

Eternity's Black Forge  
Zachry Robinson

The poets, vacant of  
that incapable art,  
surmise, report the muffled notes  
that ring from eternity's black forge

My rich-proud triumph  
Sullied by iniquity  
Enfeebled by loss, and time  
Makes music, soft and eerie

The once-honeyed gate,  
Now razed and broken  
(The gold has lost its hue)  
Sits tarnished in a vacant lot

Anchored to that savage vision,  
The self-captive offenders delight  
In their poisoned, aimless wanderings  
As the miser rebukes the grave