

Black and Red

Untrodden tract of shielded peak
where murmurs mounting marks bespeak
an inner pillar's tilt anew
till primal mantle stirs a brew.

On lucent cusp, a fervent cloud
exhales to scatter stony shroud
as foam and fume bedeck the steep,
And blended scorn begins to leap.

From black and red comes ash and flame
that neither time nor calm could tame
with end of sylvan graceful guise
as light and dark contest the skies.

When probing trail attains a reach,
Idyllic borders fall to breach,
While turgid span of smouldered might
and famished blaze usurp the night.

A shimmer coats an aftermath
of spiral spared by sated wrath,
Yet what once was, now thing of lore,
While dormant lies the base once more.