

Lit Night Skies of the East

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The stars are falling,
yet they shine, they do not
send the fragrance of light
or the calm of life.

They descend, unswayed by this god or the other,
but ensnared by enemies within and masters,
they are bound.

They fall, not as rain or snow,
surely not as kindred flow,
but as raging volleys of fire.

They fall, not to bring joy
or weave smiles,
but to sow death and chaos.

Below, they do not shine through
reflections of waters
but through a sea of blood rising,
a hill of glass unmade,
and a heap of life undone.

Behold the stars! They have fallen. ✨