

## Palace of The Fallen

Sunrays tangle in a comb of branches  
while moss twists around a termite-ridden forearm,  
whose emerald veins shimmer in the darkness.

A thick mist wafts through the hush undergrowth  
and slides its fingers down a cracked window,  
leaving droplets to peer into the shadows within.

Time coughs dust on a faded, golden doorknob  
to conceal the fingerprints underneath,  
as if ashamed of the abandoned mansion  
and the secrets inside its porcelain eyes.