Embers

On a serene starry night,
Mars sat musing with malice
As a rumbling rocked the distant steppes
Of the empty eastern expanses
In the solitude of Siberia.
Far away, in a white castle,
A man watched emotionless
As his own fireworks flew forth.
Above me, scrawled across the sky,
Were the flying forlorn forms
Bringing a fiery finale.
Whizzing in a race of fate,
Eager to snip the sallow string
Containing the knot of humanity.
Like a garden of embers,
Civilization’s dazzling dust sparkled
In the dim darkness of the night.

~ Jeremy Spevack
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