

Ruination

Job for a Cowboy

The earth slowly rots into a malignant tumor,
Breeding no life for the future of the world
In wake of a nuclear war bodies rise from the fractured and decomposing fields of abandonment.
Their bodies and faces mutated and disfigured,
Still breathing through their brimful lungs
They limp and crawl across the ruins they once claimed on a leisurely ongoing march.
Their flesh still burns, the skin blackens
And embers into the dimming air.