

The Heath

Screams of pain Macbeth does hear.
Blood can't be taken from a battle scene.
The weary, bruised hero
Descends from the nightmare
Of watching fellow companions
Fall to their doom.

Guilt infects him like a venomous bite
Making him think of all he's slaughtered.
Mist covers the evil three
Where Macbeth's fate does lie.
Darkness wraps around him,
Not even the sky can tolerate his sight.
The rain trickles down his face
Tasting of his own blood,
As a storm roars over.
On perseveres the wounded hero.

Three figures revealed
Each of them as old as time.
Three straggly, deformed figures
Chanting in the open storm,
Foretelling the hero's fate
Before turning into shadows
And gliding through the wind.

Alexander Earle