

Frontiersman

By Cameron Logan

The harshness hot, the blister sun,
Beat down upon the weary head,
Of tired pilgrim, walking dead,
The chances lost, the races run.

Across the endless desert plains,
Survivors trek the worldly rind,
The wavering focus, fallen mind,
Through which the purest silence reigns.

Accursed they, the displaced mass,
The diaspora of the whole,
Atomic madness, human toll,
Nomadic villains well harass.

The cutthroat age of shifting sands,
The natural order cast away,
The former reason shall decay,
Upon the wasted, ashy lands.

Fattened vulture pinwheels through
Sundered sky of deepest blue... the wondrous hue
Of age forgot,
The fortunes shot,
From barrels hot,
With mundane, seething hate.
The chosen, twisted fate.

See now, the man, of new frontier,
His rifle poised with hollow leer,
'gainst certain death, the highest cleff,
Of ordinary, primal, human fear.

His countenance is spotless as he squeezes off the rounds,
Streaking through the arid air,
To rend and tear,
The sunbaked flesh of dull, despairing souls...

They run and scatter with loathsome clatter,
At the onslaught of the stranger's sterile deed.

He watches them go. He reflects.

He wanders the desert, the dying field,
Tears shall mend and hopes shall yield,
Buying time from fates above,
And questing for outrageous love.

Had he not lost his former one, his guiding light through earth laid waste...
May he not have embraced his life of wandering, the bloody taste
Of death. Traitor, to a world already spent.
His beloved, heaven sent.

Amidst the call of earthly reaping,
Lonely, restless spirits seeping
Through the cracks of wasted highway,
Passengers, upon the salvaged road...

He watches, ever-vigilant, and mourns his validation.