

In the distance, light
Alerts the watchers.
Spears bristle outwards
Against the night.

Soon, susurrations.
Whispers spread, madly
Of soot-haired Ti-ji-tan
Against her brother

Against snow, silhouetted
She comes surging home
Red burn her hands
Melting the ice

In her hands, the sun
Furious she advances
Iron, her voice
Cries "This shall not stand."

"Duty, forsaken
Demands redress.
All of your folly
Fire will claim."

Her words, furious,
Command attention.
The pyre is built
Around the village.

Like dawn, orange
Flames blossom upwards
Carry what remains
To the sun.

Her brother, burnt
So too, his children,
Slaves and vassals.
All are consumed.

Black smoke, rising
Yellow embers
On cold winds, scattered.
She salts the land.

Her hands, ashen
Beyond any healing
Sun scours all it touches.
She is remorseless.