

The Sands of Time

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A barren expanse of
sun-dyed sands
stretches for eternity.

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

White-washed bones rest atop
the sand crested dunes.

Sunk between the dunes,
on level ground, out of sight,
two trunkless stone legs
stand alone, the sole
survivor of something
ancient.

Time has come to a stop,
The consequence of conquest.
Shadow marched onward in
its destructive wake.

Prison bars were constructed
in a place where no birds chirped,
of black and silent malice.

Those iron black bars
were lethal to all who touched them,
sucking people into their endless
and profound eternity.

It's a vortex of humanity, swirling
and suffocating in the mass
of confusion and crucifixion
of criminals. Five-hundred and seventy
today, followed by another
six-hundred tomorrow. It never
seems to end.

But it cannot be sustained, and
Soon there is no more life

For the bars to suck in
And the sands creep in.

Those miniature grains
Have settled in, bringing their
Cousins and reinforcements
To dominate, and sweep
Across the map.

Nothing meets the eye
Except sand.

And two trunkless stone legs.