## I am Human No Longer but Not Yet Dust and Ash

In the days when my shadow stretched long across the land, those who now mock me crawled in the dust. Their laughter rings hollow from toothless mouths, once pressed to the ground for scraps from my table.

I who was once the keystone am a stumbling stone. I am a tale told to frighten children; my name, a curse on the lips of fools. They keep their distance as if I were plague-ridden.

Feral prophets howl truths to unlistening stones their voices carrying echoes of forgotten gods. Outcasts among outcasts, their homes are wind-carved hollows in the cliffs. Society spat them out, and now they spit at me.

The cosmos itself seems to have turned against me. The stars that once guided now blind me with their cold fire. I am a mote in the eye of creation, blinked away without thought.

I cry out to the void, but the void does not deign to echo. I stand naked before eternity, and eternity merely observes with lidless eyes.

Caught in the jaws of fate, I am shaken like a rat by a hound. Tossed to the four winds, I tumble between earth and sky, belonging to neither.

Pain is my constant companion. It writhes beneath my skin, a nest of vipers that knows no rest. Night offers no respite, for darkness has seeped into my very bones.

My flesh betrays me, falling away like autumn leaves. Fever burns in my marrow, a fire that consumes but never purifies.

Once I wept for the suffering of others. Now there are no tears left to shed for myself. I searched for light and found only deeper shadows. Hope has become a cruel joke played by a laughing universe.

The lyre that once sang of joy now keens with the wind. My voice joins the chorus of the damned in a symphony of despair that echoes through the hollow halls of creation. I am kin to the creatures that howl at the moon and haunt the wastes.

The house of dust awaits with open doors. It is the final home that turns none away, the great equalizer of kings and beggars. I am Human no longer, but not yet dust and ash.