

All Realms Must Be Governed

The hall is cavernous.
Still, sometimes the walls close in
And the weight of the earth above
Presses down on her
Until she can scarcely breathe.
A hot smell of brimstone pierces
Her nostrils through the chill.
It smells metallic and unclean.

She rises from her gem-encrusted throne,
Paces, and forces her breath to settle.
She tempers the oppression,
Hones it like the blade of a sword
Until it cuts through the panic and fear.
Forged in this way it is a tool
For understanding the need of subterranean realms.
The too deep and the too high
Balance in the middle
On the earth.
All realms must be governed.