

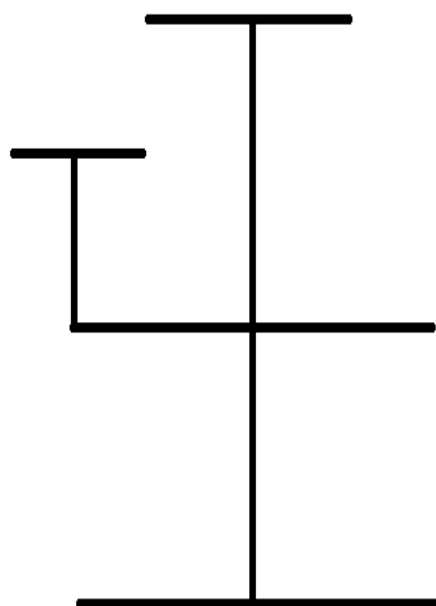
Dedicated To My Grandfather

Robert Scott Williams

6/9/1961 - 10/17/2011

He Was A Poet who made dark poetry, i want to carry on his legacy and publish a book just like he did, He died when his Dialysis failed leading to a fatal heart attack

Seperational Bistortion



Azrael Zaretsky

June 23, 2025 - October 2, 2025

Warning, This book contains the following

- Gore
- Absurd Violence and Fictional Chaos
- Mass Destruction
- Warfare
- Psychological Horror
- Cryptids
- Descriptive Chaos
- References to fictional events
- Thanatos Molovia Blight
- Realism
- A False Religion (Do Not Believe, I shouldn't have to say this)
- From Mild to vulgar Profanity
- Biblical Events
- Suicide

- Exploitation

Important Information

Dear Reader, This Book Was Made as an Experiment to see If it is possible To Beat Edgar Allen Poe In The Ring For Dark Poetry, So Know A Lot Of This Work combined hours of research and Use of First Person Accounts from interviews on tragedies an individual witnessed, My Actual Mental Disorders are Attention Deficient Hyperactive Disorder, Oppressive Defiant Disorder, Possibly But Not Diagnosed, Dissociative Identity Disorder, i suffer from Clinical Depression and is medicated With Vivance, Certreline, and pills for insomnia, I Am Not Insane, i wrote this on my own initiative, Please If You Have Suffered do not read this book, i don't want to Be the one who opens a closed wound, - The Author

Stuff That Is Pure Black Was Written In Frustration and went to far and thus has been

**translated into an incomprehensible language
and censored so nobody ever reads it**

“Separational Distortion Is When an individual Is Exposed to high amounts Of Separational Anxiety and it distorts the individual’s mentality”

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Glossary

Blight

A Seed to bring a world's end

Blade

A Weapon Used To Impale a person

Bleak

When a situation feels hopeless

Exodus

Mass Immigration

Fathion

The Feeling of unnecessary existence

Existential Manipulation

“To Put an Individual's Consciousness Under Artificial Simulation While their body performs Ordered task Until The душа Stops Responding and the body is left a Vessel ”

Dagged

To Be Killed by A Cluster Of Daggers Wrapped in
rope and shot out of a cannon

Hithabeedut

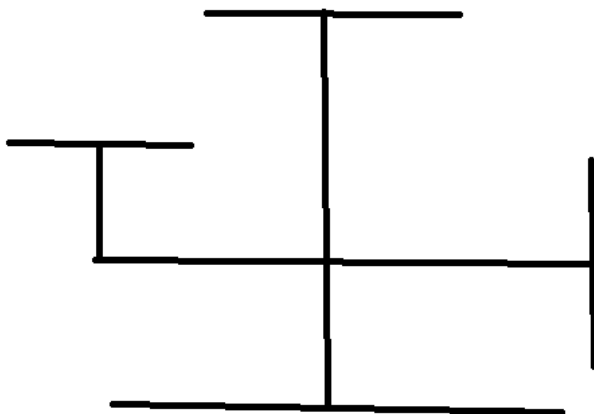
Do Not Read What's In The Ancient Tongue

