

The crimson cage

Despite her silence
a storm rages inside,
cutting off the ocean's
faithful sleep to bear
eternal coldness,
approaching from
the fragile minded
harvest of gold
and bleeding land.

Loving this truth
is betrayal of the weak
and murder of freedom.

Chained and pent-up
cattle to feed the pest
is not a crime, just law.

Observing cannibalism
at mutilated mouths,
cruelly exploited
of honor and vote,
the beast inside
will grow alive
while her morbid
voice's screaming
through the night,
leading them all
to the crimson cage
where she lurks for
destruction.

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