

Ambrielle Army

Mushroom Cloud Watching

And the world lay beautifully exhausted beyond these four fragile walls,
As God's breath exhaled across the earth.
Fields, planes, and cities alike shed their delicate petals
Among the ashes of the forgiven.
They crumble so peacefully,
I can barely hear their lovely tears.

Scorched at the roots,
Life itself shall not awaken,
And the beautifully optimistic and innocent practice we used to call
'Progress' withers in the dust.
We may be alone, but the world
Is more precious now.

The last flashes of blinding light have
Danced across curious eyelids,
Leaving only lightning to appease Nature's boredom.
We await the day when our divine symphony
Filters out into the final song of silence
Our world has so deserved.

Our day marks closer with each tumbling snowflake.

Here, in this desolate world of our spinning,
A gentle smile plays across its lips as its heart
Surrenders the final sacrifice.

And here, there are more ends than beginnings.