



Gentle Mist of Carnage

Agent Orange

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Dragon came for those of its choosing,
unbiased, uncaring, so unaware,
a gentle mist of carnage drifting,
upon sleepy currents of warm moist air.

Fiery breath scorched green below
tainting flesh and scarring souls,
lasting gifts of mutations and disease,
upon all it did not pass-over.

None delivered from mist's evil curse,
lifetime so brief, touched by its worst.
Some dealt lamentations and wailing,
fearing their spirits will soon be sailing.

Cruel mist of carnage...
Why did you fall upon us?

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