

Gone There
By
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Standing on the edge, watching with sorrow and frustration as the animals tear into each other.

Watching as the insanity spreads across the great valley, spreads like mold, covering all that is good and great, covering all hope, all joy, covering life itself.

Watching as my creation is tainted with the evil that was inevitable. An evil that sat at the edges, the dark corners, the places I wouldn't look, waiting for the moment to strike. And strike it did.

I will need to create a new place far below, someplace dark and hot, because this creation has gone there.