

The Heath

Dampness touched faces,
The sky was quick with sudden glares,
The earth engulfed in gloomy darkness.

Shapes faded into contorted shapes,
Swords clattered making loud echoing sounds.
Suddenly loud lightening crashed into the
Horrific war.

Macbeth was exhausted, ready to shut down,
His sword arm whirling and beating like a
Wind mill.

Macbeth fought for his king.
There lies the muddy battle ground,
With foot prints of the dead.
I could taste victory for Macbeth.

Asaan Hussain