

# Altar of Plagues, Earth: As a Furnace

A once sacred womb, now more akin to a furnace.  
And we watch her bleed, watch the wounds run dry.

Bury my hands in the soil  
fingers withered and grey  
extended like spines  
pulling patterns in the dirt

Tear the bark from the trees and build a chariot  
and watch the earth return to grain,  
as it once was.