

THE END

Giving in to the biting cold,
As time ceases its crawl,
Suspended at the edge of life,
Succumbing to the reaper's call.
The stench of decay hangs heavy
In the air,
Sleeping things have no scent,
Preparing for the oncoming war,
The season is utterly spent.
Finding the wells completely dry,
Nothing is left but rust,
Slipping into darkness,
As the world crumbles to dust.

—*Katie Elizabeth Henderson*