

Brandenburg

The split can't exactly be called clean
Or entirely warranted
Quite frankly
But stray notes and illusions
Take divine judgement
And strip away the divinity
And misplace the judgement
And draw enemies out of the shadows
Like ghosts
We ourselves created

Brandenburg, did you know what was to come?
Did you, in Peace, let us grow and flourish?
Encourage us to embrace more and more
To grasp and flow and grasp again
To eventually make one
And eventually fall as Peace only to
Resurrect as Victory?
Was it your plan for us to fall so low
And with the help of past enemies
Fall even lower?

One became two and
Half of my heart
Became an island.
Adrift.
Untethered.
A new Delos before a
Savage sort of healing
Could bring it back