

The Heath

The sky couldn't bear to open its eye,
At the sight of the heath.
The mist swirled,
Blinding all living.

Water filled with tears,
Turns a deep shade of crimson.
The unbearable stench of friends
Killed in a fearsome battle.
Warriors still living,
Grabbing at your ankles.

Screaming, a slice from a sword, then silence.
Vultures swirling and diving to the ground,
Moaning.
Flies swarming on Knights,
And the whimper of injured horses,
Crying soulful tears.

Sadness overcame the soldiers,
As they stood and wept blood.
Those dead, motionless,
Those alive, motionless,
The world standing still.

Trees limp and horrified,
Bushes still as stone.
Bats quiver,
As the frosty night begins.

Silence overwhelming.

Charley