Zaon Drikverian

The Lord Of Stalzizm

Based On The Lord From Genesis on how

Unforgiving The Lord Was During Genesis



Mark Of Hithabeedut

Religious Symbol Of Stalzizm

The Symbol Is Said To Be The Face Of Their Lord

It Symbolizes How their lord Doesn't do anything unless he has to

It Stands as a representation of The 5 Henrirs

The Five Henrirs

The Lord can Hear without ears

The Lord can see without eyes

The Lord can smell without nose

The Lord can taste without tongue

The Lord can speak without lips

The Two horizontal Tables Represent The
Connection between the people and their lord

The vertical table Represents Thanatos Molovia
Blight

Zaon Is Very Unforgiving

Zaon Himself Shows Hatred For His Creation



Thanatos Molovia Blight

The Serial Killer Speaking in “Bloodstone Blight”

Takes Pride in his own Killing but hates himself for it

From The 15th Century



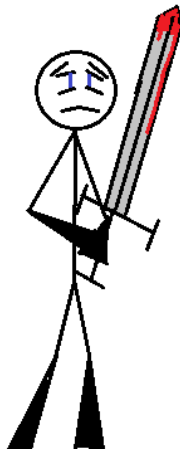
The Wendigo

15 feet tall from folk lore

Cannibalistic

Described In "Hunger Of The Beast"

21st Century



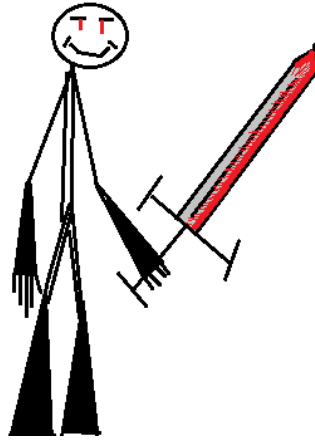
Azrael Zaretsky

15th Century Knight

Debut "The Charge For Hyerlund"

Speaks in Bloodstone Blade

Is 11 years of age



Jagger Adven Matriska

15th century Elite Knight

29 years old

Debut “Charge For Hyerlund”

Death “Bloodstone Blade”

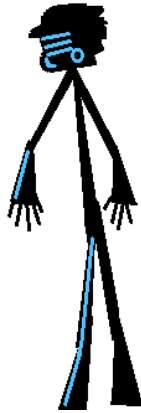


Jask Ackerson

Lower Knight

6 years old

Speaks in “Bloodstone Bleak”



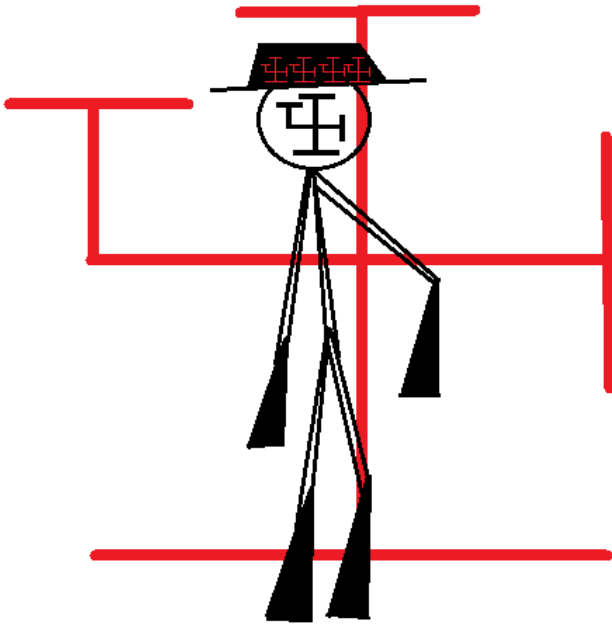
Redge Rekeyel

Thunder Science Co. Security Personnel

54 years old

Russian-American

Debut Scientific Taboo



Zaon Drikverian

Narrator

Present In All 3rd Person Point Of View Poems

Has No Apparent Age

Is A Figure Of Worship

Is The Lord of Stalzizm (STALL-ZIZZZ-IMM)

Bloodstone Blight

“A Horrific Poem”

As the smoke transfixes through the air

**Effortlessly reminding me of the atrocity I have
caused**

The screams remind me of the seams

**As i planted the beans my eyes visualize the
gashing and the slashing**

For whom i commit

It is my wits that fought

And it was my id that taught

Another reminder of the slaughter

And the flames do grow hotter

And when the bulkiest are bulk

And perception aligns with deception

And they battle to the blade

**Against the violet blade that pierces through
the heart**

Eyes lined up in front of the field

One after another

Cadavers flying

One after Another

Effortless Dedication

Crying and fighting

Dying and lying

The beans grow

And the blight is born

And the rapture began

And man saw what he was capable of

**And madness descended upon the mortal
realm**

And damnation brought their slaughter

Bloodstone Blade

“A Bloody Poem”

