

The Sands of Time

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A barren expanse of
sun-dyed sands
stretch for eternity
in all directions.

On occasion,
vengeful winds from hell
blast through,
raising a scorching blizzard
of sand.

Bleached bones sit atop
the sand crested dunes.
Behind the dunes, on level ground,
two trunkless stone legs
stand alone, the sole
survivor of something
ancient. Time has been
lost, nothing of the beginning
remains. At first there was
Nothing. Nothing but
waiting and silence. A
silence purer and more absolute
than all the silence in nature.

Suddenly an explosion –
millions of times stronger
than any nuclear bomb,
blew apart that particle
that started everything.
Energy, pure and wild
raced through space
and time, uncontrolled.

Expansion came with
energy, and time moved
forward. Technologies
advanced. Shadow marched
onward, in the destructive
wake of conquest.

Prison bars were constructed,
radiating death and poison.
People were drowning,
suffocating in the vortex
of our legal system,
But it's too late. The
sands have arrived and
dominate, sweeping
across the map.

Nothing to meet the eye
except sand.

And two trunkless stone legs.