

Rest in Peace

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The withered woods beset the town,
And spread the aura, death and down.
The fertile land was decayed by cracks,
Only leaving the lingering wails on racks.

Defaced ruins mourn and cry;
No hope survives but chains and a sigh.
A child, he bends and prays for free;
A vulture lurks to ransom him.

His forehead pressing
The lifeless ground,
The child feels the remaining
Soul can no longer be found.
"I squat here devoutly
To wait for thee,
The guide I beg piteously
To save me
To end my story
In the purgatory."

The vulture speaks with eyes kind
And voice soft and gentle,
As if comforting the beastie
Whose mind is fearful.
"I will guard you
Till your last breath;
My child, now you
Can rest in peace."