

# Observations of a Wandering Boy

*by WinterTwilight*

Desolation of the worst kind.

## Observations of a Wandering Boy

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Desolation of the worst kind.

Grey clouds swirl with a melancholy breeze.

Desolate trees stripped bare of leaves.

Their abundant tendrils click together.

Lending melody to a waste that lasts forever.

Once teeming with life, now the roses are dead.

Horror spreads to the dried flowers wake instead.

Stones of all kind litter the ground.

But that which once followed can no longer be found.