

Poem II

By: Lauren Frawner

**I lay alone among the ashes.
Eyes peer through the trees,
Bringing laughter and jeers from above.
A figure approaches from the East
Bearing pestilence and fear.**

**Shrouded in death, it draws nearer.
An acrid smell following close behind:
The odor of greed and anger.
A gnarled hand stretches forth
The beast beckons me forward.**

**My breath catches in my throat
As I succumb to the fear inside
And I realize
The beast is mankind.**