Nikko Rush.

They sat alone,

the room untouched within flame surrounding,

From the heavens came hail,

From the depths came flame.

The conflict began anew again,

ice ravaged fire,

flames hissed at hail.

But high above in the land of light,

the gods refused to fight.

Once, with open outstretched arms,

offerings of peace,

and oceans of silver time,

the gods would greet the pheasants.

Acknowledging their presence,

the pheasants bow before them.

While below, in the land of peasants,

a battle rages on.

Alone, trapped within themselves

the traveller treks along.

He is alone, the path not taken now taken.

The flames roar, the hail sings softly as it falls.

But within, the warriors take arms,

The cycle never ends

one pushes the other falling back,

and then again and again, again, again

Still wrapped in the blanket of innocence

the gods bask in golden light,

blissfully unaware of the torment that rages below.

The room aflame, sitting alone as the clouds reveal

a world of pain.

Fire burns the ice,

ice smothering the fire.

At last, the gods can see the torment below them.

Just as quickly as it comes, it goes.

Clouds again obscure the torment below,

and the rich return to the entertainment of the pheasants.

Note: We apologize for any offense taken in using multiple “gods”. It’s a metaphor and no offense was intended.