

Ghost Walkers

by Sandi Cayless

The world is old, so old...
Base metals turned to rust;
The land is barren, cold,
Its people gone to dust...

A new star lights a dawn
That still in splendor glows
In colors rich and warm,
In shades of dusky rose.
But cold eyes watch the skies
Where fire's the blossom borne;
As scream of retros dies
A ship disturbs the dawn.

They've come again for more—
Rapacious, callous, cold,
With predatory claws
To rake red ash for gold.

They once brought end of time—
Through light and air they came.
Their weapons shook the sun
And left a world aflame.
As firestorm limned the land
And turned the seas to wrack,
They changed rich earth to sand
And fertile green to black.

They've come again for more—
Rapacious, greedy, cold
With predatory claws
And eyes alight for gold.

Boundless ages pass
And yet they haunt the dust;
Still there is spoil to grasp,
And profit for their lust.
But now—a strange unease,
A shiver, born in fright,
As one looks up to see
A shape at edge of sight.

But yet the world is old...
Its metals turned to rust;
The land still barren, cold,
Its people gone to dust...

The darkness, stilled, is dim;
One turns back, unafraid:
The ghost at shadow's rim
Was trick of light or shade.
The world is old, so old...
Base metals naught but rust;
The land is barren, cold,
Its people less than dust.

Yet out of loss grew hate:
Ice-crystalled, deathless, bright;
Formless first, to wait
Beyond both air and light.
Shaped of that hatred, we
Who haunt the edge of sight,
We know our time is near...
Our cold eyes wait the night.

Our world is old, so old, so old...
Base metals less than rust;
Our land is barren, barren, cold—
But now we walk the dust...

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