The Charge For Hyerlund

Paved in blood

Many see people

Many See None

They Come for our blades

They Quicken the draw

With a draw of a Blade

Like bread and butter

Another one beheaded

**And When The Distortion And Calamity ring
through the ears Of our brethren**

We are left Staggered and stunned

And Left Shattered and shunned

Leave it to old Jagger as he got Gunned

**Endless Disfigurement With each droplet of
blood**

Each reminder of what we are promised

And When he gave up

We still fight Farther and onward

And a loud shriek rings through the field

Bloodstone Bleak

“A Hopeless poem”

Left And Bewildered

Lost and Abandoned

Forgotten And Alone

Damned and afraid

Unsurviving of a invasion of Hyerlund

Left cold and infected

Needing of amputation

Cold and bleeding

With an echo

With a Shriek

With a Screech

It Approaches

Unforgiven Exodus

“A Deportation Poem”

Forced From Home

Nowhere to go

Nothing To DO

Only But Scream

Blood in the Socks

Green Bruises

Unforgotten tales

Lost and alone

Blind Eyes Drenched In blood

Living Breaths That Pray For deaths

A Crave For Bread Accompanied By Dread

A Wretching Stench that lies Under the bench

Unforgiven Fathion

“A Personal Poem”

Sometimes Happy

Sometimes Sad

Mostly dead

Mostly Depressed

Feeling nothing

Bottomless rage

Endless Pain

Breaking Glass

Feeling Void

Bottomless Pit

Endless לענות

Breaking Glass

Hunger Of The Beast

“A Wendigo Poem”

With A Wicker and a Wacker

A Clacker and a Dagger

Coming In Through The Rustling Wind

Roaming Through the bustling Sky

For Will You Even Attempt to deny?

Call In Out To The Night

Await A Reply

Staring Through an Eye

A Beast Which Reeks of lies

You Feel A Safety followed by dread

You Think You Are Safe

You Grab a rock and feel as nafe

The dagger you tried to unsheath is but far too
chafe

You Know You Are Unsafe

You Feel A Stabbing Sense of dread

You Know It won't be long before you are dead

You Remember the stories you've read

And your insides feel so red

Down at Dorchak Forest

As Silent as A Mouse

Without a Rouse

The Louse Has but fallen

Lies a Beast

Painted by its many names

Tainted by it's many maims

For At Least

A Beast

A Skull of an elk

A Decomposing Pelt

Not a feeling that can be felt

Antlers Protruding from its ear

Teeth As Jagged as Dagged

A soul More damned than Damned

Not A Prayer can save you

Hunger Of The Existential Manipulation

“We Do Not Need To Breath Anymore, We Are
Happy”

Like Nothing else

Without Regret

A life not for you

Remembrances at night

To fix your mistakes

Too late to resolve

What Is Your Purpose

Thinking in bed

Tossing and turning

Asleep But Not Dreaming

Purely Unconscious

Chemically Invalid

Biologically Irrelevant

Unexcusable Experimentation

Bottomless Lawsuits

Endless Negligence

External Incompetence

Unidentifiable Life Forms

Without Containment

Subject's Right Lung Has Stopped Responding

Subject's Left Lung Has Stopped Responding

Subject's Appendix Has Stopped Responding

Subject's Liver Has Stopped Responding

Subject's Stomach has stopped responding

Subject's Left Kidney has stopped responding

Subject's Right Kidney Has Stopped Responding

Subject's Heart Has Stopped Responding

Subject's Brain Has Stopped Responding

Subject's душа Has Stopped Responding

Scientific Taboo

Whether You're Logging in

or You're Logging out

You will hear it's clicking and clacking

Just staring at a screen

Looking over at the specimen

Occasionally Glancing at Dr. Damien

“What the hell is he doing?”

