

Blight

[Midnight] Poetry Phase 2

By: Mune Cinteroph #3607

For so long adrift
A home I have returned to
Torn from my pained grasp
Safety, stability
Tossed as dust to bitter winds.

Unfolding nightmare
Tumbling, abyss opened wide
Consumed, blight within
Confusion, dark hatred
A heart wrenched and crushed to pulp.

I will not let go
For us, remain resolute
Through pain and despair
Those felled I will remember
For us all we must prevail.