

A Tragedy

The Make Up, The Break Down

Oxygen,

carbon,

iron,

lead,

tin,

silver,

tungsten...

Our inner workings are not

muscles and organs,

but rather

gears and sheets of metal

Repurposed

(Don't you know?

Humans are

cheap,

a buck per dozen.)

A Tragedy

A Deal

There are customs here which you must follow.

Bow before combat,

A fair fight is better for all,

Respect the dead.

There are customs here which must be followed.

Honor your parents, your siblings

Your ancestors,

Your gods.

There are customs here which demand to be followed.

Give your gods your life,

Your love,

Your everything.

There are customs here that you will follow

Lest you be dealt with.

A Tragedy

Hear Them

“‘Tis time! ‘Tis time!”

the bells cry out.

“‘Tis time! ‘Tis time!”

the drums beat.

“‘Tis time! ‘Tis time!”

the rifles resound.

“‘Tis time! ‘Tis time!”

The reaper,
standing among the men,
cackles.