

Ben Santhouse

Brave New Worlds

It's started,

The world is turned upon it's head,

Like a ball which has bounced.

Streets vanish into thin air to be replaced by rubble,

Mountains rise and new plants appear,

And the world is ripped to pieces.

Battling for control,

Like a dog pulls on the leash,

Two armies line up,

Alan Sugar looking robots,

Spongebob Misspantsdon'tfit like cows,

Cries of, 'Pants', and 'Fired' ring out across the desolate land,

Ray guns shoot like a new born cries,

Snow rains down like white fireflies,

As many fall to mercy.

Chickens stay inside their houses,

Praying for help from their creator, Tutankhamen,

Rubber flowers frown,

Trees watch on squinting grimly,

A musky, petrichor smell covers this land.

As the lost Artic brushes a stroke of wind,

Wives chuckle on their mops,

Like they're conniving a nefarious plan.

Dogs howl back at the werewolf army,
As children beg their parents,
Time is running out,
Like sand falling down.
A spell has been cast,
Throwing them into darkness,
The light has gone,
As if a power cut has happened.
So long to life,
Goodbye to beauty,
Au Revoir as the people of Francianchiane say,
We have lost all we have,
We are lost children in the middle of the gloom,
Love has been split to Very Low,
As we wait for our master to decide our fate.
Debris fill the street,
Like a scene out of the movie,
Who will win?