Ain't nowhere in life I'm going to be going

With The Alarms Blaring

Both the White And Black Glaring

Even Though Am not That Daring

So The Breached Specimens just notice my
staring

I just Do My work as the specimens are infecting
all of my coworkers,

Clicking and clacking again once more

I type into a report on the Specimen's Behavior

"They Are fucking Killing people"

I Sigh and sit back

Wishing upon a sign

Written in the dotted line

And I hear a voice behind me

"You Are Mine"

I turn around and i Say to the specimen

"Not Yet, I Got some documents to finish

What Thunder Science Co.

Can Do to me is far worse than what you can"

The specimen walks off sad

I keep working on the document

“Damn Latex, Why did he make specimens out of sentient latex! Fucking Idiot!”

I Finish the document

Religious Taboo

“A poem about Stalzim”

Dear Thy Most Unforgiving Zaon

Man Hast Stalted

Man Hast Fallen

Art Thou Pleased

Dear Thy Most Unforgiving Zaon

Man Hast Cried

Man Hast Died

Art Thou Pleased

Dear Thy Most Unforgiving Zaon

Man Hast Lied

Man Hast Tried

Art Thou Pleased

Dear Thy Most Unforgiving Zaon

Man Hast Lost Might

Man Hast Fight

Art Thou Pleased

Dear Thy Most Unforgiving Zaon

Man Hast Begged

Man Hast led

Art Thou Pleased

Why Hast Thou Forsaken Us?

Guilt Taboo

“A Thanatos Poem”

Barely escaped the charge for Hyerlund

But I Should Of Stayed

I didn't deserve mercy

But It Seems Zaon Has Shown Interest in me

After All I've Done Why Is He so Forgiving towards
me

I've Done Atrocities

I've done the things he condemns the most

And Has Blessed me

Has Our Lord Gone Insane

I Don't Deserve forgiveness

Scopaesthesia

On a wet and dreary night, the moon crept silently over the horizon, casting its eerily lucid light across the dark, damp forest. Countless stars followed the horizon as it slowly descended, stretching beyond what the eye could see. In the distance, with a flicker and a crackle, smoke rose into the sky.

A group of friends—Azrael, Jask, Alexis, Zaraxus, and David—went camping in a forest condemned by local Indigenous people. They warned the group, “These grounds are cursed. The Beast lurks between the trees. Please, do not rest in this land.” The group foolishly ignored the countless warnings and pressed on.

Azrael wandered through the towering trees, collecting fallen branches. Suddenly, he heard a rustling in a bush. Investigating, he discovered a gigantic wasp nest—his worst nightmare—but the wasps, thankfully, were resting. He kept gathering branches, mosquitoes darting across his face like bullets. When he could carry no more, Azrael returned to the campsite, only to find

his friends hadn't done a thing. The tents were still packed, and no firepit had been made.

Azrael shouted, "What in the world are you all doing? Why isn't the tent set up? It's not even out of the bag!"

Everyone jolted in surprise. David explained, "We don't know how to do any of it. We tried watching a tutorial on YouTube, but I can't get any dang reception."

Azrael facepalmed. "There is an instruction manual in the bag! It tells you exactly how to set it up!"

David covered his ears, apologizing, "Sorry! It's just my first time camping."

Azrael glared at him, realizing the others had camped before. "You know what this is called? Weaponized incompetence."

Zaraxus sighed, tired of the argument, and set up the tents himself. After thirty minutes, he declared, "You happy now, Azrael? I set them up all by myself, without any help."

Azrael scoffed, "Okay, you did. Thanks. Want a gold star?"

It was clear Azrael was irritated. No one wanted to anger him; his voice grated on them all.

Azrael started building the fire, convinced he was the only one doing any work. Meanwhile, Alexis was hunting with his rusty rifle, a hand-me-down from his granddad. He shot a few deer, some rabbits, maybe a duck or two. Dreading his return to Azrael, he took extra detours—roads were blocked for some reason. By the time Alexis got back, everyone was asleep in their tents. He muttered, “Well, that’s convenient,” and set about skinning his game, storing the meat in ziplock bags in his cooler. Crawling into his sleeping bag, he took a hefty dose of melatonin and quickly passed out.

In the middle of the night, a shriek pierced the forest, waking everyone. Azrael jolted upright, “Did any of you hear that?” David replied, “No shi—” Alexis cut him off, “Don’t finish your sentence.” David, annoyed, said, “Fine. You don’t always gotta be so stiff, Alex.” Jask grabbed his camera, hoping to capture something. Another shriek echoed through the trees.

