

The Abomination

Peter Barlow

From merchants to mercenaries,
All pontiffs and pundits,
Feign ambition gives rise to our fall.

Sword slices sinew,
Beloved beast becomes burden,
Civilized haste slows to a crawl.

Faceless beasts lumber the shadows,
Ribs hunger for life,
And all the piles of our musings, reveal nothing but strife.