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K.D. Bridges

I walk the charred-grey Earth that is now testament to the folly of man. Ash sweeping like Russian ballerinas across the world entire.

Skies darkened with that thick, smokey, blanket. Sewn by us, harnessing the needle of ingenuity; lovingly threaded with curiosity. Tonight, this is my blanket. The Earth, my bed. I will lie here and think not of my woe upon this waste, but of a garden I had.