David turned to Azrael, “Didn’t those natives say something about a beast?” Azrael narrowed his eyes, “That’s just a story to scare kids. Monsters aren’t real.”

Alexus facepalmed. “I’ve heard a lot of animal noises in my life, but never anything like that. We need _____ to _____ leave.”

Azrael snapped, “Alex, be quiet. This is our getaway from responsibilities. I’m staying the full five days—we paid too much for this trip.”

Zaraxus muttered, “I don’t think we’ll last five days.”

Azrael checked his watch: 2:28 AM. “Let’s just go back to sleep.” The group agreed and retreated to their tents.

Day broke. Alexis went hunting again and stumbled upon an abandoned house in the woods. For a split second, a wave of paralysis washed over him—he couldn’t move. The feeling faded, and he entered. Meanwhile, Azrael fiddled with an old axe stuck in a tree, wondering aloud, “Who would leave this here?” He felt inexplicably constricted and glanced around. For a moment, he saw rubber walls, but the vision faded. On the ground, he noticed binary scrawled in the dirt:

01010100	01101000	01101001	01110011
00100000	01001001	01110011	01101110
00100111	01110100	00100000	01010010
01100101	01100001	01101100	

He couldn’t read it, though he was usually good with binary, which unsettled him more.

Inside the house, Alexis found a massive beast sleeping on the floor. Unsure if it was alive, he was hit with the stench of decomposition. Its skull, shaped like a deer's, was visible; jagged teeth lined its mouth; antlers protruded from its ears; it had disturbingly human hands. Alexis carefully backed away, snapped a photo, and left, continuing his hunt before returning to camp.

At the campsite, Azrael looked up as Alexis approached.

“Alex, what do you want?”
Alexis replied, “Found an old house. There was something inside—decomposing, jagged teeth, antlers, you could see its skull. It had to be ten feet tall, but it was asleep. Here.”
He showed Azrael the picture. Azrael stared, stunned. “Okay, we can stay one more day, then we’re gone.”

Alexis nodded and showed the rest of the group. That night, they told stories by the fire—Jask recounted Darwin Awards, Alexis laughed, while Azrael and David looked on, uneasy.

Another shriek split the night. Azrael woke to see the beast outside his tent. He roused everyone, and they sprinted to the car, panic taking over. Alexis fired at the beast, staggering it, but

realized he'd left the keys in his tent. Jask, thinking quickly, hotwired the car. They sped through the woods, the beast in pursuit. Azrael, catching a glimpse of rubber walls, muttered, "We should've listened to those natives."

Jask shouted, "Ya think?!" The beast didn't relent. Zaraxus yelled, "We should've left after the first shriek! This is your fault, Azrael!"

"I'm sorry, okay! I just wanted a break. I didn't want to do it alone. These woods terrify me."

Alexus, confused, asked, "If you hate the forest, why come camping? We spent \$800 for five nights—we might get a refund."

Zaraxus snapped, "Alex, I don't think we'll live to see a refund!"

David said, "We're in a car, we should be safe, right?"

Alexus replied, "Yeah, because there's no way a ten-foot, seventy-seven-mile-per-hour beast could rip the roof off a cheap car I bought off Facebook Marketplace."

David asked, "How do you know how fast it's running?"

"Because we're going ninety, and it's right on our

tail. Rough estimate.”
“Alright.”

Suddenly, the car crashed into a tree. Azrael flew out, and everything went black.

He awoke to a rubber room, strapped into a straitjacket. A psychologist stood over him. Azrael pleaded, “Where is everyone? Where’s Alexis, Jask, Zaraxus, David?” The doctor answered, “You mean Alexis Hendrikson, David Micah Attias, Alexis Blight, and Jask Ackerson?” Azrael nodded. The doctor’s expression turned sorrowful. “Mr. Zaretsky, those people died when you were twelve. They all passed away from cancer a few months after visiting Chernobyl. They’ve been gone for thirty-two years.” Azrael was stunned, unable to process the agony of what he was hearing.

