

Barren

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Half-cut trees like carved gravestones
Roots twisting deep inside, shriveled to the core
Tangled like souls fused wrong,
With only sunken layers to be stripped away,
And the hands that cut these branches
Will thereupon rest here someday
As death comes unto death
Someday, not far away, on these barren lands
Ashes and dust and bones, scattered over golden sands...