

1-1-2010

Faith

Daniel King
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

King, Daniel (2010) "Faith," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 7 , Article 5.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol7/iss1/5>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Faith

Daniel King

Every world must end once it finds the end of time
When there's no ocean left to cross nor any summit left to climb
When all the Earth is spent and the sky hangs weary up above
When humans lose their hearts and cannot remember love
Witness the doomed land of Tyde, a mighty kingdom once before
Where happy people laughed and played on every sunny, sandy shore
But now no land remains for the water's risen high
And now only the ruined rooftops ever remain dry
The most magnificent of buildings, towers beyond compare
Once standing proud on sandstone streets in the bustling city air
Are now but weathered ruins, their foundations long since drowned
Their roofs the only solid footing in a land without a ground
Here the people live, the last descendents of the masters
Who built their island homes out of stones and bricks and plasters
But that greatness is forgotten, the glory could not last
And now the people can only wonder at the genius of the past
The kings of Tyde were not content, seeking always to build more
And so the land gave way beneath them with a fatal roar
The ill-fated builders are survived by the guardians they constructed
Their latest, greatest achievement, before they self-destructed
The golems were designed to guard against all disaster
Ten times the height of any man, and ten times stronger and faster
They oversaw the peace and patrolled the streets at night
And when invaders threatened, they never lost a fight
But during the great upheaval, the golems all were cursed
To stand helplessly fixed in place while the water did its worst
For no golem can survive once submerged beneath the sea
And in the spot where their feet were drowned, forever they must be
This is the end of time, in the flooded land of Tyde
Where the hopes have long since vanished and the dreams have nearly died
But two bright young people, walking hand in hand
Are destined to destroy the ruins and bring back the fertile sand