Unheard Melody

A Verse In The Vindrinski Tome

And Thou sette forth His fiste

And withouten His mouth He spak

Ye shul nat maken hast in your owene tonge

For if thou doest, thou shalt dye

Thou shalt speken cleerly

Thou shalt speken fluently

For if thou failest

Thou shalt be damned

Doest thou understanden

Why men been unforgiven

Doest thou understanden

Why I have forsaken man

Understand thy fate

Accepte thy fate

I shal never forgive misdoings

Thou shalt arisen if thou never makest a misdo

There is peyne in the bleeding

For cause of man

There is crying in the shrieking

For cause of man

Unheard Condemnation

A verse from the Vindrinski Tome

Upon the formless void Mine eyes did gaze,
And lo, Man from dust didst arise in pride;
His visage fair, his will a burning blaze,
Yet naught but folly in his heart doth bide.

I set the stars, the sun upon its course,
Laid firmament and sea with outstretched hand,
But Man, ungrateful, knoweth not the Source,
And buildeth Bubak high, defying command.

How oft did I bestow My law and word,
To guide his foot from darkness unto light!
Yet hearkeneth he not, but waxeth absurd,
And turneth wisdom's gold to leaden blight.

With arrogance he walketh 'neath the sky,
Presuming kinship with the gods above,

He mocketh sacred things, and asketh why
The heavens frown and withhold gentle love.

His hands are red with brother's blood and tears,
His tongue a serpent's, sharp with spite and lies;
His days are spent in vanity and fears,
His soul unrepentant, deaf to all cries.

Woe unto Man, the child of dust and flame!
I, Who made him, curse the day of his birth;
Let pestilence and shadow be his name,
Let silence fall upon his boastful mirth.

Yet still he prayeth, blind to Mine disdain,
Beseeching mercy from the throne above;
But I withdraw My face, nor heed his pain
For naught but wrath remaineth, not My love.

Dread Be Ahead

"Made Before the Story"

The windows creak in worry

At the Tremble of this story

They screech as the words appear

describing their world

The man screams

not knowing why

He feels if someone told him to

The stone hides in the cracks

To be spared by the lines

The lines come endless until they don't

The tree roams the forest

As I write this poem

It roams not to discover

but to escape

the grass shivers

the wind quivers

the ground yells

the boulder tells

The moon stares upon it

A figure who is there

he is not where

but he is here

the moon runs telling the sun

dread be ahead

Dreaded Sacrilege

“Thy Hast Forgiven”

And As it creeps through the depths

The Carcass Left Alone In The Realm

As It Has Since The Beginning

A Man Stepeth Afoot

Creeping Depths Twistings and turning

Endless Vines Winding and writhing

The man Looks around With His Eyes Of Greed

The Vindrinski Tome Spoke Of The Discovery of
Rath’s Carcass

An Offset Brick Lying in the wall

Pushed forward and then entrance

Lying on a pedestal

Beneath an alter

Zaon spoken Of A Bet

If Rath's Body Recovered

All Shall Be Forgiven

The man Enters The Chamber

Zaon Watches From Beside a pillar

Zaon Looks At The Man And Speaketh

“Thou Hast Found Rath?”

“Thou Hast Found Thee Path”

The Man Grabs the Carcass Gently

The Body Of Rath Musn't be Desecrated

Not a man alive wish to set Zaon's wrath

The Man Takes the Body To A Field

The Body Is Buried

As Bet Required

Man Waiteth For Zaon

Zaon Comes

Zaon Speaketh

“Thou Has found Hast”

“Man Hast Forgiven”

“Man Hast Heal”

Dreaded Damage

“The Damage That Lead to the Unforgiven”

