

Salt Water

Each night imprisoned on a raft of stones
That settles to the deepest cloudy silt
To sleep among the ocean softened bones
I watch the sharpest crystal tendons wilt
With eyes so dead that unrepentant day
Finds only sunken tombs where once were tears
Exhausted legions stumble to obey
Their fallen captain, limp with deep sea fears

In this dark age where dreams like empires fall
To ruin and decay beneath my sleep
I tremble as the hands write on the wall
Salt water rises in the dungeon keep
Old heroes kneel as vassals to the least
Of evils as the sun drops in the east

