# **Eden’s Inferno**

By Ambika Jagassarsingh

Those dirt-coloured eyes with flecks of gold,

Caught in a web of lies surreal and distant,

Disappearing in an instant,

Plunged into a world where chaos and terror unfolds.

Her peaceful slumber of a grand land of paradise,

Rudely awakened to a vision of purgatory.

Their roving hands delving into her surfaces recklessly,

Over, under, around, between, within, through.

Plundering her reservoirs, leaving their poisonous residues,

Her precious empire desecrated by their leprosy.

She had no control of these creatures’ vice,

Her once sacred land now a blackened repository.

This granting motherland was taken by surprise,

Given the Judas’ kiss by ungrateful children borne of her womb,

Condemning her fate to that of a watery tomb.

Their ulcerous tendrils intrusive and assaulting,

Her body left in ruins; wounded, and exhausted.

They pilfered the black and gold that flows from her loins,

Clogged her veins and poisoned her frame,

Stripped and torched her crown of its adorning garlands,

Pillaged the fruits of her now barren uterus.

She can take no more, she is a wounded sore.

With parched lips she exacts her vengeance,

Her fiery mouth erupts to reclaim her stolen shame,

Her eyes overflow with the pain of her existence,

Her exhalations like tempestuous winds fighting to reclaim.

A sight to behold and appreciate,

A warning to take heed and listen.

Those who have choked her voice and stolen her tongue,

She has them locked in a stalemate,

The sun and the elements her willing accomplice,

The last resort to control the malice and avarice.

Despite her constant destruction and ravishment,

After her anger explodes,

She once again offers her sacred temple as a humble abode,

This gesture of goodwill a signal for atonement.