

A Chariotism to Man

Olyvea J.

Old Donation School, 8

I am gold's guardian, its steward, its warden
Amethyst's sentinel, Ruby's shield, Sapphire's knight
As a soldier guards his king
His body a shield, his sword a sanctuary
I guard the treasures
That have come far and wide
Yet belong here
For me to enjoy
And for my heart to accept

My heart itself
Is a burning golden flame
Makes room for none
And feeds on everything that enters
The only thing that won't char
The only thing that won't melt in my arms
The only things I can love
Are the gems
The apathetic beauties
I desperately keep

My strength has filled
Thousands of warriors with fear,
My brawn dried out their courage
Until there was nothing but dread
As their faces turn into an eternal grimace
When death stalks them
And grabs them by their neck
Tearing their flesh, ripping their bones
Beyond recognition

Do you feel like as a hero you can defeat me?
That god will be on your side?
That rank light, that loathsome thief
That stole all of the men before you?
Every dynasty of warriors
Did nothing but rouse my anger

Of all dragons,
From the sleek sea orc

A Charientism to Man

Olyvea J.

Old Donation School, 8

To the graceful cardinal dragon,
To the small fey,
I am the most feared,
The strongest, the biggest
The one responsible for Earth's riches

I am the apex of the skies
The leech of the rich.
None dare to disturb cynosure.
And those who do
Were never heard from again.
Some say they were eaten.
Others say they were tortured and then thrown to the sea.
I will only say this:
No amount of praying, no amount of screaming for Him
For his thieving light
Will help you.