

The Inferno – Chapter 1: Firestorm

A maiden
With lush green hair
And eyes that hold

A world
Of their
Own

Mother to all
Birds and monkeys
Tapirs and jaguars

Her children find
Refuge

In her protecting
Sunlit
Canopies

The sky turns dark
As her hair
Is dyed black

The red silk
Licks her feet
Like an anaconda

Wrapping around
Its prey
It goes for
The strike

Shooting its fiery venom
At everything in sight

Spitting flames
Left and right

The maiden trips
A glossy coat
Of tears encases her eyes

As she sits
In the eye
Of the firestorm