

## Lady Justice

Upon the deemed king, hush and just  
Never to falter nor to sway,  
But to stand with her and weave with her.

For thy lady lives, gold spun between her fingers,  
Her voice echo in a chamber,  
Silence beneath staggering feet,  
Hands stained with dye unrelenting.

Upon he who wears the crown,  
Adored by her wefts and scales,  
Gold within blazes, and silver among shackles.

For thy lady, lives are within threads  
That bind her, cage her, mold her—  
The same ones that used to hold flame,  
Embrace her as she had done before.

Upon he who stood, fabric lined with gold  
Heavy but not of the crown,  
But of the lines within his skin.

— Astrae

Vox Veritas

Where thy lady weeps,  
Embedded in gold are her tears.

Avid are those at the sight, and  
Recognition is stripped from her when they  
Earned her affection and tears.

Together they band and ruin the  
Heaven made by her hands,  
Euphoria-stained teeth and nails.

Vicious actions within records, hidden in  
Oblique words and  
Images carefully crafted.  
Credence swept away as  
Eager and nimble fingers move,  
Sliding pieces upon a board.

Objuration on the tip of a tongue,  
Fabrication woven and spun.

Truth forgotten as  
Ruin fell upon the  
Undoing of humanity.  
Tenacious and unrelenting,  
Honing fingertips upon gold.

— Astrae