

Nature of Chaos

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This is the nature
of chaos
streaked with
ash
evaporating
the
dark and bitter
lies
the
wind drifts
between them
the quick storms
scar them past redeeming.

one expects
brackish and
not to depend upon
unwholesome dribbles . Here
you find the sink of Death
the long heavy
winds and breathless calms on the tilted mesas where devils
dance
when all the earth cries
for violence , with little in
it to love