

In Hatred's Womb by Matthew Greenberg

She marches through on feet made of plague and disease,
her twisted games leave their mark of pallor and gloom.
Contamination wears a mask of filth and grime,
and her cloak of vermin glows black across the moonlit fields.

With her smile that brings angels to their knees,
and doe eyes so glassy and wide
that they shimmer in the darkness she loves so dear,
she lures her prey deep inside her warm embrace.
They are caught unawares,
devoured in the heat of her mangled passion,
and within the slums of Hatred's womb,
were 88 men bound to her loathsome will.

I was number 89.

Her rotting boots,
her decayed chemise,
are all the trappings of her foul sport.
She plays with her toys,
dangling from her puppeteer's strings
wrapped around boney fingers
that claw holes in the flesh of her marionettes.

The agents of her design walk the path of the pale horse,
and all who see her face,
shall see no more.
Burning inside and out,
with fires the like
of which Hell hath no,
an encounter with Contamination and Hatred and Evil thrice in one,
yield her victim at her mercy.

Their outlook is grim at best.

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