

Bright Collapse

by Fifth Level Druid

The fires rose above the mountain high;
burn and bake, the city take, never again.
Bright collapse, they weep among mournful sighs.
Lost life but hurts missing bread and chance to win;
For circuses not home and hearth we weep.
High and shaky it rose, Heaven ours to take.
Living in new delights from wake to sleep.
Brighter, sleeker, greater, faster we make.

Tall and proud, chrome and gloss without we built,
cancer and boil, our hearts did toil.
More we required as our pleasures wilt.
And more we took, forsaking the soil.
The foundations cracked, walls buckled and bowed.
But we laughed, we played, never to say goodbye.
Cheap fixes tried, none could carry the load.
Warned often, again and again, called a lie.

Fire and rot within, not at once it fell.
Yet into that hole did it take our soul.
Cavorting, drinking, fucking, we welcomed Hell.
Nary a one gave notice until their toll.
Greed and lust prospered until the flames grew high.
Even steel can twist and flow should fools let,
Few knew, few cared it was built on a lie.
Cash in your chips, those who fled won the bet.

Huddled we few together in the cold,
Tears fell, no mourning bell, we saw the end
Wiser men had fled in stories of old,
Those daft and wicked, Science could not mend.
Owning only my pulse and ragged clothes

Felt, I, the soil, and quiet first in my days.
Into the wilds we fled to face new woes
And missing little, we found the old ways.