

Poetry and Prose

About Humans *by Selina Graf, ASPE*

The sky broods in silence.

Everything underneath conflates into beauty or chaos.

Pensively, he looks down on these protégés who have abolished peace.

In the offing reigns violence.

It's horrifying that power is gratefully accepted as a payoff.

To them, their pain is as negligible as a furtive piece of lint on fleece.

Maybe they need guidance.

Or will they not learn their lesson until their existence stays off?

Without a word, the sky comes to the conclusion

that maybe his children can't be healed of their disease. Ω