

## Rise of the Machines

What do we say?  
how do we speak  
to these automata,  
these shattered shells?  
ghostly figures forged  
from ash and shadows  
where sorcerers, magicians,  
wizards breathed into  
each mouth until  
the iron sculptures  
stirred from stone still  
and flashed bright  
brown eyes- before  
thundering alone and  
trampling the shore.

of moon and sun  
is the shape of  
our shadows now.  
rats spill their secrets  
as vampires claw  
at heavenly gates.