

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.