

ASH TO CLAY:

Myths in the Debris

I. Blossoms from the Wreckage

Can blossoms burst from civilization's rot
or bright petals pry through ruins we forgot?
Can composted kingdoms, crumbled crown by crown,
feed the roots of new flowers while old cultures drown?

Can ruddy blooms rip through the sealed crypts of deceit,
as their roots weave under poisoned streets?
Can fresh tendrils find footholds where fallen machines
lie rusting among the wreckage of former dreams?

From our bloated bowels, rife with gluttony and grief,
will our remnants sprawl across plastic-laden seas,
only to become our final, floating elegies?

Contemplating this, consider this:

When the wings of time coil no longer,
and tall towers tilt as machines cease,
when plastic becomes pebbles
and petroleum is transformed into clay,
and our cleverest inventions break down
will we then recognize our own mutant offspring?

NOTE: This piece was partially generated with AI tools for styling and ideation; human editing was then applied.

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