

CODE

She was an aqueduct.

She once had substance
running through her like
water, nourishing those near
her. But she became an
empty shell, kept alive only
for her physical beauty
and the remembrance of
what she once was. She
was a hieroglyphic. She
once had meaning, but it
fell to time. For the society
that birthed her was ravaged
by hell. Though her existence
forged streams of new thought,
they were left to suffer from mercury,
polluting idea after idea, magnifying
into impurity and shaming her solidarity.
She was reality's savior, shrouded in simplicity.