

THE AFTERMATH

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The Day the Senate met was our Judgment Day. The decisions that proceed from there leave scars 'to' our ultimate destiny. I wish, in the first place, all my friends the best of the best and myself in the least. God bless.



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Booksie

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I woke up the next morning

At home

Angry, tired and in dismay

The last ray of hope

Battling against evidence

And eminent fate

The shackles of destiny loose

In the heat of combat

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I woke up the next morning

At home

Saw the rising sun

And it looked like a sunset

For deep my carven sockets

Were tears, of apprehension

I saw a Carmel dance

In the corona shaft



I woke up the next morning

At home

In a frozen winter

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The mist of heaven

Beclouding my future

And the uncertain infinity beyond

The blazing furnace of summer

Awaiting to unleash its inferno



I woke up the next morning

At home

The greeting of friends

Was much a torture

As the taunt of enemies

The song of spring bird

Like the scary hooting of owls

In anticipation of doom



I woke up the next morning

At home

It was the dÃ©jÃ© vu

I broke a glass

Spilled my breakfast

And spoiled my dress

Omens of horror in every dot

Flushing through every speck



I woke up the next morning

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At home

When I closed my eyes

The tempest came

I am told

It swept me to the highest peak

To hoist my crown of glory

In full view of all haters



I woke up the next morning

At home

In the aftermath

And planted this seed

An emblem of faith conquest

It shall reign like the cedar of Lebanon

Like Alexander the invincible

And God the Eternal

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