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Eternity's Black Forge

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Eternity's Black Forge
Zachry Robinson

The poets, vacant of
that incapable art,
surmise, report the muffled notes
that ring from eternity's black forge

My rich-proud triumph
Sullied by iniquity
Enfeebled by loss, and time
Makes music, soft and eerie

The once-honeyed gate,
Now razed and broken
(The gold has lost its hue)
Sits tarnished in a vacant lot

Anchored to that savage vision,
The self-captive offenders delight
In their poisoned, aimless wanderings
As the miser rebukes the grave