

Defiance

by Fairfield

Twisting of a prompt from MuseAmusant.

Chapter 1 of 1

Twisting of a prompt from MuseAmusant.

It does them no honor that I am bare,
Alone on this barren crag of despair
Beset by storm clouds that rage through the air
While they feast and boast and think all's fair.
And believe they are fate's little darlings
Who achieved like champions all great things.
While to one who has faced God-cursed failings,
They but twitter like a flock of starlings.
The laughter of life turns sour for me
Like bitter fruit from a twisted tree.
Till mocking revenge is all that I be,
Till unhallowed death gaily sets me free,
My hate will glitter as light from moonstone,
Too dense and compressed to ever atone.

Authors Note: Probably not what MuseAmusant had in mind with the prompt "storm clouds, flock of starlings, moonstone."