

Epoch

by James Bryant

Thick layers of dust
Coating what was once cherished
Yet, the inheritors still stir
Living with such disrelish.

Their bubble is small
Fit to their body
It hinders them
Not allowing them to stand tall.

These people are lost
Not knowing the costs
Of their sins and deeds
Because they lack the means.

There are still men
Who yearn for something better
They won't let anything stop them
Not even a tight fetter.