

## *Beagnach*

It's given,  
from nothing,  
coal black garden birthing brightness,  
breathing fire from the womb though barren.  
It flares, a brilliant sun,  
whose tongues caress the dead,  
creating life.  
Violence, a tale foretold,  
erupts,  
snuffing out this fierce and hasty savior,  
finding void, eternity,  
waiting,  
stillborn remnants spilling softly into sleep.

— *Freya Holloway*