

Solus Vesuvius

-Abigail H

The beast, the soldier, Cerberus alone.
With such ancient roots branching the earth's dictation,
Pompeii's trepidation of its foundations thrown
pulse the distress of malice to damnation.

Native vegetation regains command
to ease the weeping mountain soul,
Virgin life cultivates the wonderland,
Cloaking the relic volcanic charcoal.

Abrupt basalt breaks the beauty,
Mother's dynamic tilts unfavourably,
Seizing from the sentinel's celestial duty
Upon the meek mortals involuntarily.

Torrid tears cascade the bedevilled stone
Of the beast, the soldier, Cerberus... alone.