

## Red Fury

Porcelain skin to trace the beginning  
of that which has no end, breed fire and azure  
to mine eyes. Make mortals die yearning  
for voice and Gods cringe claim your rapture  
by grace, for how does this meager moving  
world produce such visual tastes? Red Fury, take me  
to your inner forge and smelt me brooding  
in my mortal senses, for they seldom be  
useful in this plane. Love molded unique  
in distinction with thine flame, body sown  
with kill courtesy towards mortal limit, weak  
are my limbs and fragile vessel alike shown.

Spectrum lost, but new soul found in color,  
We will paint my new life, all just for her.

-Carmen Bredeson