

As the stars and moon cross the heaven, day by day;
In their procession they witness
the shedding of a fortress.

Bit by bit, piece by piece it crumbles,
cracks of rigidity seeping through,
the glory of it fading, the light of it perishing.

Once it stood bold & gallant,
rejoiced in thunder, danced in rain
with gushing warmth & light in its veins.

The shelter & sight of many,
now lies barren & lonely
in the crowd of its ghostly memories.

Coldness creak its spine,
from the burden, the pillars resign.
The withering shine and forceful rhymes.

I ask, how much more can I plunder you?
How much more can I degrade, raid you
Oh fortress your strength is being sucked by your own king.

I pray, I pray for the spirit within the walls
to give vigor to your halls,
where the fire may be lit once again.

“Plunder” by Aditya Jarial

[@room_3_3_3](#)

[@stoneandthorn](#)

room.3three3@gmail.com

Mama's Troubadour

