

The Ravaging

A beauty pure and hallow, It
terrifies and frightens
The howl'n hearts of sordid sorrow,
Corr'ption does it chasten.

This steadfast chant, solemnly mulled
Is conjured here for thee,
Ye lonely few and dutiful
Proclaim the majesty.

Yet not all in utter'n, though bold
May yet be known by name,
To them, it seems, their cup be filled
With ridicule and pain.

But thee, my sweetest joy endur'n
I leave with you a fear,
And with it to your own adjur'n
In full'st confidence, my dear.

BIO: Adam is a writer based out of Washington, D.C. Originally from Oklahoma City, Adam enjoys taking complex ideas and distilling them down into digestible material - and then packaging them back up again into themes often built around mystical symbolism and, occasionally, political satire. During the day, Adam advises on international trade policy and is an adjunct professor at George Washington University.