

# The Watcher

*by* Jeff Geiger

the dark brown cloaked warden stands on his lofty perch  
waiting, watching, whispering  
to those who swing the swords

senseless slaughter plagues the land  
the last guardian warns of the burning shadow  
a blight that will consume every last breath

yet on believes in the upkeep of  
purity, polish, and pride  
slayers of the secular

the other believes in the sanctity of  
home, honor, and hatred  
brutes of bloodlust

each equally corrupt and justified  
ignorant, indulgent, insane  
the plea falls on numb ears

and the watcher can't escape his name

