

Hunger Moon

By twilark

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Crazed

Like marble,

A cold, empty plate,

The late winter moon

Fragments.

Jagged pieces gleam

Through stark branches

Over a lean, hungry world.

A thin wind turns,

Curls

Through withered, bony fingers

Of dark, skeletal trees.

Ancient voices whisper,

Murmur, plead.

Crazed.

StoryImp Advertisement