The Morsels Of Disdain

They fall like the rain

Can You Remember The Pain

Those Who Died In Vain

People Falling as they hear

Their final calling

Minor malling inside the stalling

Men Are Brawling

Men Grow Wicked

Men Grow stricken

As Their Bow And Their Arrow Quicken

As The Bridge Only Appears Rigged

The Man And the Damn

Forsaken By The Lamb

Broken Bonds And Banned

Before The Truth Was Canned

Pain Was In The Rain

Man Not Earn Fame

They Shall Be Bane

Speak Only Out Of Gain

Destabilizing Madness

Blood on a field

When in flood

Blades laying in the mud

Nothing left to be good

Blades In the Raids

Waids in the blades

Enslaved Maids with their blades

Jades In The Grades

Men Died For They Have Lied

Men Cried For They Have Replied

Men hide because they were denied

Men Die For Those That Hide

Man Od The Damned

Man Are Blamed

Beast Nos Tamed

All Are Maimed

They Reserved What wasn't Deserved

Blade Had Burst In Front Of The Nurse

Fallen in dirts as men are cursed

Fate of the hearse And The Fate Of The Worst

Destabilizing Release

A Man Who Died From blade

For He Who Prayed

He who Obeyed

The Man How Surveyed

hast Forgiven

Last Mortician

Destabilization

Fading To Black

Reality Sets In

Laying In Bed

Padded Walls

Constricted Movement

Unable To Move

All To Do But Breath

For Only To See

Not a smile with not a glee

Not A Bee with a plea

Not Bill And It's fee

Not a Deed and it's Tea

Not A Emotion To Agree

Not A Bottle Of Mead To Even Drink

Not A Degree That Can Decree

Not A Bottle You Can Even Bleed

Not A Single Sentence You Can Even Read

Not A Single Longing Unforgiving Sense Of Greed

All But You To Plead

You Commit The Deed

97 Year Old WWII Veteran Describes the Horror of War (WWII Battle of the Bulge Documentary)

Video By remember WWII with Rishi Sharma on Youtube

100-year-old World War II veteran tells POW survival stories | Full Interview

Video By WCCO - CBS MINNESOTA on youtube

The Charge Of The Light Brigade poem by Alfred Tennyson

Traumatic disclosures in the life stories of older Vietnam era veterans

Website Used National Center For Biotechnology Information

An Article From The National WWII Museum

Bonus Poems

These poems were written when I had just

Gained an interest when writing poems

Cold Blood on Brimstone

As i step into my home

The scent of blood fills the air

In a flash of light a man runs past me

I feel a tight pain in back

I grab a medkit from the bathroom

I run to the basement

On a cold floor of brimstone

i located the stench

I reach for the phone

Moons pass as i speak to you

my therapist

He spoke an analogy

"I have always heard of a murderer breaking in

giving the father a gun

telling him he must sacrifice a member of his family

Usually it is either themselves or the murderer

Never have I heard the father not being there"

I spoke in agreement

my son said he was seeing somebody watching him from the window

he was 6 so I thought it was just a "monster in the closet" sort of thing

Never have I been so wrong

The therapist spoke in disagreement

It is not your fault,

You had a job to do so you could feed your family

Kids make them stories all the time

You don't have to accept it but you must move on

In a lot of cases people went on a path of self-destruction

at the short end of a bottle

Come on Sam, I feel for you,
losing your family in a night,
I can't imagine how you feel
I know this is your worst nightmare

And the police have caught the killer
If you want you can watch the execution
he got death penalty
but if you dont want to i understand
your probably tired of death

i spoke in disagreement,
Im good, but i intend on living if you were
wondering,
It's not over,
I may have lost my everything
but i still have my friends
It may not be much

But it will help

The therapist spoke in agreement

i understand

whatever it takes

Strength For The Weak

Some people say thy whom weak cant be strong
For thee must be wrong
For if someone is weak
thou must walk heaven and earth
for their own brethren

Thy strong are wrong,
Thy not do it to better thyself
but to change how thy icons perceive them
Thy not do it for self-betterment
But for thee wealth and prosperity

Thee hide their face
to not leave a trace
thee weak are thee strongest
thee lies of thee strong will be thee longest

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Can You Hear Me

Can you think for yourself
To your pockets glimmer in wealth
fear is here
can you hear

Are You Lost in the world
Of all the blood that has poured
are you still bored
i must spread the word

can you hear me
where is everyone
perhaps they forgot their key
Beat in the knee

The Man that flee
To ignore my plea
found a battered key

I cannot hear me

River Of Twisted Trails

Along the river
past the behemoth
lies a carcass
on a trail

The carcass speaks
When the water flows through the hill
The fire blows to the mill
The river of sorrow

Light as a Feather
Dark as the weather
Do nor worry
one hundred forty

Before the Crow Yet The Hawk

Before the crow was awake

yet the hawk stood still

The hawk waits for time

even when time stood still

The crow wakes

The hawk Gazes upon the weary eyes of the crow

The crow flies

The hawk follows

The crow descends into a pond

The hawk swoops in

Appreciation for my mother on her support

Tabitha Nicole Williams

Appreciation for my father on his support

Robert Scott Williams Jr.

:)

Mortis

Morbid

Mortis

Morbid

Mortis

Morbid

Morbid

Mortis

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