

## Fear Of The Future

Salem

She is the fear of th future.  
Rising out from the womb,  
A black, looming figure.

The white, bloody sheets.  
Her eyes, gripped with terror.

Our fate is so uncertain,  
But still we bear the offspring.  
How shall I face the future  
In a world of hate and disease?

The blood inside is pure,  
Sheltered by the womb,  
Birth is stained with blood  
That is no longer pure.

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A black, looming figure.