

The Exiled Realm

by Jeff Geiger

over

the sunburnt sea of grain and grass
where beasts repose on warm rocks
away from the stone spires
with servants and serfs
through vibrant wood swelling with life

destinies bring me to a damned desert
where the anger of the sleeping giants shattered the earth
where the mammoth monoliths dot the ocean of sand
they hold a mystical might of old

I am an insignificant speck sent to slaughter
the last of their kind
the last of my kind

in the center of the cataclysmic circle
stands a sentry to the destroyed city
Malus
a steadfast mast with arms outstretched
with an ambivalent malevolent grin
Malice
unblinking eyes peer curiously around
innocent to the ever present evil
Maul Us
stone pillars sink into ground
connecting the living with the dead
Maul me

I run my trembling fingers along the cold steel
charging slowly through the shifting ground
cries echo in the tomb

raise thy COURAGE

embrace thy swelling SORROW

