

Bad Dream

By Robin B Lipinski

Hefting axe of war,
Sinewed muscle rippled,
Beading sweat falling from his brow,
Leaving enemy pleading.

Red the sky,
Firelit night expressing horror.
She, the young girl, knew it well,
Hidden in loose soil below it all.

The air was dry,
Lightning flashing in the distance,
Her soil wet with fear,
Violation,
Death.

Innocence never surrendered,
Taken by force,
Tempo of violence increased.

Falling timbers spreading sparks,
Embers burning this scene
Forever in her mind...

She will remember.

The End