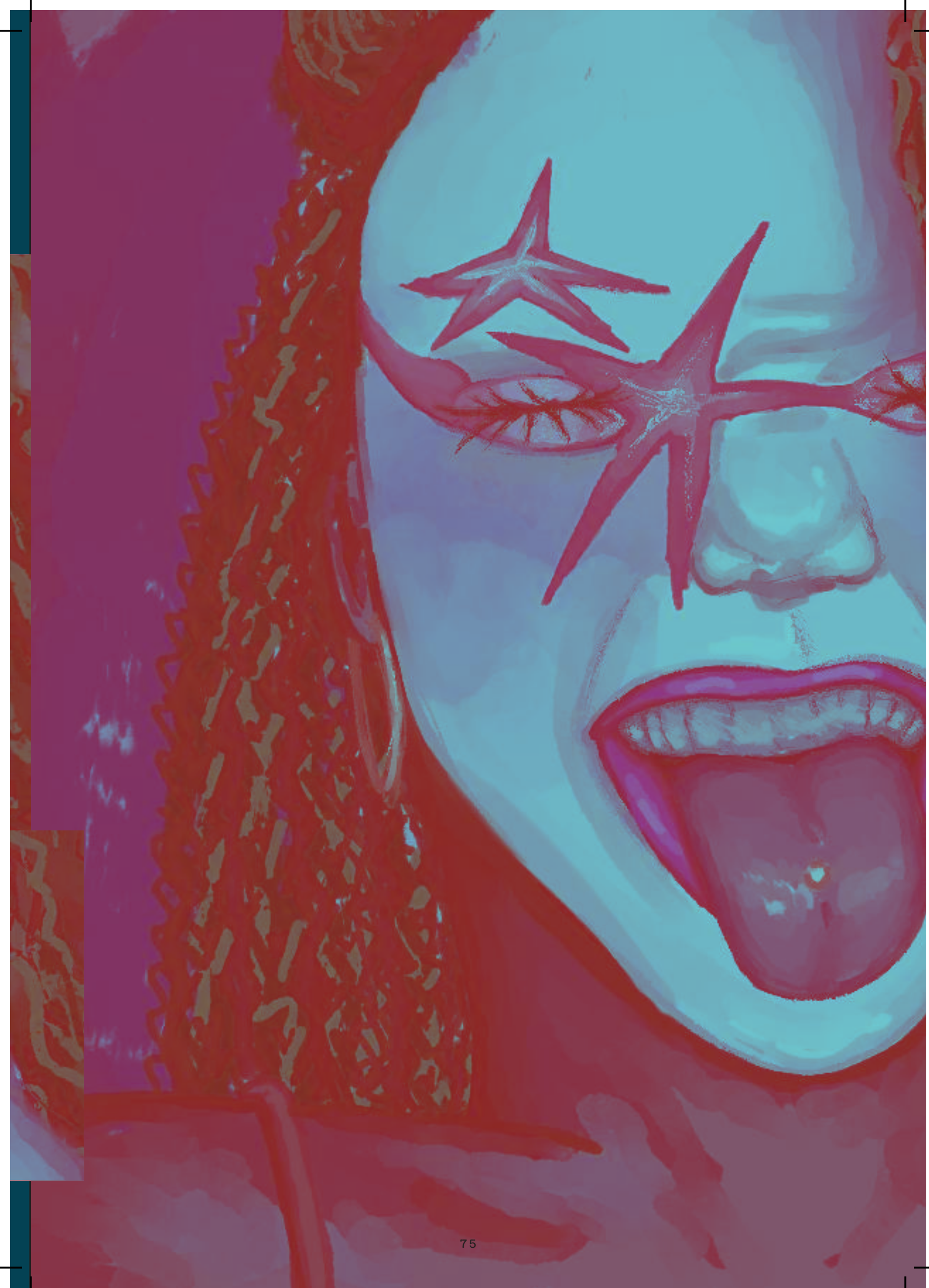
The clock of time stands at midnight,
time itself becoming idle.
No hand to save, no one to fight,

the final darkness swallows the earth,
light falls still beneath the weight.

And so the last breath fades to ash,
the world undone by mortal sins.
A silence vast, final night,
where none remain to see light.

ARTWORKS







ARTWORK



SHAY B. KEATS



END OF THE WORLD...?!

BY ELLA LOBWEIN

@JADEDELLA_

