

The Pit

The flames roar beneath
Beckoning for endless fuel
The subject to torture, descended in
Skewered with a pitchfork, commanded by the host.
Endless searing cries of the moisture
The water boils out of the limb.
Burning. Bubbling. Blistering.
The flesh shrinks and rips,
Contents spill from what is kept in.
Liquid runs down the fork,
Evaporating in seconds.
The metal of the pitchfork grows hot
Searing the meat from the inside.
Ash escapes the glow, free from this site
Smoke bellows, foul and suffocating.
Extended hosts, add more subjects to torture,
The ritual continues for an indefinite time.
Laughter cackles all around the pit
As those that have been skewered
Hang over raging coals.
The host deem enough.
Removing the fare from the blazing pit
Ripped off the fork, the cinder limb is.
Devoured by the Colossus and begins for more.
Another scoff skewered thrown into the flames.
Is this a perpetual hell, overseen by ravenous fiends?
Or is this malevolence blocking the innocence?

—*Adam Couts*