

The Work

by sadh *Saturday, Apr 7 2018, 3:42am*

international / poetry / post

rest easy it is almost done
the work is nearing completion

u spun the wheel in reverse so fast
it appears to be spinning forward
the fools are mesmerised
by its glittering spokes

the capital no longer rests on solid ground
the buffoon has appointed the means to end
the poisonous, murdering reign
that disrupts an otherwise peaceful
world

the mass murdering madman has been reinstated
the castle walls will now fall never to be rebuilt,
the rogue star and spangle are trapped
between the forces of entropy and oblivion

rest now, a job well done

the reluctant would now be forced to war,
the madman ensures it

the world will shake from top to bottom but survive
the warming would soon produce food for surviving humanity
in the once arctic regions of canada and siberia,
u have led our tribe to safety

the darkest cycle ends and another begins
the billions that have slept evading their responsibility
would hardly be aware they have been slaughtered
they were the walking dead that begged
for their own destruction,
they smoulder now in their toxic graves

that which was once uninhabitable becomes
a temperate home for our children
each soul that resisted the evil would find a place/home
in a new clean environment renewed on the occasion

rest now,

every sigil and magical glyph u have designed
according to the secret ancient science
will trigger the purging

tiny grains of sand tumble in the desert wind
rolling massive dunes across the land burying the past
tho our oasis has never been assailed

their electric eyes u have blinded to ur sight
they only see what they are taught to see,
the beast is easily led astray

u have remained invisible and ur tent
among the date palms and sweet waters
is undisturbed

put down ur stylus, codes and encryption for now
and rest
the screams and thunder of destruction would not
awaken u, you have earned ur rest and future

dream easy my first and last love
we have prevailed
as u promised we would fourteen years past

cease ur conjuring and magic
the servitors are in the field
and in the secret places
following ur commands

they play the thoughts of the beast
like a stringed instrument,
the outcome is Assured

the frantic tension u have created awaits ignition,
with the smallest tactical force a cataclysm will be released,
from which there will be no turning back

all is ready for ur final word and the irreversible,
shock awakening