

# Contours

Cool despite the morning dew, crisp and verdant, the blade is crushed beneath the tread of a careless soul, already onto their next step. Their imprint forever embedding ridges and veins, as a slayer moves onto annihilate others with just as little care, or compassion for those mangled beneath careless toes.

New emblems forever change the trajectory of the crunchy swords, their life course now indelibly altered. Never to grow the same way again – forever stunted, their strength buckled beneath the weighty gait of unconcerned quashes by leavers who never stay to recognise the wreckage they leave behind.

The earth is nurturing, welcoming their mangled forms back home. If anyone cared to listen, the snap of each blade could be heard like her resolve beneath each pace, as he who bent her every which way with his walk, dismissively trod away from her once voluminous growth, and the magnificent wonder of her fresh, green stalks.