

Ruins of Battle

by

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The sky, a brilliant color of crimson, and the lake a deep azure.
This night was cold as the graves. Silence that would choke the very sound
once made. Walls of the ages, come and gone, that crumble to the touch.
Scared by the edge of blades etched into their faces. Arrows used from long
before, still perched the ground. Ancient ruin walls, half standing, half fallen,
sunk into the earth. Now the wind blows cold, waving its golden fields. Not
a soul, a sound, a creature around. Just the moon over seeing all that is and
was. To see all that it has seen, one would say "Why is war so? How beautiful
and sad all at same. * What was then and what is now the reasons to be?"
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