

Cradled Rage
by Michelle Glas

Wobbling record players
Screeching on the skipping grooves,
Like her muffled roaring voice
Echoing across the brown flowered wall.
Reverberating - through wax yellow
Hollow drums.
Rising from her deep-blue grave,
The Cracken floods the sanded caves
With turquoise tidal waves of hate, hate, hate.
The clash of the titans has begun
To quake the rafters
Of the ivory bare bandaged bones.
She smashes, smashes, smashes
The villager's cries and empty
Hopes. They are nothing
Now and they are left in three
Tattered, tainted teams
Of a God's defeat.